

THE COMPLETE
SIGNET CLASSIC
SHAKESPEARE





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THE COMPLETE
SIGNET CLASSIC
SHAKESPEARE

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PREFACE

Because there are almost two thousand pages of great writing in this book, I hesitate to detain the reader here. Yet a few prefatory words must be said.

First, I confess my surprise that so large a book is so readable. The publisher has given the speech prefixes in full (not *Cae.* and *Cass.*, but *Caesar* and *Cassius*); has signaled footnotes by placing a bubble after each word or phrase being glossed and has put the footnotes where they belong, at the bottom of the column in which the word or phrase appears; has minimized the number of turned-over lines of poetry; and has used high-quality paper and readable type.

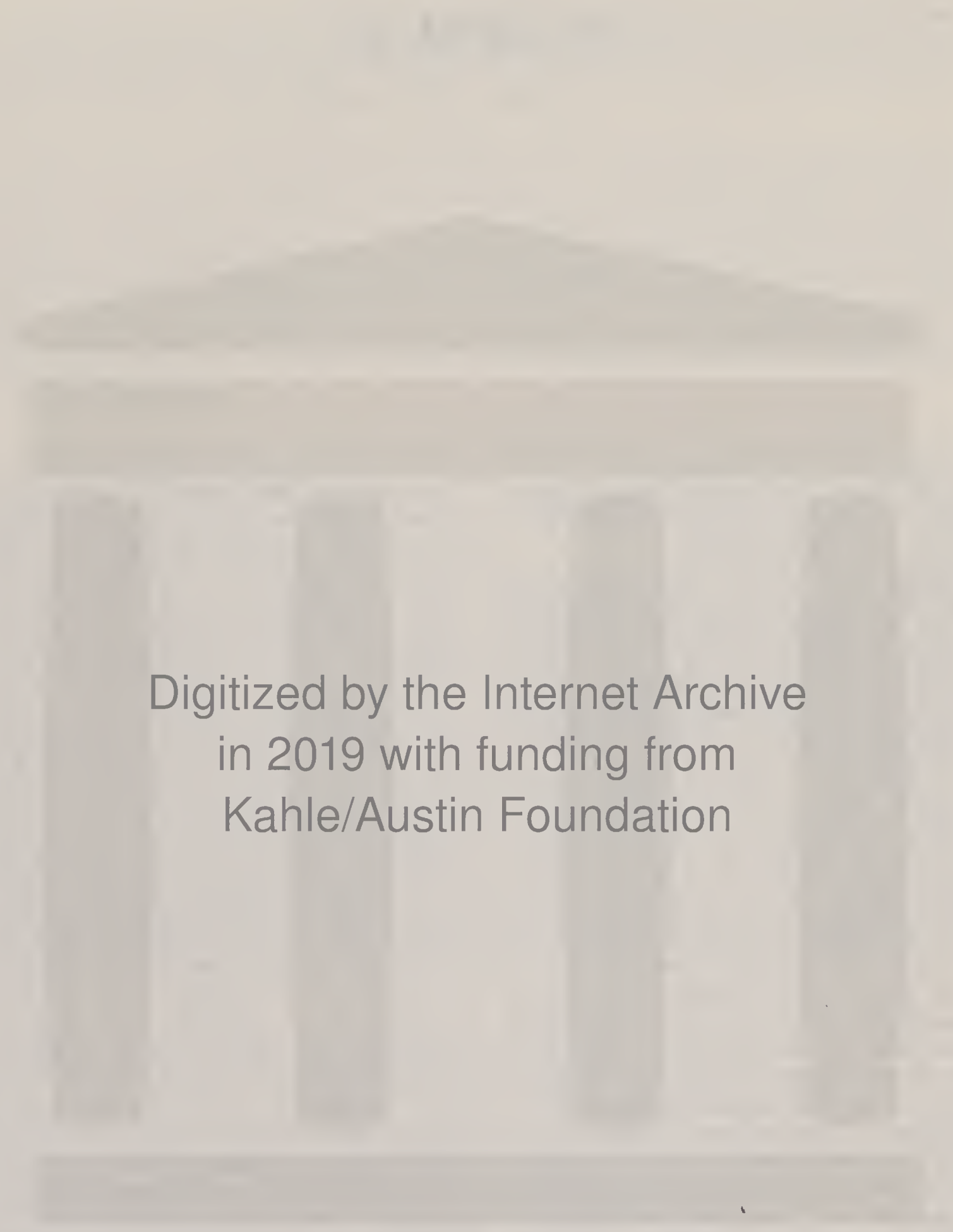
Second, a comment on the arrangement of the contents is called for. There are really only two possible arrangements: the plays can be arranged by genres (comedies, histories, tragedies, nondramatic works), or they can be arranged chronologically (with the nondramatic works either interspersed or grouped at the end). Although the chronology has never been exactly determined, the arrangement of this edition is chronological, partly because even if an organization by genres is used, the chronological problems must be faced in ordering the plays within each genre. Moreover, the three genres established by the editors of the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays no longer seem entirely satisfactory. There has been a tendency to remove some of the "Comedies" and one of the "Tragedies" of the First Folio to make a fourth category, "Romances," and to treat some of the "Tragedies" as "Histories" and some of the "Histories" as "Tragedies." The day had to come when the author of an otherwise useful book on comedy would announce that of the fourteen plays called comedies in the First Folio, only five can properly be so called. And so the genres multiply. Yet another reason for using a chronological arrangement is simply that most readers find it helpful to study Shakespeare's plays, or a selection of them, in the approximate order in which they were written. The earliest plays, to be sure, are on the whole inferior to the later ones, but they are full of good things, and the reader will not be bored at the outset even if he begins with such early works as *The Comedy of Errors*,

Titus Andronicus, and *Richard III*. Moreover, although the chronology has not been exactly determined, the main lines are clear, and today we run no such danger as that which in the eighteenth century beset James Hurdis, who argued that Shakespeare progressed from the rather free verse of *The Winter's Tale* (now established as one of Shakespeare's last plays) to the more regular verse of *The Comedy of Errors* (now established as one of the first plays).

Two pleasant tasks remain: to call attention to new features and to old debts. First, this collected edition of the Signet Classic Shakespeare contains a General Introduction that seeks to describe in some detail not only the background to Shakespeare's achievements but also something of the achievements themselves; and this edition contains a newly revised (and greatly amplified) list of Suggested References. Second, I wish to express my gratitude to the editors of the individual plays and poems, both for their original work and for the revisions which they contributed to this new edition. I wish also to thank Victor Weybright, who initiated the paperback series; Ronald Campbell, who initiated this collected edition; Richard Hosley, who provided valuable information about the Elizabethan playhouse; Frederick C. Nelson, who interpreted some statistical data; Morton Berman, Michael Bliss, and William Burto, who improved the General Introduction; Wallace MacCaffrey, who suggested some books on the Elizabethan historical background; Edward Owens, who checked the list of Suggested References; Mrs. Bernice Nunley and Mrs. Ann Parker, who typed (and at times improved) the General Introduction; and Cele Gardner, Louise Marinis, and Linda Reiman, of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, who presided over the metamorphosis of forty paperback books into this book. The list of Suggested References is, of course, an acknowledgment of further debts.

The chief debt is to Shakespeare. But—in the words of his fellow actors who first collected his plays—"It is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them to you, to praise him. It is yours that read him."

SYLVAN BARNET, *General Editor*



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THE COMPLETE
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SHAKESPEARE

To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here seeſt put,
It was for gentle Shakeſpeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a ſtrife
with Nature, to out-doo the life :
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in braſſe, as he hath hit
His face ; the Print would then ſurpaſſe
All, that was euer writ in braſſe.
But, ſince he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



Martus Droeshout sculpsit. London.

L O N D O N

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

BY SYLVAN BARNET

Shakespeare's Life

Perhaps it is well to say at the outset that there is a good deal of evidence supporting the idea that William Shakespeare of Stratford and London wrote Shakespeare's plays. Several dozen other names have been put forward, the most notable of which are Bacon, Raleigh, Marlowe, and Queen Elizabeth; perhaps the most amusing candidates are a nun named Anne Whately and an alleged illegitimate son of Queen Elizabeth. But there is no evidence to support any of these claims, all of which begin with the assumption that "the Stratford poacher" or "the Stratford butcher-boy" simply could not have written great plays and poems. A suitably learned or aristocratic candidate must then be found, and if the candidate has written under his own name, verbal echoes between the plays and the candidate's undisputed works must be collected. Sometimes ciphers are detected; for example, in the comically long word *honorificabilitudinitatibus* in *Love's Labor's Lost* (V.i.42), Bacon is said to have planted a Latin anagram, *Hi ludi F. Bacon nati tuiti orbi* ("These plays, offspring of F. Bacon, are preserved for the world"). It is true that a similar long word, *honorificabilitudine*, appears in a manuscript that contains some of Bacon's essays, but slight variations of this word appear elsewhere too; indeed, the word in the exact form in which it is found in *Love's Labor's Lost* had appeared in print a century before the birth of either Shakespeare or Bacon. Moreover, other anagrams can be extracted from it—for example, *Ubi Italicus ibi Danti honor fit* ("Where there is an Italian, there honor is paid to Dante").

Against all anti-Stratfordian theories stands the fact that scores of Elizabethans spoke of Shakespeare as a playwright, and no Elizabethan is on record as having believed that Shakespeare did not write the plays. If the actor William Shakespeare was a mere front for another author, how was the secret kept so well? Why, for example, was it never detected by Ben Jonson, who both in print and in conversation spoke of William Shakespeare's plays? (One answer which has been offered is that Jonson called Shakespeare the playwright because Jonson himself was the author of the plays but wished to hide his identity.) In short, if Shakespeare did not write the plays, a great many people were fooled during the thirty-five or so years between the

date of the earliest plays and the publication in 1623 of the collected plays. Did the actors—some of whom worked with Shakespeare for about twenty years—never suspect that their dull colleague could not have written the plays he was passing off as his own? Or if, as another approach holds, so many people were not fooled but rather were in on the secret, how is it possible that in its own day this widely shared secret never leaked out? According to another desperate theory, which recognizes that the plays were regularly attributed to William Shakespeare but refuses to tolerate the idea of the Stratford poacher as an author, the plays were written not by William Shakespeare of Stratford but by another man of the same name. But to the charge that William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon was not William Shakespeare the actor and playwright there are many replies, at least two of which are simple and compelling: Jonson and others speak of the playwright as the "swan of Avon"; and in the Stratford man's will bequests are made to some actors in the London theatrical company who acted Shakespeare's plays, thus indisputably linking the Stratford man with the London theater. Not until 1769 was any doubt expressed about the authorship of the body of work ascribed to Shakespeare, and this doubt was founded on the *a priori* assumption that the plays must have been written by a learned man.

It seems reasonable, then, to believe what so many Elizabethans believed, that William Shakespeare of Stratford and London wrote the works of William Shakespeare.

Between the record of his baptism in Stratford on April 26, 1564, and the record of his burial in Stratford on April 25, 1616, many documents name Shakespeare, and many others name his parents, his children, and his grandchildren. On the whole these documents are official records of baptism, marriage, real-estate transactions, lawsuits, taxation, and death. Had Shakespeare, like Marlowe, been accused of atheism and been killed in a tavern brawl, or had he, like Jonson, killed a man, we would probably know more about him. Nonetheless, more facts are known about William Shakespeare than about any other playwright of the period except Ben Jonson. The facts should, however, be distinguished from the legends. The latter, inevitably more engaging and better known, tell us that the Stratford

boy killed a calf in high style, poached deer and rabbits, and was forced to flee to London, where he held horses outside a playhouse. These legends are simply that; they may be true, but no evidence supports them, and it is well to stick to the facts—though inevitably the following account will include probabilities and conjectures as well.

Mary Arden, the dramatist's mother, was the daughter of a substantial landowner; about 1557 she married John Shakespeare, a glovemaker and trader in various farm commodities in the prosperous town of Stratford, which served as one of the market centers for farmers of the nearby villages in the county of Warwickshire. In 1557 John Shakespeare was a member of the Council (the governing body of Stratford), in 1558 a constable of the borough, in 1561 one of the two town chamberlains, in 1565 an alderman (entitling him to the appellation "Mr."), and in 1568 a high bailiff—the town's highest political office, equivalent to mayor. After 1577 John Shakespeare dropped out of local politics, perhaps because—as records of lawsuits and of property transactions suggest—he was in financial difficulties.

The birthday of William Shakespeare, the eldest son of this locally prominent man, is unrecorded; but the Stratford parish register indicates that the infant was baptized on April 26, 1564. (It is quite possible that he was born on April 23, as tradition holds, but this date has probably been assigned for three reasons: some infants were baptized when they were three days old; fifty-two years later Shakespeare died on April 23; and April 23 is the day of England's patron saint, Saint George.)

In Elizabethan England when a child was four or five years old he attended a petty (elementary) school, where he learned to memorize some prayers and passages from the Scripture and learned to write English; in the third year he began Latin. Most girls completed their formal education at seven or eight, but boys, unless their families were very poor and needed the child's labor, generally went on to the grammar school, where they remained until they were fourteen or fifteen. The school year was longer than it is today: the school week was six days long, and the school day about eight or ten hours. The Elizabethan curriculum did not include mathematics, the natural sciences, and modern languages, but it taught a good deal of Latin grammar, rhetoric, logic, and literature. The basic text was William Lily's *A Short Introduction of Grammar*, which is written largely in Latin and which Shakespeare alludes to in *Titus Andronicus*. Among the authors studied in the Elizabethan grammar school were Cicero, Plautus, Terence, Virgil, and Ovid, all of whom seem to have left their marks on Shakespeare's plays. Recitation in Latin was important, and the schoolboys performed scenes from Plautus and Terence. Outside of school they were able to see English plays performed by the professional companies of actors who occasionally played in the guildhall at Stratford.

The attendance records of the Stratford grammar school of the period are not extant, but it is reasonable to assume that the son of a local official attended the school and received substantial training in Latin. The comic scene in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (IV.i), in which a schoolmaster asks a pupil named William to exhibit his competence in Latin, should not lead us to think that the masters were ill-trained; the two masters of the Stratford grammar

school from Shakespeare's seventh to fifteenth years held Oxford degrees. Thus the late seventeenth-century report that Shakespeare "understood Latin pretty well" is entirely credible. It is not irreconcilable with Ben Jonson's statement that Shakespeare had "small Latin and less Greek," for Jonson was an immensely learned poet who would inevitably have regarded anything less than expertness as "small." Whether Shakespeare knew any foreign language other than Latin—Jonson's reference to his Greek is probably as generous as his reference to his Latin is niggardly—is uncertain. A few of the sources for Shakespeare's plays exist today only in Italian, but possibly there were lost English versions; in any case, Shakespeare's knowledge of Latin would have enabled him to get the gist of an Italian story. Of his knowledge of French, a little more can be said: in *Henry V* there is an entire scene (an English lesson) in French, so it seems reasonable to assume that Shakespeare had at least a working knowledge of the language.

During Shakespeare's childhood there are several records of his father's dealings but none of the boy's doings. After the registration of his baptism, the next record that names Shakespeare are documents of November 27 and 28, 1582, recording the issuance of a marriage license to "William Shagspere . . . and Anne Hathwey." Anne Hathaway, who was eight years her husband's senior, bore a child in May 1583. Perhaps the marriage was necessary, but perhaps the couple had earlier engaged in a formal "troth plight," which would have rendered their children legitimate even if no further ceremony had been performed. In 1585 Anne Hathaway bore Shakespeare twins.

That Shakespeare was born is excellent; that he married and had children is pleasant; but that we know nothing about his departure from Stratford to London, or about the beginning of his theatrical career, is lamentable and must be admitted. We would gladly sacrifice details about his children's baptism for details about his earliest days on the stage. Perhaps the poaching episode is true (but it is first reported almost a century after Shakespeare's death), or perhaps he first left Stratford to be a schoolteacher, as another theory holds. Perhaps he was moved by

Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows.

(*The Taming of the Shrew*, I.ii.49–51)

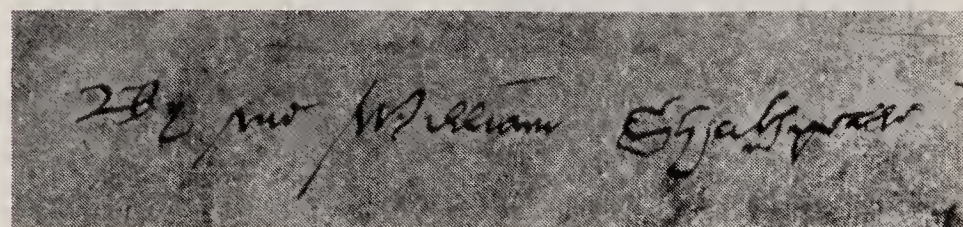
There are no existing records of Shakespeare's activities between 1585 and 1592. One can with safety say only that at some time prior to 1592 he went to London and commenced his theatrical career. In 1592, thanks to the cantankerousness of Robert Greene, a rival playwright and a pamphleteer, the first reference—a snarling one—to Shakespeare as an actor and playwright appears. Greene warns those of his own educated friends who wrote for the theater against actors—"puppets . . . that spake from our mouths"—and particularly against one actor who had presumed to turn playwright:

There is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide* supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and being an absolute Johannes-factotum is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country.

The reference to the player, as well as the allusion to a crow (which in a fable strutted in borrowed plumage, as an actor struts in fine words not his own), makes it clear that by this date Shakespeare had both acted and written. Possibly there is a charge of plagiarism here too, for the crow was sometimes used to symbolize a writer who pilfered from others. That Shakespeare is meant is indicated not only by "Shake-scene" but by the parody of a line from one of Shakespeare's plays, *3 Henry VI*: "O, tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide." If Shakespeare was prominent enough by 1592 to be attacked by an envious dramatist, he probably had served an apprenticeship in the theater for at least a few years. If Greene's allusion to the crow does imply plagiarism, quite possibly Shakespeare began his career as a dramatist by revising earlier plays. Certainly he was to do this later on a grand scale, in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*, for instance.

Numerous subsequent references to Shakespeare indicate that as early as 1594 he was not only an actor but also a partner in a new theatrical company, the Lord Chamberlain's Men, which soon became one of London's two chief companies. Acting was not considered a suitable profession for a gentleman, and it occasionally drew the scorn of university men, who resented writing speeches for persons less educated than themselves. But acting was respectable enough: prosperous players were in effect members of the bourgeoisie, and there is nothing to suggest that Stratford considered William Shakespeare less than a solid citizen. In 1596 the Shakespeares were granted a coat of arms. The draft of the grant, a copy, and a draft of another grant authorizing additions are preserved in the archives of the College of Heralds in London. The Shakespeares' shield is gold with a black band crossing it diagonally; on the band is a gold spear with a silver tip. Above the shield is a silver wreath on which perches a silver falcon holding a gold spear with a silver tip. The grant was made to Shakespeare's father, who as bailiff had been (in the words of an appended note) "the queen's officer," but one can conjecture that William Shakespeare—who the next year bought the second-largest house in town—had arranged the matter on his own behalf. In subsequent transactions he is usually styled a gentleman. The house he bought in 1597 was built by a man who later became Lord Mayor of London; in 1643 it was still fine enough for Queen Henrietta Maria to spend two nights there as the guest of Shakespeare's daughter and granddaughter. Records of purchases and investments in later years demonstrate both Shakespeare's prosperity and his involvement with Stratford even during his theatrical career in London.

In 1593 and 1594 Shakespeare published *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, two narrative poems dedicated to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and he may well have written most or all of his sonnets in the nineties. But Shakespeare's major literary activity during this time was devoted to the theater. (It may be significant that the two narrative poems were written between the summer of 1592 and the spring of 1594, in years when the plague closed the theaters.) In 1594, as has been mentioned, he was a member of a theatrical company called the Lord Chamberlain's Men (which in 1603 changed its name to the King's Men); until he retired to Stratford (about 1611, apparently), he was with this remarkably stable company. From 1599 the company acted



(Top) A sketch of the Shakespeare coat of arms, probably by Ralph Brooke (1553–1625). The falcon and the tip of the spear are marked "Ar" for argent, silver; the shield "O" for or, gold; the diagonal band "S" for sable, black. "Garter" refers to Garter King-of-Arms, the official who issued the Grant of Arms.

(Bottom) All of Shakespeare's six undisputed signatures are in the native English angular hand rather than in the newer Italian cursive hand. Of the six, only this signature, at the end of his will, is preceded by other words in his writing, here, "By me." Possibly the writing is that of a dying man, but possibly Shakespeare, like the young Hamlet, "did hold it, as our statists do, / A baseness to write fair."

primarily at the Globe Theatre, in which Shakespeare held a one-tenth interest. Of the more than three hundred known Renaissance English playwrights, some of whom acted as well as wrote, only Shakespeare is known to have been entitled to a share in the profits of the playhouse.

Shakespeare's first eight published plays did not bear his name, but this is not remarkable; the most popular play of the sixteenth century, Thomas Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*, went through many editions without naming Kyd, and Kyd's authorship is known only because a book on the profession of acting happened to quote (and attribute to Kyd) some lines on the interest of Roman emperors in the drama. What is remarkable is the fact that after 1598 Shakespeare's name commonly appears on printed plays—some of which are not his. Another

indication of his popularity comes from Francis Meres' *Palladis Tamia: Wit's Treasury* (1598): in this commonplace book of anecdotes, quotations, and allusions, there is also "A Comparative Discourse of Our English Poets with the Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets," which mentions many playwrights, but Shakespeare is the only playwright whose plays are listed. Here is Meres' comment on Shakespeare:

As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras: so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare, witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared *Sonnets* among his private friends, etc.

As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love Labor's Lost*, his *Love Labor's Won*, his *Midsummer's Night Dream* and his *Merchant of Venice*: for Tragedy his *Richard the 2*, *Richard the 3*, *Henry the 4*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus* and his *Romeo and Juliet*.

As Epius Stolo said that the Muses would speak with Plautus' tongue if they would speak Latin, so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine filed phrase, if they would speak English.

There is no extant play by Shakespeare titled *Love Labor's Won*. Perhaps Meres was referring to a play now known under another name, such as *The Taming of the Shrew*, which is the only Shakespearean comedy surely written before 1598 that Meres does not mention. Meres also includes Shakespeare's name in his somewhat indiscriminating lists of the best lyric poets, tragic and comic playwrights, and love poets.

As Pindarus, Anacreon and Callimachus among the Greeks, and Horace and Catullus among the Latins are the best lyric poets, so in this faculty the best among our poets are Spenser (who excelleth in all kinds), Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Breton. . . .

These are our best for tragedy, the Lord Buckhurst, Doctor Leg of Cambridge, Doctor Edes of Oxford, Master Edward Ferris, the author of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, Marlowe, Peele, Watson, Kyd, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Dekker, and Benjamin Jonson. . . .

The best for comedy amongst us be Edward Earl of Oxford, Doctor Gager of Oxford, Master Rowley once a rare scholar of learned Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, Master Edwards one of her Majesty's Chapel, eloquent and witty John Lily, Lodge, Gascoine, Greene, Shakespeare, Thomas Nashe, Thomas Heywood, Anthony Mundie our best plotter, Chapman, Porter, Wilson, Hathway, and Henry Chettle. . . .

These are the most passionate among us to bewail and bemoan the perplexities of love, Henry Howard Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, Sir Francis Brian, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Edward Dyer, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare. . . .

Shakespeare probably completed his first sixteen plays by the end of 1598—in a decade or less. In the next ten

years he was almost as prolific, writing perhaps thirteen or fourteen plays, including many that are his greatest. In the remaining years of his career Shakespeare seems to have slowed down a bit, writing about a play a year. Some evidence suggests that he gradually withdrew from the theater to live in Stratford. From his acting and playwriting and his share in the Globe Theatre, Shakespeare made a considerable amount of money. He put it to work, making substantial investments in Stratford real estate, although during his career he lived in London. By 1612, when a document of a London court identifies him as "William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon," he was apparently again living in Stratford. When he revised his will in 1616 (less than a month before he died), he sought to leave most of his property intact to his descendants: first to his daughter, Susanna, then to her eldest surviving son, and so on. But all four of his grandchildren died without lineal heirs, and the estate was eventually broken up. Of the small bequests made to relatives and friends (including three actors, Richard Burbage, John Heminges, and Henry Condell), the bequest to his wife of the second-best bed has provoked the most comment; perhaps it was the bed the couple had slept in, the best bed having been reserved for visitors. In any case, had Shakespeare not excepted it, the bed would have gone along with the rest of his household possessions to his daughter and her husband. Nor need we fret that Shakespeare's wife was left with only a bed. The laws of the period assured a widow of one third of the income from her husband's estate during her lifetime.

The cause of Shakespeare's death is not known, but a clergyman who settled in Stratford in 1662—almost fifty years after Shakespeare's death—recorded in his diary that "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted." This may or may not be true. In any case, on April 25, 1616, Shakespeare was buried under the floor of the chancel in the church at Stratford. An unattractive monument to his memory, placed on a wall near the grave, says he died on April 23. The monument consists of a bust flanked by columns; above the bust are Shakespeare's arms, helm, and crest, and two small figures representing Rest and Labor; the whole statue is topped by a skull. The monument was painted realistically, but the present colors are not the original ones. Carved on the slab over the grave itself are the lines, perhaps written by Shakespeare himself, that (more than his literary fame) have kept his bones undisturbed in the crowded burial ground beneath the church floor, where old bones were often dislodged to make way for new:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blessed be the man that spares these stones
And cursed be he that moves my bones.

Shakespeare's wife died on August 6, 1623; when his last descendant, a granddaughter, died in 1670, Shakespeare's large house was bequeathed outside the family.

The Shakespeare Canon

Thirty-seven plays, one hundred fifty-four sonnets, two nondramatic poems, and one elegy constitute the Shakespeare canon, or list of accepted works. A thirty-eighth play, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, has increasingly gained acceptance as having been written at least in part by Shakespeare. One other play in the apocrypha, or body of writing sometimes attributed to Shakespeare but not widely accepted as authentic, deserves mention. This is *Sir Thomas More*, which survives in manuscript and which includes three pages that some experts believe are in Shakespeare's handwriting. Possibly, too, some of Shakespeare's plays are lost, but probably the canon preserves all or almost all of his work.

The dates of composition of most of the works are highly uncertain, but there is often evidence of a *terminus a quo* (starting point) and/or a *terminus ad quem* (ending point) that provides a framework for intelligent guessing. For example, *Richard II* cannot have been written earlier than 1595, the publication date of some material to which it is indebted; *The Merchant of Venice* cannot have been written later than 1598, the year Francis Meres mentioned it. Sometimes arguments for a date hang on an alleged topical allusion, such as the lines about the unseasonable weather in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (II.i.81-117); but such an allusion (if indeed it is an allusion) can be variously interpreted, and there is always the possibility that a topical allusion was inserted during a revision, years after the composition of a play. Dates are often attributed to plays on the basis of style, and although conjectures about style usually rest on other conjectures, sooner or later one must rely on one's literary sense. There is no real proof, for example, that *Othello* was not written as early as *Julius Caesar*, but one feels that *Othello* is a later play, and because the first record of its performance is 1604, one is glad enough to set its composition at that date or a little earlier and not push it back into Shakespeare's early years. The following chronology, then, is as much indebted to informed guesswork and literary sensitivity as it is to fact. The dates, necessarily imprecise, indicate what is essentially a scholarly consensus. The dates of the earliest plays are especially uncertain because it is not known when Shakespeare began writing for the stage (that his first plays were not written earlier than 1588 is only a conjecture) and because some of them show signs of having been revised several years after they were written. *Love's Labor's Lost* especially suggests an early date, perhaps 1588, and a revision in 1595 or so.

PLAYS

1588-93	<i>The Comedy of Errors</i>
1588-92	<i>2 Henry VI</i>
1588-92	<i>3 Henry VI</i>
1588-92	<i>1 Henry VI</i>
1592-93	<i>Richard III</i>
1592-94	<i>Titus Andronicus</i>
1593-94	<i>The Taming of the Shrew</i>
1593-94	<i>The Two Gentlemen of Verona</i>
1588-95	<i>Love's Labor's Lost</i>
1594-96	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>
1595	<i>Richard II</i>
1594-96	<i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i>
1590-97	<i>King John</i>
1596-97	<i>The Merchant of Venice</i>
1597	<i>1 Henry IV</i>
1597-98	<i>2 Henry IV</i>
1598-1600	<i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>
1598-99	<i>Henry V</i>
1599	<i>Julius Caesar</i>
1599-1600	<i>As You Like It</i>
1600-02	<i>Twelfth Night</i>
1600-01	<i>Hamlet</i>
1597-1601	<i>The Merry Wives of Windsor</i>
1601-02	<i>Troilus and Cressida</i>
1602-04	<i>All's Well That Ends Well</i>
1603-04	<i>Othello</i>
1604	<i>Measure for Measure</i>
1604-09	<i>Timon of Athens</i>
1605-06	<i>King Lear</i>
1605-06	<i>Macbeth</i>
1606-07	<i>Antony and Cleopatra</i>
1607-09	<i>Coriolanus</i>
1608-09	<i>Pericles</i>
1609-10	<i>Cymbeline</i>
1610-11	<i>The Winter's Tale</i>
1611	<i>The Tempest</i>
1612-13	<i>Henry VIII</i>
1613	<i>The Two Noble Kinsmen</i>

POEMS

1592	<i>Venus and Adonis</i>
1593-94	<i>The Rape of Lucrece</i>
1593-1600	<i>Sonnets</i>
1600-01	<i>The Phoenix and the Turtle</i>

Shakespeare's Theaters and Actors

A good deal of theatrical activity took place in England during Shakespeare's youth, but much of it was not performed by professionals in a theater. There was play-acting in the schools and universities; there was pageantry in the streets; there were masques at court. This section, however, is concerned only with the professional theater. (For a discussion of some of the amateur traditions behind Elizabethan drama, see pp. 12-14.)

THE THEATERS

In Shakespeare's infancy, Elizabethan actors performed wherever they could—possibly in bearbaiting and bull-baiting arenas, and certainly in the courtyards of inns, in great halls, and at court. The innyards probably made rather unsatisfactory theaters; on some days they were unavailable because carters bringing goods to London used them as depots; when available, they had to be rented from the innkeeper. Perhaps most important, London inns were under the jurisdiction of the Common Council of London, which was not well disposed toward theatricals. In 1574 the Common Council required that plays and playing places in London be licensed. It asserted that

sundry great disorders and inconveniences have been found to ensue to this city by the inordinate haunting of great multitudes of people, specially youth, to plays, interludes, and shows, namely occasion of frays and quarrels, evil practices of incontineny in great inns having chambers and secret places adjoining to their open stages and galleries,

and ordered that innkeepers who wished licenses to hold performances put up a bond and make contributions to the poor.

The requirement that plays and innyard theaters be licensed, along with the other drawbacks of playing at inns, probably drove James Burbage, a carpenter turned actor, to rent in 1576 a plot of land northeast of the city walls and to build there, on property outside the jurisdiction of the city, England's first permanent construction designed for plays. He called it simply the Theatre. About all that is known of its construction is that it was made of wood and was in the shape of an "amphitheatrum," that is, round or approximately so, like a bearbaiting arena. Presumably Burbage erected a stage in the yard, and behind the stage a dressing room or "tiring house" from which actors could enter the stage through doorways that were perhaps fitted with hanging cloths. Such an arrangement probably resembled the curtained booths at the rear of the temporary stages that players used in the market theaters or the hall-screen in a great house that masked the doors to the pantry, kitchen, and buttery from the hall itself but allowed entrance to the hall through doorways in the hall-screen. The Theatre was probably three stories high, and the yard was partly sheltered with a roof topped by a hut,



Arend Van Buchel's copy of Johannes De Witt's now lost drawing of the Swan, showing the theater as De Witt saw it in 1596.

which housed suspension gear for flying effects. Burbage's Theatre soon had imitators, the most famous of which was the Globe (1599), built by Shakespeare and his fellow sharers in the Lord Chamberlain's company. The Globe was built on the Bankside, south of the Thames (again outside the city's jurisdiction), and was made from timbers of the Theatre, which had been dismantled and transported across London when Burbage's lease ran out.

There are three important sources of information about the structure of Elizabethan playhouses: drawings, a contract, and stage directions in plays. Of drawings, only the so-called De Witt drawing (about 1596) of the Swan—actually a friend's copy of De Witt's drawing—is of much significance. Although the De Witt drawing raises several questions, it gives us a good deal of information about the Elizabethan theater. It shows a circular building of three galleries, with a stage jutting from a wall into the yard formed by the surrounding galleries. The galleries are roofed, and part of the stage is covered by a roof that projects from the rear and is supported at its front by two posts. The groundlings, who paid a penny to stand in front of the stage or at its sides, were exposed to the sky. (Performances in such a playhouse were held only in the

daytime; artificial illumination was not used.) At the rear of the stage are two doors in the tiring-house wall; above the stage is a gallery. That actors entered the stage through these doors seems obvious, but what is not obvious is the identity of De Witt's figures in the gallery above the stage. Probably they are spectators, but why are all the other galleries empty? (The neatest answer is that it would be difficult and tedious for the artist to populate all of the galleries.) As will be seen below, actors could use this upper area in plays that required them to be "above," but when plays did not require such action, the area was devoted entirely to spectators.

The second major source of information, the contract for the Fortune, specifies that although the Globe was to be its model, the Fortune was to be square, eighty feet outside and fifty-five inside. (The polygonal or circular theaters seem to have been larger: perhaps the interior diameter was eighty or eighty-five feet, the exterior diameter ninety-five or a hundred feet.) The stage was to be forty-three feet broad and was to extend into the middle of the yard (the platform was thus twenty-seven and a half feet deep). For patrons willing to pay more than the general admission charged the groundlings, there were to be three galleries provided with seats.

From the third chief source, stage directions, it is known that actors entered the stage by doors, presumably spaced widely apart at the rear ("*Enter one citizen at one door, and another at the other*"), and that in addition to the platform stage there was occasionally a curtained space (whether booth or alcove) that allowed for "discovery" scenes and a playing space "aloft" or "above" used to represent such areas as the top of a city's walls or the window of a room above the street. Doubtless each theater had its own peculiarities; but it is possible to talk about a "typical" Elizabethan theater if we bear in mind that no theater need exactly have fitted the description, just as no father is a typical father with 3.7 children. This hypothetical Elizabethan theater is wooden, round or polygonal (in *Henry V* Shakespeare calls it a "wooden O"), and capable of holding about three thousand spectators—perhaps two thousand standing in the yard around the projecting elevated stage and one thousand seated in the three roofed galleries. Because the spectators stood rather than sat in chairs on the ground level, and because the three galleries circled the auditorium rather than being confined to the rear (as in most proscenium-arch theaters), a large number of people could be squeezed into a relatively small building. The stage, protected by a roof, called the "cover" or "heavens," was entered by two doors. These doors may have been curtained (although curtains are not shown in the De Witt drawing of the Swan) and thus may have served as the area for "discoveries" mentioned above. Or there may have been a third opening, a curtained booth or alcove against the rear wall between these two doors. In *The Merchant of Venice*, for example, "the curtain" is opened three times to reveal Portia's three caskets. In *1 Henry IV* Falstaff hides and is later discovered "*behind the arras*." But a door itself, without a curtain, would presumably have served as an entrance to Juliet's tomb. When Romeo "*opens the tomb*," he probably opened a pair of double-hung doors, like those in the De Witt drawing, to reveal Juliet lying on a coffin. Surprisingly, such discovery scenes are very rare in Elizabethan drama. It is worth mentioning that usually no

more than two persons are discovered at once, which suggests that the area was too small to be considered (as it sometimes is in the twentieth century) an "inner stage." After being discovered, the character or characters did not move about in the discovery space; they walked out onto the stage. Behind the stage was the "tiring house" (attiring house, or dressing room), and above the doors was a gallery that sometimes held spectators but that was also used, for example, as the bedroom window from which Romeo—according to a stage direction in one text—"goeth down" or as the castle wall from which young Arthur in *King John* leaps down. Some evidence suggests that a throne was lowered onto the platform stage, perhaps from the stage cover; certainly characters descended from the stage through a trap or traps into the cellar, or "hell." Sometimes this space beneath the platform was used to accommodate a sound-effects man or musician (in *Antony and Cleopatra* "*music of the hautboys is under the stage*") or an actor (in *Hamlet* the "*Ghost cries under the stage*"). Most characters simply walked on and off, but because there was no curtain at the front of the stage, corpses had to be carried off—thus an Elizabethan Hamlet had to lug Polonius' body into the adjoining room.

Such may have been the so-called public theater. There was also another kind of theater, called the "private theater" because its much greater admission charge limited its audience to the wealthy or the prodigal. This type of theater was basically a large room, entirely roofed and therefore artificially illuminated, with a stage at one end and a tiring house behind the stage. In 1576, a year before the first permanent public theater was built, such a theater was established in Blackfriars, a Dominican priory in London that had been suppressed in 1538 and confiscated by the crown and thus was not under the city's jurisdiction. All the actors in the Blackfriars theater were boys about eight to thirteen years old. This private theater had a precarious existence and ceased operations in 1584. In 1596 James Burbage, who had already made theatrical history by building the Theatre, began to construct a second Blackfriars theater. He died in 1597, and for several years this second Blackfriars theater was used by a troupe of boys. In 1608 two of Burbage's sons and five other actors (including Shakespeare) became joint operators of the theater, using it in the winter, when the open-air Globe was unsuitable. Perhaps such a smaller theater (its capacity was about seven hundred), roofed, artificially illuminated, and patronized by a fashionable audience, exerted an influence on Shakespeare's later plays, but it would be a mistake to think either that these later plays have fundamentally different staging needs or that they are essentially different in spirit from Shakespeare's earlier work. It should be noted, too, that Elizabethan theatrical companies were occasionally called upon to give a performance at court, on a temporary stage in a room illuminated by candles and torches. But since a play thus staged was commonly selected from the company's repertory by the queen's Master of the Revels, a performance at court was probably not vastly different from a performance in a theater.

Performances in the private theaters may well have had intermissions, during which music was played, but in the public theaters the action was probably uninterrupted, flowing from scene to scene almost without a break.



Detail of a drawing (circa 1640) by Wenceslaus Hollar showing the second Globe Theatre and the Beergarden. The first Globe had burned in 1613; the second was promptly built on the site.



Hollar (1607–77), a native of Prague, lived in England from 1637 to 1645. In 1647 his engraving of a panoramic map of London was published in Antwerp, probably based on sketches he had made while in England. The labels “Beere bayting” and “The [Second] Globe” almost surely are reversed.

Actors entered, spoke, and exited, and other actors immediately entered and established a new locale (if necessary) by a few properties and by words and gestures. Here are some samples of how Shakespeare set the place or the time of his plays:

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn;
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East.
(*Romeo and Juliet*, III.v.1-3,6-8)

Sometimes the setting of locale is more direct:

TITUS

The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.
(*Titus Andronicus*, II.ii.1-2)

DUNCAN

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses. (*Macbeth*, I.vi.1-3)

CAPTAIN

This is Illyria, lady. (*Twelfth Night*, I.ii.2)

ROSALIND

Well, this is the Forest of Arden.
(*As You Like It*, II.iv.14)

But it is a mistake to conceive of the Elizabethan stage as bare. Although the Chorus in *Henry V* calls the stage an "unworthy scaffold" and urges the spectators to "eke out our performance with your mind," the stage façade itself was apparently richly decorated, and the underside of the cover was adorned with stars. Moreover, considerable spectacle took place on the platform stage itself. In the last act of *Macbeth*, for example, five stage directions call for "drum and colors," and another sort of appeal to the eye is made by the stage direction "*Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.*" Some scenery and properties may have been substantial: thrones, altars, and chariots were used, as well as mossy banks and trees. One play of the period includes this stage direction: "*Hector takes up a great piece of rock and casts at Ajax, who tears up a young tree by the roots and assails Hector.*" (See p. 69 for a further discussion of stage directions.)

THE ACTORS

In the late Middle Ages religious plays were performed by members of various craft guilds: bakers, butchers, goldsmiths, and so forth acted in plays on biblical subjects. Amateur theatrical activity flourished (we should also keep in mind Robin Hood plays, Saint George plays, May games, and other amateur seasonal theatricals of a folkloric nature), creating a climate in which professionalism could

develop. By the middle of the fifteenth century traveling troupes were staging plays throughout England. These troupes were small—usually consisting of four actors—but they must have been highly skilled, for their livelihood depended on doing better what innumerable amateurs were also doing. By the middle of the sixteenth century some traveling troupes included as many as a dozen actors, with boys playing the female roles. In their social origins these actors were generally men like Bottom the weaver and his fellows who in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* perform a play before the duke. But the ineptitude of Bottom's amateur company should not be confused with the skill of the professionals; the craftsmen who left their looms or cobbler's benches to become professional actors had to be expert in their new craft if they were to survive.

For various reasons, including the break-up of feudal households during the Wars of the Roses and the dissolution of the monasteries, Tudor England had a large number of unemployed wanderers, and laws were devised to restrain them. Because a "masterless man" was considered unnatural—the more so because there was a labor shortage—traveling actors were nominally considered the "servants" of a nobleman; but from this patron they usually got only a license or patent and payment for an occasional performance in his household on a festive day. The actors depended for their livelihood on the patronage of the general public, and the license was necessary if they were to reach that public, as is indicated by the following letter from the Duke of Lennox, addressed "to all mayors, justices of peace, sheriffs, bailiffs, constables, and all other his Highness' officers . . . to whom it shall or may in any wise appertain":

I am given to understand that you have forbidden the company of players that call themselves mine the exercise of their plays. I pray you to forebear any such course against them, and, seeing they have my license, to suffer them to continue the use of their plays; and until you receive other signification from me of them, to afford them your favor and assistance. And so I bid you heartily farewell.

When Shakespeare's company received the patronage of King James I in 1603, its license read as follows:

Know ye that We of our special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion have licensed and authorized and by these presents do license and authorize these our servants Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillips, John Heminges, Henry Condell, William Sly, Robert Armin, Richard Cowley, and the rest of their associates freely to use and exercise the art and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, interludes, moralities, pastorals, stage plays, and such others like as they have already studied or hereafter shall use or study, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects as for our solace and pleasure when we shall think good to see them, during our pleasure. And the said comedies, tragedies, histories, interludes, moralities, pastorals, stage plays, and such like to show and exercise publicly to their best commodity, when the infection of the plague shall decrease, as well within their now usual house called the Globe within our county of Surrey, as also within any

town halls or moot halls or other convenient places within the liberties and freedom of any other city, university, town, or borough whatsoever within our said realms and dominions. Willing and commanding you and every of you, as you tender our pleasure, not only to permit and suffer them herein without any your hindrances or molestations during our said pleasure, but also to be aiding and assisting to them, if any wrong be to them offered. And to allow them such former courtesies as hath been given to men of their place and quality, and also that further favor you shall show to these our servants for our sake we shall take kindly at your hands.

This was doubtless a most useful document for an acting company.

By the end of the sixteenth century, despite harassment by puritanical forces, the status of actors was fairly secure: acting was recognized as a "trade" or "profession," subject not to local authorities but to the crown through the Master of the Revels and his superior, the Lord Chamberlain. Therefore, although the Revels Office censored plays and could be a powerful enemy when it suspected that a play harbored seditious ideas, it was for the most part (like the lords who lent acting companies their nominal patronage) an important ally of the players: it arranged for occasional remunerative performances at court, and more important, it stood between the players and the local bourgeois officials, who often regarded theatrical performances as a waste of time, or as indecent shows, or worst of all as vestiges of Roman Catholic activities. (It should be remembered that the old religious drama survived in some parts of England past the middle of the sixteenth century.) There is a large body of anti-theatrical writing, much of it amusing in its abusiveness, but one example, from a sermon written in 1578 by John Stockwood, should suffice:

Will not a filthy play, with the blast of a trumpet, sooner call thither a thousand than an hour's tolling of a bell bring to the sermon a hundred? . . . If you resort to the Theatre, the Curtain, and other places of plays in the city, you shall on the Lord's day have these places, with many other that I cannot reckon, so full as possibly they can throng.

Even allowing for the exaggeration of an indignant competitor, Stockwood's comments help to indicate the magnitude of theatrical activity that took place in the period of Shakespeare's youth.

A theatrical company such as the Lord Chamberlain's Men was a substantial business enterprise. The company was formed in the summer of 1594; if Shakespeare was not a charter member, he joined the company soon after its formation, for he is specified as a member in March 1595, and he stayed with it for the remainder of his professional life. As has been mentioned, with the accession of James I in 1603, the company became the King's Men, and it endured until the Puritans closed the theaters in 1642. The company's organization was rather medieval, consisting of three groups which resembled the craft-guild hierarchy of master craftsmen, journeymen, and apprentices: (1) senior actors, such as Shakespeare, called "fellows" or "sharers" because each owned a share in the plays and the properties, and therefore shared in the profits; (2) hired men, who performed minor roles or served as

musicians, prompters, doorkeepers, and so on, and did not share in the profits; and (3) boys, who were in effect apprenticed to the sharers and played most or all of the female roles. (Possibly the garrulous old Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* was played by a man rather than by a boy.) A boy entered the company when he was about ten, trained for a while, and then acted female roles until his voice changed or he grew too tall for the part. That all the performers were male should not seem strange; all the performers in classical Greek, Chinese, and Japanese drama also were male, as were the performers in the folk plays (see p. 12). It would seem that drama, when it is still close to ceremony and not yet fully dedicated to realism, prefers men to represent women. (E. K. Chambers, in *The English Folk-Play*, quotes a man who had performed in a folk play: "Oh, you wouldn't have women in that; it's more like being in church.") Shakespeare's company expanded over the years, beginning with five sharers and ending with twelve, but it probably never had more than about two dozen actors. Even *Henry VIII*, which has forty-one speaking parts, can be performed by about a dozen actors by doubling and tripling.

Doubtless the composition of Shakespeare's company left its mark on his plays; Shakespeare knew what it could do, and he knew for whom he had to write parts. For example, because there were probably only two or three boys at any given time who could play important roles, and another two or three in training, Shakespeare's plays rarely have more than four significant female roles, though of course a larger number can be handled by doubling. The fact that so many of Shakespeare's heroines are motherless—for example, Rosalind and Celia in *As You Like It*—is probably due to the restrictions imposed by the company rather than to anything in Shakespeare's psychology. Probably, too, the availability of a good clown encouraged Shakespeare to write in a clown's part, and so on. (It might be argued with equal validity, of course, that the audience wanted a clown, and so the company made it its business to have one.) Viewed one way, Shakespeare was in bondage to his company; viewed another way, Shakespeare had the advantage of knowing what his actors could and could not do before he put pen to paper.

Actors in Shakespeare's day worked hard, and they probably worked hardest of all during those months when the plague closed the London theaters and forced the actors to tour the remote provinces. But even when they were in London, playing was not all fun. A company performed five or six times a week, giving in a season twenty-five or thirty different plays, about half of which were new in the repertory and the remainder either recent favorites or revivals of older plays. Occasionally a play was given two or three consecutive performances, but commonly the program changed every day, and the same play was rarely acted twice in one week. Thus in a month a company might perform a dozen different plays. Although no annual records for the Lord Chamberlain's Men are extant, it is possible to get an idea of its activities from the records of its rival, the Admiral's Men. Between 1594 and 1597 the Admiral's Men gave 728 performances of fifty-five plays; or to take a more microscopic view, between August 1595 and February 1596 it gave 150 performances of thirty different plays, fourteen of which were new.

Existing evidence on the style of Elizabethan acting is open to various interpretations. There are essentially two schools of thought: one sees Elizabethan acting as realistic (or natural); the other sees it as conventional (or formal). Advocates of the realistic theory point to various Elizabethan passages that praise actors as lifelike: Hamlet, for example, warns the players against ranting, and this is taken as evidence that the actors in *Hamlet* did not rant. But this very statement can also be taken as evidence that actors normally ranted, and that Shakespeare was trying to restrain his actors. Moreover, even if we agree that the actors in *Hamlet* did not rant, we need not conclude that they acted realistically. Another piece of evidence usually taken as indicating that acting was realistic is John Webster's comment on the ability of a good actor: "What we see him personate, we think truly done before us." But one can reply that every age insists that its good actors are natural. The acting in the motion pictures of the thirties, for example, seems quaint to us today, though it struck its contemporaries as thoroughly lifelike.

On the other hand, those who argue that Elizabethan acting was formal rather than natural discount Elizabethan statements about holding the mirror up to nature; they regard such statements as being of no more value than those Elizabethan testimonials that describe a tapestry—necessarily unrealistic—as the very image of life. They argue that the conditions of the stage required formal acting: performances were given in daylight, even though some scenes occurred at night; boys performed female parts; the language of the play was commonly poetry rather than daily speech. In addition, characters sometimes addressed the audience directly, breaking (it is argued) any illusion of the reality of the world on the stage. (There are comic monologues in Shakespeare that unquestionably are direct addresses to the audience. And Iago, for example, appeals to the audience when he says, "And what's he then that says I

play the villain?") Such arguments in behalf of formal acting have much merit, yet they cannot be taken as proof that Elizabethan acting was *highly* stylized and devoid of naturalism. The dialogue in the plays themselves, for example, provides evidence that characters did not silently walk across the stage, take up a position, and then declaim; they spoke while they walked, while they dressed, and so on. Probably, then, it is safest to conclude that although natural acting was highly praised and unnatural acting ridiculed, the acting of Shakespeare's day was a combination of both styles, and it was probably somewhat more naturalistic than the acting of his youth, which had come to seem bombastic. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Bottom is perhaps old-fashioned when he says he "will move storms" and when he yearns for "a part to tear a cat in, to make all split." A few years later Hamlet deplores actors who split the ears of the groundlings.

Not a great deal is known about the costumes that Elizabethan actors wore, but at least three points are clear: (1) many of the costumes were sumptuous versions of contemporary Elizabethan dress; (2) some attempts were made to approximate the dress of certain occupations and of antique or exotic characters such as Romans, Turks, and Jews; (3) some costumes indicated that the wearer was supernatural. Evidence for elaborate contemporary dress can be found in the many references to Elizabethan clothing (doublets, hose, and so on) in the plays themselves and in contemporary comments about the "sumptuous" players who wore the discarded clothing of noblemen, as well as in various account books which itemize such things as "a scarlet cloak with two broad gold laces, with gold buttons of the same down the sides." The attempt at approximating the dress of certain occupations and nationalities also can be documented from the plays themselves, and it derives additional confirmation from a drawing—the only extant picture of an identifiable Elizabethan stage production—



A drawing (circa 1594) of characters in *Titus Andronicus*, showing the mixture of pseudo-Roman and contemporary costumes.

of a scene from *Titus Andronicus*. The drawing, probably done in 1594 or 1595, shows Queen Tamora pleading for mercy. She wears a robe and a crown; Titus wears a toga and a wreath, but two soldiers behind him wear costumes fairly close to Elizabethan dress. There is, however, some conflicting evidence: in *Julius Caesar* a reference is made to Caesar's doublet, which, if taken literally, suggests that even the protagonist did not wear Roman clothing; and certainly the lesser characters, who are said to wear hats, did not wear Roman garb. But perhaps in its context the word *doublet* merely denotes a garment for the upper part of the body, not the specifically Elizabethan garment. The use of symbolic costumes for supernatural creatures is nicely illustrated by a property listed in the journal of an Elizabethan theatrical entrepreneur: "a robe for to go invisible." In *The Tempest* this stage direction appears:

"Enter Ariel, invisible" (III.ii). Possibly this symbolic robe was worn; possibly the stage direction is merely an instruction to the actors, but certainly in III.iii, "Enter Ariel, like a harpy," a symbolic costume was used. Finally, it should be mentioned that even ordinary clothing can be symbolic: Hamlet's "inky cloak," for example, sets him aside from the brightly dressed members of Claudius' court and symbolizes his mourning; the fresh clothes that are put on King Lear partly symbolize his return to sanity. This device, of course, is not confined to the tragedies. Near the end of *Much Ado About Nothing*, just before Claudio's bride is restored to him—giving him, in effect, a new life—Don Pedro says to Claudio, "Come, let us hence and put on other weeds." Claudio's reappearance, presumably in a new splendid costume, is a visual representation of his renewal.

The Dramatic Background

As has been mentioned, a good deal of theatrical and quasi-theatrical activity took place in England in Shakespeare's youth. This activity ranged from professional productions to amateur productions in Latin and the performances of trained animals. It is not possible to discuss here such activities as jousts and tournaments, which were highly ritualized and spectacular encounters with conflict at their heart, and public executions, in which the condemned man was allowed to make a speech to the assembled crowd, but there is no doubt that such activities influenced Shakespeare's plays, as can be seen from the interrupted joust in *Richard II* (I.iii) and the report of the Thane of Cawdor's words just before he is executed in *Macbeth* (I.iv.1-11) or Othello's words just before he kills himself (V.ii.337-55). Rather, this section will be concerned with five sorts of drama, and the subsequent discussions of Shakespeare's comedies, histories, and tragedies will occasionally amplify some of the points raised here.

First, an enduring drama existed among the folk, the peasants and artisans who enacted annual playlets celebrating the renewal of the year, which had "died" in the winter and been "reborn" in the spring. Often these festive plays were transferred from the spring or summer to the Christmas festivities, for Christmas symbolized the possibility of the renewal or rebirth of fallen man. Commonly the players would visit their lord's manor house and perform their rudimentary playlet, thus in a way bringing into the household the spirit of rebirth and joy that was being enacted. The most famous of such traditional entertainments was the Saint George play, which deals with a combat, a death, and a resurrection and concludes with a blessing, or wish for prosperity. Here is the end of a version that was performed at Christmas:

I am Father Christmas! Hold, men, hold!
Be there loaf in your locker, and sheep in your fold,
A fire on the hearth, and good luck for your lot,
Money in your pocket, and a pudding in the pot!

As the discussion of Shakespeare's comedies will indicate, the overall movement is from a troubled or deathlike state (for example, at the beginning of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* if Egeus' daughter will not obey her father the law may sentence her "to death, or to a vow of single life") to a state of prosperity, fertility, and joy, symbolized by a feast, a dance, or especially, a marriage. Other common folk rituals, such as midsummer festivities, in which revelers ignited torches at a "blessing fire" and then carried them home to bring good luck to the household, also left their mark on Shakespeare's plays. Again *A Midsummer Night's Dream* affords an example: in celebrating a marriage the King and Queen of Fairies "through the house give glimmering light." Other festivities included May games, especially the Whitsun pastorals, which Shakespeare alludes to in *A Winter's Tale* (IV.iv). May Day activities involved the choice of a Queen of the May or of a Maid Marian; the Queen was given a garland and then entertained by songs, dances, and a procession, sometimes of persons disguised as the Nine Worthies, whom Shakespeare introduces in a show in *Love's Labor's Lost*. May Day invariably attracted more formal plays, such as two anonymous plays on Robin Hood, printed about 1560 and said by the publisher to be "very proper to be played in May games."

A second dramatic form, related to the folk rituals and plays because it too was probably derived from primitive celebrations of a life-giving power, was an aristocratic entertainment which the Middle Ages called a "disguising" and the Renaissance called a "masque." In these entertainments courtiers amused themselves and sought to express in allegory a high ideal—in Ben Jonson's words, to "lay hold on more removed mysteries"—by dressing up, for example, as shepherds or Moors or Russians, entering a great household, performing a dance which was sometimes interpreted by a narrator, or Presenter, and then (in a part known as "the revels") dancing with the ladies. Here too, in the movement from surprise or uncertainty to the

celebration of the life-giving force of the powerful person in whose honor the masque was held, is an implication of fertility, or at least of a united society. Shakespeare never wrote a court masque, but some of his plays include scenes in which characters engage in a masque. In *Love's Labor's Lost* the king and three courtiers, intending "to parle, to court and dance," disguise themselves as Russians when they visit the ladies. *Henry VIII* includes an episode that occurred in 1530 when Henry and some of his courtiers, dressed as shepherds (but splendidly), visited Anne Bullen at Cardinal Wolsey's palace: "*Hautboys. Enter king and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds. . . . They pass directly before the cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*" The chamberlain, acting as the Presenter, explains:

Because they speak no English, thus they prayed
To tell your grace: that having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less
(Out of the great respect they bear to beauty)
But leave their flocks and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em. (I.iv.65-72)

After the cardinal grants them their wish, the revels begin: "*Choose ladies; King and Anne Bullen,*" and then "*Music. Dance.*" Similarly, in *Much Ado About Nothing* Don Pedro and his nobles enter masked and dance with the ladies. In *Timon of Athens* Timon, a monarch and spirit of generosity who sustains the city, presides over a masque of Amazons. After a trumpet call announces Cupid, the Presenter, who explains that Timon is much beloved, there is a "*Masque of ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*" Then "*The lords rise from the table, with much adoring of Timon, and to show their love, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease*" (I.ii). Closely related to these courtly disguisings were spectacular entertainments in great houses, celebrating an event such as a noble wedding. In *The Tempest* Prospero conjures up a masque of goddesses to celebrate an impending marriage. But the dissolution of this show—when Prospero remembers the plot against him and the masque abruptly vanishes—is different from the dissolution of a masque. When a court masque dissolves, the aristocratic performers join the audience, and the virtues represented in the masque are thus symbolically bestowed upon the audience; but Prospero's show abruptly dissolves, occasioning his remarks on the transience or insubstantiality of all substance (IV.i.148 ff.).

A third kind of dramatic activity that survived from the Middle Ages into Shakespeare's youth was the miracle play. (Some scholars distinguish between plays based on saints' lives and plays based on biblical episodes, calling the former miracle plays and the latter mystery plays. However, no medieval English play was in its own time called a mystery play.) By the end of the fourteenth century vast cycles of plays, performed in the streets and sponsored by the craft guilds, had developed. In a sense, a cycle is one great play, consisting of as many as forty-eight small plays performed consecutively and covering the history of the world from the Creation through the Fall of the Angels, the Creation and Fall of Man, the Incarnation, the Cruci-

fixion, the Resurrection, and Judgment Day. These cycles were performed early in June on the feast of Corpus Christi. Because the cycle aims at celebrating the entire story of Christ, from his incarnation to his redemption of fallen man, it presents on the stage a remote past which is also an eternal present. In one play, for example, Christ instructs John the Baptist to preach to sinners, and so John turns to the spectators in front of him, establishing a bond between the world on the stage and the world of the spectators. This is not very different from, say, the moment in *As You Like It* when Duke Senior says—as much to the spectators as to the characters on the stage—"This wide and universal theater/Presents more woeful pageants than the scene/Wherein we play in" (II.vii.136-38).

This tendency to see the stage as intimately related to the daily world of the audience is not the only characteristic that binds the miracle plays to the Elizabethan drama. Although the overall plot of a cycle is "comic," in that it has a happy ending, it includes apparently "tragic" material, such as the murder of Abel and the Slaughter of the Innocents. Such episodes—especially those depicting savage tyranny destroying innocence and ultimately destroying itself or being destroyed by a higher power—probably helped to establish the context of such a scene as Macbeth's slaughter of Macduff's children. Moreover, the comprehensiveness of a miracle cycle's scheme, which required it to mix comedy and tragedy, bequeathed to the Renaissance stage a tradition of mixing the genres. This tradition of mixed dramatic forms distressed those who knew something of classical drama: shortly before Shakespeare began to write for the theater, Sir Philip Sidney lamented that the playwrights of his age wrote "neither right tragedies nor right comedies" but, "mingling kings and clowns," wrote "mongrel tragic-comedy." Shakespeare's comedies continued this tradition; they often include threats of death and occasionally (in some of his last plays) death itself. Similarly, his tragedies include comic bits: there are clownish rebels in *2 Henry VI*, a serious history play dealing with violent times, a comic murderer in *Richard III*, a comic gravedigger in *Hamlet*, a fool in *King Lear*, a drunken porter in *Macbeth*, and a comic rural fellow in *Antony and Cleopatra*. The murder scene in *Richard III*, I.iv, is very much in the seriocomic tradition of medieval drama. In the following speech, the Second Murderer has just told the First Murderer that he is determined to let their intended victim live:

FIRST MURDERER I'll back to the Duke of Gloucester and tell him so.

SECOND MURDERER Nay, I prithee stay a little. I hope this passionate humor [compassionate mood] of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells [counts to] twenty.

FIRST MURDERER How dost thou feel thyself now?

SECOND MURDERER Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

FIRST MURDERER Remember our reward when the deed's done.

SECOND MURDERER Zounds, he dies! I had forgot the reward.

FIRST MURDERER Where's thy conscience now?

SECOND MURDERER O, in the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

FIRST MURDERER When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

SECOND MURDERER 'Tis no matter, let it go. There's few or none will entertain it.

FIRST MURDERER What if it come to thee again?

SECOND MURDERER I'll not meddle with it; it makes a man a coward. A man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbor's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shamefaced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom. It fills a man full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold that, by chance, I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to live well endeavors to trust to himself and live without it.

And so on, until they finally murder their victim.

As a child, Shakespeare could easily have seen a cycle of miracle plays. There were plays done at nearby Coventry, for instance, until 1581, when they were suppressed by ecclesiastical authorities who feared popery. But interest in the plays was probably waning by that date, for professional troupes offered better dramatic fare than the amateur companies of guildsmen offered.

A fourth kind of drama that survived into Shakespeare's youth was the morality play, in effect a dramatized sermon, which can be traced to the late fourteenth century. The miracle-play cycles are historical, dramatizing what happened; the morality plays use allegorical figures to dramatize man's chief moral dilemmas as he struggles in a world of deceitful appearances. In *The Castle of Perseverance* (early fifteenth century), for example, a character called Mankind is guided by such figures as Good Angel and Conscience in a struggle against the World, the Flesh, the Devil, the Seven Deadly Sins, and so on. Mankind yields to sin, repents, then relapses; Death enters, but dying Mankind calls for God's mercy, and (as we are told in an epilogue) he is forgiven and allowed to go to heaven. Despite its happy ending, then, the play dramatizes suffering and death in this world and thus approaches tragedy. Like *The Castle of Perseverance*, most of the extant morality plays are concerned with the battle for a man's soul (the psychomachia), and it is not far-fetched to see their influence in Shakespeare's plays. For instance, despite the example of the saintly King Duncan, Macbeth yields to forces of evil; Othello faces on one side "the divine Desdemona" and on the other the villainous Iago, who is often associated with diabolic images: late in the play, when Othello realizes that he has been tricked by Iago into murdering Desdemona, he seeks to learn of "that demi-devil/Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body" (V.ii.300-01). Because the morality play dramatizes God's grace, its plot is not tragic; but in its depiction of men making moral decisions and becoming aware of the possible consequences of their mistakes, it approaches tragedy. The Second Murderer's speeches in *Richard III*, quoted earlier, evoke the morality play in the Murderer's wavering between repentance and evil-doing, and in his allegorical conception of "conscience." A thoroughly comic version of such a conflict is found in *The Merchant of Venice* in Gobbo's monologue:

The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good

Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo—use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No. Take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo, do not run. . . ." Well, my conscience hanging about the neck of my heart says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son"—or rather an honest woman's son, for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste—Well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well." "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well." . . . The fiend gives the more friendly counsel. I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

(II.ii.2-30)

Although most morality plays show such an inner battle, some are concerned primarily with the coming of death (notably, *Everyman*); others are concerned with political controversy and thus bear some resemblance to Shakespeare's history plays. All the extant moralities except *Everyman* include a good deal of comedy, ranging from physical buffoonery and coarse puns to witty satire, thus continuing the miracle-play tradition of "mongrel tragic-comedy." The chief trickster is the Vice, and if Iago is a tragic descendant of that seducer of mankind, the mischievous fools and clowns in Shakespeare's comedies are at least to some degree his comic descendants. In *Twelfth Night* Feste explicitly refers to the Vice:

I am gone, sir.
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain.
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries "Ah ha" to the devil.
Like a mad lad,
"Pare thy nails, dad."
Adieu, goodman devil.

(IV.ii.122-33)

A quotation from one Ralph Willis, who was born the same year as Shakespeare, gives us a good idea of the morality plays and their impact:

In the City of Gloucester the manner is (as I think it is in other like corporations) that when players of interludes come to town, they first attend the Mayor to inform him what nobleman's servants they are, and so to get license for their public playing; and if the Mayor like the actors, or would show respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself and the Aldermen and Common Council of the City; and that is called the Mayor's Play, where everyone that will comes in without money, the Mayor giving the players a reward as he thinks fit to show respect unto them. At such a play, my father took me with him, and made me stand between his legs, as he sat upon one of the benches where we saw and heard very well. The play was called *The Cradle of Security*, wherein was personated a king or some other great prince with his courtiers of several kinds, amongst

which three ladies were in special grace with him; and they keeping him in delights and pleasures, drew him from his graver counsellors, hearing of sermons, and listening to good counsel, and admonitions, that in the end they got him to lie down in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies joining in a sweet song rocked him asleep, that he snorted again, and in the meantime closely conveyed under the cloths where withall he was covered, a vizard like a swine's snout upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereunto, the other end whereof being held severally by those three ladies, who fall to singing again, and then discovered his face, that the spectators might see how they had transformed him, going on with their singing. While all this was acting, there came forth of another door at the farthest end of the stage two old men, the one in blue with a sergeant-at-arms his mace on his shoulder, the other in red with a drawn sword in his hand, and leaning with the other hand upon the other's shoulder, and so these two went along in a soft pace round about by the skirt of the stage till at last they came to the cradle, when all the court was in greatest jollity, and then the foremost old man with his mace struck a fearful blow upon the cradle; whereat all the courtiers with the three ladies and the vizard all vanished; and the desolate Prince starting up barefaced, and finding himself thus sent for to judgment, made a lamentable complaint of his miserable case, and so was carried away by wicked spirits. This Prince did personate in the moral the wicked of the world; the three ladies pride, covetousness, and luxury; the two old men, the end of the world and the last judgment. This sight took such impression in me that when I came towards man's estate, it was fresh in my memory as if I had seen it newly acted.

Three things of special interest should be noted here. First are Willis' opening remarks, which give us an idea of the procedures governing a theatrical company in the provinces. Second is the fact that in the punishment of a wicked "desolate Prince" the play anticipates some of the stuff of Elizabethan histories and tragedies. Third, and most important, is Willis' view of the play: today we tend to think of allegorical drama as lifeless, but it made a lasting impression on Willis, who saw it chiefly as a play about people—a king, ladies, counselors, and so on—and only in his final summary as allegory.

As Willis' account indicates, in the sixteenth century the morality play was performed by professionals. The morality play was closely related to a type called the "interlude," a short play, often with the structure, characters, and comedy of a morality play, that was performed in a great house, especially during a holiday season. Possibly the chief difference is that an interlude is usually shorter and requires fewer characters than a morality play. (The name *interlude* seems to suggest that the play was performed between two parts of a banquet.) The morality play abounds in vigorous men of this world, and it is not surprising that in the sixteenth century there were many short plays in which exuberant worldly characters are the center of interest: these plays, performed as entertainments in a banquet-hall, sometimes became essentially a dramatized joke rather than a dramatized sermon, and then of course the distinction between interlude and morality play becomes clear.

A fifth kind of theatrical activity that exerted an influence on Shakespeare was the drama of the schools and universities. In the sixteenth century students read Roman drama and occasionally performed it. Schoolmasters, with Roman plays in mind, wrote plays to help their students improve their enunciation, poise, and skill in disputation. Neo-Latin as well as English plays were written, and though no academic drama has much literary or theatrical excellence, the fact that in Shakespeare's day some university graduates wrote for the popular stage indicates that the academic drama exerted at least some influence on the popular drama. (The specific influences of Plautus and Terence on comedy, and of Seneca on tragedy, are discussed on pp. 33-34, 55-56.)

Brief mention should be made here of the professional drama of Shakespeare's immediate predecessors and contemporaries, notably John Lyly, Thomas Kyd, and Christopher Marlowe. Lyly's rather precious comedies, performed by a children's company chiefly in the 1580's, with their formal groupings and elegant witty debates and with their contrasts between scenes of delightfully absurd romantic lovers and scenes of low comedy, must have helped Shakespeare—and yet Shakespeare's comedy is distinctively his own, more humane, less allegorical, less satirical, less stiff than Lyly's, and more thoughtful and better articulated than anything on the earlier popular stage. Similarly, through about 1589 Kyd apparently gave English popular tragedy a strong sense of a coherent plot (for example, ironically juxtaposed scenes instead of more loosely connected episodes), and Marlowe from about 1589 until his death in 1593 gave English tragedy heroes who speak a splendid blank verse worthy of heroes. These two writers themselves were deeply indebted to earlier dramatic traditions, Kyd to Senecan drama and Marlowe to the morality play. Shakespeare's achievement soon became distinctive, indebted to but far outstripping his early contemporaries. The drama of Shakespeare's age is discussed in the sections on Shakespeare's comedies, tragedies, and histories, but for the moment it may be amusing to hear Stephen Gosson's puritanical attack on these genres as they existed six or eight years before Shakespeare set to work, when romances, continental short fiction (*novelle*), and chronicles provided much of the stuff of popular drama. The passages are all from Gosson's *Plays Confuted in Five Actions* (1582). First, Gosson on comedy, which he sees as immoral. Judging from the plays that survive, it may be said that Gosson grossly overstates the immorality, but he gives us a fair sense of the chief theme of much comedy:

The groundwork of comedies is love, cozenage, flattery, bawdry, sly conveyance of whoredom; the persons, cooks, queans, knaves, bawds, parasites, courtezans, lecherous old men, amorous young men. . . . Comedies so tickle our senses . . . that they make us lovers of laughter and pleasure without any mean. . . . What schooling is this?

Next, Gosson on tragedy, which he sees not as valuable but as debilitating. Again he gives us a sense of the chief action:

The beholding of troubles and miserable slaughters that are in tragedies drive us to immoderate sorrow, heaviness,

womanish weeping and mourning, whereby we become lovers of dumps, and lamentation, both enemies to fortitude.

Finally, Gosson on history plays, which he sees as distortions of history and therefore vicious. His observations are surely right, though his implications are surely wrong:

If a true history be taken in hand, it is made like our shadows, longest at the rising and falling of the sun, shortest of all at high noon. For the poets drive it most commonly unto such points as may best show the majesty of their pen in tragical speeches, or set the hearers agog with discourses of love, or paint a few antics to fit their own humors with scoffs and taunts, or wring in a show to furnish the stage when it is too bare. When the matter of itself comes short of this, they follow the practice of the

cobbler, and set their teeth to the leather to pull it out. So was the history of Caesar and Pompey, and the play of the Fabii at the Theater, both amplified there, where the drums might walk or the pen ruffle. When the history swelled and ran too high for the number of the persons that should play it, the poet with Proteus [that is, Procrustes] cut the same fit to his own measure; when it afforded no pomp at all, he brought it to the rack to make it serve.

Had Gosson written again some thirty years later, when Shakespeare had completed his career, he probably would have seen no reason to alter his words. To a hostile eye, Shakespeare would only seem to be doing better what his predecessors had done (and therefore he was the more dangerous). Subsequent pages will try to call attention to his distinction.

Style and Structure

Perhaps "style" would be enough because, if broadly and deeply conceived, it takes in everything: the choice of words and their arrangement in lines, metrics, prose rhythms, and even the choice of plots and of characters. Though style is often contrasted with content, as though it were a decorative treatment of meaning, it can be argued that style (for example, Latinate versus Anglo-Saxon diction, or the inclusion versus the exclusion of comic material in a tragic plot) is inherently part of the meaning. Cardinal Newman put it thus: "Thought and meaning are inseparable from each other. Matter and expression are parts of one: style is a thinking out into language."

Because Shakespeare was a dramatist, his style is a thinking out not only into language (which includes diction, grammar, images, meter, and rhythm) but also into costumes, sound effects, gestures, and even silences. The use of costumes as a part of the dramatist's language has already been discussed (pp. 11-12). To the examples of Hamlet's "inky cloak," which separates him from the opulently dressed courtiers, and the fresh clothing in which Lear is garbed after his madness, can be added the broader matter of disguises—for example, the monk's robe worn by Duke Vincentio in *Measure for Measure* and Rosalind's and Viola's male attire in *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*—which are removed at the ends of the plays, when the truth is at last revealed and the characters can again be fully themselves. In short, the removal of disguises *says* something.

Sound effects too communicate meaning. Perhaps the most obvious example is the sound of the storm in *King Lear*, which is a reflection of Lear's disordered kingdom, disordered family, and disordered mind. A little less obvious is the noise of cannon in *Hamlet*. Early in the play cannon are fired when Claudius drinks deeply, and the reverberation of the noise to the heavens suggests Claudius' power, vulgarity, and arrogance; later in the play Claudius again orders the cannon to sound, this time when he

hypocritically drinks to Hamlet before the fencing match; at the end of the play the cannon are once again ordered to be fired, not by Claudius but by Fortinbras, and now in tribute to Hamlet, who has earned "the soldiers' music."

Gestures are also an important part of the dramatist's language. For example, King Lear kneels before his daughter Cordelia for a benediction (IV.vii.57-59), an act of humility that contrasts with his earlier speeches banishing her and that contrasts also with a comparable gesture, his ironic kneeling before Regan (II.iv.152). In the first act of *Coriolanus* Volumnia hopes that her son will defeat Aufidius "and tread upon his neck," but in the last act it is Aufidius who, according to the stage direction, "*stands on*" Coriolanus. *Coriolanus* also affords an example of the importance of dramatic silence; before the protagonist yields to his mother's entreaties (V.iii.182), there is this stage direction: "*Holds her by the hand, silent.*" In *Macbeth*, when Macduff learns that his wife and children have been murdered, he is silent at first, as Malcolm's speech indicates: "What, man! Ne'er pull your hat upon your brows./Give sorrow words" (IV.iii.208 ff.). In the abdication scene of *Richard II* (IV.i), Richard speaks 132 lines against Bolingbroke's fourteen, and Bolingbroke's forbidding silence—which Richard comments on when he addresses the "silent king"—is part of Bolingbroke's character and part of the meaning of the play. A playwright's language, clearly, is not simply verbal language. Even an actor's position on the stage may have meaning. In *Romeo and Juliet* (III.v) the lovers share a scene "*aloft*," suggesting their exaltation. Romeo then "*goeth down*," and Juliet, looking down on him, prophetically says, "Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,/As one dead in the bottom of a tomb."

Of course, when we think of Shakespeare's style we think primarily of his language, both the poetry and the prose. Although two of the plays (*Richard II* and *King John*) have no prose at all, about half the others have at least one fourth of the dialogue in prose, and some have

notably more: *Troilus and Cressida*, one third; *1 Henry IV* and *2 Henry IV*, about half; *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*, a little more than half; *Much Ado About Nothing*, about three fourths; and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, about nine tenths. All these plays were probably written between 1597 and 1602, what might be called (with exaggeration, of course) Shakespeare's "prose period." During this time Shakespeare was perhaps developing as a poet, learning how to make significant rather than unvarying use of poetry, and learning how to bring his language closer to an approximation of speech.

Today we perhaps think of prose as "natural" for comedies, but Greek, Roman, and early English comedies were written in verse. In fact, prose was not generally considered a literary medium in England until the late fifteenth century; Chaucer tells even his bawdy stories in verse. By the end of the 1580's, however, prose had established itself on the English comic stage with the plays of John Lyly, comedies that used an extremely patterned and figurative prose and that were designed for a courtly rather than a popular audience. In tragedy, Marlowe had made some use of prose, not simply in the speeches of clownish servants but even in the speech of a tragic hero, Doctor Faustus. With the notable exceptions of Lyly and Marlowe, however, dramatic prose before Shakespeare is scarcely memorable. It was normally used only for special circumstances: (1) letters and proclamations, to set them off from the poetic dialogue; (2) mad characters, to indicate that normal thinking has become disordered; and (3) low comedy, or speeches uttered by clowns even when they are not being comic. Shakespeare made use of these conventions (to the second group—mad characters such as Lear, Ophelia, and Lady Macbeth—can be added Lepidus when he is drunk in *Antony and Cleopatra*), but he also went far beyond them. He sometimes used prose for (4) cynical commentary, such as Thersites' remarks in *Troilus and Cressida* or Casca's report in *Julius Caesar* of Caesar's reluctant refusal of the crown (I.ii); (5) scenes of ordinary life, such as those of Prince Hal at his ease in the tavern in *1 Henry IV*; (6) scenes of courtship, such as those between Beatrice and Benedick in *Much Ado About Nothing*, and Rosalind and Orlando (though Orlando does not realize that courtship is going on) in *As You Like It*, and even between King Henry and Katherine of France in *Henry V*. Moreover, sometimes a scene begins in prose and then shifts into verse as the emotion is heightened; or conversely, a scene shifts from verse to prose when a speaker is lowering the emotional level (as when Brutus speaks in the forum). Thus it is not enough to say that low characters speak prose, high characters speak verse; in *Richard II*, for example, the gardeners (III.iv) and the groom (V.v) speak verse, and in other plays monarchs often speak prose.

Nor is Shakespeare's prose prosaic, used only to represent ordinary conversation or to communicate necessary information. Hamlet's prose includes not only small talk with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern but princely reflections on "What a piece of work is a man" (II.ii). In conversation with Ophelia Hamlet shifts from light talk in verse to a passionate prose denunciation of women (III.ii), though the shift to prose here is perhaps intended to suggest the possibility of madness—at least Ophelia immediately concludes that Hamlet's "noble mind is here o'erthrown."

Below are examples of Shakespeare's prose, showing something of its structure and its range. The first is from Brutus' funeral oration in *Julius Caesar*:

Romans, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. (III.ii.13-17)

Despite its apparent simplicity, this prose speech is elaborately constructed. Notice Brutus' use of isocolon (successive phrases or clauses of approximately equal length) in three successive sentences, each approximately equal in length and each with three clauses:

hear me for my cause,/and be silent,/that you may hear.
Believe me for mine honor,/and have respect to mine honor,/that you may believe.
Censure me in your wisdom,/and awake your senses,/that you may the better judge.

Notice, too, the rather complacent repetitions: "hear . . . hear," "mine honor . . . mine honor," "Censure . . . senses." Later in the speech there are alliterative lines: "base . . . be . . . bondman," "rude . . . Roman." The speech is fully in accord with Brutus' conception of himself as a man who balances things thoughtfully in his mind. But there is something repelling in the sixfold repetition (in forty-two words) of "me," "my," "me," "mine," "mine," "me."

Brutus' speech can be contrasted with a second passage, from *Hamlet* V.ii. When Horatio offers to make excuses if Hamlet wishes to avoid the duel with Laertes, Hamlet replies:

Not a whit, we defy augury. There is special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come. The readiness is all. Since no man of aught he leaves knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be. (V.ii.221-26)

Of the sixty-two words in the speech, only seven are of more than one syllable. On the whole the diction is colloquial (note especially "Not a whit"), but there is the solemn echo of the Bible ("special providence in the fall of a sparrow"), and the clauses are balanced. The speech is simple and meditative, yet strong-willed in the final "Let be."

There is no need here to quote examples of what are in effect comic prose monologues, such as Touchstone's speech on lying (*As You Like It*, V.iv.69-82) or Falstaff's discourse on honor (*1 Henry IV*, V.i.127-41). (A comic speech of this type—Gobbo's debate with his conscience—is quoted on p. 14.) What is especially worth noting is that although Shakespeare's characters occasionally utter the garbled chaos that is our daily talk—such as the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, "Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady. Lord, Lord! When 'twas a little prating thing—O, there is a nobleman in town" (II.iv.203-05)—for the most part even his lowest characters speak coherently, and each seems to speak his appropriate idiom. Here is the simple

country fellow who tells Cleopatra that he has brought the asp with which she will commit suicide:

Truly I have him; but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal: those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

(V.ii.245-48)

The clown has an odd idea of death, and he says "immortal" for "mortal"; yet Cleopatra *does* become immortal, and though the entire speech has an impressive coherence, it somehow conveys the clown's simplicity.

As has been mentioned, verse drama in England goes back to the Middle Ages, but truly poetic drama is probably no older than George Peele's *The Arraignement of Paris* (about 1580). For the most part the drama of the seventies presented such harrowing stuff as this passage from *Cambises* (about 1569), written in fourteeners, or pairs of rhyming lines of fourteen syllables each:

I feel myself a-dying now, of life bereft am I,
And death hath caught me with his dart, for want of blood
I die.

Thus gasping here on ground I lie; for nothing do I care;
A just reward for my misdeeds my death doth plain declare.

This passage is not meant to be comic, though it sounds rather like Bottom's words when he impersonates the dying Pyramus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (V.i).

By Shakespeare's day, however, rhyme no longer dominated poetic drama; a finer medium, blank verse, had been adopted. But before looking at Elizabethan unrhymed verse, a few things should be said about the chief uses of rhyme in Shakespeare's plays. (1) Emotional heightening at the end of a blank-verse speech is often indicated by a couplet (a pair of rhyming lines). (2) Characters sometimes speak a couplet as they leave the stage. (3) Except in the latest plays, scenes or acts fairly often conclude with a couplet, and sometimes, as in *Richard II*, I.i.18-19, the entrance of a new character within a scene is preceded by a couplet, which wraps up the earlier portion of that scene. (4) Speeches of two characters occasionally are linked by rhyme, most notably in *Romeo and Juliet*, I.v.95-108, where the lovers speak a sonnet between them; elsewhere a taunting reply occasionally rhymes with the previous speaker's last line. (5) Speeches with sententious or gnomic remarks are sometimes in rhyme, as in the duke's speech in *Othello* (I.iii.199-206) and the king's speech in *All's Well That Ends Well* (II.iii.126-45). (6) Speeches with sardonic mockery are sometimes in rhyme—for example, Iago's speech on women in *Othello* (II.i.146-58)—and sometimes conclude with an emphatic couplet, as in Bolingbroke's speech on comforting words in *Richard II* (I.iii.301-02). (7) Some characters are associated with rhyme—for example, the fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and to a lesser degree Faulconbridge in *King John* and Apemantus in *Timon of Athens*, though because Faulconbridge and Apemantus are given to mockery their rhymes perhaps properly belong in the previous category. (8) In the early plays, especially *The Comedy of Errors* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, comic scenes which in later plays would be in prose are in jingling rhymes. (9) Prologues, choruses, plays-within-the-play, inscriptions, vows, epilogues, and so

on, are often in rhyme, and of course the songs in plays are rhymed. The play-within-the-play in *Hamlet*, for example, is written in an older style to set it off from the language of the play itself:

Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbèd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands. (III.ii.158-63)

The plays with the highest percentage of rhymed dialogue are (in decreasing order) *Love's Labor's Lost*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Richard II*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. Of these five, all but *The Comedy of Errors* were written about 1594-96, which is probably also the period during which Shakespeare wrote many of his sonnets. Most of the rhyme in Shakespeare's last plays (with the exception of *Pericles*) is not in dialogue properly speaking but in songs, choruses, or a masque (*The Tempest*). Broadly speaking, then, after the "prose period" of about 1597-1602 Shakespeare tended to use less and less rhyme in dialogue.

But it is neither prose nor rhyme that comes to mind when we first think of Shakespeare's medium: it is blank verse, unrhymed iambic pentameter (in a mechanically exact line, five feet, each foot with two syllables, every second syllable accented). The first speech in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is an example of blank verse:

Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace. Four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires,
Like to a stepdame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue. (I.i.1-6)

As this passage shows, Shakespeare's blank verse is not mechanically unvarying. Though the predominant foot is the iamb (customarily indicated by ~ /), there are numerous variations. In the first line the stress can be placed on "fair," as the regular metrical pattern suggests, but it is likely that "Now" gets almost as much emphasis; probably in the second line "Draws" is more heavily emphasized than "on," giving us a trochee (indicated by / ~); and in the fourth line each word in the phrase "This old moon wanes" is probably stressed fairly heavily, conveying by two spondees (each indicated by / /) the oppressive tedium that Theseus feels.

Blank verse, first printed in England in 1557 in Surrey's posthumously published translation of parts of Virgil's *Aeneid*, was first used in a play in 1561, in Thomas Sackville and Thomas Norton's *Gorboduc*. But if *Gorboduc* thus looks forward to Marlowe and Shakespeare, it also looks backward in its heavy alliteration, its tendency to use paired lines (much of it seems to be couplets without rhymes), and its formal balance, as the first speech of the play indicates:

The silent night, that brings the quiet pause
From painful travails of the weary day,

Prolongs my careful thoughts, and makes me blame
The slow Aurore, that so for love or shame
Doth long delay to show her blushing face.
And now the day renews my grievful plaint.

The first line introduces a favorite Renaissance device, a disyllabic adjective followed by a monosyllabic noun ("silent night," "quiet pause"); this device reappears in the next line ("weary day") and yet again in all but one of the following lines ("careful thoughts," "blushing face," "grievful plaint"). Elsewhere lines are often end-stopped (that is, there is a distinct syntactical pause at the end of the line), as the second speech in *Gorboduc* reveals:

My gracious lady and my mother dear,
Pardon my grief for your so grievèd mind,
To ask what cause tormenteth so your heart.

Alliteration is abundant: in the first speech "pause," "painful," "Prolongs," "slow," "so," "Doth," "delay," "day," "plaint"; in the second speech "gracious," "grief," "grievèd." In the late 1580's Marlowe changed all this, partly by somewhat reducing the amount of alliteration and partly by joining phrases and clauses with *and* so that a sentence ran to a dozen or so lines. Most important, Marlowe was a poet, not a versifier, and he gave to blank verse a richness that inevitably drew later poets to the form.

In Shakespeare's early plays much of the poetry is end-stopped, but he later developed the ability to write iambic-pentameter verse paragraphs (rather than lines) that give the illusion of speech. His chief techniques are (1) running the thought beyond the single line; (2) occasionally substituting another foot for an iambic foot; (3) varying the position of the chief pause within a line; (4) adding an occasional unstressed syllable at the end of a line, a so-called feminine ending; (5) and beginning or ending a speech with a half-line. In addition, Shakespeare's speeches often suggest the nature of the speaker, whereas in *Gorboduc* all the speeches sound alike, as though they issued from a single undefined mouth. In *Hamlet* the king ceremoniously—that is, rather formally—addresses his court in a long sentence whose meaning is suspended until near the end:

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him
Together with remembrance of ourselves. (I.ii.1-7)

Later in the scene Claudius speaks more intimately:

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit. What is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking? (I.ii.42-46)

Notice the short sentences and the ingratiating repetition of the name "Laertes," to whom the speech is addressed.

Notice, too, the shift from the royal "us" in the second line to the more intimate "my" in the last line, and from "you" in the first line to the more intimate "thou" and "thy" in the last two lines.

Guildestern's sycophantic speech to Claudius in III.iii is marked by windy repetitions ("holy and religious," "many many," "live and feed"):

Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty. (III.iii.8-10)

Hamlet, who has several styles in the play, uses a simple style in rejecting his friends' entreaties not to follow the Ghost:

I do not set my life at a pin's fee,
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again. I'll follow it. (I.iv.65-68)

Macbeth, distressed by the doctor's inability to cure Lady Macbeth and by the imminent battle, addresses some of his remarks to the doctor and others to the servant who is arming him. The entire speech, with its pauses, interruptions, and irresolution (in "Pull't off, I say," Macbeth orders the servant to remove the armor he has been putting on him), catches Macbeth's disintegration:

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armor on. Give me my staff.
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
(V.iii.47-56)

Duke Frederick in *As You Like It* is disappointed to find that a young man who has performed nobly is the son of an enemy:

I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteemed thy father honorable,
But I did find him still mine enemy.
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.
(I.ii.220-26)

Duke Frederick's lines are end-stopped, but the effect is not one of monotony. Rather, the regular pauses and the repetition of part of the first line in the last ("I would thou hadst") and the continual turning back ("But," "But") convey the tension of conflicting emotions and the speaker's unwillingness to let his spirit generously expand.

	I	2	3	4	5	6
	Total lines	% prose	% blank	% rhyme	% run-on	% feminine endings
<i>Errors</i>	1777	14	65	21	13	17
<i>2 Henry VI</i>	3162	17	80	3	11	13
<i>3 Henry VI</i>	2904	0.1	95.5	4.4	10	13
<i>1 Henry VI</i>	2677	0.07	88	11.9	10	8
<i>Richard III</i>	3619	2	94	4	13	19
<i>Titus</i>	2523	2	93	5	12	9
<i>Shrew</i>	2647	23	71	6	8	20
<i>Two Gentlemen</i>	2292	28	66	6	12	18
<i>Love's Labor's</i>	2785	38	21	41	18	5
<i>Romeo</i>	3050	15	70	15	14	8
<i>Richard II</i>	2757	0	81	19	20	12
<i>Midsummer</i>	2174	23	37	40	13	8
<i>King John</i>	2570	0	95	5	18	6
<i>Merchant</i>	2658	25	70	5	22	17
<i>1 Henry IV</i>	3176	47	51	2	23	6
<i>2 Henry IV</i>	3446	55	43	2	21	16
<i>Much Ado</i>	2825	74	23	3	19	23
<i>Henry V</i>	3381	48	50	2	22	22
<i>Julius Caesar</i>	2477	7	92	1	19	18
<i>As You Like It</i>	2856	59	33	8	17	25
<i>Twelfth Night</i>	2690	65	28	7	15	21
<i>Hamlet</i>	3929	32	64	4	23	22
<i>Merry Wives</i>	3018	92	7	1	20	25
<i>Troilus</i>	3496	35	60	5	27	22
<i>All's Well</i>	2966	50	41	9	28	29
<i>Othello</i>	3316	21	76	3	20	27
<i>Measure</i>	2820	41	56	3	23	23
<i>Timon</i>	2374	29	64	7	33	22
<i>King Lear</i>	3328	28	67	5	29	26
<i>Macbeth</i>	2106	8	86	6	37	25
<i>Antony</i>	3059	10	89	1	43	24
<i>Coriolanus</i>	3406	24	75	1	46	28
<i>Pericles</i>	2393	23	67	10	12	19
<i>Cymbeline</i>	3339	16	80	4	46	31
<i>Winter's Tale</i>	3074	29	69	2	38	32
<i>Tempest</i>	2062	24	73	3	42	33
<i>Henry VIII</i>	2819	3	96	1	31	48
<i>Two Kinsmen</i>	2817	6	92	2	20	44

For the most part, the figures in the table are translations into percentages of the numbers given in E. K. Chambers, *William Shakespeare*, II, Appendix H.

Column 1 gives the total number of lines in the play, an inexact measure, of course, because the number of prose lines differs from edition to edition, depending on the width of the page and on the editor's decision as to whether a given passage should be printed as prose or as verse. For example, certain passages printed as prose in *1 Henry IV* (such as III.i.3-11) are so rhythmic that they might be considered verse, and if printed as verse they would constitute a larger number of lines.

Column 2 gives the percentage of the play that is in prose, excluding those parts of the play that are not "normal" dramatic dialogue—such as prologues, epilogues, choruses, the plays-within-the-plays in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Hamlet*, and the masque in *The Tempest*. As the table shows, the percentage of prose is relatively low for the early

comedies—except for *Love's Labor's Lost*, which was probably revised six or seven years after it was written—and for the early histories. The percentage increases markedly in the later histories, written about 1597-99 (*1 and 2 Henry IV* and *Henry V*), and in the comedies written about 1598-1604. Most of the tragedies and the last plays make considerable use of prose, but not to the same extent as the later histories and comedies.

Column 3 gives the percentage of blank-verse dialogue in the play, again excluding prologues, epilogues, and so on.

Column 4 gives the percentage of rhymed dialogue in the play. Again, prologues, epilogues, and so on, are excluded (if such material were not excluded, many of the figures in this column would be higher). As has been mentioned (p. 18), with the exception of *The Comedy of Errors* the five plays with the highest percentage of rhymed dialogue were written in the middle nineties, which was probably also the period of the sonnets.

Finally the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* babbles in blank verse that Juliet will soon be fourteen years old:

Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls!)
Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was weaned (I never shall forget it),
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall.
My lord and you were then at Mantua.
Nay, I do bear a brain. (I.iii.17-29)

Blank verse, then, can be much more than unrhymed iambic pentameter, and even within a single play Shakespeare's blank verse often consists of several styles, depending on the speaker and on the speaker's emotion at the moment. Of course, much depends on the length of the speech: a speech of a single line has a different tone from a long speech, even though the metrical pattern in both is iambic.

One particular kind of dialogue, which Shakespeare used sparingly, deserves special notice. From the Roman dramatist Seneca the Elizabethans borrowed a device called stichomythia, the exchange of single lines (sometimes pairs of lines) in which the words of one speaker are picked up and tossed back by another, giving the effect of a duel with words. Stichomythia commonly makes use of figures of thought, or artful arrangements of words, such as repetition and antithesis. Here is a famous example from *Hamlet*:

QUEEN
Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
HAMLET
Mother, you have my father much offended.
QUEEN
Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
HAMLET
Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue. (III.iv.10-13)

Another departure from logical or literal usage common in Shakespeare (and in almost all poets) is the use of tropes,

or figurative language. When Iago urges Roderigo to "poison [Othello's] delight" he is not advocating the literal use of poison, and when he urges Roderigo to "plague him with flies" he is suggesting not that Roderigo open a bag of flies in Othello's presence but that he somehow distress Othello with trivial, irritating things. The words are clearly not used in their literal or normal sense.

Shakespeare's early figurative language is sometimes ostentatious. The figures often seem to be tacked on, elaborate embellishments of an idea rather than the inevitable presentation of the idea itself. For example, Queen Tamora's lover in *Titus Andronicus*, an early play, describes the queen's good fortune thus:

Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora. (II.i.1-9)

The last five lines seem tacked on to the first four, an embellishment rather than an integral part of the speech.

Shakespeare's later figurative language appears more natural, less decorative, and more integral—though of course there are exceptions. The speech from *Titus Andronicus* quoted above is utterly different from Iago's "plague him with flies," where the figure is integral. This difference is not simply one of a short figure versus a long figure. When Othello in the last act describes himself as "one whose hand,/Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away/Richer than all his tribe" (V.ii.345-47), again the figure contains its own meaning rather than merely embellishing an earlier meaning. Othello is alluding either to Judas or to Herod, both enemies of Christ, and thereby indicates his appraisal of himself as a foe to goodness; he emphasizes the comparison a few lines later when he identifies himself with a pagan Turk. (Another text of *Othello* has "Indian" instead of "Judean," but either word implies separation from Christianity.)

Shakespeare's progress was something like Berowne's in *Love's Labor's Lost*. Near the end of the play Berowne says that he will forswear "taffeta phrases" and "Three-pile

Column 5 gives the percentage of run-on lines found in all pentameter lines (not total lines) in the play. In contrast to an end-stopped line, a run-on line does not have a natural or grammatical pause at the end. In the following passage from *The Tempest* only the second line is run-on:

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air. (IV.i.148-50)

Because readers may disagree about which lines do not reasonably call for a pause at the end, the figures are somewhat subjective. Generally speaking, the later plays have a higher percentage of run-on lines than the earlier plays, in which each line tends to be a clause or a sentence.

Column 6 gives the percentage of verse lines with feminine endings, that is, lines concluding with an extra unstressed

syllable, as in the first, fourth, and fifth lines of the following passage from *The Tempest*:

Was Milan thrust from Milan that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis. (V.i.205-09)

Roughly speaking, the plays written during the second half of Shakespeare's career have a notably higher percentage of feminine endings than do the earlier plays. As in the preceding column, the figures in this column show a significant increase in the later plays. This increasing freedom with the blank-verse line is demonstrated in yet another way, not indicated in the table: speeches in the early plays relatively rarely end in mid-line, but in the later plays speeches that end in this way are very common.

hyperboles, spruce affectation, / Figures pedantical" and will substitute for them "russet yeas and honest kersey noes" (homespun woolen cloth). The expression "russet yeas and honest kersey noes" of course is itself as figurative as "taffeta phrases," and Shakespeare never abandoned figures, though he curbed his exuberance.

Figures commonly add sensory content—compare "plague him with flies" with "bother him with trivialities"—but of course not all sensory words are figurative. When Othello commands the Venetians to "Keep up your bright swords," the phrase "bright swords" refers literally (rather than figuratively) to the swords they are flourishing. All such sensory words, whether figurative or literal, can be called images, though there is a tendency in criticism to concentrate on figurative rather than literal images, neglecting, for example, the abundant literal talk about blood in *Julius Caesar* while dwelling on metaphors. One can deplore the neglect of the literal, especially in the study of drama, which involves people carrying swords, holding up bloody hands, and so forth, but one can understand why critics have tended to dwell on those images involving metaphors, similes, and the host of other figurative uses of language that are enumerated in handbooks of rhetoric.

There are at least three important uses of imagery: First, it can afford delight in itself, giving a sense of the nature of things. By saying "Keep up your bright swords" rather than "Calm yourselves" or "Do not fight," Othello gives us a rich sense of the concrete world—both its singularity and its multiplicity. As Coleridge said, Shakespeare "by metaphors and figures involves in the thing considered a universe of past and possible experiences." At the end of the first scene in *Hamlet* Horatio talks of the coming of the dawn:

But look, the morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.

(I.i.166-67)

Horatio's lines tell us of the time of day, but the images serve a further dramatic purpose. The scene begins at midnight, and is full of uncertainties, including two harrowing encounters with a ghost; then it becomes early morning, and the suggestion of light implies the coming of order and harmony. But the image of "in russet mantle clad" precisely qualifies this light: dawn is personified not as the bright and sunny Aurora but as a peasant in his workaday mantle of coarse grayish-brown material. The morning and the daily business of living dispel the darkness, but full light has not yet come to the shadowy tragic world. There is, then, something sharp and precisely right (and therefore delightful) about the description of this particular kind of morning. We may never have noticed such a morning, and the image serves to enrich our sense of the world.

Second, imagery can help to characterize the speaker. Not every line and image in Shakespeare does this, of course. The passage just quoted from *Hamlet* is not especially typical of Horatio's manner. If we were to look for lines that characterize Horatio, we would probably choose less "poetic" or lyrical and more ironic lines, such as his dry "a truant disposition," when Hamlet asks him why he is not at the university. Horatio's speech about the dawn exists not to reveal anything about Horatio but to tell us about the time of the day and the particular quality of the

morning, and to balance the appearance of the Ghost with a sense of nature's divinity. But innumerable images in Shakespeare do help to define character. The tragic heroes, for example, often speak in hyperbole, a figure appropriate to their greatness. Othello says that were it not for the love of Desdemona he would not confine himself "for the sea's worth"; nine months gone by are "nine moons wasted"; caves are "anters vast"; waves are "hills of seas Olympus-high." Iago says that Othello brags and tells "fantastical lies," but this is a villain's cynical view, unsupported by anything else in the play. Against Othello's hyperbolic and exotic language are Iago's figures that diminish men. Iago's allusion to flies has already been noted; other animals are commonly in his mind: a faithful servant is an "ass," Othello is "an old black ram," Desdemona is a "white ewe," their offspring will "neigh," and the lovers "are making the beast with two backs." All these words occur in the first 115 lines of the first scene. In later scenes Iago alludes to women as wildcats, to Cassio and Desdemona as "goats, . . . monkeys, . . . wolves," and to a married man as "yoked" (that is, an ox). In contrast to Othello, Iago is the sort of man who sees people chiefly as sexual or stupid beasts. Interestingly, however, once Iago has succeeded in infecting Othello's mind, Othello too begins to use such images, speaking of "goats and monkeys," "toads," "aspics' tongues," "crocodile," and "flies."

Finally, images often help to define the theme of the play. (A few words about this third use of imagery are included in the discussion of images of rising and falling in *Richard II* on pp. 50-51 and in the discussion of images of light, dark, and speed in *Romeo and Juliet* on p. 57.) In *Othello*, diabolic images ("hell," "devil," "perdition") are at first associated with Iago and then, as Othello comes under Iago's power, with Othello. As S. L. Bethell points out in *Shakespeare Survey* 5, there are sixty-four such images in *Othello*. Of course, not all the occurrences are of equal significance—for example, the first diabolic image, Iago's assertion that Cassio is "almost damned in a fair wife," is trivial when compared with Iago's

I have't! It is engendered! Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

(I.iii.392-93)

But though the statistics must be interpreted with caution, they do add up to something. Here are Bethell's calculations. First, the diabolic images steadily increase from the first act to the last: the figures for the five acts are 10, 11, 13, 14, and 16, respectively. Furthermore, the disposition of these images according to speaker is interesting. As Bethell explains,

Iago has only his fair proportion of diabolic imagery, yet we undoubtedly gain the impression that in this play the theme of hell, as it were, originates with him and is passed to Othello later as Iago succeeds in dominating his mind. Statistics show this impression to be well-founded. In Act I Iago has eight diabolic images and Othello none; in Act II he has six and Othello one. The change comes in Act III, where Iago drops to three and Othello rises to nine. In Act IV Iago has only one while Othello has ten, and in Act V Iago has none and Othello six. It all begins, then, with Iago.

These images, of course, help to define the speakers: Iago is a nasty figure given (like the devil) to destructiveness; Othello is a man who at least for a while becomes his instrument. But the images also go beyond character and help to define the theme: on one level *Othello* is a domestic tragedy, a play about a man who kills his wife; on another level it is about the mysterious power of evil, of the sort associated with the devil—an evil that hates what is good (Coleridge aptly speaks of Iago's "motiveless malignity") and sometimes brings it to material and spiritual destruction. (One need not, however, argue that Othello is damned. When at the end of the play Othello reaffirms his love for Desdemona and executes justice on himself, he shows that Iago has *not* corrupted him. The play does not have a sixth act, set in the next world. But the images do help to suggest that the conflict has a spiritual dimension.)

Another example of imagery that goes beyond characterization and helps to establish theme is the storm imagery in *King Lear*. A storm literally takes place in the middle of the play, but the storm also has symbolic implications. As early as I.ii Gloucester speaks of disturbances in nature and of "all ruinous disorder"; Lear calls down "Blasts and fogs" (I.iv.301) and the "nimble lightnings" (II.iv.162) upon Goneril. As the break with his only remaining daughter, Regan, is widened and Lear is almost driven to madness, the stage direction "*Storm and tempest*" appears (II.iv.280), followed in three lines by Lear's explicit fear that he "shall go mad." Thus, as has already been mentioned, the chaos in Lear's family, the chaos in nature, and the chaos in Lear's mind are all linked. A few lines later Cornwall says that it is "a wild night," and still later we see the deranged Lear in a stormy, deranged world. Lear himself equates the macrocosm and the microcosm, the great world and the little world of man, when he speaks of "the tempest in my mind." Only a few of the storm images have been commented on here; but the more one studies the play the more one sees that the images are not decorative but integral; if they were removed from the play, and if the storm itself were removed, *King Lear* would say something entirely different.

Of course, no spectator can be fully aware of all the implications of all Shakespeare's images; nor can a reader be, unless he takes notes line by line. Shakespeare himself probably was not conscious of the patterns of images he created, and he would have been surprised by Bethell's statistics on *Othello* or by a list of the storm images in *King Lear*. But if these statistics would have surprised him, it is probably only because he did not put the images in one by one; rather, he imagined his characters and his plots and his themes so fully that the images inevitably came in the speeches. Though we may be unaware of them, the images, both figurative and literal (as for instance the blood in *Julius Caesar*), have a profound effect; they work along with the nonverbal imagery of visible stage properties, gestures, and costumes (see pp. 11-12 and 16 for a discussion of such imagery).

When we think of a play, however—unless we have been corrupted by education—we first think not of images or themes but of characters and plot. Shakespeare's powers of characterization are so great that we may sometimes feel, like Alexander Pope, that "had all the speeches been printed without the names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker."

Of course, as we have seen, this is not always true, partly because Shakespeare was sometimes concerned not with characterization but with establishing (for example) time or locale and partly because a good many First and Second Gentlemen have no character. Moreover, sometimes part of the point is that the characters are *not* distinct. The lovers in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, all of whom quite naturally think that their experiences are unique, often sound very much alike, and this similarity—this uniformity of which the lovers are comically unaware—is surely part of Shakespeare's meaning. On the whole, however, Shakespeare's characters do have a roundness, an identity.

What a character is depends on at least two things: what he says and does, and what other characters say about him and what they do. We have already seen how prose and verse reveal character. Relationships between characters also perform this function, as can be seen by an illustration from *Hamlet*. Like Hamlet, Laertes has lost his father. Hamlet has a chance to avenge his father's death when Claudius is praying (III.iii), but he passes it by; Laertes says that if his father's killer were within reach, he would "cut his throat i' th' church" (IV.vii); Hamlet feels "the dread of something after death" (III.i); Laertes says "Conscience and grace to the profoundest pit! I dare damnation" (IV.v); and so on. Laertes is prone to action—but he is less scrupulous than Hamlet and he easily becomes a cat's-paw for Claudius. As he is dying Laertes confesses, "I am justly killed with mine own treachery." If Hamlet is slow to act, it is at least partly because he is more imaginative than Laertes. What Hamlet *is*, then, is partly clarified by his contrast to Laertes, a young man who is also concerned about avenging his father's death. Fortinbras, another man with whom Hamlet is contrasted, is also fatherless; indeed, his father died at the hands of Hamlet's father. Fortinbras, of course, is not an avenger, but he can fight for a worthless patch of ground, while Hamlet, with an urgent cause, delays. But Fortinbras' very willingness to sacrifice thousands of lives "even for an eggshell" undermines the importance of action. A third character, the stoical Horatio, also helps to define Hamlet. Hamlet admires Horatio's dispassionateness (III.ii); yet this very dispassionateness makes Horatio a lesser figure, a man who presumably even in Hamlet's circumstances would not feel the heroic urge to see that justice is done. In short, what Laertes, Fortinbras, and Horatio are and what they say or do help to define what Hamlet is: he is first of all someone different from them. Of course the remaining characters—most notably Polonius, Gertrude, and especially Claudius, with whom Hamlet in effect is at war—also play a part in defining Hamlet's character.

Similarly, Shakespeare's plots are commonly organized so that scenes modify one another; thus the events, to apply Bottom's words, "grow to a point." For the Elizabethans, the "plot" was the groundplan of a play, a list of scenes posted backstage so that the actors could know when they would next be needed. In this sense, "plot" is to be distinguished from "story," which is simply the gist of the narrative; thus all plays about, say, the death of Julius Caesar tell pretty much the same story, as do the history books. But a plot is the choice and arrangement of episodes. The first scene of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, showing the tribunes rebuking the citizens, is not a necessary part of the story of Caesar's fall, but it is a part of

The platt of The Secound parte of the Seuen Deadlie Sins

A tent being, platt one the stage for Henry the sixt. he in it & sleepe to him The Centenar A purcuamnt R Conly Go Duke and 2 wardere ~~with~~ R Pallant to them Pride Gluttony wrath and Couetousnes at one dore. at an other dore Enuie. Sloth and Lechery The three put back the four. and so Exemt

Henry Awaking Enter A Keger & Sinclair to him a seruamt T Belt to him Lidgate and the Keger. Exit then enter againe. When Enuy passeth ouer the stage Lidgate speaks

A scitt. Dumb show

Enter King Gorboduc wth 2 Comsailers. R Burladg m Brian. T B Gaddale. The Quene wth ferrex and Porrex and som attendants follow. Sumder wth Harry & Duke. Kith. R Pallant. & Holland After Gorboduc hath Consulted wth his Lords he brings his 2 sons to 2 seuerall seates They ending on on other ferrex offers to take porrex his Crowne. he draws his weygon The King Quene and Lordes step between them They thrust them away and manasing each other exit The Quene and Lordes Report Heuillie. Lidgate speaks

Enter ferrex & Porrex wth Drum and Colours and soldiers one way. Harry. Kith. R Conly John Duke. to them At a notther dore. Porrex drum and Colours and soldiers wth R Pallant John Sinclair & Holland.

Enter Gorb Quene. wth 2 Comsailers. m Brian T B Gaddale. to them ferrex and Porrex seuerall manies wth Drums and Power. Gorboduc entreing in The midst between. Henry speaks

A Larum wth Excursions After Lidgate speaks

Enter ferrex and Porrex seuerally Gorboduc following them. Lucius and Damasus m Brian T Good.

Enter ferrex at one dore. Porrex at an other The fight ferrex is slayn. to them Videna the Quene to her Damasus. to him Lucius.

Enter Porrex sad wth Jordan his man. R P. wth to them the Quene and A Ladie Nick Samder. And Lordes R Conly m Brian. to them Lucius R King.

Henry and Lidgat speaks Sloth passeth ouer

Enter Giraldus Phronsius Alpatia Pompeia Rodope R Conly T B Gaddale. R G. Ned. Nick.

Enter Sardinapalus Arbactus Nicanor and Captaines marching. m Philippe m Pope R Pa Kith & Sinclair. & Holland.

Enter A Captaine wth Alpatia and the Ladies Kith

Lidgat speaks

Enter Nicanor wth other Captaines R Pa. & Sinclair. Kith. & Holland R Conly. to them Arbactus. m Pope. to him will full. & Duke to him Rodopeir. Ned. to her Sardinapalus like A woman wth Alpatia Rodope Pompeia will full to them Arbactus and 2 misfitsons m Pope & Sinclair. Vincent R Conly to them Nicanor and others R P. Kith

Enter Sardanapa. wth the Ladies to them A Messenger. T B Gaddale. to him will full R King. A Larum.

Enter Arbactus pursuing Sardanapalus and the Ladies fly. After Enter Sarda wth as many Jewels robes and Gold as he can carry. A Larum.

Enter Arbactus Nicanor and the other Captaine in triumph. m Pope. R Pa. Kith. & Holland R Conly & Sinclair.

Henry speaks and Lidgate Lechery passeth ouer the stage

Enter Teren. Philomeli. & the

R Burladg. & the

Enter Progne & the and Lord Samder. wth A Duke wth Harry.

Enter Philomeli and Teren to them Julio

Enter Progne Pantsea & the and Lord Samder T Belt. wth Harry T B Gaddale to them Teren wth Lordes R Burladg. & Duke R Conly

A Dumb show. Lidgate speaks

Enter Progne wth the Sampler to her Teren from Hunting. wth his Lords to them Philomeli wth & the in a dist. Mercury Comes and all vanis. to him 3 Lordes T B Gaddale Harry wth the

Henry speaks to him Lieutenant Purcuamnt and warder R Conly & Duke. & Holland for Sinclair. to them Warwick. m Brian

Lidgate speaks to the Audens and so Exemt.

Am

A plot, or "platt," giving a scene-by-scene outline of Richard Tarlton's now lost Seven Deadly Sins. The plot served to remind the actors, or the prompter, which actors performed in each scene.

THE PLATT OF THE SECOUND PARTE OF
THE SEUEN DEADLIE SINNS

A tent being plast one the stage for Henry the sixt · he in it A sleepe to him The Leutenat A purceuaunt R Cowly Jo Duke and i wardere [J Holland] R Pallant : to them Pride · Gluttony Wrath and couetousnes at one dore · at an other dore Enuie · Sloth and Lechery · The Three put back the foure · and so Exeunt

Henry Awaking Enter A Keeper J sincler · to him a seruaunt T Belt · to him Lidgate and the Keeper · Exit then enter againe · Then Enuy passeth ouer the stag · Lidgate speakes

A senitt · Dumb show ·
Enter King Gorboduk wth 2 Counsailers · R Burbadg m^r Brian · Th Goodale · The Queene wth ferrex and Porrex and som attendaunts follow · saunder w sly Harry J Duke · Kitt · Ro Pallant · J Holland After Gordbeduk hath Consulted wth his Lords he brings his 2 sonns to to seuerall seates · They enuing on on other ferrex offers to take Porex his Corowne · he draws his weopon The King Queen and Lords step between them They Thrust Them away and menasing [ect] ech other exit · The Queene and L Depart Heuilie · Lidgate speaks

Enter ferrex Crownd wth Drum and Coulers and soldiers one way · Harry · Kitt · R Cowly John duke · to them At a nother dore · Porrex drum and Collors and soldie W sly · R Pallant · John Sincler · J Holland ·

Enter [Gorb] Queene · wth 2 Counsailors · m^r Brian Tho Goodale · to them ferrex and Porrex seuerall waies wth [his] Drums and Powers · Gorboduk entreing in The midst between · Henry speaks

A Larum wth Excurtions After
Lidgate speakes

Enter ferrex and Porrex seuerally Gorboduke still following them · Lucius and Damasus m^r Bry T Good ·

Enter ferrex at one dore · Porrex at an other The fight ferrex is slayn: to them Videna The Queene to hir Damasus · to him Lucius ·

Enter Porrex sad wth Dordan his man · R P · w sly : to them the Queene and A Ladie Nick saunder And Lords R Cowly m^r Brian · to them Lucius Runing

Henry and Lidgat speaks Sloth Passeth ouer

Enter Giraldus Phronesius Aspatia Pompeia Rodope R Cowly Th Goodale · R Go · Ned · Nick · Enter Sardinalus Arbactus Nicanor and Captaines marching · m^r Phillipps m^r Pope R Pa Kit J sincler · J Holland ·

Enter A Captaine wth Aspatia and the Ladies Kitt

Lidgate speake

Enter Nicanor wth other Captaines R Pall · J sincler · Kitt · J Holland R Cowly · to them Arbactus · m^r Pope · to him will foole · J Duke to him Rodopeie · Ned · to her Sardanapalus Like A woman wth Aspatia Rodope Pompeia will foole to them Arbactus and 3 musitions m^r Pope J sincler · Vincent R Cowly to them Nicanor and others R P · Kitt

Enter sardanapa · wth the Ladies to them A Messenger · Th Goodale · to him will foole Runing A Larum

Enter Arbactus pursuing Sardanapalus and The Ladies fly · After Enter Sarda wth as many Jewels robes and Gold as he ca cary ·

A larum

Enter Arbactus Nicanor and The other Captains in t^riumph · m^r Pope · R Pa · Kitt J Hall R Cow · J Sinc

Henry speaks and Lidgate Lechery passeth ouer · the stag

Enter Tereus Philomele · Julio and R Burbadg · Ro R Pall · J si

Enter Progne Jtis and Lords saunder will J Duke w sly Hary ·

Enter Philomele and Tereus to them Julio

Enter Progne Panthea Jtis and Lords · saunder T Belt will w sly Hary Th Goodale to them Tereus wth Lords · R Burbadg · J Duk R Cowly

A Dumb show · Lidgate speakes

Enter Progne wth the Sampler to her Tereus from Hunting · wth his Lords to them Philomele wth Jtis hed in a dish · Mercury Comes and all Vanish · to him 3 Lords Th Goodale Hary w sly ·

Henry speaks to him Leiutenant Purseuaunt and warders R Cowly J Duke · J Holland John sincler · to them Warwick · m^r Brian

Lidgate speaks to the
Audiens and so
Exitts ·

finis

Shakespeare's plot, for it introduces the motif of the mob's fickleness. Thus the oft-repeated notion that Shakespeare borrowed all his plots is false. He borrowed his stories, and arranged them into his own plots, selecting episodes and linking them into meaningful relationships. For example, like the first scene of *Julius Caesar*, the first scene of *Hamlet* is not essential to the story. Indeed, the talk about a possible war between Denmark and Norway proves to be a red herring, for no such war develops; and the Ghost reappears in Hamlet's presence, so it need not appear now. What function, then, does this scene have in the plot? Quite practically, of course, it gets the audience quiet before the main characters appear. In addition, the talk about the possibility of a war between Denmark and Norway introduces the web of doubt that stretches throughout the play, giving a sense of the difficulty of meaningful action in a world of uncertainty. Finally, the first appearance of the Ghost (I.i) makes us see everything in the following scene with a double vision. We listen to the assembled court, but we listen to it with a knowledge that none of the courtiers has. Thus, for example, we not only sense Hamlet's numbness when he speaks of the "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" world; we also know, as he does not, that a spiritual principle is active in it.

In short, each scene adds an increment to the story, but each scene also modifies all that has come before it, developing our understanding of what is happening and our understanding of the characters. As the example from *Hamlet* shows, a scene that appears to be unnecessary may contribute to the point; one is almost tempted to say that in Shakespeare when something seems to be unnecessary and therefore unimportant it must be very important indeed. *Macbeth* provides another example. When Macduff and Malcolm are at the English court (IV.iii), the action seems to stop. But this scene has several important functions: (1) Malcolm's suspicion of Macduff shows the enormous suspicion that Macbeth's tyranny has engendered; (2) Malcolm's dissembling is for a good purpose, in contrast to Macbeth's, which is for a wicked purpose; (3) Malcolm's enumeration of "the king-becoming graces," such as "justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness," tells us what Macbeth lacks; (4) the English king's miraculous healing of the sick suggests that a rightful king has a divine power that makes his country wholesome, whereas Macbeth, a usurper, has brought "disease" to Scotland (V.iii.50-52); (5) the setting in England adds breadth to the play and suggests the infusion of new forces, which are

made explicit at the end of the scene, with "the pow'rs above/ Put on their instruments."

The interrelationships between stories can also be seen in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which is much more complicated in plot than *Macbeth*. There is the story of Theseus and Hippolyta, who will be married in four days; the story of the four young lovers; the story of Bottom and his fellow craftsmen, who are rehearsing a play; and the story of the quarreling fairies. All these stories are related, and eventually come together: the lovers marry on the same day as Theseus and Hippolyta; the craftsmen perform their play at the wedding; the fairies come to witness the wedding and bless it. One of the play's themes, of course, is love, as shown in the contrasts between the stately love of Theseus and Hippolyta, the changeable romantic love of the four young Athenians, the love of Pyramus and Thisby in the play that the craftsmen are rehearsing, the quarrel between the fairy king and queen, and even Titania's infatuation with Bottom. All these stories play against one another, sometimes very subtly, and sometimes explicitly, as when Lysander, having shifted his affection from Hermia to Helena, says, "Reason says you are the worthier maid" (II.ii), and Bottom in the next scene accepts Titania's love, saying, "Reason and love keep little company together nowadays." The nature of reason is also implicitly discussed in the play, in the numerous references to "fantasy" and "fancy," or imagination. There is scarcely a scene that does not touch on the matter of the power of the imagination. In the opening scene, for example, Egeus says that Lysander has corrupted Hermia's fantasy (I.i.32), and Duke Theseus tells Hermia that she must perceive her suitors as her father perceives them. The most famous of these references is Theseus' speech on "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet" (V.i). In addition to setting the time and place, the images help to define the nature of fantasy: there is an emphasis on night and moonlight during the period of confusion, and then references to the "morning lark," "day," and so on, when Theseus (the spokesman for reason) enters the woods and the lovers are properly paired (IV.i.104 ff.). The last scene reintroduces night, and the lovers have moved from the dark wood back to the civilized world of Athens, and the night will bring them to bed. The plot of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, then, juxtaposes speech against speech, image against image, and scene against scene, telling not simply a story but a story that "grows to something of great constancy, . . . strange and admirable."

A Note on Shakespeare's English

PRONUNCIATION, ACCENTS, PUNS

From the philologist's point of view at least, Shakespeare's English is Modern English. It requires footnotes, but the inexperienced reader can often comprehend a substantial passage with very little help; on the other hand, for the same reader Middle English is a foreign language.

By the beginning of the fifteenth century the chief grammatical changes in English had taken place, and the final unaccented *-e* of Middle English had been lost (though it survives even today in spelling, as in *name*); during the fifteenth century the dialect of London, the commercial and political center, gradually displaced the provincial dialects, at least in writing; by the end of the century,

printing helped to regularize and stabilize the language, especially spelling. Elizabethan spelling may seem erratic to us (there were dozens of spellings of *Shakespeare*, and a simple word like *been* was also spelled *beene* or *bin*), but it had much in common with our own spelling. Elizabethan spelling was conservative in that for the most part it reflected an older pronunciation (Middle English) rather than the sound of the language as it was then spoken, just as our spelling continues to reflect medieval pronunciation—most obviously in the now-silent letters in a word such as *knight*. Elizabethan pronunciation was closer to ours than to that of the Middle Ages, but it was not identical with ours.

There are two instances in which an awareness of the difference between our pronunciation and Shakespeare's is crucial: in accent, or number of syllables (many metrically regular lines may look irregular to us), and in puns (which may not look like puns to us). Explanations of puns and of syllabification are given in the glosses to the plays, but examples of both may be useful here. Some words that were at least on occasion stressed differently from today are *aspéct*, *cómplete*, *revénue*, and *sepúlcher*. Words that had an additional syllable are *emp[e]ress*, *mon[e]th*, and *villain*; words that had one less syllable than now are *needle* (pronounced "neel") and *violet*. An example of a pun that has become obliterated by a change in pronunciation is Falstaff's reply to Prince Hal's "Come, tell us your reason" in *1 Henry IV*: "Give you a reason on compulsion? If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I" (II.iv. 239-42). The *ea* in *reason* was pronounced rather like a long *a*, like the *ai* in *raisin*; hence the comparison with blackberries.

Puns, of course, are not merely attempts to be funny; like metaphors, they often involve bringing into a meaningful relationship areas of experience normally seen as remote. In *2 Henry IV*, III.ii.239-40, when Feeble is conscripted, he stoically says, "I care not. A man can die but once. We owe God a death," punning on *debt*, which was the way *death* was pronounced. Here an enormously significant fact of life is put into simple commercial imagery, suggesting its commonplace quality. Shakespeare used the same pun earlier in *1 Henry IV*, V.i.126, when Prince Hal says to Falstaff, "Why, thou owest God a death," and Falstaff wittily replies, "'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me?" Sometimes the puns reveal a delightful playfulness; sometimes they reveal aggressiveness, as when Hamlet replies to Claudius' "But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son" with "A little more than kin, and less than kind!" (I.ii.65). These are Hamlet's first words in the play, and we already hear him warring against Claudius. Hamlet's "less than kind" probably means (1) Hamlet is not of Claudius' family or nature; (2) Hamlet is not kindly (affectionately) disposed toward Claudius; (3) Claudius is not naturally (but rather unnaturally, incestuously) Hamlet's father. The puns, evidently, were not put in as sops to the groundlings; they are an important part of Shakespeare's way of writing.

VOCABULARY

A chief difficulty in reading Shakespeare is the fact that some of his words are no longer in common use—for

example, words concerned with armor, astrology, clothing, coinage, hawking, horsemanship, law, medicine, sailing, and war. (This technical vocabulary is also glossed in the plays.) Shakespeare had an immense vocabulary—something like 17,000 words—but it was not so much a vocabulary of "big" or learned words as a vocabulary drawn from a wide range of life, and it is partly his ability to call upon a great body of concrete language that gives his plays the sense of being in close contact with life.

Less overtly troublesome than the technical words but more treacherous are the words that seem readily intelligible to us but whose Elizabethan meanings are not identical with their modern meanings. When Horatio describes the Ghost as an "erring spirit," he is saying not that the ghost has sinned or made an error but that it is wandering. Here is a short list of some of the most common words in Shakespeare's plays which often (but not always) have a meaning other than their most usual modern meaning:

'a he; *an*, and if; *accident* occurrence; *advertise* inform; *brave* fine, splendid; *censure* opinion; *cheer* (1) face (2) frame of mind; *chorus* a single person who comments on the events; *closet* small private room; *competitor* partner; *conceit* idea, imagination; *cousin* kinsman; *disaster* evil astrological influence; *doom* judgment; *entertain* receive into service; *envy* malice; *event* outcome; *excrement* outgrowth (of hair); *fact* evil deed; *fancy* (1) love (2) imagination; *fell* cruel; *fellow* (1) companion (2) low person (often an insulting term if addressed to someone of approximately equal rank); *fond* foolish; *free* (1) innocent (2) liberal, generous; *hap*, *haply* chance, by chance; *head* army; *humor* (1) mood (2) bodily fluid (see p. 31); *intelligence* news; *kind* natural, acting according to nature; *let* hinder; *lewd* base; *mere*(ly) utter(ly); *modern* commonplace; *natural* a fool or an idiot; *naughty* (1) wicked (2) worthless; *next* nearest; *nice* (1) trivial (2) fussy; *noise* music; *presently* immediately; *prevent* anticipate; *prove* test; *quick* alive; *sad* serious; *secure* without care, incautious; *silly* innocent; *sensible* capable of being perceived by the senses; *shrewd* sharp; *so* provided that; *starve* die; *still* always; *success* that which follows; *tall* brave; *tell* count; *tonight* last night; *wanton* playful, careless; *watch* keep awake; *will* lust; *wink* close both eyes; *wit* mind, intelligence.

All glosses, of course, are mere approximations; sometimes one of Shakespeare's words may hover between an older meaning and a modern one, and as has been seen, his words often have multiple meanings.

ELLIPSIS, TRANSFERRED EPITHETS, HENDIADYS

Ellipsis, or the omission of words that are assumed to be understood, also causes difficulty occasionally, but most often it does not, as in "And he to England shall along with you," where "go" is understood. When read aloud an elliptical line often becomes clear. Other sources of slight difficulty are transferred epithets, as in "idle bed" for "bed of idleness," where "idle" is transferred from the person to the bed, and hendiadys, or the use of two nouns joined by a conjunction instead of a noun and a modifier, as in "with every gale and vary" for "with every varying gale" and "this . . . gentleness and course" for "this . . . gentle course."

GRAMMAR

A few matters of grammar may be surveyed, though it should be noted at the outset that because Shakespeare was a poet he sometimes made up his own grammar. As E. A. Abbott says in *A Shakespearian Grammar*, almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech: a noun as a verb ("He childed as I fathered"); a verb as a noun ("She hath made compare"); or an adverb as an adjective ("a seldom pleasure"). There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of such instances in Shakespeare's plays, many of which at first glance would not seem at all irregular and would trouble only a pedant. But here are a few broad matters. The Elizabethans thought that the *-s* genitive ending for *nouns* (as in *man's*) derived from *his*; thus the line "Gainst the count his galleys I did some service" for "the count's galleys." By Shakespeare's time *adjectives* had lost the endings that once indicated gender, number, and case. About the only difference between Shakespeare's adjectives and ours is the use of the now-redundant *more* or *most* with the comparative or superlative: "This was the most unkindest cut of all." The greatest change was in *pronouns*. In Middle English the singular forms *thou*, *thy*, and *thee* were used among familiars and in speaking to children and inferiors; the plural forms *ye*, *your*, and *you* were used in speaking to a superior or to an equal with whom one was not familiar. Increasingly the "polite" forms were used in all direct address, regardless of rank, and the accusative *you* displaced the nominative *ye*. Shakespeare sometimes uses *ye* instead of *you*, but even in Shakespeare's day *ye* was archaic, and it occurs mostly in rhetorical appeals. *Thou*, *thy*, and *thee* were not completely displaced, however, and Shakespeare occasionally makes significant use of them, sometimes to connote familiarity or intimacy and sometimes to connote contempt. In *Twelfth Night* Sir Toby advises Sir Andrew to insult Cesario by addressing him as *thou*: "If thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss" (III.ii.44). In *Othello* when Brabantio is addressing an unidentified voice in the dark he says, "What are you?" (I.i.91), but when the voice identifies itself as the foolish suitor Roderigo, Brabantio uses the contemptuous form, saying in line 93, "I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors." He uses this form for a while, but later in the scene, when he comes to

regard Roderigo as an ally, he shifts again to the polite *you*, beginning in line 163: "What said she to you?" and so on to the end of the scene. Perhaps the most unusual use of pronouns, from our point of view, is the neuter singular. *His* was often used in place of our *its*, as in "How far that little candle throws *his* beams." But the use of a masculine pronoun for a neuter noun came to seem unnatural, and so *it* was used for the possessive as well as the nominative: "The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long/That it had it head bit off by it young." (In the late sixteenth century the possessive form *its* apparently developed by analogy with the *-s* ending used to indicate a genitive noun, as in *book's*. But *its* was not yet common usage in Shakespeare's day. It has been said that Shakespeare uses *its* only ten times, mostly in his later plays.) Other usages, such as "You have seen Cassio and she together" or the substitution of *who* for *whom*, cause no difficulty even when noticed. *Verbs* too cause almost no difficulty: the third person singular present form commonly ends in *-s*, as in Modern English, but sometimes it ends in *-eth* (Portia explains to Shylock that mercy "blesseth him that gives and him that takes"). Broadly speaking, *-eth* was old-fashioned or "literary" rather than colloquial, except for the words *doth*, *hath*, and *saith*. The *-eth* ending is very rare in Shakespeare's dramatic prose, though not surprisingly it occurs twice in the rather formal prose summary of the narrative poem *Lucrece*. Sometimes a plural subject, especially if it has collective force, takes a verb ending in *-s*, as in "My old bones aches." Some of our strong or irregular preterites (such as *broke*) have a different form in Shakespeare (*brake*); some verbs that now have a weak or regular preterite (such as *helped*) in Shakespeare have a strong or irregular preterite (*holp*). Some *adverbs* that today end in *-ly* were not inflected: "grievous sick," "wondrous strange." Finally, *prepositions* often are not the ones we expect: "We are such stuff as dreams are made on"; "I have a king here to my flatterer."

Again, none of these differences (except meanings that have substantially changed or been lost) causes much difficulty. But it must be confessed that for some elliptical passages there is no widespread agreement on meaning. The editors of the Signet Shakespeare have tried to resist saying more than they know, and when they are uncertain they have added a question mark to their gloss, inviting the reader to think of a better interpretation.

A Note on the Intellectual Background

In *A Treatise on Money* John Maynard Keynes discusses the inflation that continued throughout Shakespeare's lifetime and gave to all but the poorest Elizabethans a sense of "buoyancy" and "exhilaration." Keynes suggests that England was "just in a financial situation to afford Shakespeare at the moment he presented himself." Like all types of historical studies, economic studies of the Renaissance have their own value and interest, but one may question whether they shed much light on Shakespeare. That Shakespeare is of the Renaissance is undisputed,

but that a study of the economic, political, or religious background of the Renaissance greatly illuminates Shakespeare is arguable. A good example is the matter of the discovery of the New World and the subsequent voyages which brought great wealth to England. Although *The Tempest* is derived in part from some writings on Bermuda, the play itself is set on an island in the Mediterranean, and its real roots are in the comic traditions of Roman drama, not in contemporary pamphlets. In *Twelfth Night* a casual reference is made to "the new map with the augmentation

of the Indies," and that is about it. The shipwrecks in *The Comedy of Errors*, *Twelfth Night*, and other plays owe more to the late Greek romances and to Roman comedies than to Elizabethan exploration. Similarly it is dangerous to relate Shakespeare closely to the religious conflicts of his age. The Puritans are spoofed in a few plays, chiefly in Falstaff's parodies of them (for example, *1 Henry IV*, I.ii.83 ff.), and the Jesuit infiltrators are briefly noted in a comic speech in *Macbeth* (II.iii.8 ff.). But we would scarcely know from Shakespeare's works how tense the religious situation actually was in his time. After the Act of Supremacy of 1534, which made the monarch the supreme head of the Church of England, the fear of Catholicism was so great that merely to harbor a priest was held to be an act of high treason; in Shakespeare's plays, however, Italy, the home of popery, is on the whole attractively presented, and a fair number of plays have benevolent friars. (People who do not understand that literature and life are not identical have tried to reconcile the apparent paradox by arguing that Shakespeare may have been a Roman Catholic.)

The attempts to relate Shakespeare closely to his age have caused difficulty on both sides. On the one hand, the allegedly typical ideas of the age, usually gathered from sermons, books on household management, and so on, are sometimes brought forth to interpret the plays, on the assumption that they help us to understand Shakespeare's attitude toward, say, Moors or Jews. But such a procedure fails to account for the possibility that Shakespeare's ideas were not commonplace. In addition, it fails to recognize that a play is not a sermon or a book on household management but an imaginative work that draws on literary conventions as well as on personal vision; that is, a play is designed to afford pleasure rather than to record facts or to move to action. Of course, an historical sense can shed some light on Shakespeare's age and can assist us in reading the plays intelligently, but our familiarity with Elizabethan treatises must ultimately be subordinated to our experience of literature as literature.

On the other hand, the plays have often been taken too seriously as historical documents. Juliet is fourteen years old, and so books on the Elizabethan period sometimes tell us that "girls often married at fourteen," but in fact Elizabethan marriage records lend almost no support to such a statement. There are some instances of betrothals between infants, but Elizabethan child marriages apparently were very rare.

Still, a few large ideas of the period do recur—with a good many modifications—in Shakespeare's works. One of these is the idea of order or degree. According to this view, everything except God has a superior. Beneath God the hierarchy is as follows: angelic creatures (pure intelligence), man (intelligence and "sense," or instinct, or feeling), animals (sense), plants (growth but no sense), inorganic matter (mere existence), and finally chaos. Within a given rank there are subhierarchies: just as God is the highest spiritual being, so the sun is the chief planet, the king is the chief human being, man is the superior of woman, the lion is the king of beasts, gold is the best metal. This idea of a hierarchical cosmos is older than Christianity, of course, but Christianity gave it additional support by sanctioning the idea of order: for example, Paul in Romans 13:1 said, "Let every soul be subject to

the higher power," and in 13:7, "Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor." On a more humble level, the English rules of succession, by which even a distant cousin could succeed to a title, helped to give a sense of an enduring aristocracy.

It is evident that Elizabethan authorities were obsessed with inculcating the idea of order: sermons on the topic were officially prepared and appointed to be read in the churches, where attendance was supposed to be compulsory. Some of these sermons were very beautiful, tracing God's creation of order in the natural world ("The water above is kept and raineth down in due time and season"), in man ("Soul, heart, mind, memory, understanding, reason, speech, with all singular corporal members of his body [are] in a profitable, necessary, and pleasant order"), and in society ("Some are in high degree, some in low, . . . fathers and children, husbands and wives, rich and poor, every one have need of other, so that in all things is to be lauded and praised the goodly order of God"). When catechized, an Englishman affirmed his duty "to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters." Among Shakespeare's speeches on order are Luciana in *The Comedy of Errors* (II.i.16–25), Kate in *The Taming of the Shrew* (V.ii.148–81), the Gardener (III.iv.29–66) and Carlisle (IV.i.115–38) in *Richard II*, Canterbury in *Henry V* (I.ii.183–204), Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida* (I.iii.78–136), and Menenius in *Coriolanus* (I.i.97–156). These speeches of course exist in dramatic contexts: a character preaches the doctrine of order because it suits his purpose at the moment, not necessarily because Shakespeare wished to propagandize for the status quo. Still, the idea of order appears so often in the plays that it is reasonable to say that it was much in Shakespeare's mind.

It is not really surprising that Shakespeare's plays include a good number of speeches on order. Drama is concerned with conflict, with the disruption of order—whether by tragic heroes, villains, ambitious politicians, or young people who fall in love—and its ultimate restoration. It is thus quite natural that the subject is discussed, as when the Duke of York urges Richard II not to confiscate Gaunt's estate but to let it descend in orderly fashion to Gaunt's son and heir, Harry Hereford:

Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banished Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time
His charters and his customary rights,
Let not tomorrow then ensue today;
Be not thyself. For how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession? (II.i.189–99)

Richard persists, and indeed disorder overcomes him. Hereford returns to claim his inheritance, and ultimately he forces Richard to abdicate the throne. But in the abdication scene the Bishop of Carlisle points out that Hereford's action too will engender consequences:

My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind, confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursèd earth!
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you woe.

(IV.i.134-49)

It is important to note, however, that conventional ideas of order are not always validated in the plays. Richard II is at times confident that the heavens will come to his aid because he is a divinely anointed king, and that such is the nature of things, but he is mistaken. Egeus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* feels that he has the right to expect his daughter Hermia to submit to his choice of husband for her, and Duke Theseus supports Egeus. (Did not the Elizabethan catechism require a man to promise to "honor . . . my father . . . [and] to submit myself to all governors"?) Students of the Elizabethan background find support for this view from Robert Cleaver, who in *A Goodly Form of Household Governance* (1598) said that god-fearing children, having "considered what honor and obedience they do owe unto their parents and what power and authority He hath in His word sanctified unto them over their children," should "willingly submit themselves unto their [parents'] choice." But in the world of romantic comedy our sympathies are with young lovers, and the conventional idea of order here can only lead us astray if we insist that Hermia is morally culpable. To judge Hermia in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* or Jessica in *The Merchant of Venice* by Cleaver's doctrine is to value his treatise above the play, and to read the play as a treatise.

But though Duke Theseus' argument that Hermia must learn to see things as her father sees them is ultimately rejected by the play, the notion of authority and order in other forms has its truth. In large part a man's identity depends upon others: his ties to others make him what he is. A husband is not the same man that he was before he incurred the obligations and privileges of being a husband. So much is obvious. In the Renaissance, however, and in Shakespeare's plays, the idea had greater weight than we are likely to give it today. Every subject owed his allegiance to the monarch, who was also the supreme head of the Church of England, officially above statutory law, and by divine sanction the maker of law. The monarch demanded obedience; the subject confessed that obedience was his duty, and in large measure he derived his identity from this relationship. When the rebellious Essex heard the sentence of death pronounced upon him—hanging, castration, drawing, and quartering—he said that it was fitting that his "poor quarters, which have done Her Majesty true service in diverse parts of the world, should now at the last be sacrificed and disposed of at Her Majesty's

pleasure." (Essex was given a more dignified death, on the block, when he confessed his faults and died in "humility and obedience.") Along these lines too is the oft-told story of John Stubbs, who had published a book arguing against the advisability of a marriage between Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou. For his impertinent opinions Stubbs had his right hand chopped off by a cleaver struck with a mallet. William Camden, who witnessed the punishment, reports that "after his right hand was cut off, [Stubbs] put off his hat with his left; and said with a loud voice, 'God save the Queen.'" Such was the power of identifying the self with the monarch and with the principle of order. Shakespeare makes almost no use of Queen Elizabeth in connection with this idea, except at the end of *Henry VIII*, where it is suggested that the birth of Elizabeth will bestow good on everyone around her, but over and over he suggests that a man's identity depends on a figure of authority. For example, in *Henry V* the three traitors confess their crimes to the king and seem immensely relieved to identify themselves with the system that condemns them to death. In *Antony and Cleopatra* after



Woodcut from John Case's *Sphaera civitatis* (1588), showing Queen Elizabeth governing the spheres of state by divine right. This image of a well-ordered state is derived from pre-Copernican astronomy, in which a vast sphere, the *primum mobile*, held a series of concentric rotating crystalline spheres, in each of which was embedded a heavenly body. The *primum mobile* imparted motion to these heavens; in the center was the earth, unmoving.

Enobarbus deserts Antony and finds to his dismay that he no longer has any reason for living, he dies. Macbeth finds that by killing his king he had made life a horror. In the comedies, lovers gladly give themselves to their beloved, finding an identity in this new relationship by losing themselves. The idea, again, is not particularly Elizabethan, but it is perhaps more often expressed in Elizabethan than in later thought.

One particularly Elizabethan idea about man's nature—or rather, an ancient idea that lasted into the Elizabethan period but has not survived—is the doctrine of the four humors, or bodily fluids whose combination was believed to regulate a man's temperament (Latin *temperamentum* = mixture). There were four of these bodily fluids: blood, choler, phlegm, and melancholy. The Elizabethans believed that sudden changes in the mixture of fluids made a man moody, or “humorous,” like Duke Frederick in *As You Like It* (I.ii.262). A person with an abundance of blood had a sanguine disposition (Latin *sanguis* = blood) and a ruddy complexion and was probably plump and cheerful. A person with an abundance of choler, or yellow bile, was choleric or bilious (irritable) and probably tall and lean. Abundant phlegm, or mucus, found in fat people, made a man phlegmatic or sluggish. Melancholy, or black bile, found in lean people, made a man introverted and gloomy. Shakespeare often alludes to this system of psychology, as, for example, when Hamlet speaks of “some complexion/Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason” (I.iv). Similarly, Hamlet and Guildenstern discuss the king's condition in these terms after Hamlet has caught Claudius' conscience with the play-within-the-play:

GUILDENSTERN The king, sir—
HAMLET Ay, sir, what of him?

GUILDENSTERN Is in his retirement marvelous distemp' red.

HAMLET With drink, sir?

GUILDENSTERN No, my lord, with choler.

HAMLET Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to the doctor, for for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into more choler.
(III.ii.303-12)

The glosses to the plays provide all necessary explanations of such matters, as well as explanations of the astrological influences that were also thought to govern personality. (It is worth mentioning too that skepticism concerning astrological influences is most often voiced in the plays by cynics or villains, such as Cassius in *Julius Caesar*, Iago in *Othello*, and Edmund in *King Lear*.) Shakespeare drew upon this body of ideas, but we do not turn to Shakespeare for medical learning, or even for the medical learning of his age. We turn to him for something larger: in Ben Jonson's words, “He was not of an age, but for all time,” and in Samuel Johnson's words, his plays are works

. . . exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Shakespeare's Comedies

THE BACKGROUND

The First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays prints fourteen works under the heading “Comedies”; to these we can add *Cymbeline*, printed with the tragedies, and two plays absent from the Folio, *Pericles* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. Some editors add an eighteenth play, *Troilus and Cressida* (here discussed with the tragedies), printed in the Folio in unnamed territory between the histories and the tragedies.

If we look at Shakespearean comedy as a whole (and overlook a good deal) we see that generally speaking it is a comedy of young lovers who encounter difficulties but who are ultimately united; the plays follow the Renaissance formula for comedy, according to which, in the words of Shakespeare's fellow playwright Thomas Heywood, “comedies begin in trouble and end in peace.” Thus, in the first act of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Egeus appears:

Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia. (I.i.22-23)

Egeus wants Hermia to marry Demetrius, but she is in love with Lysander, and so Egeus calls upon the law, which holds that she must follow her father's will or suffer either death or life in a cloister. The play ends with Hermia marrying her beloved Lysander, Demetrius marrying a girl who dotes upon him, and a few other happy bits. In the words of Puck, who quotes “the country proverb”:

Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.
(III.ii.461-63)

Similarly, at the start of *The Merchant of Venice* Antonio is mysteriously troubled, Bassanio is in financial difficulties, and Portia is unpleasantly confined by the terms of her

father's will. At the end of the play all these problems are solved. The heroines of the comedies are liberated, and the plays regularly end with marriage:

Wedding is great Juno's crown,
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honorèd.
Honor, high honor, and renown
To Hymen, god of every town!

(*As You Like It*, V.iv.141-46)

As Northrop Frye has pointed out, Shakespeare often contrasts two worlds, not merely a world of age against a world of youth but an urban, troubled world against a more pastoral world, which Frye calls "the green world." In this world characters undergo a renewal and find what they are seeking: *A Midsummer Night's Dream* begins in Athens, the place of the quarrel between Egeus and his daughter, then moves into the moonlit forest, where wonderful transformations occur, and finally returns to Athens, which is no longer a place "full of vexation" but a "blessed" place full of "jollity." In *The Merchant of Venice* too there is a contrast (not in all details, but a contrast nevertheless) between Venice, the home of the unpleasant Shylock, and Belmont, Portia's estate, a place of music, beauty, and wooing. Like the woods outside Athens, Belmont is sometimes said to be moonlit. In *The Merchant of Venice* there is no final return to the urban world; but in those plays where there is such a return, the urban world seems to be transformed by the infusion from the green world. Corresponding to the renewal of society is the renewal of the individual; the individual usually finds what he wants and in doing so sometimes finds that he is freed from a misapprehension or constricting view. Thus at the end of *The Taming of the Shrew* Katherine discovers that she does not really wish to dominate men; at the end of *As You Like It* Duke Frederick and Oliver, finding that they do not wish to tyrannize good men, reform.

Broadly speaking, Shakespeare's comedies are romantic: they tell of the trials and the ultimate successes in love of aristocratic young people. Behind them are earlier Renaissance plays of courtship, adventure, wandering, and reunion, and behind these in turn is the medieval idea of the power of love to conquer and transform. In 1582 Stephen Gosson, a hostile critic of drama, irritably characterized the romantic plays of his age: "Sometime you shall see nothing but the adventures of an amorous knight, passing from country to country for the love of his lady, encountering many a terrible monster of brown paper. . . . What learn you by that? When the soul of your plays is either mere trifles, or Italian bawdry, or wooing of gentlewomen, what are we taught?" In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Shakespeare himself affectionately alludes to the taste that wanted "the adventures of an amorous knight" when Francis Flute, a bellows mender, wonders if his part in the amateur theatrical will be "a wand'ring knight."

If we divide comedy into two sorts, romantic comedy (showing a dreamlike world of delightful lovers) and satiric comedy (showing a world of people who behave as we ought not to behave), Shakespeare's comedies, despite

some satire of romance, belong to the former group. Even Prince Hamlet, when he hears that the players have arrived at Elsinore, thinks of the romantic type of play:

He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target [shield]; the lover shall not sign gratis; the humorous [eccentric] man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' th' sere [on hair trigger]; and the lady shall say her mind freely. (II.ii.327-33)

By Shakespeare's time, romantic plots—at least when handled by the better dramatists—were no longer the mere episodic adventures they had been in the seventies: daring fights against monsters of brown paper had been eliminated, but wooing continued, and the spirit of fun, surprise, and adventure remained. Shakespeare's slightly later contemporary, Ben Jonson, who preferred satiric comedy, compared romantic to satiric comedy in *Every Man Out of His Humor*. Jonson's first speaker prefers romantic comedy and rejects comedy that is "near and familiarly allied to the time," but the second speaker puts him in his place, rejecting the stuff of the popular stage and citing an ancient authority:

MITIS The argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son to love the lady's waiting-maid: some such cross-wooing, with a clown to their serving man, better than to be thus near and familiarly allied to the time.

CORDATUS You say well, but I would fain hear one of these autumn-judgments define once, *Quid sit comoedia* [what is comedy]? If he cannot, let him content himself with Cicero's definition (till he have strength to propose to himself a better) who would have a comedy to be *Imitatio vitae, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis* [an imitation of life, a mirror of customs, the image of truth]; a thing throughout pleasant and ridiculous, and accommodated to the correction of manners.

Jonson is one with Gosson here, in the assumption that comedy teaches. His hostile description of what seemed to him a pointless chain of lovers is almost a description of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, in which Orsino is in love with Olivia, Olivia is in love with Cesario (really Viola disguised as a boy), and Cesario-Viola is in love with Orsino. (There is no serving man who is a clown, but there is a clown.) Of course, within the romance there is occasional satire—satire not only of crabby impediments to love but even of love itself; yet curiously we do not think the less of the lovers for seeing their faults. When the heroine of *As You Like It*, Rosalind, disguised as a boy, learns that her beloved Orlando is nearby, she says:

Alas the day! What shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word. (III.ii.220-25)

But if we laugh *at* her, we also laugh *with* her, delighting in her wit, her gaiety, and her resourcefulness, all of which (clearly in evidence in other parts of the play when she herself mocks at love) suggest a golden world in contrast to the brazen world of satiric comedy.

When Rosalind leaves the court for the Forest of Arden, she goes to a place where "merry men . . . live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen . . . fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." The evocation of Robin Hood, the emphasis upon a joyous ("care-less") existence, and the reference to a golden world (Northrop Frye's "green world") suggest a life of play and a spirit of fun. Indeed, something of a holiday spirit is suggested by the very names of some of the comedies: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night, or What You Will*. The festive spirit is present everywhere, even in moments of strain. When Rosalind says, "How full of briers is this working-day world," Celia replies, "They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery." Festivity is of course especially evident at the end of a comedy, when all has been set right, and it sometimes extends even to the spoilsport who represents a threat to happiness in the earlier parts of the play. At the end of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, for example, Sir John Falstaff, who has been humiliated by the two women he had sought to seduce, is invited to join in the fun, and even the jealous husband Ford agrees:

let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

FORD Let it be so. (V.v.240-42)

Like the characters in the play, the members of the audience richly enjoy themselves and return, vivified, from the world of "holiday foolery" to the "working-day world." In its spirit, Shakespearean comedy is thus close to the medieval folk plays performed at holiday time that concluded with a sense of renewal (see p. 12).

If Shakespearean comedy is indebted for much of its spirit to festive rites, it is indebted for some of its shape to the Roman comedy of Plautus (254?-184 B.C.) and Terence (190?-159? B.C.), which itself was indebted to the New Comedy of Greece. Old Comedy, represented by Aristophanes, though phallic and ending in a *komos*, or celebration of sexual union, is primarily satirical and political. New Comedy, represented by Menander (343?-291? B.C.) is of the boy-meets-girl sort, though it is not romantic by our standards because it deals more with sex and seduction than with love. In this type of comedy a young man wants a girl—often a slave girl—and with the aid of a clever slave outwits the pander who owns her and who sometimes plans to sell her to someone less attractive than the hero. In *The Taming of the Shrew* Grumio sums it up: "See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together." Terence especially was much studied in Elizabethan schools, and he gave the Elizabethan dramatists—often at second or third hand—a sense of how to organize a plot. The late medieval cycle plays, which spanned time from the Creation through the Fall to the Last Judgment, established an episodic tradition, and this tradition, along with the medieval chivalric romances that

were the sources of much romantic drama, makes most of the plays before the 1580's seem shapeless. But as the sixteenth century wore on, the professional drama became better established and came under the influence of men with considerable secular education. Had they had their way, some of these men would have turned the drama into lifeless imitations of ancient drama, and we can rejoice that the academic influence was never very great. But Roman and Italian plots helped to show dramatists how a plot might be organized. Theoreticians studying Terence developed the idea that a play has a five-act structure: in the first act there is a situation with tensions; in the second the conflict that is implicit in the first is developed; in the third the conflict is open, reaches a height, and seems to arrive at an impasse; in the fourth act things begin to clear up, and in the fifth act all knots are untied. Few if any of the English popular playwrights felt obliged to follow this formula, but the best playwrights probably did think in terms of an overall plot rather than a series of episodes. There is little that is obviously Plautine or Terentian about Shakespeare's best comedies, but this is not to say that he learned nothing from these Roman playwrights. It is quite evident from *The Comedy of Errors*, which may have been Shakespeare's first play, that he learned a good deal, though he was later to transform what he learned into something quite his own.

**THE THREE EARLIEST COMEDIES:
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS,
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW,
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA**

It seems likely enough that Shakespeare began his career as a playwright—perhaps even before he went to London—by writing a play that closely resembles the Latin dramas that he would have read and perhaps acted in while in grammar school. *The Comedy of Errors*, though certainly more than an adaptation of Plautus, remains greatly indebted to Plautus' *Menaechmi*, a play about twins separated for most of their lives who after several episodes of mistaken identity at last meet and are reunited. Although the setting is bourgeois (an unusual setting for Shakespeare), there are elements in the play that foreshadow the later comedies. For example, the meter varies to suit the characters and the mood: about half the play is written in end-stopped blank verse (not surprising for a beginner); in addition there are prose, doggerel for the low comedy, and a few rhymed stanzaic passages, notably a lyrical (un-Plautine) passage in which Antipholus of Syracuse woos Luciana:

Sweet mistress, what your name is else, I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine;
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak:
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smoth' red in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labor you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? Would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your pow'r I'll yield.

(III.ii.29-40)

The notion that a woman is godlike and can transform a man is nothing that Plautus or any Roman comic dramatist would have thought of. Indeed, Luciana is Shakespeare's addition to Plautus' plot, an addition that enabled Shakespeare to end his play not merely with a family reunion but with the promise of a wedding.

Another important addition to Plautus is found in the first and last scenes concerning Egeon, the father of the twins. In *The Menaechmi* the father is dead; and when fathers do appear in classical comedy, it is to be outwitted, or at least to be laughed at. Drawing on the pseudo-Greek romance *Apollonius of Tyre*, which he was to use again late in his career in *Pericles*, Shakespeare began the play with a serious treatment of a despairing father sentenced to death, and concluded with the restoration of the father to his wife and children. The unanticipated appearance of the wife, who during the long separation has been an abbess, adds a hint of the miraculous or providential that is so evident in the later comedies, where it is often associated with rebirth or renewal. The motif of renewal is prepared for early in the play, when Antipholus of Syracuse says that as a lonely wanderer searching for his brother and mother he has lost his identity:

I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds [loses] himself.
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself. (I.ii.35-40)

The abundant subsequent references to witchcraft, which was believed to rob a man of his identity, continue the idea. In the fifth act the members of the family find each other and renew themselves, gaining a new life and a new sense of identity; this renewal is heightened for Antipholus of Syracuse, who is not only reunited with his family but also finds a woman who will become his wife. The sense of new identity appears also (as in Plautus) in the freeing of the slave, Dromio of Ephesus. (At the end of his career Shakespeare again uses this classical convention in *The Tempest* when Prospero frees Ariel.)

If there are great differences between *The Menaechmi* and Shakespeare's play, then, there are also numerous similarities. But even the similarities are with a difference. Dr. Pinch, for example, is derived from the stock classical character of the *medicus*, but he is thoroughly Elizabethan: "a mountebank, a threadbare juggler and a fortuneteller." It is characteristic of Shakespeare to make his borrowings his own, and if some of his plays have such stock figures as the *senex*, or old father—Egeus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* or Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*—the *adulescens*, or young lover, the *servus*, or servant, and so on, the characters are nevertheless transformed almost beyond recognition.

Finally, there is a pervasive difference in moral tone between the two plays. Shakespeare's play has bawdry, but the moral tone is notably higher than that of *The Menaechmi*. For example, Antipholus of Ephesus visits the Courtesan only after his wife bars him from his home, and Antipholus of Syracuse offers to pay for the gold chain that the Merchant gives to him. In short, although *The Comedy of Errors* is in obvious ways close to its source, it is indis-

putably a very different play from its source, and with hindsight we can see in it some of the directions that Shakespeare was to take in later and greater plays.

There is a good deal of uncertainty about whether Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew* is based on an earlier comedy, but it is clear that the chief plot of the play—"the taming of the shrew"—is derived ultimately from a widespread bit of folklore. To this Shakespeare added the story of Bianca and her suitors, derived from Italian Renaissance comedy, with its intriguing servant (here Tranio), its outwitted old men, and its trio of suitors. The setting is bourgeois, as in only two of Shakespeare's other comedies, *The Comedy of Errors* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; Petruchio sees marriage chiefly as an economic institution ("I come to wive it wealthily in Padua"), and although we may at first think that the Lucentio-Bianca plot is more romantic (the two young people fall in love at first sight), the play is not yet the sort of romantic comedy which Shakespeare was to write at the turn of the century in *The Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. But this is not to say *The Taming of the Shrew* is a failure because it is not romantic; one of its chief delights is the fact that the romantic marriage of Bianca and Lucentio at the end dwindles into bickering, while the marriage of Petruchio and Katherine turns out to be (at least in sixteenth-century terms) mutually satisfactory. There is, after all, much to be said for—and much to delight in—the realistic view uttered by Petruchio's servant: "Winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself." Seen thus, the taming of the shrew is not brutality but a schooling in humanity. Although Petruchio tames Katherine by humiliating her, in one important motif the play looks forward to the later comedies: he tames her by pretending that she is not shrewish but "pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous." Indeed, such is the power of the lover's imagination that the beloved is subsequently freed from the "mad and headstrong" tantrums that possess her and is transformed into Petruchio's image. She is, one can say, cured of her crippling, self-indulgent personality. Early in the play (II.i), during the course of her schooling, Katherine becomes sufficiently sensitized to protest against Petruchio's treatment of the Tailor and the Haberdasher, and finally she becomes an ideal wife. Having shaken off a constricting personality, she at last assumes her proper role in society. This theme of a change in personality, the formation of a new identity—already treated in *The Comedy of Errors*—has a comic parallel in the Induction, where Christopher Sly, a drunken tinker, is persuaded when he awakens from his stupor that he is a lord who for fifteen years has been mentally ill. Sly even changes his language for a while from prose to blank verse. This part of the play ends inconclusively with a few lines between I.i. and I.ii in which Sly continues to play the lord. His transformation cannot have the permanence of Katherine's, since romantic comedy shows moral rather than social or economic change. Perhaps there was originally an Epilogue, now lost, in which Sly resumes his workaday character (in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Bottom is similarly transformed and "translated" back again without difficulty).

The Two Gentlemen of Verona approaches what was to become Shakespeare's characteristic comedy: the heart of

the plot, derived from a chivalric and pastoral tale, is the story of courtly lovers who, in a romantic environment, engage in what has been called an obstacle race to the altar. The relationship between love and friendship is explored, and although the lovers are not yet very interesting, the appearance of a heroine disguised as a boy suggests the world of the romantic comedies, which (in words from *Twelfth Night*) "give a very echo to the seat/Where love is throned." Of particular interest is the spoofing of love, which in the later comedies (and in *Romeo and Juliet*) helps to define love:

VALENTINE Why, how know you that I am in love?
SPEED Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malcontent; to relish a love song, like a robin redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his ABC; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam. . . . When you fasted, it was presently [immediately] after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money. And now you are metamorphized with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.
(II.i.18-33)

After listening to a conversation between Valentine and Silvia, Speed comments: "Though the chameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat." To help show both the folly of love and the difference between courtly love and clownish love, there is a clown in love. Thinking of his beloved's virtues, the clown Launce says, "She can fetch and carry. Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade" (III.i.274-76).

Moreover, although there is an evident delight in word-play, especially in the puns of the clownish servants, speech in *Two Gentlemen* is more closely related to character than in the earlier comedies. There are very few ornate set pieces that are almost detachable from the speakers—though we are grateful for the exquisite song "Who Is Silvia" and for Launce's comic monologue on his dog's indifference (II.iii), both of which indeed are virtually independent bits. The play also includes a host of motifs and devices that appear in later plays: a woman disguises herself as a boy, a man mistakenly trusts a false companion, the heroine and her lady-in-waiting discuss suitors (compare I.ii with *The Merchant of Venice*, I.ii), a lover is anatomized (compare II.i.19-33 with *As You Like It*, III.ii.371-81), and characters gather in a forest or wood and are converted, thus forming a better society at the end. This last point has been touched on earlier (see p. 32), but it is worth repeating that at the heart of some of Shakespeare's comedies is a "green world" where people reach a clarification and form a regenerated society. This regenerated society is presumed to be stable, unlike the capricious, whimsical, and sometimes arbitrary and tyrannical society at the outset of the play, when lovers are inconstant or thwarted. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* the fickle Proteus, rightly characterized by his best friend as a "treacherous man," is presumably converted to constancy, and the play ends with "one feast, one house, one mutual happiness."

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF POETIC COMEDY: LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

The date of *Love's Labor's Lost* is uncertain, and it is entirely possible that the only existing text is a revision, possibly as late as 1597, of a play that Shakespeare wrote as early as 1588. In its present form the play has a splendid poetry of a sort not found in Shakespeare's earlier plays; probably the writing of his two long narrative poems, *Venus and Adonis* (1593) and *The Rape of Lucrece* (1594), and of some sonnets greatly assisted his development as a poet. There are type-characters—Berowne speaks of "the pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy"—and Holofernes the pedant especially is infatuated with words and with the "odoriferous flowers of fancy." But Shakespeare vitalizes the type-characters of the *commedia dell'arte* and he masters the "taffeta phrases, silken terms precise," and the "golden cadence," giving us so fine a dramatic speech as this:

KING
Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regist'ed upon our brazen tombs
And then grace us in the disgrace of death,
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' endeavor of this present breath may buy
That honor which shall bate his scythe's keen edge
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors—for so you are
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here.
Your oaths are passed; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honor down
That violates the smallest branch herein.
If you are armed to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too. (I.i.1-23)

One might call attention to this speech as an expression of the Renaissance awareness of the tragic brevity of life, and of the Renaissance habit of trying to win glory by a great achievement so that at least one's reputation will survive devouring Time. But the point to be made here is that the earlier Elizabethan stage had rarely heard such excellent dramatic poetry. No less excellent is the prose. A few minutes after the courtiers sign a bond to study for three years and not "to see a woman in that term," the clown Costard is brought in by Constable Dull for having been caught with a wench. Costard explains: "It is the manner of a man to speak to a woman. . . . Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh." Thus the king's fine speech is clownishly put into its proper perspective. Costard can be generous as well as exact. Later in the play he comes to the defense of Nathaniel, who like a good Elizabethan has

performed in an amateur theatrical to entertain his betters but has not been able to sustain his role of Alexander in the show of the Nine Worthies:

There, an't shall please you, a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvelous good neighbor, faith, and a very good bowler; but for Alisander—alas! you see how 'tis—a little o'erparted. (V.ii.576–80)

One can regret the abundance of topical allusions in the play—more properly, one can regret that the allusions are now baffling—and perhaps the wit occasionally overwhelms the action, but the play is certainly not without action in the sense of a motive or theme, for it dramatizes the infirmity of idealism. Berowne early perceives the limits of idealism, remarking that “every man with his affects [passions] is born,/Not by might mastered, but by special grace,” and the truth of his perception becomes apparent, as we have seen, when Constable Dull brings in Costard. In mocking the high-minded courtiers who make war against “their own affections/And the huge army of the world's desires,” Shakespeare comes near to writing a satirical play, but there is something so noble in the courtiers' aspiration and something so delightful (and beautiful) in their absurdity that we do not view them with contempt. Satire diminishes the object of its attack; as Ezra Pound has said in *Literary Essays*, “Satire reminds one that certain things are not worthwhile. It draws one to consider time wasted.” But in *Love's Labor's Lost* although we laugh at the courtiers, first for their efforts to forswear women and then for their efforts to win women, we also gain a glimpse of a world of delightful and high-minded rather than worthless people. We are pleased that when they finally are reconciled to the fact that “it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman” they are not crushed by their enlightenment; indeed, if we value life, we can scarcely regret that their idealism is displaced by a recognition of man's physical nature. Costard, after all, is on the side of life, as the courtiers come to see. But at the end of the play—and this is most unusual in Shakespeare's comedies—the young men are not allowed to marry the women they court. Berowne complains, “Our wooing doth not end like an old play;/Jack hath not Jill,” and remarkably the last words are not about union or reunion but about separation: “You that way, we this way.” The later comedies conclude more harmoniously, with the journey ending in lovers meeting, but these comedies also sometimes include a touch of melancholy or disharmony. For example, Jaques in *As You Like It* and Malvolio in *Twelfth Night* stand apart from the happiness that dominates the final scenes, complicating the vision of the play. In *Love's Labor's Lost*, the happiness that the courtiers project in their dream of an academe is dispelled, and later the happiness that they project in their roles as lovers is also dispelled by the announcement that the princess' father has died. The weddings must be postponed for a year, during which time the men must do penance. But the ending is not merely melancholy, for the implications are that the recognition of the reality of death and the performance of a year of penance will lead to marriages that are based on the fullest possible awareness of the facts of life.

THE EARLY FESTIVE COMEDIES: A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

With *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (written about 1594–96) Shakespeare indisputably established himself as a great writer of romantic comedy. The confusions in *The Comedy of Errors* are amusing, and they are not totally devoid of implications concerning the complexities of life and man's blindness, but the implications are sporadic, and the play is content to amuse. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, no less amusing, goes further and deeper by adding to the story of lovers' mistaken identities the actions of the royal classical lovers, Theseus and Hippolyta; the fairy lovers of folklore, Oberon and Titania; and the lovers in the craftsmen's play, Pyramus and Thisby. This rich collaboration makes *A Midsummer Night's Dream* an unexcelled comedy, a finely plotted and beautifully lyrical exploration of the nature of love, the nature of imagination (“fantasy”), the nature of reality or truth, almost, in short, the nature of life.

Much of the play is derived from books: the story of Theseus and Hippolyta is taken from Chaucer's *The Knight's Tale*, perhaps reinforced with some details from Plutarch's *Lives*; Puck (or Robin Goodfellow) probably owes something to Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft* as well as to old wives' tales that Shakespeare may have heard as a child in Stratford; Ovid's story of Pyramus and Thisby was studied in Elizabethan grammar schools; and the ass-headed Bottom probably owes something to an Elizabethan translation of Lucius Apuleius' *The Golden Ass*. But the play does not smell of the lamp. Rather, it appears as effortless and as richly suggestive as a dream, and no less complex, beautiful, profound, or mysterious; and not least important, it is much more funny. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was probably written at about the same time as *Romeo and Juliet*. There are some resemblances between the two plays, most obviously in Lysander's speech ending with “quick bright things come to confusion” (I.i.141–49), which parallels abundant images in *Romeo and Juliet* of beauty quickly yielding to darkness (especially II.ii.119–20), and in the play-within-the-play concerning Pyramus and Thisby, who are in effect an ancient *Romeo and Juliet*. Aldous Huxley has complained that tragedy, in portraying only the single-minded, heroic strain in man, does not tell “the whole truth.” No work of art tells the whole truth, of course, and it is unreasonable to judge a tragedy by such a standard. But one understands Huxley's comment: fine though *Romeo and Juliet* is, it seems a more mechanical, thinner, and less substantial exploration of life than *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Theseus feels that the lovers' story is “more strange than true,” and at the end of the play Puck suggests that the audience can dismiss the entire play easily:

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended:
That you have but slumb'ed here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream. (V.i.422–27)

But the dreams in the play are perceptions of reality: Hermia dreams (II.ii) that Lysander does not come to her

aid while a serpent eats her heart, and when she awakens she finds that Lysander is gone, his love now fastened on another woman. Bottom dreams that he is an ass. Thus it may be an error to dismiss this dreamlike play and fail to see that the comedy is a profound treatment of love as a force, sometimes creative, sometimes destructive, sometimes wonderful, and sometimes laughable, but powerful and transfiguring.

In *The Merchant of Venice* (probably written in 1596) Shakespeare broadens his presentation of human personality. Shylock and Portia, the opposed proponents of legalism and mercy, are much more fully realized characters than those in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. But Bassanio, the male lover, is still not of very great interest. It is worth noting that Shakespeare's comic heroes are usually less witty and less resourceful, and therefore less interesting, than his heroines.

For many readers and spectators, Shylock is too interesting a character: the comic villain becomes a sympathetic and almost tragic figure, the wronged Jew towers above the petty Venetians. But such an interpretation is perhaps a misreading of the play, for it places too much weight on a few speeches in which the Venetians taunt Shylock and on other speeches in which Shylock quite rightly insists on his sufferings. The most famous instance of the latter is in III.i, when Shylock asks,

Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?—fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? (III.i.56–64)

One cannot easily dismiss this powerful speech by saying that it is only a justification for revenge, not a plea for tolerance. But to argue that Shylock's speech is what *The Merchant of Venice* is about is to turn away from much of the rest of the play; it is to overlook, for example, Portia's no less wonderful speech about mercy (IV.i.183–204), in which she points out that no one's deeds are so just that he does not require mercy, and to overlook the superb unconscious irony of Shylock's reply to that speech, "My deeds upon my head! I crave the law." Law is in fact what he gets, and only mercy saves him from the death penalty that the law imposes. What the play as a whole dramatizes is not the problem of a minority group suffering at the hands of a hostile society but the conflict of two ways of life, one concerned with hoarding (Shylock's "Fast bind, fast find,/A proverb never stale in thrifty mind"), the other with generous giving (Antonio's "My purse, my person, my extremest means/Lie all unlocked to your occasions," and Portia's "What is mine, to you and yours/Is now converted"). Almost every element in the play is arranged to set forth some such fundamental opposition, but again the characters are not pale abstractions, and Shylock is no straw man. Shakespeare gives him powerful utterances and lets us see him fully, from the inside, as in the long speech quoted above. Probably no earlier character in Shakespeare so fully evokes from the hearer the response, "I understand exactly how that man feels." But the play is not about Shylock; rather, Shylock is an important character

in a play about the triumph of generosity (love is a kind of giving), which transforms society into something more than a group of men who buy and sell and lend. The final scene is rich in intimations of a spiritually renewed society: "Let me give light," "riveted with faith unto your flesh," "my soul upon the forfeit," "you drop manna." In short, a new day is dawning ("it is almost morning")—which is not to say that sex and bawdry do not have their place, but only that this play about very human people is also a play with a great theme.

A BOURGEOIS COMEDY: THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

The date of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is uncertain, but as the editor's Introduction to the play suggests, a good case can be made for the spring of 1597. If that date is right, Shakespeare interrupted his work on the cycle of history plays concerning the reigns of Richard II, Henry IV, and Henry V to write a comedy centering on Falstaff, who appears in an earlier play, *1 Henry IV*. According to legend, Shakespeare wrote the comedy in two weeks in response to Queen Elizabeth's desire to see Falstaff in love. The legend gains some support from the fact that the play is not in the romantic-comic vein that Shakespeare had been working in, perhaps because it was written quickly. In the play a character named Falstaff—who only sporadically has the wit of the Falstaff of *1 Henry IV*—attempts to seduce two married women and is ignominiously defeated. Possibly Shakespeare refurbished an old play, but if he did so, readers have not forgiven him for raising their expectations by calling one of the characters Falstaff and then failing to deliver the real Falstaff. (As Dr. Johnson said, "Falstaff could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff.") There is a romantic plot involving a young man named Fenton, who is said to "speak holiday" and "smell April and May," but romance has only a small role in the play, which has strong affinities with Roman and Italian comedy: a braggart is humiliated, and a young man and a girl outwit the girl's parents and marry.

Whatever the source, Shakespeare's handling of the plot is uncertain: for example, at the start Falstaff's old crew, Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym, appear; but after the first act they do nothing; the first scene introduces the idea of a quarrel between Falstaff and Justice Shallow, but nothing comes of it. Curiously this play, which seems so thin, is effective on the stage, and it is of special interest to those readers who see beneath the surface to the pattern of the ritual expulsion of Misrule or Riot, for Falstaff, an embodiment of Misrule, is dumped into the river and later is pinched and singed with candles by people disguised as fairies. The locale is contemporary Windsor, but there seem to be echoes of ancient rites of purification, such as survived in the Saint George plays (see p. 12).

THE LATER FESTIVE COMEDIES: MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, AS YOU LIKE IT, TWELFTH NIGHT

Near the turn of the century—just after he had finished his second tetralogy of history plays and was nearing the great tragedies—Shakespeare wrote three comedies that

for many readers and spectators are the essence of Shakespearean romantic comedy: *Much Ado About Nothing* (1598–1600), *As You Like It* (1599–1600), and *Twelfth Night* (1600–02). These plays, like *The Merchant of Venice* and to a lesser degree *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, are plays of courtship. The assumption behind them is that despite momentary absurdities and pains, love liberates, enriches, and fulfills the lovers. But each play is unique, and it is perhaps best not to insist too loudly on their resemblances.

The main plot of *Much Ado About Nothing* concerns the love of Claudio and Hero, the interruption of that love (caused by the malicious Don John, a descendant of the medieval Vice), and the restoration and completion of their love in marriage, when Hero is cleared from slander and reunited with Claudio. To this pair of lovers Shakespeare adds another, Beatrice and Benedick. They begin as witty foes, are deceived into thinking that each is loved by the other, and then find that they do indeed love each other. Thus in this parallel plot (it cannot be called a subplot because it is no less important than the plot of Claudio and Hero), lovers undergo a conversion, and the somewhat self-righteous society of the early part of the play is disabused of its illusions, thereby acquiring a new life. For example, at the start Beatrice is characterized thus:

But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
Disdain and Scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd. (III.i.49–56)

Both Beatrice and Benedick are liberated from this bondage to the self, just as Claudio is liberated from his mistaken view of Hero and from his subsequent grief for Hero's supposed death. The prelude to this renewal is announced in verse, a medium that the earlier parts of the play are not rich in:

Good morrow, masters; put your torches out.
The wolves have preyed, and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray. (V.iii.24–27)

Appropriately enough, the play ends with the marriage of Claudio and Hero, the promise of a marriage between Benedick and Beatrice, and finally a dance giving visual representation to the transformed and now harmonious society. Thoughts of the villainous Don John, now a prisoner, are not allowed to intrude seriously upon the new-found joy: "Think not on him till tomorrow. I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers!" The play ends with music and dancing: "All . . . sounds of woe," to quote from a song in Act II, have been converted into "hey nonny, nonny."

Finally, a point should be made concerning Dogberry and his fellows, the delightfully ignorant watchmen who through a series of blunders apprehend the malefactors. The actions of Dogberry and his fellows are one variant of the theme—recurrent in the comedies—that mistaken

beliefs or errors have fortunate consequences. Benedick and Beatrice are deceived, and the outcome is good; Claudio is deceived, and the outcome is good (presumably his love for Hero at the end is greater because he has learned that his earlier mistrust was totally without foundation). Dogberry's errors too have a happy result; moreover, his sublime self-confidence is a comic imitation of the less amiable self-confidence of others in Messina. This is not to say that we value him only because he plays an important role in the plot and because he contributes to the theme. A richly comic figure, he affords us delight, and we would value him for this even if he were irrelevant. In one of his bumbling speeches he comes closest to stating the theme of this comedy in which events happily conspire to give people more than they deserve. The play shows us a world of people, as Dogberry says, "condemned into everlasting redemption."

Like *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It* presents two worlds. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* moves from Athens, with its harsh law and its harsh father, to the moonlit woods outside of Athens, where lovers are transformed into their better selves; *The Merchant of Venice* moves from the commercial world of Venice to the moonlit world of Portia's Belmont. In *As You Like It* the movement is from the court of the usurper, Duke Frederick, to the Forest of Arden, where lovers find what they seek and where the wicked are converted. Charles the wrestler puts it quite clearly:

There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news. That is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke. . . . They say [the old duke] is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world. (I.i.97–101, 112–17)

The play is full of "holiday foolery," but the foolery is not devoid of meaning, for it embodies an enduring vision of love and of the triumph of the gifts of nature over those of fortune. Various kinds of lovers are juxtaposed: the romantic young lovers, Rosalind and Orlando and Celia and the reformed Oliver; the prettified artificial pastoral figures, hard-hearted Phebe and her mooning Silvius, who thinks no man has ever loved as he loves; the low pastoral figures, old Corin, who has forgotten the ridiculous actions that love moved him to in his youth, and the young bumpkins William and Audrey; and finally the clown Touchstone, who remembers that when he was in love he kissed "the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt [chapped] hands had milked." Love is wonderfully displayed in the "strange capers" of these figures, and it is treasured even when it is mocked—as when Rosalind realistically warns Phebe against scorning Silvius' offers, saying, "Sell when you can, you are not for all markets" or when Rosalind, concealing her love for Orlando, offers to cure him of the madness of loving Rosalind, and he replies, "I would not be cured." Nor, of course, would Rosalind or the audience want him cured. The love poems that Orlando writes are wretched (Touchstone drily offers to produce such rhymes

"eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted"), yet we would not have Orlando's rhymes improved; we value them for their delightful ineptitude. Rosalind herself is delightfully mocked, as in this bit of dialogue in which Celia (Aliena) prosaically reminds us that people in love can be very boring:

ROSALIND I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

CELIA And I'll sleep. (IV.i.213-16)

In short everything in the play, including the folly, is in Celia's words "O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful." Not least wonderful are the improbable conversions of Oliver and the wicked Duke Frederick; again we are grateful for these improbabilities because we would not deny to anyone the possibility of finding joy by shedding self-centeredness. These two men come late to self-knowledge and its concomitant generosity of spirit, but better late than never. The play ends with "a wedlock hymn" and other strong hints of a transfigured world. Thus the return of the exiles to the court is not a bit of cynicism discrediting their experience in the forest; rather, it brings the vitality and harmony of the forest into the court, which earlier in the play is a place of tyranny.

It is no derogation of *Twelfth Night* (probably written about 1600) to say that in it Shakespeare again uses several motifs from his earlier plays. Like *The Comedy of Errors*, it involves twins—this time a brother and sister—who have been separated by a shipwreck and who are now (unknown to each other) in the same city. As in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, there is a girl disguised as a boy who serves the man she loves as a page, even to the extent of courting on his behalf a woman whom he woos. Like Benedick and Beatrice, who in *Much Ado About Nothing* are tricked into thinking that they love each other, Malvolio is tricked into thinking that Olivia loves him. Other similarities include a resourceful young woman (here Viola, in *The Merchant of Venice* Portia, in *As You Like It* Rosalind); deep affection between friends (here Antonio and Sebastian, in *The Merchant of Venice* Antonio and Bassanio); a fool (here Feste, in *As You Like It* Touchstone); and a somewhat Falstaffian character, Sir Toby Belch. And in its festive spirit—for example, in its songs and mistaken identities—the play reminds us of episodes in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *As You Like It*. But despite such similarities, there are important differences. For example, in *The Comedy of Errors* the mistakes which cause bewilderment are largely physical—that is, they are literal cases of mistaken identity caused by the presence of twins; but in *Twelfth Night* there are more profound mistakes as well in the failure of some of the characters to understand *themselves*. Thus Malvolio not only misunderstands Olivia; he misunderstands his own nature and his role in society. Similarly, in pining for Olivia Orsino does not see the egoism in his love, and so, for example, the love song that he calls for (II.iv) is really a song of self-love in which the lover calls attention to his pathetic fidelity. At the end of the play Orsino is freed from the torments of his own desires, which at the start pursue him "like fell and cruel hounds." Olivia, too, grieving for her dead

brother, finds that she has mistaken the depth of her grief, and she is liberated from her own "eye-offending brine." Thus despite the shipwreck and despite the trick played on Malvolio, much of the trouble is not external but is rooted in self-deception. Against egoism and self-deception—neatly summed up in Olivia's words to Malvolio, "O, you are sick of self-love"—is a liberating generosity, not only in small details, as when Antonio freely gives money to Sebastian (III.iii), but notably in Viola, who gives herself to Orsino's effort to woo Olivia even though Viola herself "would be his wife."

In *Twelfth Night*, then, although Shakespeare uses earlier plots and characters, he is saying new things, especially about the development of insight. One small index is provided by the clown Feste, who, though by profession resembling Touchstone in *As You Like It*, is very different from Touchstone in his wit and actions. Touchstone, however cynically, joins in the procession to the altar, but Feste remains unwed, and after the unregenerated Malvolio leaves and the lovers depart, Feste is left alone on the stage to sing the Epilogue, with its melancholy refrain, "For the rain it raineth every day." In *As You Like It* the melancholy Jaques stands apart from the comic resolution, but he too looks forward to a new life, perhaps to be gained through conversation with the regenerated Duke Frederick. But in *Twelfth Night* Feste—whose name suggests that he is the very incarnation of festivity—stands apart, calling attention to the hardships of life. He does not thereby deflate the romantic vision, but he does complicate it.

THE DARK COMEDIES: ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Two comedies, *All's Well That Ends Well* (1602-04?) and *Measure for Measure* (1604), are often called "dark comedies" or "problem plays." When the latter term is used, *Hamlet* (1600-01) and *Troilus and Cressida* (1601-02) are sometimes included as well. The term *problem play*, first used in the late nineteenth century to characterize some of Ibsen's work, denotes a play that examines a social problem rather than an unchanging fact of life, such as death. Thus it has been argued that *Measure for Measure* is about such problems as: Can a judge condemn a criminal for a crime that the judge himself is guilty of? May a person sin to save a life? But clearly *All's Well* and *Measure for Measure* are not primarily debates on such problems; if they are, they contain enormous amounts of irrelevant material.

The term *dark comedies*, then, is perhaps more useful: *All's Well* and *Measure for Measure* do not have the festive spirit that dominates *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*, and that is plentiful in some of the other comedies. Put most briefly, the lovers simply do not show as much delight as the lovers in the earlier comedies, where a spirit of playfulness abounds. *All's Well* has some close resemblances to the great romantic comedies—a resourceful heroine, disguise, coincidences, and finally a reunion between young people—but there is little of the joy of love in it. The play has the conventions but not the spirit of comedy. The nominal hero is not a young man in love;

the closest he comes to being a suitor is when he resorts to bribery in an effort to seduce a woman.

The plots of both *All's Well* and *Measure for Measure* include actions that critics, especially those in the late nineteenth century, have found unpleasant. In both plays, for example, a man thinks he is seducing a woman but is tricked into sleeping with another woman whom he has rejected. The heroines in each play have struck some readers as unamiable, the nominal heroes as detestable. (In *Troilus and Cressida* too there is a faithless woman who by virtue of her faithlessness diminishes not only herself but her lover.) Here is Dr. Johnson on the hero of *All's Well*:

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness.

In both plays there is clowning, but for some readers there is too much joking about syphilis, too much comic cowardice, too much disillusionment, and too much unpleasant behavior that reveals not merely folly but vice. *As You Like It* has a usurping duke and a wicked elder brother, but we see little of them and they reform; during most of the play we are diverted by the lovers in the Forest of Arden. *Twelfth Night* has a shipwreck and the unregenerated Malvolio, but the shipwreck takes place off stage with no real harm done, and Malvolio is funny rather than criminally vicious. Of the earlier comedies, perhaps *Much Ado* comes closest to—though it is still far away from—*All's Well* and *Measure for Measure*. In *Much Ado* Don John is villainous, the hero Claudio is churlish, the witty lovers Benedick and Beatrice are on the whole satiric rather than romantic, and the setting is never varied by an excursion into a green world. But in *Much Ado* there is the sublimely bumbling Constable Dogberry, who by his ineptitude saves the situation. As one of the villains says to the wiser folk in *Much Ado*, "What your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light." But in the two dark comedies evil is fended off only by vigorous effort. In *As You Like It* the characters do little more than disport themselves in the woods until the two wicked characters repent, and in *Twelfth Night* Viola relies on time to solve the problem: "O time, thou must untangle this, not I; It is too hard a knot for me t' untie." But in *All's Well* the heroine (like a good counselor in a morality play) must energetically pursue her wayward husband, saving him from fornication by a trick in which she interposes her own body, and in *Measure for Measure* the good duke must keep bustling if the lecherous Angelo is not to have his way. Time, of course, has a role in these plays too, but in both plays the central characters must energetically make use of it, rather than, as in *Twelfth Night*, await it.

That the plays have less festivity or playfulness, and that they have potent sources of evil, is indisputable. On the other hand, if we are repelled by the "bed trick," and if we resent the fact that Bertram is "dismissed to happiness," perhaps we are deficient in a sense of playfulness. That these comedies are not festive comedies is perhaps no more

significant than that they are not tragedies or histories: they are what they are, and we can be thankful for them. Nor should we characterize the plays as cynical: *All's Well* especially has honorable characters who not only utter noble sentiments but who act virtuously and effectively; *Measure for Measure* is ultimately based on the generous view that evil intentions, if unacted and repented of, do not deserve punishment, and the play concludes with contrition and forgiveness.

Finally, a point about the origin of these dark comedies should be made: readers have tended to date them near to each other (though *All's Well* often has the abundant rhyme of the earlier plays) and have assumed that around 1600 Shakespeare became pessimistic, perhaps because a mistress was unfaithful or because Essex' revolt was abortive. But Shakespeare's plays need not reflect his mental ups and downs. Rather, some elements in the plays may represent a literary fad, perhaps stimulated by Ben Jonson, whose satiric comedies regularly scourge folly: in *All's Well* Bertram and Parolles are revealed as fools; in *Measure for Measure* the ascetic Angelo betrays his ideals and is exposed. (*Troilus and Cressida* too is a thoroughly ironic play: the heroine is false, her noble lover is gulled, and Thersites and Pandarus are at least as gross as the world they comment on.) Yet even the dark comedies finally are charitable: no one is everlastingly cast out, Bertram and Angelo (like Mankind in a morality play) are redeemed, and if there are not the joyous feasts that conclude some of the earlier comedies, there is nevertheless, as the braggart Parolles in *All's Well* says, "place and means for every man alive." Parolles, in fact, is at last welcomed to Lafew's table, although Lafew was the first to see through his deceptions: "Though you are a fool and a knave," he tells Parolles, "you shall eat."

THE ROMANCES:

PERICLES, CYMBELINE, THE WINTER'S TALE, THE TEMPEST, THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

If the conjectured dates of the dark comedies are right (about 1602–04), during the next few years Shakespeare wrote only tragedies: *King Lear* (1605–06), *Macbeth* (1605–06), *Antony and Cleopatra* (1606–07), *Timon of Athens* (1604–09), and *Coriolanus* (1607–09). But he ended his career with a return to comedy, that is, with plays that end happily: *Pericles* (1608–09), *Cymbeline* (1609–10), *The Winter's Tale* (1610–11), and *The Tempest* (1611). To these can be added two plays on which he may have collaborated with John Fletcher, *Henry VIII* (1612–13) and *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (1613). *Henry VIII*, an historical play, is discussed with the histories (see p. 53), but in a broad sense it is "comic," like Dante's *Divine Comedy*, for it moves from trouble to joy, ending with the christening of the infant Elizabeth I and the promise of a joyous future.

Shakespeare's last plays are in various ways fairly closely related, and critics usually call *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest* "the romances." Except for *The Tempest*, like nondramatic romances the plays are concerned with wonderful actions that cover a long period. The title page of *Pericles* calls attention to this aspect of the play: "the true relation of the whole history, adventures, and fortunes of the said prince, as also the no less strange

and worthy accidents in the birth and life of his daughter Marina." A dominant motif in these four plays is the restoration of losses: Pericles regains his wife Thaisa, who had been thought dead, and his daughter Marina, who had been abducted by pirates; King Cymbeline regains his two sons, abducted in infancy; in *The Winter's Tale* friends who had quarreled are after many years reunited, and the king regains his lost daughter; in *The Tempest* an exiled duke regains his dukedom, and the King of Naples regains his son. Of course, the earlier comedies too have such restorations: in *The Comedy of Errors* a long-separated family is at last reunited; in *As You Like It* a duke regains his dukedom. But *The Comedy of Errors* is mostly about comic errors in identity, and *As You Like It* is mostly about love. In contrast, the last plays in large measure are about restoration; moreover, the restoration of losses is closely related to a sense of renewal consequent upon suffering and repentance. It is rather as though *King Lear* were given a happy ending, with Lear and Cordelia reunited. In the romances the stuff of tragedy—exile, jealousy, even death—usually takes place early (in *The Tempest* the exile of Prospero takes place before the play begins), and the plays focus on the post-tragic regeneration and reunion. In *The Winter's Tale* the first three acts are ominous, including mad and destructive jealousy, a storm, death, and the exposure of an infant to the elements, but then the scene changes to springtime and a pastoral world, and the last two acts work toward a resolution. One cannot conceive of a happy ending added to the first three acts of *King Lear* (the pre-Shakespearean play *King Leir* did restore Leir to his throne, but Leir had not gone mad on the heath). As Charles Lamb said of such a possibility,

A happy ending—as if the living martyrdoms that Lear had gone through—the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and scepter again could tempt him to act over again his misused station—as if at his years, and with his experience, anything was left but to die.

This is finely put; and yet the romances are concerned with a stage of life that puts great suffering into a new perspective. Pericles says to the gods, as Lear could not, "Your present kindness/Makes my past miseries sports."

Although there are deaths in *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, the plays have a serenity that separates them from the festivity of the early comedies, the stress of the dark comedies, and the agony of the tragedies. Consider the idealized and somewhat etherealized heroines in the last plays: Marina in *Pericles*, who miraculously remains unspotted though she is sold into a brothel; Imogen in *Cymbeline*; Perdita in *The Winter's Tale*; Miranda in *The Tempest*, who has seen no man other than her father and a bestial servant; and Emilia in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. For the most part the heroines of the earlier comedies are witty and resourceful, but the later heroines, notable for their innocence, have a sort of Snow White quality.

Coupled with this emphasis on innocence and the restora-

tion of losses is a strong sense of providence, made obvious by visible manifestations of the deity: Diana appears in *Pericles* and Jupiter appears in *Cymbeline*, Apollo's oracle is quoted in *The Winter's Tale*, and Duke Prospero has magical powers in *The Tempest*. In *The Two Noble Kinsmen* prayers are made before the altars of Mars, Venus, and Diana, and the deities respond. In these plays, to quote from *Pericles*, we strongly feel that we see "virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,/Led on by heaven and crowned at last."

The note of innocence and the sense of providence are strengthened by the pastoral settings of some of these plays and by the images of the sea and storms, which contrast with the pastoral settings. Shakespeare used a shipwreck as early as *The Comedy of Errors*, but in the last plays the sea and the storms are under the control of providence. In *Pericles* the lovely Marina is born during a storm at sea, and when she is finally reunited with her father a "great sea of joys" rushes upon him and he says, "Though the seas threaten, they are merciful." The emphasis on innocence and providence makes the plays hover at the edge of allegory. The characters seem a bit flatter or thinner, and if we prefer the earlier more complex characters we may find in the last plays too much freedom or casualness not only in the characterization but in the plotting and the versification. The commonest reply to this is that Shakespeare deliberately used thin characters, improbable situations, unidiomatic speech, and relatively free versification in order to move beyond these elements to the transcendent post-tragic vision behind the happenings. Having written festive comedies, darker comedies that treat romantic love somewhat skeptically, and tragedies, Shakespeare ended his career with a sort of play that has elements of all the earlier types but contains a new vision. Other explanations have been offered: Shakespeare was bored with the theater and was now interested only in making experiments in poetry itself; or Shakespeare, especially after the acquisition of the indoor theater at Blackfriars in 1608, was trying to attract a more courtly audience, one that preferred spectacular, allegorical masques and plays remote from common life; or for some unknown reason at the end of his career Shakespeare was returning to the loose romantic dramas of his youth; or Shakespeare was losing his grip. In any case, these plays are related, but it is time to look at them singly.

The earliest of the romances, *Pericles*, is of uncertain date and even uncertain authorship; it was not included in the First Folio, perhaps because the compilers of the Folio believed it to be written in large part by a hand other than Shakespeare's. In any case, most critics hesitate to attribute the first two acts to Shakespeare, chiefly because the poetry in these acts is very weak. (It is hard to tell exactly how weak, because the text is badly corrupted in places.) The plot is derived from a narrative which Shakespeare used as early as *The Comedy of Errors*, when he attached to Plautus' *Menaechmi* the old tale of a family dispersed by a storm at sea and reunited after much wandering. In *Pericles* a king is reunited with his wife and daughter after abundant grief, and the story deals with "this great miracle." There are storms in *Pericles* as in *King Lear*, but in *Pericles* the storms are ultimately seen to be providential. Thaisa, thought dead, is confined and dropped into the sea, but she is miraculously restored to Pericles; his daughter, abducted

and sold to a brothel, remains a virgin and converts her potential customers; Pericles, almost dead from sorrow, is miraculously restored to life by his long-lost daughter. If we wished to find an emblem for the play's theme, we would perhaps find it in the device on the hero's shield, "a withered branch that's only green at top" (II.ii.42). The world seems a barren, deathly, tempestuous place, but for the innocent and the patient there is, at the top, the possibility of new life.

The editors of the First Folio put *Cymbeline* among the tragedies, perhaps because they felt that a play in part concerned with a Roman invasion of Britain could not with propriety be put among the comedies; nor could it be put among the histories, since it includes romance material and deals with a legendary pre-Christian Britain, whereas all the history plays deal with medieval or early Renaissance England.

Like *Pericles*, *Cymbeline* is concerned with exile and restoration; like *Pericles* too it is set in a pagan world, but with markedly Christian overtones. For example, when Jupiter says, "Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,/The more delayed, delighted," it is not merely the word *cross* (here a verb, meaning "to thwart") that evokes a Christian framework but the whole idea that the heavenly powers chasten those whom they love (compare the Bible's "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth"). Suffering is transcended, and all losses are restored: "The fingers of the pow'rs above do tune/The harmony of this peace" (V.v.466-67). But viewers and readers have found that the harmony is achieved only after a bewildering diffusion of interest. The dialogue is often obscure; characterization in general counts for less than striking theatrical situations, and because there is no central character the focus is in doubt. The play mingles three motifs: pastoral matter of princes brought up close to nature, political-historical matter of Rome's conquest of Britain, and a story of love, which includes a disguised princess who apparently dies and comes back to life. In some degree, the play is Shakespeare's fusion of the histories (there is something about England's role in the world), the tragedies (exile, war, and death), and the comedies (courtship and marriage).

Like *Pericles*, *The Winter's Tale* is derived from a prose narrative that includes much of the stuff of the Hellenistic romances: an exotic pagan setting, an abandoned infant, an oracle, a storm, a long separation, love, and ultimately a reunion between those separated. In some matters Shakespeare lessens the operations of chance; for example, in the source the young lovers by the accident of shipwreck find themselves in Sicily, where the girl is reunited with her father, but in *The Winter's Tale* they deliberately set out for Sicily. But the play as a whole has an air of the wonderful or, as in King Leontes' sudden fit of jealousy (I.ii), of the unpredictable and the irrational. Against this are elements that on a casual view can be called realistic—notably the roguish peddler Autolycus and the sheep-shearing festival in Act IV, where comedy and English character-types and customs appear in remote Bohemia. More precisely, however, this pastoral "realism" is not realism at all but another variety of romance; it is the romance no longer of the exotic but of the simple or "natural," for Perdita at the shepherds' festival gives us a picture of the vitality of innocence, in a setting of fertile nature. But the play as a whole presents a very different world from that of *As You Like It*,

with its delightful Forest of Arden. The seriousness of the issues is insisted on: Leontes' jealousy at the start causes the death of his little son and of others, and it initiates sixteen years of separation from his wife and his daughter. The first three acts, in short, are a winter's tale, tragic in tone. But in III.ii, when the infant Perdita is abandoned on a stormy coast and found by shepherds, there is a turn: "Now bless thyself," one shepherd says to another, "thou met'st with things dying, I with things newborn." Act IV begins with Time, who tells us that sixteen years have passed, and soon Autolycus appears and introduces a note of spring in a song about daffodils. Ultimately, Perdita is restored to her repentant father Leontes; her mother Hermione—thought dead not only by Leontes but by the audience—is also restored. The restoration to Hermione of the lost Perdita, who is associated with the spring, is a sort of analogue to the Greek myth of the seasons, in which Proserpina is rescued from the lower world and restored to her mother Ceres in the spring. It resembles, too, the Christian pattern of redemption. At the reunion—the resurrection, we might almost say—Hermione's first words are a prayer to the gods to pour their graces upon her daughter's head, and there is the implication here, as in *The Tempest*, that the innocent love of the children redeems the errors and sins of their fathers. Like *Pericles*, the play ends happily with expressions of joy, but it cannot be grouped with the festive comedies, not only because its first half has the violence of tragedy but also because its ending is suffused with solemnity. If we must classify the play, we might take a hint from Polonius and call it tragical-comical-pastoral.

Like some of the early comedies, which are ultimately indebted in varying degrees to late Greek and Roman comedy, *The Tempest* has a shipwreck (compare *The Comedy of Errors* and *Twelfth Night*), an irritable father (compare Egeus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*), and a character who more or less manipulates the plot (compare Rosalind in *As You Like It*). Like *The Comedy of Errors*, possibly Shakespeare's earliest comedy, it obeys the ancient traditions of unity of time and place: the play spans only a few hours and occurs in one locale. But despite these and other resemblances, the unusual amount of spectacle in *The Tempest*—and, more important, the serious tone—ties the play to Shakespeare's other last plays. The old conventions are here, but with new meanings: *The Tempest* is concerned with guilt and forgiveness, royal children, wonderful quasi-resurrections, and finally reunions. "These are not natural events, they strengthen/From strange, to stranger." The pastoral setting, implying the freshness and vitality of nature, prominent in parts of *Cymbeline* under the thin disguise of the Welsh countryside and in *The Winter's Tale* in the Bohemian shepherds' feast, is presented in *The Tempest* in the mysterious island—though this island means different things to different people: to one observer the grass looks "lush and lusty," but to another the grass is "indeed tawny." Pastoralism appears too in the masque of Ceres and Juno and the dance of nymphs and harvesters. Again there is a shipwreck, and again the results prove beneficent. Those who are cast upon the island find, strangely, that their "garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water" (II.i.64-67). This note of renewal

or regeneration is variously sounded throughout the play. Suffering brings renewal: "Some kinds of baseness/Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters/Point to rich ends."

In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand her brother found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own. (V.i.208-13)

The sense of providence, strong in the last plays, is embodied in *The Tempest* chiefly by the magician Prospero, who raises and allays the storm that helps to regenerate and reconcile. (But Prospero, though in some ways godlike, is not God; he himself must learn to pity and to forgive the wrongdoer.)

Because *The Tempest* is probably the last play that is entirely Shakespeare's (he seems to have had a collaborator for *Henry VIII* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*), there is a tendency to see in Prospero, the magician who can call up visions but who at the end breaks his staff and abjures his "potent art," a picture of Shakespeare putting down his pen and contemplating retirement to Stratford. There is no great harm in such a reading as long as it does not reduce the play to an autobiographical scrap. It would be a pity to see in *The Tempest* only a farewell to the theater and to fail to notice that Prospero goes not to retirement but to the active role of ruling in Milan as the duke. The meaning of this play, like the meanings of Shakespeare's other plays, finally is complex. But this is not to say that the play is obscure or cryptic, although the Baconians find a cryptogram in the two lines at the end:

As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

What was Shakespeare *really* saying at the end of his last play? The Baconian answer is that the letters in these lines can be rearranged into this message: "Tempest of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam; do ye ne'er divulge me, ye words." Such, for some, is Shakespeare's final message; no matter that this message has three *a*'s in it and Prospero's lines only two.

There remains a postscript. *The Two Noble Kinsmen* was first published in 1634 and the title page ascribes it to John Fletcher and William Shakespeare. Readers have

often disagreed with the ascription, but there is no uniformity in their disagreement; some attribute the entire play to Fletcher, some to Shakespeare. The ascription of the title page seems more reasonable than either of these extreme positions. Like the other late romances *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is rich in spectacle, which is perhaps related to the fact that Shakespeare's company was at the time using the Blackfriars theater, playing to audiences with courtly tastes. The play opens with a nuptial procession (described in some detail in the first stage direction) before the Temple of Hymen, and it contains processions to the altars of Mars, Venus, and Diana, as well as a country dance. Like *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Winter's Tale*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is based on what Ben Jonson called a "mouldy tale"—in this case, the narrative romance that Chaucer's Knight tells in *The Canterbury Tales*. And like Shakespeare's other late plays, and unlike many of his earlier plays, characterization is flatter, resulting sometimes in sharp contrasts. It is occasionally so thin in this play that the effect is of characterlessness. Unlike Shakespeare's other romances, however, *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is not concerned with the regeneration of men who have sinned or erred or with the restoration of old losses, although at the end of the fifth act there are passages which strongly remind us of the other last plays:

O cousin,
That we should things desire which do cost us
The loss of our desire! That nought could buy
Dear love but loss of dear love! (V.iv.108-11)

And:

O you heavenly charmers,
What things you make of us! For what we lack,
We laugh; for what we have, are sorry; still
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful
For that which is, and with you leave dispute
That are above our question. (V.iv.130-35)

But these passages are only passages, and the bulk of the dramatic action does not greatly support them. Much of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is more mannered, more prettified, and more ceremonious but also more hollow than the romances. It has a politeness and a pointlessness that we associate with Fletcher. Possibly it is best to see *The Two Noble Kinsmen* as largely Fletcher's, with Shakespeare—not always at top form—writing perhaps Acts I and V and adding passages here and there.

Shakespeare's History Plays

THE BACKGROUND

There are some two hundred Elizabethan history plays, most of them written within a fairly short period, between 1588 or so and 1600. Before the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588 there seems not to have been a single play on English history written for the public stage, though there were dramas on biblical, classical, and legendary heroes and villains, popular entertainments dramatizing Saint George of England and Robin Hood, and, for a limited audience, some academic dramas on English history with a very heavy infusion of political morality, notably *Gorboduc* (1561). For about a decade after the defeat of the Armada, the English history play was in vogue in the public theater. Of the eighteen plays that Shakespeare wrote up to the end of 1599 nine were on English history. But he then abandoned the genre, returning to it only once, at the end of his career, about 1613.

If we include plays on classical history (*Julius Caesar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*) and on legendary British history (*King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Cymbeline*), almost half of Shakespeare's plays can be called historical, but the editors of the First Folio, in separating the histories from the comedies and tragedies, classified as history only those ten plays that dealt with relatively recent British history. These plays they arranged chronologically by date of subject matter (not of composition), beginning with *King John* and ending with *Henry VIII*. Three of these plays had been published earlier in individual volumes as tragedies: 3 *Henry VI* as *The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York*, *Richard III* as *The Tragedy of King Richard III*, and *Richard II* as *The Tragedy of King Richard the Second*. Conversely, *King Lear*, included in the Folio among the tragedies, was first published as *The True Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King Lear*, and *The Merchant of Venice*, a comedy, was first published as *The Most Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice*. The history play evidently was not (and is not) a clearly defined genre; but it is still useful to consider the ten history plays of the Folio as a group. The subject matter—political events in England—relates these plays to one another in a way that the Roman plays, for example, are not related. Though it is not quite true to say that the sole concern of the plays is politics and that the real protagonist is England (people keep breaking in). Even those plays that have a tragic shape, *Richard II* and *Richard III*, stand apart from such tragedies as *King Lear* and *Macbeth* by their primary emphasis on several characters engaged in political actions. Although political actions do occur in the tragedies, the primary emphasis is on what might be called the private matters of a central figure—for example, Lear's relations with his daughters and movement toward self-knowledge and Macbeth's relations with his conscience.

The first four plays—three on Henry VI and one on Richard III—cover a continuous period from 1422 to 1485 and so may be considered a tetralogy; four later

plays—*Richard II*, 1 *Henry IV*, 2 *Henry IV*, and *Henry V*—cover an earlier continuous period from 1398 to 1422 and so may be considered a second tetralogy. The two tetralogies thus run from 1398 to 1485, when Henry VII, the first Tudor monarch and the grandfather of Queen Elizabeth, ascended the throne. These plays were presented singly, not as tetralogies, but insofar as each play looks both backward and forward and tells only a piece of a larger story, the tetralogies bear some resemblance to the great medieval cycles of miracle plays, which spanned time from the Creation to the Day of Judgment and which also allegedly presented history, showing such events as Herod's Slaughter of the Innocents and the subsequent punishment visited upon him. For example, in the first play of Shakespeare's second tetralogy, *Richard II*, Bolingbroke takes the throne from Richard, the next two plays reveal the suffering and turmoil consequent upon this act of usurpation and the working out of evil, and the last of the four plays, *Henry V*, reveals the restoration of peace and unity in England under a monarch said to be "the mirror of all Christian kings." Like the medieval cycles, Renaissance history plays were presumably not only entertaining but also instructive, for Elizabethans assumed that one learns from history how to behave. For the Elizabethans history, properly understood, was morality, as an Elizabethan schoolboy found when he read his Caesar and Sallust and Livy, for he saw that rebellion is inevitably punished. In the dedication to *A Mirror for Magistrates* (1559), a collection of narrative poems on the fall of rulers, the editor addresses "the nobility and all other in office" and informs them that "here, as in a looking glass, you shall see (if any vice be in you) how the like hath been punished in other heretofore, whereby admonished, I trust it will be a good occasion to move you to the sooner amendment." (Another aspect of this influential book is discussed in connection with Shakespeare's tragedies, pp. 54–55.) In 1592 Thomas Nashe defended the stage against puritanical attacks, by seizing on the moral implications of history plays. First, he held, they revive "our forefathers' valiant acts," serving as a "reproof to these degenerate effeminate days of ours"; second, "in plays, all cozenage, all cunning drifts over-gilded with outward holiness, all stratagems of war, all the cankerworms that breed on the rust of peace, are most lively anatomized: they show the ill success of treason, the fall of hasty climbers, the wretched end of usurpers, the misery of civil dissension, and how just God is evermore in punishing of murder."

This emphasis on history as morality serves also to link the history play to certain late morality plays which had concerned themselves with politics. Sometimes Shakespeare's plays strongly remind us of the abstractions of the old moralities, as when in 2 *Henry VI* a character says,

Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
Virtue is choked with foul ambition,

And charity chased hence by rancor's hand;
 Foul subornation is predominant,
 And equity exiled your highness' land. (III.i.142-46)

The political moralities, in turn, helped to give rise to a type that can be called the moral history. For example, John Bale's *King John* (1539, revised between 1558 and 1563) is indebted to the morality play for such characters as Nobility, Civil Order, Sedition, and Dissimulation, but it approaches the history play when Sedition becomes Stephen Langton, Private Wealth becomes Pandulphus, Usurper Power becomes the Pope, and so on. Moreover, King John is not deceived by evil counselors, as he would be in a morality play; rather, he is an ideal Christian and the defender of the widow England, though he is finally poisoned by Dissimulation, who has become the monk Simon of Swinstead. In some sense, then, Bale's *King John* is concerned not with the trial of a soul but with an historical failure. Only after John's death is England rescued from the wicked. In this respect Bale's play is closer to the miracle play than to the morality play; indeed, the Interpreter in the play compares John to Moses, who sought to withstand "proud Pharaoh for his poor Israel."

The Tudor history play, then, is not a period piece evoking the atmosphere of a particular age; rather, though it dramatizes the past, it is supposed to be timeless, for the sins and the political machinations of one age are very like those of another, and man (so the theory held) should learn from the past how to behave in the present. Contemporary problems of government are seen not through allegory but through episodes from the past. This idea is still with us, in such expressions as "History repeats itself" and "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." For the Elizabethans, parallels between reigns and between rulers readily suggested themselves. Queen Elizabeth, when reading some documents concerning Richard II (who had been deposed) is said to have angrily exclaimed, "I am Richard II." And in 1601 Essex arranged for a performance of Shakespeare's *Richard II* the day before his rebellion against Elizabeth, presumably to show the populace that a monarch might be deposed.

But though Shakespeare's history plays show the painful consequences of usurpation and tyranny, they are not sermons; a central character, representative of mankind, no longer dominates the plays, and they are filled with personalities who color or overshadow the political lessons. If the plays sometimes seem to illustrate a text in the first book of homilies, *An Exhortation Concerning Good Order and Obedience to Rulers and Magistrates* (1547)—"Take away kings . . . and such estates of God's order, no man shall sleep in his house or bed unkilld; . . . there must needs follow all mischief"—they do so not simply from a desire to urge subjects to be dutiful but from an understanding of the ways people act and react. To take a simple example: with the aid of Worcester and others Bolingbroke deposes Richard II; in the next play, *1 Henry IV*, Bolingbroke (now Henry IV) finds that he cannot trust his former allies, and Worcester finds that he cannot trust the new king, for he knows that Henry will always suspect him of feeling that he has not been sufficiently rewarded; moreover, Henry will always suspect Worcester of contemplating yet a second overthrow of a king. If there is a moral here, it is not obtrusive; the play is chiefly about people, rather than

about providence's government of the realm, though it is true that as in medieval drama there is a sense of retribution: crimes are punished.

That the plays are not overtly didactic is perhaps the more remarkable in view of their relation to the moral histories and their immediate derivation for the most part from Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (1577); second edition, used by Shakespeare, 1587). About 1501 Henry VIII, the first Tudor, brought Polydore Virgil from Italy to rewrite English history from the Tudor point of view, and Virgil's work, along with that of several successors (notably Edward Hall), was more or less incorporated into Holinshed's enormous history book. (Strictly speaking, Holinshed's own work also became incorporated into the book bearing his name because the second edition was not really his; it was produced by collaborators after his death.) As part of this rewriting of history, Richard III, for example, who was pushed from the throne by Henry VII, was made into a monster, first by Sir Thomas More and Polydore Virgil, then by Hall, who borrowed from them, and then by Holinshed, who used their material. Holinshed borrowed not only many of the details of his predecessors but also the overall view that the history of England showed the workings of God: Henry IV's usurpation of the throne led to a century of war, but God watched over England, punished the wicked, and at last placed the Tudors on the throne. Occasionally this note is heard in Shakespeare's history plays, especially in the last history, *Henry VIII*, which celebrates the birth of Queen Elizabeth and which suggests that England is again Eden. But for the most part the plays give us a picture of men forging their own destinies, though of course such a picture is not incompatible with the idea that God works in mysterious ways, leaving man's will free but finally seeing that His will is done.

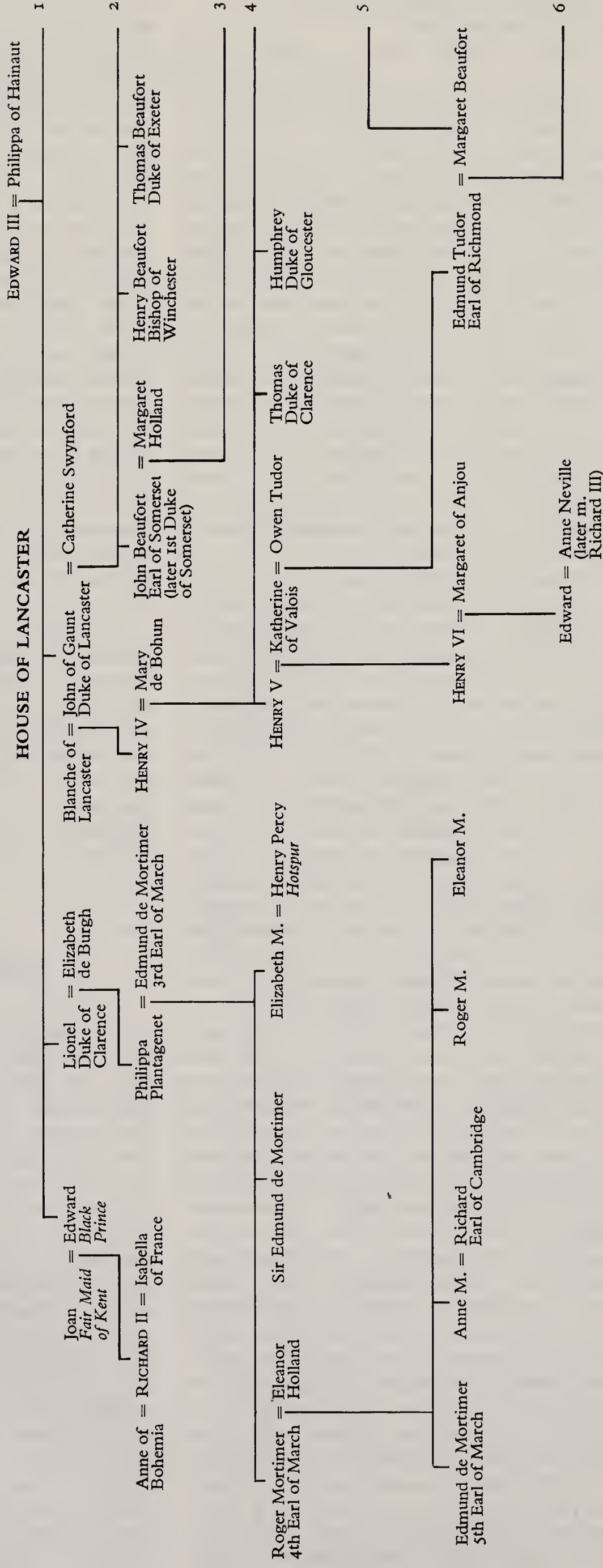
THE FIRST TETRALOGY: HENRY VI AND RICHARD III

The three plays on Henry VI, covering about fifty years from the death of Henry V (1422) to the murder of Henry VI (1471), are troublesome, and some critics claim that much in these plays was written by a hand other than Shakespeare's. (If the plays are entirely by Shakespeare, it may well be that he originated the English history play, for it is not certain that any plays of this type preceded them on the public stage, the moral histories being closer to the morality plays than to these chronicle plays.) Probably the most widely accepted view today is that the three plays are chiefly Shakespeare's, written between 1588 and 1592, and that *1 Henry VI* was written after *2 and 3 Henry VI*; possibly *1 Henry VI* is Shakespeare's revision of an older play. Of the three, *1 Henry VI* is notably the most episodic; it more or less chronicles a period, but it does not always pull the events into a unity (though of course it can be said that the play is united by its theme of the weakness of England under a vacillating king). There is some attempt to appeal to patriotism—the "brave" Talbot is an English paragon who has captured fifty French fortresses—and some attempt to warn Englishmen against disunity—Talbot is "entrapped" by "the fraud of England, not the

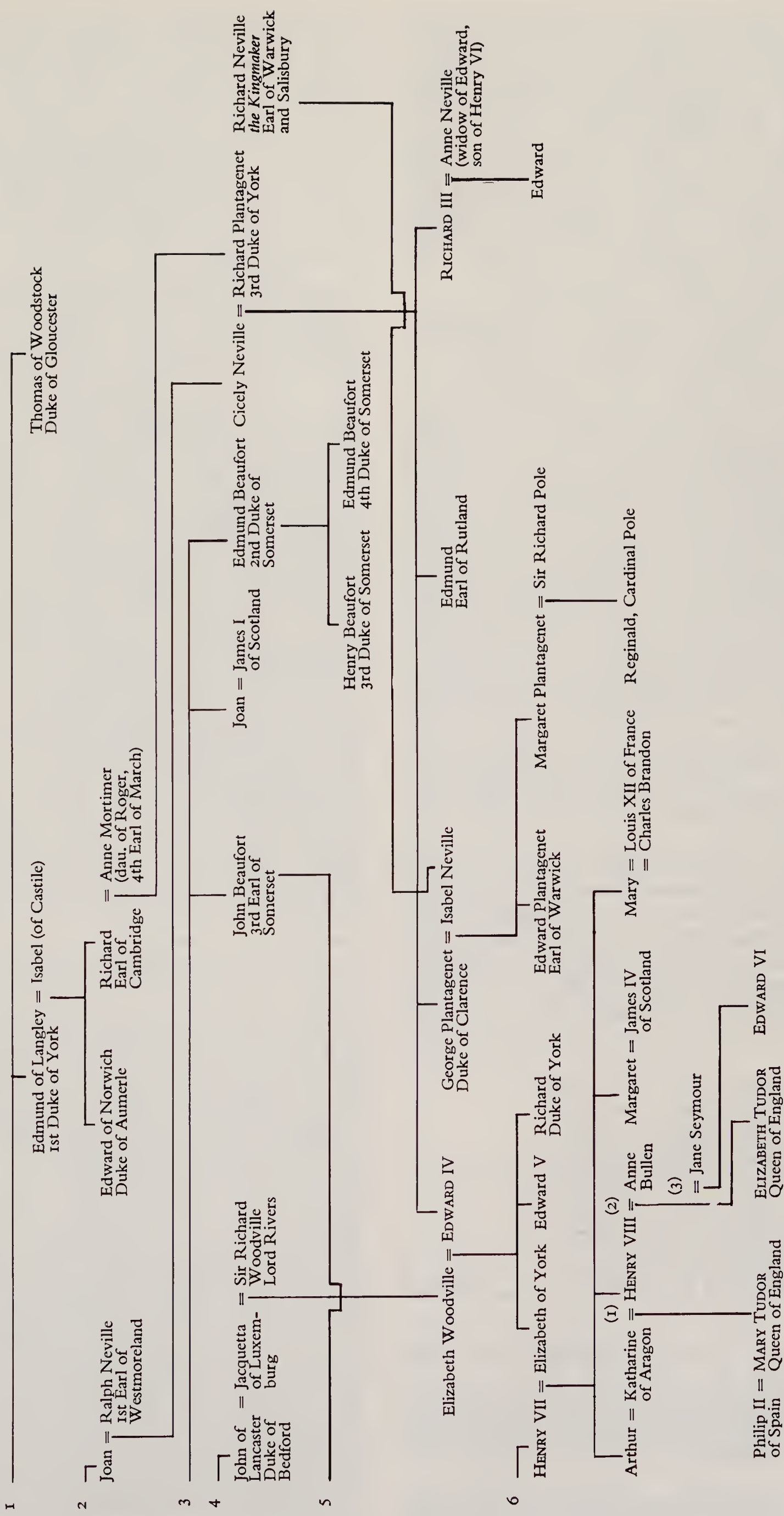
Genealogical Table of the Houses of York and Lancaster

The table below traces the history of the English crown for 277 years: from 1327 when Edward III was crowned to 1603 when Elizabeth I died. The period began with the Hundred Years War (1337–1453), which saw the English gain then lose a vast French empire. Even before the French wars were concluded civil strife erupted at home. From 1455 to 1485 the bitter Wars of the Roses raged, and the crown became the plaything of the great noble families. One hundred and fifty years of fighting abroad and on their own soil had decimated the ranks of the important feudal houses of Plantagenet, York, Lancaster, and others. A new English

dynasty was founded at Bosworth where Henry Tudor, Elizabeth's grandfather, was given the crown. Nine of Shakespeare's plays (*Richard II*; *1 and 2 Henry IV*; *Henry V*; *1, 2, and 3 Henry VI*; *Richard III*; and *Henry VIII*) chronicle the events of these years. The table includes many of the characters who people the plays. The names of reigning monarchs are written in small capitals. (From *The Reader's Encyclopedia of Shakespeare*, edited by Oscar James Campbell and Edward G. Quinn. Copyright © 1966 by Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.)



HOUSE OF YORK



force of France" (IV.iv.36-37). On the whole, the play is a series of scenes, some of which are effective, especially in establishing antitheses (as between the heroic Talbot and the wicked Joan and between honest Humphrey Duke of Gloucester and the corrupt Bishop of Winchester), but some of which lead nowhere, chiefly, it seems, because Shakespeare did not yet have that insight into human nature that he was to achieve in his later historical plays. Something too must be forgiven a dramatist who sets out to dramatize material whose shapelessness Holinshed (Shakespeare's source) explained in this manner: "Thus oftentimes varied the chance of doubtful war."

That Shakespeare saw in the history play something other than a mere exhortation of patriotism, or a mere illustration of providence's concern for England, is revealed also in *2* and *3 Henry VI*. In *2 Henry VI* the king evokes pity but little respect; Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, evokes horror; and Cade and his low followers evoke laughter. Only Duke Humphrey is much of a credit to England, and he is murdered halfway through the play. Like *1 Henry VI*, *2 Henry VI* contains scenes that do not lead to further action and that at first glance perhaps seem extraneous—such as Duke Humphrey's exposure of Simcox, who claims to have been miraculously cured of blindness (II.i), and the death of Thomas the armorer at the hands of his apprentice (II.iii). But these scenes are in fact relevant to the whole: the first episode helps to demonstrate the good sense that Humphrey has and that the king lacks; the second helps to demonstrate the disorder that pervades the realm, showing on a low level the chaos that exists also among the nobility. The material concerning Jack Cade's rebellion provides York with the excuse that he must bring back his army from Ireland to put down the lowly Cade, and in Cade's ignorance and cruelty there is yet another image of the horrors of civil strife engendered by the nobles. The brutality that is present throughout the play is neatly illustrated in a single sentence when Cade replies to Lord Say's self-defense: "He shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life." That brutality engenders further brutality is well dramatized throughout the play but perhaps nowhere more effectively than in V.ii, when young Clifford finds that his father has been slain by York:

York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did. (V.ii.51-59)

The mythological reference in the last line—a simile occupying exactly one end-stopped line—is a bit of gratuitously and obtrusively displayed learning, but on the whole the speech is a fine one, especially in the powerful simplicity of "Henceforth I will not have to do with pity."

3 Henry VI continues the dramatization of chaos from about 1455 to 1471. In the first act young Clifford fulfills

the promise he made in *2 Henry VI* not to spare "babes" when he kills York's youngest son, the Earl of Rutland. Other deaths follow in this highly episodic play, but the episodes are thematically united in their emphasis on the breadth of the destruction, as in the scene balancing a son who has killed his father against a father who has killed his son and in the death of the young Prince Edward, which is a variation on the death of young Rutland. *3 Henry VI* ends with Richard murdering Henry VI, and with the accession of Edward IV; but despite Edward's concluding line—"For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy"—the ending is not an ending, because (as Edward's feeble "I hope" almost implies) bloodshed is to continue in *Richard III*. Richard's distinctive blend of irony and cruelty is already present in the first scene of *3 Henry VI*, when instead of recounting his exploits in battle, as his brothers do, he throws down the severed head of the Duke of Somerset and says, "Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did." Richard continues this tone to the end of the play, when he holds up his bloody sword and says, "See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death." Between these speeches he vows "to catch the English crown . . . / Or hew [his] way out with a bloody ax." Richard's subsequent bloody deeds are the substance of the fourth play of the tetralogy, *Richard III*.

The Tudor chroniclers had reported Richard's enormities, and Shakespeare followed them in describing a man capable of every inhumanity. In the three plays in which Richard appears, he is compared to (in alphabetical order) a bear, a boar, a dog, a hedgehog, a lizard, a spider, a tiger, a toad, and a wolf, as well as to three mythical beasts, a basilisk, a cockatrice, and a hellhound. But why is he capable of every sort of villainy? And why is he not simply repellent to us? The answer to the first question briefly is that Richard (like Aaron in *Titus Andronicus* and Iago in *Othello*) is descended from the medieval Vice, the diabolic trickster who delighted in villainy. The answer to the second question is probably that Richard's energy and enthusiasm in his villainy offer esthetic pleasure; he continually sees himself as an actor performing the most outrageous roles, and though we deplore his atrocities we delight in his verve. We can attribute Richard's own delight in activity and power to the fact that as a hunchback he cannot know the normal satisfactions that come from respect and love, and in a long speech in *3 Henry VI* (III.ii.146-71) Richard suggests that since he is barred from normal delights he will dedicate himself to the conquest of "such as are of better person than myself." But Shakespeare sees Richard too as the unmotivated Vice; indeed, Richard sees himself as the Vice: "Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity, / I moralize [interpret] two meanings in one word" (III.i.82-83). (The Vice regularly deceived people by double meanings.) This aside to the audience, inviting an appreciation of Richard's theatrical skill as well as of his theatrical origin, helps us to see him as an expert performer rather than as a moral monster. (In an aside at the very end of *3 Henry VI* he invites the audience to see him as no less skilled in deception than Judas.) Thus Richard is sometimes the passionate man, defrauded by the accident of his misshapen body; but at other times (and most often) he is a spirit of deceit, given to witty asides and soliloquies, entertaining in his very mischief, and inviting the audience to delight in his resourcefulness even though his energy is misdirected:

I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil;
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.
(I.iii.323-25, 333-37)

The most notable of Richard's successes, the winning of Lady Anne (whose husband and father he had killed), is accomplished, as he says, with no aid other than "the plain devil and dissembling looks." We deplore his immorality but we admire his theatrical skill.

Another theatrical tradition put to work in this play should be mentioned: historically Margaret played no part in the action, for she had gone to France and died there, but Shakespeare seems to use her as a Senecan Fury, a creature who moves others to vengeance and whose curses embody destiny, specifically in the form of retributive justice—though the idea of retribution is found in some miracle plays too, where such tyrants as Pharaoh and Herod come to a bad end, and also in much of *A Mirror for Magistrates*. In short, *Richard III* draws the gist of its plot from the chronicles, but it draws its understanding of the plot, and its methods, from earlier drama. (For a discussion of the medieval origins of the comic murderers in I.iv, who discuss the power of conscience, see pp. 13-14.) Superimposed on these theatrical traditions is the Tudor chronicler's view that God expressed His will in English history; England is providentially united by the victory of the rather colorless Richmond, who defeats "one that hath ever been God's enemy." The marriage of Richmond (Lancastrian) to Princess Elizabeth (Yorkist) will unite the factions of England and thus end the Wars of the Roses.

KING JOHN

There is a good deal of uncertainty about the date of *King John* (conjectures range from 1590 to 1597) and some uncertainty about that of *Richard II* (conjectures range from 1595 to 1597). Whichever play was earlier, it is clear that having written an historical tetralogy Shakespeare decided to continue writing history plays but not to carry the story beyond where he had left it, with the accession of Henry VII in 1485. To have carried it forward would have brought him up to the sixteenth century—dangerously close to his own times. Instead he went backward, to King John (1167?-1216) and to Richard II (1367-1400). But parallels with contemporary politics were not thereby excluded: King John's rejection of the Papal Legate's authority (III.i) was often seen as an anticipation of Henry VIII's break with the Roman Catholic Church and of Elizabeth's position after the pope excommunicated her in 1569; the deposition of Richard II, as Shakespeare's company found out, was for a while taken as a comment to the effect that Elizabeth might appropriately be deposed.

King John was a figure of considerable interest to the Elizabethans, but not because he signed the Magna Carta, which Shakespeare does not even mention. Because he

defied papal authority medieval chroniclers saw in John a wicked king; for the same reason, most Tudor chroniclers saw in John a Protestant martyr. When about 1536 the militant Protestant John Bale wrote an anti-Catholic political morality play, he sought to avoid anything reminiscent of the old religious drama and so went to English history and chose King John as his central figure. But unlike Bale's play, Shakespeare's *King John* is not vehemently anti-Catholic, despite the king's rebuff to the Papal Legate; nor is the play calculated to appeal throughout to an Englishman's patriotism, for John is a usurper and he is responsible for the death of his nephew Arthur, the legitimate heir. In fact, Shakespeare's King John is a mixture of the two historical traditions; he owes something to the Catholic tradition of the lawless king and something to the Protestant tradition of the nationalistic martyr. This blend of traditions is pretty far from *Richard III*, where good and evil are clearly separated; and it is also pretty far from any simple view of English history. In *King John* the historical material is used as the stuff of moral decisions, and with hindsight we can see John as an anticipation of Shakespeare's Brutus, a man whose political motives are honorable (John seeks to strengthen England) but who becomes involved in moral guilt (complicity in Arthur's death). And so John degenerates after III.ii (though he is unaccountably called "our great King John" in V.iv) and dies unheroically, while Faulconbridge, the engaging satiric commentator, rises. Faulconbridge's final speech is a patriotic address:

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when it first did help to wound itself. (V.vii.112-14)

Perhaps more interesting than this dubious assertion (which seems to have little to do with the shifting allegiances of international politics throughout the play) is the fact that Faulconbridge is a serious yet at times comic character who wittily and shrewdly comments on the passing scene. None of the earlier histories has so complex a figure; indeed, it is partly the characterization of Faulconbridge that makes the date of 1590 seem too early for this play. But Shakespeare is full of surprises.

THE SECOND TETRALOGY:

RICHARD II, 1 AND 2 HENRY IV, HENRY V

Richard II (1595), the first play of Shakespeare's second tetralogy, is very different from *King John*, partly because it is given a tragic shape. Its antecedents include those narrative poems in *A Mirror for Magistrates* and its predecessors that set forth the fall of kings, and Richard sees himself as a fit subject for such a story:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors and talk of wills.

For God's sake let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:

How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
 Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed,
 All murdered—for within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king
 Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks,
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 As if this flesh which walls about our life
 Were brass impregnable; and, humored thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores thorough his castle wall, and farewell king!
 (III.ii.145-48, 155-70)

Later in the play he urges his queen to "tell . . . the lamentable tale of me,/And send the hearers weeping to their beds."

With Richard's fall comes Bolingbroke's rise, giving us the first extant English play in which two characters are pitted against each other. (In Marlowe's *Edward II* the weakling protagonist, who must have influenced Shakespeare's conception of Richard, is opposed not by an individual but by a group.) Viewed one way, as the Duke of York explains to Richard (II.i.195-99), the play is the tragedy of an irresponsible king who makes the mistake of confiscating John of Gaunt's estate, thus bringing Gaunt's son Bolingbroke back to England to claim his inheritance and finally to depose and indirectly murder Richard. Viewed another way, the play is a political play exploring the nature of kingship, the duties of subjects, and the realities of political struggles. Twentieth-century critics have tended to stress the second view, but for the general reader—who is not likely to be familiar with Tudor historical writing or to have in mind the three subsequent histories (1 *Henry IV*, 2 *Henry IV*, and *Henry V*) that deal with the results of the deposition—the play probably remains a tragedy; its protagonist anticipates Hamlet in his neurotic sensibility, his changeableness, and his grief—which is not to say that there are not enormous differences between Richard and Hamlet.

If *Richard II* is a tragedy, or even if it is a political play, what sort of king is Richard? Critics divide into the soft-hearted and the hardhearted. The first group sees Richard as a poet, a delicate and tender prince too fine for this gross world (according to W. B. Yeats, he belongs to that group of people who lack a commonplace "rough energy" but have something more precious, such as "contemplative virtue, . . . lyrical phantasy, . . . sweetness of temper"). The hardhearted group turns this view inside out and says that if Richard is a poet, he is a very bad poet, a man in love with words but indifferent to people other than himself, and ignorant of himself because he swathes his actions in such abundant metaphors that he loses sight of the actions themselves. This second view is now dominant, and much stress has been put on Richard's tendency to use highly figurative language. It should be mentioned, however, that Richard is not the only one in this play to use elaborate figures. The truth is that the play is highly figurative throughout; even the Gardener speaks metaphoric verse; and Bolingbroke, widely regarded as businesslike, describes his exile thus:

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
 To foreign passages, and in the end,
 Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
 But that I was a journeyman to grief? (I.iii.270-73)

The figure of an exile as an apprentice, heightened by the pun on "journeyman," cautions us against speaking too easily of Richard as a man whose fault is that he plays on words, or whose strength is a sensitivity to language. Probably the truth is that Shakespeare had only recently—perhaps because he had been writing two narrative poems and dozens of sonnets—developed as a poet and was now writing not merely drama in somewhat mechanical verse but drama in highly lyrical poetry. Like *Romeo and Juliet* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Richard II* is among Shakespeare's first plays to employ iterative imagery—that is, recurring images that help to give unity to the play. The dates of these three plays are uncertain (probably all were written between 1594 and 1596); *Richard II* may indeed be Shakespeare's first play to use such imagery. There are many images, for example, comparing England to a garden. These are most obvious in III.iv, when the Gardener and his man compare *their* commonwealth, the garden itself, to Richard's garden, England. The man asks his master why they should

in the compass of a pale,
 Keep law and form and due proportion,
 Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
 When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
 Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,
 Her fruit trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,
 Her knots disordered, and her wholesome herbs
 Swarming with caterpillars? (III.iv.40-47)

The Gardener replies, now varying the figure by seeing Richard himself as a plant:

He that hath suffered this disordered spring
 Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
 The weeds which his broad spreading leaves did shelter,
 That seemed in eating him to hold him up,
 Are plucked up root and all by Bolingbroke—
 I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
 (III.iv.48-53)

And so on. But such imagery is not confined to this scene, where it is almost inevitable. John of Gaunt earlier compares England to the Garden of Eden, and goes on to say that Richard has degraded it to a wretched farm; Bolingbroke characterizes Bushy and others as "the caterpillars of the commonwealth,/Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away"; Richard later is said to be a rightful king "planted many years," and if Bolingbroke usurps the crown "the blood of England shall manure the ground"; in his final speech Bolingbroke regrets that "blood should sprinkle me to make me grow."

Although there are manifest dangers in reading a play as though it were a short lyric poem (the spectator, after all, cannot hold each image in his mind and then relate it to the next occurrence of the image), it is clear that *Richard II* lends itself to this sort of reading. It should be noted too that some of the imagery is reinforced by the action. There

are, for example, images and gestures of rising and falling (the play shows Bolingbroke's rise and Richard's fall), as in Richard's invitation to "sit upon the ground/And tell sad stories of the death of kings" and in Richard's address to Bolingbroke, who is kneeling before him: "Up, cousin, up, your heart is up, I know." In short, actions as well as images have their effect. If in *Richard II* Shakespeare was writing a poetic play, he was also writing a poetic play.

In the two plays on the reign of Henry IV and the play on the reign of Henry V Shakespeare abandoned the tragic structure that he had used to give shape to *Richard II* and returned to a looser, chronicle arrangement. He returned also to the occasional use of prose and of comedy, both of which are absent from *Richard II*. These plays, however, do not merely plod through the happenings of the reigns as Shakespeare encountered them in history books, though the titles of the plays sometimes lead a reader to think they are shapeless. *1 Henry IV* (1597), for instance, was first published under this title page (which includes the earliest extant use of the word *history* as a theatrical designation): *The History of Henry the Fourth; with the battle at Shrewsbury between the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the north. With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaff*. But the play is not merely a history or chronicle with a big battle and some "humorous conceits"; rather, it is largely organized by showing Henry IV visited by retribution, by juxtapositions of related characters, and by the story of the reformation of Prince Hal. (More precisely, the play is organized around the apparent reformation of Hal, since Hal even in his rakish days is never really sullied and therefore does not need to reform, though he does need to put off pleasure and to accept duty.) If one must come up with a single unifying formula, perhaps it will do to say that the play is about the revelation of Hal's political virtue. *1 Henry IV*, then, bears some resemblance to the morality plays on the motif of the Prodigal Son. To put it perhaps too simply, Hal is a figure of Mankind, tempted toward a riotous life by Falstaff; but at length he recognizes his duty and returns to help his father conquer the rebellious lords. A bit more precisely, Hal allows Falstaff to entertain him with images of riotous behavior but does his duty when required. The nature of honor is wonderfully explored, sometimes in explicit speeches about honor, as in Hotspur's rather huffing lines about plucking "bright honor from the palefaced moon" (I.iii.192-206) and in Falstaff's pragmatic catechism to the effect that honor is a mere "word, . . . air" (V.i.127-41) and again in his later comments on the "grinning honor" that the dead Sir Walter Blount has won (V.iii.32-33, 58-63). Sometimes the nature of honor is explored in actions, as when Hal defeats Hotspur and (by way of contrast) when Falstaff shams death. And of course the explicit discussions fuse with the actions: for example, a moment after Falstaff concludes that honor is only a word, Worcester dishonorably fails to tell Hotspur of "the liberal and kind offer of the king." While exploring honor, specifically in the political world, Shakespeare also explores the nature of kingship, partly by arranging his scenes so that they illuminate his themes. In the beginning of the play the king is weak and shaken, but he looks forward to a time of security when he can make a crusade to Jerusalem. News soon comes to the effect that a rebellion (recall that Henry himself had been a rebel against Richard II) prevents this

journey. This first scene alludes to Northumberland's son Hotspur, and the king, commenting on his own scapegrace son, expresses his envy of Northumberland, who has "so blest a son." The next scene shows the scapegrace with Falstaff, and in the course of the scene it becomes clear that Hal is not quite what his father thinks. The third scene, showing the king dealing with his potentially rebellious allies, brings Hotspur on the stage, and the disloyalty of the young man who a bit earlier had been praised by the king is now explicit. Such juxtapositions are the work of a dramatist, not a chronicler. Lest there be any doubt, it is worth mentioning (to take only the most obvious example) that Shakespeare made Hotspur—who in fact was thirty-nine at the Battle of Shrewsbury—much younger, pairing him off with Hal, who in fact was sixteen at Shrewsbury.

The play, then, is carefully constructed. However, it seems likely that at the start Shakespeare did not know just where he was going. Judging from the early part of the play, with its talk of rejecting Falstaff, it rather looks as though Shakespeare planned to end the play with the death of Henry IV, the coronation of Hal, and the rejection of Falstaff; but midway through the play he perhaps found that too much material remained to be fitted into the little space remaining, and so he ended with the victory at Shrewsbury and saved the additional material for another play, *2 Henry IV*, which he probably wrote shortly after.

A spectator watching *2 Henry IV* (1597-98) must start with the assumption that Hal is still unreformed and unreconciled with the king, although reformation and reconciliation take place in *1 Henry IV*. That is, this sequel again removes Hal from the tavern and reconciles him with the king. But despite this resemblance in plot, the plays are very different, for *2 Henry IV* is a darker play, and if its theme can be summed up in a word, that word is not honor or valor but justice. But it is not only that the theme is different; the world of the play is different. In *2 Henry IV* there are numerous images of diseases: Northumberland is sick (or crafty-sick); the king is sick and during the play dies; the kingdom is sick ("You perceive the body of our kingdom/How foul it is, what rank diseases grow"), and perhaps most important for our present purpose, Falstaff is sick. When we first meet him he is inquiring about the doctor's opinion of his urine (I.ii); later he says, "I am old, I am old," and the Chief Justice describes him so incisively that even Falstaff's witty retort does not obliterate the image of decrepit age:

Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity . . . ?
(I.ii.182-86)

Moreover, in *2 Henry IV* Falstaff is associated with darker companions, the doddering and corrupt Justice Shallow, the craven braggart Pistol, and the whore Doll Tearsheet, the last two of whom have beaten a man to death. There is humor in the play, but on the whole the humor is of a different sort, tinged with darkness. In *1 Henry IV* there are delightful bouts in which Hal and Falstaff heap abundant entertaining abuse on each other, but in *2 Henry IV* Hal and Falstaff have only two scenes together: in the first of these scenes (II.iv) there is some of the old fooling, but the

scene ends with Hal's brusque "Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night"; in the second scene (V.v.47 ff.) Hal rejects Falstaff, in a famous speech beginning "I know thee not, old man." The speech is justly famous, but for some critics it is notorious because Hal (in their view) callously turns off an old companion, revealing that accession to the throne has narrowed his sympathies to those of only another politic man who knows how to get ahead in the world. Against this view it can be argued that at his coronation Hal can scarcely embrace the man who represents disorder, and that in this play—as opposed to *1 Henry IV*, where he is more genial—Falstaff represents not an engaging comprehensiveness but disorder or anarchy. At least at a crucial moment, when he learns that Hal has become king, he utters a joyous yet dangerous bullying cry:

Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends, and woe to my Lord Chief Justice!
(V.iii.140–43)

Falstaff's joy is undercut even more by the fact that the audience, having already seen Hal take the Lord Chief Justice as his new guide, knows that Falstaff must be rejected. In a sense, the end of the play brings us back to the beginning, when in the Prologue Rumor talks about "smooth comforts false" that help to destroy men. (Another aspect of this motif is the deceptive words by which Prince John destroys the rebels; in *1 Henry IV* heroism plays a part in putting down rebellion, but not in *2 Henry IV*.) However we take the rejection of Falstaff, whether as an indication of Hal's maturity or of his diminution, *2 Henry IV* remains a very different play from *1 Henry IV*. But to say that *2 Henry IV* is the darker of the two is not to say that it is black; despite the emphasis on sickness, corruption, and death, there is some mirth and some nobility, not least when the wretched Feeble, a conscripted recruit, says, "I will do my good will, sir. You can have no more" and, with a pun on *debt/death*, "A man can die but once. We owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a base mind. And't be my destiny, so. And't be not, so. No man's too good to serve's prince" (III.ii.239–42).

Possibly before Shakespeare wrote *Henry V* (1598–99) he wrote *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, a comedy with Falstaff, but that play does not concern us here; for despite Falstaff's presence, *The Merry Wives* makes no use of historical materials. In *Henry V* Shakespeare finished the tetralogy that he began with *Richard II* and then developed in two plays on the reign of Henry IV. In *Henry V* he returned to the rather episodic technique of his earliest history plays, in which the chief principle of arrangement is chronology, though of course he was highly selective in what he presented. The play is usually regarded as a dramatic epic, a kind of narrative of the heroic doings of "the mirror of all Christian kings," a king who, because he is not weak like Richard or tainted like the usurper Henry IV, can lead his country to glory in a just war against France. This interpretation may be right, but it is too simple for some readers, especially readers living in an age when war is inglorious. As a result, a counterinterpretation has developed: Henry is less an ideal king than an

adept politician, a man of narrow sensibilities (had he not narrowed himself when he rejected Falstaff, saying he "despised" the life that Falstaff stood for?), at ease uttering hypocrisies and playing upon men. Yeats, whose praise of Richard II was quoted earlier, put it thus: "Having made the vessel of porcelain Richard II, Shakespeare had to make the vessel of clay Henry V. He makes him the reverse of all that Richard was. He has the gross vices, the coarse nerves, of one who is to rule among violent people." Thus Henry's lament on the treachery of Scroop, Cambridge, and Grey (II.ii.127–42), which moves him to say "I will weep for thee;/For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like/Another fall of man," has led critics to comment sourly that Henry had betrayed Falstaff and goes on to betray his other early friends. One sympathizes with critics who find complexity here, and one cannot brush off the complexity simply by saying that it exists only in the minds of the critics, for as Robert Frost once remarked, a poet is entitled to the credit for everything that a reader finds in his work. Still, the three traitors themselves confess their treachery; nowhere is there an explicit statement that lends support to the idea that we are not to take Henry's words at face value. Similarly, though it can be said that the cowardly Pistol is a parody of Hal, deflating Hal's heroic speeches, it can be replied that Hal is Hal and that Pistol does not refute him but rather sets him off more clearly. And yet these replies do not finally convince; the impression remains that despite Henry's public virtues, the private man has something unattractive about him. He is a hero, but (we somehow feel) he is also an astute politician.

Even if there is such an ambiguity in *Henry V*, the play remains simpler than the two parts of *Henry IV*. Yet it does not lack variety: *Henry V* is not written in a single idiom, say that of "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;/Or close the wall up with our English dead." There is also admirable prose, some of it in dialect, some of it bawdy, some of it so deceptively near to common speech that we must remind ourselves that its "naturalness" is no less artful than the more conspicuous "big" speeches. For example, on the eve of the Battle of Agincourt a common soldier describes Henry's show of courage thus:

He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.
(IV.i.113–17)

Possibly we can accept *Henry V* a bit more easily if we think of it as the happy final act in a four-act play (*Richard II*, *1 Henry IV*, *2 Henry IV*, *Henry V*) on the history of England from 1398 to 1415, working its way through weakness, deceit, and violence to a harmonious conclusion, "Congreeing in a full and natural close,/Like music." In fact, like a comedy the play ends with a betrothal. But the end of a comedy is assumed to be permanent, with the implication that the lovers live happily ever after. Shakespeare saw history as an unending series of ups and downs, and so at the very end of the play the Chorus reminds us that although Henry won a bride and France, "the world's best garden," Eden was again lost during the reign of Henry VI.

THE LAST HISTORY: HENRY VIII

At the end of his career, probably around 1613, Shakespeare returned to English historical drama, which he had put aside about 1599 with the completion of *Henry V*. Possibly he felt in 1599 that he could come no closer to the present than he had already come, for in *Richard III* he had reached the Tudor period. He turned to Roman history, writing the tragedy of *Julius Caesar*, and then to a variety of comic and tragic subjects. But about the time of his retirement from the theater he returned to English history for some reason, and wrote (perhaps in collaboration with John Fletcher) another play drawn largely from his old sourcebook, Holinshed's *Chronicles*. *Henry VIII* is a curious play; it is not at all like Shakespeare's earlier histories, which (although varied) give a sense of England engaged in military conflict, working out from one reign to the next the sins and errors of previous years. But the Prologue to *Henry VIII* announces that we will not get the usual battle scenes, and we do not. *Henry VIII* relates the falls of three eminent people, Buckingham, Katherine, and Wolsey, and the near-fall of Cranmer, sometimes accompanied by declamations and interspersed with elaborate pageants.

To the extent that *Henry VIII* has more visual splendor than Shakespeare's earlier histories it has affinities with *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*—that is, with the other plays Shakespeare wrote at the end of his career. This affinity is strengthened by the presence in *Henry VIII* of some of the themes found in the other last plays, notably the themes of patience in adversity and the innocence and vitality of a new generation. But for some

readers and spectators, in *Henry VIII* these themes do not succeed in uniting the splendid episodes, which are not tightly connected by causal relationships. *Henry VIII* looks back to *A Mirror for Magistrates* in its account of the falls of illustrious people (the predominantly good Buckingham, the totally innocent Katherine, and the ambitious and scheming Wolsey), and it concludes with a burst of religiously tinged patriotism celebrating the birth and christening of the infant Elizabeth, who will introduce a new golden age. The three falls taken together involve the stuff of tragedy—innocence and guilt, intrigue, and bad luck; but these motifs are separated in the play and the effect is that of oversimplification, except insofar as we can pull the episodes together by seeing in the play a providential hand governing England. For example, in the punishment of Wolsey we can see, with a little effort, the king as dispenser of divine justice. Perhaps, too, there is a contrary ironic view, for although the play ends with Cranmer, Cromwell, and Anne Bullen high on Fortune's wheel and with the prophecy of greatness for England under Elizabeth and her successor, Shakespeare's audience knew that the first three had in turn been brought low, and it may have felt that Elizabethan glory started to fade even as Elizabeth did.

For three centuries stage history has proved that *Henry VIII* is effective in the theater, though never more so than at what probably was its premiere in 1613 when (quite literally) it brought the house down: cannon shot off in accordance with a stage direction (I.iv.49) ignited the thatched roof, and the Globe Theatre burned to the ground. England's greatest age of drama was over.

Shakespeare's Tragedies

THE BACKGROUND

A Renaissance dictionary defines tragedy as "a lofty kind of poetry and representing personages of great state and matter of much trouble, a great broil or stir: it beginneth prosperously, it endeth unfortunately or doubtfully, contrary to a comedy." (A comedy "beginneth sorrowfully, and endeth merrily, contrary to a tragedy.") Broadly speaking, Shakespeare's tragedies follow this pattern, except for *Hamlet*, where the hero is not "prosperous" at the beginning. For instance, at the start of the play Othello is newly married to Desdemona; Lear is almost a demigod giving away kingdoms; Macbeth has conquered on the battlefield and been elevated in rank. Moreover, all of Shakespeare's tragic heroes, with the possible exception of Romeo and Juliet, are "personages of great state," but even Romeo and Juliet are the children of important families. And each of these people "endeth unfortunately."

The idea that tragedy involves a fall from a height was commonplace in the Middle Ages, though at that time "tragedy" denoted a story rather than a play. Before reciting some narrative tragedies Chaucer's Monk defined his subject in this way:

Tragedie is to seyn a certeyn storie,
As olde bookes maken us memorie,
Of hym that stood in greet prosperitee,
And is yfallen out of heigh degree
Into myserie, and endeth wrecchedly.

I wol biwaille, in manere of tragedie,
The harm of hem that stode in heigh degree,
And fillen so that ther nas no remedie
To brynge hem out of hir adversitee.
For certein, whan that Fortune list to flee,
Ther may no man the cours of hire withholde.
Lat no man truste on blynd prosperitee;
Be war by thise ensamples trewe and olde.

The blame for adversity is placed on Fortune, and though this goddess is sometimes conceived of as the executor of God's will, she is commonly considered capricious, turning her wheel to elevate some men and to cast down others who are aloft. Chaucer's tragic figures include men who are totally innocent, such as the noble King Peter of Cyprus, who is slain merely out of envy, the moral being that Fortune can "out of joye bring men to sorwe." But

the Monk's tragic figures include Lucifer, who "fel . . . for his synne," and Adam, who for his "mysgovernance/ Was dryven out of hys hye prosperitee." This sort of ambiguity concerning the cause of the Fall (capricious Fortune or man's vice?) continues in later medieval thinking about tragedy, and it survives into the Renaissance. The title page of *A Mirror for Magistrates* (1559) says that the book shows "with how grievous plagues vices are punished; and how frail and unstable worldly prosperity is found, even of those whom *Fortune* seemeth to favor." The dedication says that the book shows "the slippery deceits of the wavering lady [Fortune] and the due reward for all kinds of vice." Sir Philip Sidney, author of the most important critical treatise of the English Renaissance, similarly observed that tragedy shows both the punishment of vice and "the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weak foundations gilden roofs are builded."

Shakespeare was familiar with the idea of Fortune as arbitrarily casting down those whom she had elevated. A poet in *Timon of Athens* says that his poem tells how "Fortune in her shift and change of mood/Spurns down her late beloved"; Richard II sees himself as a character in a book of "sad stories of the death of kings." Similarly, Wolsey in *Henry VIII* sees himself as an epitome of mankind, flourishing and then suddenly cut down, and though he goes on to attribute his fall to pride and to equate himself with Lucifer, he implies at the beginning and the end of the speech that the fault is not his:

Farewell! A long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: today he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; tomorrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him.
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is aripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth. My high-blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye.
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have.
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. (III.ii.351-72)

What attitude is the spectator to have toward the fall of Shakespeare's tragic heroes? J. V. Cunningham in *Woe or Wonder* convincingly suggests that our response to the tragic action should be guided by Horatio's words in *Hamlet* when he tells Fortinbras and other late arrivals what to make of the sight of the corpses on the stage:

What is it you would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
(V.ii.364-65)

"Woe," or pity and fear; "wonder," or astonishment and admiration. The spectacle is all of these, as it would not be if the hero were merely the victim of Fortune or, on the other hand, the victim of his own vice. Shakespeare's tragic heroes are not, of course, all of a kind; at one extreme are Romeo and Juliet, who are chiefly presented as victims ("star-crossed lovers"); in the middle perhaps are Lear ("more sinned against than sinning") and, somewhat more guilty, Mark Antony ("his taints and honors/Waged equal with him"); at the other extreme is Macbeth, who is unequivocally an assassin. But there is always some ambiguity: a number of passages in *Romeo and Juliet* suggest that the lovers are undone by their own haste, or to put it more negatively, by their rashness; at the opposite extreme there is at least the hint that Macbeth is beguiled into evil by the witches and is thus himself a victim of mysterious cosmic forces.

Thus the old idea that Shakespeare's heroes suffer because of a tragic "flaw" is grossly inadequate. In fact, the heroes are sometimes undone by their eminence rather than by their weakness. They have a greatness of spirit that propels them to act, and action increases a man's vulnerability, for it sets up reactions. For example, Hamlet, unable to accept the death of his father and the remarriage of his mother, which the rest of the court (including his mother) accepts easily, stands apart from the court by virtue of his heightened moral sense, and he comes to feel that "The time is out of joint" and that he must set it right. Moreover, Hamlet's death is most immediately brought about not by any fault (such as the procrastination he is often accused of) but by his noblemindedness, which does not allow him to suspect that Laertes will behave treacherously in the duel. Claudius knows that Hamlet's excellence makes him vulnerable, and he explains this to Laertes: because he is "Most generous and free from all contriving," Hamlet "Will not peruse the foils." Similarly, Othello is brought to murder Desdemona not simply because he is jealous but because he is (as Iago knows) "of a free and open nature/That thinks men honest that but seem to be so." Iago knows, too, that he can turn Desdemona's "virtue into pitch,/And out of her own goodness make the net/That shall enmesh them all." Excellence, paradoxically, plays its role in destroying the heroes, for it impels them (as ordinary men are not impelled) to perform daring actions that have woeful consequences, or it allows lesser men to prey upon them. Those puritanical critics who denounced tragedies because they were full of "killing, hewing, stabbing, dagger-drawing, fighting, butchery, treachery, villainy, etc., and all kinds of heroic evils whatever" (the words are John Greene's, in 1615) were not unfair in their descriptions of the tragic plots, and their indignation suggests not that they failed to see the moral implications of tragedy but that they clearly saw them and did not like them. It is, after all, subversive of established morality to suggest that goodness may involve one in evil-doing.

As has been mentioned, in the tragic world actions have consequences that are irreversible. (In the comic world, wicked plots fail, and mistakes, such as Puck's anointing of the wrong lover's eyes, can be reversed.) Iago knows that a hero can be snared in a web of circumstances, and Rosencrantz knows that "the cess of majesty" (the death of a king) is more than the death of an individual:

The cress of majesty
 Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
 What's near it with it; or it is a massy wheel
 Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortised and adjoined, which when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
 Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
 Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.
 (Hamlet, III.iii.15-23)

But this tragic vision of a world in which all events are enmeshed is complemented by another vision, that of the hero as becoming progressively isolated. Before they die, Shakespeare's tragic heroes usually move away from society. Even at the start, of course, their eminence separates them in some degree from the rest of mankind, but by and large (except for Hamlet) they are attached to society: Titus, Othello, Macbeth, and Coriolanus are indispensable military leaders, and Lear is a reigning monarch. Their actions, however, propel them into a private world; thus Lear is led to "abjure all roofs" and to move to the stormy heath, and Macbeth finds that he can confide in no one, not even in his wife. Juliet, isolated from Romeo, from her parents, and from her Nurse, knows that "My dismal scene I needs must act alone." Hamlet even at the outset is estranged, and his isolation is increased by the breach between himself and Ophelia and is then made physical by the sea voyage he is sent on. This isolation normally produces in the tragic hero a new sense of identity; thrown back upon himself, he comes to see more clearly what he is. Before his journey to the heath, Lear feels his identity crumbling when, astounded by his daughters' ingratitude, he asks,

Does any here know me? This is not Lear.
 Does Lear walk thus? Speak thus? Where are his eyes?

Who is it that can tell me who I am? (I.iv.227-28, 231)

On the heath Lear gets to know who he is; he is one who has "ta'en/Too little care."

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
 Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel. (III.iv.28-34)

Similarly, Macbeth comes to the recognition (Aristotle's term is *anagnorisis*) that his earlier actions have had a result opposite from that which he intended. He aimed at the crown, thinking it would bring him happiness, but his hopes deceived him:

I have lived long enough. My way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
 (V.iii.22-28)

Othello too has his moment of recognition, and though it is monstrously painful, for it tells him that he is a murderer, it also restores his identity, for it tells him that Desdemona was innocent and that he was right to love her:

Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
 Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
 Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
 Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
 Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe. (V.ii.341-47)

Behind this speech—and very far behind it in quality though not in date—are the confessions or addresses to the world made by characters in *A Mirror for Magistrates*.

But of course there are also dramatic traditions behind Shakespeare's tragedies. Though neither the miracle play nor the morality play (see pp. 12-15) is tragic, both forms contributed to Elizabethan tragedy. The miracle play sometimes deals with tyrants such as Pharaoh and Herod, showing their cruelty and the punishment subsequently visited upon them, and in its later development it deals also with the tribulations of saints. The morality play regularly dramatizes the conflict of vice and virtue, and it often dramatizes the coming of death, sometimes conceiving of death as retribution for sin. The villains in these plays contributed to the making of the Elizabethan villain. Biblical tyrants of the miracle plays doubtless exerted an influence on the secular tyrants of mid-sixteenth-century "conqueror" plays, and so did such a figure as the wicked prince in *The Cradle of Security* (see pp. 14-15); the innocent sufferers of the miracle plays and the representatives of fallible mankind in the morality plays also exerted an influence on the Elizabethan tragic hero, but none of these characters are Shakespearean tragic heroes.

Another dramatic tradition, derived from the Roman dramatist Seneca, helped to give Elizabethan tragedy its characteristic "woe," though as we have already seen, woe was the keynote of medieval nondramatic tragic writing. Greek tragedy was little known, but in university circles at least Seneca (4 B.C.?-65 A.D.) was widely known, though perhaps more for his moral philosophy than for his plays. Nonetheless, from about the middle of the sixteenth century onward Seneca's plays were translated; the first English translation was published in 1559, the year of the first edition of *A Mirror for Magistrates*. Academic authors sometimes imitated Seneca's plays, and these imitations exerted an influence on the popular dramatists, some of whom were university graduates and all of whom could at least read Seneca in translation. That he was read in translation is indicated by Thomas Nashe's assertion in 1589 that "English Seneca read by candlelight yields many good sentences, as 'Blood is a beggar.'" Seneca's two chief themes are tyranny and revenge (both of which appear in Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*, *Richard III*, *Julius Caesar*, and *Hamlet*); his characters are fiercely passionate and given to alternating between furious denunciations and stoic meditations (one thinks of Hamlet); and the prevailing atmosphere is one of horror, rather like Hamlet's "the very witching time of night,/When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out/Contagion to this world." Certainly an Elizabethan playwright did not have to go to Seneca's

plays for any of these themes, but the very fact that they were already a part of the English tradition perhaps made Seneca the more accessible and the more welcome: here was a classical playwright whose use of such material gave it an added dignity. Seneca helped the playwrights of the decades before Shakespeare to draw upon history and legendary history, showing the fall of tyrants and the suffering visited upon passionate heroes rather than upon the character abstractions of the morality play. Moreover, when in the 1580's—and perhaps even in the 1570's—the playwrights turned to continental stories (*novelle*) for material, they could by a somewhat Senecan treatment elevate to a tragic status these tales, which for the most part dealt either with the pathetic deaths of innocent lovers in a world of intrigue or with crime and vengeance. Again, this is not to say that Seneca was responsible for the character of Elizabethan tragedy; without the help of Seneca John Bale had already adapted the political morality play into a play showing the fall of an historical figure, King John, though Bale retained some abstractions. Even Sackville and Norton's *Gorboduc* (1561), the first English historical play with no moral abstractions, praised by Sir Philip Sidney for “climbing to the height of Seneca's his style,” is deeply indebted to the morality play in its treatment of the good and wicked counselors who flank the king and its heavy emphasis on the moral implications of action. Seneca, however, did not merely provide aphorisms of the sort Nashe alluded to; he also gave a classical sanction to the depictions of great falls due not simply to Fortune but to passionate natures which in some measure destroy themselves, and to the revenge plot urged by a ghost. Of course, the Elizabethans regularly complicated this plot far more than Seneca did (his plots begin just before the catastrophe), and they often added to the revenge plot other matter—for example, comic scenes—that was un-Senecan but thoroughly in the medieval dramatic tradition. Hamlet tells us that for the players who come to Elsinore “Seneca cannot be too heavy.” Seneca was, in fact, too heavy for the English popular theater, which preferred “mongrel tragicomedy,” but he provided the dramatists with moral tags and motifs, and indeed with a respectable model if they cared to look for one. What they saw in Seneca, of course, was what they wanted to see. *Titus Andronicus* does not closely resemble any play by Seneca (though it quotes from him), but Shakespeare probably felt that in it he had written an appropriately classical play.

THREE EARLY TRAGEDIES:

TITUS ANDRONICUS, ROMEO AND JULIET, JULIUS CAESAR

Like *The Comedy of Errors* (probably Shakespeare's first comedy), *Titus Andronicus* is very much an academic play. In Ovid, the Roman nondramatic poet whom he had read in school, Shakespeare found the prettified violent story of Philomela, which is explicitly referred to in the play (IV.i.42 ff.) and which resembles parts of Shakespeare's plot. From Seneca (or from English Senecan plays such as Thomas Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*) Shakespeare derived the motif of revenge, and of a hero driven to madness and to feigning madness. The author of *Titus Andronicus*

advertises his bookishness not only by the numerous mythological references and declamatory passages but by an explicit reference to William Lily's Latin grammar, the text used in grammar schools throughout Elizabethan England. One of Titus' enemies says of a Latin message attached to a bundle of weapons:

O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:

I read it in the grammar long ago.

(IV.ii.22-23)

The rather symmetrical arrangements of the characters in *Titus*—loving brothers and quarreling brothers, a virgin and a mistress, and so on—also suggest a playwright who is anxious to do things properly. But if the characters are sometimes too neatly paired, a heritage from the morality play, and if they often seem to recite rather than to talk to each other, there is still a good deal of subtlety in the play. For example, Titus, the inflexibly honorable and somewhat simple general, is contrasted not only with Aaron, the cunning villain, but with Marcus, Titus' humane brother. There is scarcely a scene or a character that does not in some way echo or contrast with another scene or character, and although these echoes and contrasts are often a bit obvious, they are nonetheless the very stuff of tragedy, where every action has its consequences—where, as Alfred North Whitehead said, we see “the remorseless working of things.” Titus believes that honor requires him to sacrifice to his dead sons a son of his enemy; he acts on this belief, and thus he inevitably evokes the enmity of the victim's mother, who retaliates with outrages upon Titus' children, thereby goading Titus into counterretaliation. The elaborate parallelisms in *Titus*, then, are not very different from those in the later and greater tragedies; they are simply more obvious. In *Hamlet*, for example, the protagonist is flanked by Laertes and Fortinbras, each of whom (like Hamlet) has lost a father; in *King Lear* the protagonist is flanked by wicked daughters and a good daughter, and Gloucester has a wicked son and a good son. But the symmetry of *Titus*, though obvious, is by no means naive, and Shakespeare never discarded the technique. Moreover, it is not wholly illegitimate to read back into *Titus* characters and scenes from *Othello* (the Machiavellian Aaron anticipates Iago in his scheming, and the honest soldier Titus anticipates Othello), from *Hamlet* (driven to revenge, Titus is both mad and playing at madness), and from *King Lear* (Titus is driven beyond the bounds of sanity). Moreover, in IV.iii the first of the clowns in Shakespeare's tragedies appears; his role is minute, but he would have been unthinkable in one of Seneca's plays, and we are grateful for this simple voice that sounds across the rhetoric of the heroic (and villainous) world. Finally, like most of Shakespeare's other tragedies, *Titus* had affinities with political concerns. It begins with matters of political succession and concludes with the suggestion that the state, which has undergone a convulsion more or less parallel to the anguish of the tragic hero, will be reunited. What does not appear in *Titus*, however, is the achievement of self-understanding characteristic of the later tragic heroes. Titus sees Rome (aptly enough) as a “wilderness of tigers,” but he does not see the barbarity of his own inflexible code of honor, which Tamora accurately enough characterizes as a “cruel, irreligious piety.” Titus sees only the enemy outside himself; he never enters upon the sort

of prolonged examination of his own actions that leads King Lear to say, "I have ta'en/Too little care of this."

Romeo and Juliet (1594-96) was preceded not only by *Titus* but by some history plays with tragic aspects and, no less important for the present purpose, by at least two comedies about lovers, one of which is set in Verona. Probably, too, Shakespeare was writing his sonnets at this time. Thus he was developing as a poet of love, and it is not surprising that he then turned to a tragedy of love. More exactly, it is not surprising to us; but an Elizabethan audience was probably surprised to find lovers—rather than heroic figures—the subject of a tragedy. Love was the stuff of comedies, and only a few earlier tragedies deal with love, though continental fiction offered many tales of young lovers destroyed by a cruel world. *Romeo and Juliet* was written at about the time of *Richard II* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (the exact dates are unknown); like these two other plays, *Romeo and Juliet* is conspicuously lyrical. For example, there is a sonnet in the dialogue between Romeo and Juliet, and the sonnet uses the conventional poetic figure of the lover as a pilgrim:

ROMEO

If I profane with my unworthing hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROMEO

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO

O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do!
They pray; grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JULIET

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

ROMEO

Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.

[Kisses her.] (I.v.95-108)

Moreover, like its near-contemporary *Richard II*, the play is rich in iterative imagery, recurrent images that help to define its meaning. In *Romeo and Juliet* there are abundant images of a speed that soon exhausts itself and of light yielding to darkness, both of which are appropriate in a play about the early death of two ardent lovers surrounded by enmity. For example:

Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract tonight.
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say it lightens. (II.ii.116-20)

Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast. (II.iii.94)

These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. (II.vi.9-11)

Such imagery helps to suggest the naturalness or inevitability of the lovers' deaths. The inevitability is also directly asserted by the Chorus, which speaks of the "star-crossed lovers," and this motif is periodically repeated, as when Romeo says,

My mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels. (I.iv.106-09)

The emphasis on the feud between the families also suggests that overpowering forces surround the lovers. Thus if we can look at the tragedy as proceeding in part from the passion of the lovers, we can also look at it as proceeding in part from the forces of destiny. That is, we can see the characters as contributing to their downfall, and we can also see them as victims. Juliet's father, in the play's penultimate speech, remembering the feud that has forced the lovers to a fatal secrecy, calls them "poor sacrifices of our enmity," thus emphasizing the suggestion that Romeo and Juliet are martyred victims. Shakespeare probably saw the play as appropriately classical in spirit: Seneca's emphasis on the blows of fortune (Romeo sees himself as "fortune's fool") is translated into both dire astrological influence and chance (Romeo does not receive the letter sent to inform him that Juliet has taken a potion); and like a Senecan hero Romeo is occasionally stoical ("I defy you, stars"). Some of the hyperboles ("chain me with roaring bears") have a Senecan ring; and the long final scene, set in a tomb, with its talk of worms as Juliet's chambermaids, and with the bloody corpse of Paris lying nearby, would probably have brought approving nods from university men. On the other hand, the play is distinctly un-Senecan in its hero, in its bustle, and in its comedy. The quarreling servants at the outset give a comic treatment of the feud, suggesting its tragic possibilities; the bawdy comments of Mercutio and the Nurse are delightful in themselves (or would be, if we did not need explanatory footnotes), yet they are also integral in this play about love.

When he turned to his third tragedy, *Julius Caesar* (1599-1600), Shakespeare had already written nine plays on English history and about half a dozen comedies. In the histories Shakespeare explores the unending political developments that press on from one play to the next; on the whole the concern is with man as a political rather than moral creature, with what *happened* rather than (as in tragedy) with what *happens*. After completing *Henry V* Shakespeare may have felt that he had reached a dead end, for he had already written on the reign of Henry VI, and to continue beyond the reign of Henry VI would have brought him, in effect, to the origins of contemporary politics—in short, too close to present matters. In any case, around 1599 Shakespeare turned to Roman history, writing a play that, like those on English history, concerns political machinations; but in *Brutus* he explores more fully a man making a moral decision and then suffering its consequences. *Julius Caesar* owes something to the earlier history plays, which were at least occasionally concerned with the idea of retributive justice, and it of course owes something to earlier tragedies, which showed a downfall, but it differs from those tragedies in an important way: in *Brutus*, Shakespeare presents the fall neither of a tyrant nor of a

weakling but of a noble yet flawed hero, a man who seeks to act for his country's good. The English histories are not greatly concerned with moral crises; nor do the two earlier tragedies indicate much concern of this sort. In *Romeo and Juliet* the lovers do not greatly ponder their course of action; they are overwhelmingly in love, and they are "star-crossed," but in *Julius Caesar* at least to a large degree "the fault . . . is not in our stars,/But in ourselves." Brutus tries to live according to a moral code, pondering a course of action, coming to a conclusion, acting, and then suffering the unexpected yet (to our view) inevitable consequences of the action. Ironically, too, Brutus falls into evil and ultimately into destruction largely because of his nobility: had he been less high-minded and more worldly minded, Cassius could not have manipulated him so easily. Cassius makes this point clear in a soliloquy:

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see
Thy honorable mettle may be wrought
From that it is disposed; therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes. (I.ii.306-09)

Cassius himself, however, is not the cunning, successful man-of-the-world that he thinks he is, for he too is destroyed, and by his own hand, when he commits suicide in the mistaken belief that the battle is lost. The successful man in the play is Antony, who is adept at manipulating people, most notably in his funeral oration in III.ii. He is not a villain, but insofar as he works on others he is an ancestor of such arch-villains as Edmund in *King Lear* and Iago in *Othello*. These later voices are anticipated in Antony's wry self-satisfied comment in the middle of the play, when he sees that he has moved the plebeians to fury:

Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt. (III.ii.261-62)

Of course, like Brutus, Caesar too is a tragic figure. It seems clear that Shakespeare saw him as fitting the tragic formula of a man who falls from a great height. He has been blamed for his arrogance, and indeed he is unlovely, though we may wonder if we would prefer just before his assassination a less supremely confident figure, a man who (for example) eagerly clutched at Artemidorus' warning message instead of brushing it off with "What touches us ourself shall be last served." As a comparison with Plutarch's life of Caesar indicates, Shakespeare was careful to omit some of Caesar's most ignoble actions. Moreover, he gave Caesar an added dignity just prior to the assassination by virtue of his cordiality to the conspirators ("Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me"), and especially by virtue of the lies and the fawning which the conspirators engage in when they surround Caesar. Finally, there is the pathos of "Et tu, Bruté? Then fall Caesar," when the wounded leader perceives that his trust in Brutus was misplaced. The play, then, is concerned with two tragic figures (a third, if we wish to add Cassius); moreover, though it is concerned with political problems to a much greater degree than the later tragedies are, it shows Shakespeare moving toward the complexities of the later tragedies, in which the tragic characters act and then must face the ironic consequences of their actions.

THE LATER TRAGEDIES:

HAMLET, OTHELLO, KING LEAR, MACBETH, ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, CORIOLANUS

As usual, the dates of the later tragedies are uncertain, but apparently between 1600 and 1608 Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*. In these years, too, he probably wrote his two "dark" comedies, *All's Well That Ends Well* and *Measure for Measure*, a markedly ironic tragedy, *Troilus and Cressida*, and a play about a notorious misanthrope, *Timon of Athens*. The conjunction of these plays has sometimes caused readers to assume that Shakespeare entered a "tragic" period, a period of despair during which he poured out his heart in tragic, dark, and bitter plays while he underwent a mental crisis. The crisis has been variously identified as the failure of Essex' revolution in 1601; Shakespeare's father's death in 1601; and an unsuccessful love affair, described in the sonnets concerning the Dark Lady, on whom Shakespeare had his revenge in his portraits of Cressida and Cleopatra. (But, we might ask, how do we account for Cordelia and "the divine Desdemona"?) Such views, however, assume that an author writes tragedy when he is depressed, and they do not give adequate weight to the fact that tragedy was an established literary genre at which Shakespeare had earlier tried his hand in *Titus*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Julius Caesar*. Perhaps, then, it is best to see the great tragedies as the achievement of mastery in a genre rather than as veiled autobiography.

Hamlet is the most widely quoted, most often alluded to, and most often written about of Shakespeare's plays. The abundance of commentary, however, stems in part from uncertainties that are found in the play, and T. S. Eliot was not alone in suggesting that *Hamlet* is an artistic failure. Why does Hamlet delay? Because he must confirm the report of the Ghost, who may be a devil? Because he is a coward? Because his moral code disapproves of killing? Because he cannot kill the man who fulfilled Hamlet's unconscious Oedipal wish to kill his own father? Inevitably another question arises: Does Hamlet delay? He says he does, but some critics have argued that he merely chastises himself needlessly or, alternatively, that Shakespeare was merely creating a spurious suspense by reminding us of what still had to be done. Yet another question: Is Hamlet mad or only pretending to be? (Oscar Wilde varied the question: Are the commentators on *Hamlet* mad or only pretending to be?)

In the 1580's playwrights had linked Senecan motifs of passion and revenge with continental stories of intrigue, notably in Thomas Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*. Almost surely there was a play about Hamlet before Shakespeare's, perhaps by Kyd, and this Hamlet was apparently conspicuous for his cunning, his madness, and his savagery. Shakespeare's Hamlet in some degree shares these traits—enough so that George Bernard Shaw complained that Hamlet kills three people and is forever apologizing that he hasn't killed a fourth. There is something to this view. Hamlet mistakenly kills Polonius, and his chief reaction is regret that his victim was not Claudius. He forges orders so that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern will be "put to sudden death,/Not shriving time allowed," though Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are merely serving the man who they have every reason to suppose is their lawful king.

Hamlet has no regrets about dispatching these two men: "They are not near my conscience." Consider, too, his rough treatment of Ophelia and of his mother, and his desire not only to kill Claudius but to damn his soul (III.iii.73-96). But this, of course, is not the whole story, and Hamlet has not lacked for sympathizers. According to Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, Hamlet, "a lovely, pure, noble and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear and must not cast away."

Perhaps both of these views, and others, have some merit; perhaps too Hamlet changes as the play goes on, from (to put it crudely) a revenger full of anguish, self-hatred, and fury to an avenger who comes to see that his job is not to set the world right or to devise a trap wherein he can catch Claudius' soul but to be an instrument of God's will. In III.ii he praises Horatio for his dispassionateness, saying that Horatio "is not passion's slave." But in III.iii, when Hamlet announces that he will delay until he can catch Claudius in a sinful act, we see clearly how hideous a *dispassionate* revenge would be. Here, if anywhere, Hamlet repels us. But late in the play, after his return from the sea voyage, he seems to have changed: he is courteous to the gravediggers, and in V.ii he apologizes to Laertes. Most important, he has ceased to be an intriguer and is content to be an instrument: "We defy augury. There is special providence in the fall of a sparrow. . . . The readiness is all." Of course there are complications here too, and critics have sometimes wondered whether Hamlet, who at first has such trouble bringing himself to act, does not ultimately lapse into a sluggish fatalism. Possibly this is true, but even so we probably prefer a sluggish Hamlet to a scheming one, and the rest of the play—his manly duel with Laertes, his execution of justice on Claudius, Laertes' tribute to "noble Hamlet," and Fortinbras' testimonial and the military funeral—suggests that Hamlet's course is noble.

Despite the variety of interpretations, it must be agreed that Shakespeare's dramaturgy is unerring: those who want patterns of imagery (notably concerning war, sickness, the nature of action, and appearance versus reality) can find them; those who want rounded characters (sometimes established by contrasts with other characters, as Hamlet is contrasted with Laertes and Fortinbras, both of whom seek to avenge their fathers' deaths) can find them; those who want philosophic poetic speeches and earthy prose speeches can find them; and those who want suspense, and then the fulfillment of expectations, can find it: the opening scene, for example, begins—appropriately for a play that has puzzled so many—with a question, "Who's there?" The suspense is then skillfully built up, slackened, and built up again with "this thing," "this dreaded sight," and "this apparition," and finally (still only at line 39) the Ghost appears, even as a previous appearance is being described. It disappears and is discussed, and during a long speech about the uncertain military situation (which introduces a reference to Caesar's ghost) it reappears, and again vanishes as the cock crows, evoking lyrical speeches from Marcellus and Horatio that help to diminish the uncertainty by introducing thoughts of purification, partly explicitly Christian (I.i.158-61) and partly natural (I.i.166-67). And so in 170 lines the scene changes from midnight to dawn (in the first forty lines we

are told eleven times that it is night), and the play moves from a sense of fear and mysterious anguish (beginning with Francisco's "I am sick at heart") to hope. The meaning of the play may baffle us, but the artistry of the play can only convince us that Shakespeare had perfected his skill, and it is not at all surprising that he went on to write other tragedies.

Hamlet has a complicated plot (there is intrigue and counterintrigue, and a subplot concerning Fortinbras) and a philosophically minded protagonist who calls into doubt the nature of action. *Othello*, Shakespeare's next tragedy, is simpler on both accounts: the plot is derived from an Italian short story and can be summarized in a couple of sentences, and the nature of the events is never called into doubt. A. C. Bradley put it thus: "*Othello* has not . . . the power of dilating the imagination by vague suggestions of huge universal powers working in the world of individual fate and passion." Possibly if we are attentive to the hero's hyperboles, and to the villain's diabolical malice (see p. 14), we do hear suggestions of "universal powers," but in the main Bradley is right.

Perhaps because the play is at least superficially rather simple and its hero is said to be "noble," much twentieth-century criticism, unhappy with simplicity and nobility, has found the play wanting, or has complicated it by suggesting (for example) that Othello is not what he seems to be. The critical tendency to diminish Othello—to see him as immature and theatrical if not corrupt—is perhaps best known in T. S. Eliot's comment on Othello's penultimate speech, which Eliot characterizes as an "exposure of human weakness." Eliot's point is that the speech is not to be taken at face value; rather, Othello should be viewed as "cheering himself up. He is endeavoring to escape reality, he has ceased to think about Desdemona and is thinking about himself. . . . Othello . . . [is] adopting an *aesthetic* rather than a moral attitude." Here is the speech:

Soft you, a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know't.
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum. Set you down this.
And say besides that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by th' throat the circumcised dog
And smote him—thus.

[*He stabs himself.*]

(V.ii.337-55)

Against Eliot's view it can be argued that Othello judges himself accurately and severely: he compares himself to a Turk (in this play, the enemy of Christian civilization), and he inflicts upon himself the same punishment that he inflicts on the Turkish enemy. Having fully recognized his

responsibility for Desdemona's death, and having condemned and executed himself, like Romeo and Mark Antony he pays his beloved a last tribute of a kiss, affirming his faith in her value and demonstrating that Iago has not, finally, corrupted him.

It seems appropriate to move from *Hamlet* and *Othello* directly to *King Lear* (though possibly *Timon of Athens* was written between these two plays), for *Lear* seems to be displacing *Hamlet* as the play that speaks to our time. *Hamlet* was especially popular with nineteenth-century critics, who often found in the uncertain prince an image of their own doubts in a world in which belief in a benevolent divine order was collapsing under the influence of scientific materialism and bourgeois aggressiveness. Many critics in our age find in *Lear*—where “for many miles about/There's scarce a bush”—a play thoroughly in the spirit of *Waiting for Godot*, where the scenery consists of a single tree. *Lear* has the amplitude that Bradley found lacking in *Othello*, and it is terrifying. Moreover, does not *Lear* denounce the hypocrisy of the power structure and expose the powerlessness of the disenfranchised? “Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,/And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;/Arm it in rags, a pygmy's straw does pierce it” (IV.vi.165–67). And so *Lear* strips off his clothing (III.iv) and reduces himself to “a poor, bare, forked animal,” to find the essential man, “the thing itself.” Is there no more? What of the gods? The characters in the play offer various comments on the government of the universe, ranging from “As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods,/They kill us for their sport” to “The gods are just.” But perhaps the most memorable reference to the gods is not a mere comment but a comment followed by an action: learning that Cordelia is in danger, Albany cries out, “The gods defend her!” and immediately his words are mocked by *Lear*'s entrance on the stage, with the dead Cordelia in his arms.

For Kent, a moment later, “all's cheerless, dark, and deadly,” and it almost seems true. But only almost, for the interpretation of *Lear* as a revelation of the emptiness of life fails to consider at least two things. First, there is an affirmation in those passages in which *Lear* comes to see that he is not what he thought he was. For example:

They flattered me When the rain came to wet me once and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was everything; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof [secure against fever]. (IV.vi.96–105)

Second, this *anagnorisis* (or recognition) is several times associated with love or charity, as when *Lear* with unexpected tenderness invites the Fool to enter the hovel first and then confesses his guilt in having cared too little for humanity (III.iv.26–36). And this care for humanity is seen in Cordelia, who comes—though ineffectually in the long run—to the aid of her father; it is seen too in the nameless servant who at the end of III.vii promises to apply medicine to Gloucester's eyeless sockets; it is seen even in the villainous Edmund, who in dying repents and says, “Some good I mean to do,/Despite of mine own nature” (V.iii.245–46), and who thereupon seeks, unsuccessfully, to save Cordelia. Only a Dr. Pangloss would say that these actions

turn *King Lear* into a happy vision, but it is perverse to ignore them, and to refuse to see that in this play love humanizes as surely as egoism dehumanizes.

Finally, then, *King Lear* is a profound morality play; like *Everyman*, *Lear* is called to account and finds that those he unthinkingly trusted—Goneril and Regan—offer him no help and that those he used most harshly—Kent and Cordelia—minister to him in his trial and present him patterns of love. This is not to say that *Lear* becomes a saint at the end—he can still rage—but it does suggest that if the play dramatizes man's desolation it also dramatizes the love that, while providing no protection against pain or death, makes man's life something different from the life of “a dog, a horse, a rat.”

In *Macbeth*, Shakespeare forsook the double plot that he used in *King Lear* (the story of *Lear* and his daughters and the parallel story of Gloucester and his sons) and concentrated, as he had in *Othello*, on a single and simple plot. Like *King Lear*, however, *Macbeth* has its most immediate origin not in a short tale but in Holinshed's *Chronicles*. Like *King Lear*, too, it is reasonably classified as a tragedy rather than as a history (even though it is a descendant of the mid-sixteenth-century moral history plays) because it is a play more about people than about politics, more about what happens than about what happened. The play is chiefly concerned with *Macbeth*, much less so with Scottish history. Yet politics are a part of the play: it was written during the reign of James I of England, who was James VI of Scotland; perhaps it was written for James, who was regarded as a descendant of Banquo and who therefore is implicitly complimented in the procession of kings and Banquo in IV.i.

The political nature of the play appears too in the strong emphasis at the end on a Scotland purged of evil and guided by a rightful hand. The tragedies regularly end with the suggestion that after the tragic hero's death order is restored, though this order which the survivors form is pale when compared with the hero's greatness. Thus in *Titus Andronicus* Lucius is acclaimed “Rome's gracious governor,” and he makes plans to inter the dead and to punish the villain; in *Romeo and Juliet* the feud that divides the city is concluded, though the death of the lovers may well make us feel that the vibrancy has gone out of Verona; in *Julius Caesar* Octavius pays tribute to Brutus and holds the reins of government; in *Hamlet* Fortinbras pays tribute to Hamlet and acquires the Danish throne; in *King Lear* Albany (*Lear*'s son-in-law) invites Edgar to “Rule in this realm and the gor'd state sustain.” Edgar accepts the responsibility, but with a backward glance at vanished greatness:

The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long. (V.iii.325–28)

Thus it is no surprise that at the end of *Macbeth* Malcolm is placed on the throne, promising justice. But because *Macbeth* is a villain-hero (and because the play was probably designed in part to celebrate King James) the protagonist is unusually diminished—he is “this dead butcher”—and the happy future of the new reign is emphasized. Scotland had suffered great disorder for a

while because its murderous ruler was disordered, but now its rightful monarch will order the realm:

this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.
(V.viii.71-75)

The choice of a villain-hero probably does not indicate that Shakespeare's sense of human guilt had deepened, and it should be noted that Macbeth is given a measure of sympathy and humanity denied to an earlier villain-hero, Richard III. Richard only briefly, at the end, suffers doubts and fears, and in doing so he becomes less of a medieval Vice figure and more of an Everyman, or simply a terrified realistic king; but Macbeth's conscience regularly reminds him of his guilt, and he is punished not only at the end by death but throughout by anxiety and sleeplessness. Even before he kills Duncan he is afflicted, and though he achieves his ambition of ascending the throne (Act III opens with "Thou hast it now: king"), he finds the prize a torment:

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
And put a barren scepter in my gripe. (III.i.61-62)

If *King Lear* is a morality play in which Lear ultimately moves toward the good counselors Cordelia and Kent and away from the savage Goneril and Regan, *Macbeth* too is a morality play in which the tragic protagonist chooses the forces of evil rather than of good (Lady Macbeth and the witches rather than Duncan and Banquo), but he is always aware of what he has done, and this self-awareness and the guilt it engenders gain him some sympathy.

Like *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra* has political implications, but it too is very different from Shakespeare's history plays. And it is very different from *Macbeth*, not only in its much wider geographical spread and in its diffusion of interest over two central figures, but in its conception of the tragic figure. There is no moral ambiguity about Macbeth; however we may view his early heroism and his continued sufferings from his conscience, we know—as he knows—that he is a murderer, not "an honorable murderer" (Othello's description of himself) but simply a murderer. Nothing extenuates his guilt. But in *Antony and Cleopatra* the case is not so clear, and it is not easy to decide whether the two lovers are, to put it simply, mostly good or mostly bad. Shaw summed it up thus: "After giving a faithful picture of the soldier broken down by debauchery, and the typical wanton in whose arms such men perish, Shakespeare finally strains all his huge command of rhetoric and stage pathos to give a theatrical sublimity to the wretched end of the business, and to persuade foolish spectators that the world was well lost by the twain." Certainly Shakespeare does not minimize Antony's debauchery or Cleopatra's wantonness. The first line of the play speaks of Antony's "dotage," and the speech goes on to contrast the present debauched Antony—a mere heavy-breathing sensualist—with the glorious Antony who was once a military hero. Cleopatra is a gypsy—that is, not merely an Egyptian but a lecherous trickster.

Antony himself later says that Cleopatra "like a right gypsy hath at fast and loose/Beguiled me" (IV.xii.28-29). It is easy to find additional evidence for this view: Antony's military wisdom disappears, and he is foolish enough to think that Octavius Caesar may fight him in single combat (Enobarbus knows better, in III.xiii, when he says of this belief, "Caesar, thou hast subdued/His judgment too"); Antony foolishly fights at sea, though he knows Caesar has the advantage there; he lapses into hysterical sadism when he orders Thidias to be whipped; and (to cut short what could be a long list) he bungles his suicide.

But this is not the whole story. Although the Romans in the play—and Antony himself, at times—judge the new Antony by the Roman standards of duty and military valor and find a sad falling off, there is another way, a non-Roman way, of looking at Antony. The new Antony, transformed by Cleopatra, can say,

Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space,
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man. The nobleness of life
Is to do thus;¹ when such a mutual pair
And such a twain can do't. (I.i.33-38)

In short the Roman code—especially as embodied in the cold, triumphant Caesar—itself seems unattractive when compared with some of the activities of Antony and Cleopatra. Caesar sees Antony as a reveler engaged in "lascivious wassails" and eating epicurean foods, and he contrasts him to the former Antony, who on his campaigns ate "the roughest berry on the rudest hedge." But Caesar's asceticism and hard-dealing leave no room for warm friendships or even for the kind of courteous sympathy that Antony can offer the simple Lepidus, the third but negligible triumvir. When Caesar invites Antony to visit Caesar's sister, with a view toward a political marriage, Antony says,

Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

And Lepidus warmly responds,

Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me. (II.ii.170-71)

Later, Antony warns Lepidus that he is in danger:

These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink. (II.vii.60-61)

Early in the play Lepidus himself gives us a vision of Antony that is an alternative to the narrow Roman view. To Caesar's assertion that Antony is "th' abstract of all faults/That all men follow" (that is, the symbol of universal weakness), Lepidus counters:

¹ Many editors explain "thus" by adding a stage direction, "*They kiss*," or "*They embrace*," but possibly "thus" alludes not to any specific gesture but to Antony's present way of life with Cleopatra.

I must not think there are
 Evils enow to darken all his goodness;
 His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
 More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary
 Rather than purchased [acquired], what he cannot change
 Than what he chooses. (I.iv.10-15)

It is interesting to note that although Lepidus sees Antony's faults and describes them as darkness, he later reverses the dark-light symbolism and describes the "faults" as "the spots of heaven,/More fiery by night's blackness." Even Antony's faults, Lepidus argues, have a kind of heavenly luminosity, a shining virtue in them. For example, Antony is politically irresponsible and a sensualist, but these traits are not simply flaws in a basically good man; paradoxically, they are the qualities that help to make him glorious. (We will see something of the same paradox in *Coriolanus*.) Something along the same lines can be said of Cleopatra, and indeed Enobarbus says it. To Maecenas' statement that Antony must leave Cleopatra, Enobarbus replies:

Never; he will not:
 Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety: other women cloy
 The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
 Where most she satisfies; for vilest things
 Become themselves [are becoming] in her, that the holy
 priests
 Bless her when she is riggish [wanton]. (II.ii.236-42)

This sort of ambiguity runs throughout the play. Even at the end, for example, Cleopatra's suicide has its noble aspect ("Husband, I come:/Now to that name my courage prove my title"), its sensuous aspect ("The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,/Which hurts, and is desired"), and perhaps its cowardly aspect, for she knows that Caesar plans to humiliate her publicly, and thus her death is as much an escape from Caesar as a reunion with Antony. But it has its glory—the lines persuade us of that—and this glory is only dimmed, not dispelled, by Caesar's comment:

Her physician tells me
 She hath pursued conclusions infinite
 Of easy ways to die. (V.ii.353-55)

Despite such information, the final impression must be one of grandeur, of what Horatio in *Hamlet* calls "wonder." Though it draws upon history, *Antony and Cleopatra* has only a superficial resemblance to Shakespeare's chronicle histories. With a hero who is related to Hercules and described as a "grand sea," a man "past the size of dreaming," with a heroine who is "a lass unparalleled," and with a geographical sweep and abundant cosmic imagery, *Antony and Cleopatra* anticipates Shakespeare's last plays, the "romances," in which tragic woe yields to a sense of wonder attendant upon the revelation of a world in which love, forgiveness, and the imagination dissolve faults and take us beyond the world of time.

Like *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, Shakespeare's last tragedy, is chiefly drawn from Plutarch, but the world it depicts is utterly different. In *Antony and Cleopatra* Shakespeare conveys the expansiveness of the late Roman Republic, partly by the setting in Egypt but more signifi-

cantly by the imperial hero whose story transcends the political motif. *Coriolanus*, however, depicts a much earlier and narrower world, the days of the early Republic, and there is a continual insistence on the abrasive class conflict between the plebeians and the patricians. Coriolanus is a hero, but his heroism is unattractive, for it is exclusively military; thus we tend to judge him rather than feel for him. Despite the glorification of Coriolanus in the first part of the play, we find it difficult to be warmed by his virtue, and even Coriolanus' mother, from whom he learned his valor, tells him he is "too absolute." It is a valor that is inhuman (Coriolanus is compared to an engine, and he compares himself to a dragon), a valor that is an end in itself, unconnected with mankind, and finally an enemy of mankind: "I will fight/Against my cank'ered country with the spleen/Of all the under fiends" (IV.v.94-96). It is this valor, and not any sense of justice, that is almost the whole of Coriolanus, as he tells us in the first act, when he conveys his eagerness to fight against Tullus Aufidius, his only worthy opponent:

Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
 Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
 Only my wars with him. He is a lion
 That I am proud to hunt. (I.i.235-38)

This sense of joyous energy is briefly catching, but in the end Coriolanus remains unattractive, despite such tributes as "His nature is too noble for the world" and "He shall have a noble memory." Part of the trouble is his abundant railing, which is never quite redeemed by a noble vision, for it is too rooted in contempt of the lesser people around him. Coriolanus' rebuke of the cowardly soldiers (I.iv.30-34), for instance, is perilously close to the invective spewed by the misanthropic Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida* or by Timon in the latter part of *Timon of Athens*. Even when Coriolanus proudly rejects Rome, "Thus I turn my back;/There is a world elsewhere," we find that the world elsewhere is not a nobler vision but only Coriolanus' insistence that he will not be other than himself. And he never perceives that what he is is not everything that is worthwhile. The idea that each of Shakespeare's heroes suffers from a tragic "flaw" was briefly discussed and rejected earlier (see p. 54), but if the idea truly applies to any of them it applies to Coriolanus. In IV.vii.35-48 Aufidius suggests that Coriolanus' fault may be "pride" or "defect of judgment." In the first act, before Coriolanus appears, two Citizens discuss him. The First Citizen says Coriolanus is "proud," to which the Second Citizen replies, "What he cannot help in his nature you account a vice in him." Perhaps it is not exactly "pride" that characterizes Coriolanus, for he is unwilling—indeed, in most of the play unable—to boast of his exploits. But this insistence on isolation, which is his nature, is almost the whole of him: "He is himself alone," "one thing," and this self or thing serves him wonderfully in war but incapacitates him in peace. When he puts off his valor there is nothing left of him:

O my mother, mother! O!
 You have won a happy victory to Rome;
 But, for your son—believe it, O, believe it!—
 Most dangerously you have with him prevailed,
 If not most mortal to him. (V.iii.185-89)

"Mercy" has drained his "honor," and Aufidius knows that he can at last defeat Coriolanus. Coriolanus regains his identity when, stung by Aufidius' rebuke, he reminds his Volscian enemies of his earlier conquest over them; yet this outburst of pride is what destroys him, for it stirs the Volscians to murder him. Thus though his heroism is never in doubt, Shakespeare's last tragic hero has less of the complex humanity of the earlier heroes. His code, which involves abundant contempt, not only keeps us at a distance; it also blinds him—though not us—to what is going on. He sees himself as his own master, but we see, ironically, that lesser people can manipulate him.

TWO SATIRIC TRAGEDIES: TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, TIMON OF ATHENS

Probably the term "satiric" is a little too strong to describe these two plays, for they do not really hoot at their characters. Still, the characters are seen in such an ironic light and from such a detached point of view—even in comparison with *Coriolanus*—that "satiric tragedy" may be a useful starting place.

For the Renaissance, satire and tragedy were not far apart; satire was sometimes thought to have developed from tragedy. Here is John Milton's comment on the relationship: "A Satire, as it was born out of a Tragedy, so ought to resemble his parentage, to strike high, and adventure dangerously at the most eminent vices among the greatest persons." Although *Troilus and Cressida* and *Timon of Athens* are far apart in quality and can only be crudely linked together, "eminent vices" of great men in the ancient world are found in both of them. (Renaissance admiration of the classics did not always extend to Greek legendary figures. The Elizabethans held Virgil's *Aeneid*, which is unfriendly toward the Greeks, in too high esteem to see the Greeks as shining heroes.)

Troilus and Cressida, incomparably the better play, is probably the earlier of the two. The difficulty of classifying it was apparent in its own day: the title page of the quarto calls it a history, the preface to the quarto says it is "comical," and the editors of the First Folio planned to put it with the tragedies, but they finally put it in unnamed territory between the histories and the tragedies, though they added the word "tragedy" to its title. It is a very strange play, and the preface's statement that it was "never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar," leads us to think that it may have been written for a select audience rather than for the public theater, or that if it was written for the public theater it was found unsuitable. *Troilus* has two stories, one of politics and war concerning the Greeks who besiege Troy and who finally kill Hector, and another of love concerning Cressida's infidelity to Troilus. But despite the Prologue, which leads us to expect high military exploits, there is no heroic battle, and despite the lovers there is no joyous marriage; both stories deal with treachery and the destruction of merit by baseness. Moreover, much of the play is marked by disappointment, anticlimax, and frustration. For example, Hector argues that Helen should be returned to Menelaus, but then he withdraws his argument; Ulysses constructs an elaborate plot to get Achilles to fight, but when Achilles fights it is for a different reason;

Pandarus' plot comes to nothing; Troilus is painfully disillusioned, but he does not seem to arrive at self-knowledge; and Thersites regularly gives scathing denunciations of all activity. This is the world of tragedy, but also of satire; as Ezra Pound said, satire "draws one to consider time wasted."

Thersites, who sees only "Lechery, lechery, still wars and lechery," has a parallel in Pandarus, the commentator on the love story, but their low view of life is not the only one, and though the higher views come to nothing, their presence makes the play something other than a denunciation of mankind. Troilus has an air of the romantic lover of the comedies. If we recall Bassanio's description in *The Merchant of Venice* of Portia as a treasure to be adventured for (I.i.161-76), we can see the resemblance in these lines of Troilus':

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl.
Between our Ilium and where she resides
Let it be called the wild and wand'ring flood,
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

(I.i.103-07)

Still, there is something more frenetic here, as there is in Troilus' apprehensiveness that love may be

some joy too fine,
Too subtle, potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness
For the capacity of my ruder powers.
I fear it much; and I do fear besides
That I shall lose distinction [ability to distinguish] in my
joys.

(III.ii.21-25)

And none of the romantic heroes in the comedies is so sensual as to explain to his beloved that "the monstrosity in love" is "that the will is infinite and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit" (III.ii.80-82). Troilus nevertheless is a lover, and Thersites' "lechery" is not quite apt. What sharply separates this play from the comedies is not the lover's attitude but the beloved's deeds: Cressida is false, and thus Troilus' love for her is put into an ironic light as Othello's (another warrior-lover) is not. Similarly, Hector, who had nobly refused to fight the disarmed Achilles, is himself slain by Achilles' henchmen when he is unarmed. It is not quite true, then, that (as Thersites says of the war) "all the argument is a whore and a cuckold," but it is true that the noble alternatives are powerless.

Timon of Athens has affinities with *Troilus and Cressida*, most notably in its images of disease (especially sexual) and in the railings of Apemantus, which resemble those of Thersites, and more pervasively in the ironic view we are invited to take. But it has affinities with both *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus* (the three plays are indebted to Plutarch) in its concern with a hero who becomes an exile from society. This concern also relates *Timon* to *King Lear*, and it has been suggested that before Shakespeare thoroughly revised *Timon* he set to work on *King Lear* and then, having made what use he wanted to make of a man driven to distraction by ingratitude, he found no reason to return to *Timon*.

In his Introduction to *Timon* (see p. 1367) Maurice

Charney points out that it is better to see the uniqueness of *Timon* than to compare it unfavorably to plays that it resembles; but here perhaps it is appropriate to see Timon in the context of Shakespeare's other tragedies. The chief problem is this: What are we to make of Timon's initial generosity and of his later misanthropy? Is the play the tragedy of a magnanimous man who is undone by his virtue—that is, by his high view of men, which men do not fulfill and which therefore drives him to misanthropy? Or is the play a satire of both his generosity and his misanthropy? In support of the first view, one can quote lines that praise Timon—lines that are not flattery because they are not spoken in his presence—such as the reference to “his good and gracious nature” and the assertion that “The noblest mind he carries/That ever governed man.” His steward Flavius testifies on his behalf, at first in words but later in deeds when he seeks out his former master. Flavius, a follower of a fallen master, thus resembles Kent in *King Lear*. Late in the play Flavius sees Timon as a man

brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good.
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, do still mar men.
(IV.ii.37–41)

Against this high view of Timon it can be argued that two technicalities suggest that the play is not a tragedy

(although the Folio puts it with the tragedies): first, though Timon is said to be “brought low by his own heart,” his death does not result from action (indeed, his death seems curiously irrelevant), and second, the Folio denies to *Timon* alone the word “tragedy” in the title, calling the play *The Life of Timon of Athens*. Moreover, even in the first scene Timon is not merely generous; he is also responsive to flattery, and his gifts are ostentatious and apparently a means of self-aggrandizement. When he cannot bolster himself in this way, he falls into misanthropy, seeing mankind's faults but not his own. Here a comparison with Lear may be useful. Timon and Lear are both outcasts, and both rail against society, but Timon has little of interest to say about society and nothing of interest to say about himself, whereas Lear's denunciation of society—though mad—is touched with sympathy for those who suffer injustice and with an awareness of his own faults. Lear arrives at a vision larger than the one he first held; Timon merely exchanges an exalted view of man for a base one. Alcibiades puts it thus: “The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends” (IV.iii.299–300). (This polarization, incidentally, relates *Timon* to Shakespeare's last plays, the romances, in which characters tend to be either good or bad rather than “of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.”) The heroes of the great tragedies are no less extreme in their unwillingness to accept the way of the world; that is why they are heroes. But they also knew the middle of humanity; that is why we feel their sufferings as our own.

Shakespeare's Nondramatic Works

Shakespeare's first work to appear in print was not a play but a narrative poem. Because the status of poet was higher than that of playwright in Elizabethan times—professional poets were dependent on courtly patronage, whereas most playwrights were dependent on the pennies of the general public—it is likely that Shakespeare thought, at least for a while, that his poetry rather than his plays would bring him lasting fame. This hypothesis receives some support from the fact that his two long narrative poems were published in remarkably accurate texts, with dedications by the author. Shakespeare thus apparently had a hand in the publication of these poems, but he never concerned himself with the publication of the plays, and he wrote no further dedications.

Leisure time to write the two narratives was probably afforded by the plague, which closed the London theaters from the summer of 1592 to the spring of 1594. Shakespeare's first poem, *Venus and Adonis* (1593), is an artful, erotic piece of 1194 lines that was calculated to please a noble patron, the youthful Earl of Southampton, whose taste presumably had been developed by ornate and erotic mythological pieces such as Lodge's *Scylla's Metamorphosis* (1589). Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* (1593 or earlier, although not published until 1598) belongs to the same school. *Venus and Adonis* has been much praised for its

realistic passages about horses, birds, the doe, and especially the hare (lines 679–708); but however we may value these passages, which seem derived from Warwickshire memories, the poem as a whole produces the effect not of realism but of most cunning artifice. It is less a photograph than a tapestry, less a description of creatures moving in external nature than a presentation of abstract types set in a hothouse; or we can vary the figure and see the poem as Hazlitt did, when, calling attention to the frigidity of this poem about passion, he characterized it as an icehouse. But *Venus and Adonis* apparently worked for its contemporary readers: there were at least ten editions of the poem in Shakespeare's lifetime; a contemporary writer noted that “the younger sort takes much delight in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*”; and in a satiric play of 1601, a foolish courtier refers to the poem, saying, “I'll worship sweet master Shakespeare, and to honor him will lay his *Venus and Adonis* under my pillow.”

In 1594 Shakespeare followed this bid for noble patronage with the publication of a second poem dedicated to Southampton, *The Rape of Lucrece* (thus goes the running head; the title page simply calls the poem *Lucrece*). Again the central narrative is drawn from Ovid. In its depiction of Tarquin, who, overcome by passion, sacrifices honor and gains only self-loathing and enmity, Shakespeare

touches on a tragic theme, and indeed in *Macbeth* he was later to mention Tarquin. Here is the passage from *Macbeth*, followed by a passage from *Lucrece*:

Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. (*Macbeth*, II.i.49-56)

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes.
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls, and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wakes to stain and kill.
(*Lucrece*, lines 162-68)

In *Lucrece*'s lamentations, and especially in Tarquin's internal debates, the stuff of tragedy is set forth in a narrative form, yet the final effect is far from tragic, for like *Venus and Adonis* the poem is so obviously ornate, so richly heraldic, so formal in its contrasts, that the manner overcomes the matter. It is a web of decorative (and sometimes very beautiful) passages; it is longer than *Venus and Adonis*, but the greater length is due not to additional action but to even greater elaboration of the little there is.

Among the nondramatic poems the sonnets have won widespread praise. They belong to a genre made famous in Italy by Petrarch (1304-74); Petrarch was imitated in England by Wyatt and by Surrey, some of whose poems were published in 1557 in a book that is usually called *Tottel's Miscellany*. But sonneteering did not become a national pastime in England until 1591, when the posthumous publication of Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* started the vogue. The Italian or Petrarchan sonnet is basically a two-part poem, consisting of an octave rhyming *abbaabba* and a sestet, normally in a somewhat different tone of voice, rhyming *cdecde* or *cdcdcd*, or another variant. The English sonnet (sometimes called Shakespearean, though Shakespeare did not invent the form) is a four-part poem, consisting of three quatrains and a couplet: *abab cdcd efef gg*. The couplet normally provides a syntactically independent aphoristic summary. But the thought of the sonnet does not always follow the rhyme scheme, that is, it does not always break after each quatrain. In a good number of Shakespeare's sonnets the chief turn comes, as in an Italian sonnet, after the eighth line.

Shakespeare's *Sonnets* was not published until 1609, but surely most and possibly all of the 154 sonnets that make up the book had been written at least a decade earlier. The exact date of composition is unknown, but the early and middle nineties seems reasonable. (There are also sonnets in *Love's Labor's Lost* and *Romeo and Juliet*, plays of the middle nineties.) In 1598 Francis Meres alluded to Shakespeare's "sugared sonnets." "Sugared" is appropriate for at least some of them: there are poems that show a delight in ingenious conceits of the kind we associate with the earlier plays. But other sonnets are masterful in their apparent

simplicity of utterance which, coupled with a depth of view, makes the poems among the world's greatest. If the best sonnets were written before 1598 (rather than shortly before publication in 1609), Shakespeare achieved maturity in the sonnet more quickly than in the drama. The 154 poems do not narrate a continuous story, but there are groups of related sonnets; for example, Sonnets 1-17 are all written to a young man, urging him to marry. Although the *Sonnets* may be indebted to some contact that Shakespeare had with members of the aristocracy, they cannot be read as sheer autobiography (though of course they often ring true). The usual motifs of Elizabethan sonnets can be found—the poet eternizes his patron; the eye and the heart are at war—but there is also a new range of feeling which has affinities with *Lucrece* and therefore approaches a tragic view. For instance, in *Lucrece* Shakespeare gives us this insight into one kind of tragic experience:

Those that much covet are with gain so fond
That what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so by hoping more they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain
That they prove bankrout in this poor rich gain.
(lines 134-40)

After he rapes *Lucrece*, Tarquin is compared to a "full-fed hound or gorged hawk," now loathing what he had before pursued:

His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.
(lines 699-700)

Every poem is complete in itself and ought not to be reduced or expanded to coincide with any other poem, but we can see in these passages from *Lucrece* something akin to Sonnet 129, a description of lust before, during, and after consummation.

Th' expense of spirit² in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and, till action, lust
Is perjured, murd'rous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past reason hated as a swallowed bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Made³ in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe,
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows, yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

Not all Shakespeare's sonnets, of course, are like this, and our interest in the tragedies ought not to lead us to concentrate on poems about lust or the destructive will to the

² "Th' expense of spirit" = the expenditure of vital power, and more specifically, of semen.

³ "Made" is often emended to "mad," but can be taken as equivalent to "Made mad."

exclusion of, say, those celebrations of beauty that are equally impressive. In short, the sonnets are remarkably varied—disordered, some readers who cherish a consistent story would say. If we were to look for a dominant subject we would perhaps find it in time, which destroys beauty but which also engenders anew; and the poet's words re-create his subject, conferring on beauty a new existence that may at least seem to arrest the triumph of time. If this inadequate description has any truth in it, the world of the sonnets is very near to that of the great plays.

The sonnets have been much esteemed for a long while,

but a short poem called *The Phoenix and the Turtle* (1601) has only relatively recently gained universal praise, probably because in the 1920's admirers of John Donne and the other "metaphysical" poets helped to educate subsequent taste to appreciate this strange funeral poem about the transcendence of human love. *Venus and Adonis* can be coupled with *Lucrece*, and each sonnet can be coupled with the remaining 153, but *The Phoenix and the Turtle* stands alone—and yet in its faith in the power of love it earns its place in a story that includes the sonnets, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*.

The Texts of Shakespeare

The printed versions of *Venus and Adonis* (1593) and *The Rape of Lucrece* (1594) were each prefaced by the author's dedication and were relatively free of printer's errors, circumstances which suggest that Shakespeare read the proofs of these two works. But Shakespeare seems never to have supervised the publication of any of his plays, although eighteen were printed during his lifetime. There is nothing unusual in this fact; when an Elizabethan playwright sold a play to a theatrical company he surrendered ownership of it. Normally a company would not publish a play because to do so meant to allow competitors to acquire the piece. Some plays, however, did get published. For example, disloyal actors sometimes relied on their memories and pieced together a play for a publisher. The result was a so-called bad quarto, which is often grossly inaccurate but which is sometimes interesting because in its stage directions it may preserve bits of stage business and may even preserve some authentic dialogue that was added when the play was in rehearsal. Such elements can perhaps be considered as part of the final version of the play, especially since Shakespeare must have been involved in its staging. (We tend to think of the last draft of a play as the author's final version, but when the author is an actor, perhaps the play as he acted in it, with cuts and last-minute additions, is his final version.) Nevertheless, the bad quartos are bad; they offer mangled versions of the plays, as can be seen by comparing Hamlet's "To be or not to be" soliloquy (III.i.56 ff.) with the bad quarto's version (see p. 67).

Not all of the quartos are bad quartos, however. Sometimes a company that was in need of money sold its manuscripts; sometimes a company sold a manuscript of a play that no longer drew audiences; and sometimes an author sold a manuscript to a company and then again to a publisher. In 1608 Thomas Heywood, Shakespeare's contemporary and an actor and playwright, insisted that such a double sale was unethical: "For though some have used a double sale of their labors, first to the stage, and after to the press, for my own part I here proclaim myself ever faithful in the first, and never guilty of the last." That Shakespeare did not publish his plays, then, is scarcely remarkable; among his contemporaries only Ben Jonson carefully supervised the publication of his own plays. Those

of Shakespeare's plays that were printed during his lifetime have no dedication by the author (his name was not even on the title page of the first eight to appear in print), and they offer few aids to the reader: stage directions are irregular, and there is no list of characters. The eighteen plays published during Shakespeare's lifetime were issued one play per volume in small books called quartos. (Each sheet in a quarto is folded twice, making four leaves, or eight pages, each about 7 inches wide and 9 inches high.) The quartos, with their first dates of publication (most were reprinted), are *Titus Andronicus* (1594), *2 Henry VI* (1594), *3 Henry VI* (1595—actually an octavo rather than a quarto), *Richard II* (1597), *Richard III* (1597), *Romeo and Juliet* (1597), *1 Henry IV* (1598), *Love's Labor's Lost* (1598), *Henry V* (1600), *2 Henry IV* (1600), *Much Ado About Nothing* (1600), *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1600), *The Merchant of Venice* (1600), *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (1602), *Hamlet* (1603), *King Lear* (1608), *Troilus and Cressida* (1609), *Pericles* (1609). A quarto of a nineteenth play, *Othello*, was published in 1622, six years after Shakespeare's death. (To this list of quartos some scholars add *King John* [1591] and *The Taming of a Shrew* [1594], but most scholars hold that these two quartos are not bad quartos of Shakespeare's plays but rather plays by other men.) The quartos of *2 Henry VI*, *3 Henry VI*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry V*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Hamlet* were bad quartos, but for two of these plays good quartos were soon published, *Romeo and Juliet* in 1599 and *Hamlet* in 1604.

In 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death, in an effort "to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare," John Heminges and Henry Condell (two senior members of Shakespeare's company who had performed with him for about twenty years) collected his plays—published and unpublished—in a large volume, commonly called the First Folio. The poems were not included. (A folio is a volume consisting of sheets that are folded once, each sheet thus making two leaves, or four pages about 8½ inches wide and 13 inches high.)

The First Folio contains thirty-six plays, consisting of all the titles listed above (except *Pericles*) and eighteen additional titles, which in approximate order of composition are *The Comedy of Errors*, *1 Henry VI*, *The Taming of the*

Ham. To be, or not to be, I here's the point,
 To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:
 No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
 For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
 And borne before an euerlasting Iudge,
 From whence no passenger euer returnd,
 The vndiscouered country, at whose sight
 The happy smile, and the accursed damnd.
 But for this, the ioyfull hope of this,
 Whol'd beare the scornes and flattery of the world,
 Scorned by the right rich, the rich curst of the poore?
 The widow being oppressed, the orphan wrongd,
 The taste of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
 And thousand more calamities besides,
 To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life,
 When that he may his full *Quietus* make,
 With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
 But for a hope of something after death?
 Which pusses the braine, and doth confound the sence,
 Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,
 Than flie to others that we know not of.
 I that, O this conscience makes cowardes of vs all,
 Lady in thy orizons, be all my sinnes remembred.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
 Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
 The slings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
 Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe
 No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end
 The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
 That flesh is heire to; tis a consumation
 Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,
 To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
 For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come
 When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
 Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
 That makes calamitie of so long life:
 For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
 Th'oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
 The pangs of despiz'd loue, the lawes delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurnes
 That patient merri of th'vnworthy takes,
 When he himselfe might his quietas make
 With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
 To grunt and sweat vnder a wearie life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The vndiscouer'd country, from whose borne
 No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will,
 And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
 Than flie to others that we know not of.
 Thus conscience dooes make cowardes,
 And thus the natiue hiew of resolution
 Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
 With this regard theyr currents turne awry,
 And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
 The faire *Ophelia*, Nymph in thy orizons
 Be all my sinnes remembred.

Left, lines from the "bad" quarto (Q1) of Hamlet, 1603. Right, lines from the good quarto (Q2), 1604.

Shrew, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *King John*, *Julius Caesar*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *All's Well That Ends Well*, *Measure for Measure*, *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Timon of Athens*, *Coriolanus*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*, and *Henry VIII*. The thirty-six plays in the Folio, and *Pericles*, are widely regarded as canonical, and a thirty-eighth play, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, first published in 1634, is somewhat less widely held to be Shakespeare's at least in part. The plays in the Folio are arranged in three groups, comedies (fourteen), histories (ten), and tragedies (eleven, but *Cymbeline* belongs among the comedies); between the histories and the tragedies is *Troilus and Cressida*, unpaginated and omitted from the table of contents. In an address "To the great variety of readers" Heminges and Condell suggest that the republished plays are presented in better form than in the quartos: "Before you were abused with diverse stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of

injurious impostors that exposed them; even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers, as he [Shakespeare] conceived them." Some, but not all, of the quartos deserve these harsh words.

The editor assigned to prepare the texts for publication in the First Folio seems to have taken his job seriously, yet he did not perform it with uniform care. In general, the sources of the texts seem to have been good unpublished copies or good published copies. Often, it is true, the editors of the Folio did not use the *first* edition of a quarto, which presumably was set from a manuscript that had been close to Shakespeare (such as a final draft, or a scribe's clean copy of a final draft); rather, they used a later reprint which, having been set from an earlier quarto, introduced additional printer's errors. But on the whole the editors of the Folio avoided those quartos that printed badly garbled texts. The first play in the collection, *The Tempest*, is divided

into acts and scenes, has unusually full stage directions and descriptions of spectacle, and concludes with a list of characters; but the editor was not able (or willing) to present the succeeding texts so fully dressed. Later texts occasionally show signs of carelessness: in one scene of *Much Ado About Nothing* the names of actors, instead of characters, appear as speech prefixes, as they had in the quarto, which the Folio reprints; proofreading throughout the Folio is very spotty and was apparently done without reference to the printer's copy; the pagination of *Hamlet* jumps from 156 to 257.

The first decision a modern editor of Shakespeare must make is to select his copy. This is no problem if the play exists only in the Folio, but it is a considerable problem if the relationship between a quarto and the Folio—or an early quarto and a later one—is unclear. When an editor has chosen what seems to him to be the most authoritative text or texts for his copy, he is not done with making decisions. Next, he must reckon with Elizabethan spelling. If he is not producing a facsimile he will probably modernize it, but should he preserve the old forms of words that were apparently pronounced quite unlike their modern forms—for example, *lanthorn* and *alablaster*? And if he does preserve these forms, is he really preserving Shakespeare's forms or those of a compositor in the printing house? What is an editor to do when he finds "lanthorn" and "lantern" in adjacent lines? (The editors of the Signet Shakespeare have assumed that in general words should be spelled in their modern form, but some exceptions have been made—for example, to preserve rhymes or puns.) Sometimes there is even doubt as to what word the original text is spelling. In *Richard II*, III.iii.98–99, Richard says that Bolingbroke's attempt to seize the crown will bring to England war that will "bedew/Her pastors grasse with faithfull English bloud." "Pastors" is usually modernized to "pastures," but why not to "pastor's," which would convey the idea of the monarch as the shepherd of the kingdom? If Elizabethan printers had used the apostrophe to indicate the possessive, its position on one side or the other of the final -s in "pastors" would have been decisive (except to a quarrelsome editor).

Another problem involving an omitted apostrophe occurs in *King Lear*, V.iii.16–17. Lear tells Cordelia that they will

take vpon's the mystery of things,
As if we were Gods spies.

In a modernized text, should the second line be printed "As if we were God's spies," giving (to put it mildly) a Christian coloring to the line, or should it be printed "gods' spies"? In favor of "God's spies" one can argue that (1) if the plural were intended, probably the Folio's "Gods" would be preceded by "the," because "gods' spies" sounds unidiomatic, and (2) though the play is nominally set in a pagan world and the characters at various times invoke pagan deities, there are some undoubted Christian overtones, such as "a soul in bliss" (IV.vii.46). But against "God's" and for "gods'" it can be argued that except in this doubtful instance every one of the two dozen other occurrences of the word indisputably is a plural—for example, "As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th' Gods." Of course an audience cannot hear the difference between "God's" and "gods'," and finally the meaning of the play

does not hang on the position of this apostrophe; but its position is not totally insignificant if one is concerned about the world—pagan or Christian? or pagan almost imperceptibly becoming Christian?—in *King Lear*.

Commas too can be troubling. Macbeth rejects his wife's idea that he can wash the blood from his hand:

no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red. (II.ii.60–62)

Obviously an editor will remove the superfluous capitals, and he will probably alter the spelling to "incarnadine," but will he leave the comma before "red," letting Macbeth speak of the sea as "the green one," or will he (like most modern editors) remove the comma and thus have Macbeth say that his hand will make the ocean *uniformly* red?

Finally, an editor sometimes has to change more than spelling or punctuation. Macbeth says to his wife:

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none. (I.vii.46–47)

For two centuries editors have agreed that the second line is unsatisfactory, and have emended "no" to "do": "Who dares do more is none." It seems clear that the emendation corrects an obvious misprint.

A brief discussion of one of the most famous cruxes may give further insight into this aspect of editing Shakespeare. In the Folio text of *Henry V* Mistress Quickly, describing the death of Falstaff, says, "his Nose was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields" (II.iii.16–17). This seems to make no sense, and in 1726 Lewis Theobald suggested emending "Table" to "babbled," with "a babbled" meaning "he babbled," so that Falstaff goes to his death babbling of green fields, perhaps recalling the green pastures of Psalm 23. This reading has struck most subsequent editors as right and even inspired, though Theobald himself mentioned that emendation of "Table" to "talked" rather than to "babbled" was a possibility. Indeed, "talked"

Hostesse. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arthurs* Bosome, if euer man went to *Arthurs* Bosome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome Child: a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir *Iohn* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: so a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any such thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and so vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

The Folio text (1623) of the Hostess' speech, Henry V, II.iii.9–26.

(presumably written "talkd" in the manuscript) could more easily than "babld" have been misread as "Table," but most editors have (perhaps sentimentally) preferred "babbled." Additional emendations of this line have been proposed, one of the most comic of which was Alexander Pope's. Pope suggested that "a Table of greene fields" was not part of the speech but an instruction to a property man named Greenfield to have a table in readiness. No less ingenious—or ingenuous—is the suggestion that the passage alludes to the Elizabethan hero Sir Richard Grenville, who died in the Azores. In this view, "Table" means "picture" or "image" (it *can* have that meaning), and for some reason Falstaff at his death is said to be the very picture of Grenville. Yet one more reading—this one requiring no emendation—may be mentioned. It holds that the "and" in "and a Table of greene fields" is elliptical for "and it was." Thus Mistress Quickly says that Falstaff's nose was as sharp as a pen and was an image, in its sickly greenness, of a pasture. This last interpretation requires no alteration of the text, but is painfully thin beside Theobald's conjecture, which the Signet editor has adopted. Still, the editors of the Signet Shakespeare have restrained themselves from making abundant emendations. In their minds they hear Dr. Johnson's words on the dangers of emending: "I have adopted the Roman sentiment, that it is more honorable to save a citizen than to kill an enemy." Some departures (in addition to spelling, punctuation, and lineation) from the copy text have of course been made, but the original readings, such as "Table" in *Henry V*, are listed in the Note on the Text preceding each play, so that the reader can evaluate them for himself.

The editors of the Signet Shakespeare, following tradition, have added line numbers and in many cases act and scene divisions. The Folio divides most of the plays into acts and some plays into scenes. Early eighteenth-century editors increased the divisions. These divisions, which provide a convenient way of referring to passages in the plays, have been retained in the Signet texts, but

any division that did not appear in the text chosen as the basis for the Signet text has been enclosed in square brackets [] to indicate that it is an editorial addition. Similarly, although no play of Shakespeare's published during his lifetime was equipped with indications of locale at the heads of scene divisions, the Signet editors have added locales in square brackets for the convenience of the reader, who lacks the information afforded to spectators by costumes, properties, and gestures. The spectator can tell at a glance that he is in the throne room, but without an editorial indication the reader may be puzzled for a while. It should be mentioned too that there are a few authentic stage directions—perhaps Shakespeare's, perhaps a prompter's—that suggest locales, giving us a sense of the way the stage is envisioned: for example, "*Enter Brutus in his orchard*," and "*They go up into the senate house*." It is hoped that the bracketed additions will provide the reader with the sort of help given by these two authentic directions, but it is also hoped that the reader will remember that the Elizabethan stage was not loaded with scenery and that the action flowed continuously.

During the course of his work no editor can fail to recollect some words Heminges and Condell prefixed to the Folio:

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain to have collected and published them.

Nor can an editor, after he has done his best, forget Heminges and Condell's final words: "And so we leave you to other of his friends, whom if you need can be your guides. If you need them not, you can lead yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him."

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

EDITED BY HARRY D. FOLSOM

Introduction

THE PLAYS

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

EDITED BY HARRY LEVIN

Introduction

The Comedy of Errors has come down to us solely through the First Folio, in a good text which seems not far removed from the author's manuscript, and which is particularly interesting for the explicitness of its stage directions. The play itself is the shortest, and may indeed be the earliest, of Shakespeare's dramatic works. As such, it is more explicitly linked to classical tradition than any of the others. In spite of a notorious gibe by Ben Jonson, it is quite evident that Shakespeare was acquainted with certain standard Latin authors. There is even an accredited rumor that, before entering the theater, he had taught in a country school, where the curriculum would have consisted of very little else. If he was to assay the range of the repertory, Seneca could not be "too heavy," in the phrase of Polonius, "nor Plautus too light." *Titus Andronicus* was Shakespeare's early experiment in the mode of Senecan tragedy; *The Comedy of Errors* marks, rather more happily, his assimilation and extension of Plautine comedy. In that case there was a specific model, the archetypal comedy of twins, the *Menaechmi* or *Two Menaechmuses*. A lively translation into Elizabethan prose by one W. W. (who is commonly identified as the minor poet William Warner) was published in 1595, some 1800 years after the appearance of Plautus' play on the Roman stage.

Whether Shakespeare could have seen an unpublished draft of this version, or whether W. W. was indebted to Shakespeare's free adaptation, has been argued back and forth by scholars. Certainly Shakespeare could have known the original at first hand, and the similar phrases used by both writers may be coincidences rather than echoes. At all events, the English *Menaechmi* offers a helpful basis of comparison whereby readers may observe for themselves how Shakespeare adapted and amplified Plautus. Such observations might well begin with W. W.'s title page: "A pleasant and fine Conceited Comedy taken out of the most excellent witty Poet Plautus, chosen purposely from out the rest as least harmful and yet delightful. . . ." In other words, both the translator and the playwright chose to work from an untypical play—untypical in its all but complete reliance on chance and not on contrivance, not on malice or mischief but sheer luck. Not that fortune, often in the most commercial sense, was ever slow to inter-

vene in the world of Greco-Roman comedy. But it was commonly sought through the profit motive on the part of the old, or sexual appetite on the part of the young, and the resultant conflicts were perennially exploited by parasites and abetted by slaves. Whereas tragedy took place in temples and palaces, the comic sphere was a round of urban shops and middle-class domiciles.

In the ancient theater the proscenium was not a picture frame but an architectural façade, whose practical doors and upper windows gave a stylized impression of a street scene in some Mediterranean seaport. By convention the side exits led to the marketplace in one direction (Shakespeare's mart) and to the harbor in the other ("from the bay"). Between them flowed the continual traffic of characters, pausing at one doorway or another to transact their business, and incidentally to inform the audience of the goings-on within. What Shakespeare calls "the stirring passage of the day" moved all the faster because it did not look beyond external appearances. Drama becomes more serious when it stresses characterization; farce, at the other extreme, tends to subordinate character to plot. Hence the *donnée* of Plautus was the very essence of the farcical: two characters sufficiently alike, so that each might fit interchangeably into the other's situation, could not afford to possess distinguishing characteristics. They are, by definition, altogether exceptional. In general, the *dramatis personae* of New Comedy—the kind of comedy that was new with Menander, yet was by no means exhausted with Molière—are stock types rather than fully characterized individuals. With many changes of costume and scenery, they continue to present object lessons in avarice, flattery, braggadocio, and other continuing deviations from sound morality.

Comedy, as Sir Philip Sidney defined it for Shakespeare's age, is "an imitation of the common errors of our life," which are represented "in the most ridiculous and scornful sort that may be, so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one." Sidney, who was involved in the defense of poetry, may bear down too heavily for our taste upon the posture of dramatist as moralist; yet, in emphasizing the correction of error, he shifts to the enlightenment of the spectator and to that

civilized overview which—through a process of confusion and clarification—we finally attain: “There, but for the grace of God, go we!” To err is proverbially human; and our tragic heroes go astray grandly by committing some single and fatal mistake. Comic figures, on the other hand, run through a whole train of petty errors, and somehow manage to extricate themselves from the final consequences. Hence it is not surprising that Shakespeare’s generic title had its lost forerunners, notably a *History of Error* performed in 1577. It is recorded, too, that a gala performance of the Shakespearean *Comedy of Errors* was played by the legal gentlemen of Gray’s Inn during the Christmas season of 1594 (probably two or three years after it was first publicly produced), with such crowds and attendant confusions that the festive occasion “was ever afterwards called *The Night of Errors*.”

In his massive studies of Shakespeare’s modest Latinity, T. W. Baldwin has shown that the poet may well have studied Plautus in the contemporaneous edition of Lambinus. There the text of the *Menaechmi* was flanked by a commentary in which each successive twist or turn of the plot is signaled by the Latin verb *errare* or the noun *error*. Thus the key word utilized by Shakespeare would seem to have had the force of a technical term. Along with it we may consider another term, introduced by that versatile literary innovator, George Gascoigne, through his English rendering of Ariosto’s prose comedy, *The Supposes*. Now a “suppose,” as Gascoigne defined it and applied it through a series of marginal comments on the action of the play, is “a mistaking or imagination of one thing for another,” generally one person supposed to be someone else because of deception, disguise, or impersonation. It requires no plotting or counterplotting in a Machiavellian sense; the only plotter is Shakespeare or Plautus himself; and what he hatches is fobbed off upon us as a trick of fate, a freak of nature, a practical joke conceived and executed by providence. The misapprehensions that gave rise to it are not poses nor supposes nor impostures; they are, plainly and simply, errors. We are at the roulette table, not the chessboard, here.

Where tragedy individualizes its protagonists, comedy underscores those broad resemblances which make it difficult to tell people apart. The closer the similarity between them, the easier it becomes for us to confound them. Blunders are most easily committed when two differing alternatives closely resemble one another, though the resemblance be no more than skin-deep. “Two faces that are alike,” Pascal remarked, “though neither of them excites laughter in itself, make me laugh when together on account of the likeness.” It was this sentence of Pascal’s that Bergson developed into his theory of laughter as a protest of the natural and the humane against all attempts at mechanization and regimentation. Duplication, in particular, seems an affront to human dignity (one is almost tempted to call it a loss of face)—to be always mistaken for, to be almost indistinguishable from, somebody else. A set of identical twins, leading different lives, is a possibility but not a probability; and Coleridge would invoke that classic distinction to draw a line between comedy and farce. Upon his recommendation we entertain the initial hypothesis; we verily believe it because it is absurd; for, after all, absurdity is man’s lot as the Existentialists have redefined it. Plautus offered Shakespeare a basic theme for

the unforced interplay of cross-purposes. Shakespeare’s variations, widely echoed in their turn, would be blithely syncopated by Rodgers and Hart in their appealing musical comedy *The Boys from Syracuse*.

The improbable assumption of Plautus was complicated to the very limits of the possible when Shakespeare dared to redouble the twins, and thereby to provide his pair of protagonists with a brace of retainers. Here he was acting on a hint from another Plautine source, a play so frequently imitated that Jean Giraudoux could number his treatment *Amphitryon* 38. Its myth is that of Alcmena, wooed by Jupiter in the shape of her absent husband Amphitryon, while Jupiter’s companion, Mercury, assumes the person of Sosia, the household slave. Two of Shakespeare’s most effective scenes, where the homecoming master and man are turned away from their own threshold, are directly inspired by Plautus’ *Amphitryon*. Consequently, since each of Shakespeare’s masters has a bondservant, he does not need to attach an officious parasite to the local Menaechmus as Plautus does. Messenio, the clever servant who accompanies the Syracusan Menaechmus, warns him with a pun against Epidamnum, where no one escapes “*sine damno* (without damage)”; but the Epidamnian pitfalls turn out to be unsolicited favors, which the visitor accepts with increasing insouciance. As for the citizen-twin, he is a solid man of affairs; but, having had a falling-out with his wife (and Plautus wastes no sympathy whatsoever upon the shrewish Uxor or Roman matron), he sets aside the day’s business for a night’s pleasure. In the true holiday spirit, both brothers are on the town.

Shakespeare, in amplifying the wife’s role, reduced the part assigned to the Courtesan. The pivotal banquet is served not at her hangout, the Porpentine, but at the home of Antipholus above his shop, the Phoenix; while he, a normally faithful husband, seeks out her company only after he has reason to suspect his wife. The latter, Adriana, inherits the Uxor’s misunderstanding with her husband; but Shakespeare sublimates it to a plane of genuine, if too possessive, conjugal love. Moreover, he endows her with a sister, to be courted by the bachelor Antipholus; and Luciana proves to be a *raisonneuse*, a mouthpiece of moderation, so that the twins occupy a place in the great Shakespearean debate on marriage, along with Kate and Petruchio or Rosaline and Berowne or Beatrice and Benedick. Shakespeare’s characters live, as usual, in a Christian ethos. The perplexed traveler swears, “as I am a Christian,” and—approached by the Courtesan—echoes Christ bidding Satan avaunt. The change in the ethical climate may be noted by the shift from Epidamnum, which is nonetheless mentioned along the way, to Ephesus. Plautus’ Syracusans fear Epidamnum because it is an emporium of sharp practice, peopled by rogues and harlots and the usual comic types. Shakespeare’s Syracusans are cautious too. “They say this town is full of cozenage,” the traveling Antipholus warns himself.

Notwithstanding, the Ephesians he meets are not “disguised cheaters.” They are, as the traveling Dromio puts it, “a gentle nation,” who “speak us fair, give us gold.” Shakespeare is more in his milieu where the setting is a room in the palace—or, better still, another part of the forest—than in the mercantile zones of New Comedy. It is not coney-catching but witchcraft and sorcery that envelop Ephesus in its mysterious aura. “Here we wander

in illusions." This is a place of strangers and sojourners, given to curious arts, to echo the patron saint of travelers in *partibus infidelium*, the apostle Paul. Not without pertinence, it has been suggested that Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, with its injunctions for husbands and wives, and for servants and masters, may have been in the background of Shakespeare's mind. His far-flung romance of *Pericles*, based on the folk tale of Apollonius of Tyre as retold by John Gower, reaches its resolution in the famous Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Some of the elements of the late play are present in the early one, notably the vicissitudes of a family progressing through misadventure by sea to recognition under religious auspices. The pagan temple has its counterpart in the priory, where—instead of a goddess in the machine—the flesh-and-blood Abbess is revealed to be the long-lost wife and mother.

The framing figure of Egeon contributes an emotional tension, at the very outset, to what would otherwise have remained a two-dimensional drama. His protracted expository narration is enlivened by the awareness that it is a plea, and probably a vain one, for his life. Rightly he blames his misfortunes on hap; for nowhere else in Shakespeare can a whole pattern of incidents be so directly traceable to sheer unmitigated contingency. Egeon is hopeless and helpless because he is hapless. But this is not to be a novel by Thomas Hardy; it is a knockabout farce, where bad fortune will change soon enough into good. The next scene not only offers a hint that the new arrival is one of Egeon's sons—through the mixup of the Dromios—and that the other son is just around the corner, but virtually guarantees the ransom, since the sum mentioned in both scenes is exactly a thousand marks. Coincidence has already done its best, as well as its worst, and a happy ending has been implicit from the beginning. Meanwhile the sequence of farcical episodes has been framed by the tragicomic overplot; and Shakespeare, by enlisting our sympathies for the fate of Egeon, has charged the air with a suspense which cannot be resolved until the appointed hour of execution, five o'clock in the afternoon.

Both of the Antipholuses have appointments at that hour, one of them with the Merchant and the other with Angelo the goldsmith; and since it is noon when the Syracusan arrives, and since the Ephesian Dromio gets into his troubles over the question of dinnertime, the time scheme is firmly fixed within the course of the afternoon. There are frequent reminders of time passing, to reinforce the structure of occurrences: when Komisarjevsky produced the play at Stratford-on-Avon, his setting was dominated by a gigantic clock. Adhering to the classical unities as Shakespeare does just once again in *The Tempest*, he takes the traditional city street as his horizon, moving his characters back and forth from port to mart and in and out of the various doorways between. The play would seem to lend itself very conveniently to the simultaneous stage of a great hall, such as that of Gray's Inn, where three or four free-standing houses or so-called mansions would have corresponded to the labeled locations: the Phoenix, the Porpentine for the Courtesan, the Centaur Inn, and the ultimate abbey near the place of execution. On the other hand, the recent production at Stratford, Ontario, demonstrated how well the play could adapt to the multilevel mobility of an Elizabethan playhouse.

The problem of staging ought not to be unduly strained

by the presupposition that calls for identical twins. To be sure, the difficulty raised by the twins of two sexes in *Twelfth Night*, which would have been solved in Shakespeare's day when both parts were acted by young men, is virtually insoluble in the modern theater. But, granted an approximate equivalence of stature, plus the same costuming and make-up, the Antipholuses and Dromios ought to look enough alike to confuse the other characters without confusing the audience. Is it not our premise, in viewing a comedy, that we are brighter than those who are on the stage? In the Roman theater, where the employment of masks eliminated the facial disparities, Plautus had to give a tassel to Mercury and a feather to Jupiter so that they would not be confused with Sosia and Amphitryon. At Stratford, Connecticut, in 1963, the same actor was cast as both twins, thereby combining histrionic virtuosity with artistic economy. This directorial tactic must create a bigger dilemma than the one it endeavors to solve, since the audience can never know the moment of catharsis, the visual illumination of seeing the two confusing elements discriminated from one another and exhibited side by side.

That way schizophrenia lies—which does not mean that it would be unproduceable in the Theater of the Absurd. It might turn out to be something in the vein of Pirandello, if not a dramatization of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. But the actual predicament is that of two personalities forced into the same role, rather than that of one personality playing two roles, since the resident twin has the contacts and continuities, and the roving twin intercepts them, as it were. Tweedledum has got to match Tweedledee, more or less, in order to be taken for him; and yet, the less he feels like him, the more the dramatic irony. Plautus did not discriminate between his two very sharply; the discrepancies that emerged largely took the concrete form of objects which fell into the wrong hands; otherwise the interconnecting characters did not seem to notice much difference. The married Menaechnus was angry from the first, so that each new chagrin could be rationalized to his mood. The interloping Menaechnus, though considerably bewildered, had no cause for being dissatisfied with his reception. Neither of them was above the temptation to profit from the contretemps; and the interloper finally engaged in a stratagem of his own, when he joined the game and pretended to be a lunatic.

That sort of conduct is what we have agreed to label a suppose, a deception which is cultivated rather than casual. The most notable fact about Shakespeare's comedy is that it has no supposes, only errors: only mischances, and no contrivances by anybody except Shakespeare himself. There is no parallel scene of pretended madness; Shakespeare must have been saving the theme for *Hamlet*. Here the suspected madman, like Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*, protests his sanity. He does not act; he is acted upon; and Shakespeare, ever the psychologist, makes a good deal more out of the attempted diagnosis of demonic possession. He makes the exorcism so very painful, and goes so far out of his way to substitute the grim-visaged schoolmaster, Dr. Pinch, for the Plautine Medicus, that we sense a virtual obsession, possibly connected with Holofernes, the pedant of *Love's Labor's Lost*, or with some other reminiscence from Shakespeare's own teaching days. It is as if the nightmare came so close that the misunderstood

hero dare not pretend to be hallucinated. Again there is a precedent in Saint Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, where the exorcist is exorcised. The customary rhetorical questions of comedy, in these mouths, become questions of existential bewilderment or expressions of cosmic vertigo: Do I dream or wake? Do we see double? Is he drunk or sober? Is she a liar or a fool? Who is crazy? Who is sane?

Contrasted with this constant inner questioning, the caricature of Dr. Pinch seems externalized. He is the one humorous personage of the play, in the Jonsonian usage, a man of obvious quirks and eccentric aspect, the crazy psychiatrist. If the others are funny, it is because of the plights they find themselves in. No, there is one other exception, though she is peripheral, and has a greater impact in her absence than in her presence onstage. This heroine, invoked indifferently as Luce or Nell, is generically a Dowsabel or, for that matter, a Dulcinea—a kitchen maid whose formidable proportions are vividly verbalized by the wrong Dromio, her brother-in-law, who is still quaking from the shock of having been claimed by her as a husband. This is the vulgar parallel to Adriana's claim upon her brother-in-law. Dromio's description of his brother's Nell, elicited by his master's queries as straight man, is a set-piece in the manner of Launce or Launcelot Gobbo, and may well have been assigned to the same comedian. With its geographical conceits, comparing the parts of her person to foreign countries (and containing, incidentally, the sole direct allusion that Shakespeare makes to America), it might almost be a ribald reversal of Othello's traveler's tales when wooing Desdemona.

But it is by no means a far-fetched gag, since it embodies—on a more than miniature scale—the principal contrast of the play: on the one hand, extensive voyaging; on the other, intensive domesticity. In using an underplot which burlesques the main plot, Shakespeare employs a device as old as Medwall's pioneer interlude of *Fulgens and Lucres*, where the rival suitors have servants who court the mistress' maid under the diagrammatic designations of A and B. With Nell, as with the demanding Adriana, the normal approaches of courtship are reversed. The closest we come to romantic love is the sketchy relationship between her brother-in-law and her husband's sister-in-law. Yet that is a good deal closer than Plautus brings us; and though both masters are suitably mated in the end, the concluding dialogue of the servants emphasizes the pairing of twins, not spouses. Parents and children are reunited, family ties are reasserted; but Dromio of Syracuse remains a free agent. His greatest moment has been the midpoint of the play, when he acted as doorkeeper and kept out his fellow Dromio, as well as that Dromio's master, the master of the house. This is the one point before the denouement when Shakespeare permits his twins to meet and talk, and the door between them seems to keep the mutual visibility fairly obscure.

It is worth noting that their brief colloquy reverts to the doggerel style of *Ralph Roister Doister*, the oldest English imitation of Plautus, in its stichomythic interchanges of rhyming fourteeners. This is the main scene (the first of Act III) that Shakespeare borrowed from the *Amphitryon* (the first of Act I), eking out the comedy of the *Menaechmi* with the underplot of the two Sosias to complete—with a vengeance—the Elizabethan require-

ments for a double plot. He develops it to the very pitch of the dramatic subversion that he has been exploiting, with the outsider inside and the insider excluded, the stranger in possession of the house and the householder cast into outer darkness. Both parties are translated, as Quince will affirm of Bottom; and they could not have been so completely translated, had they not been fac-similes to begin with. The most fundamental alteration that Shakespeare made in his Plautine material was to shift the focus from the homekeeping twin to his errant brother, whose sobriquet, Antipholus Erotes, may be a variation on Erratus or Errans. The *Menaechmi* starts out with the other twin, and with the reassurance of familiar surroundings, into which the disturbing factor will be injected. *The Comedy of Errors* starts with the newcomer, and his impressions of strangeness: the witchery of Ephesus, not the bustle of Epidamnum.

Having a head start, and having to alternate scenes with Antipholus of Ephesus, who does not appear until the third act, Antipholus of Syracuse has a much larger part: roughly 272 lines to the other's 207. The disproportion is even clearer between the parts of the two Dromios: there the score is Syracuse 233, Ephesus 162. The *Menaechmi*, though it is the shorter play, has fewer characters and longer speeches; accordingly, its Syracusan twin has 251 lines, whereas the Epidamnian twin has 300. We therefore tend to visualize what goes on in the Latin play from the denizen's standpoint, and what goes on in the English play from the alien's. Epidamnum could be any old town, where everything should be in its place, *in situ*: where everyone expects his fellow citizen, Menaechmus, to go through the round of his habitual day. No one could suspect that there was another Menaechmus, whose chance encounters would lead to incongruities and discontinuities, except for his one follower, who shares and compounds his perplexities. Ephesus is another story, however. We are put off at once by the hostile reception of Egeon; and when the two other foreigners enter, Antipholus and Dromio, they are the first of those names whom we have met.

We share their misgivings all the more readily because they too have been risking their lives, and because the object of their travels has so far eluded them. When this Antipholus gets caught up in his brother's existence, it is as new to us as it is to him. We participate in an adventure; what might be matter of fact to an Ephesian is, for him and ourselves, a fantasy out of the *Arabian Nights*. "What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?" he wonders, after Adriana accosts him, reprimands him, and invites him to dinner. And tentatively he resolves,

Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offered fallacy. (II.ii.186-87)

Then, after dinner, smitten with Luciana, he asks her to unfold the mystery:

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak:
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smoth'red in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit. (III.ii.33-36)

But the undeception does not come about until all the participants in this "sympathized one day's error"—for so the Abbess sums it up—have sought the illumination of sanctuary within her abbey. In that cloistered serenity, far from urban corruption, the deferred recognition scenes can coincide at long last. The confessions and counter-accusations piece together a step-by-step recapitulation of how "these errors are arose." The maternal figure of the Abbess is something of a surprise, as Bertrand Evans points out in his recent study, *Shakespeare's Comedies*. Running through all of them, Mr. Evans finds their common structural principle in what he calls a "discrepant awareness." Characteristically, the humor springs from "the exploitable gulf spread between the participants' understanding and ours."

In Shakespeare's development of this resource, *The Comedy of Errors* is primordial, since it is his single comedy where the audience knows all and all the characters are in the dark. Mr. Evans' suggestive analysis can be perfectly fitted to the *Menaechmi*. Plautus, in effect, is always saying, "I told you so." But Shakespeare is always asking, "Can such things be?" The exceptional position of the Abbess not only rounds out the recognitions; it lays the spell of wonderment again upon the concluding scene; and it reminds us, as other touches do, of Shakespeare's romances. Even within the venal and angular precincts of Latinate comedy, he can make us aware of unpathed waters, undreamed shores, and things in heaven and earth that philosophy has not fathomed. Yet philosophers can tell us much, particularly about the processes of learning; and Bergson tells us much about *The Comedy of Errors* when, in his essay on laughter, he borrows a concept from optics and writes of "the reciprocal interference of series." At length we can put our supposes or errors down in scientific terminology. "A situation is invariably comic," Bergson explains, "when it belongs simultaneously to two independent series of events, and is capable of being interpreted in two entirely different meanings at the same time."

It would be hard to conceive of a better illustration than the two different series of events in the respective days of the two Antipholuses, and the ways in which they are imperceptibly crisscrossed. Antipholus of Syracuse has no particular expectations or plans. He derives a gratuitous enjoyment from the inexplicable services rendered and favors due his brother. This interference or substitution induces a certain amnesia on the brother's part, when the bills come in and the witnesses testify; naturally, he cannot remember the items attested. As one error engenders another, suspicion is bound to mount and disgruntlement spread, rising to their climax in hot pursuit toward the madhouse or the jail, and ending at the priory. Now the brunt of these displacements is borne by Antipholus of Ephesus. Of all those discomfited, he comes nearest to being a victim of the situation, since it is his situation, in the last analysis. It is his routine which is broken up, his standing in the community undermined; his normal expectations are interfered with, and—to add insult to injury—he is expected to pay for what he has been deprived of. In short, the rug has been pulled out from under the very preconditions of his existence.

Other people's bafflement can be fun, and Plautus makes the most of it. From the heights of our spectatorial vantage point, we need not worry too much about what

befalls whom. We are not playing blind man's buff, we are watching the game. But Shakespeare makes us feel what it is like to be this or that Antipholus—all the difference in the world, if we happened to start by being the other one—and the interaction of opposite numbers ends by demonstrating *a fortiori* the uniqueness of the individual. When Adriana and her husband appeal to the duke, the stories they tell of their day's experience are mutually contradictory; but the discrepancies would disappear if the shadow of the interfering Antipholus were retraced through their reciprocal patterns. (Latter-day readers or viewers may be reminded of the Japanese story or film *Rashomon*.) It has been a lesson for Adriana, brought home by the gentle rebuke of the Abbess, and penitently acknowledged. For Antipholus of Ephesus, it has been an eye-opening misadventure. Apparently, he has never felt the impetus that has incited his brother and his father to sally forth in search of him. Unconcerned with his founding origin, he rejoices in the good graces of the duke and takes for granted the stable comforts of his Ephesian citizenship.

What greater shock for him, then, than to bring a party of fellow citizens home to his well-established household for lunch and to discover that household preempted by roistering strangers, to be shut out in the street, to have one's own door slammed in one's own face? Or is it one's own? The sense of alienation, that *Verfremdungseffekt* so characteristic of Brecht and of the twentieth-century theater, is all the greater when our image of ourselves depends for its corroboration upon a settled context, and when we come to realize—what tragedy teaches us—that it is our destiny to be displaced. When Messenio saw the two Menaechmuses together, he declared that water was not more like water. After Shakespeare has adapted the metaphor, it stands not for an easy correspondence but for an unending quest.

I to the world am like a drop of water

That in the ocean seeks another drop, (I.ii.35-36)

Antipholus of Syracuse confesses sadly, realizing that he is less likely to find a mother and a brother than to be irretrievably lost himself. Later, Adriana, addressing him as if he were Antipholus of Ephesus, likens their imperiled love to a drop of water into the sea; and he has a similar exchange with Luciana. The Syracusan twin is conscious that he must lose his identity in order to find it; the Ephesian twin is not; but he must, and he does. And Dromio too—both Dromios, whichever is which—must undergo their crises of identity: "Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I myself?"

Modern psychological fiction is haunted by doubles, sometimes as overtly as in the tales of Hoffmann, Poe, and Dostoevsky, or in "The Jolly Corner" of Henry James, where the Black Stranger is recognized as the self that might have been. The other self—best friend, worst enemy—stares back at the poets from Heine's pallid ghost ("*Du! Doppelgänger, du bleicher Geselle!*") or Baudelaire's hypocritical reader ("*mon semblable! mon frère!*"). That alter ego may be demon or devil, good angel or evil genius. It may be the retribution of conscience—Philip Drunk reprehended by Philip Sober—or, at the other extreme, the vicarious pleasure the artist enjoys through

the playboy, the envy of Shem for Shaun. All this may well be a far cry from Plautine or even Shakespearean farce, to which we should be glad that we can escape from our more introspective dilemmas. There all aberrations come home to roost, and are sorted out by the happy ending; we acknowledge the error of our ways, and false suppositions are replaced by truths. No one really gets damaged in Epidamnum, and everyone enjoys a new lease of life when Egeon is ransomed and reprieved. Everything will be explained at a feast, after the conventional manner of comedy. Debts will be paid, relationships renewed, and daily routine taken up where it broke off. Having been restored once more to our familiar world, we laugh away the shudder of estrangement.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

Titus Maccius Plautus, who was born during the third century B.C. and died during the second, was the most popular of the Roman playwrights. Freely adapted into the Latin vernacular from the New Comedy of the Greeks, his plays were distinguished by their broad humor, fast movement, vivid language, and nimble versification. Among the twenty-one Plautine comedies that have come down to us, the *Menaechmi* is one of the best known and the most influential, doubtless because it reduces the dilemmas of mistaken identity to an archetypal pattern. A rough but vigorous translation into Elizabethan prose, which Shakespeare may or may not have known in manuscript form, was published in 1595, presumably a few years after the first production of *The Comedy of Errors*. The initials of the translator, W. W., are generally thought to stand for William Warner, a man of letters who is sometimes remembered for his historical poem, *Albion's England*. For the underplot of the twin servants, Shakespeare is indebted to the *Amphitruo* of Plautus, particularly the opening scene and the fourth act.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The Comedy of Errors was first published in the Folio of 1623, which provides the only authoritative text. It is possible that the copy for the Folio was Shakespeare's manuscript; the ambiguity of some names in stage direc-

tions and in speech prefixes would have been confusing in a promptbook. For example, Egeon is *Mer(chant)* in I.i., but other merchants appear in other scenes without distinctive titles. More important, *E. Dro(mio)* is, as might be expected, *Dromio of Ephesus*; but *E. Ant.* is Antipholus of Syracuse, an abbreviation of his earlier designation, *Ant. Erotis*—which is perhaps an approximation of *erraticus*, wandering. A promptbook doubtless would have clarified the nomenclature.

The Folio's text is a good one, presenting the editor with relatively few problems. In the present edition the speech prefixes and names in stage directions have been regularized, spelling and punctuation have been modernized, and obvious typographical errors have been corrected. A few passages that the Folio prints as prose are given in verse, and the positions of a few stage directions have been slightly altered. Act division (translated from the Latin) is that of the Folio; scene division is that of the Globe text. Other departures from the Folio are listed below, with the adopted reading first, in boldface, and the original reading next, in roman.

I.i.17 at at any 42 the he 102 upon vp 116 bark backe 123 thee they 151 health helpe
 I.ii.s.d. Antipholus of Syracuse Antipholis Erotis 4 arrival a riual 30 lose loose 32 s.d. Exit Exeunt 40 unhappy vnhappy a 65 score scoure 66 clock cooke 93 God's God 94 s.d. Exit Exeunt
 II.i.s.d. Antipholus of Ephesus Antipholis Sereptus 11 o' door adore 12 ill thus 45 two too 62 thousand hundred 73 errand arrant 108 alone, alone alone, a loue 113 Wear Where 114 But By
 II.ii.s.d. Antipholus of Syracuse Antipholis Erotis 12 didst did didst 80 men them 98 tiring trying 102 e'en in 176 stronger .stranger 187 offered free'd 195 drone Dromio 196 am not I am I not
 III.i.54 trow hope 75 you your 89 her your 91 her your
 III.ii.s.d. Luciana Iuliana 1 Luciana Iulia 2 Antipholus, hate Antipholus 4 building buildings 16 attaint attaine 21 but not 26 wife wise 46 sister's sister 49 bed bud; them thee 57 where when 109 and is 127 chalky chalkle 167 here is here's
 IV.i.17 her their 28 carat charect 47 to blame too blame 88 then she then sir she
 IV.ii.6 Of Oh 61 'a I
 IV.iii.1 S. Antipholus [F omits] 59 if you do if do
 V.i.s.d. [another] Merchant the Merchant 33 God's God 121 death depth 168 Messenger [F omits] 246 all together altogether 282 s.d. abbey Abbess 403 ne'er are 406 joy with go with 408 s.d. Exeunt Exeunt omnes. Manet 423 senior Signior



THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

[Dramatis Personae]

SOLINUS *Duke of Ephesus*

EGEON *a merchant of Syracuse*

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS } *twin brothers, and*
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE } *sons of Egeon and*
 Emilia

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS } *twin brothers, and bond-*
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE } *men to the two Anti-*
 pholuses

BALTHASAR

ANGELO *a goldsmith*

A MERCHANT *friend to Antipholus of Syracuse*

ANOTHER MERCHANT *to whom Angelo is in*
debt

DOCTOR PINCH *a schoolmaster*

EMILIA *an abbess at Ephesus, wife of Egeon*

ADRIANA *wife of Antipholus of Ephesus*

LUCIANA *her sister*

LUCE or Nell, *kitchen maid to Adriana*

COURTESAN

JAILER HEADSMAN OFFICERS

ATTENDANTS

Scene: Ephesus]

A C T I

Scene I. [*A public place.*]

Enter the DUKE of Ephesus, with [EGEON] the merchant of Syracuse,° JAILER, and other ATTENDANTS.

EGEON

Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom° of death end woes and all.

DUKE

Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial° to infringe our laws.
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders° to redeem their lives,
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars°
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,

5

10

It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse° towns.

15

Nay more; if any born at Ephesus°
Be seen at Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,°
Unless a thousand marks° be levied
To quit° the penalty and to ransom him.

20

Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemned to die.

25

EGEON

Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

DUKE

Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

30

EGEON

A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;

The decorative border above appeared on the first page of The Comedy of Errors in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.

I.i.s.d. **Syracusa** Syracuse, ancient capital of Sicily **2 doom** sentence **4 partial** predisposed **8 guilders** Dutch coins worth about forty cents **11 intestine jars** internal conflicts

15 adverse hostile **16 Ephesus** rich city on the coast of Asia Minor **20 dispose** disposal **21 marks** valued at somewhat more than three dollars **22 quit** acquit

Yet, that the world may witness that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offense,
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In Syracuse was I born, and wed
 Unto a woman happy but for me,
 And by me, had not our hap been bad.
 With her I lived in joy, our wealth increased
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To Epidamnum,⁴¹ till my factor's⁴² death
 And the great care of goods at random left
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;
 From whom my absence was not six months old,
 Before herself—almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear—
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon and safe arrivèd where I was.
 There had she not been long, but she became
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
 As could not be distinguished but by names.
 That very hour, and in the selfsame inn,
 A mean⁴³ woman was deliverèd
 Of such a burden male, twins both alike.
 Those, for⁴⁴ their parents were exceeding poor,
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
 My wife, not meanly⁴⁵ proud of two such boys,
 Made daily motions⁴⁶ for our home return.
 Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon
 We came aboard.
 A league from Epidamnum had we sailed
 Before the always wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragic instance⁴⁷ of our harm.
 But longer did we not retain much hope;
 For what obscurèd light the heavens did grant
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant⁴⁸ of immediate death,
 Which, though myself would gladly have embraced,
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And piteous plainings⁴⁹ of the pretty babes,
 That mourned for fashion,⁵⁰ ignorant what to fear,
 Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
 And this it was—for other means was none:
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe,⁵¹ to us.
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,⁵²
 Had fast'ned him unto a small spare mast,
 Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixed,
 Fast'ned ourselves at either end the mast;
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Was carried towards Corinth,⁵³ as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispersed those vapors that offended us,

41 **Epidamnum** Adriatic seaport; **factor's** agent's 54 **mean** poor 56 **for** because 58 **not meanly** more than a little 59 **motions** proposals 64 **instance** token 68 **doubtful warrant** ominous sign 72 **plainings** wails 73 **fashion** custom 77 **sinking-ripe** ready to sink 78 **latter-born** but see line 124 87 **Corinth** major Greek seaport

And, by the benefit of his wishèd⁵⁴ light,
 The seas waxed calm, and we discoverèd
 Two ships from far, making amain⁵⁵ to us:
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus⁵⁶ this.
 But ere they came—O, let me say no more!
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

DUKE

40 Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so,
 For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

EGEON

O, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily⁵⁷ termed them merciless to us.
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
 We were encount'ed by a mighty rock,
 Which being violently borne upon,
 Our helpful ship⁵⁸ was splitted in the midst;
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul, seeming as burdenèd
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carried with more speed before the wind;
 And in our sight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length another ship had seized on us,
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave healthful welcome to their shipwrecked guests,
 And would have reft⁵⁹ the fishers of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
 Thus have you heard me severed from my bliss,
 That by misfortunes was my life prolonged
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

DUKE

And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
 Do me the favor to dilate⁶⁰ at full
 What have befall'n of them and thee till now.

EGEON

My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
 At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother, and importuned me
 That his attendant—so his case was like,
 Reft of his brother, but retained his name—
 Might bear him company in the quest of him;
 Whom whilst I labored of a love⁶¹ to see,
 I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
 And coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,
 Hopeless to find,⁶² yet loath to leave unsought
 Or⁶³ that or any place that harbors men.
 But here must end the story of my life;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels⁶⁴ warrant me they live.

DUKE

Hapless Egeon, whom the fates have marked
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap!

90 **his wishèd** its wished-for 92 **amain** with full speed 93 **Epidaurus** ancient name for both a Greek and an Adriatic town 99 **Worthily** deservedly 103 **ship** the mast 115 **reft** robbed 122 **dilate** relate 130 **of a love** out of love 135 **Hopeless to find** without hope of finding 136 **Or** either 139 **travels** with the further implication of "travails"

Now trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,^o
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,^o
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee. 145
 But though thou art adjudgèd^o to the death,
 And passèd sentence may not be recalled
 But to our honor's great disparagement,^o
 Yet will I favor thee in what I can;
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day 150
 To seek thy health by beneficial help.
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus—
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live; if no, then thou art doomed to die.
 Jailer, take him to thy custody. 155

JAILER

I will, my lord.

EGEON

Hopeless and helpless doth Egeon wend,
 But to procrastinate^o his lifeless end. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. *The mart.*^o]

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS [OF SYRACUSE], a MERCHANT,
 and DROMIO [OF SYRACUSE].*

MERCHANT

Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day a Syracusian merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here,
 And not being able to buy out^o his life, 5
 According to the statute of the town,
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is your money that I had to keep.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Go bear it to the Centaur,^o where we host,^o
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee;
 Within this hour it will be dinnertime;
 Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return and sleep within mine inn;
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary. 15
 Get thee away.

S. DROMIO

Many a man would take you at your word,
 And go indeed, having so good a mean.^o

Exit DROMIO.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

A trusty villain,^o sir, that very oft,
 When I am dull with care and melancholy, 20
 Lightens my humor^o with his merry jests.
 What, will you walk with me about the town,
 And then go to my inn and dine with me?

MERCHANT

I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit. 25

I crave your pardon; soon at five o'clock,
 Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
 And afterward consort^o you till bedtime.
 My present business calls me from you now.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Farewell till then. I will go lose myself, 30
 And wander up and down to view the city.

MERCHANT

Sir, I commend you to your own content. *Exit.*

S. ANTIPHOLUS

He that commends me to mine own content
 Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
 I to the world am like a drop of water 35
 That in the ocean seeks another drop,
 Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,^o
 Unseen, inquisitive, confounds^o himself.
 So I, to find a mother and a brother,
 In quest of them, unhappy,^o lose myself. 40

Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Here comes the almanac^o of my true date.
 What now? How chance thou art returned so soon?

E. DROMIO

Returned so soon! Rather approached too late.
 The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
 The clock hath stricken twelve^o upon the bell; 45
 My mistress made it one upon my cheek.
 She is so hot because the meat is cold;
 The meat is cold because you come not home;
 You come not home because you have no stomach;^o
 You have no stomach, having broke your fast. 50
 But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
 Are penitent for your default^o today.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Stop in your wind,^o sir; tell me this, I pray:
 Where have you left the money that I gave you?

E. DROMIO

O, sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last, 55
 To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?^o
 The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

I am not in a sportive humor now.
 Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
 We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust 60
 So great a charge from thine own custody?

E. DROMIO

I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
 I from my mistress come to you in post;^o
 If I return, I shall be post^o indeed, 65
 For she will score^o your fault upon my pate.
 Methinks your maw,^o like mine, should be your clock,
 And strike you home without a messenger.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;

143 dignity office 144 disannul cancel 146 adjudgèd
 sentenced 148 disparagement injury 158 procrastinate
 postpone

I.ii.s.d. mart marketplace 5 buy out redeem 9 Centaur
 name and sign of an inn; host lodge 18 mean means 19
 villain in the original sense of "bondman" 21 humor mood

28 consort accompany 37 find . . . forth seek his fellow
 out 38 confounds loses 40 unhappy unlucky 41 almanac
 Dromio reminds Antipholus of his own age 45 twelve
 dinnertime or later 49 stomach appetite 52 default (1) sin
 (2) failure to appear 53 wind breath 56 crupper strap from
 saddle to horse's tail 63 post haste 64 post posted (to pay
 account, with pun meaning "beaten") 65 score with pun
 on scour, beat 66 maw stomach (ordinarily used with
 animals)

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee? 70

E. DROMIO

To me, Sir? Why, you gave no gold to me.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

E. DROMIO

My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix,^o sir, to dinner. 75
My mistress and her sister stays for you.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestowed^o my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce^o of yours
That stands on^o tricks when I am undisposed. 80
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

E. DROMIO

I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay^o your worship those again, 85
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Thy mistress' marks? What mistress, slave, hast thou?

E. DROMIO

Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner. 90

S. ANTIPHOLUS

What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

[Beats him.]

E. DROMIO

What mean you, sir? For God's sake, hold your hands!
Nay, and^o you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

Exit DROMIO.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Upon my life, by some device or other, 95
The villain is o'erraught^o of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage:^o
As^o nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body, 100
Disguisèd cheaters, prating mountebanks,^o
And many suchlike liberties^o of sin.
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave.
I greatly fear my money is not safe. *Exit.* 105

75 **Phoenix** house of Antipholus, denoted by the sign of his shop 78 **bestowed** deposited 79 **sconce** head 80 **stands on** insists upon 85 **pay** also meaning "beat" 94 **and if** 96 **o'erraught** overreached 97 **cozenage** cheating 98 **As** such as 101 **mountebanks** quacks 102 **liberties** uninhibited acts

A C T I I

[Scene I. *The Phoenix.*]

*Enter ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus [of Ephesus], with
LUCIANA, her sister.*

ADRIANA

Neither my husband nor the slave returned,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master.
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

LUCIANA

Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner. 5
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret;
A man is master of his liberty.
Time is their master, and when they see time,
They'll go or come; if so, be patient, sister.

ADRIANA

Why should their liberty than ours be more? 10

LUCIANA

Because their business still^o lies out o' door.

ADRIANA

Look when^o I serve him so, he takes it ill.

LUCIANA

O, know he is the bridle of your will.

ADRIANA

There's none but asses will be bridled so.

LUCIANA

Why, headstrong liberty is lashed^o with woe. 15
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky.
The beasts, the fishes, and the wingèd fowls
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls;^o
Man, more divine, the master of all these, 20
Lord of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense^o and souls,
Of more preeminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords;
Then let your will attend on their accords. 25

ADRIANA

This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

LUCIANA

Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

ADRIANA

But, were you wedded, you would bear some
sway.^o

LUCIANA

Ere I learn love, I'll practice to obey.

ADRIANA

How if your husband start some other where?^o 30

LUCIANA

Till he come home again, I would forbear.

ADRIANA

Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;^o
They can be meek that have no other cause.^o
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry; 35
But were we burd'ned with like weight of pain,

II.i.ii still always 12 **Look when** whenever 15 **lashed** whipped 19 **controls** commands 22 **intellectual sense** reason 28 **sway** authority 30 **start . . . where** pursue another woman 32 **pause** delay in getting married 33 **cause** motive

As much or more we should ourselves complain:
 So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
 With urging helpless° patience would relieve me;
 But, if thou live to see like right bereft,°
 This fool-begged° patience in thee will be left.

LUCIANA

Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
 Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

ADRIANA

Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. DROMIO Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that 45
 my two ears can witness.

ADRIANA

Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

E. DROMIO Ay, ay, he told° his mind upon mine ear.
 Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

LUCIANA Spake he so doubtfully,° thou couldst not 50
 feel his meaning?

E. DROMIO Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too
 well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I
 could scarce understand° them.

ADRIANA

But say, I prithee, is he coming home? 55
 It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

E. DROMIO Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-
 mad.

ADRIANA

Horn-mad,° thou villain!

E. DROMIO I mean not cuckold-mad, 60
 But sure he is stark mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner,
 He asked me for a thousand marks in gold.
 "'Tis dinnertime," quoth I. "My gold!" quoth he.
 "Your meat doth burn," quoth I. "My gold!" quoth he.
 "Will you come?" quoth I. "My gold!" quoth he. 65
 "Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"
 "The pig," quoth I, "is burned." "My gold!" quoth he.
 "My mistress, sir—" quoth I. "Hang up° thy mistress!
 I know not thy mistress, out on° thy mistress!"

LUCIANA Quoth who? 70

E. DROMIO

Quoth my master.
 "I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress."
 So that my errand due unto° my tongue,
 I thank him, I bare° home upon my shoulders;
 For, in conclusion, he did beat me there. 75

ADRIANA

Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. DROMIO

Go back again, and be new beaten home?
 For God's sake, send some other messenger.

ADRIANA

Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.°

E. DROMIO

And he will bless that cross with other beating; 80
 Between you, I shall have a holy° head.

ADRIANA

Hence, prating peasant! Fetch thy master home.

E. DROMIO

Am I so round° with you, as you with me,
 That like a football you do spurn me thus?
 You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither; 85
 If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[Exit.]

LUCIANA

Fie, how impatience lowereth° in your face!

ADRIANA

His company must do his minions° grace,
 Whilst I at home starve° for a merry look:
 Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
 From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted it.
 Are my discourses° dull? Barren my wit?
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marred,
 Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
 Do their gay vestments his affections bait?° 95
 That's not my fault; he's master of my state.
 What ruins are in me that can be found,
 By him not ruined? Then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures.° My decayèd fair°
 A sunny look of his would soon repair. 100
 But, too unruly deer,° he breaks the pale,°
 And feeds from° home; poor I am but his stale.°

LUCIANA

Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence.

ADRIANA

Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.°
 I know his eye doth homage elsewhere,° 105
 Or else what lets° it but he would be here?
 Sister, you know he promised me a chain.
 Would that alone, alone he would detain,°
 So he would keep fair quarter° with his bed!
 I see the jewel best enamellèd 110
 Will lose his° beauty; yet the gold bides still
 That others touch, and often touching will
 Wear gold, and no man that hath a name
 But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.°
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye, 115
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

LUCIANA

How many fond° fools serve mad jealousy!
Exit [with ADRIANA].

39 **helpless** unavailing 40 **like right bereft** your own
 rights denied 41 **fool-begged** assumed as one would assume
 responsibility for a fool 48 **told** with a pun on *tolled* 50
doubtfully uncertainly 54 **understand** pun on *stand under*
 59 **Horn-mad** (1) like a mad bull (2) a cuckold 68 **Hang**
up be hanged 69 **out on** angry interjection 73 **due unto**
 appropriate to 74 **bare bore** 79 **across** taken by Dromio as
 a cross

81 **holy** quibbling on *full of holes* 83 **round** (1) plain-spoken
 (2) spherical 87 **lowereth** frowns 88 **minions** paramours
 89 **starve** pine away 92 **discourses** conversations 95 **bait**
 entice 99 **defeatures** disfigurements; **decayèd fair** impaired
 beauty 101 **deer** pun on *dear*; **pale** enclosure 102 **from** away
 from; **stale** dupe 104 **dispense** offer a dispensation 105
otherwise elsewhere 106 **lets** prevents 108 **detain** keep
 back 109 **keep fair quarter** keep the peace 111 **his** its
 110-114 **I . . . shame** through these ambiguous metaphors
 Adriana seems to imply that she still values her husband,
 though he is made less attractive by promiscuity 117 **fond**
 foolish

[Scene II. *The mart.*]

Enter ANTIPHOLUS [OF SYRACUSE].

S. ANTIPHOLUS

The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave
Is wand' red forth, in care to seek me out,
By computation° and mine host's report.
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart! See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

How now, sir, is your merry humor altered?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? You received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. DROMIO

What answer, sir? When spake I such a word?

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

S. DROMIO

I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

S. DROMIO

I am glad to see you in this merry vein.
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that! And that!

Beats DROMIO.

S. DROMIO

Hold, sir, for God's sake! Now your jest is earnest.
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common° of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport;
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.
S. DROMIO Sconce, call you it? So you would leave
battering, I had rather have it a head. And you use
these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and
ensconce° it too, or else I shall seek my wit° in my
shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Dost thou not know?

S. DROMIO Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Shall I tell you why?

S. DROMIO Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every
why hath a wherefore.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Why, first for flouting me, and then wherefore,
For urging it the second time to me.

S. DROMIO

Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme
nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

S. ANTIPHOLUS Thank me, sir, for what?

S. DROMIO Marry,° sir, for this something that you
gave me for nothing.

S. ANTIPHOLUS I'll make you amends next, to give you
nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinnertime?

S. DROMIO No, sir. I think the meat wants that° I
have.

S. ANTIPHOLUS In good time,° sir. What's that?

S. DROMIO Basting.
S. ANTIPHOLUS Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. DROMIO If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

S. ANTIPHOLUS Your reason?

S. DROMIO Lest it make you choleric° and purchase
me another dry° basting.

S. ANTIPHOLUS Well, sir, learn to jest in good time;
there's a time for all things.

S. DROMIO I durst have denied that, before you were
so choleric.

S. ANTIPHOLUS By what rule, sir?

S. DROMIO Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain
bald pate of Father Time himself.

S. ANTIPHOLUS Let's hear it.

S. DROMIO There's no time for a man to recover his
hair that grows bald by nature.

S. ANTIPHOLUS May he not do it by fine and
recovery?°

S. DROMIO Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig and
recover the lost hair of another man.

S. ANTIPHOLUS Why is Time such a niggard of hair,
being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?°

S. DROMIO Because it is a blessing that he bestows on
beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath
given them in wit.

S. ANTIPHOLUS Why, but there's many a man hath
more hair than wit.

S. DROMIO Not a man of those but he hath the wit
to lose his hair.

S. ANTIPHOLUS Why, thou didst conclude hairy
men plain dealers without wit.

S. DROMIO The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he
loseth it in a kind of jollity.
S. ANTIPHOLUS For what reason?

S. DROMIO For two; and sound° ones too.

II.ii.4 computation calculation 22 in the teeth to my face
24 earnest (1) serious (2) a deposit 29 common public prop-
erty 32 aspect attitude (astrological term for planetary
influence) 34 sconce (1) head (2) fortification 38 ensconce
screen; wit brains

50 Marry mild exclamation (originally an oath, from "By the
Virgin Mary") 54 wants that lacks what 56 In good time
indeed 57 Basting (1) moistening meat (2) thrashing 61
choleric irascible (from a surplus of choler, the humor of
dryness) 62 dry bloodless 73-74 fine and recovery legal
form of conveyance (with a pun on *foin*, the fur of a polecat)
78 excrement outgrowth 89 loseth . . . jollity as a con-
sequence of venereal disease 91 sound (1) cogent (2) healthy

S. ANTIPHOLUS Nay, not sound, I pray you.
 S. DROMIO Sure ones, then.
 S. ANTIPHOLUS Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.^o
 S. DROMIO Certain ones, then. 95
 S. ANTIPHOLUS Name them.
 S. DROMIO The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring;^o the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.
 S. ANTIPHOLUS You would all this time have proved 100 there is no time for all things.
 S. DROMIO Marry, and did, sir: namely, e'en no time to recover hair lost by nature.
 S. ANTIPHOLUS But your reason was not substantial why there is no time to recover. 105
 S. DROMIO Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.
 S. ANTIPHOLUS I knew 'twould be a bald^o conclusion.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

But soft, who wafts^o us yonder? 110

ADRIANA

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange^o and frown;
 Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects.
 I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
 The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow
 That never words were music to thine ear, 115
 That never object pleasing in thine eye,
 That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
 That never meat sweet-savored in thy taste,
 Unless I spake or looked or touched or carved^o to thee.
 How comes it now, my husband, O how comes it, 120
 That thou art then estrangèd from thyself?
 Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
 That, undividable, incorporate,
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.^o
 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
 For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall^o
 A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
 And take unmingled thence that drop again
 Without addition or diminishing
 As take from me thyself, and not me too. 130
 How dearly^o would it touch thee to the quick,
 Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
 Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me, 135
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stained skin off my harlot brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
 I know thou canst, and therefore see thou do it. 140
 I am possessed with an adulterate blot.
 My blood is mingled with the crime^o of lust;
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion. 145

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed,^o
 I live distained,^o thou undishonorèd.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.
 In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town as to your talk; 150
 Who,^o every word by all my wit being scanned,
 Wants wit in all one word to understand.

LUCIANA

Fie, brother, how the world is changed with you.
 When were you wont to use my sister thus?
 She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner. 155

S. ANTIPHOLUS

By Dromio?

S. DROMIO By me?

ADRIANA

By thee, and this thou didst return from him:
 That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
 Denied my house for his, me for his wife. 160

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
 What is the course and drift^o of your compact?^o

S. DROMIO

I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
 Didst thou deliver to me on the mart. 165

S. DROMIO

I never spake with her in all my life.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

How can she thus then call us by our names,
 Unless it be by inspiration?

ADRIANA

How ill agrees it with your gravity
 To counterfeit thus grossly^o with your slave, 170
 Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
 Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,^o
 But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.^o
 Come, I will fasten on^o this sleeve of thine:
 Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine, 175
 Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
 Makes me with thy strength to communicate.^o
 If aught possess thee^o from me, it is dross,
 Usurping ivy, briar, or idle^o moss,
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion 180
 Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.^o

S. ANTIPHOLUS [*Aside.*]

To me she speaks, she moves me for her theme;^o
 What, was I married to her in my dream?
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss? 185
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,
 I'll entertain the offered fallacy.^o

LUCIANA

Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

94 falsing deceptive 98 tiring hairdressing 109 bald with a quibble on the sense "trivial" 110 wafts beckons 111 strange distant 119 carved a way of flirting at the dinner table 124 better part soul 126 fall let fall 131 dearly grievously 142 crime sin

146 Keep . . . bed if you are faithful to your marriage 147 distained unstained 151 Who refers to "I" 162 course and drift general meaning; compact confederacy 170 grossly obviously 172 exempt cut off 173 But . . . contempt do not compound it by adding insult to injury 174 fasten on cling to 177 communicate share 178 possess thee take you away 179 idle worthless 181 confusion ruin 182 moves . . . theme appeals to me as her subject 187 fallacy delusion

A C T I I I

Scene I. [*Before the Phoenix.*]

S. DROMIO

O, for my beads!° I cross me for a sinner.
 This is the fairyland. O spite of spites! 190
 We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites;
 If we obey them not, this will ensue:
 They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

LUCIANA

Why prat'st thou to thyself and answer'st not?
 Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot.° 195

S. DROMIO

I am transformèd, master, am not I?

S. ANTIPHOLUS

I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

S. DROMIO

Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Thou has thine own form.

S. DROMIO

No, I am an ape.°

LUCIANA

If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass. 200

S. DROMIO

'Tis true, she rides° me and I long for grass.
 'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
 But I should know her as well as she knows me.

ADRIANA

Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
 To put the finger in the eye and weep, 205
 Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.
 Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.
 Husband, I'll dine above° with you today,
 And shrive° you of a thousand idle pranks.
 Sirrah,° if any ask you for your māster,
 Say he dines forth,° and let no creature enter. 210
 Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

S. ANTIPHOLUS [*Aside.*]

Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
 Sleeping or waking, mad or well-advised?°
 Known unto these, and to myself disguised?
 I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
 And in this mist at all adventures° go.

S. DROMIO

Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

ADRIANA

Ay, and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

LUCIANA

Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [*Exeunt.*] 220

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, *his man* DROMIO,
 ANGELO *the goldsmith*, and BALTHASAR *the merchant*.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Good Signor° Angelo, you must excuse us all;
 My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.
 Say that I lingered with you at your shop
 To see the making of her carcanet,°
 And that tomorrow you will bring it home. 5
 But here's a villain that would face me down°
 He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
 And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
 And that I did deny° my wife and house.
 Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this? 10

E. DROMIO

Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know—
 That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand° to
 show;
 If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave
 were ink,
 Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

I think thou art an ass. 205

E. DROMIO

Marry, so it doth appear 15

By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
 I should kick, being kicked, and being at that pass,°
 You would keep from my heels and beware of an ass.

210 E. ANTIPHOLUS

You're sad,° Signor Balthasar; pray God, our cheer°
 May answer° my good will and your good welcome
 here. 20

BALTHASAR

I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

215 E. ANTIPHOLUS

O, Signor Balthasar, either at flesh or fish,
 A tableful of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

BALTHASAR

Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl° affords.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

And welcome more common, for that's nothing but
 words. 25

BALTHASAR

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest.
 But though mycates° be mean, take them in good part;
 Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
 But soft, my door is locked; go, bid them let us in. 30

E. DROMIO

Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

S. DROMIO [*Within.*]

Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!°

189 beads rosary 195 sot dolt 199 ape (1) imitation (2) fool
 201 rides teases 208 above upstairs (represented by the upper
 stage) 209 shrive hear confession and absolve 210 Sirrah
 term used in addressing inferiors 211 forth out 214 well-
 advise of sound mind 217 adventures hazards

III.i.1 Signor the Italian title of respect is applied rather
 broadly by Shakespeare 4 carcanet jeweled necklace 6 face
 me down contradict me by declaring 9 deny disown
 12 hand (1) handwriting (2) blows 17 at that pass in that
 predicament 19 sad serious; cheer entertainment 20 answer
 accord with 24 churl peasant 28 cates dainties 32 Mome
 . . . patch blockhead, drudge, cuckold, fool, idiot, jester

Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch.^o
 Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for
 such store,^o
 When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door. 35

E. DROMIO

What patch is made our porter? My master stays in
 the street.

S. DROMIO

Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold
 on's^o feet.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Who talks within there? Ho, open the door!

S. DROMIO

Right sir, I'll tell you when, and you'll tell me where-
 fore.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Wherefore? For my dinner; I have not dined today. 40

S. DROMIO

Nor today here you must not; come again when you
 may.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I
 owe?^o

S. DROMIO

The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

E. DROMIO

O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my
 name.

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle^o blame. 45

If thou hadst been Dromio today in my place,

Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or
 thy name for an ass.^o

Enter LUCE [above].

LUCE

What a coil^o is there, Dromio? Who are those at the
 gate?

E. DROMIO

Let my master in, Luce.

LUCE

Faith, no, he comes too late.

And so tell your master.

E. DROMIO

O Lord, I must laugh! 50

Have at you with a proverb:^o "Shall I set in my
 staff?"^o

LUCE

Have at you with another: that's "When? Can you
 tell?"^o

S. DROMIO

If thy name be called Luce—Luce, thou hast answered
 him well.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Do you hear, you minion?^o You'll let us in, I trow?

LUCE

I thought to have asked you.

S. DROMIO

And you said no. 55

E. DROMIO

So, come help! Well struck! There was blow for blow.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Thou baggage, let me in.

LUCE

Can you tell for whose sake?

E. DROMIO

Master, knock the door hard.

LUCE

Let him knock till it ache.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

LUCE

What needs all that, and a pair of stocks^o in the town? 60

Enter ADRIANA [above].

ADRIANA

Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

S. DROMIO

By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.^o

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Are you there, wife? You might have come before.

ADRIANA

Your wife, sir knave! Go, get you from the door.

[Exit with LUCE.]

E. DROMIO

If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore. 65

ANGELO

Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain
 have either.

BALTHASAR

In debating which was best, we shall part^o with neither.

E. DROMIO

They stand at the door, master. Bid them welcome
 hither.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

E. DROMIO

You would say so, master, if your garments were thin. 70

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the
 cold.

It would make a man mad as a buck^o to be so bought
 and sold.^o

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Go, fetch me something. I'll break ope the gate.

S. DROMIO

Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's
 pate.

E. DROMIO

A man may break^o a word with you, sir, and words
 are but wind;^o

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind. 75

S. DROMIO

It seems thou want'st breaking.^o Out upon thee,^o hind!^o

E. DROMIO

Here's too much "out upon thee." I pray thee, let me
 in.

S. DROMIO

Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Well, I'll break in. Go borrow me a crow.^o

80

33 hatch lower part of a divided door 34 store abundance
 37 on's in his 42 owe own 45 mickle much 47 Thou
 . . . ass You would have been confused with someone else, or
 been made a fool of (?) 48 coil turmoil 51 proverb they
 bandy proverbial phrases; set in my staff move in 52 When
 . . . tell a contemptuous retort 54 minion hussy

60 stocks device for the public confinement of offenders
 62 boys fellows 67 part depart 72 buck male deer (with
 an implication of "horn-mad"); bought and sold cheated
 75 break exchange; words . . . wind a proverb, which
 Dromio vulgarly quibbles upon 77 breaking beating; Out
 upon thee a mild curse; hind menial 80 crow crowbar

E. DROMIO

A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a
feather.
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow^o
together.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

BALTHASAR

Have patience, sir, O, let it not be so! 85
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect^o
Th' unviolated honor of your wife.
Once this^o—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, 90
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse^o
Why at this time the doors are made^o against you.
Be ruled by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger^o all to dinner. 95
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer^o to break in,
Now in the stirring passage^o of the day,
A vulgar^o comment will be made of it; 100
And that supposed by the common rout^o
Against your yet ungallèd estimation,^o
That may with foul intrusion enter in
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,^o 105
For ever housed where it gets possession.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

You have prevailed. I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth,^o mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse, 110
Pretty and witty; wild and yet, too, gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal.
To her will we to dinner. [*To ANGELO.*] Get you
home,
And fetch the chain; by this,^o I know, 'tis made; 115
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine,^o
For there's the house. That chain will I bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me, 120
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

ANGELO

I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. *Above.*]

Enter LUCIANA, *with* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

LUCIANA

And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus, hate
Even in the spring of love thy love-springs^o rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?^o
If you did wed my sister for her wealth, 5
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness;
Or, if you like elsewhere,^o do it by stealth,
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness.
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator; 10
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;^o
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger.
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach sin the carriage^o of a holy saint,
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted? 15
What simple thief brags of his own attainment?^o
'Tis double wrong to truant^o with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board.^o
Shame hath a bastard fame,^o well managed;
Ill deeds is doubled with an evil word. 20
Alas, poor women! Make us but believe,
Being compact of credit,^o that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion^o turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again; 25
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,^o
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Sweet mistress, what your name is else, I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of^o mine; 30
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show^o not
Than our earth's wonder,^o more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak:
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,^o
Smoth' red in errors, feeble, shallow, weak, 35
The folded^o meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labor you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? Would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your pow'r I'll yield. 40
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.^o
O, train^o me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note, 45
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs;

83 **pluck a crow** pick a bone 87 **suspect** suspicion 89
Once this in summary 92 **excuse** explain 93 **made** shut
95 **Tiger** name and sign of an inn 98 **offer** attempt
99 **stirring passage** busy traffic 100 **vulgar** public 101
rout multitude 102 **ungallèd estimation** unblemished
repute 105 **succession** its consequences 108 **in . . . mirth**
though disinclined to merriment 115 **by this** by this time
116 **Porpentine** Porcupine (name of the Courtesan's house)

III.ii.3 **love-springs** young plants of love 4 **ruinate** ruinous
7 **like elsewhere** have some other love 11 **become dis-**
loyalty make infidelity seem becoming 14 **carriage** bearing
16 **attaint** disgrace 17 **truant** play truant 18 **board** table
19 **bastard fame** illegitimate honor 22 **compact of credit**
disposed to trust 24 **in your motion** by your moves
27 **be . . . vain** use a little flattery 30 **hit of** hit on 31 **show**
appear 32 **earth's wonder** these lines are sometimes taken
as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth 34 **conceit** apprehension
36 **folded** hidden 44 **decline** incline 45 **train** lure

And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie,
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death that hath such means to die.⁵¹
Let love, being light,⁵² be drownèd if she sink!

LUCIANA

What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Not mad, but mated⁵³—how, I do not know.

LUCIANA

It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

LUCIANA

Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

As good to wink,⁵⁴ sweet love, as look on night.

LUCIANA

Why call you me love? Call my sister so.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Thy sister's sister.

LUCIANA

That's my sister.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

No,
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim;
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.⁵⁵

LUCIANA

All this my sister is, or else should be.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee;
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

LUCIANA

O, soft, sir, hold you still
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

Exit. 70

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

S. ANTIPHOLUS Why, how now, Dromio! Where
run'st thou so fast?

S. DROMIO Do you know me, sir? Am I Dromio?
Am I your man? Am I myself?

S. ANTIPHOLUS Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, 75
thou art thyself.

S. DROMIO I am an ass; I am a woman's man, and
besides myself.

S. ANTIPHOLUS What woman's man? And how be- 80
sides thyself?

S. DROMIO Marry, sir, besides myself,⁵⁶ I am due⁵⁷ to
a woman: one that claims me, one that haunts me,
one that will have me.

S. ANTIPHOLUS What claim lays she to thee?

S. DROMIO Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay 85
to your horse; and she would have me as a beast⁵⁸—
not that, I being a beast, she would have me, but that
she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

S. ANTIPHOLUS What is she?

S. DROMIO A very reverend body; ay, such a one as 90
a man may not speak of without he say "sir-rever-
ence."⁵⁹ I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is
she a wondrous fat marriage.

S. ANTIPHOLUS How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

S. DROMIO Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench, and 95
all grease;⁶⁰ and I know not what use to put her to, but
to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own
light. I warrant her rags and the tallow in them will
burn a Poland winter. If she lives till doomsday, she'll
burn a week⁶¹ longer than the whole world. 100

S. ANTIPHOLUS What complexion is she of?

S. DROMIO Swart,⁶² like my shoe, but her face noth-
ing like so clean kept; for why? She sweats; a man
may go over shoes⁶³ in the grime of it.

S. ANTIPHOLUS That's a fault that water will mend. 105

S. DROMIO No, sir, 'tis in grain;⁶⁴ Noah's flood could
not do it.

S. ANTIPHOLUS What's her name?

S. DROMIO Nell,⁶⁵ sir; but her name and three quar-
ters—that's an ell⁶⁶ and three quarters—will not 110
measure her from hip to hip.

S. ANTIPHOLUS Then she bears some breadth?

S. DROMIO No longer from head to foot than from
hip to hip. She is spherical, like a globe. I could find
out countries in her. 115

S. ANTIPHOLUS In what part of her body stands
Ireland?

S. DROMIO Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out
by the bogs.

S. ANTIPHOLUS Where Scotland? 120

S. DROMIO I found it by the barrenness, hard in the
palm of the hand.

S. ANTIPHOLUS Where France?

S. DROMIO In her forehead, armed and reverted,⁶⁷
making war against her heir.⁶⁸ 125

S. ANTIPHOLUS Where England?

S. DROMIO I looked for the chalky cliffs,⁶⁹ but I could
find no whiteness in them. But I guess, it stood in her
chin, by the salt rheum⁷⁰ that ran between France and it.

S. ANTIPHOLUS Where Spain? 130

S. DROMIO Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her
breath.

S. ANTIPHOLUS Where America, the Indies?

S. DROMIO O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished
with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining⁷¹ their 135
rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole
armadoes of carracks⁷² to be ballast⁷³ at her nose.

S. ANTIPHOLUS Where stood Belgia, the Nether-
lands?⁷⁴

S. DROMIO O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, 140

91-92 **sir-reverence** save your reverence (meaning "pardon the expression") 96 **grease** with a pun on *grace* 100 **week** with a pun on *wick* 102 **Swart** swarthy 104 **over shoes** shoe-deep 106 **in grain** inherent 109 **Nell** called Luce in III.i.49 110 **ell** forty-five inches 124 **reverted** revolted 125 **heir** interpreted as a contemporary allusion to the struggle of the Catholic League against Henry of Navarre, who succeeded to the throne of France in 1593 127 **chalky cliffs** teeth 129 **rheum** moisture from the nose 135 **declining** inclining 137 **armadoes of carracks** fleets of galleons (with possible reference to the Spanish Armada of 1588); **ballast** loaded 138-39 **Belgia, the Netherlands** the Low Countries

51 **die** with an implication of sexual fulfillment 52 **light** (1) not heavy (2) wanton 54 **mated** (1) confounded (2) wedded 58 **wink** shut one's eyes 64 **heaven's claim** claim on heaven 81 **besides myself** (1) out of my mind (2) in addition to me; **due** belonging 86 **a beast** Elizabethan pronunciation made possible a pun on *abased*

this drudge, or diviner,^o laid claim to me, called me
 Dromio, swore I was assured^o to her, told me what
 privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my
 shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my
 left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch. 145
 And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith,
 and my heart of steel,
 She had transformed me to a curtal dog,^o and made
 me turn i' th' wheel.^o

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Go, hie thee presently,^o post to the road,^o
 And if^o the wind blow any way from shore,
 I will not harbor^o in this town tonight.
 If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
 Where I will walk till thou return to me.
 If everyone knows us, and we know none,
 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and begone.^o

S. DROMIO

As from a bear a man would run for life,
 So fly I from her that would be my wife. 155 *Exit.*

S. ANTIPHOLUS

There's none but witches do inhabit here,
 And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
 She that doth call me husband, even my soul
 Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
 Possessed with such a gentle sovereign grace,
 Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
 Hath almost made me traitor to myself.
 But, lest myself be guilty to^o self-wrong,
 I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song. 165

Enter ANGELO with the chain.

ANGELO

Master Antipholus—

S. ANTIPHOLUS Ay, that's my name.

ANGELO

I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain.
 I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine.
 The chain unfinished made me stay thus long.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

What is your will that I shall do with this? 170

ANGELO

What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Made it for me, sir? I bespoke^o it not.

ANGELO

Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
 Go home with it and please your wife withal,
 And soon at suppertime I'll visit you,
 And then receive my money for the chain. 175

S. ANTIPHOLUS

I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
 For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

ANGELO

You are a merry man, sir. Fare you well. *Exit.*

S. ANTIPHOLUS

What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
 But this I think, there's no man is so vain^o 180

That would refuse so fair an offered chain.
 I see a man here needs not live by shifts,^o
 When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
 I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay; 185
 If any ship put out, then straight^o away. *Exit.*

ACT IV

Scene I. [*The mart.*]

150 *Enter a MERCHANT, [ANGELO the] goldsmith, and an OFFICER.*

MERCHANT

You know since Pentecost^o the sum is due,
 And since I have not much importuned you,
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage;
 Therefore make present^o satisfaction, 5
 Or I'll attach^o you by this officer.

ANGELO

Even just the sum that I do owe to you
 Is growing^o to me by Antipholus,
 And in the instant that I met with you
 He had of me a chain. At five o'clock 10
 I shall receive the money for the same.
 Pleaseth^o you, walk with me down to his house;
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

165 *Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS, [and] DROMIO [OF EPHEBUS] from the Courtesan's.*

OFFICER

That labor may you save. See where he comes.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou 15
 And buy a rope's end;^o that will I bestow
 Among my wife and her confederates,
 For locking me out of my doors by day.
 But soft, I see the goldsmith; get thee gone,
 Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me. 20

E. DROMIO

I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!^o

Exit DROMIO.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

A man is well holp^o up that trusts to you!
 I promised your presence and the chain,
 But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
 Belike you thought our love would last too long, 25
 If it were chained together, and therefore came not.

ANGELO

Saving your merry humor, here's the note
 How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
 The fineness of the gold and chargeful^o fashion—
 Which doth amount to three odd ducats^o more 30

141 diviner witch 142 assured betrothed 147 curtal dog
 dog with docked tail; wheel spit 148 presently immediately;
 road harbor 149 And if if 150 harbor lodge 154 trudge
 . . . begone synonyms 164 to of 172 bespoke ordered
 181 vain silly

183 shifts tricks 186 straight without delay
 IV.i.1 Pentecost the fiftieth day after Easter 5 present
 immediate 6 attach arrest 8 growing accruing 12
 Pleaseth may it please 16 rope's end for flogging 21 I
 buy . . . a rope Dromio's obscure irony seems motivated by
 his awareness that the rope's end could be used on him 22
 holp helped 29 chargeful costly 30 ducats gold coins of
 varying origin and value

Than I stand debted to this gentleman.
I pray you, see him presently^o discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

I am not furnished with the present money.
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signor, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof.
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

ANGELO

Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

E. ANTIPHOLUS

No, bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.^o

ANGELO

Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

E. ANTIPHOLUS

And if I have not, sir, I hope you have,
Or else you may return without your money.

ANGELO

Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame,^o have held him here too long.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Good Lord, you use this dalliance^o to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew,^o you first begin to brawl.

MERCHANT

The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

ANGELO

You hear how he importunes me—the chain!

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

ANGELO

Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain or send me by some token.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Fie, now you run this humor out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

MERCHANT

My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whe'er^o you'll answer^o me or no:
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

I answer you! What should I answer you?

ANGELO

The money that you owe me for the chain.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

I owe you none till I receive the chain.

ANGELO

You know I gave it you half an hour since.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

ANGELO

You wrong me more, sir, in denying it.
Consider how it stands upon^o my credit.

MERCHANT

Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

OFFICER

I do,
And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

70

ANGELO

This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

35

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

75

ANGELO

Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.^o

40

OFFICER

I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

80

E. ANTIPHOLUS

I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

45

ANGELO

Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

85

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE from the bay.

S. DROMIO

Master, there's a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then she bears away. Our fraughtage,^o sir,
I have conveyed aboard, and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum,^o and aqua vitae.^o
The ship is in her trim,^o the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master,^o and yourself.

50

90

E. ANTIPHOLUS

How now! a madman? Why, thou peevish^o sheep,^o
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

95

S. DROMIO

A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.^o

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

60

S. DROMIO

You sent me for a rope's end^o as soon.
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

100

E. ANTIPHOLUS

I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list^o me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's covered o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it.
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, begone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.

65

105

Exeunt [all but DROMIO].

32 presently instantly 41 time enough in time 47 to blame
blameworthy 48 dalliance tarrying 51 shrew scold (male
or female) 60 whe'er whether; answer pay 68 stands
upon concerns

79 apparently openly 88 fraughtage cargo 90 balsamum
balm; aqua vitae brandy 91 in her trim ready to sail 93
master captain (?) 94 peevish silly; sheep with a pun on
ship 96 waftage passage by sea 99 rope's end in the sense
of "halter" here 102 list listen to

S. DROMIO

To Adriana—that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel° did claim me for her husband.
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will;
For servants must their masters' minds fulfill. *Exit.*

[Scene II. Before the Phoenix.]

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

ADRIANA

Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austere^{ly}° in his eye,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Looked he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case
Of his heart's meteors tilting° in his face?

LUCIANA

First, he denied you had in him no right.^o

ADRIANA

He meant he did me none; the more my spite.^o

LUCIANA

Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

ADRIANA

And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

LUCIANA

Then pleaded I for you.

ADRIANA

And what said he?

LUCIANA

That love I begged for you he begged of me.

ADRIANA

With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

LUCIANA

With words that in an honest° suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

ADRIANA

Didst speak him fair?^o

LUCIANA

Have patience, I beseech.

ADRIANA

I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still.
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his° will.
He is deformèd, crookèd, old and sere,
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless° everywhere:
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making,° worse in mind.

LUCIANA

Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wailed when it is gone.

ADRIANA

Ah, but I think him better than I say;
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing° cries away;

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

S. DROMIO

Here, go—the desk, the purse! Sweet, now, make haste.

LUCIANA

How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. DROMIO

By running fast.

ADRIANA

Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well?

S. DROMIO

No, he's in Tartar limbo,° worse than hell:

A devil in an everlasting garment° hath him;

One whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel:

A fiend, a fairy,° pitiless and rough:

A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff:°

A back-friend,° a shoulder-clapper,° one that counter-
mands°

The passages of alleys, creeks,° and narrow lands;

A hound that runs counter,° and yet draws dry-foot°
well;

One that, before the Judgment, carries poor souls to
hell.

ADRIANA

Why, man, what is the matter?

S. DROMIO

I do not know the matter, he is 'rested° on the case.^o

ADRIANA

What, is he arrested? Tell me, at whose suit.

S. DROMIO

I know not at whose suit he is arrested well,

But is in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.

Will you send him, Mistress Redemption, the money
in his desk?

ADRIANA

Go fetch it, sister. This I wonder at, *Exit LUCIANA.*

Thus he, unknown to me, should be in debt.

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?^o

S. DROMIO

Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:

A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?

ADRIANA

What, the chain?

S. DROMIO

No, no, the bell; 'tis time that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.^o

ADRIANA

The hours come back! That did I never hear.

S. DROMIO

O yes. If any hour° meet a sergeant, 'a° turns back for
very fear.

ADRIANA

As if time were in debt! How fondly° dost thou
reason!

III **Dowsabel** from *douce et belle* (sweet and pretty), an elaborate name for a heroine, ironically applied to Nell
112 **compass** (1) obtain (2) embrace

IV.ii.2 **austere^{ly}** by the austerity 6 **heart's meteors tilting** emotions tossing 7 **denied** . . . **right** double negative
8 **spite** vexation 14 **honest** honorable 16 **speak him fair** speak to him kindly 18 **his** its 20 **shapeless** unshapely
22 **Stigmatical in making** deformed in appearance 27 **lapwing** peewit (who draws intruders away from its nest in the manner described)

32 **Tartar-limbo** prison, as well as the outskirts of hell (the pagan Tartarus) 33 **everlasting garment** leather coat, the police uniform 35 **fairy** malignant spirit 36 **buff** ox-hide
37 **back-friend** false friend (with a quibble on the mode of arrest); **shoulder-clapper** bailiff; **countermands** prohibits
38 **creeks** winding alleys 39 **counter** (1) contrary (2) Counter, a debtors' prison; **draws dry-foot** hunts by scent 42 **'rested** arrested; **case** (1) special case at law (2) suit of clothes 49 **band** bond 54 **one** with a pun on *on* 56 **hour** pun on *whore*; 'a colloquial form of *he, she, or it* 57 **fondly** foolishly

S. DROMIO

Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's
worth to season.^o

Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day? 60
If 'a be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

ADRIANA

Go, Dromio. There's the money, bear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister. I am pressed down with conceit:^o 65
Conceit, my comfort and my injury.
Exit [with LUCIANA and DROMIO].

[Scene III. *The mart.*]

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And everyone doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other^o give me thanks for kindnesses; 5
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor called me in his shop
And showed me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,^o 10
And Lapland^o sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

S. DROMIO Master, here's the gold you sent me for.
What, have you got the picture of old Adam^o new-
appareled?

S. ANTIPHOLUS What gold is this? What Adam dost 15
thou mean?

S. DROMIO Not that Adam that kept the paradise,
but that Adam that keeps the prison; he that goes in
the calf's skin^o that was killed for the Prodigal; he that
came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you 20
forsake your liberty.

S. ANTIPHOLUS I understand thee not.

S. DROMIO No? Why, 'tis a plain case:^o he that went,
like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that,
when gentlemen are tired gives them a sob^o and 'rests 25
them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and
gives them suits of durance;^o he that sets up his rest^o
to do more exploits with his mace^o than a morris-pike.^o

S. ANTIPHOLUS What, thou mean'st an officer?

S. DROMIO Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band: he that 30
brings any man to answer it that breaks his band;^o
one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says,
"God give you good rest!"^o

S. ANTIPHOLUS Well, sir, there rest in your foolery.
Is there any ships puts forth tonight? May we be gone? 35

S. DROMIO Why, sir, I brought you word an hour
since that the bark^o *Expedition* put forth tonight, and
then were you hind'ed by the sergeant to tarry for
the hoy^o *Delay*. Here are the angels^o that you sent for
to deliver you. 40

S. ANTIPHOLUS

The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions.
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a COURTESAN.

COURTESAN

Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now. 45
Is that the chain you promised me today?

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Satan, avoid!^o I charge thee, tempt me not!

S. DROMIO Master, is this Mistress Satan?

S. ANTIPHOLUS

It is the devil.

S. DROMIO Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam;^o 50
and here she comes in the habit^o of a light^o wench,
and thereof comes that the wenches say, "God damn
me." That's as much to say, "God make me a light
wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels
of light. Light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn: 55
ergo,^o light wenches will burn.^o Come not near her.

COURTESAN

Your man and you are marvelous merry, sir.

Will you go with me? We'll mend^o our dinner here.

S. DROMIO Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat,^o or 60
bespeak a long spoon.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Why, Dromio?

S. DROMIO Marry, he must have a long spoon that
must eat with the devil.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Avoid, then, fiend! What tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress. 65
I conjure^o thee to leave me and be gone.

COURTESAN

Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

S. DROMIO

Some devils ask but the parings^o of one's nail, 70
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

58 season occasion (?) ripen (?) 65 conceit imagination
IV.iii.5 other others 10 imaginary wiles tricks of the
imagination 11 Lapland notorious for sorcery 13 old
Adam the sergeant in his buff coat (?) 18-19 goes . . .
skin wears the leather garb (with a quibble on the fatted calf
in the parable) 23 case (1) situation (2) box (3) suit 25 sob
rest given a horse to recover its wind (with quibbles) 27
suits of durance durable clothing (with puns on *lawsuits* and
imprisonment); sets . . . rest stakes all 28 mace staff of
authority; morris-pike Moorish lance

31 band with pun on *bond* 33 rest with the usual pun
37 bark ship (allegorically named by Dromio) 39 hoy
coasting vessel; angels coins worth ten shillings (with pun)
47 avoid begone (Matthew 4:10) 50 dam mother 51
habit dress; light with implication of loose morals 56 ergo
it follows logically; burn infect with disease 58 mend
complete 59 spoon-meat soft food (introducing an allusion
to the proverb about the devil) 66 conjure solemnly call on
70 parings witchcraft requires such appurtenances in order to
cast a spell

A nut, a cherrystone;
 But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
 Master, be wise; and if you give it her,
 The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it. 75

COURTESAN

I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.^o
 I hope you do not mean to cheat me so!

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Avaunt,^o thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

S. DROMIO

Fly pride, says the peacock.^o Mistress, that you know.

Exit [with ANTIPHOLUS].

COURTESAN

Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad, 80
 Else would he never so demean^o himself.
 A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
 And for the same he promised me a chain;
 Both one and other he denies me now.
 The reason that I gather he is mad, 85
 Besides this present instance of his rage,^o
 Is a mad tale he told today at dinner,
 Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
 Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
 On purpose shut the doors against his way. 90
 My way is now to hie home to his house,
 And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
 He rushed into my house and took perforce^o
 My ring away. This course I fittest choose,
 For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.] 95

[Scene IV. *The same.*]

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, with a JAILER.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Fear me not, man, I will not break away.
 I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
 To warrant^o thee, as I am 'rested for.
 My wife is in a wayward mood today,
 And will not lightly trust the messenger 5
 That I should be attached^o in Ephesus;
 I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man, I think he brings the money.
 How now, sir! Have you that I sent you for?

E. DROMIO

Here's that, I warrant you, will pay^o them all. 10

E. ANTIPHOLUS

But where's the money?

E. DROMIO

Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. DROMIO

I'll serve you,^o sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

To what end^o did I bid thee hie thee home? 15

E. DROMIO

To a rope's end, sir, and to that end am I returned.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[Beats DROMIO.]

OFFICER

Good sir, be patient.

E. DROMIO

Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

OFFICER

Good^o now, hold thy tongue. 20

E. DROMIO Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. ANTIPHOLUS Thou whoreson,^o senseless villain!

E. DROMIO I would I were senseless, sir, that I might 25
 not feel your blows.

E. ANTIPHOLUS Thou art sensible^o in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

E. DROMIO I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by
 my long ears.^o I have served him from the hour of my
 nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands 30
 for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats
 me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with
 beating. I am waked with it when I sleep, raised with
 it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go
 from home, welcomed home with it when I return; 35
 nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a begger wont^o her
 brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg
 with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, COURTESAN, and a schoolmaster called PINCH.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. DROMIO Mistress, "respice finem,"^o respect your 40
 end; or rather, the prophecy like the parrot,^o "beware
 the rope's end."

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Wilt thou still talk?

Beats DROMIO.

COURTESAN

How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

ADRIANA

His incivility confirms no less. 45

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;^o

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please^o you what you will demand.

LUCIANA

Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

COURTESAN

Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!^o 50

76 chain cf. Revelation 20:1-2 78 Avaunt away 79 peacock emblem of pride, which was also personified by a harlot 81 demean behave 86 rage madness 93 perforce by force

IV.iv.3 warrant secure 6 attached arrested 10 pay with a beating 14 serve you supply you with

15 end purpose (on which Dromio quibbles) 20 Good used vocatively 23 whoreson bastard 26 sensible (1) reasonable (2) sensitive 29 ears pun on years 36 wont habitually does 40 respice finem this proverbial phrase, which Dromio translates, was sometimes punningly altered to "respice funem," remember the rope 41 parrot parrots were taught to cry "rope" 46 conjurer who can exorcise evil spirits (also called "Doctor" because of his learning) 48 please satisfy 50 ecstasy frenzy

PINCH

Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

[ANTIPHOLUS strikes him.]

E. ANTIPHOLUS

There is my hand, and let it feel your ear!

PINCH

I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

ADRIANA

O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. ANTIPHOLUS

You minion,^o you, are these your customers?
Did this companion^o with the saffron^o face
Revel and feast it at my house today,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied^o to enter in my house?

ADRIANA

O, husband, God doth know you dined at home,
Where would you had remained until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

E. DROMIO

Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Were not my doors locked up, and I shut out?

E. DROMIO

Perdie,^o your doors were locked, and you shut out.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

And did not she herself revile me there?

E. DROMIO

Sans fable,^o she herself reviled you there.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Did not her kitchen maid rail, taunt, and scorn
me?

E. DROMIO

Certes,^o she did; the kitchen vestal^o scorned you.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

And did not I in rage depart from thence?

E. DROMIO

In verity, you did; my bones bears witness,
That since have felt the vigor of his rage.

ADRIANA

Is't good to soothe^o him in these contraries?

PINCH

It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And yielding to him humors well his frenzy.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Thou hast suborned^o the goldsmith to arrest me.

ADRIANA

Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

E. DROMIO

Money by me? Heart and goodwill you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag^o of money.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

ADRIANA

He came to me, and I delivered it.

LUCIANA

And I am witness with her that she did.

E. DROMIO

God and the ropemaker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

PINCH

Mistress, both man and master is possessed;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth^o today,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

ADRIANA

I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

E. DROMIO

And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were locked out.

ADRIANA

Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate^o with a damnèd pack^o
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me;
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

ADRIANA

O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me!

PINCH

More company! The fiend is strong within him.

LUCIANA

Ay me,^o poor man, how pale and wan he looks.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

What, will you murder me? Thou jailer, thou,
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?^o

OFFICER

Masters, let him go.

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

PINCH

Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

ADRIANA

What wilt thou do, thou peevish^o officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure^o to himself?

OFFICER

He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

ADRIANA

I will discharge^o thee ere I go from thee.
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

59 **minion** harlot 60 **companion** low fellow; **saffron** yellow
63 **denied** not allowed 70 **Perdie** by God (*par Dieu*) 72
Sans fable without lying (French) 74 **Certes** certainly;
kitchen vestal so called, as Dr. Johnson pointed out, because
she kept the fire burning, like the vestal virgins of Rome
78 **soothe** humor 81 **suborned** colluded with

85 **rag** slang for farthing 94 **forth** out 101 **confederate**
in conspiracy; **pack** gang of rogues 107 **Ay me** expression
of sympathy 110 **rescue** deliverance by force 113 **peevish**
stupid 115 **displeasure** offense 118 **discharge** pay

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it. 120
 Good Master Doctor, see him safe conveyed
 Home to my house. O most unhappy° day!

E. ANTIPHOLUS

O most unhappy strumpet!

E. DROMIO

Master, I am here ent' red in bond for you.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Out on thee, villain! Wherefore dost thou mad° me? 125

E. DROMIO

Will you be bound for nothing? Be mad, good master;
 Cry, "The devil!"

LUCIANA

God help, poor souls, how idly° do they talk!

ADRIANA

Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

*Exeunt [PINCH and others with ANTIPHOLUS OF
 EPHEBUS and DROMIO OF EPHEBUS]. Manet°
 OFFICER, ADRIANA, LUCIANA, COURTESAN.*

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at? 130

OFFICER

One Angelo, a goldsmith, do you know him?

ADRIANA

I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

OFFICER

Two hundred ducats.

ADRIANA

Say, how grows° it due?

OFFICER

Due for a chain your husband had of him.

ADRIANA

He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not. 135

COURTESAN

Whenas your husband, all in rage, today
 Came to my house, and took away my ring—
 The ring I saw upon his finger now—
 Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

ADRIANA

It may be so, but I did never see it. 140
 Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is;
 I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, with his rapier
 drawn, and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.*

LUCIANA

God for thy mercy, they are loose again.

ADRIANA

And come with naked° swords. Let's call more help
 To have them bound again.

OFFICER

Away, they'll kill us! 145

Run all out. Exeunt omnes as fast as may be, frightened.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

I see these witches are afraid of swords.

S. DROMIO

She that would be your wife now ran from you.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff° from thence.

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

S. DROMIO Faith, stay here this night; they will surely 150
 do us no harm. You saw they speak us fair, give us
 gold. Methinks they are such a gentle nation that, but
 for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of
 me, I could find in my heart to stay here still,° and
 turn witch. 155

S. ANTIPHOLUS

I will not stay tonight for all the town:

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. *Exeunt.*

A C T V

Scene I. [*Before the Phoenix.*]

Enter [another] MERCHANT and [ANGELO] the goldsmith.

ANGELO

I am sorry, sir, that I have hind' red you;
 But I protest he had the chain of me.
 Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

MERCHANT

How is the man esteemed here in the city?

ANGELO

Of very reverend reputation, sir, 5
 Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
 Second to none that lives here in the city.
 His word might bear° my wealth at any time.

MERCHANT

Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

135

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
 again.*

ANGELO

'Tis so; and that self° chain about his neck, 10
 Which he forswore° most monstrously to have.
 Good sir, draw near to me; I'll speak to him.
 Signor Antipholus, I wonder much
 That you would put me to this shame and trouble, 15
 And not without some scandal to yourself,
 With circumstance° and oaths so to deny
 This chain which now you wear so openly.
 Beside the charge,° the shame, imprisonment,
 You have done wrong to this my honest friend, 20
 Who, but for staying on our controversy,
 Had hoisted sail and put to sea today.
 This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. ANTIPHOLUS

I think I had; I never did deny it.

MERCHANT

Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Who heard me to deny it or forswear it? 25

MERCHANT

These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.
 Fie on thee, wretch! 'Tis pity that thou liv'st
 To walk where any honest men resort.

122 unhappy unfortunate 125 mad madden 128 idly
 foolishly 129 s.d. Manet remains (Latin; third person singular,
 but common with a plural subject) 133 grows comes
 144 naked drawn 148 stuff baggage

154 still always

V.i.8 bear command the support of 10 self same 11
 forswore denied on oath 16 circumstance detailed argument
 18 charge expense

S. ANTIPHOLUS
Thou art a villain to impeach° me thus.
I'll prove mine honor and mine honesty
Against thee presently,° if thou dar'st stand.°
30
MERCHANT
I dare, and do defy thee for a villain!

They draw. Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, COURTESAN, and others.

ADRIANA
Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! He is mad.
Some get within him,° take his sword away.
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
35
S. DROMIO
Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!°
This is some priory. In, or we are spoiled.
Exeunt to the priory.

Enter Lady ABBESS.

ABBESS
Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
ADRIANA
To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
40
ANGELO
I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
MERCHANT
I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
ABBESS
How long hath this possession° held the man?
ADRIANA
This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
ABBESS
Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea?°
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Strayed° his affection in unlawful love—
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing?
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
ADRIANA
To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
ABBESS
You should for that have reprehended him.
ADRIANA
Why, so I did.
ABBESS
Ay, but not rough enough.
ADRIANA
As roughly as my modesty would let me.
ABBESS
Haply, in private.
ADRIANA
And in assemblies too.
60
ABBESS
Ay, but not enough.

29 **impeach** accuse 31 **presently** at once; **stand** prepare to fight 34 **within him** inside his guard 36 **take a house** get inside 44 **possession** by evil spirits 49 **wrack of sea** shipwreck 51 **Strayed** led astray

ADRIANA
It was the copy° of our conference.
In bed he slept not for° my urging it;
At board he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme: 65
In company I often glanced° it;
Still° did I tell him it was vile and bad.
ABBESS
And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venom° clamors of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. 70
It seems his sleeps were hind'red by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thercof the raging fire of fever bred— 75
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou sayest his sports were hind'red by thy brawls;
Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair, 80
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures° and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturbed, would mad° or man or beast.
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits 85
Hath scared thy husband from the use of wits.
LUCIANA
She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demeaned° himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?
ADRIANA
She did betray me to my own reproof.° 90
Good people, enter and lay hold on him.
ABBESS
No, not a creature enters in my house.
ADRIANA
Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.
50
ABBESS
Neither. He took this place for sanctuary,°
And it shall privilege him° from your hands 95
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labor in assaying° it.
ADRIANA
I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney° but myself; 100
And therefore let me have him home with me.
ABBESS
Be patient, for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approvèd° means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal° man again. 105
It is a branch and parcel° of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

62 **copy** topic 63 **for** because of 66 **glanced** touched on 67 **Still** continually 69 **venom** venomous 82 **distemperatures** disorders 84 **mad** madden 88 **demeaned** conducted 90 **my own reproof** self-accusation 94 **sanctuary** right of asylum 95 **privilege him** grant him immunity 97 **assaying** attempting 100 **attorney** agent 103 **approved** tested 105 **formal** normal 106 **branch and parcel** part and parcel

ADRIANA

I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

ABBESS

Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him. *[Exit.]*

LUCIANA

Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

ADRIANA

Come, go. I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

MERCHANT

By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry^o execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

ANGELO

Upon what cause?

MERCHANT

To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offense.

ANGELO

See, where they come. We will behold his death.

LUCIANA

Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter the DUKE of Ephesus and [EGEON] the merchant of Syracuse, barehead, with the HEADSMAN and other OFFICERS.

DUKE

Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender^o him.

ADRIANA

Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

DUKE

She is a virtuous and a reverend lady.
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

ADRIANA

May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,
Who I made lord of me and all I had
At your important^o letters, this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him:
That^o desp'rately he hurried through the street,
With him his bondman^o all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure^o to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order^o for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot^o not by what strong^o escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himself,

110

115

120

130

135

140

145

150

Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away, till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth and borne hence for help.

155

160

DUKE

Long since thy husband served me in my wars;
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

165

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself.
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids arow,^o and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire,
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled^o mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;^o
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

170

175

ADRIANA

Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.

MESSENGER

Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breathed almost^o since I did see it.
He cries for you and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you.

180

Cry within.

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress. Fly, begone.

DUKE

Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with
halberds!^o

185

ADRIANA

Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible.
Even now we housed him^o in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Justice, most gracious duke! O, grant me justice,
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid^o thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

190

121 sorry sorrowful 132 tender regard 138 important pressing 140 That so that 141 bondman slave 142 displeasure harm 146 take order settle 148 wot know; strong violent

170 arow one after another 173 puddled muddled 175 fool Elizabethan fools had their hair cut off 181 not breathed almost hardly breathed 185 halberds poles with heads like battle-axes 188 housed him pursued him to shelter 192 bestrid defended by standing over

EGEON

Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abusèd and dishonored me,
Even in the strength and height° of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

DUKE

Discover° how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots° feasted in my house.

DUKE

A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so?

ADRIANA

No, my good lord. Myself, he, and my sister
Today did dine together; so befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal.°

LUCIANA

Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,°
But she tells to your highness simple truth.

ANGELO

O perjured woman! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargest them.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

My liege, I am advisèd° what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman locked me out this day from dinner.
That goldsmith there, were he not packed° with her,
Could witness it; for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthasar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him. In the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant° home
For certain ducats; he with none returned.
Then fairly I bespoke° the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By th' way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain;
A mere anatomy,° a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler° and a fortuneteller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch;

200 in . . . height to the strongest degree 203 Discover reveal 205 harlots rascals 208-09 so . . . withal I stake my soul that what he charges me with is false 210 on night at night 214 advisèd well aware of 219 packed conspiring 231 peasant bondman 233 fairly I bespoke politely I addressed 239 mere anatomy sheer skeleton 240 juggler sorcerer

195

A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as° a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possessed. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,°
I gained my freedom; and immediately
Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

245

250

205

ANGELO

My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him:
That he dined not at home, but was locked out.

255

DUKE

But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

ANGELO

He had, my lord, and when he ran in here
These people saw the chain about his neck.

MERCHANT

210

Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart;
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

260

265

215

E. ANTIPHOLUS

I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me.
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.

220

DUKE

Why, what an intricate impeach° is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.°
If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.°
You say he dined at home, the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

270

275

225

E. DROMIO

Sir, he dined with her there at the Porpentine.

COURTESAN

He did, and from my finger snatched that ring.

230

E. ANTIPHOLUS

'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

DUKE

Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

COURTESAN

235

As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

280

DUKE

Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither.
I think you are all mated,° or stark mad.

Exit one to the abbey.

240

EGEON

Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me° speak a word.
Haply° I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

285

243 took . . . as assumed the part of 250 in sunder asunder 270 impeach accusation 271 Circe's cup potion which, in Greek mythology, turns men into beasts 273 coldly rationally 282 mated confounded 283 vouchsafe me allow me to 284 Haply perchance

DUKE

Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

EGEON

Is not your name, sir, called Antipholus?

And is not that your bondman Dromio?

E. DROMIO

Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,

But he, I thank him, gnawed in two my cords.

Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

EGEON

I am sure you both of you remember me.

E. DROMIO

Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;

For lately we were bound° as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

EGEON

Why look you strange on me? You know me well.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

I never saw you in my life till now.

EGEON

O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,

And careful° hours with time's deformèd hand

Have written strange defeatures° in my face.

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

E. ANTIPHOLUS Neither.

EGEON

Dromio, nor thou?

E. DROMIO

No, trust me, sir, nor I.

EGEON

I am sure thou dost!

E. DROMIO Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and what-
soever a man denies, you are now bound° to believe
him.

EGEON

Not know my voice! O, time's extremity,

Hast thou so cracked and splitted my poor tongue

In seven short years, that here my only son

Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?°

Though now this grainèd° face of mine be hid

In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,

And all the conduits of my blood froze up,

Yet hath my night of life some memory;

My wasting lamps° some fading glimmer left;

My dull deaf ears a little use to hear.

All these old witnesses—I cannot err—

Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

I never saw my father in my life.

EGEON

But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,

Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps, my son,

Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

E. ANTIPHOLUS

The duke and all that know me in the city

Can witness with me that it is not so.

I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

DUKE

I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years

Have I been patron to Antipholus,

During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.

I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

330

*Enter the ABBESS with ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.*

ABBESS

290 Most mighty duke, behold a man much wronged.

All gather to see them.

ADRIANA

I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

DUKE

One of these men is genius° to the other;

295 And so of these, which is the natural man,

And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

335

S. DROMIO

I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

E. DROMIO

I, sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

Egeon art thou not, or else his ghost?

300 S. DROMIO

O, my old master! Who hath bound him here?

ABBESS

Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,

340

And gain a husband by his liberty.

Speak, old Egeon, if thou beest the man

That hadst a wife once called Emilia,

That bore thee at a burden° two fair sons!

O, if thou beest the same Egeon, speak;

345

And speak unto the same Emilia.

DUKE [*Aside.*]

Why, here begins his morning story right:

These two Antipholus', these two so like,

And these two Dromios, one in semblance,°

310 Besides her urging° of her wrack at sea;

350

These are the parents to these children,

Which accidentally are met together.

EGEON

If I dream not, thou art Emilia.

315 If thou art she, tell me where is that son

That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

355

ABBESS

By men of Epidamnum, he and I

And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;

But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth

320 By force took Dromio and my son from them,

And me they left with those of Epidamnum.

360

What then became of them I cannot tell;

I to° this fortune that you see me in.

DUKE

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

S. ANTIPHOLUS

325 No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

DUKE

Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

365

E. ANTIPHOLUS

I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

294 bound pun on being a bondservant and being literally bound as a madman 299 careful full of care 300 defeatures disfigurements 306 bound a further quibble 311 feeble . . . cares voice enfeebled by discordant cares 312 grainèd furrowed 316 wasting lamps dimming eyes

333 genius attendant spirit 344 burden birth 349 semblance appearance 350 urging account 362 I to I came to

E. DROMIO
And I with him.

E. ANTIPHOLUS
Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renownèd uncle.

ADRIANA
Which of you two did dine with me today?

S. ANTIPHOLUS
I, gentle mistress.

ADRIANA And are not you my husband?

E. ANTIPHOLUS
No, I say nay to that.

S. ANTIPHOLUS
And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. What I told you then
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

ANGELO
That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

S. ANTIPHOLUS
I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

E. ANTIPHOLUS
And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

ANGELO
I think I did, sir. I deny it not.

ADRIANA
I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

E. DROMIO
No, none by me.

S. ANTIPHOLUS
This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me.
I see we still^o did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.

E. ANTIPHOLUS
These ducats pawn I for my father here.

DUKE
It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

COURTESAN
Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. ANTIPHOLUS
There, take it, and much thanks for my good cheer.

ABBESS
Renownèd duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursèd all our fortunes;

And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathizèd^o one day's error
Have suffered wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction. 400
Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail^o
Of you, my sons, and till this present hour
My heavy burden ne'er delivered.
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars^o of their nativity, 405
Go to a gossips'° feast, and joy with me
After so long grief such nativity.°

DUKE

With all my heart I'll gossip° at this feast.

*Exeunt [all except] the two DROMIOS and
two brothers [ANTIPHOLUSES].*

375 S. DROMIO
Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

E. ANTIPHOLUS
Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embarked? 410

S. DROMIO
Your goods that lay at host,° sir, in the Centaur.

S. ANTIPHOLUS
He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio.

380 Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon.
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.
Exit [with ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS].

S. DROMIO
There is a fat friend at your master's house, 415
That kitchened° me for you today at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. DROMIO
Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother;

385 I see by you I am a sweet-faced° youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping? 420

S. DROMIO
Not I, sir, you are my elder.

E. DROMIO
That's a question; how shall we try it?

390 S. DROMIO We'll draw cuts for the senior; till then,
lead thou first.

E. DROMIO
Nay, then, thus: 425
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before
another. *Exeunt.*

395 398 sympathizèd shared 401 travail childbirth (with a pun
on travel) 405 calendars the Dromios mark the age of the
Antipholus' 406 gossips' godparents 407 nativity a
christening party (suggested emendations are "festivity" and
"felicity") 408 gossip make merry 411 at host in the care
of the host 416 kitchened entertained in the kitchen 419
sweet-faced good-looking

387 still repeatedly

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

EDITED BY LAWRENCE V. RYAN

Introduction

Henry VI, Part One is a play with many imperfections, so many, indeed, that editors and critics have often been reluctant to attribute the greater part of it to Shakespeare. "That Drum-and-Trumpet Thing," the eighteenth-century critic Maurice Morgann called it in his essay on Sir John Falstaff, "written doubtless, or rather exhibited, long before *Shakespeare* was born, tho' afterwards repaired, I think, and furbished up by him with here and there a little sentiment and diction."

Such reluctance of ascription has led to the expenditure of much scholarly energy on attempts to isolate as undeniably Shakespearean a few scenes, in particular the finely managed quarrel of the Yorkists and Lancastrians in the Temple garden (II.iv), and to assign the bulk of the work to various teams of collaborators, among them Christopher Marlowe, George Peele, Thomas Nashe, and Robert Greene. Another consequence has been an exceptional tentativeness in much of the critical speculation about *1 Henry VI*, though several fine studies have been made of its significance in Shakespeare's evolution from apprentice playwright to master dramatist.

Arguments against Shakespeare's authorship, or primacy within a group of collaborators, have focused mainly upon resemblances in the text to patterns of diction and versification characteristic of other Elizabethan playwrights. The evidence amassed has been considerable, though sometimes contradictory; at times impressive, but never conclusive. For it is likely enough that a Shakespeare who was just setting out on his literary career would have tended to imitate the stylistic mannerisms of already established dramatists. Even Allison Gaw, among the champions of multiple authorship one of the most sensitive to the potential and actual virtues of the play, failed to associate the unusual effort to integrate historical theme and dramatic structure in a theatrically meaningful way with the designing hand of Shakespeare.

Against the collaborationist theory, however, have stood a number of commentators, among them Charles Knight and Hermann Ulrici in the nineteenth century and Peter Alexander, J. P. Brockbank, Leo Kirschbaum, Hereward Price, and E. M. W. Tillyard in our own time. These critics perceive the three dramas on the reign of

Henry VI as of one piece, and regard the case for denying the Shakespearean authorship of any part as not proved. It would be rash to assert categorically that *1 Henry VI* as printed in the Folio of 1623 is entirely by Shakespeare, or that no version involving extensive collaboration with others ever did exist. But an approach to the play through the relationship between theme and dramatic design, rather than through its stylistic echoes of various contemporary writers, does considerably strengthen the argument that Shakespeare played the major, if not an exclusive, role in its composition.

Any reader or spectator coming to *1 Henry VI* after exposure to the chronicle plays of other Elizabethan authors is suddenly aware that here he is being asked not simply to observe the pageant of history but to ponder the meaning of man's role in history. Most other works of the period in this dramatic kind are, even more evidently than the civic and national chronicles upon which they are based, mere strings of episodes in sequence of time, governed, if by any sense of theme at all, by the notion of the capriciousness of the goddess Fortune. Very few are concerned with seeking any other guiding principle in history or with the dramatic interaction of personalities within the pattern of historical events. Very few are concerned with the meaning of history at all, their authors often preferring instead, like a certain kind of modern historical novelist, to invent romantic situations involving historical personages within a bare framework of actual events.

The theme that runs throughout the tetralogy of plays composed by Shakespeare on the reigns of Henry VI and Richard III, and in fact throughout all of his dramatizations of English history, is the individual's, and a people's, response to the continuing alternations of order and disorder allowed by divine providence in the political life of a nation. A strong and heroic king whose regime brings glory and harmony to the commonwealth is succeeded by a monarch lacking, through extreme youth or defect of character, in the virtues necessary for unifying all the diverse constituents of society. The ineptitude or negligence of the sovereign looses the restraints on ambitious and unscrupulous subjects, whose schemes and counter-

schemes for self-aggrandizement promote faction, public disorder, and eventually civil war. As E. M. W. Tillyard has noted in his *Shakespeare's History Plays*, in the struggle for domination degree, or acknowledgment of one's proper place in the hierarchically constituted political, and even cosmic, order, is forgotten. "Vaulting ambition" causes men to o'erleap themselves and drag the rest of society with them to the brink of chaos. Finally, when a ruler appears who is powerful and virtuous enough to triumph over the contending parties and restore degree and order, the hallmarks to the Elizabethan mind of good political economy, the wheel comes full circle.

Like the sixteenth-century chronicler Edward Hall, Shakespeare seems, officially at least, to have regarded the larger cycle of order emerging from disorder as having come round fully with the rise of the Tudor dynasty. Hall, whose book is entitled *The Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Families of Lancaster and York*, believed that the cause of the civil warfare which plagued England intermittently throughout the fifteenth century had been removed by the coronation of Henry VIII, whose father was connected with the Lancastrian, or Red Rose, branch of the royal family, and whose mother was the daughter and heir of the Yorkist, or White Rose, King Edward IV. For Shakespeare and his contemporaries, the full benefit of this restoration of harmony and degree after the near-anarchy of the Wars of the Roses was manifest in the long and prosperous reign of their virgin queen. "This royal infant," prophesies Archbishop Cranmer of the just-christened Elizabeth in the final scene of *Henry the Eighth*,

Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings
Which time shall bring to ripeness. (V.v.18-21)

Nor will the maiden queen's death, continues Cranmer (how unprophetic the playwright here becomes of later Stuart history!), set the old cycle in motion again, because phoenix-like her "blessedness" will be reborn in her successor.

But Shakespeare was more concerned with presenting the ill effects of disrupted order than with depicting the glories of successful monarchs. Of all his plays on British historical or pseudohistorical subjects, only one, *Henry V*, concentrates on the personality of an all-prosperous ruler and an undeniably glorious moment in England's past. Despite the good fortune of the kingdom during most of Elizabeth's reign, he apparently brooded about the possibility that the cycle might recur, especially if men should ignore the lessons taught by history. Within the larger cycle described by Hall and accepted as complete by many writers of his age, Shakespeare saw smaller cycles or undulations of order and chaos that should have reminded men how precarious any state of equilibrium is in their moral and political lives.

This is not to suggest that in his earliest years as a playwright he had already blocked out in his mind a whole series of dramas to illustrate the pattern and point the historical lessons for his audiences. The order of composition of his various "chronicle histories" should dispel any such assumption. The later-written tetralogy on the troubled history of England toward the end of the Middle Ages—*Richard II*, *Henry IV, Parts I and II*, and *Henry V*—

deals with events that antedate those of the three *Henry VI* plays and *Richard III*. There also exists some possibility that the second and third parts of *Henry VI* were composed before and provided suggestions for the first. Even the earlier tetralogy, therefore, hints at a gradually emerging and changing conception in Shakespeare's mind of what his subject signified and how that significance might be rendered in dramatic terms.

The breakdown of good order, manifest in the undermining of ancient chivalric ideals that had earlier held society together, has its origins for Shakespeare in the events leading to the deposition of King Richard II at the close of the fourteenth century. Richard, a minor at his accession and as an adult deficient in the private and public virtues requisite in a king, is forced to abdicate by his cousin Henry Bolingbroke, whom he has wronged. Bolingbroke, reigning as King Henry IV, is haunted by the rebellions consequent upon Richard's death; his own success in violating degree has ironically given rise to ambition in others. His son Henry V, however, brings to the throne a clearer conscience and the qualities needed for effective rule. His triumphant kingship marks the close of one of the smaller historical cycles, and is epitomized in his ability to control the anarchical forces in society and weld its different elements into the efficient little army that defeats the French at Agincourt (1415).

Yet this brief period of glory is only an interval in the larger pattern. The hero-king has scotched, not killed, "civil dissension," the "viperous worm/That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth" (1 *Henry VI*, III.i.72-73). The opening scene of 1 *Henry VI* is shrewdly designed to give warning of the impending disorder. At the funeral of Henry V the four speeches by the king's brothers and uncles convey an awesome sense of cosmic upheaval and heavy finality. Their foreboding is immediately justified, for within less than three dozen lines the lamentations dissolve into a quarrel between the Duke of Gloucester and the Bishop of Winchester. This altercation symbolizes the release of disruptive forces within a society deprived of its main source of unity. Bedford, the new king's uncle, in fact responds to the quarrel with a desperate invocation, asking Henry V's spirit, as his living presence had done, to

Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens! (I.i.53-54)

Nor does the playwright waste any further time before showing how disastrous has been the untimely death of this "king of so much worth." Bedford's prayer is interrupted by the entrance of a courier, who rushes in unceremoniously with news of English reversals in France. He is succeeded by two others, each arriving with worse tidings, worst of all being the account of Lord Talbot's capture. The remarkable economy of the scene is evident from the impact made by this trio of messengers. Their accounts project to the audience the importance for England's success in France of the efforts of such leaders as Salisbury, Talbot, and Bedford, who reacts to the news by preparing to go immediately to the aid of the others. Through this sequence of speeches the dramatist focuses attention on the three warriors, who stand for the ideals that have caused English arms until now to prosper. Yet

all three worthy nobles are represented as advanced in years and fated to die later in the play. They carry with them to their graves not only the hopes of England's monarchs for possessing the crown of France, but also the chivalric ideals of a more innocent and masculine era. Their kind will be displaced, at least temporarily, by a self-seeking breed of new "risers," the Winchesters, the Suffolks, and the Yorks.

In spite of Bedford's resolve, there can be no doubt as the scene concludes that all coherence is already gone, that the downturn in England's fortunes has begun. With a real instinct for symmetrical design, the author concludes the scene by repeating the pattern of its opening. The royal brothers and uncles take their leave in precisely the order in which they have been introduced as speakers. As each goes his way to carry out his separate function in governing the realm, there is a momentary feeling that if they can work to one end, all may yet be well. Lest the audience presume, however, that shared grief and determination to act will lead to an effective coalition, the sense of division, of a pilotless ship of state, is emphasized by the words and pageantry of the departures. When all the rest are gone, there remains the unscrupulous politician Winchester, whose earlier altercation with Gloucester has already struck the note of discord, and who regards his nephew's death as an opportunity for him to seize control "And sit at chiefest stern of public weal."

The masterful construction of this introductory scene is more evident in theatrical performance than from silent reading. For it wants, as does the play on the whole, that poetic fire one is accustomed to look for in the work of Shakespeare. But as has often been remarked about his career, he seems to have developed a keen feeling for construction and for what is theatrically right before he evolved a poetic style that can thrill the auditor with its justness for the occasion or discriminate for the sensitive ear subtle differences of mood and character.

Symmetry and purposefulness of design, unlike the formlessness of most Elizabethan chronicle plays, are indeed the keynotes of this work, and of the Lancaster-York tetralogy as a whole. If later—beginning with *Richard II* and *Henry IV* and at length most impressively in *King Lear* and *Macbeth*—Shakespeare learned to portray characters helping to shape as well as enduring history or growing in perception and self-knowledge from their interaction with events, in *1 Henry VI* he is not yet ready for such an achievement. Here the problem of man's role in history is reduced to simpler terms: a dramatic personage responds in a particular way to events and to other persons involved in the action because he has a fixed character, rather than the possibility of an evolving one. This simple consistency is, in a way, true even of the heroicomic portrayal of Joan of Arc. Although she gives an impression at the outset of being admirably eloquent, efficient, and patriotic, and then of degenerating into wantonness and diabolism, the unsavory side of her character is hinted at in her very first scene. If we are disturbed by the seemingly inconsistent and finally unchivalrous treatment of the Maid of Orleans, we should remind ourselves that in Shakespeare's day she had not yet been canonized or become the subject of more sympathetic characterizations by dramatists like Schiller, Shaw, and Anouilh. Character in Shakespeare's play is conceived

broadly, flatly; the peculiar quality of every personage is unequivocally represented.

The solution for him, consequently, was to develop his dramatic theme mainly through formal structure; that is, through symbolically parallel and contrasting episodes, and through confrontations between characters representing sharply defined ethical and political values.

The first clue to this intention is the extremely cavalier handling of chronology, a disruption of time-sequence far beyond that in any of Shakespeare's other plays based on chronicles. Rather than demonstrating an ignorance of history or indifference to order, the rearrangement of events indicates a sense on the author's part that dramatic logic and the historical lesson are better served by recreating than by retelling what happened in the past. Thus, while *1 Henry VI* is grounded upon chronicle materials, it employs them so freely that one is not always certain how much indebted to the sources a given scene may be, or even, except in manifest instances, whether the principal inspiration is the work of Edward Hall or that of Raphael Holinshed.

The play also includes totally fictional scenes, among them the dispute in the Temple garden and Talbot's encounter with the Countess of Auvergne. Unlike the arbitrarily invented episodes common in other history plays of the age, those in *1 Henry VI* serve to clarify the meaning of actual events, far more effectively than anything available to the author in his historical sources. The disjointing of time, moreover, enables him to achieve striking dramatic and didactic effects. The episodes cover a period of more than thirty years, from the beginning of Henry VI's reign in 1422 to the death of the Talbots near Bordeaux in 1453, but from the opening lines incidents are juxtaposed—that were in actuality separated by a number of years. Thus, the siege of Orleans (1428–29) is already taking place during the funeral of Henry V seven years earlier. The dramaturgical reason is evident: to introduce immediately the main conflict, between Joan of France and Talbot of England. In Act V, the capture of Joan (1430) is succeeded directly and without even a scene division by Suffolk's fictitious capture and wooing of Margaret of Anjou, though the negotiations for the king's marriage did not actually take place until 1444. Finally, the death of the Talbots, chronologically the last in the long series of events here dramatized, precedes these other carefully paired episodes. Apparently this dislocation was made in order to maintain as long as possible the symbolical conflict between the mirror of English chivalry and the diabolically assisted Joan, and also to imply that Margaret is about to arise from Joan's ashes to carry on the scourging of England in the remainder of the trilogy.

Divine providence allows England to be plagued by infernal as well as political enemies because her people have sinned. How the nation might have remained true to itself is signified by the words and deeds of Talbot. What she is in danger of becoming is signified in the shortcomings of the French, failings that crop up increasingly among Englishmen as the action of the play proceeds. The dissension that breaks out at home in the opening lines begins immediately to sap the English strength abroad, for it is accompanied by the decay of feudal loyalties and forgetfulness of degree. Also manifest are an English

decline toward French effeminacy and the beginning of reliance on fraud and cunning rather than manly courage and straightforward knightly virtue.

In the second scene, which shifts to Orleans, the playwright quickly sketches in the defective moral character of Frenchmen, as epitomized in the behavior of the Dauphin. A braggart like his counterpart in Shakespeare's *Henry V*, he begins a sortie against the English with the cry to his followers,

Him I forgive my death that killeth me
When he sees me go back one foot or fly. (I.ii.20-21)

Some moments later, his forces are beaten back, and he excuses his retreat in words a Talbot or a Salisbury would have died rather than utter:

I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies. (I.ii.23-24)

Nothing they can do as men, it is apparent from the ensuing conversation among the French leaders, can overcome these dogged Englishmen.

At this point Joan comes on stage, and the Dauphin's conversation with her brings out two grave defects of Frenchmen that also begin gradually to taint the characters of Englishmen in the play. After bowing to her in single combat, Charles woos Joan in the language not of her royal prince but of the fashionable courtly lover, asking to be her "servant and not sovereign," and imploring her "mercy" (that is, the favor of her love) as her "prostrate thrall." Such domination by the female is obviously scorned by an audience of Tudor Englishmen; it confirms their prejudices against Gallic dandyism and effeminacy. For in spite of Joan's high-sounding claims and self-assertive dash, one's admiration of her must stop far short of the Dauphin's; she is, after all, no more than a shepherd's daughter from Lorraine. The comedy of the scene is also obvious. From the number of double entendres in the Ovidian tradition of lovemaking as armed combat, the audience can scarcely be expected to take seriously Joan's claims to divine inspiration and vow to maintain her virginity while Englishmen remain on her country's soil.

All doubt about the tenor of the scene is dispelled by Charles' final ecstatic response to her messianic claims:

Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?
(I.ii.140-45)

Not only are the allusions to other lofty examples of divine inspiration too characteristic of the Dauphin's lack of moderation to be taken seriously, but their very extravagance is a strong hint that Joan's pretensions are false. When Charles climaxes his apostrophe with the words "Bright star of Venus," the imagery of courtly wooing and the bawdy overtones of the earlier part of the scene intrude themselves again. Besides, "star of

Venus, fall'n down on the earth," calls to mind not only the goddess of profane love, but also Lucifer, that brightest of angelic stars tumbled out of the heavens for his aspiration to divinity. Feminine wiles are thus linked by the epithet with diabolical fraud and deception. Charles is blameworthy for allowing himself to be dominated by a woman—a peasant girl at that!—and for resorting to preternatural aid in his efforts to rid his country of the English. "Coward of France!" exclaims Bedford,

how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell. (II.i.16-18)

The rest of the scenes in France are fashioned to contrast the reprehensible behavior of Joan and the Dauphin, as well as of Englishmen whose characters become similarly stained as the moral fiber of their leaderless country weakens, with that of the upright Talbot. These contrasts are effectively brought out through patterns, as Ernest Talbert calls them, of "intensified repetition." One such pattern is the strategic paralleling of episodes either to heighten the opposition between worthy and reprehensible forms of behavior or to point up symbolical relationships between apparently unconnected incidents. The playwright is also fond of grouping characters and episodes in climactic triads to underscore several of the main themes of the play.

Thus, since Talbot is the standard by which the measure of the other characters is taken, his first meeting with Henry VI is presented as an idealized interview between an unselfishly devoted vassal and his sovereign. For his loyal service and recovery in France of

fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem, (III.iv.6-8)

Talbot is created Earl of Shrewsbury. But the episode distinctly recalls the first scene of the same act, where the already scheming Richard Plantagenet is made Duke of York without having done anything to merit his elevation and pledges his fealty to the king with a hollow heart. Again, in the opening scene of Act IV Talbot tears the garter from Sir John Falstaff's¹ leg for cowardice in battle and delivers a speech on what it means to bear "the sacred name of knight." His action is a clear example of how noblemen, in helping the monarch to maintain true order and degree, should deal with the presumptions of their subordinates.

As soon as Talbot departs, however, Vernon and Basset disrupt the coronation scene with their demands for trial by combat in behalf of their respective masters, York and Somerset. In order to further their own ambitions, Henry's nobles are obviously willing to let faction breed rather than suppress their contentious retainers. Toward the end of the scene York even appears to be on the point of exclaiming to Warwick (IV.i.180) that he would prefer to have the

¹ Not the famous fat knight of *Henry IV*, whose death is described in *Henry V*, but rather a character based on the historical Sir John Fastolfe (c. 1378-1459), a prominent retainer of the Duke of Bedford and, according to the chronicles, one of the most valiant captains in the regent's armies.

king himself take sides against him since he might then turn it to his own advantage. This is but one of several scenes in which Talbot's conduct is sharply contrasted with that of other characters. The dramatist's intentions are unmistakable: Talbot is the ideal, the centripetal force of order that gradually gives way to the centrifugal forces of chaos represented by York and others of the rising new breed.

Dramatic triads appear in many places in *1 Henry VI* from the opening scene onward: the sense of climactic urgency in the arrival of the three messengers hot on one another's heels; the trio of ambitious nobles—Winchester, York, Suffolk; the focusing on the three stout but aging generals—Salisbury, Bedford, and Talbot—each of whose deaths is a more discouraging blow, the last the final blow, to English dynastic ambitions in France. Talbot opposes the French and their sorceress champion on all three of these occasions: at Orleans, where Salisbury is shot; at Rouen, where Bedford dies; and finally near Bordeaux, where he and his son meet their heroic end.

In each incident, fraud at first succeeds, not force of arms, and the placing of blame in each indicates progressive deterioration on the English side. At Orleans, Salisbury is killed by chance and Talbot is temporarily set back, to his complete bewilderment, by Joan's "art and baleful sorcery." His martial enterprise and trust in God, however, in contrast with the Frenchmen's lax discipline and reliance on "the help of hell," win the day for him when he returns to the attack. At Rouen (III.ii) Joan gains entrance by means of a stratagem historically employed by the English on another occasion, according to Holinshed, and transferred in the play to the French as an instance of their treachery. Eventually, Talbot overcomes again, while Bedford watches the struggle from "his litter sick." But now it is not only the French who are cowardly, who, as Talbot complains,

keep the walls
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen. (III.ii.69-70)

Just before the victory is assured and Bedford dies content, Falstaff again shows the white feather, this time on stage instead of in a messenger's report, and runs like a Frenchman from the battle scene. It is this defection that provides the occasion for Talbot later to tear the badge of the Order of the Garter from his leg at Henry's coronation in Paris.

At Bordeaux, where the audience might expect a final confrontation between Talbot and Joan, none is provided, nor does Joan make use of any cunning device to gain advantage over the English. The dramatist's reasons are clear enough. They are placed in the mouth of Sir William Lucy as he vainly begs York and Somerset to come to Talbot's relief. It is "the vulture of sedition" and "Sleeping neglection" that are causing the loss of Henry V's conquests:

The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapped the noble-minded Talbot.
(IV.iv.36-37)

Malice and cunning deceit are beginning to corrupt even the highest English nobility, and Talbot is the sacrifice to

their dissension. Yet even against the forces of hell and the wily allurements of womankind, England might have stood fast, if only all her noblemen had been like her stoutest champion. But when men place their self-interest ahead of the common good, the old ideals are readily forgotten. Joan's cunning becomes no longer necessary; the English are now their own worst enemies, having succumbed to the vices of the French.

This eroding of English virtue is nowhere more skillfully depicted than in the triad of scenes involving the first appearances of each of the three evil-designing Frenchwomen (interestingly enough, the only feminine characters in the play!). The scenes in question are Joan's introduction to the Dauphin, Talbot's reception by the Countess of Auvergne (II.iii), and Suffolk's wooing of Margaret of Anjou (V.iii). All three women represent a threat to English fortunes; the manner in which the three men respond to them neatly dramatizes the lesson.

Earlier it was pointed out that not only the Dauphin's accepting the demoniacally inspired assistance of Joan but also his self-debasement to servant-lover of a peasant girl, is conduct inexcusable in a prince. And even if his behavior were not a burlesque of courtly traditions, it runs counter to the ruggedly heroic ideal represented by Talbot. Not that Talbot is a boor: he does know how to treat a lady as becomes a worthy English chevalier. The Dauphin's involvement with Joan is a breaking of degree and serves, moreover, to unhinge her judgment of herself even beyond what traffic with fiends has done. When she is finally on her way to the stake, this peasant maiden who has been graced with sovereignty over her infatuated monarch pretends to "noble birth" and "gentler blood" than that of her shepherd father. Even the phrase with which she rejects the old man—"Decrepit miser!"—accentuates her disdain for her lowly origins; *miser* is the worst term of opprobrium in the vocabulary of the courtly tradition.

But the true measure of the Dauphin's folly is the scene between Talbot and the fictional countess. This lady too plots evil to the English through her ruse for capturing "the terror of the French." There is even a suggestion that she, like Joan, may have resorted to witchcraft by practicing sympathetic magic on her guest's portrait:

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs.
But now the substance shall endure the like. (II.iii.36-38)

The resourceful Talbot, however, outwits her by a simple counterstratagem and, refusing like a true and valiant gentleman to avenge himself on so weak an adversary, asks only honest entertainment for himself and his men before they take their leave.

Obviously if all of Talbot's compatriots had been thus immune to the allure of scheming Frenchwomen, all might have remained well enough for England. But the third encounter of this kind, that between Suffolk and Reignier's daughter Margaret, shows that Englishmen no longer are men of true honor, who, in contrast with the French, place their country's interests above their own selfish desires. Suffolk is dazzled, almost bewitched, by Margaret's beauty when he first gazes on her. And while he is the active, she almost entirely the passive, agent in this scene,

from the course taken by the remaining action there can be little doubt that this woman will supplant Joan as the punishment for the sins of faction and ambition among Englishmen. Having Joan's and Margaret's captures occur in the same scene, in another of those symbolically meaningful parallelings of seemingly unconnected episodes, is theatrically most effective. And even though Joan's final scenes are far different in tone from Margaret's entry into the action, they serve a twofold function in helping to knit up the events of *1 Henry VI* and to anticipate the subsequent development of the trilogy.

In defiance of historical fact, but with excellent dramatic sense, York is made to be Joan's captor and judge. But even as he is mercilessly taunting his prisoner about her past affairs with the Dauphin and his nobles, another game of man and woman is being played that will prove his undoing. The parting curses of Joan are not the impotent ragings of a "fell banning hag"; they are prophecies of ambitious York's own downfall and of the miserable years for England that are being engendered in the dalliance of Suffolk with Margaret of Anjou.

Suffolk would enjoy this lady's love and use her to further his own ends at the sacrifice of English interests in France. Worse still, his "wondrous rare description" of Margaret's beauty serves to corrupt King Henry's mind and causes him to break his pre-contract of marriage with the daughter of the Earl of Armagnac. That the choice is both impolitic and immoral is clear from the king's own inner turmoil in the last moments of the play: the "sharp dissension" that he feels within makes him "sick with working of my thoughts," and he finally departs in a state of "grief" rather than expectant elation at "This sudden execution of my will."

The threat latent in Henry's impending marriage to Margaret, with whose arrival in England the second part of the trilogy opens, is brilliantly suggested by a pair of images in the last scene of *1 Henry VI*. The king compares his infatuation to a tempest, driving his soul against its more settled inclinations like a ship against the tide:

So am I driven by breath of her renown
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love. (V.v.7-9)

The sudden intrusion here of the conventional figure of the lover as a vessel in danger of shipwreck on the stormy seas of passion calls to mind the dangers that Petrarch (*Passa la nave mia colma d'oblio*) and his imitator Sir Thomas Wyatt ("My galley charged with forgetfulness") lamented as besetting the soul of the man tossed by sexual desire. For a king to make such an admission, and then to overrule good counsel and follow the inclination of his will rather than reasons of state, is a most unregal kind of behavior.

Most disturbing of all, however, are the verses with which the drama concludes. If restoration of order were implied at the end of the action, according to the usual Shakespearean closing formula there would be a speech explicitly saying so. But here the final words, coming after the king's confused withdrawal, are left for Suffolk, who exults in his success and departs for Anjou

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did. (V.v.104-06)

The image could hardly be lost on an Elizabethan audience, whose own mythmaking historians traced the ancestry of the British race to Troy. French Margaret will bring disaster to England as certainly as Spartan Helen brought ruin to "the topless towers of Ilium."

The remainder of the trilogy portrays Margaret, though she is in neither play the solely dominating figure, as an evil influence in England's domestic affairs. In *2 Henry VI* it is she and her lover Suffolk, along with the malevolent Winchester, who engineer the downfall of the Duke of Gloucester. In *3 Henry VI*, her monstrous treatment of her archrival York is the climax of her role as England's scourge. Eventually, in *Richard III*, this figure of nemesis who for long has borne a "tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide," becomes inactive though not silent, an unheeded Cassandra warning the now-dominant House of York of its own impending doom.

Though not a great poetic drama, *1 Henry VI* is by no means a failure as a play for theatrical performance. It exhibits a thoughtful design through which important themes are vigorously, if somewhat crudely, realized in the completed action. Nor is the affair of Margaret and Suffolk, as some critics would have it, only an afterthought. Strange as the final act and scene divisions in the Folio may be, the matter of these last episodes is not something inexpertly tacked onto what was originally conceived as an independent tragedy of Talbot simply because the author, or reviser, needed a way to patch together a trilogy. All that previously transpires is too carefully articulated with the concluding scenes for that. Act V is the logical conclusion to the events set in motion at the play's beginning, and at the same time an effective opening-out to the even greater disorder and calamities of *2 and 3 Henry VI*. The close is nearly symmetrical with the opening, and far more ominous though more restrained and economical in its language. A nation that is leaderless because its king is an infant as the play begins, is still leaderless, or subject to dangerous misguidance, as the action ends because its now-grown king has succumbed to a destructive passion. And the unscrupulous new risers have now found an instrument for gaining the illicit power to which they aspire.

The bad news from Orleans that marked the downturn of England's fortunes in France is superseded by bad news from Angiers that will lead to misery on England's soil itself. All this the maker of *1 Henry VI* was capable of rendering theatrically effective. By 1592 Shakespeare may not yet have been a supreme dramatic craftsman, but neither was he a mere botcher of other men's work, a snapper-up of other playwrights' unconsidered trifles.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

For the plot of *Henry VI, Part One* Shakespeare drew upon at least four English chronicle histories. His chief sources were Edward Hall's *The Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Families of Lancaster and York* (1548) and the second edition of Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (1587). For a few details not found in Hall or Holinshed he also consulted the *Chronicles* of Robert Fabyan (1516) and Richard Grafton (1569), the latter substantially a reprint of Hall. Some of the best

scenes in the play, however, such as the quarrel of the roses in the Temple garden, appear to have been invented by the playwright himself.

Although Geoffrey Bullough in his *Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare* inclines to Hall as the principal source, in many scenes *1 Henry VI* appears to follow more closely Holinshed's account, which is largely derived from Hall without the latter's invented orations, amplification of detail, and attempts at an eloquence commensurate with the grandeur of his theme. But since Shakespeare improvised so freely upon his source materials, in most episodes of the play it is not possible to determine whether his immediate inspiration is Hall or Holinshed.

In view of this uncertainty, the reader interested in consulting the sources would be well advised to compare the two chronicles. He should definitely refer to Hall, however, for the account of Talbot's death in order to gain some idea of the elevated style of the source upon which Shakespeare obviously relied for this heroically pitched and moving episode.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

Henry VI, Part One is preserved only in the Folio of 1623, the basis of the present edition. Though acted infrequently after Shakespeare's lifetime, apparently the drama was originally well received. In the Epilogue to Shakespeare's *Henry V*, the Chorus asks the spectators to applaud this more recent work by reminding them of the company's earlier dramatizations of the reign of Henry VI:

Which oft our stage hath shown; and for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. (Epi.13-14)

It is even likely that in its earliest production *1 Henry VI* was the theatrical hit of the year. On March 3, 1592, the producer Philip Henslowe recorded in his diary that the first performance of a new (or refurbished) play called "harey the vj." had grossed £3.16s.8d., a sum indicating an exceptionally profitable opening. Over the next ten months this work was acted at least fourteen, perhaps fifteen, additional times. It may be that the patriotic theme appealed strongly to a London audience still exulting over the debacle of the Spanish Armada; for the heroic death of Lord Talbot in the fourth act, as Thomas Nashe wrote during the same year in *Pierce Penniless*, had been found deeply moving by "ten thousand spectators at least (at several times), who, in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding."

The entry in Henslowe's diary and Nashe's allusion in his pamphlet to "Talbot (the terror of the French)" suggest that the play in question may have been *1 Henry VI*. Still, some doubt must remain whether this particular version was the same as that printed in the Folio, and whether Shakespeare had participated in its composition. With few exceptions, however, modern Shakespearean critics have assumed that *1 Henry VI* as we know it does come, along with the second and third parts of the trilogy, from Shakespeare's apprentice years as a playwright. In the absence of any positive evidence to the contrary, it thus seems reasonable to declare for late 1591 or early

1592 as the likeliest date of original composition for the play printed in the Folio and to presume that it is substantially, perhaps entirely, from the hand of Shakespeare.

The Folio is the only authority and affords a remarkably clear text, apart from a few baffling words and some apparently mangled lines of verse. In the present edition, therefore, the temptation to amend the original has been resisted as much as possible. Only two words to fill apparent lacunae have been supplied from consultation with the later Folios. These are "Nero" (I.iv.95) and "sir" (II.iv.132). Both of these are bracketed in the text and their sources given in the notes below. Without editorial comment, punctuation and spelling have been modernized (though "Dolphin" is retained in the dialogue), names prefixed to speeches and appearing in stage directions expanded and regularized, act and scene divisions translated where the Folio gives them in Latin, and obvious typographical errors corrected.

In the few instances where lines of verse are improperly divided in the Folio, they have been rearranged; all such corrections are noted in the table below. Occasionally when the printers of the Folio may seem to have divided a single line into two verses, it is quite clear that the line was too long for the space available, and was simply broken at a clause, rather than at the end of the column. Because the stage directions in the original are on the whole clear and amply descriptive, they have been reproduced with a minimum of emendations and additions; wherever changes have been made, they are enclosed in square brackets. In dividing acts and scenes the Folio is deficient: no scene divisions are given for Acts I and II; Act III is correctly divided into four scenes; Act IV is not only too long—since nothing but the final scene is left for Act V—but within it the scenes are also inaccurately divided. The act and scene divisions of the present edition are therefore those of the Globe text; wherever they differ from those of the Folio, they are enclosed in square brackets. The table that follows includes emendations and corrections of the Folio text. The altered reading appears first in boldface; the original follows, in roman. Where a Folio reading is retained, but seems extremely dubious, the word is given in roman, and commentary or suggested emendation is placed within square brackets.

I.i.94 Reignier Reynold 96 **crownèd** crown'd 132 **vanward**
Vau ward

I.ii.30 bred breed 99 fine [so F, but later editors, following mention in Holinshed's *Chronicles* of a pattern of "five" fleurs-de-lis on the sword, emend to *five*; conceivably the *n* in F is a mistakenly inverted *u* (i.e., for *v*)] 103 **s.d. la de** 113 **rites** rights
132 **enterèd** entred

I.iii.29 Humphrey Vmpheir

I.iv.10 Went [so F, but Tyrwhitt's conjecture *Wont* is accepted by some modern editors] 16-18 [two lines in F, but perhaps should be printed as three, divided after *watched*, *them*, and *longer*] 29 **ransomèd** ransom'd 69 **s.d. fall** falls 95 **Nero** [not in F; conjectured by Malone from the Second Folio reading "and Nero like will" for "and like thee"] 101 **la de**

I.v.s.d. la de

I.vi.3 la de 6 garden [so F, but *were* in line 7 suggests that the intended reading may have been *gardens*] 29 **la de**

II.i.7 s.d. drums . . . march [so F, but sounding drums seems a most peculiar way of beginning a surprise attack] 29 **all together** altogether 77 [F reads *Exeunt* here, but the following stage direction renders the word superfluous] 77 **s.d. an a**

II.ii.6 center Centure 20 **Arc** Acre 59 **Whispers** [printed at end of line in F]

II.iii.11-12 [printed as one line in F]

II.iv.s.d. Vernon, and another Lawyer and others **117** whipped [so F, but Second Folio and all subsequent editions read *wiped*] **132 sir** [not in F; supplied by Second Folio]

II.v.121 s.d. Exeunt . . . Mortimer Exit **129** will [so F, though modern editors, following Theobald, conjecture *ill* (i.e., turn my injuries to my benefit)]

III.i.52-53 [most modern editions reassign line 52 to Somerset and line 53 to Warwick] **164** all [so F, but the word is superfluous for both sense and meter] **200 lose** loose

III.ii.50-51 [printed as three (metrically defective) lines in F, divided after *graybeard*, *death*, and *chair*] **59 s.d. The English** They **103 s.d. Exeunt . . . Attendants** Exit **123 gleeks** glikes

IV.i.s.d. Exeter . . . Paris and Gouvernor Exeter **173 s.d. Flourish** [apparently misplaced in F in s.d. that follows line 181]

IV.ii Before Bordeaux [supplied by s.d. in F] **3 calls** call **34** due dew **50 moody-mad** moodie mad

IV.iii.16 s.d. Lucy 2 Mes. (throughout) **20 waist** waste

IV.iv.16 regions [so F, but most modern editors amend to *legions*]

IV.vi.18 encounterèd encountred

IV.vii.96 s.d. Exeunt Exit

V.i. Scene I Scena secunda

V.ii. Scene II Scena Tertia

V.iii.s.d. la de **44 comest** comst **57 her** his **179 modestly** modestie **184 s.d. Kisses** Kisse **188, 195 mayst** mayest **190 wondrous** wonderful **192 And** Mad

V.iv.s.d. and others Shepheard, Pucell [who obviously enter after line 1] **49 Arc** Aire **58 shortenèd** shortned **60 discover** discouet **93 s.d.** [placed in F after line 91]

V.v. Scene V Actus Quintus



THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

[Dramatis Personae

KING HENRY THE SIXTH
 HUMPHREY *Duke of Gloucester, uncle to the king,
 and Protector*
 JOHN *Duke of Bedford, uncle to the king, and
 Regent of France*
 THOMAS BEAUFORT *Duke of Exeter, great-uncle
 to the king*
 HENRY BEAUFORT *Bishop of Winchester, after-
 ward Cardinal, great-uncle to the king*
 JOHN BEAUFORT *Earl, afterward Duke, of
 Somerset*
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET *afterward Duke, of
 York, son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge*
 EARL OF WARWICK
 EARL OF SALISBURY
 WILLIAM DE LA POLE *Earl of Suffolk*
 LORD TALBOT *afterward Earl of Shrewsbury*
 JOHN TALBOT *Lord Lisle, his son*
 EDMUND MORTIMER *Earl of March*
 SIR JOHN FALSTAFF^o
 SIR WILLIAM LUCY
 SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE
 SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE
 MAYOR OF LONDON
 WOODVILLE *Lieutenant of the Tower*
 VERNON *of the White Rose or York faction*

BASSET *of the Red Rose or Lancaster faction*
 A LAWYER
 MORTIMER'S JAILERS
 A PAPAL LEGATE
 CHARLES *Dauphin, afterward King, of France*
 REIGNIER *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of
 Naples*
 DUKE OF BURGUNDY
 DUKE OF ALENÇON
 BASTARD OF ORLEANS
 GOVERNOR OF PARIS
 MASTER GUNNER OF ORLEANS
 HIS SON
 GENERAL *of the French forces in Bordeaux*
 A FRENCH SERGEANT
 A PORTER
 AN OLD SHEPHERD *father to Joan la Pucelle*
 MARGARET *daughter to Reignier, afterward married
 to King Henry*
 COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE
 JOAN LA PUCELLE *commonly called Joan of Arc*
 LORDS AMBASSADORS WARDERS OF THE
 TOWER HERALDS OFFICERS
 SOLDIERS MESSENGERS ATTENDANTS
 FIENDS *appearing to la Pucelle*

Scene: England; France]

A C T I

Scene I. [*Westminster Abbey.*]

Dead march.° Enter the funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of BEDFORD, Regent of France; the Duke of GLOUCESTER, Protector; the Duke of EXETER, WARWICK, the Bishop of WINCHESTER, and the Duke of SOMERSET, [with ATTENDANTS].

BEDFORD

Hung be the heavens with black,° yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,°
Brandish your crystal° tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto° Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

GLOUCESTER

England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command;
His brandished sword did blind men with his°
beams;

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than midday sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? His deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift° up his hand but conquerèd.

EXETER

We mourn in black; why mourn we not in blood?°
Henry is dead and never shall revive.
Upon a wooden° coffin we attend,
And death's dishonorable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.°
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap°
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contrived his end?

WINCHESTER

He was a king blessed of the King of Kings.
Unto the French the dreadful Judgment Day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of Hosts he fought;
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

GLOUCESTER

The church! Where is it? Had not churchmen
prayed,
His thread of life had not so soon decayed.
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a schoolboy, you may overawe.

The decorative border on page 110 appeared on the first page of 3 Henry VI in The Whole Contention between the Two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke, 1619.

Dram. Pers. Falstaff see note, Introduction, p. 105

I.i.s.d. Dead march a solemn piece of music for a funeral procession **1 black** i.e., as a stage was draped in black for a tragedy **2 Comets . . . states** the appearance of comets portending some misfortune **3 crystal** bright **5 consented unto** conspired to bring about **10 his** its **16 lift** lifted **17 in blood** by shedding blood, probably of the French in order to avenge the king's death (see lines 25-27) **19 wooden** unfeeling **22 car** chariot **23 of mishap** causing misfortune

WINCHESTER

Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art protector°
And lookest° to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe
More than God or religious churchmen may.

GLOUCESTER

Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

BEDFORD

Cease, cease these jars° and rest your minds in peace;
Let's to the altar. Heralds, wait on us.
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms,°
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moistened eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish° of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke:
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,°
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Caesar° or bright—

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

My honorable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

BEDFORD

What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?°
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead° and rise from death.

GLOUCESTER

Is Paris lost? Is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recalled to life again,
These° news would cause him once more yield the
ghost.

EXETER

How were they lost? What treachery was used?

MESSENGER

No treachery, but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions,°
And whilst a field should be dispatched and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have ling'ring wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtained.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honors new begot;°

37 protector governor of the realm during the king's minority
38 lookest expect **44 jars** quarrels **46 arms** weapons **50 nourish** nurse **53 broils** disorders **56 Julius Caesar** whose soul, according to Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, XV.843-51, became a star in the heavens after his assassination **62 corse** corpse **64 lead** lining of the coffin **67 These** since *news* was originally plural **71 factions** trisyllabic (the endings *-ion* and *-ions* are often pronounced as two syllables in Shakespeare) **79 new begot** recently obtained

Cropped are the flower-de-luces° in your arms;
Of England's coat° one half is cut away.

EXETER

Were our tears wanting° to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her° flowing tides.

BEDFORD

Me they concern; regent° I am of France.
Give me my steelèd coat; I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive° miseries.

Enter to them another MESSENGER.

SECOND MESSENGER

Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import.°
The Dolphin° Charles is crownèd king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is joined;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exit. 95

EXETER

The Dolphin crownèd king? All fly to him?
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?°

GLOUCESTER

We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

BEDFORD

Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I mustered in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

100

Enter another MESSENGER.

THIRD MESSENGER

My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew° King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

105

WINCHESTER

What? Wherein Talbot overcame, is't so?

THIRD MESSENGER

O no, wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown.
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.°
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full° scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassèd and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank° his men;
He wanted pikes° to set before his archers;

110

115

Instead whereof, sharp stakes plucked out of hedges
They pitchèd in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off° from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continuèd;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and everywhere, enraged he slew.
The French exclaimed the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agazed° on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
"A Talbot! a Talbot!" cried out amain,°
And rushed into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been sealed up,
If Sir John Falstaff had not played the coward.
He, being in the vanward,° placed behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre:
Enclosèd were they with their enemies.
A base Walloon,° to win the Dolphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

120

125

130

135

140

BEDFORD

Is Talbot slain then? I will slay myself
For living idly here in pomp and ease
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betrayed.

THIRD MESSENGER

O no, he lives, but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him and Lord Hungerford;
Most of the rest slaughtered or took likewise.

145

BEDFORD

His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale the Dolphin headlong from his throne;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters, to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make
To keep our great Saint George's feast° withal.°
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

150

155

THIRD MESSENGER

So you had need, for Orleans is besieged;
The English army is grown weak and faint;
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

160

EXETER

Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn:
Either to quell° the Dolphin utterly
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

BEDFORD

I do remember it and here take my leave
To go about my preparation.° *Exit* BEDFORD.

165

80 **flower-de-luces** fleurs-de-lis, or lilies of France (heraldic symbol of the French monarchs) 81 **coat** coat of arms (the English royal family, as a sign of its pretensions to the throne of France, included the fleur-de-lis in its coat of arms from the fourteenth through the eighteenth centuries) 82 **wanting** lacking 83 **her** England's 84 **regent** ruler in the king's absence 88 **intermissive** coming at intervals 91 **import** importance 92 **Dolphin** Dauphin (title of the heir to the French throne) 97 **reproach** disgrace 104 **bedew** moisten 109 **The . . . large** I shall tell you the details at greater length 112 **full** all told (?) 115 **enrank** set in ranks 116 **pikes** stakes with sharpened iron points, set in the ground to impale the enemy's horses if the mounted troops charged the archers

119 **off** apparently redundant, and inserted for metrical purposes 126 **agazed** astounded (probably a variant of *aghast*) 128 **amain** with all their might 132 **vanward** vanguard 137 **Walloon** inhabitant of the region between northeastern France and the Netherlands 154 **Saint George's feast** April 23; **withal** with 163 **quell** destroy 166 **preparation** five syllables

GLOUCESTER

I'll to the Tower^o with all the haste I can
To view th' artillery and munition,
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

Exit GLOUCESTER.

EXETER

To Eltham will I, where the young king is, 170
Being ordained his special governor,
And for his safety there I'll best devise. Exit.

WINCHESTER

Each hath his place and function to attend;
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office.^o 175
The king from Eltham I intend to send
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.^o
Exit [with ATTENDANTS].

[Scene II. France. Before Orleans.]

Sound a flourish.^o Enter Charles [the DAUPHIN],
ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, marching with drum and
SOLDIERS.

DAUPHIN

Mars his^o true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment^o but we have? 5
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles^o the famished English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

ALENÇON

They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:^o
Either they must be dieted^o like mules 10
And have their provender^o tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drownèd mice.

REIGNIER

Let's raise the siege; why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont^o to fear;
Remaineth none but mad-brained Salisbury, 15
And he may well in fretting spend his gall;^o
Nor^o men nor money hath he to make war.

DAUPHIN

Sound, sound alarum!^o we will rush on them.
Now for the honor of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me 20
When he sees me go back one foot or fly. Exeunt.

Here alarum; they are beaten back by the ENGLISH with
great loss. Enter Charles [the DAUPHIN], ALENÇON,
and REIGNIER.

DAUPHIN

Who ever saw the like? What men have I?
Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

REIGNIER

Salisbury is a desperate homicide; 25
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.^o

ALENÇON

Froissart,^o a countryman of ours, records 30
England all Olivers and Rowlands^o bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified,
For none but Samsons and Goliases^o
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-boned rascals!^o who would e'er suppose 35
They had such courage and audacity?

DAUPHIN

Let's leave this town, for they are harebrained slaves,
And hunger will enforce^o them to be more eager.^o
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege. 40

REIGNIER

I think, by some odd gimmors^o or device
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

ALENÇON Be it so.

45

Enter the BASTARD of Orleans.

BASTARD

Where's the Prince Dolphin? I have news for him.

DAUPHIN

Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

BASTARD

Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appaled.^o
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offense? 10
Be not dismayed, for succor is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege
And drive the English forth^o the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath, 15
Exceeding the nine sibyls^o of old Rome: 55
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.^o

DAUPHIN

Go, call her in. [Exit BASTARD.] But first, to try her
skill, 60
Reignier, stand thou as Dolphin in my place;
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound^o what skill she hath.

Enter [the BASTARD of Orleans, with] Joan [la]
PUCELLE.^o

28 their hungry prey prey for which they hunger 29
Froissart chronicler of fourteenth-century French, English,
and Spanish affairs 30 Olivers and Rowlands Oliver and
Rowland were the heroes of the French medieval epic *La*
Chanson de Roland 33 Goliases Goliaths 35 rascals lean,
inferior deer 38 enforce compel; eager (1) hungry (2) fierce
41 gimmors connecting parts for transmitting motion (variant
of *gimmals*) 48 cheer appaled countenance pale with fear
54 forth beyond 56 nine sibyls nine books of prophetic
utterances offered to King Tarquin of Rome by the sibyl at
Cumae 59 unfallible infallible 63 sound test; s.d. la
Pucelle the virgin

167 Tower Tower of London 175 Jack . . . office a person
deprived of official function 177 And . . . weal and main-
tain control of the government

I.i.s.d. flourish fanfare of trumpets 1 Mars his Mars' 5
moment importance 7 Otherwhiles at times 9 bull-beeves
eating of bull beef was believed to give one courage 10 dieted
fed 11 provender food 14 wont were accustomed 16 gall
bitterness of spirit 17 Nor neither 18 alarum call to arms

REIGNIER

Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

PUCELLE

Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me;
In private will I talk with thee apart.
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

REIGNIER

She takes upon her bravely at first dash.°

PUCELLE

Dolphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit° untrained in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady° gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat displayed my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me
And in a vision full of majesty
Willed me to leave my base vocation°
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promised and assured success;
In complete glory she revealed herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart° before,
With those clear rays which she infused° on me
That beauty am I blessed with which you may see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated;
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this,° thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.°

DAUPHIN

Thou hast astonished me with thy high terms;°
Only this proof I'll of thy valor make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle° with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

PUCELLE

I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword,
Decked with fine flower-de-luces on each side,
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katherine's church-
yard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

DAUPHIN

Then come, a° God's name, I fear no woman.

PUCELLE

And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

Here they fight, and Joan la PUCELLE overcomes.

DAUPHIN

Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.°

PUCELLE

Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

71 **She . . . dash** She acts bravely at the first encounter
73 **wit** mind 74 **our Lady** the Virgin Mary 80 **vocation**
occupation 84 **swart** dark-complexioned 85 **infused** shed
91 **Resolve on this** be assured of this 92 **mate** (1) comrade
(2) sweetheart (?) 93 **high terms** mastery of the grand
rhetorical style 95 **buckle** (1) grapple (2) embrace as lovers
102 **a** in 105 **Deborah** prophetess who delivered Israel from
oppression by the Canaanites (Judges 4:5)

DAUPHIN

Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,°
Let me thy servant° and not sovereign be;
'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to° thee thus.

PUCELLE

I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above;
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

DAUPHIN

Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.°

REIGNIER

My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

ALENÇON

Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;°
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

REIGNIER

Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?°

ALENÇON

He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

REIGNIER

My lord, where are you? What devise you on?°
Shall we give o'er Orleans, or no?

PUCELLE

Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!°
Fight till the last gasp; I'll be your guard.

DAUPHIN

What she says I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.

PUCELLE

Assigned am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise;
Expect Saint Martin's summer,° halcyon's days,°
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting° ship
Which Caesar and his fortune bare° at once.

DAUPHIN

Was Mahomet inspirèd with a dove?
Thou with an eagle° art inspirèd then.
Helen,° the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters,° were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,

110 **if . . . so** if you really are a virgin 111 **servant** lover
112 **sueth to woos** 117 **thrall** slave 119 **shrives . . . smock**
(1) questions her closely (2) hears her confession to the most
minute detail 121 **keeps no mean** does not control himself
124 **devise you on** are you deliberating 126 **recreants**
cowards 131 **Saint Martin's summer** Indian summer
(named after the feast of Saint Martin of Tours, November
11); **halcyon's days** peaceful times (the ancients believed
that the bird called the halcyon nested on the sea and that
the waters remained calm during its breeding season) 138
insulting insolently triumphant 139 **bare** bore 141 **eagle**
like Saint John the Evangelist, with the highest source of
inspiration 142 **Helen** Saint Helena, inspired by a vision
to find the cross of Jesus 143 **Saint Philip's daughters**
who had the gift of prophecy (see Acts 21:9)

How may I reverently worship thee enough?

ALENÇON

Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

REIGNIER

Woman, do what thou canst to save our honors;
Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized.

DAUPHIN

Presently° we'll try. Come, let's away about it;
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. *Exeunt.* 150

[Scene III. London. Before the Tower.]

Enter GLOUCESTER, with his SERVINGMEN [in blue coats°].

GLOUCESTER

I am come to survey° the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.°
Where be these warders,° that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester° that calls.

FIRST WARDER [*Within.*]

Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

GLOUCESTER'S FIRST [SERVING]MAN

It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

SECOND WARDER [*Within.*]

Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

GLOUCESTER'S FIRST [SERVING]MAN

Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?

FIRST WARDER [*Within.*]

The Lord protect him! so we answer him;

We do no otherwise than we are willed.

GLOUCESTER

Who willèd you? Or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize;°
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?°

Gloucester's MEN rush at the Tower gates, and WOODVILLE the lieutenant speaks within.

WOODVILLE

What noise is this? What traitors have we here?

GLOUCESTER

Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?

Open the gates; here's Gloucester that would enter.

WOODVILLE

Have patience, noble duke, I may not open;

The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandment°

That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

GLOUCESTER

Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?°
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?°
Thou art no friend to God or to the king;
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

149 Presently immediately

I.iii.s.d. blue coats blue clothing was customary for servants
1 survey inspect 2 conveyance underhand dealing 3
warders guards 4 Gloucester trisyllabic here and often,
for metrical purposes, elsewhere in the play 13 warrantize
pledge of security 14 dunghill grooms vile servingmen
20 commandment trisyllabic; spelled *commandement* in the
Folio 22 prizest . . . me rank him above me 24 brook
endure

145 SERVINGMEN

Open the gates unto the Lord Protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that° you come not
quickly.

Enter to the PROTECTOR at the Tower gates WINCHESTER and his MEN in tawny coats.°

WINCHESTER

How now, ambitious Humphrey, what means this?

GLOUCESTER

Peeled° priest, dost thou command me to be shut out? 30

WINCHESTER

I do, thou most usurping proditor,°
And not protector, of the king or realm.

GLOUCESTER

Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord,
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences° to sin; 35
I'll canvas thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,°
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

WINCHESTER

Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;

This be Damascus,° be thou cursèd Cain,

To slay thy brother° Abel, if thou wilt. 40

GLOUCESTER

I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back;

Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing cloth°

I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

WINCHESTER

Do what thou dar'st, I beard° thee to thy face.

10

GLOUCESTER

What! am I dared and bearded to my face? 45

Draw, men, for all this privileged place,°

Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard;

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.

Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;

In spite of pope or dignities of church,° 50

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

WINCHESTER

Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the pope.

15

GLOUCESTER

Winchester goose,° I cry, a rope!° a rope!

Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array. 55

Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet° hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's MEN beat out the Cardinal's MEN, and enter in the hurly-burly° the MAYOR of London and his OFFICERS.

20

28 if that if; s.d. tawny coats servants of churchmen
traditionally wore tawny, or brownish-yellow, coats 30
Peeled tonsured, bald 31 proditor traitor 35 indulgences
the brothels near the theaters on the south bank of the
Thames were within the jurisdiction of the Bishops of Win-
chester 36 canvas . . . hat toss you in your wide-brimmed
ecclesiastical hat as if it were a blanket 39 Damascus supposed
to have been built in the place where Cain killed Abel 40
brother Winchester was half-brother to Gloucester's father,
King Henry IV 42 bearing cloth christening robe 44
beard defy 46 for . . . place even though drawing of
weapons is forbidden under pain of death in royal residences
50 dignities of church your high ecclesiastical rank 53
Winchester goose (1) venereal infection (2) prostitute (see
note to line 35); rope hangman's cord 56 scarlet a derisive
allusion to the red robes of the cardinal; s.d. hurly-burly
tumult

MAYOR

Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,^o
Thus contumeliously^o should break the peace!

GLOUCESTER

Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king, 60
Hath here distrained^o the Tower to his use.

WINCHESTER

Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions^o war and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,^o 65
That seeks to overthrow religion
Because he is protector of the realm,
And would have armor here out of the Tower
To crown himself king and suppress^o the prince.

GLOUCESTER

I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

Here they skirmish again.

MAYOR

Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife 70
But to make open proclamation.
Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canst,
Cry.

[OFFICER] All manner of men assembled here in arms
this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge 75
and command you, in his highness' name, to repair^o
to your several^o dwelling places; and not to wear,
handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger hence-
forward, upon pain^o of death.

GLOUCESTER

Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law, 80
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.^o

WINCHESTER

Gloucester, we'll meet to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

MAYOR

I'll call for clubs,^o if you will not away.
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil. 85

GLOUCESTER

Mayor, farewell; thou dost but what thou mayst.

WINCHESTER

Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head,
For I intend to have it ere long. *Exeunt.*

MAYOR

See the coast cleared, and then we will depart.
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!^o 90
I myself fight not once in forty year. *Exeunt.*

57 **magistrates** administrators of the kingdom 58 **con-**
tumeliously insolently 61 **distrained** seized 63 **still motions**
always proposes 64 **O'ercharging** . . . **fines** overburden-
ing you with excessive special taxes 68 **suppress** depose
76 **repair** return 77 **several** own 79 **pain** penalty 81 **break**
. . . **large** reveal our thoughts fully 84 **call for clubs**
summon the apprentices of the city to come with clubs and
assist the officers in putting down the riot 90 **these** . . . **bear**
that these noblemen should have such quarrelsome tempers

[Scene IV. Orleans.]

Enter the MASTER GUNNER of Orleans and his BOY.

MASTER GUNNER

Sirrah,^o thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

BOY

Father, I know, and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I missed my aim.

MASTER GUNNER

But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me: 5
Chief master gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.^o
The prince's espials^o have informèd me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrenched,
Went through a secret grate of iron bars 10
In yonder tower to overpeer^o the city
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept^o this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance^o 'gainst it I have placed, 15
And even these three days have I watched
If I could see them. Now do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. *Exit.* 20

BOY

Father, I warrant you, take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. *Exit.*

*Enter SALISBURY and TALBOT on the turrets, with [Sir
William GLANSDALE, Sir Thomas GARGRAVE, and]
others.*

SALISBURY

Talbot, my life, my joy, again returned!
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got's thou^o to be released? 25
Discourse,^o I prithee,^o on this turret's top.

TALBOT

The Earl of Bedford had a prisoner
Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchanged and ransomèd.
But with a baser^o man of arms by far 30
Once in contempt they would have bartered me;
Which I disdainingly scorned and cravèd death
Rather than I would be so pilled-esteemed.^o
In fine,^o redeemed I was as I desired.
But O! the treacherous Falstaff wounds my heart, 35
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

SALISBURY

Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertained.

TALBOT

With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts,
In open marketplace produced they me, 40
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,

I.iv.1 **Sirrah** a term used in addressing children or inferiors
7 **grace** favor 8 **espials** spies 11 **overpeer** look down upon
14 **intercept** stop 15 **piece of ordnance** cannon 25 **got's**
thou did you manage 26 **Discourse** relate; **prithee**
pray thee 30 **baser** less wellborn 33 **pilled-esteemed**
poorly valued 34 **In fine** finally

The scarecrow that affrights° our children so.
 Then broke I from the officers that led me,
 And with my nails digged stones out of the ground 45
 To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
 My grisly° countenance made others fly;
 None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
 In iron walls they deemed me not secure;
 So great fear of my name 'mongst them were spread 50
 That they supposed I could rend bars of steel
 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.°
 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot° I had
 That walked about me every minute while,°
 And if I did but stir out of my bed, 55
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.
Enter the BOY with a linstock.°

SALISBURY

I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
 But we will be revenged sufficiently.
 Now it is suppertime in Orleans;
 Here, through this grate, I count each one 60
 And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
 Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
 Let me have your express° opinions
 Where is best place to make our batt'ry° next. 65

GARGRAVE

I think at the north gate, for there stands lords.

GLANSDALE

And I, here, at the bulwark° of the bridge.

TALBOT

For aught I see, this city must be famished,
 Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.°

Here they shoot, and SALISBURY [and GARGRAVE] fall down.

SALISBURY

O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners! 70

GARGRAVE

O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

TALBOT

What chance is this that suddenly hath crossed° us?
 Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak,
 How far'st thou, mirror of° all martial men?
 One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off! 75
 Accursèd tower! accursèd fatal hand°
 That hath contrived this woeful tragedy!
 In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
 Henry the Fifth he first trained to the wars;
 Whilst any trump° did sound, or drum struck up, 80
 His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
 Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? Though thy speech doth fail,
 One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace.
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
 Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive 85
 If Salisbury wants° mercy at thy hands!

Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
 Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort: 90
 Thou shalt not die whiles°—
 He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
 As who° should say, "When I am dead and gone,
 Remember to avenge me on the French."
 Plantagenet,° I will; and like thee, [Nero,] 95
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn.
 Wretched shall France be only in° my name.

Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.

What stir° is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
 Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

My lord, my lord, the French have gathered head:° 100
 The Dolphin, with one Joan la Pucelle joined,
 A holy prophetess new risen up,
 Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

Here SALISBURY lifteth himself up and groans.

TALBOT

Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
 It irks his heart he cannot be revenged. 105
 Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you.
 Pucelle or pussel,° Dolphin or dogfish,
 Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
 Convey me° Salisbury into his tent, 110
 And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
Alarum. Exeunt.

[Scene V. Orleans.]

Here an alarum again, and TALBOT pursueth the DAUPHIN, and driveth him. Then enter Joan la PUCELLE, driving ENGLISHMEN before her [and exit after them]. Then [re-]enter TALBOT.

TALBOT

Where is my strength, my valor, and my force?
 Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
 A woman clad in armor chaseth them.

Enter [la] PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
 Devil or devil's dam,° I'll conjure thee:° 5
 Blood will I draw on thee,° thou art a witch,
 And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

PUCELLE

Come, come, 'tis only° I that must disgrace thee.

91 whiles until **93 As who** as if he **95 Plantagenet** though Salisbury's name was Thomas Montacute, he was related to the royal family, which adopted the name Plantagenet in the fifteenth century **97 only in** merely at the sound of (?) **98 stir** commotion **100 gathered head** raised forces **107 pussel** lewd woman, strumpet **110 Convey me** carry **I.v.5 dam** (1) mistress (2) mother; **conjure thee** i.e., back to hell whence you came **6 Blood . . . thee** whoever could draw blood from a witch was free of her power **8 only** with no other assistance

43 affrights frightens **47 grisly** grim **52 adamant** indestructible material **53 chosen shot** picked marksmen **54 every minute while** incessantly **56 s.d. linstock** staff to hold the match for lighting a cannon **64 express** precise **65 make our batt'ry** direct our fire **67 bulwark** fortification **69 enfeebled** weakened **72 crossed** thwarted **74 mirror of** model for **76 fatal hand** hand of fate **80 trump** trumpet **86 wants** lacks

Here they fight.

TALBOT

Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded° strumpet.

They fight again.

PUCELLE

Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come;
I must go victual° Orleans forthwith.°

A short alarum. Then enter the town with SOLDIERS.

O'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starvèd men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament;
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

Exit.

TALBOT

My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do.
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,°
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists;°
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They called us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps,° we crying run away.

A short alarum.

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions° out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil,° give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so treacherous° from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subduèd slaves.

Alarum. Here another skirmish.

It will not be. Retire into your trenches.
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is entered into Orleans
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

Exit TALBOT. Alarum. Retreat.°

[Scene VI. Orleans.]

*Flourish. Enter on the walls [la] PUCELLE, DAUPHIN,
REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and SOLDIERS.*

PUCELLE

Advance° our waving colors on the walls;
Rescued is Orleans from the English.
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath performed her word.

12 high-minded arrogant 14 victual bring provisions into;
forthwith immediately 21 Hannibal who terrified the
Romans by driving among them oxen with lighted torches
fixed to their horns 22 lists pleases 26 whelps puppies
28 lions heraldic royal symbol of England 29 soil possibly a
misprint for *style*; the line appears to mean "replace the lions
in your royal coat of arms with sheep" 30 treacherous
fearfully 39 s.d. Retreat signal for withdrawal from battle
I.vi.1 Advance raise

DAUPHIN

Divinest creature, Astraea's daughter,°
How shall I honor thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis'° garden
That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophets!
Recovered is the town of Orleans;
More blessed hap° did ne'er befall our state.

REIGNIER

Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the
town?
Dolphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

ALENÇON

All France will be replete with mirth and joy
When they shall hear how we have played the men.°

DAUPHIN

'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis° to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's° or Memphis' ever was.
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jeweled coffer of Darius,°
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis° will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

Flourish. Exeunt.

ACT II

Scene I. [Orleans.]

*Enter a [French] SERGEANT of a band, with two SEN-
TINELS.*

SERGEANT

Sirs, take your places and be vigilant;
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.°

SENTINEL

Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit SERGEANT.*] Thus are poor
servitors,°
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrained to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

4 Astraea's daughter daughter of the goddess of justice
(cf. "Deborah," I.ii.105) 6 Adonis' of the youth loved by
Venus (for a description of his garden, see Edmund Spenser,
Faerie Queene, III.vi.29-50) 10 hap good fortune 16 played
the men proved our courage 21 pyramis pyramid 22
Rhodope's according to legend, the famous Greek courtesan
Rhodopis built the third pyramid 25 coffer of Darius the
Persian monarch's jewel chest (said to have been used by
Alexander the Great to hold a copy of Homer) 28 Saint
Denis patron saint of France
II.i.4 court of guard headquarters of the guard 5 servitors
soldiers

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, and BURGUNDY, [and FORCES,] with scaling ladders, their drums beating a dead march.

TALBOT
Lord Regent, and redoubted° Burgundy,
By whose approach° the regions of Artois,
Wallon, and Picardy° are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,°
Having all day caroused and banqueted;
Embrace we° then this opportunity
As fitting best to quittance° their deceit
Contrived by art° and baleful° sorcery.

BEDFORD
Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell.

BURGUNDY
Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?

TALBOT
A maid, they say.

BEDFORD A maid? And be so martial?

BURGUNDY
Pray God she prove not masculine° ere long,
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armor as she hath begun.

TALBOT
Well, let them practice° and converse with spirits.
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty° bulwarks.

BEDFORD
Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

TALBOT
Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several° ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

BEDFORD
Agreed; I'll to yond° corner.

BURGUNDY And I to this.

TALBOT
And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

SENTINEL
Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!

[*The ENGLISH, scaling the walls,*] cry, "St. George! a Talbot!" [*and enter the town*].

The FRENCH leap o'er the walls in their shirts. Enter several ways BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, half ready,° and half unready.

ALENÇON
How now, my lords! what, all unready so?

BASTARD
Unready? Ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.

REIGNIER
'Twas time, I trow,° to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

ALENÇON
Of all exploits since first I followed arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

BASTARD
I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

REIGNIER
If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favor him.

ALENÇON
Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.°

Enter Charles [the DAUPHIN] and Joan [la PUCELLE].

BASTARD
Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

DAUPHIN
Is this thy cunning,° thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,°
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

PUCELLE
Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still° prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident° soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

DAUPHIN
Duke of Alençon, this was your default,°
That, being captain of the watch tonight,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.°

ALENÇON
Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,°
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

BASTARD
Mine was secure.

REIGNIER And so was mine, my lord.

DAUPHIN
And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter° and mine own precinct°
I was employed in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels.
Then how or which way should they first break in?

PUCELLE
Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift° but this,

8 redoubted distinguished 9 approach presence 9-10 Artios . . . Picardy provinces in northeastern France, parts of which are now in Belgium 11 secure careless 13 Embrace we let us seize 14 quittance repay 15 art (black) magic; baleful harmful 22 prove not masculine (1) does not turn out to be a man (?) (2) does not become pregnant with a male child 25 practice conjure 27 flinty rugged 30 several by separate 33 yond yonder 38 s.d. ready dressed

41 trow think 48 marvel . . . sped wonder how he fared 50 cunning craftiness 51 to . . . withal in order to deceive us 56 still always 58 Improvident unwary 60 default fault 62 weighty charge important responsibility 64 government command 68 quarter (1) assigned area for defense (2) chamber; precinct area of command 75 shift expedient, stratagem

To gather our soldiers, scattered and dispersed,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.°

*Alarum. Enter an [English] SOLDIER, crying, "A Talbot!
a Talbot!" They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

SOLDIER

I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword,
For I have loaden me° with many spoils, 80
Using no other weapon but his name. *Exit.*

[Scene II. Orleans. Within the town.]

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, [a CAPTAIN,
and others].*

BEDFORD

The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy° mantle overveiled the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. *Retreat.*

TALBOT

Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it° in the marketplace, 5
The middle center of this cursèd town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died tonight.
And that hereafter ages may behold 10
What ruin happened in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple° I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interred;
Upon the which, that everyone may read,
Shall be engraved the sack° of Orleans, 15
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse° we met not with the Dolphin's grace,°
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc, 20
Nor any of his false confederates.°

BEDFORD

'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armèd men
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field. 25

BURGUNDY

Myself, as far as I could well discern
For° smoke and dusky vapors of the night,
Am sure I scared the Dolphin and his trull,°
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running, 30
Like to a pair of loving turtledoves
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train°
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts 35
So much applauded through the realm of France?

TALBOT

Here is the° Talbot; who would speak with him?

MESSENGER

The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown, 40
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe°
To visit her poor castle where she lies,°
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

BURGUNDY

Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport, 45
When ladies crave to be encountered° with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.°

TALBOT

Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness overruled;° 50
And therefore tell her I return great thanks
And in submission° will attend on her.
Will not your honors bear me company?

BEDFORD

No, truly, 'tis more than manners will,°
And I have heard it said, unbidden° guests 55
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

TALBOT

Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.°
Come hither, captain. (*Whispers.*) You perceive my 15
mind?°

CAPTAIN

I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. *Exeunt.* 60

[Scene III. Auvergne. The countess' castle.]

Enter COUNTESS [and her PORTER].

COUNTESS

Porter, remember what I gave in charge,°
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me. 25

PORTER

Madam, I will. *Exit.*

COUNTESS

The plot is laid; if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit 30
As Scythian Tomyris° by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumor° of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account;

77 lay . . . them make new plans to harm the English 80
loaden me burdened myself

II.ii.2 pitchy dark 5 advance it raise it up 12 chiefest
temple cathedral 15 sack plundering 19 muse wonder why;
the Dolphin's grace his grace, the Dauphin 21 con-
federates companions 27 For because of 28 trull con-
cubine, harlot

34 princely train noble company 37 the used with the
surname to designate the head of a family or clan 40
vouchsafe condescend 41 lies resides 46 encountered met
(for an amatory interview) 47 gentle suit mannerly request
50 overruled prevailed 52 in submission deferentially 54
will require 55 unbidden uninvited 58 prove . . . courtesy
try out this lady's hospitality 59 perceive my mind
understand my plan
II.iii.1 gave in charge instructed you to do 6 Tomyris
queen of a fierce Central Asian people who slew Cyrus the
Great in battle 7 rumor reputation

Fain° would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure° of these rare reports. 10

Enter MESSENGER and TALBOT.

MESSENGER

Madam,
According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved,° so is Lord Talbot come.

COUNTESS

And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

MESSENGER

Madam, it is.

COUNTESS Is this the scourge of France? 15

Is this the Talbot, so much feared abroad
That with his name the mothers still° their babes?

I see report is fabulous° and false.

I thought I should have seen some Hercules,

A second Hector, for his grim aspect° 20

And large proportion of his strong-knit° limbs.

Alas, this is a child, a silly° dwarf!

It cannot be this weak and writhled° shrimp

Should strike such terror to his enemies.

TALBOT

Madam, I have been bold to trouble you, 25

But since your ladyship is not at leisure,

I'll sort° some other time to visit you.

COUNTESS

What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes.

MESSENGER

Stay, my Lord Talbot, for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure. 30

TALBOT

Marry,° for that° she's in a wrong belief,

I go to certify° her Talbot's here.

Enter PORTER with keys.

COUNTESS

If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

TALBOT

Prisoner! to whom?

COUNTESS

To me, bloodthirsty lord;
And for that cause I trained° thee to my house. 35

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,

For in my gallery thy picture° hangs.

But now the substance shall endure the like,

And I will chain these legs and arms of thine

That hast by tyranny these many years 40

Wasted our country, slain our citizens,

And sent our sons and husbands captivate.°

TALBOT Ha, ha, ha!

COUNTESS

Laughest thou, wretch? Thy mirth shall turn to moan.

TALBOT

I laugh to see your ladyship so fond° 45

To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow

Whereon to practice your severity.°

COUNTESS

Why, art not thou the man?

TALBOT

I am indeed.

COUNTESS

Then have I substance too.

TALBOT

No, no, I am but shadow of myself: 50

You are deceived, my substance is not here,

For what you see is but the smallest part

And least proportion of humanity.

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame° here,

It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,° 55

Your roof were not sufficient to contain't.

COUNTESS

This is a riddling merchant° for the nonce;°

He will be here, and yet he is not here.

How can these contrarieties° agree?

TALBOT

That will I show you presently. 60

*Winds° his horn; drums strike up; a peal of ordnance;°
enter SOLDIERS.*

How say you, madam? Are you now persuaded

That Talbot is but shadow of himself? 25

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,

With which he yoketh° your rebellious necks,

Razeth your cities and subverts° your towns, 65

And in a moment makes them desolate.

COUNTESS

Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse;

I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited°

And more than may be gathered by thy shape.

Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath, 70

For I am sorry that with reverence°

I did not entertain thee as thou art.

TALBOT

Be not dismayed, fair lady, nor misconster°

The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake

The outward composition° of his body. 75

What you have done hath not offended me,

Nor other satisfaction do I crave,

But only, with your patience, that we may

Taste of your wine and see what cates° you have,

For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well. 80

COUNTESS

With all my heart, and think me honorèd

To feast so great a warrior in my house. *Exeunt.* 40

9 Fain gladly 10 censure judgment 13 craved invited
17 still silence 18 fabulous merely fictional 20 aspect
countenance 21 strong-knit well-muscled 22 silly feeble
23 writhled wrinkled 27 sort choose 31 Marry why; for
that because 32 certify inform 35 trained lured 37 picture
possibly implying that the countess was trying to practice
witchcraft on him 42 captivate captive 45 fond foolish
47 severity cruelty

54 frame structure 55 pitch stature 57 riddling merchant
enigmatic fellow; for the nonce for the occasion (merely
a line-filler) 59 contrarieties contradictions 60 s.d. Winds
blows; peal of ordnance salute of guns 64 yoketh brings
into subjection 65 subverts overthrows 68 bruited reported
71 reverence respect 73 misconster misunderstand 75
composition form 79 cates choice foods

[Scene IV. London. The Temple garden.°]

Enter Richard PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, SOMERSET, [William de la] Pole [Earl of SUFFOLK, VERNON, and another LAWYER].

PLANTAGENET

Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

SUFFOLK

Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

PLANTAGENET

Then say at once if I maintained the truth;
Or else was wrangling° Somerset in th' error?

SUFFOLK

Faith,° I have been a truant° in the law,
And never yet could frame° my will to it,
And therefore frame° the law unto my will.

SOMERSET

Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us. 10

WARWICK

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;°
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him° best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye— 15
I have perhaps some shallow spirit° of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quilllets° of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.°

PLANTAGENET

Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance.
The truth appears so naked on my side 20
That any purblind° eye may find it out.

SOMERSET

And on my side it is so well appareled,°
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

PLANTAGENET

Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak, 25
In dumb significant° proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon° the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me. 30

SOMERSET

Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

WARWICK

I love no colors;° and without all color
Of base insinuating flattery 35
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

SUFFOLK

I pluck this red rose with young Somerset
And say withal° I think he held the right.

VERNON

Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude that he upon whose side 40
The fewest roses are cropped° from the tree
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

SOMERSET

Good Master Vernon, it is well objected;°
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

PLANTAGENET And I. 45

VERNON

Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden° blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

SOMERSET

Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red 50
And fall on my side so against your will.

VERNON

If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am.

SOMERSET

Well, well, come on, who else? 55

LAWYER

Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

PLANTAGENET

Now, Somerset, where is your argument? 20

SOMERSET

Here is my scabbard, meditating° that 60
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

PLANTAGENET

Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit° our roses,
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

SOMERSET

No, Plantagenet, 65
'Tis not for fear, but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

PLANTAGENET

Hath not thy rose a canker,° Somerset? 30

SOMERSET

Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

PLANTAGENET

Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth 70
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

SOMERSET

Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

PLANTAGENET

Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand, 75
I scorn thee and thy fashion,° peevish boy.

II.iv.s.d. Temple garden the Inner and Middle Temples were residences for students of the common law 6 wrangling quarrelsome 7 Faith in truth; truant lazy student 8 frame dispose 9 frame twist 12 mouth bark, bay 14 bear him behave himself 16 shallow spirit small amount 17 nice sharp quilllets precise and subtle distinctions 18 daw simpleton 21 purblind nearly blind 22 appareled (1) dressed (2) ordered 26 In dumb significant by mute signs 28 stands upon takes pride in 34 colors (1) pretenses (2) adornments of speech

38 withal thereby 41 cropped plucked 43 objected proposed 47 maiden flawless 60 meditating planning 62 counterfeit imitate 68 canker (1) disease (2) caterpillar larva 76 fashion (1) manner of behavior (2) faction (?)

SUFFOLK
Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

PLANTAGENET
Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

SUFFOLK
I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

SOMERSET
Away, away, good William de la Pole! 80
We grace the yeoman° by conversing with him.

WARWICK
Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather° was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless° yeomen from so deep a root? 85

PLANTAGENET
He bears him on the place's privilege,°
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

SOMERSET
By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge, 90
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?°
His trespass° yet lives guilty in thy blood,
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.° 95

PLANTAGENET
My father was attachèd,° not attainted,
Condemned to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove° on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.°
For your partaker° Pole and you yourself, 100
I'll note you in my book of memory
To scourge you for this apprehension.°
Look to it well and say you are well warned.

SOMERSET
Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,
And know us by these colors for thy foes, 105
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

PLANTAGENET
And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance° of my blood-drinking° hate,
Will I forever and my faction wear
Until it wither with me to my grave 110
Or flourish to the height of my degree.°

SUFFOLK
Go forward and be choked with thy ambition!
And so farewell until I meet thee next. *Exit.*

SOMERSET
Have with thee,° Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard. *Exit.*

81 **grace the yeoman** dignify this commoner 83 **grandfather** great-great-grandfather 85 **crestless** not having the right to a coat of arms 86 **privilege** of sanctuary (since the Temple was founded as a religious house) 92-93 **attainted** . . . **gentry** legal penalties by which the heirs of a person convicted of treason, were prevented from inheriting his property and titles 94 **trespass** crime 95 **And** . . . **yeoman** therefore, you shall remain a commoner until your titles are legally restored 96 **attachèd** arrested 98 **prove** establish through trial by combat 99 **Were** . . . **will** if I should ever be restored to the nobility 100 **partaker** partisan 102 **apprehension** notion, display of wit 108 **cognizance** a badge; **blood-drinking** bloodthirsty 111 **to** . . . **degree** until I regain my high rank 114 **Have with thee** I'll go with you

PLANTAGENET
How I am braved° and must perforce° endure it! 115

WARWICK
This blot that they object against your house
Shall be whipped° out in the next parliament
Called for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester,
And if thou be not then created York,°
I will not live to be accounted° Warwick. 120
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party° wear this rose.
And here I prophesy: this brawl° today,
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden, 125
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

PLANTAGENET
Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

VERNON
In your behalf still will I wear the same. 130

LAWYER
And so will I.

PLANTAGENET
Thanks, gentle [sir].
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood° another day. *Exeunt.*

[Scene V. *The Tower of London.*]

Enter MORTIMER, *brought in a chair*, and JAILERS.

100 MORTIMER
Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new halèd from the rack,°
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment,
And these gray locks, the pursuivants° of death, 5
Nestor-like° agèd in an age of care,
Argue° the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting° oil is spent,
Wax° dim, as drawing to their exigent;°
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening° grief, 10
And pithless° arms, like to a withered vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground. 110
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay° is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-wingèd with desire to get a grave, 15
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

FIRST JAILER
Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber,
And answer was returned that he will come. 20

115 **braved** defied; **perforce** necessarily 117 **whipped** quickly stricken 119 **York** Duke of York 120 **accounted** considered 123 **upon thy party** in support of you 124 **brawl** quarrel 134 **drink blood** result in bloodshed
II.v.3 **new** . . . **rack** just released from the torturer's rack
5 **pursuivants** heralds 6 **Nestor-like** the Greek king Nestor, in Homer's *Iliad*, is a type of old age 7 **Argue** foretell 8 **wasting** consuming 9 **Wax** grow; **exigent** end 10 **burthening** disyllabic; burdensome 11 **pithless** strengthless 13 **stay** support

MORTIMER

Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.
 Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
 Since Henry Monmouth^o first began to reign,
 Before whose glory I was great in arms,
 This loathsome sequestration^o have I had;
 And even since then hath Richard been obscured,^o
 Deprived of honor and inheritance.
 But now the arbitrator of despairs,
 Just death, kind umpire^o of men's miseries,
 With sweet enlargement^o doth dismiss me hence.
 I would his^o troubles likewise were expired,
 That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard [PLANTAGENET].

FIRST JAILER

My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

MORTIMER

Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

PLANTAGENET

Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
 Your nephew, late despised^o Richard, comes.

MORTIMER

Direct mine arms I may^o embrace his neck
 And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.^o
 O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
 That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
 And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,^o
 Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despised?

PLANTAGENET

First, lean thine agèd back against mine arm,
 And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.^o
 This day, in argument upon a case,
 Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
 Among which terms he used his lavish^o tongue
 And did upbraid^o me with my father's death:
 Which obloquy^o set bars before my tongue,
 Else with the like I had requited^o him.
 Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
 In honor of a true Plantagenet,
 And for alliance' sake, declare the cause^o
 My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

MORTIMER

That cause, fair nephew, that imprisoned me
 And hath detained me all my flow'ring^o youth
 Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
 Was cursèd instrument of his decease.

PLANTAGENET

Discover^o more at large what cause that was,
 For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

MORTIMER

I will, if that my fading breath permit
 And death approach not ere my tale be done.
 Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,

Deposed his nephew^o Richard, Edward's son,
 The first-begotten and the lawful heir
 Of Edward king, the third of that descent:^o
 During whose reign the Percies^o of the north,
 Finding his usurpation most unjust,
 Endeavored my advancement to the throne.
 The reason moved^o these warlike lords to this
 Was, for that—young^o Richard thus removed,
 Leaving no heir begotten of his body—
 I was the next by birth and parentage:
 For by my mother^o I derivèd^o am
 From Lionel Duke of Clarence, third son
 To King Edward the Third; whereas he
 From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
 Being but fourth of that heroic line.
 But mark:^o as in this haughty^o great attempt
 They laborèd to plant the rightful heir,
 I lost my liberty and they their lives.
 Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
 Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
 Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived
 From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
 Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
 Again, in pity of my hard distress,
 Levied an army, weening to redeem
 And have installed me in the diadem;^o
 But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
 In whom the title rested, were suppressed.

PLANTAGENET

Of which, my lord, your honor is the last.

MORTIMER

True; and thou see'st that I no issue have
 And that my fainting words do warrant^o death.
 Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather,^o
 But yet be wary in thy studious care.^o

PLANTAGENET

Thy grave admonishments prevail with me,
 But yet, methinks, my father's execution
 Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

MORTIMER

With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
 Strong-fixèd is the house of Lancaster,
 And like a mountain, not to be removed.
 But now thy uncle is removing hence,
 As princes do their courts, when they are cloyed^o
 With long continuance in a settled place.

PLANTAGENET

O, uncle, would some part of my young years
 Might but redeem the passage^o of your age!

23 **Henry Monmouth** King Henry V 25 **sequestration** imprisonment 26 **obscured** degraded 29 **umpire** arbitrator
 30 **enlargement** release 31 **his** Plantagenet's 36 **late despised**
 just insulted 37 **I may** so that I may 38 **spend . . . gasp**
 draw my last breath 41 **stock** trunk (i.e., lineage) 44
disease source of my discomfort 47 **lavish** licentious, unre-
 strained 48 **upbraid** insult 49 **obloquy** reproach 50 **requited**
 repaid 53 **the cause** for what reason 56 **flow'ring** vigorous,
 flourishing 59 **Discover** explain

64 **nephew** cousin 64–66 **Edward's . . . descent** Richard II, son of Edward the Black Prince and grandson of King Edward III 67 **Percies** noble family of Northumberland
 70 **moved** that provoked 71 **young** Richard was actually over thirty at the time of his deposition 74 **mother** actually, grandmother; **derivèd** descended 79 **mark** listen attentively; **haughty** lofty 88–89 **Levied . . . diadem** raised an army, with the intention of rescuing me and having me crowned king 95 **warrant** give assurance of 96 **the . . . gather** (1) I want you to conclude for yourself (2) I hope that you may gain all that is rightfully yours 97 **But . . . care** but always be careful even as you take pains in this enterprise 105 **cloyed** satiated 108 **redeem the passage** buy back the passing

MORTIMER

Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill. 110
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order° for my funeral.
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! Dies.

PLANTAGENET

And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul! 115
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage°
And like a hermit overpassed° thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast,
And what I do imagine, let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself 120
Will see his burial better than his life.°

[Exeunt JAILERS with the body of Mortimer.]

Here dies the dusky° torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort.°
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries
Which Somerset hath offered to my house, 125
I doubt not but with honor to redress.°
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my will th' advantage of my good.° Exit.

A C T I I I

Scene I. [London. The parliament house.]

*Flourish. Enter KING, EXETER, GLOUCESTER,
WINCHESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, SUFFOLK,
Richard PLANTAGENET. GLOUCESTER offers to put up
a bill;° WINCHESTER snatches it, tears it.*

WINCHESTER

Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,°
With written pamphlets studiously devised?
Humphrey of Gloucester, if thou canst accuse
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention,° suddenly, 5
As I with sudden and extemporal° speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

GLOUCESTER

Presumptuous priest! this place commands my
patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonored me.
Think not, although in writing I preferred° 10
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,

That therefore I have forged,° or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen.°
No, prelate, such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,° 15
As very° infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,°
Froward° by nature, enemy to peace,
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems°
A man of thy profession and degree. 20
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London Bridge as at the Tower.
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,°
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt 25
From envious malice of thy swelling° heart.

WINCHESTER

Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me,° how am I so poor? 30
Or how haps it° I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?°
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do?—except I be provoked.
No, my good lords, it is not that offends; 35
It is not that that hath incensed° the duke:
It is, because no one should sway° but he,
No one but he should be about the king,
And that engenders thunder in his breast
And makes him roar these accusations forth. 40
But he shall know I am as good—

GLOUCESTER

As good?

Thou bastard° of my grandfather!

WINCHESTER

Ay, lordly° sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious° in another's throne?

GLOUCESTER

Am I not protector, saucy priest? 45

WINCHESTER

And am not I a prelate of the church?

GLOUCESTER

Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps
And useth it to patronage° his theft.

WINCHESTER

Unreverent Gloucester!

GLOUCESTER

Thou art reverent 50
Touching thy spiritual function,° not thy life.

WINCHESTER

Rome shall remedy this.

WARWICK

Roam thither, then.
My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

112 give order make arrangements 116 pilgrimage full
life's journey 117 overpassed lived out 121 Will . . . life
will see that he receives the honor in his funeral that was denied
him during his lifetime 122 dusky gloomy 123 Choked
. . . sort stifled by the ambition of men of inferior birth
(i.e., the house of Lancaster) 126 redress remedy 129 will
. . . good determination of purpose the means of achieving
my ambition (see A Note on the Text, p. 109)

III.i.s.d. offers . . . bill attempts to post a statement of
accusations 1 deep premeditated lines statements carefully
thought out in advance 5 invention seeking out the grounds
for argument in the manner of a rhetorician or a lawyer
trained in oratory 6 extemporal extemporaneous 10
preferred set forth

12 forged fabricated lies 13 rehearse . . . pen repeat the
contents of what I have written 15 lewd . . . pranks wicked,
mischievous, and quarrelsome offenses 16 As very that even
17 pernicious usurer alluding to Winchester's reputation for
gaining riches through extortions and loans made at exorbitant
rates of interest 18 Froward inclined to evil 19 beseems is
fitting to 24 sifted closely examined 26 swelling proud
30 have me make me out to be 31 haps it does it happen
32 calling religious vocation 36 incensed enraged 37
sway rule 42 bastard Winchester was an illegitimate son
of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster 43 lordly haughty
44 imperious ruling 48 patronage defend 50 Touching
. . . function only in respect of your high ecclesiastical office

SOMERSET

Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.^o
 Methinks my lord^o should be religious
 And know the office^o that belongs to such.

55

WARWICK

Methinks his lordship^o should be humbler;
 It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

SOMERSET

Yes, when his holy state is touched so near.^o

WARWICK

State holy or unhallowed,^o what of that?
 Is not his grace^o protector to the king?

60

PLANTAGENET [*Aside.*]

Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
 Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you should;
 Must your bold verdict^o enter talk with lords?"
 Else would I have a fling at^o Winchester.

KING

Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,
 The special watchmen^o of our English weal,^o
 I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
 To join your hearts in love and amity.
 O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
 That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
 Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
 Civil dissension is a viperous worm^o
 That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

65

A noise within, "Down with the tawny coats!"

What tumult's this?

WARWICK

An uproar, I dare warrant,^o
 Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

75

A noise again, "Stones! stones!" Enter MAYOR.

MAYOR

O my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
 Pity the city of London, pity us!
 The bishop^o and the Duke of Gloucester's men,
 Forbidden late^o to carry any weapon,
 Have filled their pockets full of pebble stones
 And banding themselves in contrary parts^o
 Do pelt so fast at one another's pate^o
 That many have their giddy^o brains knocked out.
 Our windows are broke down in every street,
 And we for fear compelled to shut our shops.

80

85

Enter [SERVINGMEN of Gloucester and Winchester] in skirmish, with bloody pates.

KING

We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
 To hold your slaught'ring hands and keep the peace.
 Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate^o this strife.

FIRST SERVINGMAN Nay, if we be forbidden stones,
 we'll fall to it with our teeth.

90

SECOND SERVINGMAN Do what ye dare, we are as
 resolute.

Skirmish again.

GLOUCESTER

You of my household, leave this peevish broil
 And set this unaccustomed^o fight aside.

THIRD SERVINGMAN

My lord, we know your grace to be a man
 Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
 Inferior to none but to his majesty,
 And ere that we will suffer^o such a prince,
 So kind a father of the commonweal,
 To be disgracèd by an inkhorn mate,^o
 We and our wives and children all will fight
 And have our bodies slaughtered by thy foes.

95

100

FIRST SERVINGMAN

Ay, and the very parings of our nails
 Shall pitch a field^o when we are dead. *Begin again.*

GLOUCESTER

Stay, stay, I say!

And if you love me, as you say you do,
 Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

105

KING

O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
 Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
 My sighs and tears and will not once relent?
 Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
 Or who should study^o to prefer a peace,
 If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

110

WARWICK

Yield, my Lord Protector; yield, Winchester,
 Except^o you mean with obstinate repulse^o
 To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
 You see what mischief and what murder too
 Hath been enacted through your enmity;
 Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

115

WINCHESTER

He shall submit, or I will never yield.

GLOUCESTER

Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
 Or I would see his heart out ere the priest
 Should ever get that privilege^o of me.

120

WARWICK

Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke
 Hath banished moody discontented fury,
 As by his smoothèd brows it doth appear:
 Why look you still so stern and tragical?^o

125

GLOUCESTER

Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

KING

Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
 That malice was a great and grievous sin,
 And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
 But prove a chief offender in the same?

130

WARWICK

Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird.^o

53 overborne prevailed over 54 lord Gloucester 55 office
 respect 56 lordship Winchester 58 holy . . . near
 ecclesiastical office is so directly involved 59 holy or
 unhallowed ecclesiastical or secular 60 grace Gloucester
 63 bold verdict presumptuous opinion 64 have a fling at
 reprove 66 watchmen guardians; weal state 72 worm
 serpent 74 warrant swear 78 bishop bishop's 79 late
 recently 81 parts parties 82 pate head 83 giddy foolish
 88 mitigate appease

94 unaccustomed indecorous 98 suffer permit 100 ink-
 horn mate scribbling fellow (an unlettered person's disparag-
 ing allusion to the literacy of clergymen) 104 pitch a field
 serve as stakes in a pitched battlefield 111 study make it
 his aim 114 Except unless; repulse refusal 122 privilege
 advantage yielded 126 tragical gloomy 132 kindly gird
 fitting gibe

For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

WINCHESTER

Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

GLOUCESTER [*Aside.*]

Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow° heart.

[*Aloud.*]

See here, my friends and loving countrymen;
This token° serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

WINCHESTER [*Aside.*]

So help me God, as I intend it not!

KING

O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,
How joyful am I made by this contract!°
Away, my masters! trouble us no more,
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

FIRST SERVINGMAN

Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

SECOND SERVINGMAN And so will I.

THIRD SERVINGMAN And I will see what physic° the
tavern affords.° *Exeunt.*

WARWICK

Accept this scroll,° most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

GLOUCESTER

Well urged, my Lord of Warwick: for, sweet prince,
And if° your grace mark° every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right,
Especially for those occasions°
At Eltham Place I told your majesty.

KING

And those occasions, uncle, were of force.
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.°

WARWICK

Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.

WINCHESTER

As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

KING

If Richard will be true, not that all alone
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

PLANTAGENET

Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.

KING

Stoop then and set your knee against my foot,
And in reguerdon° of that duty done,
I girt° thee with the valiant sword of York.
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.

PLANTAGENET

And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall! 175
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought° against your majesty!

ALL

Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!

SOMERSET [*Aside.*]

Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!

GLOUCESTER

Now will it best avail your majesty 180
To cross the seas and to be crowned in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates° his enemies.

KING

When Gloucester says the word, King Henry goes, 185
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

GLOUCESTER

Your ships already are in readiness. 145
Sennet.° Flourish. Exeunt. Manet° EXETER.

EXETER

Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers 190
Burns under feignèd ashes of forged° love
And will at last break out into a flame;
As festered members° rot but by degree°
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed. 195
And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which in the time of Henry named the Fifth
Was in the mouth of every sucking° babe,
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all 200
And Henry born at Windsor lose all:
Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. *Exit.*

[Scene II. France. Before Rouen.]

*Enter [la] PUCELLE, disguised, with four SOLDIERS with
sacks upon their backs.*

PUCELLE

These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy° must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words; 165
Talk like the vulgar° sort of market men°
That come to gather money for their corn.° 5
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends
That Charles the Dolphin may encounter° them.

170 SOLDIER

Our sacks shall be a mean° to sack the city, 10

137 hollow insincere 139 token handclasp 144 contract
agreement 148 physic remedy 149 affords provides 150
scroll document 154 And if if; mark take notice of 156
occasions reasons 160 blood title and rights of nobility
171 reguerdon ample reward 172 girt gird

177 grudge one thought entertain one grudging thought
184 disanimates disheartens 187 s.d. Sennet trumpet signal
for the exit of an important personage; Manet remains (Latin)
191 forged pretended 193 members parts of the body; by
degree little by little, gradually 198 sucking nursing
III.ii.2 policy stratagem 4 vulgar common; market men
people going to market 5 corn grain 9 encounter assail
10 mean means

And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock.

Knock.

WATCHMAN [*Within.*] Qui est là?°

PUCELLE

Paysans là, pauvres gens de France:°
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn. 15

WATCHMAN

Enter, go in, the market bell is rung.

PUCELLE

Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
Exeunt.

*Enter Charles [the DAUPHIN], BASTARD, ALENÇON,
[REIGNIER, and FORCES].*

DAUPHIN

Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen!

BASTARD

Here entered Pucelle and her practisants.° 20
Now she is there, how will she specify:
Here is the best and safest passage in?

REIGNIER

By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower,
Which, once discerned, shows that her meaning is:
No way to° that, for weakness, which she entered. 25

*Enter [la] PUCELLE on the top, thrusting out a torch
burning.*

PUCELLE

Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbonites!° [*Exit.*]

BASTARD

See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch, in yonder turret stands. 30

DAUPHIN

Now shine it° like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

REIGNIER

Defer° no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter and cry, "The Dolphin!" presently,
And then do execution on the watch. 35

Alarum. [Exeunt.]

An alarum. TALBOT in an excursion.°

TALBOT

France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damnèd sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride° of France. *Exit.* 40

*An alarum: excursions. BEDFORD, brought in sick in a
chair. Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY without: within
[la] PUCELLE, Charles [the DAUPHIN], BASTARD,
[ALENÇON,] and REIGNIER on the walls.*

13 **Qui est là** Who is there? 14 **Paysans** . . . France
peasants here, poor folk of France 20 **practisants** companions
in the stratagem 25 **to** comparable to 28 **Talbonites**
followers of Talbot 31 **shine it** may it shine 33 **Defer** waste
35 **s.d. excursion** sortie 40 **pride** finest warriors

PUCELLE

Good morrow, gallants!° Want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
'Twas full of darnel;° do you like the taste?

BURGUNDY

Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtesan!° 45
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

DAUPHIN

Your grace may starve perhaps before that time.

BEDFORD

O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

PUCELLE

What will you do, good graybeard? Break a lance, 50
And run atilt at° death within a chair?

TALBOT

Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,°
Encompassed° with thy lustful paramours!°
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age
And twit° with cowardice a man half dead? 55
Damsel,° I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

PUCELLE

Are ye so hot,° sir? Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[*The ENGLISH*] *whisper together in council.*

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?° 60

TALBOT

Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

PUCELLE

Belike° your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

TALBOT

I speak not to that railing Hecate,°
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest. 65
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

ALENÇON Signior,° no.

TALBOT

Signior, hang! base muleters° of France!
Like peasant footboys° do they keep the walls
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen. 70

PUCELLE

Away, captains! let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
Good-by, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here. *Exeunt from the walls.*

TALBOT

And there will we be too, ere it be long, 75
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame.
Vow, Burgundy, by honor of thy house,
Pricked on° by public wrongs sustained in France,
Either to get the town again or die.

41 **gallants** gentlemen 44 **darnel** weeds 45 **courtesan**
prostitute 50–51 **Break** . . . at joust, combat 52 **of all**
despite full of malice 53 **Encompassed** surrounded;
paramours lovers 55 **twit** chide 56 **Damsel** girl 58 **hot**
(1) angry (2) sexually aroused 60 **speaker** presiding officer
62 **Belike** perhaps 64 **railing** Hecate abusive witch (after
Hecate, goddess of sorcery) 67 **Signior** sir 68 **muleters**
mule-drivers 69 **footboys** boy-servants 78 **Pricked on**
provoked

And I, as sure as English Henry lives
 And as his father here was conqueror,
 As sure as in this late-betrayèd town
 Great Cordelion's° heart was burièd,
 So sure I swear to get° the town or die.

BURGUNDY

My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

TALBOT

But, ere we go, regard° this dying prince,
 The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
 We will bestow you in some better place,
 Fitter for sickness and for crazy° age.

BEDFORD

Lord Talbot, do not so dishonor me;
 Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen
 And will be partner of your weal or woe.°

BURGUNDY

Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

BEDFORD

Not to be gone from hence, for once I read
 That stout Pendragon° in his litter° sick
 Came to the field and vanquishèd his foes.
 Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
 Because I ever found them as myself.

TALBOT

Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
 Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe!
 And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
 But gather we our forces out of hand
 And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt all but BEDFORD and his ATTENDANTS.*]

An alarum: excursions.° Enter Sir John FALSTAFF and a CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN

Whither away, Sir John Falstaff, in such haste?

FALSTAFF

Whither away? To save myself by flight;
 We are like to have the overthrow° again.

CAPTAIN

What! Will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

FALSTAFF

All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. *Exit.*

CAPTAIN

Cowardly knight, ill fortune follow thee! *Exit.*

Retreat. Excursions. [La] PUCELLE, ALENÇON, and Charles [the DAUPHIN enter and] fly.

BEDFORD

Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
 For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
 What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
 They that of late were daring with their scoffs
 Are glad and fain° by flight to save themselves.

BEDFORD dies and is carried in by two in his chair.

An alarum. Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the rest [of their MEN].

83 Cordelion's King Richard the Lionhearted's **84 get** retake
86 regard behold **89 crazy** infirm, decrepit **92 weal or woe**
 good or bad fortune **95 Pendragon** Uther Pendragon, father
 of King Arthur; **litter** stretcher bed **103 s.d. excursions**
 entries and exits of skirmishing troops **106 have the over-**
throw be defeated **114 fain** eager

80 TALBOT

Lost, and recovered in a day again!
 This is a double honor, Burgundy;
 Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

BURGUNDY

Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
 Enshrines thee in his heart and there erects
 Thy noble deeds as valor's monuments.

TALBOT

Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
 I think her old familiar° is asleep.
 Now where's the Bastard's braves,° and Charles his
 gleeks?°

90

What, all amort?° Rouen hangs her head for grief
 That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order° in the town,
 Placing therein some expert° officers,
 And then depart to Paris to the king,
 For there young Henry with his nobles lie.°

BURGUNDY

95

What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

TALBOT

But yet, before we go, let's not forget
 The noble Duke of Bedford, late deceased,
 But see his exequies° fulfilled in Rouen.
 A braver soldier never couchèd° lance,
 A gentler° heart did never sway° in court.
 But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
 For that's the end of human misery. *Exeunt.*

100

135

Scene III. [*The plains near Rouen.*]

Enter Charles [the DAUPHIN], BASTARD, ALENÇON, [la] PUCELLE, [and FORCES].

PUCELLE

105

Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
 Nor grieve that Rouen is so recoverèd.
 Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,°
 For things that are not to be remedied.
 Let frantic° Talbot triumph for a while
 And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
 We'll pull° his plumes and take away his train,°
 If Dolphin and the rest will be but ruled.°

5

DAUPHIN

We have been guided by thee hitherto
 And of thy cunning had no diffidence;°
 One sudden foil° shall never breed distrust.

10

110

BASTARD

Search out thy wit° for secret policies,
 And we will make thee famous through the world.

ALENÇON

We'll set thy statue in some holy place,

122 familiar servant demon **123 braves** boasts; **gleeks** jests,
 scoffs **124 amort** dejected **126 take some order** restore
 order **127 expert** experienced **129 lie** reside **133 exequies**
 funeral ceremonies **134 couchèd** leveled for the assault **135**
gentler nobler; **sway** prevail
III.iii.3 corrosive a caustic drug **5 frantic** raging **7 pull**
 pluck; **train** (1) followers (2) equipment for battle **8 ruled**
 guided (by Joan) **10 diffidence** lack of confidence **11 foil**
 defeat **12 Search . . . wit** examine your mind

And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint.
Employ thee° then, sweet virgin, for our good.

PUCELLE

Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:°
By fair persuasions mixed with sugared° words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

DAUPHIN

Ay, marry, sweeting,° if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors,
Nor should that nation boast it so with° us,
But be extirpèd° from our provinces.

ALENÇON

Forever should they be expelled° from France
And not have title of° an earldom here.

PUCELLE

Your honors shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wishèd end.

Drum sounds afar off.

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.°

Here sound an English march.

There goes the Talbot, with his colors spread,°
And all the troops of English after him.

French march. [Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY and FORCES.]

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his;
Fortune in favor° makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

Trumpets sound a parley.

DAUPHIN

A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

BURGUNDY

Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

PUCELLE

The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

BURGUNDY

What say'st thou, Charles? For I am marching hence.

DAUPHIN

Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

PUCELLE

Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

BURGUNDY

Speak on, but be not overtedious.

PUCELLE

Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe,
As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender-dying° eyes.
See, see the pining° malady of France;

15

Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself has given her woeful breast.
O, turn thy edged° sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore.
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained° spots.

50

BURGUNDY

Either she hath bewitched me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

PUCELLE

Besides, all French and France exclaims on° thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.°
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly° nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing° once in France
And fashioned thee° that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof:
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen
And join'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.°
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

60

65

70

75

BURGUNDY

I am vanquishèd; these haughty° words of hers
Have battered me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,
And, lords, accept this hearty kind° embrace.
My forces and my power of men° are yours.
So farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

80

PUCELLE [Aside.]

Done like a Frenchman: turn and turn again!°

85

DAUPHIN

Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.°

BASTARD

And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

ALENÇON

Pucelle hath bravely played her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet° of gold.

DAUPHIN

Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice° the foe. *Exeunt.*

90

16 **Employ thee** apply your efforts 17 **devise** determine
18 **sugared** sweet-sounding 21 **sweeting** sweetheart 23
boast . . . with lord it over 24 **extirpèd** rooted out 25
expulsed driven out 26 **title of** claim to 30 **unto Paris-**
ward toward Paris 31 **colors spread** banners unfurled
34 **in favor** to our advantage 48 **tender-dying** prematurely
dying 49 **pinning** consuming

52 **edged** sharp 57 **stained** disgraceful 60 **exclaims on**
cries out against 61 **lawful progeny** legitimate parentage
62 **lordly** imperious, disdainful 64 **set footing** entered 65
fashioned thee made you into 75 **slaughtermen** executioners
78 **haughty** loftily brave 82 **kind** (1) friendly (2) of a kinsman
83 **my** . . . **men** (1) my full complement of troops (?) (2)
command over my troops 85 **turn** . . . **again** change sides
frequently 86 **makes us fresh** renews our spirits 89
coronet a small crown worn on state occasions by members
of the nobility 91 **prejudice** damage

Scene IV. [*Paris. The palace.*]

Enter the KING, GLOUCESTER, WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER, [VERNON, BASSET, and others]. To them, with his SOLDIERS, TALBOT.

TALBOT

My gracious prince, and honorable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars
To do my duty to my sovereign.
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaimed^o 5
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,^o
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
And with submissive loyalty of heart 10
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God and next unto your grace.

KING

Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France?

GLOUCESTER

Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.^o 15

KING

Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I do remember^o how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolvèd of your truth,^o 20
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward
Or been reguerdoned^o with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face.
Therefore, stand up, and for these good deserts 25
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury,
And in our coronation take your place.
Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt. Manet^o VERNON and BASSET.

VERNON

Now, sir, to you, that were so hot^o at sea,
Disgracing of^o these colors that I wear
In honor of my noble Lord of York— 30
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

BASSET

Yes, sir, as well as you dare patronage^o
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

VERNON

Sirrah, thy lord I honor as he is. 35

BASSET

Why, what is he? As good a man as York.

VERNON

Hark ye, not so: in witness,^o take ye that.

Strikes him.

BASSET

Villain, thou knowest the law of arms is such
That whoso draws a sword,^o 'tis present^o death,
Or else this blow should broach^o thy dearest blood. 40
But I'll unto his majesty and crave^o
I may have liberty to venge^o this wrong,
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

VERNON

Well, miscreant,^o I'll be there as soon as you,
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. *Exeunt.* 45

ACT IV

Scene I. [*Paris. A hall of state.*]

Enter KING, GLOUCESTER, WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, GOVERNOR [of Paris, and others].

GLOUCESTER

Lord Bishop, set the crown upon his head.

WINCHESTER

God save King Henry, of that name the sixth! 10

GLOUCESTER

Now, Governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other king but him;
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends, 5
And none your foes but such as shall pretend^o
Malicious practices^o against his state: 20
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF

My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais
To haste unto your coronation, 10
A letter was delivered to my hands,
Writ to your grace from th' Duke of Burgundy.

TALBOT

Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vowed, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter^o from thy craven's^o leg, 15
[*Plucking it off.*]

Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.^o
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Poitiers,^o
When but in all I was six thousand strong 20
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire^o did run away.
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself and divers gentlemen beside 25
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.

III.iv.5 **reclaimed** subdued 8 **esteem** good reputation in battle and high birth (thus likely to command a profitable ransom) 15 **liege** sovereign lord 18 **remember** but Henry VI was only nine months old when his father died 20 **resolvèd** . . . **truth** convinced of your loyalty 23 **reguerdoned** repaid 27 **s.d.** **Manet** remains (the Latin singular with a plural subject is common in Elizabethan stage directions) 28 **hot** passionate 29 **Disgracing of** disparaging 32 **patronage** (1) maintain (2) defend 37 **in witness** as proof

39 **draws a sword** i.e., in a royal residence; **present** immediate 40 **broach** draw as with a tap 41 **crave** beg 42 **venge** avenge 44 **miscreant** coward

IV.i.6 **pretend** purpose 7 **practices** stratagems 15 **garter** badge of the Order of the Garter, England's highest degree of knighthood; **craven's** coward's 17 **degree** dignity 19 **Poitiers** Patay (1429) 23 **trusty squire** used contemptuously: person of inferior character

Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss,
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

GLOUCESTER

To say the truth, this fact° was infamous
And ill beseeeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

TALBOT

When first this order was ordained, my lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty° courage,
Such as were grown to credit° by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,°
But always resolute in most extremes.°
He then that is not furnished in this sort°
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honorable order,
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain°
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

KING

Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!°
Be packing,° therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.

[Exit FALSTAFF.]

And now, Lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

GLOUCESTER

What means his grace, that he hath changed his style?° 50
No more but plain and bluntly, "To the king!"
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend° some alteration in good will?
What's here? "I have, upon especial cause, 55
Moved with compassion of my country's wrack,°
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction
And joined with Charles, the rightful King of France." 60
O monstrous treachery! can this be so,
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

KING

What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

GLOUCESTER

He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

KING

Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

GLOUCESTER

It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

KING

Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him
And give him chastisement for this abuse.
How say you, my lord; are you not content?

TALBOT

Content, my liege? Yes, but that I am prevented,°
I should have begged I might have been employed.

30 fact deed 35 haughty high 36 credit honorable reputa-
tion 37 distress adversity 38 in most extremes in the
most difficult situations 39 furnished . . . sort possessed of
such qualities 43 hedge-born swain low peasant 45 doom
judgment, condemnation 46 Be packing begone 50 style
form of address 54 Pretend signify 56 wrack misfortune
71 prevented anticipated

KING

Then gather strength, and march unto him straight;
Let him perceive how ill we brook° his treason
And what offense it is to flout his friends.

75

30 TALBOT

I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.]

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

VERNON

35 Grant me the combat,° gracious sovereign.

BASSET

And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.

YORK

This is my servant; hear him, noble prince.

80

40 SOMERSET

And this is mine; sweet Henry, favor him.

KING

Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim,
And wherefore crave you combat? Or with whom?

VERNON

With him, my lord, for he hath done me wrong.

85

BASSET

And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

KING

What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

BASSET

Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping° tongue, 90
Upbraided° me about the rose I wear,
Saying, the sanguine° color of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn° the truth
About a certain question in the law 95
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms;
In confutation of which rude reproach
And in defense of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.° 100

VERNON

And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem with forgèd quaint conceit°
To set a gloss upon° his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him, 105
And he first took exceptions at° this badge
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewrayed° the faintness of my master's heart.

YORK

Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

SOMERSET

Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. 110

KING

Good Lōrd, what madness rules in brainsick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause

74 brook bear with 78 combat trial by arms 90 carping
fault-finding 91 Upbraided reproached 92 sanguine blood-
red 94 repugn resist 100 benefit . . . arms privilege of trial
by combat 102 forgèd quaint conceit crafty manner of ex-
pression 103 set . . . upon veil in specious language 105
took exceptions at disapproved of 107 Bewrayed revealed

Such factious emulations° shall arise!
 Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
 Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

115

YORK

Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
 And then your highness shall command a peace.

SOMERSET

The quarrel toucheth° none but us alone;
 Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.

YORK

There is my pledge;° accept it, Somerset.

120

VERNON

Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

BASSET

Confirm it so, mine honorable lord.

GLOUCESTER

Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
 And perish ye with your audacious prate!°
 Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed
 With this immodest° clamorous outrage
 To trouble and disturb the king and us?
 And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
 To bear with their perverse objections,
 Much less to take occasion from their mouths
 To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves.
 Let me persuade you take a better course.

EXETER

It grieves his highness. Good my lords, be friends.

KING

Come hither, you that would be combatants:
 Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favor,
 Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
 And you, my lords, remember where we are:
 In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation;
 If they perceive dissension in our looks
 And that within ourselves we disagree,
 How will their grudging stomachs° be provoked
 To willful disobedience, and rebel!
 Beside, what infamy will there arise,
 When foreign princes shall be certified°
 That for a toy,° a thing of no regard,
 King Henry's peers and chief nobility
 Destroyed themselves and lost the realm of France!
 O, think upon the conquest of my father,
 My tender years, and let us not forgo
 That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
 I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

135

140

145

150

[Putting on a red rose.]

That anyone should therefore be suspicious
 I more incline to Somerset than York;
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
 As well they may upbraid me with my crown
 Because, forsooth,° the King of Scots is crowned.
 But your discretions° better can persuade
 Than I am able to instruct or teach,

And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
 So let us still continue peace and love.

160

Cousin of York, we institute your grace
 To be our regent in these parts of France;
 And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot,
 And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
 Go cheerfully together and digest
 Your angry choler° on your enemies.
 Ourself, my Lord Protector, and the rest
 After some respite will return to Calais;
 From thence to England, where I hope ere long
 To be presented, by your victories,
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.°

165

170

Flourish. Exeunt. Manet YORK, WARWICK,
 EXETER, VERNON.

WARWICK

My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
 Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

125

175

YORK

And so he did, but yet I like it not,
 In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

WARWICK

Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
 I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

130

YORK

And if—I wish—he did. But let it rest;
 Other affairs must now be managed.

180

Exeunt. Manet EXETER.

EXETER

Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
 For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
 I fear we should have seen deciphered° there
 More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
 Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
 But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of nobility,
 This shouldering° of each other in the court,
 This factious bandying° of their favorites,
 But that it doth presage some ill event.°
 'Tis much° when scepters are in children's hands,
 But more when envy breeds unkind division;°
 There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. *Exit.*

185

190

[Scene II.] *Before Bordeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, *with trump and drum.*

TALBOT

Go to the gates of Bordeaux, trumpeter;
 Summon their general unto the wall.

155

[*Trumpet*] *sounds. Enter* GENERAL *aloft* [*with others*].

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
 Servant in arms to Harry King of England,
 And thus he would: open your city gates,
 Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours

5

131 **emulations** contentions 118 **toucheth** concerns
 120 **pledge** challenge (made by casting down one's glove)
 124 **prate** chatter 126 **immodest** arrogant 141 **grudging**
stomachs resentful dispositions 144 **certified** informed
 145 **toy** trifle 157 **forsooth** in truth (used derisively) 158
discretions lordships, judgments

168 **choler** bile (according to earlier physiology, the cause
 of anger or hot temper) 173 **rout** crowd 184 **deciphered**
 revealed 189 **shouldering** jostling 190 **bandying** contention
 191 **presage** . . . **event** predict some evil outcome 192
much difficult 193 **unkind division** unnatural disunion

And do him homage as obedient subjects,
 And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power.
 But, if you frown upon this proffered peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 Lean famine, quartering° steel, and climbing fire,
 Who in a moment even° with the earth
 Shall lay your stately and air-braving° towers,
 If you forsake the offer of their love.

GENERAL

Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
 Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
 The period° of thy tyranny approacheth.
 On us thou canst not enter but by death,
 For, I protest, we are well fortified
 And strong enough to issue out and fight.
 If thou retire, the Dolphin, well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
 On either hand° thee there are squadrons pitched
 To wall thee from the liberty of flight,
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
 But death doth front° thee with apparent spoil,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament°
 To rive° their dangerous artillery
 Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
 Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
 Of an invincible unconquered spirit!
 This is the latest° glory of thy praise
 That I, thy enemy, due° thee withal,
 For ere the glass that now begins to run
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well colorèd,
 Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum afar off.

Hark! hark! The Dolphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy° music to thy timorous soul,
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

Exit [with his FOLLOWERS].

TALBOT

He fables not,° I hear the enemy;
 Out, some light° horsemen, and peruse their wings.
 O, negligent and heedless discipline!
 How are we parked and bounded in a pale,
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,
 Mazed with° a yelping kennel of French curs!
 If we be English deer, be then in blood,
 Not rascal-like° to fall down with a pinch,
 But rather moody-mad;° and, desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody° hounds with heads of steel
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.

IV.ii.11 **quartering** that cuts men into quarters 12 **even** level 13 **air-braving** skyscraping 15 **owl of death** alluding to the owl as a supposed harbinger of death or misfortune 17 **period** end 21 **appointed** equipped 23 **hand** side of 25 **redress** relief 26 **front** confront; **apparent spoil** obvious destruction 28 **ta'en the sacrament** confirmed their oaths by receiving Holy Communion 29 **rive** burst 33 **latest** final 34 **due** endue 37 **well colorèd** of healthy complexion 40 **heavy** doleful 42 **fables not** does not speak falsely 43 **light** lightly armed; **peruse their wings** scout their flanks 45 **parked** . . . **pale** surrounded and hemmed in by a fence 47 **Mazed with** terrified by 48 **in blood** (1) in full vigor (2) in temper 49 **rascal-like** like inferior deer; **pinch** nip 50 **moody-mad** furious in mood 51 **bloody** bloodthirsty

Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear° deer of us, my friends.
 God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
 Prosper our colors in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*] 55

[Scene III. *Plains in Gascony.*]

Enter a MESSENGER that meets York. Enter YORK with trumpet and many SOLDIERS.

YORK

Are not the speedy scouts returned again
 That dogged° the mighty army of the Dolphin?

MESSENGER

They are returned, my lord, and give it out°
 That he is marched to Bordeaux with his power
 To fight with Talbot. As he marched along,
 By your espials° were discoverèd
 Two mightier troops than that the Dolphin led,
 Which joined with him and made their march for
 Bordeaux. 5

YORK

A plague upon that villain Somerset,
 That thus delays my promised supply
 Of horsemen that were levied for this siege!
 Renownèd Talbot doth expect° my aid,
 And I am louted° by a traitor villain
 And cannot help the noble chevalier.
 God comfort him in this necessity!
 If he miscarry,° farewell wars in France. 15

Enter another messenger [Sir William LUCY].

LUCY

Thou princely leader of our English strength,
 Never so needful on the earth of France,
 Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
 Who now is girdled with a waist of iron
 And hemmed about with grim destruction.
 To Bordeaux, warlike duke! to Bordeaux, York!
 Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honor. 20

YORK

O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
 Doth stop my cornets,° were in Talbot's place!
 So should we save a valiant gentleman
 By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
 Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
 That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep. 25

LUCY

O, send some succor to the distressed lord! 30

YORK

He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
 We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
 All long° of this vile traitor Somerset.

LUCY

Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul,
 And on his son young John, who two hours since
 I met in travel toward his warlike father! 35

54 **dear** costly

IV.iii.2 **dogged** tracked, closely pursued 3 **give it out** report 6 **espials** spies 12 **expect** await 13 **louted** mocked 14 **chevalier** knight 16 **miscarry** be destroyed 25 **stop my cornets** withhold my squadrons of cavalry 33 **long** on account

This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

YORK

Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave? 40
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sundered° friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell, no more my fortune can°
But curse the cause° I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours are won away, 45
Long all° of Somerset and his delay.

Exit [with his SOLDIERS].

LUCY

Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection° doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold° conqueror, 50
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honors, lands, and all hurry to loss.

[Scene IV. Other plains in Gascony.]

Enter SOMERSET with his ARMY, [a CAPTAIN of Talbot's with him].

SOMERSET

It is too late, I cannot send them now;
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted. All our general° force
Might with a sally° of the very° town
Be buckled with. The overdaring Talbot 5
Hath sullied all his gloss° of former honor
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure;
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

CAPTAIN

Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me 10
Set from our o'ermatched° forces forth for aid.

SOMERSET

How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

LUCY

Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot;
Who, ringed about with bold adversity°,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset 15
To beat assailing death from his weak regions;°
And whiles the honorable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And in advantage ling'ring° looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honor, 20
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.°
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succors° that should lend him aid
While he, renownèd noble gentleman,
Yield up his life unto a world of odds; 25

Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

SOMERSET

York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

LUCY

And York as fast upon your grace exclaims, 30
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

SOMERSET

York lies; he might have sent and had the horse!
I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take° foul scorn to fawn on him by sending. 35

LUCY

The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapped the noble-minded Talbot;
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betrayed to fortune by your strife.

SOMERSET

Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight; 40
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

LUCY

Too late comes rescue, he is ta'en or slain,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled,
And fly would Talbot never though he might.

SOMERSET

If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu! 45

LUCY

His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

Exeunt.

[Scene V. The English camp near Bordeaux.]

Enter TALBOT and his son [JOHN].

TALBOT

O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived
When sapless° age and weak unable° limbs 5
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.°
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoiided° danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse, 10
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

JOHN

Is my name Talbot? And am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonor not her honorable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me. 15
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

TALBOT

Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

JOHN

He that flies so will ne'er return again.

35 take submit to

IV.v.4 sapless withered; unable powerless 5 drooping
chair decline from vigor 8 unavoiided unavoidable

42 sundered separated 43 fortune can circumstances enable
me to do 44 cause reason why 46 Long all because 49
neglection negligence 50 scarce-cold barely dead
IV.iv.3 general whole 4 sally sudden outrush; very itself
6 gloss luster 11 o'ermatched outnumbered 14 bold
adversity confident opponents 16 regions places 19 in
advantage ling'ring (1) desperately clinging to every advan-
tage (?) (2) while holding out on advantageous ground (?) 21
emulation rivalry 23 succors reinforcements

TALBOT

If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

JOHN

Then let me stay, and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honor you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done;
You fled for vantage,^o everyone will swear,
But, if I bow,^o they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here on my knee I beg mortality,^o
Rather than life preserved with infamy.

TALBOT

Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

JOHN

Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

TALBOT

Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

JOHN

To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

TALBOT

Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

JOHN

No part of him but will be shame to me.

TALBOT

Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

JOHN

Yes, your renownèd name: shall flight abuse it?

TALBOT

Thy father's charge^o shall clear thee from that stain.

JOHN

You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

TALBOT

And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

JOHN

And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be severed from your side

Than can yourself yourself in twain^o divide.

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

For live I will not, if my father die.

TALBOT

Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

Born to eclipse^o thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die;

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

Exit [with JOHN].

[Scene VI. A field of battle.]

20

Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot's son [JOHN] is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.

TALBOT

Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word

25

And left us to the rage of France his sword.

Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath;

I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.

5

JOHN

O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!

30

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,

Till with thy warlike sword, despite of^o fate,

To my determinèd^o time thou gav'st new date.

TALBOT

When from the Dolphin's crest thy sword struck fire,

10

It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire

Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden^o age,

35

Quickened^o with youthful spleen^o and warlike rage,

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,

And from the pride of Gallia^o rescued thee.

15

The ireful Bastard Orleans, that drew blood

From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood

Of thy first fight, I soon encounterèd,

And interchanging blows I quickly shed

Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace

20

Bespoke him thus: "Contaminated, base,

And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,

Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine

Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy."

Here,^o purposing the Bastard to destroy,

25

Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,

Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?

Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,

Now thou art sealed^o the son of chivalry?

Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead;

30

The help of one stands me in little stead.

45

O, too much folly is it, well I wot,^o

To hazard^o all our lives in one small boat!

If I today die not with Frenchmen's rage,

Tomorrow I shall die with mickle^o age.

35

By me they nothing gain and if I stay;

'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day.

50

In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,

My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:

All these and more we hazard by thy stay;

40

All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

JOHN

The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;

These words of yours draw lifeblood from my heart.

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,

To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,

45

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,

The coward horse that bears me fall and die!

And like^o me to the peasant boys of France,

To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!^o

28 for vantage to gain a tactical advantage 29 bow flee
32 mortality death 42 charge attack 49 twain two 53
eclipse end

IV.vi.8 despite of in spite of 9 determinèd predestined,
fated 12 leaden spiritless 13 Quickened animated; spleen
high spirits, courage 15 Gallia France 25 Here here I 29
sealed authenticated (by his deeds) 32 wot know 33 hazard
gamble 35 mickle much, advanced 48 like compare 49
subject of mischance an example of unhappy fate

Surely, by all the glory you have won, 50
And if I fly, I am not Talbot's son.
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;°
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

TALBOT

Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,°
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet; 55
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable proved, let's die in pride.°
Exit [with JOHN].

[Scene VII. Another part of the field.]

Alarum: excursions. Enter old TALBOT, led [by a SERVANT].

TALBOT

Where is my other life? Mine own is gone.
O, where's young Talbot? Where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smeared with captivity,°
Young Talbot's valor makes me smile at thee.
When he perceived me shrink° and on my knee, 5
His bloody sword he brandished over me,
And like a hungry lion did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience,
But when my angry guardant° stood alone,
Tend'ring° my ruin and assailed of° none, 10
Dizzy-eyed° fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle° of the French,
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting° spirit and there died, 15
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter [SOLDIERS,] with JOHN Talbot, borne.

SERVANT

O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

TALBOT

Thou antic° death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon,° from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,° 20
Two Talbots, wingèd through the lither° sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favored° death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no; 25
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,°
"Had death been French, then death had died today."
Come, come and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms. 30

Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
Dies.

Enter Charles [the DAUPHIN], ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, and [la] PUCELLE, [with FORCES].

DAUPHIN

Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

BASTARD

How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging wood,° 35
Did flesh his puny-sword° in Frenchmen's blood!

PUCELLE

Once I encountered him and thus I said:
"Thou maiden youth, be vanquished by a maid."
But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answered thus: "Young Talbot was not born 40
To be the pillage° of a giglot° wench."
So, rushing in the bowels° of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.°

BURGUNDY

Doubtless he would have made a noble knight.
See, where he lies inhearsèd° in the arms 45
Of the most bloody nurser° of his harms!

BASTARD

Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

DAUPHIN

O no, forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead. 50

Enter LUCY, [attended by a French HERALD].

LUCY

Herald, conduct me to the Dolphin's tent,
To know who hath obtained the glory of the day.

DAUPHIN

On what submissive message art thou sent?

LUCY

Submission, Dolphin! 'Tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not° what it means. 55
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

DAUPHIN

For prisoners ask'st thou? Hell our prison is.°
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

LUCY

But where's the great Alcides° of the field, 60
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence,
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton, 65
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of
Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge,

52 boot use 54 sire of Crete Daedalus (who made wings of feathers and wax on which he and his son Icarus attempted to escape from King Minos of Crete) 57 pride glory
IV.vii.3 captivity the blood of your captives (?) 5 shrink give way 9 guardant protector 10 Tend'ring tenderly caring for me in; of by 11 Dizzy-eyed giddy 13 clust'ring battle close-grouped battle formation 15 overmounting too highly aspiring 18 antic (1) grinning (2) buffoon 19 Anon immediately 20 of perpetuity eternal 21 lither yielding, pliant 23 hard-favored ugly-looking 27 who should say as if saying

35 wood mad 36 flesh his puny-sword initiate his untried sword in battle 41 pillage plunder; giglot wanton 42 bowels midst 43 unworthy fight not worthy of fighting with 45 inhearsèd enclosed as in a hearse 46 nurser fosterer 55 wot not do not know 58 Hell . . . is We kill all our enemies 60 Alcides Hercules

Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece,^o
Great Marshal to Henry the Sixth 70
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

PUCELLE

Here's a silly stately style^o indeed!
The Turk,^o that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifi'st with all these titles 75
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

LUCY

Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turned,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces! 80
O, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the realm of France!
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze^o the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence 85
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

PUCELLE

I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have him; to keep them
here,
They would but stink and putrefy the air. 90

DAUPHIN

Go, take their bodies hence.

LUCY

I'll bear them hence, but from their ashes shall be
reared
A phoenix^o that shall make all France afeard.^o

DAUPHIN

So we be rid of them, do with him what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:^o 95
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. *Exeunt.*

ACT V

[Scene I. London. The palace.]

Sennet. Enter KING, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER.

KING

Have you perused the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

GLOUCESTER

I have, my lord, and their intent is this:
They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of 5
Between the realms of England and of France.

KING

How doth your grace affect^o their motion?

GLOUCESTER

Well, my good lord, and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stablish^o quietness on every side. 10

KING

Ay, marry, uncle, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity^o and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of^o one faith. 15

GLOUCESTER

Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near knit^o to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry. 20

KING

Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young,
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.^o
Yet call th' ambassadors, and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one: 25
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

*Enter WINCHESTER [in cardinal's habit], and three
AMBASSADORS, [one of them a LEGATE^o].*

EXETER

What! is my Lord of Winchester installed,
And called unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified 30
Henry the Fifth did sometime^o prophesy:
"If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap^o co-equal with the crown."

KING

My lords ambassadors, your several suits^o
Have been considered and debated on. 35
Your purpose is both good and reasonable,
And therefore are we certainly resolved,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France. 40

GLOUCESTER

And for the proffer of my lord your master,^o
I have informed his highness so at large
As,^o liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,^o
He doth intend she shall be England's queen. 45

KING

In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover, wherein shipped,^o
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. 50

Exeunt [all but WINCHESTER and the LEGATE].

68-69 Saint George . . . Saint Michael . . . Golden Fleece chivalric orders of England, France, and the Holy Roman Empire respectively 72 stately style imposing title 73 the Turk the sultan 84 amaze stupefy, terrify 93 phoenix in mythology, an Arabian bird that is resurrected from the ashes of its own funeral pyre; afeard afraid 95 vein mood

V.i.7 affect like

10 stablish establish 13 immanity monstrous cruelty 14 professors of believers in 17 near knit closely bound by blood relationship 23 wanton . . . paramour lascivious sport with a mistress 27 s.d. Legate representative of the pope 31 sometime once 33 cap cardinal's skullcap 34 several suits individual requests 41 master the Count of Armagnac 43 As that 44 dower marriage settlement 49 shipped embarked

WINCHESTER

Stay, my Lord Legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.°

LEGATE

I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

WINCHESTER [*Aside.*]

Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
That, neither in birth or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee.
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny.° *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. France. Plains in Anjou.]

*Enter Charles [the DAUPHIN], BURGUNDY, ALIN-
ÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, and Joan [la PUCELLE,
with FORCES].*

DAUPHIN

These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.

ALENÇON

Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France.
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.°

PUCELLE

Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter SCOUT.

SCOUT

Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

DAUPHIN

What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak.

SCOUT

The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoined° in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

DAUPHIN

Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them.

BURGUNDY

I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

PUCELLE

Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.°

DAUPHIN

Then on, my lords, and France be fortunate! *Exeunt.*

[Scene III. Before Angiers.]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Joan la PUCELLE.

PUCELLE

The regent° conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
Now help, ye charming° spells and periapts,°
And ye choice° spirits that admonish° me
And give me signs of future accidents.°

Thunder.

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,°
Appear and aid me in this enterprise.

Enter FIENDS.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustomed diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are culled°
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get° the field.

They walk, and speak not.

O, hold me not with silence overlong!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member° off and give it you
In earnest° of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.

They hang their heads.

No hope to have redress? My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

They shake their heads.

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?°
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.°

They depart.

See, they forsake me! Now the time is come
That France must vail° her lofty plumèd crest
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient° incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with.
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *Exit.*

*Excursions. BURGUNDY and YORK fight hand to hand.
FRENCH fly, [pursued. YORK returns with la PUCELLE
captive].*

YORK

Damsel of France, I think I have you fast;
Unchain your spirits now with spelling° charms
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!

V.iii.1 regent York 2 charming exercising magic power;
periapts amulets 3 choice excellent; admonish inform 4
accidents events 6 monarch . . . north the devil (evil spirits
were traditionally thought to dwell in the regions of the
north) 10 culled gathered 12 get win 15 member part
of the body 16 earnest pledge 21 furtherance assistance
23 the foil defeat, repulse 25 vail lower or take off in
token of submission 27 ancient former 31 spelling spell-
casting

54 grave ornaments symbols of high rank 62 mutiny
rebellion

V.ii.5 dalliance idleness 12 conjoined united 20 repine
complain

See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe,^o she would change my shape! 35

PUCELLE

Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.

YORK

O, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty^o eye.

PUCELLE

A plaguing^o mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surprised 40
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

YORK

Fell banning^o hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!

PUCELLE

I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

YORK

Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter SUFFOLK, with MARGARET in his hand.

SUFFOLK

Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. 45
Gazes on her.

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent^o hands;
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? Say, that I may honor thee. 50

MARGARET

Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

SUFFOLK

An earl I am, and Suffolk am I called.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted^o to be ta'en by me: 55
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage^o once offend,
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

She is going.

O, stay! [*Aside.*] I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy^o streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited^o beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak;
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, de la Pole! disable^o not thyself.
Hast not a tongue? Is she not here?
Wilt thou be daunted by a woman's sight?
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such, 70
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.^o

MARGARET

Say, Earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,

What ransom must I pay before I pass?

For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

SUFFOLK [*Aside.*]

How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit, 75
Before thou make a trial of her love?

MARGARET

Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I pay?

SUFFOLK [*Aside.*]

She's beautiful and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

MARGARET

Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no? 80

SUFFOLK [*Aside.*]

Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

MARGARET

I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

SUFFOLK [*Aside.*]

There all is marred; there lies a cooling card.^o

MARGARET

He talks at random; sure, the man is mad. 85

SUFFOLK [*Still aside, but more loudly.*]

And yet a dispensation^o may be had.

MARGARET

And yet I would that you would answer me.

SUFFOLK [*Aside.*]

I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king. [*Somewhat more loudly.*] Tush,
that's a wooden^o thing! 90

MARGARET

He talks of wood: it^o is some carpenter. 90

SUFFOLK [*Aside.*]

Yet so my fancy may be satisfied
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple^o in that too:
For though her father be the King of Naples, 95
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.

MARGARET

Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?

SUFFOLK [*Aside.*]

It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.

[*Aloud.*]

Madam, I have a secret to reveal. 100

MARGARET [*Aside.*]

What though I be enthralled?^o he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonor me.

SUFFOLK

Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

MARGARET [*Aside.*]

Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French,
And then I need not crave his courtesy. 105

SUFFOLK

Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause.

MARGARET [*Aside.*]

Tush, women have been captivate ere now.

35 with Circe like Circe (the sorceress in the *Odyssey* who transformed men into beasts) 38 dainty fastidious 39 plaguing tormenting 42 Fell banning evil cursing 47 reverent respectful 55 allotted fated 58 servile usage unworthy treatment 62 glassy smooth 63 counterfeited reflected 67 disable disparage 71 rough dull

84 cooling card something to cool my ardor 86 dispensation annulment of a previous marriage 89 wooden dull 90 it he 93 scruple difficulty 101 enthralled captured

SUFFOLK
Lady, wherefore talk you so?

MARGARET
I cry you mercy,° 'tis but quid for quo.°

SUFFOLK
Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

MARGARET
To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility,
For princes should be free.

SUFFOLK
And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

MARGARET
Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

SUFFOLK
I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden scepter in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

MARGARET
What?

SUFFOLK
His love.

MARGARET
I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

SUFFOLK
No, gentle madam, I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in° the choice myself.
How say you, madam, are ye so content?

MARGARET
And if my father please, I am content.

SUFFOLK
Then call our captains and our colors forth.
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

Sound [a parley]. Enter REIGNIER on the walls.

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!

REIGNIER
To whom?

SUFFOLK
To me.

REIGNIER
Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier and unapt° to weep
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

SUFFOLK
Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honor give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,
Whom° I with pain° have wooed and won thereto,
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gained thy daughter princely liberty.

REIGNIER
Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

SUFFOLK
Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face,° or feign.

REIGNIER
Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer to thy just demand. *[Exit.]*

SUFFOLK
And here I will expect° thy coming. 145
Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER.

REIGNIER
110 Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honor pleases.

SUFFOLK
Thanks, Reignier, happy for° so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king.
What answer makes your grace unto my suit? 150

REIGNIER
115 Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth°
To be the princely bride of such a lord,
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war, 155
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

SUFFOLK
That is her ransom; I deliver her,
120 And those two countries I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

REIGNIER
And I again, in Henry's royal name, 160
As deputy° unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.°

SUFFOLK
125 Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks
Because this is in traffic° of a king.
[Aside.]
And yet, methinks, I could be well content 165
To be mine own attorney° in this case.
[Aloud.]
130 I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemnized.
So farewell, Reignier; set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes. 170

REIGNIER
I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

MARGARET
Farewell, my lord; good wishes, praise, and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.

135 *She is going.*

SUFFOLK
Farewell, sweet madam; but hark you, Margaret: 175
No princely commendations to my king?

140 MARGARET
Such commendations as becomes a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

SUFFOLK
Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.°
But, madam, I must trouble you again: 180
No loving token to his majesty?

109 cry you mercy beg your pardon; quid for quo even exchange, tit for tat 125 no portion in (1) no share in (2) nothing to gain by 133 unapt not ready 138 Whom Margaret; pain much effort 142 face deceive

145 expect await 148 for in having 151 her little worth a lady of such modest rank and fortune 161 deputy Suffolk 162 plighted faith promise to marry 164 in traffic in negotiation 166 attorney pleader 179 directed uttered

MARGARET

Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love,° I send the king.

SUFFOLK

And this withal.

Kisses her.

MARGARET

That for thyself; I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens° to a king.

[*Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.*]

SUFFOLK

O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There minotaurs° and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit° Henry with her wondrous praise;
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish° art;
Repeat their semblance° often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave° him of his wits with wonder. 195
Exit.

[Scene IV. *Camp of the Duke of York in Anjou.*]

Enter YORK, WARWICK, [and others].

YORK

Bring forth that sorceress condemned to burn.

[*Enter la PUCELLE, guarded, and a SHEPHERD.*]

SHEPHERD

Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought° every country far and near,
And now° it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless° cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

PUCELLE

Decrepit miser!° base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

SHEPHERD

Out, out!° My lords, and° please you, 'tis not so.
I did beget her, all the parish knows;
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.°

WARWICK

Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

YORK

This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

SHEPHERD

Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!°
God knows thou art a collop° of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear.
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan. 20

PUCELLE

Peasant, avaunt!° You have suborned° this man
Of purpose to obscure° my noble birth.

SHEPHERD

'Tis true, I gave a noble° to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl. 25
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursèd be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her
breast
Had been a little ratsbane° for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs afield, 30
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursèd drab?°
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. *Exit.*

YORK

Take her away, for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities. 35

PUCELLE

First, let me tell you whom you have condemned:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above, 40
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits,
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices, 45
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass° wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceivèd!° Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy, 50
Chaste and immaculate in very thought,
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,°
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

YORK

Ay, ay; away with her to execution!

WARWICK

And hark ye, sirs: because she is a maid, 55
Spare for no° faggots, let there be enow;°
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortenèd.

PUCELLE

Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,° 60
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides;

183 **taint with love** tinged with immodest desire 186
peevish tokens foolish signs of affection 189 **minotaurs**
alluding to the mythological monster of Crete, half-bull and
half-man, who was slain by Theseus 190 **Solicit** allure 192
extinguish obscure by greater brilliancy 193 **Repeat their**
semblance remind yourself of their appearance 195 **bereave**
dispossess

V.iv.3 **sought** searched 4 **now** now that 5 **timeless** untimely
7 **miser** old wretch 10 **Out, out** alas; and if it 13 **first**
. . . **bachelorship** begotten out of wedlock (but the shepherd
apparently is confused about the meaning of *bachelorship*)

17 **obstacle** obstinate (a malapropism) 18 **collop** piece 21
avaunt begone; **suborned** bribed 22 **obscure** conceal
23 **noble** gold coin worth about ten shillings 29 **ratsbane**
rat poison 32 **drab** prostitute 48 **compass** accomplish 49
misconceivèd deceived person 52 **rigorously effused**
cruelly shed 56 **Spare for no** do not spare; **enow** enough
60 **discover thine infirmity** reveal your bodily unfitness

Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale° me to a violent death.

YORK

Now heaven forbend!° the holy maid with child! 65

WARWICK

The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought.
Is all your strict preciseness° come to this?

YORK

She and the Dolphin have been juggling;°
I did imagine° what would be her refuge.°

WARWICK

Well, go to;° we'll have no bastards live, 70
Espécially since Charles must father it.

PUCELLE

You are deceived, my child is none of his,
It was Alençon that enjoyed my love.

YORK

Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!°
It dies, and if it had a thousand lives. 75

PUCELLE

O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,
But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevailed.°

WARWICK

A married man! that's most intolerable.

YORK

Why, here's a girl!° I think she knows not well, 80
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

WARWICK

It's sign she hath been liberal and free.°

YORK

And yet, forsooth,° she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee.
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain. 85

PUCELLE

Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex° his beams
Upon the country where you make abode,
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair 90
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!
Exit [guarded].

YORK

Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursèd minister° of hell.

Enter Cardinal [Beaufort, Bishop of WINCHESTER].

WINCHESTER

Lord Regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king. 95
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Moved with remorse of° these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French,

And here at hand the Dolphin and his train° 100
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

YORK

Is all our travail° turned to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown 105
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquerèd? 110
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

WARWICK

Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants°
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby. 115

*Enter Charles [the DAUPHIN], ALENÇON, BASTARD,
REIGNIER, [and others].*

DAUPHIN

Since, Lord of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,
We come to be informèd by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

YORK

Speak, Winchester, for boiling choler chokes 120
The hollow passage of my poisoned° voice
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

WINCHESTER

Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of° mere compassion and of lenity, 125
To ease your country of distressful war
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen° to his crown.
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself, 130
Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

ALENÇON

Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority, 135
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

DAUPHIN

'Tis known already that I am possessed
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein revered for° their lawful king: 140
Shall I, for lucre° of the rest unvanquished,
Detract so much from that prerogative°
As to be called but viceroy of the whole?
No, Lord Ambassador, I'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more, 145
Be cast° from possibility of all.

64 hale drag 65 forbend forbid 67 preciseness pretense
of scrupulousness 68 juggling playing tricks 69 imagine
wonder; refuge excuse 70 go to come, come 74 Machiavel
intriguer (after Niccolò Machiavelli, author of *The Prince*)
78 prevailed gained her love 80 girl wench 82 liberal
and free used ironically, since a lady was supposed to have
these qualities, without Joan's implied wantonness 83 forsooth
in truth 87 reflex reflect 93 minister agent 97 remorse
of sorrow at

100 train retinue 102 travail labor, trouble 114 covenants
conditions 121 poisoned sickened as though with poison
125 Of out of 128 liegemen vassals 140 revered for
honored as 141 lucre gain 142 prerogative preeminence
(as king) 146 cast driven

YORK

Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,^o
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?^o
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of^o benefit proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,^o
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

REIGNIER

My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil^o in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

ALENÇON

To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of^o a truce—

[*Aside.*]

Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

WARWICK

How say'st thou, Charles? Shall our condition stand? 165

DAUPHIN

It shall;
Only reserved, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

YORK

Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.

[*The DAUPHIN and French NOBLES give signs of fealty.*]

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns,^o let your drums be still,
For here we entertain^o a solemn peace. *Exeunt.* 175

[*Scene V. London. The royal palace.*]

*Enter SUFFOLK in conference with the KING,
GLOUCESTER, and EXETER.*

KING

Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonished me.
Her virtues, gracèd with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart,
And like as rigor^o of tempestuous gusts
Provokes^o the mightiest hulk^o against the tide,
So am I driven by breath^o of her renown
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

148 league alliance 150 upon comparison weighing the odds 152 Of through 153 challenge of desert claim that it is yours by right 156 cavil find fault without good reason 163 compact of mutual agreement for 174 ensigns banners 175 entertain accept V.v.5 rigor violence 6 Provokes drives on; hulk ship 7 breath utterance

SUFFOLK

Tush, my good lord, this superficial^o tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise.
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit;^o
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,^o
To love and honor Henry as her lord.

KING

And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

GLOUCESTER

So should I give consent to flatter^o sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betrothed
Unto another lady^o of esteem.
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honor with reproach?

SUFFOLK

As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths,
Or one that, at a triumph^o having vowed
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists^o
By reason of his adversary's odds.^o
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke^o without offense.

GLOUCESTER

Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

SUFFOLK

Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem,
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

GLOUCESTER

And so the Earl of Armagnac may do
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

EXETER

Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

SUFFOLK

A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;^o
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,

10 superficial touching only the surface 15 ravish . . . conceit enchant even the dullest imagination 20 intents intentions 25 flatter condone 27 another lady the daughter of the Earl of Armagnac 31 triumph tournament 32 lists tournament ground 33 odds inferiority 35 broke the pledge of marriage may be broken 56 attorneyship proxy

Must be companion of his nuptial bed.
And therefore, lords, since° he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth us, 60
In our opinions she should be preferred.
For what is wedlock forcèd but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace. 65
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature,° joinèd with her birth,
Approves° her fit for none but for a king.
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit, 70
More than in women commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be linked in love.
Then yield, my lords, and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

KING
Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that 80
My tender youth was never yet attaint°
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear, 85

59 since the fact that 68 feature comeliness 69 Approves proves 81 attaint stained

As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants, and procure 60
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England and be crowned 90
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
For your expenses and sufficient charge,°
Among the people gather up a tenth.°
Be gone, I say, for, till you do return,
I rest° perplexèd with a thousand cares. 95
And you, good uncle, banish all offense;
If you do censure° me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution° of my will.
And so, conduct me where, from company, 100
I may revolve and ruminate° my grief. Exit.

GLOUCESTER
Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last. 75
Exit GLOUCESTER [with EXETER].

SUFFOLK
Thus Suffolk hath prevailed, and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event° in love, 105
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. Exit.

92 sufficient charge adequate money to meet costs 93 tenth a levy of a tenth of the value of personal property (collected to meet unusual expenses, such as a royal marriage) 95 rest remain 97 censure judge 99 execution carrying into effect 101 revolve and ruminate consider and meditate upon 105 event result

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

EDITED BY ARTHUR FREEMAN

Introduction

Shakespeare's *Henry VI, Part Two* may be his earliest surviving work; it may be the first adaptation by anyone of English history for the Elizabethan stage; and if it is neither, it still certainly remains among the three or four earliest both of the career and the genre, and as such the object of curious examination for centuries. But has the play value beyond curiosity and "importance," or virtues beyond nuggets of promise and flashes of the characteristic "easiness of expression and fluency of numbers" we identify in the body of Shakespeare's work? Rarely, we observe, does *Henry VI*—singly, doubly, or triply—come on the stage, and scarcely more often does a single part recommend itself to the modern reader who is not simply covering or re-covering *all* of Shakespeare, like an obstacle course. How good is the play? And more pointedly, perhaps, from what particular strengths does its excellence, if any, arise?

Unquestionably the poetry of *2 Henry VI* is no strong point. It ranges from inflated extreme:

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea,
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night (IV.i.1-4)

to slack plateau:

And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless (II.iv.60-63)

embracing along the way all sorts of weakness appropriate to the neophyte versifier: flatness, extravagance, redundancy, and unassimilated imitation. When Margaret lamely laments her enforced parting from the Duke of Suffolk, and the imminent death of Cardinal Beaufort,

Ay me! What is this world! What news are these!
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears
(III.ii.380-84)

her rhetoric is heavily indebted to Thomas Kyd's; likewise the "jades" are Marlowe's, and the "twenty . . . twenty" hyperbole a well-worn piece of stock from the Kyd-Marlowe-Greene warehouse of formulaic clichés. Often, indeed, *2 Henry VI* sounds so unlike the later Shakespeare and so much like his predecessors and mentors that scholars have sought another's hand in the text—either as collaborator, or as the unwitting source of Shakespeare's flagrant plagiarism. Yet few would deny to Shakespeare the fine intensity of Young Clifford's battlefield imprecations (V.ii.31-65), the emotional accuracy of the bulk of III.ii, Margaret's farewell to Suffolk, or the wily and succinct logic of Warwick's apology for the commons, and the warning to King Henry (III.ii.242-69); and what seems less than the best in the play may as easily be explained in terms of uncertainty and inexperience as of fragmentary authorship. We cannot demand of Shakespeare in his twenties the consistency, control, and ease of the seasoned professional he was rapidly to become.

But what emerges preeminently from the play is the sure sense of theater, dramatic design, and skill in characterization which are such inalienable hallmarks of Shakespeare's genius that even bardolatrous theatergoers of 1796 could without hesitation hiss a travesty like *Vortigern* (forged by W. H. Ireland) from the stage—not for its mawkish language and already tainted reputation, but for the lack of those attributes absolutely characteristic of the Genuine Remains. Ragged and faltering though its verse may occasionally be, *Henry VI* exemplifies the dramatic virtues of construction—continuity, tension, proportion, pace—which no playwright before Shakespeare had succeeded in uniting with a good sense of what interests an audience. Thinking of *2 Henry VI* as a playwright's play—an embryonic, germinal type—we can single out from it virtues of dramaturgy, aspects of craftsmanship which may illuminate for us what Shakespeare the playwright "began with" at the outset of a career in Elizabethan theater.

The peculiar problem facing a playwright who attempts a play based on chronicle history is that no very extravagant changes in plot may be introduced. All the more pressing are the demands on the playwright's skill as a

shaper of story, selector of detail, imputer of motives; all the more difficult his task of making an arbitrary tract of historical time appear complete and self-sufficient, artistically independent from the events-leading-up and the sequel. Given the limitations of the source, the exigencies of factual history, as well as the prescribed slants Tudor chroniclers imposed on their material (King John a victim of papal interference, Richard III—the last Plantagenet—an ignominious tyrant, Richard II's overthrow fundamentally unjustified) and the necessity for treading lightly where political or social issues come into question, how does Shakespeare's artistry shape, structure, and implement the twenty-year history his play intends to convey? Most obviously, and first, by a compression of time, and a conflation of events. Facts remain facts, but their order may justifiably be varied: Eleanor's attainure may be laid to Queen Margaret's influence, although in fact it took place four years before the royal marriage; Peter's combat with his master Thomas the armorer may be relocated at the time of York's displacement as regent of France, and associated—as in the chronicles it is not—with York's treason. Likewise, the long and repetitious subversion of Salisbury and Warwick, among other members of the nobility, which drags over years in Hall and Holinshed, may be reduced to a single scene (II.ii) and left firmly settled rather than tentative; and the long-smoldering hostilities between King Henry and York, all their intermittent battles, truces, accords, and new outbreaks, may be altered to a single continuing action in Act V, with a conclusion more "final" than history suggests. Thus twenty years of fits and starts in the Lancaster-York troubles appear all part of one rational sequence of events, impelled forward by the force of hindsight, the implied teleology of history itself, stripped of "irrelevant" excursions, like York's in and out of Ireland, and framed artificially by emphasis on fulfilled prophecy and culminatory violence. Like any dramatist restricted to a small repertory cast, Shakespeare dwells on individual confrontations rather than spectacular, massive, and realistic encounters to embody the historical action. Chosen pairs of antagonists, like chosen events, stand for the struggle at large: York duels anachronistically with old Clifford as a representative of all the loyal nobility, and the company of factious schemers of I.i dwindles from eight to a soliloquizing York, as if to symbolize the disintegration of English union into rival, baronial interests. Another dramatic device ensuring the illusion of continuity is Shakespeare's imputation of motives in certain matters the chroniclers agree to leave haphazard: only a hint in Hall provides the suggestion, fully implemented by Shakespeare, of an intrigue between Suffolk and the queen; and the ensuing suggestion that Somerset fills the same office is merely extrapolated from the first: there is no source for this in written history. Nor do the chroniclers provide any connection between Cade's uprising and the policy of York, whereas the play quite plausibly links Cade to the main action specifically as York's factor in Kent.

The illusion that history, in *2 Henry VI*, is self-contained and independent, that a "just period" has been imposed on the events described, once more is a function of dramatic management. We watch the Duke of York alter from a silent, politic, and guarded rival claimant, whose primary mode of self-expression is the ironic "aside" and the

soliloquy (I.i., III.i), to an outspoken enemy of the crown who dares fling his defiance in the face of the Presence: the play thus provides a kind of emotional catharsis for York not wholly warranted by the chronicles, one which gives the impression of a retaliatory anger coming full circle from the implied past outrage and house-curse of Richard II's deposition. Paired against York's rise to action is King Henry's degeneration into helpless passivity: never martial, nor even authoritative in his office, he does flare up once in righteous fury against Suffolk, following the murder of Duke Humphrey—even if Warwick's unsubtle pressure must goad him to a firm stand—but by IV.ix, in the face of Yorkist defiance, he has reached a nadir of despair and incompetence:

Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

(IV.ix.48-49)

By the end of Act V he remains scarcely a man, let alone king (QUEEN What are you made of? You'll nor fight nor fly), and his death in the play's sequel seems a foregone conclusion. While York's forces, around Salisbury and Warwick, have snowballed into an irresistible front, King Henry's counselors, like the provinces of France, have fallen from him one by one; until like Lear alone on the heath with his fool, stripped of his entourage, king and queen must flee the lost battle at the prompting of no more than the young Clifford, last of the loyalists, bitter, pitiless, and a little mad. A more deliberate device, perhaps, for setting the just period on events in the play, is the satisfaction of a second of three prophecies made late in Act I: Somerset's death under the sign of the Castle, an alehouse in Saint Albans, seems to even up the score between Gloucester's family and their assailants—Suffolk for Gloucester (IV.i), and now Somerset for Eleanor.

Within the measure of the play, the period of the whole action, lodges a rhythmic pattern of interlocked impugments—fortuitous falls, medieval "tragedies," if we wish, or inevitable consequences of one fatal, preliminary mistake. "The three *Henry VI* plays, and *Richard III*," writes Irving Ribner, "may be viewed as virtually a series of successive waves, in each of which one hero falls and another rises to replace him. The most significant of the falls are displayed as divine retribution for sin, but there are some also which seem to illustrate only an arbitrary and capricious fortune." Within *2 Henry VI* a parallel series may be distinguished: first Eleanor, then Humphrey, then Suffolk, then Lord Say, and finally Somerset are impugned, attainted, and done away with, as the barriers between King Henry and the raw malice of York one by one come down. Successive objects of blame for the loss of France—Humphrey by the peers, York by Somerset and Suffolk, Suffolk by Warwick, Salisbury, and the commons, Say by Jack Cade and his rebels, and Salisbury by York—suggest the harried administration of a losing enterprise firing manager after manager. And all comes about through the "fatal marriage" of Henry with Margaret, the "haught-stomached" mannish queen of the chronicles, the amorous impatient designer of *2 Henry VI* is the bloody avenger of *3 Henry VI*, and the hideous, Cassandra of *Richard III*. As France forms the unseen

background for the historical tragedy, in Elizabethan terms, of Henry VI's reign, so France in the person of Margaret and the responsibility for mismanaging the wars forms the pretext of all the succeeding failures of the play. For the want of Anjou and Maine, Normandy is lost, for the want of Normandy, Gascony, for the want of all France, English popular solidarity and loyalty; and by all these interlocked disasters falls King Henry. France and its "blood-bespotted Neapolitan" queen lurk like a Senecan curse behind the action of *2 Henry VI*, *3 Henry VI*, and *Richard III*, a trilogy linked by themes of retribution and revenge, by generations of guilt accumulated by Lancastrians and Yorkists, until Henry Tudor can wipe clean the slate at Bosworth Field. But the triggering event of the chain, in *2 Henry VI*, is the unsuitable, expensive marriage of French Margaret with English Henry, and the hateful articles thereby concluded.

A play lives in its characters. Samuel Johnson selected from *2 Henry VI* King Henry, Queen Margaret, Warwick, and Gloucester; but there are bits as well—Peter, Eleanor, Walter Whitmore, Cade—which an actor can render memorable. At the outset of the action, a triangle of major figures—Henry, Margaret, and Humphrey—dominates our attention, Margaret and the protector vying for control of the pietistic, unworldly figurehead of a king. Now Humphrey, by sixteenth-century convention, is portrayed as charitable to a fault ("to dine at Duke Humphrey's table," an Elizabethan expression for "to go hungry," reflects the supposed self-impoverishment Gloucester's generosity drew upon himself), high-minded, confident, as Hall has it, in "his strong truth," and in "indifferent justice"—a victimized heifer or partridge, in Warwick's image, an unweaned calf, in Henry's, and a shepherd in Gloucester's own, to the lamblike king. Queen Margaret, again at Hall's suggestion, is equal in vehement ambition to the calm majesty and accustomed authority of her rival; and the traditional character of King Henry as a man "of a meek spirit, and a simple wit, preferring peace before war, rest before business, honesty before profit, and quietness before labor," is implemented by Shakespeare in scriptural terms, by larding the king's discourse with holy aphorisms, and revealing him ever more willing to comment helplessly upon an event—with eyes upraised, and hands clasped, as the adult portrait in the National Portrait Gallery depicts him—than to demand action. The interrelationship of these three main figures is never better exposed than in II.i, at the spurious miracle of cured blindness in Saint Albans. To a townsman's announcement of "A miracle!" Henry reacts immediately with full credulity: "Now God be praised," etc., and with a homely and pious *caveat*:

Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by sight his sin be multiplied. (II.i.70-71)

Gloucester, meanwhile, seasons his admiration with the skepticism of a good judge. Interrogation confirms his suspicions, and with a bit of low comedy he administers an unmasking. Now that Simpcox is revealed an impostor, the king speaks again: "O God, see'st thou this, and bearest so long?" (II.i.153). Whereas Queen Margaret, in a reflection superbly revealing of her hardening nature, comments: "It made me laugh to see the villain run" (II.i.154). Given

the king's ineffectuality, it of course falls to Gloucester to prescribe punishment; and as the case does not warrant mercy (Simpcox's wife's plea, "Alas, sir, we did it for pure need," appeals merely for pity, in a stoical sense) Gloucester's sentence is not unsevere. "By this may be seen," says Foxe, "how Duke Humphrey had not only an head to discern and diserver truth from forged and feigned hypocrisy, but study also and diligence likewise was in him to reform that which was amiss." Shakespeare has retained the main point of the *exemplum*, but simultaneously seized upon the occasion to underscore his portraits of Henry and Margaret as well.

After the elimination of Gloucester, the "crutch" of the king, our attention is shifted to those auguries of disintegration, the wrangling peers, the scheming Yorkists, pirates, and the anarchic rebels of Jack Cade. From the decorum of the first scene, a courtly reception of the new queen, to the bloody holocaust of Act V, culminating in the emergence of a new order of violent young men—York's savage sons, the "foul, indigested lump" Richard, and furious Clifford Junior—we are led by way of dissident nobles and lawless commoners to an end no better than what precedes it, but certainly less weak. After Gloucester's death the focus of characterization moves freely among the representative types of imperial decay, pausing once for a curiously affecting last interview between Margaret and the Duke of Suffolk (III.ii.300 ff.). Prior to this parting we have had little or no sympathy for either party, but in the space of a hundred lines our antagonism is severely shaken. It is a crude and unprepared reversal, perhaps, but there are few examples in the English drama before 1590 of anything at all like Shakespeare's "shading" of characterization, or of his insistence on keeping our judgment on the ultimate worth of a man suspended until the tension of the action involving him has relaxed. We have been encouraged to dislike Suffolk, but with III.ii we are not permitted to despise him; we are asked to reconsider our earlier censure of both queen and lover, and to imagine, for a moment, the action of the play, favorable and unfavorable to them, through their own eyes, as it affects them, rather than as they affect it. This is a remarkable achievement, in a somewhat primitive form, for a short unexpected exchange. Analogous to it perhaps is the pity evoked in us by the sight of Eleanor humbled—we may think of Kent in the stocks or the dead Hotspur—or our grudging admiration for the impolitic and noble arrogance with which Suffolk meets his end; but these are simpler dramatic formulas.

In its own time, and possibly in ours, the main attraction of the play as staged may well have been the comical prose scenes of Cade's rebellion. Action is not lacking in *2 Henry VI*, nor spectacle, what with witchcraft, trial by combat, a false miracle, alarums and excursions, and the excitement generated by York's open defiance and Gloucester's bristling temper against Beaufort's; but the Cade scenes bring to the stage as well an element, especially trenchant for Elizabethans, of sociopolitical commentary. Shakespeare's audiences were accustomed to read into plays on past history lessons for the present, and indeed contemporary playwrights were not blind to the implications their histories raised. *Gorboduc* warned of the evils of dividing a kingdom; *Richard II* of the hazards of weak kingship (after Essex' rebellion in 1601, and the ill-advised performance of *Richard II* on the eve of the uprising, the

queen angrily remarked to William Lambarde, "I am Richard II, know ye not that?"); and *2 Henry VI* contains an action if anything more provocative than either of those. Presupposing a popular audience to watch a play dealing with popular revolt—one in particular in which the rabble bears all before it for some time—and considering that London in the early 1590's was racked by insubordination and riot, one may imagine how determined the authorities might be to assure themselves that no matter or opinion expressed in such a scene of such a play be "dangerous," and to be certain that any moral extrapolated from the conclusion be perfectly in accord with law, order, and the present regime. Thus episodes like Cade's rebellion and the rising of the masses in *Sir Thomas More*, putatively revised by Shakespeare himself, were composed under strict scrutiny, and carefully reviewed by the Master of the Revels or his staff before production could be permitted. Change a scene, omit a scene, and shorten an address, "and not otherwise, at your own perils," warns Edmund Tilney in his holograph comment extant on the manuscript of *Sir Thomas More*: the recommendations of the authorities are specific, censorious, and peremptory.

Nothing in Shakespeare's career or works suggests that he might find conscientious compliance with such strictures difficult. In fact the implicit conservatism of his political attitudes, so far as we can isolate them (a dangerous attempt, when speech and character must sometimes be separated), made him ideal for the job of rewriting a questioned passage of *More*, and evidently quite at ease in the matter of Cade. In line either with official policy, or his own predilections, or both, Shakespeare's Cade scarcely resembles the "youngman of goodly stature and pregnant wit," the "subtle captain," and audacious field-general Hall portrays; rather he stands for rampant ignorance, executing a clerk for his ability to read and write, and Lord Say, as much as for anything, for his cultural accomplishment—whereas Hall's Cade took advantage of sophisticated doctrine, "teachers," and "privy school-masters" to suborn the men of Kent to his side in the struggle, and was witty enough to perceive the "dilatatory plea" of Lord Say, to be tried by his peers—rather than anxious to kill him before his words might win away followers. True, in his curious fashion Hall does give a conflicting impression of Cade—as "covetous," a "mischievous head," and "a cruel tyrant"—almost in counterpoint with his more respectful estimate, but Shakespeare unquestionably was in command of information about Cade's nature which he chose not to use. Likewise, the character of Lord Say, which in Hall is made shifty and not a little cowardly, in Shakespeare is held up as maligned virtue and honesty personified, a very test case of Cade's anarchic administration, urging us to particular repugnance toward civil disobedience. And for reasons, at last, of leaving no loophole in the morality of rebellion, Shakespeare has also introduced the otherwise gratuitous episode of Iden's garden, a scene which well may bear cutting in a modern production. Iden himself remains an annoyingly loose end among disparate new faces in the last act: the man who pronounces himself loath to "live turmoiled in the court" when he "may enjoy such quiet walks as these" in Kent (IV.x.17–18) seems within a few lines overjoyed to attend henceforth on King Henry at court: "May Iden live to merit such a bounty!"

"As narratives in verse," sums up Dr. Johnson, the *Henry VI* plays "are more happily conceived and more accurately finished than those of *King John*, *Richard II*, or the tragic scenes of *Henry IV* and *V*"—this "without regard to characters and incidents," in which they presumably are deficient; and of the three, adds Johnson, "I think the second the best." Taste since 1765 has perhaps downgraded the *Henry VI* plays, and scholarship has fastened so firmly on the bibliographical labyrinths they offer to explore that seldom are they spoken of as literature, hence seldom staged, and hence seldom read. But it is almost fair to assert that the least of Shakespeare is better than all but the best of his early theatrical contemporaries, and *2 Henry VI*—a little clumsy and uneven, but fresh, and at times brilliant—deserves nowadays more than its canonical or compulsive moiety of readership.

A NOTE ON THE DATE AND SOURCES

The Date. Despite the consecutive titles provided by the Folio editors for *Henry VI, Parts One, Two, and Three*, it is probable that *2 and 3 Henry VI* originally constituted a two-part play, and that *1 Henry VI* had an independent conception and existence in the contemporary repertory. Early quartos (see A Note on the Text, below) designated *2 Henry VI* as *The First Part of the Contention between the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster*, and *3 Henry VI* as *The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York*; and subsequently a piratical quarto of 1619 combined the two (still ignoring *1 Henry VI*) as *The Whole Contention*.

Scholarly opinion, however, is divided on the question of precedence: did the composition proceed chronologically, with *1 Henry VI* first, followed by a double play on subsequent events, or was *1 Henry VI*, with its emphasis on action and adventure, worked up *after 2 and 3 Henry VI*, to capitalize upon their evident popularity? Certain inconsistencies of plot and characterization suggest, if anything, the latter alternative—much as *The First Part of Jeronimo*, or "Spain's Comedy," evidently postdated the immensely popular *Spanish Tragedy* of Thomas Kyd—but all we can be moderately sure of is that the three parts do not constitute an intentional trilogy. And as it is not certain that *1 Henry VI* preceded the two-part play, we can accept as established that *2 Henry VI* is the earliest definitely datable play of Shakespeare and, as such, a monument of precocious accomplishment.

Because of Robert Greene's attack (September, 1592) on the new actor-playwright Shakespeare (see the General Introduction, pp. 2–3), playing on a phrase of *3 Henry VI*, and our knowledge of a plague inhibition during the summer, we can date the composition and performance of *2 and 3 Henry VI* earlier than June 23, 1592. The publication of the second edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles* (1587) may provide an early limit of date; but apparent echoes of *3 Henry VI* in an especially allusive history play, *The Troublesome Reign of King John* (published 1591), tend to set back the date of *2 and 3 Henry VI* to 1591 or 1590 or even earlier. Hence, whether *1 Henry VI* or *2 and 3 Henry VI* are what Henslowe terms "harey the vi" in March, 1592, has little effect on our dating estimate of *2 and 3 Henry VI*; 1590–91 is a good enough guess, and possibly

thus renders *2 Henry VI* the earliest known “modern” play concerned primarily with English history.

The Sources. Shakespeare’s main source appears to have been either the York-Lancaster chronicle of Edward Hall (1542; 1548; 1550), or of Hall’s publisher Richard Grafton (*A Chronicle at Large*, 1569), which are often indistinguishable, due to Grafton’s cheerful and extensive plagiarism of his predecessors. Raphael Holinshed’s *Chronicles* (second edition, 1587), which Shakespeare certainly knew, may also have contributed some supplementary matter, or transmitted portions of Hall’s text (for like Grafton, Holinshed borrowed liberally and literally). The story of Simpcox appears first in Sir Thomas More’s *Dialogue . . . of the Veneration and Worship of Images* (1529), subsequently in Grafton, but is also to be found in the extremely popular *Acts and Monuments* of the martyrologist John Foxe (1563; 1570; 1576; 1583; quoted here from the 1583 edition). Traces of Robert Fabyan’s *Chronicle* (1516 *et seq.*), the versified *Mirror for Magistrates* (1559 edition, for the death of Suffolk), and John Hardyng’s verse *Chronicle* (1543, another of Grafton’s “sources”) may or may not be identifiable in Shakespeare’s text; but the primary original, in one form or another, remains Hall (see Lucille King, “The Use of Hall’s Chronicles in the Folio and Quarto Texts of *Henry VI*,” *Philological Quarterly*, XIII [1934], 321–32).

A most interesting analogue to the Cade scenes is found in the supposedly Shakespearean revision of Anthony Munday’s *Sir Thomas More* (?1593–?1601), a play surviving only in manuscript, crabbed and partially defective, and unpublished until 1844. A passage involving rebellious commoners and a paternalistic, “reasonable” More has frequently been ascribed to Shakespeare on stylistic and paleographic grounds, many scholars considering this scrap of manuscript to be holograph, and the only extant specimen, thus, save signatures, of Shakespeare’s own handwriting. (For a summary of the controversy, see R. C. Bald, “The Booke of *Sir Thomas More* and Its Problems,” *Shakespeare Survey* 2 [1949], pp. 44–61.) Only in the Cade sequence of *2 Henry VI* and in *Sir Thomas More*, if indeed both are his work, did Shakespeare treat at large the issues raised by popular insurrection—a most ticklish subject for any playwright to explore (as the heavy censorship of *More* testifies), and one most topical in the disturbed early 1590’s. The political point of view, at once conservative and considerate, inherent in More’s pacification of the unruly mob and in the Cade episodes of *Henry VI* seems suggestively consistent.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

In 1594 appeared an anonymous quarto (Q) entitled “THE/First part of the Con-/tention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke/and Lancaster, with the death of the good/Duke Humphrey:/And the banishment and death of the Duke of/Suffolke, and the Tragickall end of the proud Cardinall/of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion/of Iacke Cade:/And the Duke of Yorkes first claime unto the/Crowne,” consisting of some 2200 lines which parallel closely and occasionally match the 1623 Folio (F) text of *2 Henry VI*. Considered as an independent play, Q is shorter, cruder, and vastly inferior in language

and characterization to F, but its relationship to the “finished” work offers an interesting problem. As early as 1734 it was theorized, by Lewis Theobald, that Q represents a primitive version of the play later revised by Shakespeare and published. In 1787 Edmond Malone, taking Greene’s famous slur on the “upstart crow” (see the General Introduction, pp. 2–3) to imply plagiarism on Shakespeare’s part, suggested that Greene, and Peele, or possibly (1821) Marlowe, were the original authors of *The Contention* and its companion piece, *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke* (1595), which bears a similar relation to *3 Henry VI*.

In the late 1920’s, however, with the studies of Peter Alexander (*Shakespeare’s Henry VI and Richard III*, 1929) and Madeleine Doran (*Henry VI*, 1928), a different explanation was advanced: that Q is actually a mutilated and wholly derivative “bad” version of the “good” text preserved in the Folio; that it derives, like many other unauthorized Elizabethan quartos, from a memorial reconstruction of the acted play—possibly by the bit-player who took the parts of the Armorer, the Spirit, the Mayor, Vaux, and Scales. In support of this explanation it has been shown that Q contains frequent echoes of unrelated contemporary plays such as Marlowe’s *Edward II*, and *Arden of Feversham*, as if the “reporter” who furnished the copy to the typesetter were fleshing out what he had memorized imperfectly with scraps of the rest of his reportory. The F text is relatively free of such contaminations.

Some modern scholars (Feuillerat, Prouty, J. D. Wilson) argue for a return to the “revision” theory, but the consensus opposes them. Good summaries of the conflicting evidence, and a discussion of the complications compounded by the third quarto (1619) of *The Contention*, may be found in G. B. Evans’ review of Prouty’s “*The Contention*” and Shakespeare’s “*2 Henry VI*” (*JEGP*, LIII [1954], 628–37) and J. G. McManaway, “*The Contention* and *2 Henry VI*,” *Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie*, LXV (1957), 143–54.

As a “bad” quarto, the textual utility of Q is slight, except in its stage directions, which are frequently fuller than those of F (for example, I.i.51 s.d., which occurs only in Q). In some passages, however (for example, II.i.124 ff., II.iii.58 s.d. ff.), the F editors appear to have used slices of Q as printer’s copy, possibly when the holograph script they employed primarily was defective or illegible; and in such instances the F text is likely to be mediocre, or misaligned (I.i.62–63), and Q readings may be preferable. Basically the copy for F seems to have been an author’s manuscript or “foul papers,” but there is evidence as well of a theatrical bookkeeper’s interpolations and cuts.

This edition follows F except where indicated in the following; stage directions derived from Q are so designated. Editorial additions are set off in square brackets; spelling, punctuation, and capitalization have been modernized; and names in speech prefixes and stage directions (for example, Duke Humphrey *alias* Gloucester, Winchester *alias* Beaufort *alias* Cardinal) regularized. In a few instances verse has been slightly rearranged. The following list of significant departures from F gives the reading of the present text in boldface, followed by a bracketed [Q] if the quarto provides the reading, and the F text, *literatim*, in roman.

I.i.s.d. Enter . . . Warwick [Q] Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and Beauford on the one side. The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other **51 s.d.** [Q] F omits **57** duchies [Q gives "Duches"] Dutchesse **62-63 create thee/First** [Q] create thee the first **72 s.d. Gloucester . . . rest** [Q] Manet the rest **91 had** hath **176 protector** [Q] Protectors **249 surfeit in the** surfetting in **254 in** [Q] in in **I.ii.60 s.d.** follows line 59 [F, Q] **69 s.d. Hum** [Q and chronicles] Hume
I.iii.13 For To 31 That . . . was? That my Mistresse was? **32 usurer** Vsurper **33-34** [Q] F omits **102 s.d. Sound** Exit. Sound **102 s.d. Enter . . . Winchester** [Q] Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwicke, and the Duchesse **144 I'd** [Q] I could **152 fury** Fume
I.iv.25 Asnath Asmath **36-38** Q prints as prose; probably a corruption of original octosyllabic couplets **41 s.d. He . . . again** [Q] Exit Spirit **53 s.d.** [Q] F omits **62-63 Aio . . . posse** Aio Aeacida Romanos vincere posso **70-71 hard . . . understood** [Hibbard conj.] hardly attain'd,/And hardly vnderstood
II.i.s.d. with . . . fist [Q] F omits **25-26 Good . . . holiness?** [Cairncross conj.] Good Vnkle hide such mallice:/With such Holynesse can you doe it? **30 lord protectorship** Lords Protectorship **39-40** between these lines Q inserts the following: "*Humphrey*. Dare. I tell thee Priest, Plantagenets could neuer brooke the dare./*Card*. I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonne to Iohn of Gaunt./*Humph*. In Bastardie./*Cardin*. I scorne thy words" **46-48** F gives all these lines to Gloucester **71 by sight** by his sight **91 Simpcox** Symon **107 Alban** Albones **125-32** Q gives as prose; F, following the text of Q, aligns haphazardly as verse **130 his** [Q] it **140-51** here F again follows the Q copy, which is aligned roughly as verse, yet prints these lines as prose. Probably they were verse originally, but so corrupt now that no plausible restoration of arrangement can be attempted
II.ii.35 Philippa Phillip **47 son, the son** Sonnes Sonne **50 Philippa** Phillip
II.iii.s.d. Enter . . . Warwick [Q] Enter the King and State, with Guard, to banish the Duchesse **3 sins** sinne **66 i' faith** I'll [Q] yfaith, and Ile **69 afeared** [Q] afraid **70-72 Second Prentice . . . a quart for me** [Q] F omits; and as F provides only two prentices, Second Prentice speaks the line here given to Third Prentice **75-77 I thank . . . my apron** [Q] I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray you, for I thinke I haue taken my last Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, and if I dye, I giue thee my Aporne; and *Will*, thou shalt haue my Hammer **88-93 Here's . . . Ascapart** [Q] Masters, I am come hither as it were vpon my Mans instigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my selfe an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore *Peter* haue at thee with a downe-right blow **95 s.d.** [Q] F omits
II.iv.16 s.d. Enter . . . halberds [Q] Enter the Duchesse in a

white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sherife and Officers **73 s.d.** [Q] F omits

III.i.222 s.d. Exit . . . Warwick [Q] Exit

III.ii.s.d. Enter . . . Gloucester [F] Here Q actually stages the murder on the inner stage, where Gloucester's body, concealed by curtains, remains throughout the scene: "Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke *Humphrey* is discouered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of *Suffolke* to them." But the F stage directions here, and at III.ii.148 below, appear to intend eliminating this use of the inner stage: thus "Bed put forth" rather than "*Warwicke* drawes the curtaines and shoves Duke *Humphrey* in his bed," and the lines of explanatory dialogue (III.ii.1-4) not found in Q. The Q staging, however, seems more efficient and theatrical, and has been partially retained in this text **14 s.d. Buckingham** [Q] Suffolke **26 Meg Nell** **79 Margaret** Elianor **100 Margaret** Elianor **116 witch** watch **120 Margaret** Elinor **121 s.d. Salisbury** [Q] F omits **148 s.d. Warwick . . . bed** [Q] Bed put forth [following line 146 in F] **202 s.d. Exit Cardinal** [Q] F omits **265 whe'r** where **288 s.d. Exit Salisbury** [Q] F omits **299 Exit . . . Suffolk** [Q] Exit **366 to no** **409 s.d. She kisseth him** [Q] F omits **413 s.d. Exit Suffolk . . . Exit Queen** [Q] Exeunt [follows 413 in F]

III.iii.s.d. and then . . . mad [Q] to the Cardinal in bed [for the III.ii.s.d. discrepancy compare above] **10 whe'r** [Q whether] where **28 s.d. The Cardinal dies** [Q] F omits

IV.i.s.d. And then . . . Whitmore [Q with emendation from "Captaine" to "Lieutenant"] Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others **6 Clip** Cleape **48 Jove . . . I** [Q] F omits **50 Obscure . . . blood** F assigns this line to the Lieutenant; Q to Suffolk **70 Poole . . . Poole** [Q] Lieu[tenant]. Poole, Sir Poole? Lord **77 shalt** shall **85 mother's bleeding** Mother-bleeding **93 are** and **113 Ay . . . soon** [Q] F omits **116 Whitmore** Lieu. Water: W **117 Pene** Pine **132 Come . . . can** F assigns to the Lieutenant

IV.ii.37 fall faile **85 Chatham** [Q Chattam] Chartam **102 an a**
IV.iv.24 wouldst would'st **58 be betrayed** betraid

IV.v.2-6 No . . . rebels F and Q print as verse

IV.vi.s.d. sword [Q] staffe **9 Smith** But[cher] [i.e., Dick]

IV.vii.26 serge Surge **47 on** [Q] in **71 But** Kent **91 caudle** Candle

IV.viii.13 rebel rabble **65 s.d. He . . . away** [Q] Exit

IV.ix.33 calmed calme

IV.x.21 waning warning **27 Ah a** **59 God** [Q] Ioue **60 s.d. They . . . down** [Q] Heere they Fight

V.i.109 these thee **111 sons** sonne **113 for** of **122 s.d. and his son** [Q] F omits **124 s.d. (Kneels to King.)** [Q] F omits **194 or** and

V.ii.27 s.d. Alarums . . . Clifford [Q] F omits **28 œuvres** eumenes **30 s.d. Exit York** [Q] F omits **65 s.d. Exit . . . father** [Q] F omits **65 s.d. Enter . . . Albans** [Q] Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight **71 s.d. Exit** [Q] F omits

V.iii.15 Now . . . today F assigns to Salisbury



THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

[Dramatis Personae

KING HENRY THE SIXTH
 HUMPHREY *Duke of Gloucester, uncle to the king,
 and Protector*
 CARDINAL BEAUFORT *Bishop of Winchester,
 great-uncle to the king*
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET *Duke of York*
 EDWARD
 RICHARD *afterward Richard III* } *his sons*
 DUKE OF SOMERSET
 HUMPHREY *Duke of Buckingham*
 WILLIAM DE LA POLE *Marquess, afterward
 Duke, of Suffolk*
 EARL OF SALISBURY
 RICHARD *Earl of Warwick, his son*
 LORD CLIFFORD
 YOUNG CLIFFORD *his son*
 LORD SAY
 LORD SCALES
 SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD
 SIR WILLIAM STAFFORD *his brother*
 SIR JOHN STANLEY
 SIR MATTHEW GOFFE
 VAUX
 LIEUTENANT
 MASTER
 MASTER'S MATE
 WALTER WHITMORE

TWO GENTLEMEN *prisoners with Suffolk*
 JOHN HUM
 JOHN SOUTHWELL } *priests*
 ROGER BOLINGBROKE *a conjuror*
 A SPIRIT
 THOMAS HORNER *an armorer*
 PETER THUMP *his apprentice*
 MAYOR OF SAINT ALBANS
 CLERK OF CHATHAM
 ALEXANDER IDEN *a Kentish landowner*
 SAUNDER SIMPCOX *an impostor*
 JACK CADE
 GEORGE BEVIS
 JOHN HOLLAND
 DICK THE BUTCHER } *followers of Cade*
 SMITH THE WEAVER
 MICHAEL
 TWO MURDERERS
 QUEEN MARGARET
 ELEANOR *Duchess of Gloucester*
 MARGERY JOURDAIN *a witch*
 WIFE OF SIMPCOX
 TWO PETITIONERS BEADLE HERALD
 SHERIFF ALDERMEN THREE NEIGHBORS
 OF HORNER THREE PRENTICES
 FALCONERS CITIZENS GUARDS
 SOLDIERS MESSENGERS ATTENDANTS
 Scene: England]

A C T I

Scene I. [London. The palace.]

Flourish° of trumpets: then hautboys.° Enter at one door KING Henry the Sixth, and Humphrey, Duke of GLOUCESTER, the Duke of SOMERSET, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL Beaufort, and others. Enter at the other door the Duke of YORK, and the Marquess of SUFFOLK, and QUEEN Margaret, and the Earls of SALISBURY and WARWICK.

SUFFOLK

As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator° to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace,
So in the famous ancient city, Tours, 5
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber,° Bretagne and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend
bishops,
I have performed my task and was espoused,
And humbly now upon my bended knee, 10
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent—
The happiest° gift that ever the marquess gave, 15
The fairest queen that ever king received.

KING

Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind° kiss. O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness! 20
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

QUEEN

Great King of England and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference° that my mind hath had, 25
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company or at my beads,
With you mine alderliest° sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit° affords 30
And overjoy of heart doth minister.°

KING

Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Her words yclad° with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wond'ring fall to weeping joys,
Such is the fullness of my heart's content. 35
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

ALL (Kneel.)

Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

The decorative border on page 152 appeared on the first page of 2 Henry VI in The Whole Contention between the Two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke, 1619.

I.i.s.d. **Flourish** fanfare; **hautboys** oboes **3 procurator** deputy **7 Calaber** location uncertain, but evidently not Calabria **15 happiest** most fortunate **18-19 kinder** . . . **kind** more natural . . . affectionate **25 mutual conference** intimate conversation **28 alderliest** dearest of all **30 wit** intelligence, understanding **31 minister** provide **33 yclad** clad (archaic)

QUEEN

We thank you all.

Flourish.

SUFFOLK

My Lord Protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace 40
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

GLOUCESTER (Reads.)

"Imprimis,° It is agreed between the French king
Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk,
ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said 45
Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto
Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and
crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May
next ensuing. Item, That the duchy of Anjou and the
county of Maine shall be released and delivered to 50
the king her father"—

GLOUCESTER *lets it fall.*

10 KING

Uncle, how now?

GLOUCESTER Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimmed mine eyes, that I can read no further.

15 KING

Uncle of Winchester, I pray read on. 55

CARDINAL [Reads.]

"Item, It is further agreed between them, that the
duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and
delivered over to the king her father, and she sent
over of the King of England's own proper° cost and
charges, without having any dowry." 60

KING

They please us well.
Lord Marquess, kneel down: we here create thee
First Duke of Suffolk, and girt thee with the sword.
Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace 65
From being regent i' th' parts of France,
Till term of eighteen months be full expired.
Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloucester, York,
Buckingham, Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favor done, 70
In entertainment° to my princely queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be performed.

*Exit KING, QUEEN, and SUFFOLK; and
GLOUCESTER stays all the rest.*

35 GLOUCESTER

Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief—
Your grief, the common grief of all the land. 75
What! Did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valor, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?° 80

43 Imprimis in the first place **59 proper** personal **70 entertainment** welcome **80 inheritance** by his marriage with Katherine of Valois (see *Henry V*, V.ii.333)

And did my brother Bedford^o toil his wits,
 To keep by policy^o what Henry got?
 Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
 Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
 Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
 Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
 With all the learnèd council^o of the realm,
 Studied so long, sat in the council house
 Early and late, debating to and fro
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
 And had his highness in his infancy
 Crownèd in Paris in despite of foes?
 And shall these labors and these honors die?
 Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
 Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
 O peers of England, shameful is this league!
 Fatal this marriage, canceling your fame,
 Blotting your names from books of memory,
 Razing the characters^o of your renown,
 Defacing monuments of conquered France,
 Undoing all, as all had never been.

CARDINAL

Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
 This peroration with such circumstance?^o
 For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

GLOUCESTER

Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
 But now it is impossible we should.
 Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,^o
 Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
 Unto the poor Reignier, whose large style
 Agrees^o not with the leanness of his purse.

SALISBURY

Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
 These counties were the keys of Normandy!
 But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

WARWICK

For grief that they are past recovery:
 For, were there hope to conquer them again,
 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
 Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
 Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
 And are the cities that I got with wounds
 Delivered up again with peaceful words?
 Mort Dieu!^o

YORK

For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate
 That dims the honor of this warlike isle!
 France should have torn and rent my very heart
 Before I would have yielded to this league.
 I never read but England's kings have had
 Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;
 And our King Henry gives away his own,
 To match with her that brings no vantages.^o

GLOUCESTER

A proper jest, and never heard before,

81 Bedford John, Duke of Bedford, the second of Henry IV's three sons **82 policy** political craft, statesmanship **87 council** the privy council **99 Razing the characters** effacing the written letters **103 peroration . . . circumstance** rhetorical discourse with so many details or illustrations **107 rules the roast** domineers (from the proverbial expression "to rule the roast after one's own diet") **110 Agrees** accords **121 Mort Dieu** By God's death! **129 vantages** profit

That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth^o
 For costs and charges in transporting her!
 She should have stayed in France, and sterved^o in
 France,
 Before—

CARDINAL

My Lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot: 135
 It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

GLOUCESTER

My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
 'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
 But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
 Rancor will out: proud prelate, in thy face 140
 I see thy fury. If I longer stay,
 We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
 Lordings, farewell, and say, when I am gone,
 I prophesied France will be lost ere long.

Exit GLOUCESTER.

CARDINAL

So, there goes our protector in a rage. 145
 'Tis known to you he is mine enemy—
 Nay more, an enemy unto you all,
 And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
 Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
 And heir apparent to the English crown: 150
 Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
 There's reason he should be displeased at it.
 Look to it, lords: let not his smoothing words
 Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect. 155
 What though the common people favor him,
 Calling him "Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,"
 Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
 "Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"
 With "God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!" 160
 I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
 He will be found a dangerous protector.

BUCKINGHAM

Why should he then protect our sovereign,
 He being of age to govern of himself?
 Cousin of Somerset, join you with me, 165
 And altogether with the Duke of Suffolk,
 We'll quickly hoise^o Duke Humphrey from his seat.

CARDINAL

This weighty business will not brook^o delay;
 I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.^o

Exit CARDINAL.

SOMERSET

Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride 170
 And greatness of his place^o be grief to us,
 Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal.
 His insolence is more intolerable
 Than all the princes' in the land beside.
 If Gloucester be displaced, he'll be protector. 175

BUCKINGHAM

Or thou or^o I, Somerset, will be protector,
 Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

Exit BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.

131 fifteenth tax of one-fifteenth part levied on property
133 sterved (1) died (2) starved **167 hoise** hoist **168 brook**
 tolerate **169 presently** immediately **171 place** position
176 Or thou or either thou or

SALISBURY

Pride went before, ambition follows him.
 While these do labor for their own preferment,
 Behoves° it us to labor for the realm. 180
 I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester
 Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
 Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
 More like a soldier than a man o' th' church,
 As stout° and proud as he were lord of all, 185
 Swear like a ruffian and demean himself
 Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.
 Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
 Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,°
 Hath won the greatest favor of the commons, 190
 Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:
 And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
 In bringing them to civil discipline,
 Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
 When thou wert regent for our sovereign, 195
 Have made thee feared and honored of the people:
 Join we together for the public good,
 In what we can, to bridle and suppress
 The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
 With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition; 200
 And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
 While they do tend° the profit of the land.

WARWICK

So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
 And common profit of his country!

YORK

And so says York—[*aside*] for he hath greatest cause. 205

SALISBURY

Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.°

WARWICK

Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost,
 That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,
 And would have kept so long as breath did last!
 Main chance, father, you meant, but I meant Maine, 210
 Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

Exit WARWICK and SALISBURY; manet° YORK.

YORK

Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
 Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
 Stands on a tickle point° now° they are gone:
 Suffolk concluded on the articles, 215
 The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased
 To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
 I cannot blame them all—what is't to them?
 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
 Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,° 220
 And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
 Still reveling like lords till all be gone;
 While as the silly° owner of the goods
 Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands,
 And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof, 225
 While all is shared and all is borne away,
 Ready to sterve and dare not touch his own:

So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
 While his own lands are bargained for and sold.
 Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland 230
 Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
 As did the fatal brand Althaea° burned
 Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.°
 Anjou and Maine both given unto the French?
 Cold news for me, for I had hope of France, 235
 Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
 A day will come when York shall claim his own;
 And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts
 And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown, 240
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
 Nor shall proud Lancaster° usurp my right,
 Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
 Whose churchlike humors° fits not for a crown. 245
 Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
 Watch thou and wake, when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the state;
 Till Henry surfeit in the joys of love
 With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen, 250
 And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:°
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed,
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster; 255
 And, force perforce,° I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish° rule hath pulled fair England down.

Exit YORK.

[Scene II. The Duke of Gloucester's house.]

Enter GLOUCESTER and his wife [DUCHESS] Eleanor.

DUCHESS

Why droops my lord, like overripened corn
 Hanging the head at Ceres'° plenteous load?
 Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favors of the world?
 Why are thine eyes fixed to the sullen° earth, 5
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
 What sec'st thou there? King Henry's diadem,
 Enchased° with all the honors of the world?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same. 10
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
 What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
 And, having both together heaved it up,
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
 And never more abase our sight so low 15
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

232 **Althaea** Althaea caused the death of her son, Meleager, Prince of Calydon, by temperamentally burning a brand (log) upon which the Fates had told her his life would depend 233 **prince's** . . . **Calydon** the Prince of Calydon's heart 242 **Lancaster** Henry VI 245 **humors** temperament 251 **at jars** to quarreling 256 **force perforce** willy-nilly 257 **bookish** scholarly (i.e., inactive) I.ii.2 **Ceres** the goddess of the harvest 5 **sullen** dull 8 **Enchased** adorned

180 **Behoves** behooves 185 **stout** fierce, arrogant 189 **house-keeping** hospitality 202 **tend** foster 206 **main** main chance (a gambling term for the most important thing at stake) 211 **s.d.** **manet** remains (Latin) 214 **on** . . . **point** in an unstable position; **now** now that 220 **make** . . . **pillage** squander recklessly what they steal 223 **silly** pitiful

GLOUCESTER

O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dreams this night^o doth make me sad.

DUCHESS

What dreamed my lord? Tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.^o

GLOUCESTER

Methought this staff, mine office badge in court,
Was broke in twain: by whom, I have forgot,
But as I think, it was by th' cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.

DUCHESS

Tut, this was nothing but an argument
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens were
crowned;
Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneeled to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

GLOUCESTER

Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, beloved of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering^o treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honor to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more!

DUCHESS

What, what, my lord! Are you so choleric^o
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be checked.

GLOUCESTER

Nay, be not angry; I am pleased again.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

My Lord Protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
Where as^o the king and queen do mean to hawk.^o

GLOUCESTER

I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

DUCHESS

Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.^o

Exit GLOUCESTER [and MESSENGER].

22 **this night** last night 24 **morning's dream** morning dreams
were reputed true 47 **hammering** devising 51 **choleric**
angry 58 **Where as** where; **hawk** hunt with hawks 60
presently immediately

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,^o
I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there, Sir John? Nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUM.

HUM

Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

DUCHESS

What say'st thou, "majesty"? I am but grace.

HUM

But, by the grace of God, and Hum's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.^o

DUCHESS

What say'st thou, man? Hast thou as yet conferred
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjuror?
And will they undertake to do me good?

HUM

This they have promised, to show your highness
A spirit raised from depth of underground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

DUCHESS

It is enough: I'll think upon the questions.
When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hum, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

Exit [DUCHESS] Eleanor.

HUM

Hum must make merry with the duchess' gold;
Marry,^o and shall. But how now, Sir John Hum!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:
The business asketh^o silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast^o—
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk.
Yet I do find it so—for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humor,^o
Have hired me to undermine the duchess
And buzz these conjurations^o in her brain.
They say, "A crafty knave does need no broker";
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.^o
Hum, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last
Hum's knavery will be the duchess' wrack,^o
And her attainure^o will be Humphrey's fall.
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. *Exit.*

63 **next of blood** the successor to the crown, if Henry VI dies
without issue 73 **Your . . . multiplied** a play on I Peter
1:2, "Grace and peace be multiplied unto you" 88 **Marry** a
mild oath, from "By the Virgin Mary" 90 **asketh** requires
93 **coast** quarter 97 **humor** temperament 99 **conjurations**
incantations 101 **broker** agent, go-between 105 **wrack** ruin
106 **attainure** incrimination

[Scene III. *The palace.*]

Enter three or four PETITIONERS; [PETER] the armorer's man, being one.

FIRST PETITIONER My masters, let's stand close: my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.^o

SECOND PETITIONER Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man, Jesu bless him! 5

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN.

PETER Here 'a^o comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

SECOND PETITIONER Come back, fool! this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

SUFFOLK How now, fellow! wouldst anything with 10 me?

FIRST PETITIONER I pray, my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my Lord Protector.

QUEEN For my Lord Protector! Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine? 15

FIRST PETITIONER Mine is, and't please your grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's man,^o for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

SUFFOLK Thy wife too! that's some wrong, indeed. 20 What's yours? What's here? [*Reads.*] "Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons^o of Melford." How now, sir knave!

SECOND PETITIONER Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township. 25

PETER [*Giving his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

QUEEN What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown? 30

PETER That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurper.

QUEEN An usurper, thou wouldst say.

PETER Ay, forsooth, an usurper.

SUFFOLK Who is there? (*Enter SERVANT.*) Take this 35 fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant^o presently. We'll hear more of your matter before the king. *Exit [SERVANT, with PETER].*

QUEEN And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace, 40 Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

Tear[s] the supplication.

Away, base cullions!^o Suffolk, let them go.

ALL Come, let's be gone. *Exit.*

QUEEN My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,^o 45 Is this the fashions in the court of England? Is this the government of Britain's isle, And this the royalty of Albion's^o king?

What! Shall King Henry be a pupil still Under the surly Gloucester's governance? Am I a queen in title and in style,^o 50 And must be made a subject to a duke? I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours Thou ran'st atilt^o in honor of my love And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France, I thought King Henry had resembled thee 55 In courage, courtship, and proportion:^o But all his mind is bent to holiness, To number Ave-Maries on his beads;^o His champions^o are the prophets and apostles, His weapons holy saws^o of sacred writ, 60 His study is his tilt yard, and his loves Are brazen images of canonized saints. I would the college of the cardinals Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome, And set the triple crown^o upon his head: 65 That were a state fit for his holiness.

SUFFOLK

Madam, be patient: as I was cause Your highness came to England, so will I In England work your grace's full content.

QUEEN

Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort 70 The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham, And grumbling York; and not the least of these But can do more in England than the king.

SUFFOLK

And he of these that can do most of all Cannot do more in England than the Nevils: 75 Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

QUEEN

Not all these lords do vex me half so much As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife: She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies, 80 More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife. Strangers^o in court do take her for the queen: She bears a duke's revenues on her back, And in her heart she scorns our poverty. Shall I not live to be avenged on her? Contemptuous^o base-born callet^o as she is, 85 She vaunted 'mongst her minions^o t' other day, The very train of her worst wearing gown Was better worth than all my father's lands, Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

SUFFOLK

Madam, myself have limed a bush^o for her, 90 And placed a quire^o of such enticing birds That she will light to listen to the lays,^o And never mount to trouble you again. So let her rest: and, madam, list to me, For I am bold to counsel you in this: 95

50 style name 53 ran'st atilt competed in a tourney 56 proportion shape 58 number . . . beads say rosaries 59 champions warriors chosen to represent him (chivalric term) 60 saws maxims, platitudes 65 triple crown the papal tiara 81 Strangers foreigners 85 Contemptuous contemptible; callet trull 86 minions effeminate or female retainers (contemptuous) 90 limed a bush small birds were trapped by smearing bird lime (a sticky preparation of holly bark) over the twigs of bushes 91 quire (1) group (2) choir 92 lays songs

I.iii.3 in the quill in succession (?) 6 'a he 17 man agent, protégé 22 enclosing the commons fencing off the public pasture 36 pursuivant warrant officer 42 cullions rascals 44 guise custom 47 Albion's England's

Although we fancy not the cardinal,
 Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
 Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
 As for the Duke of York, this late complaint^o
 Will make but little for his benefit.
 So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
 And you yourself shall steer the happy^o helm.

Sound a sennet.^o Enter KING Henry, and the Duke of YORK and the Duke of SOMERSET on both sides of the KING, whispering with him; and enter GLOUCESTER, Dame [DUCHESS] Eleanor, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, the Earl of WARWICK, and the CARDINAL of Winchester.

KING

For my part, noble lords, I care not which:
 Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

YORK

If York have ill demeaned himself in France,
 Then let him be denayed^o the regentship.

SOMERSET

If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
 Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

WARWICK

Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
 Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

CARDINAL

Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

WARWICK

The cardinal's not my better in the field.

BUCKINGHAM

All in this presence are thy betters,^o Warwick.

WARWICK

Warwick may live to be the best of all.

SALISBURY

Peace, son; and show some reason, Buckingham,
 Why Somerset should be preferred in this.^o

QUEEN

Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

GLOUCESTER

Madam, the king is old enough himself
 To give his censure.^o These are no women's matters.

QUEEN

If he be old enough, what needs your grace
 To be protector of his excellence?

GLOUCESTER

Madam, I am protector of the realm,
 And at his pleasure will resign my place.

SUFFOLK

Resign it then and leave thine insolence.
 Since thou wert king—as who is king but thou?—
 The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack,
 The Dolphin^o hath prevailed beyond the seas,
 And all the peers and nobles of the realm
 Have been as bondmen^o to thy sovereignty.

CARDINAL

The commons hast thou racked; the clergy's bags
 Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

99 **this late complaint** Peter's 102 **happy** fortunate; s.d. sennet phrase on the trumpet 106 **denayed** old form of *denied* 113 **bettters** superiors in rank 116 **preferred in this** promoted to this position 119 **censure** opinion, judgment 127 **Dolphin** Dauphin, eldest son of the King of France 129 **bondmen** slaves, serfs

SOMERSET

Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire
 Have cost a mass of public treasury.

BUCKINGHAM

100 Thy cruelty in execution
 Upon offenders hath exceeded law, 135
 And left thee to the mercy of the law.

QUEEN

Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
 If they were known, as the suspect^o is great,
 Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

Exit GLOUCESTER.

[The QUEEN drops her fan.]

Give me my fan! What, minion, can ye not? 140

She gives the DUCHESS a box on the ear.

I cry you mercy,^o madam; was it you?

105

DUCHESS

Was't I! Yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
 Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
 I'd set my ten commandments in your face.^o

KING

Sweet aunt, be quiet;^o 'twas against her will.^o 145

DUCHESS

110

Against her will, good king? Look to't, in time
 She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.
 Though in this place most master^o wear no breeches,
 She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged.

Exit [DUCHESS] Eleanor.

BUCKINGHAM

Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor, 150
 And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds.
 She's tickled^o now; her fury needs no spurs,
 She'll gallop far enough to her destruction.

Exit BUCKINGHAM.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

GLOUCESTER

Now, lords, my choler being overblown
 With walking once about the quadrangle, 155
 I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
 As for your spiteful false objections,^o
 Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
 But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
 As I in duty love my king and country! 160
 But to the matter that we have in hand:
 I say, my sovereign, York is meetest^o man
 To be your regent in the realm of France.

SUFFOLK

125

Before we make election, give me leave
 To show some reason, of no little force, 165
 That York is most unmeet of any man.

YORK

I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
 First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;^o

138 **suspect** suspicion 141 **cry you mercy** beg your pardon 144 **set . . . face** mark with fingernails 145 **quiet** calm; against her will unwittingly 148 **most master** the greatest master (i.e., here the wife rules the house) 152 **tickled** provoked, touched 157 **objections** accusations 162 **meetest** most suitable 168 **for . . . pride** because I cannot entertain you sumptuously

Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge,^o money, or furniture,^o
Till France be won into the Dolphin's hands.
Last time, I danced attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieged, famished, and lost.

WARWICK
That can I witness; and a fouler fact^o
Did never traitor in the land commit.

SUFFOLK
Peace, headstrong Warwick!

WARWICK
Image^o of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter [HORNER the] armorer and [PETER] his man [both guarded].

SUFFOLK
Because here is a man accused of treason.
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

YORK
Doth anyone accuse York for^o a traitor?

KING
What mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me, what are these?

SUFFOLK
Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these: that Richard Duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

KING
Say, man, were these thy words?

HORNER And't shall please your majesty, I never said
nor thought any such matter! God is my witness, 190
I am falsely accused by the villain.

PETER By these ten bones,^o my lords, he did speak
them to me in the garret one night, as we were
scouring my Lord of York's armor.

YORK
Base dunghill villain and mechanical,^o 195
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech!
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigor of the law.

HORNER Alas, my lord, hang me if ever I spake the
words! My accuser is my prentice,^o and when I did 200
correct him for his fault^o the other day, he did vow
upon his knees he would be even with me: I have
good witness of this; therefore I beseech your majesty,
do not cast away an honest man for a villain's
accusation. 205

KING
Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

GLOUCESTER
This doom,^o my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion.^o
And let these have a day appointed them 210

For single combat,^o in convenient^o place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

SOMERSET
I humbly thank your royal majesty.

HORNER
And I accept the combat willingly. 215

175 PETER Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake,
pity my case! The spite of man prevaileth against
me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be
able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

GLOUCESTER
Sirrah,^o or you must fight, or else be hanged. 220

KING Away with them to prison; and the day of com-
bat shall be the last of the next month. Come,
Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. *Flourish; exeunt.*

[Scene IV. A garden outside Gloucester's house.
Before a tower.]

*Enter the witch [MARGERY JOURDAIN], the two
priests [HUM and SOUTHWELL], and BOLINGBROKE
[the conjuror].*

HUM Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, ex-
pects performance of your promises.

BOLINGBROKE Master Hum, we are therefore pro-
vided:^o will her ladyship behold and hear our
exorcisms?^o 5

HUM Ay, what else? Fear^o you not her courage.

BOLINGBROKE I have heard her reported to be a
woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be con-
venient, Master Hum, that you be by her aloft,
while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, 10
in God's name, and leave us. (*Exit HUM.*) Mother
Jourdain, be you prostrate and grovel on the earth;
John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter DUCHESS aloft, [HUM following].

DUCHESS Well said, my masters; and welcome all.
To this gear,^o the sooner the better. 15

BOLINGBROKE
Patience, good lady; wizards know their times.
Deep night, dark night, the silent^o of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire,
The time when screech owls cry, and ban-dogs^o howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves— 20
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise
We will make fast within a hallowed verge.^o

*Here [they] do the ceremonies belonging, and make the
circle; BOLINGBROKE or SOUTHWELL reads, "Conjuro
te, etc."^o It thunders and lightens^o terribly; then the
SPIRIT riseth.*

211 single combat a duel; convenient appropriate 220
Sirrah contemptuous term of address
I.iv.3-4 therefore provided equipped for that 5 exorcisms
ceremonies for expelling the devil (but here a malapropism
for raising the devil) 6 Fear doubt 15 gear business 17
silent silent time 19 ban-dogs fierce dogs chained up 23
hallowed verge charmed circle; s.d. Conjuro te, etc.
beginning of the incantation "I conjure you . . ."; s.d.
lightens makes lightning

171 discharge payment of what he owes; furniture equipment
(for war) 175 fact evil deed 178 Image embodiment,
epitome 181 for as 192 ten bones fingers 195 mechanical
manual laborer (i.e., drudge) 200 prentice apprentice 201
fault mistake 207 doom sentence 209 breeds suspicion
suggests doubt (of his loyalty)

SPIRIT Adsum.^o

MARGERY JOURDAIN

Asnath,^o

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask:
For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

SPIRIT

Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!

BOLINGBROKE [*Consulting a paper.*]

First of the king: what shall of him become?

SPIRIT

The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose,
But him outlive, and die a violent death.^o

[SOUTHWELL *writes out the questions and answers.*]

BOLINGBROKE

What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?

SPIRIT

By water shall he die, and take his end.

BOLINGBROKE

What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

SPIRIT

Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

BOLINGBROKE

Descend to darkness and the burning lake!
False fiend, avoid!^o

*Thunder and lightning; he sinks down again.**Enter the Duke of YORK and the Duke of BUCKINGHAM with their GUARD and break in.*

YORK

Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.
Beldam, I think we watched you at an inch.^o
What, madam, are you there? The king and com-
monweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains.^o
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdoned^o for these good deserts.

DUCHESS

Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious^o duke, that threatest where's no cause.

BUCKINGHAM

True, madam, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them! Let them be clapped up close,
And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee.

*Exit DUCHESS above [and HUM, guarded].*We'll see your trinkets^o here all forthcoming.

All, away!

Exit [MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE, with the rest of the GUARD].

24 **Adsum** here I am 25 **Asnath** obscure; possibly an anagram for *Sathan* 31-32 **The . . . death** a typically cryptic and ambiguous prophecy: either "The duke who will depose Henry is now living" or "The duke Henry will depose is now living" (see lines 62-63) 41 **avoid** go hence 43 **at an inch** closely (enough) 45 **piece of pains** masterpiece of service (ironic) 47 **guerdoned** rewarded 49 **Injurious** abusive 54 **trinkets** the conjuring apparatus, including Southwell's written record

YORK

Lord Buckingham, methinks you watched her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here?

Reads.

"The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death."

Why, this is just "Aio te Acacida,
Romanos vincere posse."^o Well, to the rest:

"Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?"

By water shall he die, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand."

Come, come, my lords, these oracles are hard,

Hardly attained, and hardly^o understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint Albans;

With him, the husband of this lovely^o lady.

Thither goes these news, as fast as horse can carry them—

A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.

BUCKINGHAM

Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post,^o in hope of his reward.

YORK

At your pleasure, my good lord. Who's within there,
ho!

Enter a SERVINGMAN.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick

To sup with me tomorrow night. Away! *Exeunt.* 80

[A C T I I]

[Scene I. *Saint Albans.*]

Enter the KING, QUEEN, with a hawk on her fist, GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL, and SUFFOLK, with FALCONERS hallooing.

QUEEN

Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,^o
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.^o

KING

But what a point,^o my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch^o she flew above the rest!

62-63 **Aio . . . posse** from Ennius, the ambiguous response of the Pythian oracle Apollo to King Pyrrhus, when Pyrrhus asked if he would conquer Rome: either "I affirm that you, descendant of Aeacus, can conquer the Romans" or "I affirm that the Romans can conquer you, etc." 70-71 **hard . . . Hardly . . . hardly** obscure . . . with difficulty . . . scarcely to be 73 **lovely** lovable 77 **post** messenger II.i.1 **at the brook** at waterfowl 4 **ten . . . out** the odds were against this hawk (the queen's?) flying 5 **point** position from which to swoop 6 **pitch** altitude

To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

SUFFOLK

No marvel, and it like your majesty,
My Lord Protector's hawks do tow'r so well:
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

GLOUCESTER

My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

CARDINAL

I thought as much: he would be above the clouds.

GLOUCESTER

Ay, my Lord Cardinal, how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

KING

The treasury of everlasting joy.

CARDINAL

Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on° a crown, the treasure of thy heart.
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it° so with king and commonweal!

GLOUCESTER

What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremp-
tory?°
Tantaene animis coelestibus irae!°
Churchmen so hot? Good uncle, can you dote,°
To hide such malice with such holiness?

SUFFOLK

No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

GLOUCESTER

As who, my lord?

SUFFOLK

Why, as you, my lord,
An't like your lordly lord protectorship.

GLOUCESTER

Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

QUEEN

And thy ambition, Gloucester.

KING

I prithee peace,
Good queen, and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessèd are the peacemakers on earth.

CARDINAL

Let me be blessèd for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

GLOUCESTER [Aside.]

Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!

CARDINAL [Aside.]

Marry, when thou dar'st.

GLOUCESTER [Aside.]

Make up no factious numbers for the matter;°
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

CARDINAL [Aside.]

Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: and if° thou
dar'st,

This evening, on the east side of the grove.

KING

How now, my lords!

CARDINAL

Believe me, cousin Gloucester,

Had not your man° put up the fowl° so suddenly, 45
We had had more sport. [Aside.] Come with thy
two-hand sword.

GLOUCESTER True, uncle.

CARDINAL [Aside.]

Are ye advised?° The east side of the grove?

GLOUCESTER [Aside.]

Cardinal, I am with you.

15 KING Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

GLOUCESTER

Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.

[Aside.]

50

Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
for this.

Or all my fence° shall fail.

20 CARDINAL [Aside.]

Medice, teipsum°—

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

KING

The winds grow high, so do your stomachs,° lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!

55

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

25 I pray, my lords, let me compound° this strife.

Enter one [TOWNSMAN] crying, "A miracle!"

GLOUCESTER

What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

[TOWNSMAN]

60

A miracle! a miracle!

30 SUFFOLK

Come to the king and tell him what miracle.

[TOWNSMAN]

Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour hath received his sight—

A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

KING

65

Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

35

Enter the MAYOR of Saint Albans and his BRETHREN,
bearing the man [Saunders SIMPCOX] between two in a
chair, [Simpcox' WIFE following].

CARDINAL

Here comes the townsmen, on° procession,
To present your highness with the man.

KING

Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by sight his sin be multiplied.°

40

70

GLOUCESTER

Stand by, my masters: bring him near the king:
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

45 **your man** disrespectfully suggests King Henry; **put . . .**
fowl flushed the game 48 **advised** agreed 52 **fence** skill
at swordplay 53 **Medice, teipsum** "Physician, [cure] thyself"
55 **stomachs** tempers 58 **compound** compose 68 **on** in
71 **Although . . . multiplied** cf. John 9:41: "If ye were
blind, ye would have no sin, but now ye say, We see: therefore
your sin remaineth"

20 **Beat on** harp on 22 **smooth'st it** flatters 23 **peremptory**
overbearing 24 **Tantaene . . . irae** *Aeneid*, I.II: "So much
anger in heavenly souls?" 25 **can you dote** are you so much
a fool (as to attempt) 40 **Make . . . matter** bring none of
your own faction into the quarrel 42 **and if**

KING

Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restored?

75

SIMPCOX

Born blind, and't please your grace.

WIFE

Ay, indeed, was he.

SUFFOLK

What woman is this?

WIFE

His wife, and't like your worship.

80

GLOUCESTER

Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better
told.

KING

Where wert thou born?

SIMPCOX

At Berwick in the north, and't like your grace.

KING

Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still° remember what the Lord hath done.

85

QUEEN

Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

SIMPCOX

God knows, of pure devotion, being called
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said, "Simpcox, come,
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

90

WIFE

Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

CARDINAL

What, art thou lame?

SIMPCOX

Ay, God Almighty help me.

95

SUFFOLK

How cam'st thou so?

SIMPCOX

A fall off of a tree.

WIFE

A plum tree, master.

GLOUCESTER

How long hast thou been blind?

SIMPCOX

O, born so, master.

GLOUCESTER

What, and wouldst climb a tree?

SIMPCOX

But that° in all my life, when I was a youth.

WIFE

Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

100

GLOUCESTER

'Mass,° thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture
so.

SIMPCOX

Alas, good master, my wife desired some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

GLOUCESTER [*Aside.*]

A subtle knave! But yet it shall not serve.

Let me see thine eyes: wink° now, now open them.

105

In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

SIMPCOX

Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.

GLOUCESTER

Say'st thou me so? What color is this cloak of?

SIMPCOX

Red, master; red as blood.

GLOUCESTER

Why, that's well said. What color is my gown of?

110

SIMPCOX

Black, forsooth, coal black, as jet.

KING

Why, then, thou know'st what color jet is of?

SUFFOLK

And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

GLOUCESTER

But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

WIFE

Never, before this day, in all his life!

115

GLOUCESTER

Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

SIMPCOX

Alas, master, I know not.

85

GLOUCESTER What's his name?

SIMPCOX I know not.

GLOUCESTER Nor his?

120

SIMPCOX

No, indeed, master.

GLOUCESTER

What's thine own name?

90

SIMPCOX

Saunder Simpcox, and if it please you, master.

GLOUCESTER Then, Saunder, sit there, the lying'st

knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,

125

thou mightst as well have known all our names as

thus to name the several colors we do wear. Sight

may distinguish of colors, but suddenly to nominate°

them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here

hath done a miracle—and would ye not think his

130

cunning to be great that could restore this cripple

to his legs again?

SIMPCOX

O master, that you could!

GLOUCESTER

My masters of Saint Albans,

Have you not beadles° in your town,

135

And things called whips?

MAYOR

Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

GLOUCESTER

Then send for one presently.

MAYOR

Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

Exit [an ATTENDANT].

GLOUCESTER Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.

140

[*They bring one.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save

yourself from whipping, leap me° over this stool

and run away.

SIMPCOX

Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:

86 still always 99 But that only once 101 'Mass by the
mass 105 wink close them

128 nominate give them names 135 beadles minor parish
officials, entrusted with keeping order in church and punishing
petty offenders 142 leap me leap for me

You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a BEADLE with whips.

GLOUCESTER Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

BEADLE I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah: off with your doublet quickly.

SIMPCOX Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

After the BEADLE hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, "A miracle!"

KING

O God, see'st thou this, and bearest so long?

QUEEN

It made me laugh to see the villain run.

GLOUCESTER

Follow the knave, and take this drab^o away.

WIFE

Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

GLOUCESTER

Let them be whipped through every market town
Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

Exit [MAYOR, BEADLE, WIFE, etc.].

CARDINAL

Duke Humphrey has done a miracle today.

SUFFOLK

True—made the lame to leap and fly away.

GLOUCESTER

But you have done more miracles than I:
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.^o

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

KING

What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

BUCKINGHAM

Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,^o
Under the countenance and confederacy^o
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practiced dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurors,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact,^o
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of^o King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

CARDINAL [*Aside.*]

And so, my Lord Protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming^o yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turned your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.^o

GLOUCESTER [*Aside.*]

Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquished all my powers;

145

And, vanquished as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

KING

O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

185

QUEEN

Gloucester, see here the tainture^o of thy nest.
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

GLOUCESTER

Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have loved my king and commonweal!
And for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honor and virtue and conversed with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonored Gloucester's honest name.

190

195

KING

Well, for this night we will repose us here:
Tomorrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.^o
Flourish. Exeunt.

200

[Scene II. London. The Duke of York's garden.]

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

YORK

Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk,^o to satisfy myself
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

5

165

SALISBURY

My lord, I long to hear it at full.

WARWICK

Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

170

YORK

Then thus:
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of
Gloucester;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who after Edward the Third's death reigned as king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,

10

15

20

155 drab where 162 You . . . fly by presenting them to the King of France 165 sort . . . bent group of worthless persons, wickedly inclined 166 countenance and confederacy patronage and participation 171 in the fact in the act 173 Demanding of inquiring about 177 forthcoming due for trial 179 hour appointment

186 tainture defilement 202-03 poise . . . prevails balance the testimony in the scales of justice to see which weighs more II.ii.3 close walk private or concealed pathway

Crowned by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she
came, 25
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously.

WARWICK

Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

YORK

Which now they hold by force and not by right: 30
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reigned.

SALISBURY

But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

YORK

The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue, Philippa, a daughter, 35
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March;
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

SALISBURY

This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown; 40
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

YORK

His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge, 45
Who was to Edmund Langley,
Edward the Third's fifth son, the son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippa, 50
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

WARWICK

What plain proceedings^o is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt, 55
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips^o of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together,
And in this private plot be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honor of his birthright to the crown.

BOTH [Kneeling.]

Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

YORK

We thank you, lords. But I am not your king 65
Till I be crowned and that my sword be stained
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be performed,
But with advice^o and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days: 70
Wink at^o the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,

At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey: 75
'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

SALISBURY

My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

WARWICK

My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick 80
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

YORK

And, Nevil, this I do assure myself:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king. *Exeunt.*

[Scene III. A hall of justice.]

Sound trumpets. Enter KING Henry, and the QUEEN,
GLOUCESTER, the Duke of SUFFOLK, and the Duke
of BUCKINGHAM, the CARDINAL, and the DUCHESS
of Gloucester, [MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUM, SOUTH-
WELL, and BOLINGBROKE,] led with the OFFICERS;
and then enter to them the Duke of YORK and the Earls
of SALISBURY and WARWICK.

KING

Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's
wife.

45

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.^o
You four, from hence to prison back again; 5
From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield^o shall be burnt to ashes, 50
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honor in your life, 10
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

DUCHESS

Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.

GLOUCESTER

60

Eleanor, the law thou see'st hath judgèd thee: 15
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.
[*Exeunt the DUCHESS and the
other PRISONERS, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonor in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go; 20
Sorrow would^o solace, and mine age would ease.

KING

65

Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester: ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lanthorn^o to my feet. 25

54 proceedings order of events (in the pedigree) 59 slips
shoots, cuttings 69 advice deliberation 71 Wink at close
your eyes to

II.iii.4 God's . . . death Exodus 22:18: "Thou shalt not
suffer a witch to live" 7 Smithfield a place of public execu-
tion in east-central London, now the site of the wholesale meat
markets 21 would desires 25 lanthorn lantern (old form)

And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

QUEEN

I see no reason why a king of years
Should be° to be protected like a child.
God and King Henry govern England's realm!
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

GLOUCESTER

My staff? Here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honorable peace attend thy throne.

Exit GLOUCESTER.

QUEEN

Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim:° two pulls° at once:
His lady banished, and a limb lopped off.
This staff of honor raught,° there let it stand
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

SUFFOLK

Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

YORK

Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat,
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armorer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

QUEEN

Ay, good my lord: for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

KING

A° God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!

YORK

I never saw a fellow worse bested,°
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armorer, my lords.

Enter at one door [HORNER] the armorer, and his NEIGHBORS, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sandbag fastened to it;° and at the other door his man [PETER], with a drum and sandbag, and PRENTICES drinking to him.

FIRST NEIGHBOR Here, neighbor Horner, I drink
to you in° a cup of sack:° and fear not, neighbor, you
shall do well enough.

SECOND NEIGHBOR And here, neighbor, here's a
cup of charneco.°

THIRD NEIGHBOR And here's a pot of good double°
beer, neighbor: drink, and fear not your man.

HORNER Let it come; i' faith I'll pledge you all, and a
fig for Peter!

FIRST PRENTICE Here, Peter, I drink to thee: and be
not afeared.

SECOND PRENTICE Here, Peter, here's a pint of
claret wine for thee.

THIRD PRENTICE And here's a quart for me; be
merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit
of the prentices.

PETER I thank you all, but I'll drink no more. Here,
Robin, and if I die, here I give thee my hammer;
and Will, thou shalt have my apron; and here,
Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord bless
me, I pray God, for I am never able to deal with
my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

SALISBURY Come, leave your drinking, and fall to
blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

PETER Peter, forsooth.

SALISBURY Peter? What more?

PETER Thump.

SALISBURY Thump! then see thou thump thy master
well.

HORNER Here's to thee, neighbor; fill all the pots
again, for before we fight, look you, I will tell you my
mind: for I am come hither, as it were, of my man's
instigation, to prove myself an honest man, and Peter
a knave: and so have at you, Peter, with downright
blows, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.°

YORK

Dispatch; this knave's tongue begins to double.°
Sound trumpets; alarum to the combatants!°

They fight, and PETER strikes him down.

HORNER Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.
He dies.

YORK Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and
the good wine in thy master's way.

PETER O God, have I overcome mine enemies in this
presence?° O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

KING

Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath revealed to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murdered wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

Sound a flourish; exeunt.

[Scene IV. A street.]

*Enter GLOUCESTER and his [SERVING]MEN, in
mourning cloaks.*

GLOUCESTER

Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter with his wrathful nipping cold:

93 Bevis . . . Ascapart a legendary English knight and his
adversary, a giant thirty feet high; a pun may have been
intended on the name of an actor, Bevis, playing the part of
Horner **94 double** stutter **95 Sound . . . combatants**
given as York's line in F (Q omits) but possibly intended as a
stage direction **100 presence** of the king

28-29 king . . . be a king should be of age **41 shrewd a**
maim sharp or painful a mutilation; **pulls** pluckings (as of
fruit, or a branch) **43 raught** attained (by us) **54 A in 56**
worse bested in worse circumstances **58 s.d. staff . . . it** a
mock weapon used in sporting combat **60 in with; sack**
sweet sherry **63 charneco** a kind of port wine **64 double**
extra strong

So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's o'clock?

SERVANT Ten, my lord.

GLOUCESTER

Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punished duchess:
Uneath° may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook°
The abject° people gazing on thy face
With envious° looks, laughing at thy shame,
That erst° did follow thy proud chariot wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft!° I think she comes, and I'll prepare
My tear-stained eyes to see her miseries.

Enter DUCHESS of Gloucester barefoot, and a white sheet about her, with a wax candle in her hand, and verses written on her back and pinned on; and accompanied with the SHERIFF of London and Sir John STANLEY, and OFFICERS, with bills and halberds.

SERVANT

So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

GLOUCESTER

No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

DUCHESS

Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban° thine enemies, both mine and thine.

GLOUCESTER

Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

DUCHESS

Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!
For whilst I think I am thy married wife
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mailed° up in shame, with papers on my back,
And followed with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet° groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious° people laugh
And bid me be advisèd how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trowest thou that e'er I'll look upon the world
Or count them happy that enjoys the sun?
No; dark shall be my light and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he ruled and such a prince he was
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing, till the ax of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk—he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all limed bushes° to betray thy wings;
And fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
Nor never seek prevention° of thy foes.

GLOUCESTER

Ah, Nell, forbear! Thou aimest all awry.
I must offend before I be attainted;°
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,°
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort° thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder° will be quickly worn.

Enter a HERALD.

HERALD

I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,
Holden at Bury the first of this next month.

GLOUCESTER

And my consent ne'er asked herein before?
This is close° dealing. Well, I will be there.

Exit HERALD.

My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

SHERIFF

And't please your grace, here my commission stays,
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

GLOUCESTER

Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

STANLEY

So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

GLOUCESTER

Entreat her not the worse in that I pray
You use her well. The world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

DUCHESS

What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?

GLOUCESTER

Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

Exit GLOUCESTER [and SERVINGMEN].

DUCHESS

Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is death—
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeared,
Because I wished this world's eternity.
Stanley, I prithee go, and take me hence;

II.iv.8 Uneath with difficulty 10 abrook tolerate 11 abject despicable 12 envious malicious 13 erst formerly 15 soft stay, hold (exclamation) 16 s.d. bills and halberds long, ax-headed weapons 25 ban curse 31 Mailed wrapped (hawking term) 33 deep-fet deep-fetched, profound 35 envious malicious

54 limed bushes smeared with a sticky substance (a means of catching birds) 57 prevention remedy by anticipation 59 attainted condemned 62 scathe damage 68 sort adapt 69 few days' wonder spectacle, sensation 73 close secret

I care not whither, for I beg no favor;
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

STANLEY

Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man,
There to be used according to your state.

DUCHESS

That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be used reproachfully?

STANLEY

Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady:
According to that state^o you shall be used.

DUCHESS

Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,^o
Although thou hast been conduct^o of my shame.

SHERIFF

It is my office; and madam, pardon me.

DUCHESS

Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

STANLEY

Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

DUCHESS

My shame will not be shifted^o with my sheet:

No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. *Exeunt.* 110

[A C T I I I]

[Scene I. *The abbey at Bury Saint Edmunds.*]

Sound a sennet. Enter KING, QUEEN, CARDINAL, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK [and ATTENDANTS] to the parliament.

KING

I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

QUEEN

Can you not see? Or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his altered countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admired him for submission.
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When everyone will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shows an angry eye
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,^o

But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First note that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.

20

Me seemeth then it is no policy,
Respecting^o what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person
Or be admitted to your highness' council.

25

By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be feared they all will follow him.

30

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect^o these dangers in the duke.

35

If it be fond,^o call it a woman's fear—
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe,^o and say I wronged the duke.
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove^o my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectual.^o

40

SUFFOLK

Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.

The duchess by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:

45

Or if he were not privy to^o those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,

As next the king he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,

50

Did instigate the bedlam^o brainsick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harbors treason.

The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man
Unsound yet, and full of deep deceit.

55

CARDINAL

Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offenses done?

YORK

And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

60

BUCKINGHAM

Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke
Humphrey.

65

KING

My lords, at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but, shall I speak my conscience,
Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.

70

99 state dignity 100 better . . . fare fare better than I 101
conduct guide 107 shifted play on *shift* (i.e., smock, what
Eleanor is wearing)

III.i.18 grin bare their teeth

23–24 no policy, Respecting unwise, considering 35 collect
as if by weeding 36 fond foolish 38 subscribe agree 40
Reprove disprove 41 effectual pertinent, conclusive 47
privy to acquainted with 51 bedlam crazy

The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

QUEEN

Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!^o
Seems he a dove? His feathers are but borrowed,
For he's disposèd as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? His skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclined as is the ravenous wolves.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord: the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

SOMERSET

All health unto my gracious sovereign!

KING

Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

SOMERSET

That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you: all is lost.

KING

Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be done!

YORK [*Aside.*]

Cold news for me; for I had hope of France
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.^o
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear^o ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

GLOUCESTER

All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stayed^o so long.

SUFFOLK

Nay, Gloucester, know that thou come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

GLOUCESTER

Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
Who can accuse me? Wherein am I guilty?

YORK

'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,^o
And, being protector, stayed the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

GLOUCESTER

Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
I never robbed the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watched the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That doit^o that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day!

No; many a pound of mine own proper store,^o
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursèd^o to the garrisons,
And never asked for restitution.

CARDINAL

It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

GLOUCESTER

I say no more than truth, so help me God!

YORK

In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That^o England was defamed by tyranny.

GLOUCESTER

Why, 'tis well known that whiles I was protector
Pity was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,^o
I never gave them condign^o punishment.
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
Above the felon or what^o trespass else.

SUFFOLK

My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answered;
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

KING

My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspense.^o
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

GLOUCESTER

Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
And charity chased hence by rancor's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exiled your highness' land.
I know their complot^o is to have my life,
And if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period^o of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness.
But mine is made the prologue to their play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And doggèd York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have plucked back,
By false accuse doth level at^o my life.
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavor have stirred up
My liefest^o liege to be mine enemy.
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—

74 **fond affiance** foolish trust 87–88 **Cold** . . . England almost a literal repetition of I.i.235–36 91 **gear** business 94 **stayed** delayed 104 **France** the King of France 112 **doit** Dutch coin of minimal value

115 **proper store** personal possession 117 **dispursèd** disbursed 123 **That** so that 129 **passengers** travelers 130 **condign** deserved 132 **what** whatever 140 **suspense** suspicion 147 **complot** plot 149 **period** end, limit 160 **level at** aim at 164 **liefest** dearest

Myself had notice of your conventicles^o—
 And all to make away my guiltless life.
 I shall not want^o false witness to condemn me,
 Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
 The ancient proverb will be well effected:
 “A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.” 170

CARDINAL

My liege, his railing is intolerable.
 If those that care to keep your royal person
 From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
 Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,^o 175
 And the offender granted scope of speech,
 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

SUFFOLK

Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
 With ignominious words, though clerkly couched,^o
 As if she had subornèd some to swear 180
 False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

QUEEN

But I can give the loser leave to chide.

GLOUCESTER

Far truer spoke than meant: I lose indeed;
 Beshrew the winners, for they played me false!
 And well such losers may have leave to speak. 185

BUCKINGHAM

He'll wrest the sense^o and hold us here all day.
 Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

CARDINAL

Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

GLOUCESTER

Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch
 Before his legs be firm to bear his body. 190
 Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
 And wolves are gnarling^o who shall gnaw thee first.
 Ah, that my fear were false! Ah, that it were!
 For, good King Henry, thy decay^o I fear.
Exit GLOUCESTER [guarded].

KING

My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
 Do or undo, as if ourself were here. 195

QUEEN

What, will your highness leave the parliament?

KING

Ay, Margaret; my heart is drowned with grief,
 Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
 My body round engirt with misery: 200
 For what's more miserable than discontent?
 Ah, uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see
 The map of honor, truth, and loyalty;
 And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
 That e'er I proved thee false or feared thy faith? 205
 What luring star now envies thy estate,
 That these great lords, and Margaret our queen
 Do seek subversion^o of thy harmless life?
 Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
 And as the butcher takes away the calf, 210
 And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
 Bearing it to the bloody slaughterhouse,

Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;
 And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
 Looking the way her harmless young one went, 215
 And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
 Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case
 With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimmed eyes
 Look after him and cannot do him good,
 So mighty are his vowèd enemies. 220
 His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
 Say, “Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none.”

Exit KING, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

QUEEN

Free^o lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
 Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
 Too full of foolish pity; and Gloucester's show^o 225
 Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers,^o
 Or as the snake, rolled in a flow'ring bank,
 With shining checkered slough, doth sting a child
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent. 230
 Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—
 And yet herein I judge mine own wit good—
 This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

CARDINAL

That he should die is worthy policy,^o 235
 But yet we want a color^o for his death:
 'Tis meet^o he be condemned by course of law.

SUFFOLK

But in my mind that were no policy:
 The king will labor still to save his life,
 The commons haply rise, to save his life; 240
 And yet we have but trivial argument,
 More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

YORK

So that, by this, you would not have him die.

SUFFOLK

Ah, York, no man alive so fain^o as I!

YORK [*Aside.*]

'Tis York that hath more reason for his death. 245

[*Aloud.*]

But my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
 Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:
 Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set
 To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,^o 250
 As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

QUEEN

So,^o the poor chicken should be sure of death.

SUFFOLK

Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madness, then,
 To make the fox surveyor^o of the fold?
 Who being^o accused a crafty murderer,
 His guilt should be but idly posted over,^o 255
 Because his purpose is not executed.^o
 No: let him die, in that he is a fox,

166 conventicles meetings 168 want lack 175 rated at
 inveighed against 179 ignominious . . . couched infamous
 words, although learnedly (i.e., cleverly) phrased 186 wrest
 the sense distort the meaning (of what we say) 192 gnarl-
 ing snarling 194 decay downfall 208 subversion overthrow

223 Free noble, magnanimous 225 show outward appearance
 227 passengers travelers 235 is worthy policy deserves
 shrewd planning 236 color pretext (perhaps punning on
 collar, i.e., hangman's noose) 237 meet appropriate 244 fain
 willingly 249 kite bird of prey 251 So if so 253 surveyor
 overseer 254 Who being whoever has been 255 posted
 over hurried past 256 executed accomplished

By nature proved an enemy to the flock.
 Before his chaps° be stained with crimson blood,
 As Humphrey proved by reasons to my liege.°
 And do not stand on quillets° how to slay him:
 Be it by gins,° by snares, by subtlety,
 Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit
 Which mates° him first that first intends deceit.

QUEEN

Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

SUFFOLK

Not resolute, except so much° were done;
 For things are often spoke and seldom meant:
 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
 Seeing the deed is meritorious,°
 And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
 Say but the word, and I will be his priest.°

CARDINAL

But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
 Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
 Say you consent and censure well° the deed,
 And I'll provide his executioner;
 I tender so° the safety of my liege.

SUFFOLK

Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

QUEEN

And so say I.

YORK

And I: and now we three have spoke it,
 It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.°

Enter a POST.

POST

Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,°
 To signify that rebels there are up,°
 And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
 Send succors, lords, and stop the rage betime,°
 Before the wound do grow uncurable;
 For, being green,° there is great hope of help.

CARDINAL

A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
 What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

YORK

That Somerset be sent as regent thither.
 'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employed;
 Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

SOMERSET

If York, with all his far-fet° policy,
 Had been the regent there instead of me,
 He never would have stayed in France so long.

YORK

No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
 I rather would have lost my life betimes°
 Than bring a burden of dishonor home

259 chaps jaws 260 As . . . liege above, lines 191-94
 261 quillets fine distinctions, quibbles 262 gins traps
 265 mates checkmates, suppresses 267 except so much
 unless as much 270 meritorious worthy reward (especially
 in a religious sense, from God) 272 be his priest kill him
 275 censure well approve of 277 I tender so I am so solic-
 itous of 281 It . . . doom It matters little who disapproves
 of our decision 282 amain in haste 283 up up in arms
 285 betime in time, rapidly 287 green fresh 293 far-fet
 far-fetched (i.e., deep) 297 betimes early

By staying there so long till° all were lost.
 Show me one scar characterized° on thy skin:
 Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

300

QUEEN

Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
 If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with!
 No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:
 Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
 Might happily° have proved far worse than his.

305

YORK

What, worse than nought? Nay, then a shame take all!

SOMERSET

And in the number thee, that wishest shame!

CARDINAL

My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
 Th' uncivil kerns° of Ireland are in arms
 And temper° clay with blood of Englishmen.
 To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
 Collected choicely, from each county some,
 And try your hap against the Irishmen?

310

270 YORK

I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

315

SUFFOLK

Why, our authority is his consent,
 And what we do establish he confirms:
 Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

YORK

I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
 Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

320

280

SUFFOLK

A charge, Lord York, that I will see performed.
 But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

CARDINAL

No more of him; for I will deal with him
 That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
 And so break off: the day is almost spent;
 Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

325

285

YORK

My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
 At Bristow° I expect my soldiers;
 For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

SUFFOLK

I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

330

290

Exeunt. Manet YORK [alone].

YORK

Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
 And change misdoubt to resolution:
 Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
 Resign to death; it is not worth th' enjoying.
 Let palefaced fear keep with the mean-born man,
 And find no harbor in a royal heart.
 Faster than springtime show'rs comes thought on
 thought,
 And not a thought but thinks on dignity.°
 My brain more busy than the laboring spider
 Weaves tedious° snares to trap mine enemies.
 Well, nobles, well: 'tis politicly done,
 To send me packing with an host of men:

335

295

299 staying . . . till delaying or temporizing there until 300
 characterized inscribed 306 happily by chance 310 kerns
 light-armed Irish foot-soldiers 311 temper moisten (as with
 mortar) 328 Bristow Bristol 338 dignity rank 340 tedious
 laborious, intricate

I fear me you but warm the starvèd snake,
 Who, cherished in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
 'Twas men I lacked, and you will give them me:
 I take it kindly; yet be well assured
 You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
 Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
 I will stir up in England some black storm
 Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;
 And this fell° tempest shall not cease to rage
 Until the golden circuit° on my head,
 Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
 Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.°
 And, for a minister of my intent,
 I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
 John Cade of Ashford,
 To make commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the title of John Mortimer.
 In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
 Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
 Were almost like a sharp-quilled porpentine;°
 And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
 Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,°
 Shaking the bloody darts as he° his bells.
 Full often, like a shag-haired crafty kern,
 Hath he conversèd with the enemy,
 And undiscovered come to me again
 And given me notice of their villainies.
 This devil here shall be my substitute;
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
 By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
 How they affect° the house and claim of York.
 Say he be taken, racked, and tortured:
 I know no pain they can inflict upon him
 Will make him say I moved him to those arms.
 Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will:
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sowed.
 For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the next for me. *Exit.*

[Scene II. *Bury Saint Edmunds. A room of state.*]

Enter two or three [MURDERERS] running over the stage, from the murder of Gloucester.

FIRST MURDERER

Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
 We have dispatched the duke, as he commanded.

SECOND MURDERER

O that it were to do! What have we done?
 Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

FIRST MURDERER

Here comes my lord.

SUFFOLK
 Now, sirs, have you dispatched this thing?

345 FIRST MURDERER

Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

SUFFOLK

Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
 I will reward you for this venturous deed.

350 The king and all the peers are here at hand.

10

Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
 According as I gave directions?

FIRST MURDERER

'Tis, my good lord.

355 SUFFOLK

Away, be gone.

Exeunt [MURDERERS].

*Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, the QUEEN, CARDINAL,
 BUCKINGHAM, SOMERSET, with ATTENDANTS.*

360 KING

Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
 Say we intend to try his grace today,
 If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

15

SUFFOLK

365 I'll call him presently, my noble lord.

Exit.

KING

Lords, take your places; and I pray you all,
 Proceed no straiter° 'gainst our uncle Gloucester
 Than from true evidence of good esteem,
 He be approved° in practice culpable.

20

370 QUEEN

God forbid any malice should prevail,
 That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
 Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

25

375 KING

I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.

Enter SUFFOLK.

380 How now! Why look'st thou pale? Why tremblest
 thou?

Where is our uncle? What's the matter, Suffolk?

SUFFOLK

Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.

QUEEN

Marry, God forbend!°

30

CARDINAL

God's secret judgment: I did dream tonight
 The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.

KING *sounds.*°

QUEEN

How fares my lord? Help, lords, the king is dead!

SOMERSET

Rear up his body; wring° him by the nose.

QUEEN

Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope thine eyes!

35

SUFFOLK

He doth revive again; madam, be patient.

KING

O heavenly God!

QUEEN

How fares my gracious lord?

351 **fell** evil 352 **circuit** circle (crown) 354 **flaw** squall of
 wind 363 **porpentine** porcupine 365 **Morisco** Moorish,
 or morris, dancer; the dance is performed in grotesque attire
 with bells attached to the legs 366 **he** the dancer 375 **affect**
 favor, approve

III.ii.20 **straiter** more strictly 22 **approved** proven 30
forbend forbid 32 **s.d.** **sounds** swoons 34 **wring** squeeze
 (a method of restoring circulation)

SUFFOLK

Comfort, my sovereign; gracious Henry, comfort.

KING

What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
 Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
 Whose dismal tune bereft my vital pow'rs,
 And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
 By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
 Can chase away the first-conceivèd sound?
 Hide not thy poison with such sugared words;
 Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say!
 Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
 Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
 Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
 Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
 Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.
 Yet do not go away; come, basilisk,^o
 And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
 For in the shade of death I shall find joy,
 In life but double death, now Gloucester's dead.

QUEEN

Why do you rate^o my Lord of Suffolk thus?
 Although the duke was enemy to him,
 Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:
 And for myself, foe as he was to me,
 Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans
 Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
 I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
 Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
 And all to have the noble duke alive.
 What know I how the world may deem of me?
 For it is known we were but hollow friends:
 It may be judged I made the duke away;
 So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
 And princes' courts be filled with my reproach.
 This get I by his death; ay me, unhappy!
 To be a queen, and crowned with infamy!

KING

Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man!

QUEEN

Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
 What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
 What! Art thou, like the adder, waxen^o deaf?
 Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?
 Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.
 Erect his statuë and worship it,
 And make my image but an alehouse sign.
 Was I for this nigh wracked upon the sea
 And twice by awkward^o wind from England's bank
 Drove back again unto my native clime?
 What boded this, but well forewarning wind
 Did seem to say, "Seek not a scorpion's nest,
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore"?
 What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts
 And he that loosed them forth their brazen^o caves,
 And bid them blow towards England's blessèd shore,
 Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
 Yet Aeolus^o would not be a murderer,

52 **basilisk** a mythical reptile, supposedly able to kill with its eyes 56 **rate** berate 76 **waxen** grown 83 **awkward** adverse 89 **brazen** extremely strong 92 **Aeolus** god of winds

But left that hateful office unto thee.
 The pretty vaulting^o sea refused to drown me,
 Knowing that thou wouldst have me drowned on
 shore

With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness;
 The splitting rocks cow'rd in the sinking sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
 As far as I could ken^o thy chalky cliffs,
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
 And when the dusky sky began to rob
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
 I took a costly jewel from my neck—
 A heart^o it was, bound in with diamonds—
 And threw it towards thy land: the sea received it,
 And so I wished thy body might my heart:
 And even with this I lost fair England's view,
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
 And called them blind and dusky spectacles,^o
 For losing ken of Albion's wishèd coast.
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,
 The agent of thy foul inconstancy,
 To sit and witch^o me, as Ascanius did
 When he to madding^o Dido would unfold
 His father's acts, commenced in burning Troy!
 Am I not witchèd like her? Or thou not false like him?
 Ay me, I can^o no more! Die, Margaret,
 For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, and many COMMONS.

WARWICK

It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murdered
 By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
 The commons, like an angry hive of bees
 That want their leader, scatter up and down,
 And care not who they sting in his revenge.
 Myself have calmed their spleenful^o mutiny,
 Until they hear the order of his death.

KING

That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
 But how he died God knows, not Henry.
 Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
 And comment then upon his sudden death.

WARWICK

That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,
 With the rude multitude till I return.
[Exeunt WARWICK to the inner chamber,^o and SALISBURY with the COMMONS.]

KING

O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
 My thoughts, that labor to persuade my soul
 Some-violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
 If my suspect^o be false, forgive me, God,

94 **vaulting** bounding 101 **ken** discern 107 **heart** heart-shaped gemstone 112 **spectacles** organs of sight, or instruments, like spyglasses 116 **witch** bewitch 117 **madding** becoming mad 120 **can** am capable of 128 **spleenful** eager, angry 135 **s.d. inner chamber** see A Note on the Text, p. 151 139 **suspect** suspicion

For judgment only doth belong to thee.
 Fain would I go to chafe his paly° lips
 With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
 Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
 To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
 And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
 But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
 And to survey his dead and earthy image,
 What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

WARWICK [*from within*] *draws the curtains and shows Gloucester in his bed.*

WARWICK
 Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

KING
 That is to see how deep my grave is made;
 For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
 For, seeing him, I see my life in death.

WARWICK
 As surely as my soul intends to live
 With that dread King that took our state upon him
 To free us from His Father's wrathful curse,
 I do believe that violent hands were laid
 Upon the life of this thrice-famèd duke.

SUFFOLK
 A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
 What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

WARWICK
 See how the blood is settled in his face.
 Oft have I seen a timely parted ghost,°
 Of ashy semblance, meager,° pale, and bloodless,
 Being° all descended to the laboring heart,
 Who,° in the conflict that it holds with death,
 Attracts the same° for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
 Which° with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
 To blush and beautify the cheek again.
 But sec, his face is black and full of blood,
 His eyeballs further out than when he lived,
 Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
 His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling;
 His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped
 And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued.
 Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
 His well-proportioned beard made rough and
 rugged,
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.°
 It cannot be but he was murdered here:
 The least of all these signs were probable.°

SUFFOLK
 Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
 Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
 And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

WARWICK
 But both of you were vowed Duke Humphrey's focs.
 And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
 'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
 And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

140 QUEEN
 Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
 As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless° death?

WARWICK
 Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
 145 And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,
 But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter? 190
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's° nest,
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,
 Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

QUEEN
 Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where's your knife? 195
 Is Beaufort termed a kite? Where are his talons?

SUFFOLK
 I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
 But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
 That shall be scourèd in his rancorous heart
 That slanders me with murder's crimson badge. 200
 Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
 That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.
 155 *Exit CARDINAL [and others].*

WARWICK
 What dares Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

QUEEN
 He dares not calm his contumelious° spirit
 Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,° 205
 Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

160 WARWICK
 Madam, be still—with reverence may I say—
 For every word you speak in his behalf
 Is slander to your royal dignity.

SUFFOLK
 Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanor! 210
 If ever lady wronged her lord so much,
 Thy mother took her into her blameful bed
 Some stern° untutored churl; and noble stock
 Was graft with crabtree slip, whose fruit thou art,
 170 And never of the Nevils' noble race. 215

WARWICK
 But that the guilt of murder bucklers° thee,
 And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
 And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
 175 I would, false murd'rous coward, on thy knee 220
 Make thee beg pardon for thy passèd speech,
 And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
 That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
 And after all this fearful homage done,
 Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell, 225
 Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

SUFFOLK
 Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
 If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

WARWICK
 Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
 185 Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee, 230
 And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.
Exeunt [SUFFOLK and WARWICK].

141 paly pale 161 timely parted ghost dead man who died naturally 162 meager thin 163 Being the blood being 164 Who the heart 165 the same the blood 166 Which the blood 176 lodged beaten flat 178 probable indicative (of murder)

187 timeless untimely 191 puttock's kite's 204 con-
 tumelious slanderous 205 controller censorious critic,
 detractor 213 stern rough 216 bucklers shields

KING

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

A noise within.

QUEEN

What noise is this?

Enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

KING

Why, how now, lords! Your wrathful weapons
drawn

Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?

Why, what tumultuous clamor have we here?

SUFFOLK

The trait'rous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Enter SALISBURY.

SALISBURY [*To the COMMONS without.*]

Sirs, stand apart: the king shall know your mind.
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banishèd fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere° instinct of love and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite° intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death,
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait° edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forkèd tongue,
That slyly glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were waked;
Lest, being suffered° in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm° might make the sleep eternal.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whe'r° you will or no,
From such fell° serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomèd and fatal sting
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

COMMONS *Within.*

An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury!

SUFFOLK

'Tis like° the commons, rude unpolished hinds,°
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employed,
To show how quaint° an orator you are.
But all the honor Salisbury hath won

Is, that he was the Lord Ambassador
Sent from a sort° of tinkers to the king.

[COMMONS] *Within.*

An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

235

KING

Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited° so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Exit SALISBURY.

QUEEN

O Henry, let me plead for gentle° Suffolk!

240

KING

Ungentle° queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.

[*To SUFFOLK.*]

245

If after three days' space thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

250

*Exit KING and WARWICK.
Manet QUEEN and SUFFOLK.*

QUEEN

Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

255

SUFFOLK

Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

260

QUEEN

Fie, coward woman and softhearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

SUFFOLK

A plague upon them! Wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,°
I would invent as bitter searching° terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Delivered strongly through my fixèd teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fixed an° end, as one distract;°

265

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250 mere pure 251 opposite antagonistic 258 strait strict
262 suffered allowed to continue 263 mortal worm deadly
snake 265 whe'r whether 266 fell cruel 271 like likely;
hinds boors 274 quaint clever, fine

277 sort group 281 cited incited, urged 289 gentle noble
290 Ungentle unkind, harsh 310 mandrake's groan the
mandrake is a poisonous plant, its forked root shaped like two
human legs; when uprooted it supposedly groaned like a
human, the sound being fatal to any hearer 311 searching
cutting, lancing (as in surgery) 318 an on; distract distracted,
mad

Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:^o
 And even now my burdened heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
 Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress^o trees!
 Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks!^o
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
 Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
 And boding screech owls make the consort^o full!
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

QUEEN

Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
 And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
 Or like an overchargèd gun, recoil,
 And turn the force of them upon thyself.

SUFFOLK

You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
 Now, by the ground that I am banished from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

QUEEN

O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,
 That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
 Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
 To wash away my woeful monuments.
 O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
 That thou mightst think upon these^o by the seal,
 Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for
 thee!

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
 'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,
 As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
 I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
 Adventure^o to be banishèd myself:
 And banishèd I am, if but from thee.
 Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.
 O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemned
 Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
 Loather a hundred times to part than die.
 Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee!

SUFFOLK

Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banishèd;
 Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
 A wilderness is populous enough,
 So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
 For where thou art, there is the world itself,
 With every several^o pleasure in the world,
 And where thou art not, desolation.
 I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;
 Myself to joy in nought but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

QUEEN

Whither goes Vaux so fast? What news, I prithee?

VAUX

To signify unto his majesty
 That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
 For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
 That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
 Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
 Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
 Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
 And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
 The secrets of his overchargèd soul:
 And I am sent to tell his majesty
 That even now he cries aloud for him.

QUEEN

Go tell this heavy message to the king. *Exit [VAUX].*
 Ay me! What is this world! What news are these!
 But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
 Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
 Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
 And with the southern clouds contend in tears,
 Theirs for the earth's increase,^o mine for my sorrows?
 Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is
 coming;
 If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

SUFFOLK

If I depart from thee I cannot live;
 And in thy sight to die, what were it else
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
 As mild and gentle as the cradle babe
 Dying with mother's dug between its lips;
 Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
 And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
 To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:
 So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
 Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
 And then it lived in sweet Elysium.
 To die by thee were but to die in jest;
 From thee to die were torture more than death:
 O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

QUEEN

Away! Though parting be a fretful corrosive,^o
 It is applièd to a deathful wound.
 To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
 For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
 I'll have an Iris^o that shall find thee out.

SUFFOLK I go.

QUEEN

And take my heart with thee.
She kisseth him.

SUFFOLK

A jewel, locked into the woefull'st cask
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.
 Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
 This way fall I to death. *Exit SUFFOLK.*

QUEEN

This way for me.

Exit QUEEN.

319 curse and ban formally excommunicate 323 cypress
 traditionally grown in graveyards 324 basilisks mythical
 reptiles thought to kill by a glance 327 consort group of
 musicians 344 these these lips 350 Adventure venture
 363 several single

385 increase fruition 403 corrosive caustic remedy 407
 Iris Juno's messenger, and goddess of the rainbow

[Scene III. A bedchamber.]

Enter the KING, SALISBURY, and WARWICK; and then the curtains be drawn, and the CARDINAL is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad.

KING

How fares my lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

CARDINAL

If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

KING

Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

WARWICK

Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

CARDINAL

Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live, wh'er they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.
Alive again? Then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! It stands upright,
Like lime twigs° set to catch my wingèd soul.
Give me some drink, and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

KING

O thou Eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

WARWICK

See how the pangs of death do make him grin.°

SALISBURY

Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

KING

Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be.
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.

The CARDINAL dies.

He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

WARWICK

So bad a death argues° a monstrous life.

KING

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation.

Exeunt.

[ACT IV]

[Scene I. The coast of Kent.]

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. And then enter the LIEUTENANT of the ship, and the MASTER, and the master's MATE, and the Duke of SUFFOLK, disguised, and others [GENTLEMEN] with him, and Walter WHITMORE.

LIEUTENANT°

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea,
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades°
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip° dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize,
For whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs°
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolored shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou that art his mate, make boot of° this;
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

What is my ransom, master? Let me know.

MASTER

A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

MATE

And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

[*The PRISONERS react adversely.*]

LIEUTENANT

What! Think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port° of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains' throats; for die you shall:
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

FIRST GENTLEMAN

I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

And so will I, and write home for it straight.

WHITMORE [To SUFFOLK.]

I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die;
And so should these, if I might have my will.

LIEUTENANT

Be not so rash: take ransom, let him live.

SUFFOLK

Look on my George;° I am a gentleman.
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

WHITMORE

And so am I: my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! Why starts thou? What, doth death
affright?

SUFFOLK

Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

IV.i.1 Lieutenant "Captain" in Q (i.e., the military commander of the pirate ship) 3 jades horses (contemptuous) 6 Clip embrace, hover over 9 Downs bay area off the Kentish coast 13 make boot of profit by 19 port style, stature 29 George insignia or badge of the Order of the Garter, showing Saint George on horseback

III.iii.16 lime twigs twigs smeared with bird lime 24 grin bare his teeth, grimace 30 argues suggests, betokens

A cunning man did calculate my birth,^o
 And told me that by "water"^o I should die:
 Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
 Thy name is Gaultier, being rightly sounded.

WHITMORE

Gaultier or Walter, which it is I care not.
 Never yet did base dishonor blur our name,
 But with our sword we wiped away the blot.
 Therefore, when merchantlike I sell revenge,
 Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,
 And I proclaimed a coward through the world!

SUFFOLK

Stay, Whitmore, for thy prisoner is a prince,
 The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

WHITMORE

The Duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags?

SUFFOLK

Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
 Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?

LIEUTENANT

But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

SUFFOLK

Obscure and lousy swain, King Henry's blood,
 The honorable blood of Lancaster,
 Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.^o
 Hast thou not kissed thy hand and held my stirrup?
 Bareheaded plodded by my footcloth^o mule,
 And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
 How often hast thou waited at my cup,
 Fed from my trencher, kneeled down at the board,
 When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
 Remember it, and let it make thee crestfall'n,
 Ay, and allay this thy abortive^o pride:
 How in our voiding lobby^o hast thou stood
 And duly waited for my coming forth.
 This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
 And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

WHITMORE

Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?^o

LIEUTENANT

First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

SUFFOLK

Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

LIEUTENANT

Convey him hence and on our long-boat's side
 Strike off his head.

SUFFOLK

Thou dar'st not, for thy own.

LIEUTENANT

Yes, Poole!

SUFFOLK

Poole?^o

LIEUTENANT

Ay, kennel,^o puddle, sink, whose filth and dirt
 Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
 Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
 For swallowing the treasure of the realm;

35

Thy lips, that kissed the queen, shall sweep the ground;
 And thou that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's
 death

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
 Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.

And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,

For daring to affy^o a mighty lord

40

Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
 Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great

And like ambitious Sylla^o overgorged

With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.

By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,

45

The false revolting Normans thorough^o thee

Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy

Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,

And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,

Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,

As hating thee, are rising up in arms;

And now the house of York, thrust from the crown

By shameful murder of a guiltless king

50

And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,

Burns with revenging fire, whose hopeful colors

Advance our half-faced sun,^o striving to shine,

Under the which is writ "Invitis nubibus."^o

The commons here in Kent are up in arms;

55

And, to conclude, reproach and beggary

Is crept into the palace of our king,

And all by thee. Away! Convey him hence.

SUFFOLK

O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder

60

Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!

Small things make base men proud: this villain here,

Being captain of a pinnacle, threatens more

Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.^o

Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob beehives:

It is impossible that I should die

65

By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

Thy words move rage and not remorse in me.

LIEUTENANT

Ay, but my deeds shall stay thy fury soon.

SUFFOLK

I go of message from the queen to France;^o

I charge thee waft me safely 'cross the Channel.

WHITMORE

Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

SUFFOLK

Pene gelidus timor occupat artus:^o it is thee I fear.

70

WHITMORE

Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? Now will ye stoop?

80 affy betroth 84 Sylla Sulla, dictator of Rome, who proscribed and persecuted followers of his rival Marius; Rome (and for Suffolk, England) is represented as the "mother," and the victims (e.g., Gloucester) as "gobbets" 87 thorough through (old form) 98 Advance . . . sun raise high our insignia, the sun emerging from clouds (Edward III's personal badge) 99 Invitis nubibus "in spite of the clouds" 108 Bargulus . . . pirate Bargalus or Bardulis, a pirate in Greek waters mentioned by Cicero 114 France the King of France 117 Pene . . . artus "Chill fear almost seizes my limbs" (source unidentified; possibly a corrupt recollection of *Aeneid*, VII.446)

34 calculate my birth cast my horoscope 35 water "Walter" is pronounced "water," and occasionally so spelled in Q and F 52 groom low, ignoble fellow 54 footcloth ornamented with elaborate hangings, as in processions and tourneys 60 abortive monstrous, untimely 61 voiding lobby waiting room 65 forlorn swain wretched (1) fellow (2) lover (of the queen) 70 Poole . . . Poole puns on *to poll* (shave the head, as for execution), *pool* (cesspool), and *pole* (de la Pole) 71 kennel gutter

FIRST GENTLEMAN

My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

120

SUFFOLK

Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Used to command, untaught to plead for favor.

Far be it we should honor such as these

With humble suit: no, rather let my head

Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,

125

Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole

Than stand uncovered to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear:

More can I bear than you dare execute.

130

LIEUTENANT

Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

SUFFOLK

Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,

That this my death may never be forgot.

Great men oft die by vile besonians:°

A Roman sworder° and banditto slave

135

Murdered sweet Tully;° Brutus' bastard hand°

Stabbed Julius Caesar; savage islanders

Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

Exit Walter [WHITMORE], with SUFFOLK.

LIEUTENANT

And as for these whose ransom we have set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart:

140

Therefore come you with us and let him go.

*Exit LIEUTENANT, and the rest;**manet the FIRST GENTLEMAN.**Enter Walter [WHITMORE] with the body [of Suffolk].*

WHITMORE

There let his head and lifeless body lie,

Until the queen his mistress bury it.

Exit Walter [WHITMORE].

FIRST GENTLEMAN

O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

His body will I bear unto the king:

145

If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;

So will the queen, that living held him dear.

*[Exit, with Suffolk's body.]**[Scene II. Blackheath.]**Enter BEVIS and John HOLLAND.°*BEVIS Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a
lath:° they have been up° these two days.HOLLAND They have the more need to sleep now,
then.BEVIS I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to
dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new
nap upon it.

HOLLAND So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well,

I say, it was never merry world in England since
gentlemen came up.°

10

BEVIS O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in
handicraftsmen.HOLLAND The nobility think scorn to go in leather
aprons.BEVIS Nay, more, the king's council are no good
workmen.

15

HOLLAND True: and yet it is said, "Labor in thy
vocation"; which is as much to say as, "Let the magis-
trates° be laboring men"; and therefore should we
be magistrates.

20

BEVIS Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign of a
brave mind than a hard hand.HOLLAND I see them! I see them! There's Best's son,
the tanner of Wingham.BEVIS He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make
dog's leather° of.

25

HOLLAND And Dick the butcher.

BEVIS Then is sin struck down like an ox, and
iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

135

HOLLAND And Smith the weaver.

30

BEVIS Argo,° their thread of life is spun.

HOLLAND Come, come, let's fall in with them.

*Drum. Enter CADE, DICK [the] butcher, SMITH the
weaver, and a SAWYER, with infinite numbers.*

140

CADE We John Cade, so termed of our supposed
father—DICK [*Aside.*] Or rather, of stealing a cade° of her-
rings.

35

CADE For our enemies shall fall° before us, inspired
with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.
. . . Command silence.

DICK Silence!

40

CADE My father was a Mortimer—

DICK [*Aside.*] He was an honest man, and a good
bricklayer.

CADE My mother a Plantagenet—

145

DICK [*Aside.*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

45

CADE My wife descended of the Lacies—

DICK [*Aside.*] She was indeed a peddler's daughter,
and sold many laces.SMITH [*Aside.*] But now of late, not able to travel with
her furred pack,° she washes bucks° here at home.

50

CADE Therefore am I of an honorable house.

DICK [*Aside.*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honorable;
and there was he° born, under a hedge: for his father
had never a house but the cage.°

CADE Valiant I am.

55

SMITH [*Aside.*] 'A must needs, for beggary is valiant.

CADE I am able to endure much.

DICK [*Aside.*] No question of that; for I have seen him
whipped three market days together.

CADE I fear neither sword nor fire.

60

10 came up came into fashion 18-19 magistrates rulers,
administrators 26 dog's leather leather for gloves 31 Argo
corruption of Latin ergo = therefore 35 cade barrel of five
hundred 37 fall pun on Latin sense of Cade (cadere = to fall)
49-50 travel . . . pack (1) travel with a fur knapsack, as a
peddler (2) labor as a prostitute 50 washes bucks (1) does
rough laundry (2) absolves cuckolds (by making them "even"
with their wives) 54 cage a temporary prison for vagabonds
and harlots, commonly set up in marketplaces

134 besonians base fellows, wretches 135 sworder gladiator
136 Tully Cicero; Brutus' bastard hand a false tradition held
that Brutus was Caesar's bastard son

IV.ii.s.d. Bevis . . . Holland actors in the company (see note
to II.iii.93) 1-2 sword . . . lath a mock weapon, as employed
by soldier-clowns in the early Tudor plays 2 up up in arms

SMITH [*Aside.*] He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.^o

DICK [*Aside.*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' th' hand^o for stealing of sheep.

CADE Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and 65
vows reformation. There shall be in England seven
halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped
pot shall have ten hoops;^o and I will make it felony
to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in com-
mon,^o and in Cheapside^o shall my palfry go to grass; 70
and when I am king, as king I will be—

ALL God save your majesty!

CADE I thank you, good people—there shall be no
money; all shall eat and drink on my score;^o and I
will apparel them all in one livery, that they may 75
agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

DICK The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

CADE Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable
thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should
be made parchment? That parchment, being scrib- 80
bled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee
stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax: for I did but
seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own
man^o since. How now! who's there?

Enter a CLERK [led by others.]

SMITH The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, 85
and cast accompt.^o

CADE O monstrous!

SMITH We took him setting of boys' copies.^o

CADE Here's a villain!

SMITH H' as a book in his pocket with red letters in't. 90

CADE Nay, then, he is a conjuror.

DICK Nay, he can make obligations,^o and write
court hand.^o

CADE I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of
mine honor; unless I find him guilty, he shall not 95
die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what
is thy name?

CLERK Emmanuel.

DICK They use to write it on the top of letters:^o
'twill go hard with you. 100

CADE Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy
name? Or hast thou a mark^o to thyself, like an honest
plain-dealing man?

CLERK Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought
up that I can write my name. 105

ALL He hath confessed: away with him! He's a villain
and a traitor.

CADE Away with him, I say! Hang him with his pen
and inkhorn about his neck. *Exit one with the CLERK.*

Enter MICHAEL.

MICHAEL Where's our general? 110

62 of proof (1) reliable (2) well-worn **64 burnt . . . hand**
with the letter T, for *thief* **67–68 three-hooped . . . hoops**
the quart measure will contain three quarts **69–70 in**
common held communally **70 Cheapside** elegant com-
mercial district of London **74 on my score** at my expense
83–84 mine own man my own master **86 accompt** account
88 setting . . . copies teaching schoolchildren to write
92 obligations bonds **93 court hand** formal legal script
99 They . . . letters Emmanuel ("God with us") was often
prefixed to formal letters, deeds, etc. **102 mark** an X

CADE Here I am, thou particular^o fellow.

MICHAEL Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his
brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

CADE Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He
shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: 115
he is but a knight, is 'a?

MICHAEL No.

CADE To equal him, I will make myself a knight pres-
ently. [*Kneels.*] Rise up Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises.*] 120
Now have at him!

Enter Sir Humphrey STAFFORD and his BROTHER, with
[a HERALD,] drum, and SOLDIERS.

STAFFORD

Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Marked for the gallows: lay your weapons down.
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom!
The king is merciful, if you revolt.^o

BROTHER

But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood, 125
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

CADE

As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass^o not.
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign:
For I am rightful heir unto the crown. 130

STAFFORD

Villain, thy father was a plasterer,
And thou thyself a shearman,^o art thou not?

CADE

And Adam was a gardener.

BROTHER

And what of that?

CADE

Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, 135
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

STAFFORD Ay, sir.

CADE

By her he had two children at one birth.

BROTHER That's false.

CADE

Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis true: 140
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar woman stol'n away,
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can. 145

DICK

Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

SMITH Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; there-
fore deny it not.

STAFFORD

And will you credit this base drudge's words, 150
That speaks he knows not what?

ALL

Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

BROTHER

Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

III particular private (pun on *general*) **124 revolt** turn
(against Cade) **127 pass** care **132 shearman** worker with
cloth

CADE [*Aside.*]

He lies, for I invented it myself.—Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter° for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

DICK And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

CADE And good reason: for thereby is England mained,° and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

STAFFORD

O gross and miserable ignorance!

CADE Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counselor, or no?

ALL No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.

BROTHER

Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

STAFFORD

Herald, away; and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hanged up for example at their doors:
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

Exit [STAFFORDS and their FORCES].

CADE

And you that love the commons, follow me.
Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;°
For they are thrifty honest men and such
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

DICK They are all in order and march toward us.

CADE But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene III. Another part of Blackheath.]

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the STAFFORDS are slain. Enter CADE and the rest.

CADE Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

DICK Here, sir.

CADE They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behav'dst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughterhouse: therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill° for a hundred lacking one.°

156 span-counter a game played with marbles close up to the opponents; figuratively, close combat **162 mained** maimed (variant spelling) **184 clouted shoon** hobnailed boots

IV.iii.7 license to kill only infirm persons were permitted to eat meat during Lent, and favored butchers specially licensed to kill for them **7-8 hundred lacking one** ninety-nine years, the usual term of a lease

DICK I desire no more.

CADE And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. [*He puts on Sir Humphrey's armor.*] This monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

DICK If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails and let out the prisoners.

CADE Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV. London. The palace.]

Enter the KING with a supplication, and the QUEEN with Suffolk's head, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord SAY.

QUEEN [*Aside.*]

Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind
And makes it fearful and degenerate:
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where's the body that I should embrace?

BUCKINGHAM What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

KING

I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

QUEEN [*Aside.*]

Ah, barbarous villains! Hath this lovely face
Ruled like a wandering planet° over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

KING

Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

SAY

Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

KING

How now, madam!
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourned so much for me.

QUEEN

No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a MESSENGER.

KING

How now! What news? Why com'st thou in such haste?

MESSENGER

The rebels are in Southwark: fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,

IV.iv.16 wandering planet the star under which one is born, astrologically

And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars° and intend their death.

KING

O graceless men! They know not what they do.

BUCKINGHAM

My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,^o
Until a power be raised to put them down.

QUEEN

Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would soon be appeased!

KING

Lord Say, the traitors hateth thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

SAY

So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another MESSENGER.

SECOND MESSENGER

Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge!
The citizens fly and forsake their houses;
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil° the city and your royal court.

BUCKINGHAM

Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

KING

Come, Margaret: God, our hope, will succor us.

QUEEN

My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.^o

KING

Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.

BUCKINGHAM

Trust nobody, for fear you be betrayed.

SAY

The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

Exeunt. 60

[Scene V. London. The Tower.]

Enter Lord SCALES upon the Tower, walking. Then enters two or three CITIZENS below.

SCALES

How now! Is Jack Cade slain?

FIRST CITIZEN No, my lord, nor likely to be slain;
for they have won the Bridge, killing all those that
withstand them: the Lord Mayor craves aid of your
honor from the Tower to defend the city from the
rebels.

SCALES

Such aid as I can spare you shall command,

But I am troubled here with them myself:
The rebels have assayed to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe.
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again. *Exeunt.* 10

[Scene VI. London. Cannon Street.]

Enter Jack CADE and the rest, and strikes his sword on London Stone.

40

CADE Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here,
sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command
that, of the city's cost, the pissing conduit° run
nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign.
And now henceforward it shall be treason for any
that calls me other than Lord Mortimer. 5

Enter a SOLDIER, running.

45

SOLDIER Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

CADE Knock him down there.

They kill him.

SMITH If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack
Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning. 10

DICK My lord, there's an army gathered together in
Smithfield.

50

CADE Come, then, let's go fight with them: but first,
go and set London Bridge on fire; and if you can,
burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. 15
Exeunt omnes.

[Scene VII. London. Smithfield.]

Alarums. Matthew GOFFE is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Jack CADE, with his COMPANY.

CADE So, sirs: now go some and pull down the
Savoy; others to th' Inns of Court; down with them
all.

DICK I have a suit unto your lordship.

CADE Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that
word. 5

DICK Only that the laws of England may come out
of your mouth.

HOLLAND [*Aside.*] 'Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for
he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not
whole yet. 10

SMITH [*Aside.*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for
his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

CADE I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away,
burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall
be the parliament of England. 15

HOLLAND [*Aside.*] Then we are like to have biting°
statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

CADE And henceforward all things shall be in
common. 20

Enter a MESSENGER.

37 caterpillars parasites (a common figure for capitalistic oppressors) 39 Killingworth Kenilworth Castle 53 spoil despoil 56 My . . . deceased a possible "aside"

IV.vi.3 pissing conduit an open gutter of drinking water in London, derisively so termed

IV.vii.17 biting severe

MESSANGER My lord, a prize, a prize! Here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens,^o and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE, with the Lord SAY.

CADE Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, ²⁵ thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram^o lord, now art thou within point blank of our jurisdiction regal! What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu,^o the Dolphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these ³⁰ presence,^o even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom^o that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas before, our forefathers had no ³⁵ other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper mill.^o It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such ⁴⁰ abominable^o words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not read^o thou hast ⁴⁵ hanged them, when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a footcloth,^o dost thou not?

SAY What of that?

CADE Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear ⁵⁰ a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

DICK And work in their shirt too as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

SAY You men of Kent—

DICK What say you of Kent? ⁵⁵

SAY Nothing but this: 'tis bona terra, mala gens.^o

CADE Away with him, away with him! He speaks Latin.

SAY

Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will. ⁶⁰ Kent, in the *Commentaries* Caesar writ, Is termed the civil'st place of all this isle: Sweet is the country, because full of riches; The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy; Which makes me hope you are not void of pity. ⁶⁵ I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy, Yet to recover them would lose my life.

23 one . . . fifteens taxes (a gross exaggeration) **26 say . . . serge . . . buckram** puns on Lord Say's name: say is a silk cloth, resembling serge; serge a serviceable but less elegant material; and buckram a coarse linen stiffened with glue, commonly used in making theatrical properties **29 Basimecu** pseudo-French pun on *baise mon cul* = kiss my backside **30-31 Be . . . presence** play on the formal beginning of documents, *Noverint universi per praesentes* (Be it known unto all by these presents) **32 besom** broom **37-38 printing . . . mill** flagrant anachronisms, perhaps intentionally humorous **41 abominable** possibly a pun on *ad hominem* **45 because . . . read** refers to the legal exemption from hanging and other penalties ("benefit of clergy") which Latin-reading offenders could claim **48 footcloth** horse or mule decorated for a procession **57 bona . . . gens** good land, bad inhabitants

Justice with favor have I always done;
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands, ⁷⁰
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestowed on learned clerks,^o
Because my book^o preferred me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven, ⁷⁵
Unless you be possessed with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me:
This tongue hath parleyed unto foreign kings
For your behoof^o—

CADE Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the ⁸⁰ field?

SAY

Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

GEORGE O monstrous coward! What, to come ⁸⁵ behind folks?

SAY

These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

CADE Give him a box o' th' ear and that will make ⁹⁰ 'em red again.

SAY

Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases. ⁹⁵

CADE Ye shall have a hempen caudle then and the ¹⁰⁰ help of hatchet.^o

DICK Why dost thou quiver, man?

SAY

The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

CADE Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, "I'll be ⁹⁵ even with you." I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no: take him away, and behead him.

SAY

Tell me: wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected wealth or honor? Speak!

Are my chests filled up with extorted gold? ¹⁰⁰

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless bloodshedding,^o

This breast from harboring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let me live! ¹⁰⁵

CADE [*Aside.*] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, and it be but for pleading so well for his life.—Away with him! He has a familiar^o under his tongue; he speaks not ¹¹⁰ a^o God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

ALL It shall be done.

SAY

Ah, countrymen! If when you make your prayers, ¹¹⁵ God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

72 clerks scholars **73 book** learning **79 behoof** behalf **91-92 Ye . . . hatchet** You will be first hanged (a caudle is a curative gruel; a hempen caudle a euphemism for hanging) and then beheaded **103 guiltless bloodshedding** shedding guiltless blood **109 familiar** demonic attendant of a witch **110 a** in

CADE Away with him! And do as I command ye.

[SAY is led away.]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a
head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute;
there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay
to me her maidenhead ere they have it; men shall
hold me in capite;^o and we charge and command
that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue
can tell. 125

DICK My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and
take up commodities upon our bills?^o

CADE Marry, presently.

ALL O, brave! 130

Enter one with the heads.

CADE But is not this braver? Let them kiss one an-
other, for they loved well when they were alive.
Now part them again, lest they consult about the
giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers,
defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these 135
borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride
through the streets; and at every corner have them
kiss. Away! *Exit [All].*

[Scene VIII. Southwark.]

*Alarum and retreat. Enter again CADE and all his rabble-
ment.*

CADE Up Fish Street! Down Saint Magnus' Corner!
Kill and knock down! Throw them into Thames!
(*Sound a parley.*) What noise is this I hear? Dare
any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I
command them kill? 5

Enter BUCKINGHAM and old CLIFFORD.

BUCKINGHAM

Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled,
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee and go home in peace. 10

CLIFFORD

What say ye, countrymen? Will ye relent,
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offered you,
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say, "God save his majesty!" 15
Who hateth him and honors not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

ALL God save the king! God save the king!

CADE What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so
brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him?
Will you needs be hanged with your pardons about
your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through
London gates, that you should leave me at the White
Hart^o in Southwark? I thought ye would never 25

have given out these arms till you had recovered your
ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards,
and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them
break your backs with burdens, take your houses
over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters 30
before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one;
and so, God's curse light upon you all!

ALL We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!

CLIFFORD

Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him? 35
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us. 40
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,^o
The fearful French, whom you late vanquishèd,
Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets, 45
Crying "Villiago!"^o unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France! and get what you have lost:
Spare England, for it is your native coast. 50
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

ALL A Clifford! A Clifford! We'll follow the king
and Clifford.

CADE Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as
this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hailes 55
them to an hundred mischiefs and makes them
leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads to-
gether to surprise me. My sword make way for me,
for here is no staying: in despite of the devils and
hell, have through the very midst of you! And
heavens and honor be witness that no want of res-
olution in me, but only my followers' base and
ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my
heels. 65

He runs through them with his staff, and flies away.

BUCKINGHAM

What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

Exeunt some of them.

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. *Exeunt omnes.* 70

[Scene IX. Kenilworth Castle.]

*Sound trumpets. Enter KING, QUEEN, and SOMERSET,
on the terrace.*

KING

Was ever king that joyed an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old.

41 at jar quarreling 46 Villiago villain, coward (Spanish or
Italian)

124 in capite in chief, the legal term for holding a property
direct from the king, at the "head" of the state 128 take . . .
bills (1) borrow money from usurers with promissory notes
(2) pillage property with our weapons
IV.viii. 24-25 White Hart inn where Cade lodged (puns on
pale, or cowardly, heart)

Was never subject longed to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and [old] CLIFFORD.

BUCKINGHAM

Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

KING

Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?
Or is he but retired to make him strong?

Enter multitudes, with halters about their necks.

CLIFFORD

He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield,
And humbly thus, with halters^o on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

KING

Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain^o my vows of thanks and praise!
Soldiers, this day have you redeemed your lives
And showed how well you love your prince and
country:

Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.^o

ALL

God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Please it your grace to be advertised^o
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of gallowglasses^o and stout kerns^o
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

KING

Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distressed,
Like to a ship, that having 'scaped a tempest,
Is straightway calmed, and boarded with^o a pirate.
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;
And now is York in arms to second him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower,
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismissed from him.

SOMERSET

My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

KING

In any case, be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

5

BUCKINGHAM

I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

KING

Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.
Flourish. Exeunt.

[Scene X. Kent. Iden's garden.]

Enter CADE.

10

CADE Fie on ambitions! Fie on myself, that have a
sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days
have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep
out, for all the country is laid^o for me; but now
am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my
life for a thousand years I could stay no longer.
Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this
garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet^o
another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's
stomach^o this hot weather. And I think this word^o 10
"sallet" was born to do me good: for many a time,
but for a sallet, my brainpan had been cleft with
a brown bill;^o and many a time, when I have been
dry and bravely marching, it hath served me in-
stead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word 15
"sallet" must serve me to feed on.

Enter [Alexander] IDEN.

IDEN

Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me 25
Contenteth me, and worth^o a monarchy. 20
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleasèd from my gate.

30

CADE Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for 25
a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave.^o
Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand
crowns of the king by carrying my head to him:
but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow
my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part. 30

IDEN

Why, rude companion,^o whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner, 35
But thou wilt brave^o me with these saucy terms?

40

CADE Brave thee! Ay, by the best blood that ever
was broached, and beard thee^o too. Look on me

45

IV.ix.11 halters nooses (a symbol of complete submission)
14 entertain receive 21 countries counties, areas 23
advertised informed 26 gallowglasses heavily armed Irish
foot-soldiers; kerns light-armed troops 33 with by

IV.x.4 laid set with traps 8 sallet (1) salad (2) iron helmet
9-10 cool . . . stomach (1) satisfy a man's hunger and thirst
(2) pacify a man's anger 10 word pun on wort (i.e., medicinal
or edible herb) 13 brown bill halberd used by constables 20
worth is worth 25-26 Here's . . . leave the absolute owner
("lord of the soil") of an estate ("fee-simple") was entitled to
impound any stray animal which wandered accidentally over
the bounds of the property 31 companion fellow (deroga-
tory) 36 brave challenge 38 beard thee defy you to your
face

well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you 40 all as dead as a doornail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

IDEN

Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds° to combat a poor famished man. 45
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks;
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy leg a stick comparèd with this truncheon; 50
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heavèd in the air,
Thy grave is digged already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears. 55

CADE By my valor, the most complete champion that
ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut
not out the burly-boned clown in chines° of beef
ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my
knees thou mayst be turned to hobnails. *They fight,* 60
and CADE falls down. O, I am slain! Famine and no
other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come
against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost,
and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden, and be hence-
forth a burying place to all that do dwell in this 65
house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

IDEN

Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wipèd from thy point, 70
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze° the honor that thy master got.

CADE Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory.
Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man,
and exhort all the world to be cowards: for I, that 75
never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not
by valor. *Dies.*

IDEN

How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.
Die, damnèd wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, 80
So wish I I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong° by the heels
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head,
Which I will bear in triumph to the king, 85
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. *Exit.*

[A C T V]

[Scene I. Fields between London and Saint Albans.]

Enter YORK, and his ARMY of Irish, with drum and colors.

YORK

From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head.
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, sancta majestas!° Who would not buy thee dear? 5
Let them obey that knows not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or scepter balance it:
A scepter shall it have, have I a soul, 10
On which I'll toss the fleur-de-luce° of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

BUCKINGHAM

York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

YORK

Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting. 15
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

BUCKINGHAM

A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, 20
Should raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

YORK [Aside.]

Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
O, I could hew-up rocks and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject° terms; 25
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.°
I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet awhile, 30
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.

[Aloud.]

Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither 35
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

BUCKINGHAM

That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand: 40
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

45 Took odds relied on help 58 chines portion of flesh surrounding the backbone 72 emblaze emblazon, set forth (as in a coat of arms) 82 headlong head downwards

V.i.5 sancta majestas holy majesty (Ovid) 11 fleur-de-luce fleur-de-lis, the heraldic emblem of French kings 25 abject degrading 26-27 Ajax . . . fury Ajax, son of Telamon, in a mad rage over being denied an honor, slaughtered a flock of sheep and then killed himself

YORK

Upon thine honor, is he prisoner?

BUCKINGHAM

Upon mine honor, he is prisoner.

YORK

Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my pow'rs.
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me tomorrow in Saint George's Field,
You shall have pay and everything you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I'll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armor, anything I have,
Is his to use, so° Somerset may die.

BUCKINGHAM

York, I commend this kind° submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING and ATTENDANTS.

KING

Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

YORK

In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.

KING

Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?

YORK

To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with Cade's head.

IDEN

If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

KING

The head of Cade! Great God, how just art thou!
O, let me view his visage, being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

IDEN

I was, an't like your majesty.

KING

How art thou called? And what is thy degree?

IDEN

Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

BUCKINGHAM

So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

KING

Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

IDEN

May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

53 so provided that 54 kind natural, proper

Enter QUEEN and SOMERSET.

KING

See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with th' queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

QUEEN

45 For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head, 85
But boldly stand and front° him to his face.

YORK

How now! Is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
50 Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? 90

False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly° I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? No, thou art not king,
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor. 95
That head of thine doth not become° a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,°
And not to grace an awful princely scepter.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine, 100
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.°

Here is a hand to hold a scepter up
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler. 105

60 SOMERSET

O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

YORK

Wouldst have me kneel? First let me ask of these,°
If they can brook I bow a knee to man. 110
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:

[*Exit ATTENDANT.*]
65 I know ere they will have me go to ward,°
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

QUEEN

Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York 115
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
[*Exit ATTENDANT.*]

70 YORK

O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,°
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those 120
That for my surety will refuse the boys!

75 *Enter EDWARD and RICHARD.*

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it
good.

Enter CLIFFORD and [YOUNG CLIFFORD] his son.

80 86 front confront 92 how hardly with what difficulty 97
palmer's staff insignia of the returned pilgrim, hence emblem
of piety 100-01 like . . . cure Telephus, wounded by
Achilles' spear, was supposedly cured by the application of its
rust 109 these the troops 112 to ward into custody 117
Neapolitan traditionally murderous and fond of intrigue;
although Margaret was French, her father claimed the throne of
Naples (cf. I.i.47)

QUEEN

And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

CLIFFORD [*Kneels to KING.*]

Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

YORK

I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;

For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

CLIFFORD

This is my king, York, I do not mistake;

But thou mistakes me much to think I do.

To Bedlam° with him! Is the man grown mad?

KING

Ay, Clifford; a bedlam° and ambitious humor

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

CLIFFORD

He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,

And chop away that factious pate of his.

QUEEN

He is arrested, but will not obey;

His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

YORK

Will you not, sons?

EDWARD

Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

RICHARD

And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

CLIFFORD

Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

YORK

Look in a glass, and call thy image so.

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish° these fell-lurking° curs:

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the Earls of WARWICK and SALISBURY.

CLIFFORD

Are these thy bears? We'll bait thy bears to death,

And manacle the bear'ard° in their chains,

If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

RICHARD

Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

Who, being suffered°, with° the bear's fell paw

Hath clapped his tail between his legs and cried:

And such a piece of service will you do,

If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

CLIFFORD

Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested° lump,

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

YORK

Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

CLIFFORD

Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

KING

Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,

Thou mad misleader of thy brainsick son!

What, wilt thou on thy deathbed play the ruffian,

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?°

O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?

If it be banished from the frosty head,

Where shall it find a harbor in the earth?

Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

And shame thine honorable age with blood?

Why art thou old, and want'st° experience?

Or wherefore dost abuse° it, if thou hast it?

For shame! In duty bend thy knee to me,

That bows unto the grave with mickle° age.

SALISBURY

My lord, I have considered with myself

The title of this most renownèd duke,

And in my conscience do repute his grace

The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

KING

Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

SALISBURY I have.

KING

Canst thou dispense with° heaven for such an oath?

SALISBURY

It is great sin to swear unto a sin,

But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.

Who can be bound by any solemn vow

To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,

To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

To reave° the orphan of his patrimony,

To wring the widow from her customèd right,°

And have no other reason for this wrong

But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

QUEEN

A subtle traitor needs no sophister.°

KING

Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

YORK

Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

I am resolved for death or dignity.

CLIFFORD

The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

WARWICK

You were best to go to bed and dream again,

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

CLIFFORD

I am resolved to bear a greater storm

Than any thou canst conjure up today;

And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,°

Might I but know thee by thy housèd badge.°

WARWICK

Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,

The rampant bear chained to the ragged staff,

This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,

As on a mountain top the cedar shows

131 **Bedlam** Bethlehem Hospital in London, where insane persons were confined 132 **bedlam** crazy 146 **astonish** terrify; **fell-lurking** balefully skulking 149 **bear'ard** bear ward, the keeper of bears intended for baiting in the ring 153 **suffered** loosed; **with** stuck with 157 **indigested** shapeless

165 **spectacles** organs of sight 171 **want'st** lack 172 **abuse** misuse 174 **mickle** much, great 181 **dispense with** come to terms with 187 **reave** bereave, rob 188 **customèd right** i.e., of part of her husband's estate for life 191 **sophister** cunning spokesman 200 **burgonet** helmet 201 **housèd badge** emblem of the family

That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

CLIFFORD

And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear'ard that protects the bear.

YOUNG CLIFFORD

And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

RICHARD

Fie! Charity, for shame! Speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ tonight.

YOUNG CLIFFORD

Foul stigmatic,^o that's more than thou canst tell.

RICHARD

If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. Saint Albans.]

Enter WARWICK.

WARWICK

Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! What, all afoot?

YORK

The deadly handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encountered him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

WARWICK

Of one or both of us the time is come.

YORK

Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,^o
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

WARWICK

Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive today,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassailed.

Exit WARWICK.

CLIFFORD

What see'st thou in me, York? Why dost thou pause?

YORK

With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

CLIFFORD

Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

YORK

So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.

215 **stigmatic** branded criminal, hence a deformed person
(branded by God, as if in punishment)

V.ii.14 **chase** game

CLIFFORD

My soul and body on the action both!

YORK

A dreadful lay!^o Address^o thee instantly.

Alarums, and they fight, and YORK kills CLIFFORD.

CLIFFORD *La fin couronne les œuvres.*^o [Dies.]

YORK

Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!

Exit YORK.

Enter YOUNG CLIFFORD.

YOUNG CLIFFORD

Shame and confusion! All is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,^o
The name of valor. [Sees his dead father.] O, let the
vile world end,

And the premised^o flames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together!

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities^o and petty sounds

To cease! Wast thou ordained, dear father,

To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve

The silver livery of advised age,

And, in thy reverence and thy chair days, thus

To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight

My heart is turned to stone: and while 'tis mine,

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;

No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,

And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,

Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:

Meet I an infant of the house of York,

Into as many gobbets will I cut it

As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:^o

In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:

As did Aeneas old Anchises bear,

So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;

But then Aeneas bare a living load,

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

Exit YOUNG CLIFFORD with his father.

*Enter the Duke of SOMERSET and RICHARD fighting,
and RICHARD kills him under the sign of the Castle,
in Saint Albans.*

RICHARD

So, lie thou there;

27 **lay** wager; **Address** prepare 28 **La . . . œuvres** The end
crowns the work 39 **not . . . circumstance** not by nature,
but by accident 41 **premised** predestined 44 **Particularities**
trifles 59 **As . . . did** Medea, fleeing with Jason from Colchis,
murdered her brother Absyrtus and cut the body into pieces,
so that her father would be delayed in his pursuit

For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
 The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
 Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
 Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still: 70
 Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. *Exit.*

Fight. Excursions.° Enter KING, QUEEN, and others.

QUEEN

Away, my lord! You are slow; for shaine, away!

KING

Can we outrun the heavens? Good Margaret, stay.

QUEEN

What are you made of? You'll nor fight nor fly:
 Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defense, 75
 To give the enemy way, and to secure us
 By what we can, which can no more but fly.

Alarum afar off.

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
 Of all our fortunes: but if we haply 'scape—
 As well we may, if not through your neglect— 80
 We shall to London get, where you are loved
 And where this breach now in our fortunes made
 May readily be stopped.

Enter [YOUNG] CLIFFORD.

YOUNG CLIFFORD

But that my heart's on future mischief set,
 I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly: 85
 But fly you must; uncurable discomfit°
 Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
 Away, for your relief, and we will live
 To see their day and them our fortune give.
 Away, my lord, away! *Exeunt.* 90

[Scene III. Fields near Saint Albans.]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter YORK, RICHARD, WARWICK,
 and SOLDIERS, with drum and colors.*

YORK

Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
 That winter lion, who in rage forgets

71 s.d. Excursions turbulent action 86 discomfit defeat

Agèd contusions and all brush of time,
 And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
 Repairs him with occasion?° This happy day 5
 Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
 If Salisbury be lost.

RICHARD

My noble father,

Three times today I holp° him to his horse,
 Three times bestrid° him; thrice I led him off, 10
 Persuaded him from any further act:
 But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
 And like rich hangings in a homely house,
 So was his will in his old feeble body.
 But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought today. 15

SALISBURY

By th' mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard:
 God knows how long it is I have to live,
 And it hath pleased him that three times today
 You have defended me from imminent death. 20
 Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:°
 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
 Being opposites of such repairing nature.°

YORK

I know our safety is to follow them;
 For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
 To call a present court of parliament. 25
 Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.
 What says Lord Warwick? Shall we after them?

WARWICK

After them! Nay, before them, if we can.
 Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
 Saint Albans battle won by famous York 30
 Shall be eternized in all age to come.
 Sound drum and trumpets, and to London all:
 And more such days as these to us befall! *Exeunt.*

V.iii.5 Repairs . . . occasion revives with opportunity
 8 holp helped 9 bestrid straddled (to defend) 20 we . . .
 have we have not secured what we have acquired 22 repairing
 nature powers of recovery

THE THIRD PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

EDITED BY MILTON CRANE

Introduction

From 1642 until late in the nineteenth century no performances of the uncontaminated Shakespearean dramas [2 and 3 *Henry VI*] seem to have taken place; and then only in one revival in London of Part Two and one at Stratford of both parts. In the present century they met with similar neglect. In America the plays have suffered even more nearly total oblivion.¹

Thus wrote C. B. Young, as recently as 1952. But the whirligig of Time, as Malvolio among others discovered, brings in his revenges. In the past several years more persons have seen the three parts of *Henry VI* than had ever seen any one of the plays in all the centuries of their existence. The British Broadcasting Corporation has twice filmed and exhibited these plays (once in a cycle with *Richard II*, *Richard III*, 1–2 *Henry IV*, and *Henry V*, under the general title *An Age of Kings*; and once with *Richard III* alone). Both these cycles have been shown widely in Great Britain, Canada, and the United States. In addition, *Henry VI*, in parts or as a trilogy, has been performed at Stratford-upon-Avon, at Stratford, Ontario, and at Stratford, Connecticut, and was performed at the two latter festivals as recently as the summer of 1966.

How is one to explain so striking a revival of interest? Or, more strictly speaking, how is one to explain this unprecedented wave of enthusiasm for plays that historically have had many more detractors than admirers—for plays, indeed, that have only in recent years been generally accepted as Shakespeare's? The *Henry VI* cycle has been roundly criticized, over the centuries, as 'prentice work, a primitive and violent chronicle of blood, of interest only to scholars. Not that anything like a critical consensus can be said to exist—*Richard III*, which has often been deplored by the judicious for its bloody melodrama, has even more often run a close second in popularity to *Hamlet*. Nor should this be a cause for astonishment; *Richard III*, like 3 *Henry VI*, shares many of the most notorious (and popular) qualities of television drama.

For, though the framework of *Henry VI* is serious, moral, and didactic—a history, on the one hand, of France's efforts to free herself from English domination and, on the other, of the hideous social and political convulsions that we call the Wars of the Roses—these annals of an age of anarchy are full of thrilling and gruesome details calculated to delight the heart of a groundling: the rise and fall of the witch Joan of Arc; the rebellion and death of Jack Cade; the sorcery of the Duchess of Gloucester; the baiting and murder of the Duke of York, the young Earl of Rutland, the Prince of Wales, and the unfortunate King Henry himself. And, of course, the whole bloody feud of York and Lancaster is Shakespeare's inspired anticipation of the Western movie. One must not, therefore, be astonished that Shakespeare's Grand Guignol has retained its power to charm, particularly younger spectators.

Obviously the history plays are by no means alone in appealing to the audience's appetite for violence and excitement. 3 *Henry VI* is hardly more gratifying in this respect than *Macbeth* or *King Lear*, not to speak of the matchless *Titus Andronicus*, in many respects Shakespeare's most shocking creation. Shakespeare pays a high price, however, for the monstrous effects that he lovingly devises for the latter play: it is the danger that the audience's *frisson* may dissolve into helpless laughter, as when Titus enjoins the mutilated Lavinia, "Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth."

Titus Andronicus and 3 *Henry VI* are alike in another important respect: until recent years, they were little known to either the common reader or the common playgoer. Granted that neither is a great monument of Shakespeare's art, both are nevertheless consistently interesting and lively works by a gifted professional playwright; their structure is clear and straightforward, and they provide gratifying roles for leading actors and actresses. For the more sophisticated, 3 *Henry VI* reserves yet another reward—that of watching the early development of a major character, Richard III, from his beginnings as a strong, courageous, admittedly brutal, but not yet frankly villainous figure to the monster who will meet deserved destruction on Bosworth Field.

¹ "The Stage History of *King Henry VI*, Parts II and III," *The Third Part of King Henry VI*, *The New Cambridge Shakespeare*, ed. John Dover Wilson (1952), pp. xxxix–xl.

Civil war is, as it were, the expression in political terms of the anarchic, heedless, and all but suicidal rage that consumes, at one time or another, most of the leading characters of these plays. The scene in which Henry overhears the monologues of the son who has killed his father and of the father who has killed his son, ending in their formal but deeply moving lament, has been often and justly praised; in its terrible anonymity, this masque of death seems to come straight out of a morality play. The fact that these miserable men have unwittingly murdered and robbed their own kin is but another manifestation of the infernal forces that the Yorkists and Lancastrians have ignorantly loosed upon an appalled and helpless populace.²

Willard Farnham has brilliantly summarized the cumulative impact of the three parts of *Henry VI*:

Throughout the trilogy we follow the ill-fated kingship of Henry, but the most constant theme is England torn by civil war. Coming and going upon the scene are men and women who hope to profit by the bitter animosities of the struggle, who have their little day of rising ambition and success, and who quickly fall. The civil war is a forced draft fanning all those fires of worldly aspiration which the ascetic tragedy of the Middle Ages sought to quench. It favors all the criminal propensities in ambitious humanity. England as pictured under its influence is very much like the world pictured by medieval Contempt, a trackless forest filled with wild beasts and robbers, where the struggle for place is merely madness with horrible

² This celebrated scene merits our attention for other reasons as well. It seems clear that it bears a significant relation to Sackville and Norton's *Gorboduc* (1561), one of the most explicit warnings directed to Elizabeth and designed to persuade her to take steps to avoid the danger of civil war. Miss Joan Rees has with justice pointed out (in "A Passage in *Henry VI, Part 3*," *Notes and Queries*, 199 [May, 1954], 195-96) that the traditional attribution to Hall's *Chronicle* of the major influence on Shakespeare in the composition of this scene ("This conflict was in maner vnnaturall, for in it the sonne fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the vncl, and the tenaūt against his lord . . ." [Hall, p. 256]) probably requires drastic modification. In the concluding and summarizing speech of Eubulus in *Gorboduc*, the following passage appears:

All right and lawe shall cease . . .
The wiues shall suffer rape, the maides defloured,
And children fatherlesse shall weepe and waile.
With fire and sworde thy natiue folke shall perishe.
One kinsman shall bereaue an-others life;
The father shall vnwitting slay the sonne;
The sonne shall slay the sire and know it not.

(V.ii.204, 209-14)

Miss Rees goes on to say:

Amongst the touches which give to the last two acts of *Gorboduc* a greater vitality than is to be found in the first three, is a passage in Eubulus' speech in Act V scene 2 l. 180 to the end . . . in which he describes, with an almost lyrical intensity, the horrors of civil war. This passage . . . stands out even today and it is obvious that, because of its passionate realisation of its subject, it would be even more potent to an audience for whom the danger of civil war loomed large. . . . It may be that Hall's chronicle is at the back of this speech but the treatment of the theme in *Gorboduc* because it is so vividly realised is perhaps more likely to have stirred an imaginative response in Shakespeare than the cooler record of the chronicle. More elements of Shakespeare's scene are present in the *Gorboduc* lines than in the Hall passage: the double episode of father killing son and son father; the idea that they acted in ignorance (Shakespeare's line 69, the son's words, "Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!") echo "The sonne shall slay the sire and

accompaniments. Sometimes the good man falls (Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester); sometimes the evil (Suffolk, destroyer of Gloucester). Henry himself is in it all, yet not of it all. He is a spiritual opposite to those around him who have lusts for power and domination; he loves peace and he has manly pity for suffering. He is hardly drawn as a weak man, and he is certainly not drawn as basely or miserably weak. He is simply a king who cannot use the strong hand of domination because brutality repels him. The ironical result is that cruel things happen in his realm which might never have happened if he had been willing to use cruelty on his own account in taking the reins of government—Duke Humphrey's murder, for example.³

Although, to be sure, mankind throughout its history has denounced all war as a plague, civil war has by common consent been the form most deeply dreaded—as *3 Henry VI* makes clear—for setting fathers, brothers, and sons against one another. Moreover, not only does all semblance of reason vanish when every man sets his face against every other man, but the fear persists (and experience seems to bear it out) that whatever peace may be concluded will be at best illusory and of short duration.

A kind of war that violates all normal expectations may well lead, not illogically, to the destruction of the very fabric of society. Even among warlords—perhaps one should say, especially among warlords—the one virtue that is most greatly honored is loyalty. It is the supreme political virtue. But in the world of *Henry VI* loyalty is the exception, not the rule. *3 Henry VI* begins with Henry's pusillanimous acceptance of the Duke of York as his heir apparent (provided that Henry is permitted to occupy the throne in peace as long as he lives) in place of his legitimate son and heir, the Prince of Wales. Here the theme of betrayal is sounded, and most disgracefully, with a father's cowardly disinheritance of his blameless son. Shakespeare is skillfully preparing us for the ever-increasing violence of Margaret's mood and her determination to wreak a terrible revenge on the Yorkists.

know it not"); the emphasis on the personal tragedy in the lives affected which the *Gorboduc* speech goes on to stress further and which Hall subordinates to consideration of "the puyssance of thys realme". In addition, the whole context of the passage in *Gorboduc*, with its bitter recognition that:

These are the plagies, when murder is the meane
To make new heires unto the royall crowne

is close to the theme of the *Henry VI* trilogy and might therefore be of especial interest to Shakespeare.

It might also be noted that the situation described in Eubulus' lines and in Shakespeare's scene has no parallel in *Gorboduc* as a whole. The moralizing and generalizing message of this *raisonneur's* speech, directed at Elizabeth, is a warning against civil war, not a definition of the dangerous consequences of failing to name an heir in time.

Finally, despite the admitted importance of Hall's influence on Shakespeare's history plays, is it not highly probable that Shakespeare, in his early days as a tragic dramatist and a writer of history plays, should have looked back three decades to the honorable ancestor of all English tragedies and history plays? From this time forth, *Gorboduc* will be restricted to academic interest, at best; but for a moment it provided the young Shakespeare with a valuable suggestion.

³ *The Medieval Heritage of Elizabethan Tragedy* (1936), pp. 385-86.

Betrayal is soon heaped on betrayal. In I.ii, a few short speeches by Richard suffice to persuade his father, the Duke of York, to break his oath to Henry and to prepare a conspiracy to unseat him. But before the duke can begin to organize his plot, he learns that Margaret with twenty thousand men intends to besiege him in his castle; and so he is relieved of any moral dilemma that may have troubled him. In due course, the captured duke is murdered by Margaret and Young Clifford, after they have tormented him with a paper crown and a handkerchief dipped in his son Rutland's blood. "*Vae victis!*" is the only principle of war that these ferocious antagonists recognize. York's death, strictly speaking, proceeds immediately from unspeakable brutality, though ultimately from treachery; but the distinction can interest only a logician. The savagery with which each party uses the other is such as to call in question the pretensions to chivalric ideals of all these gently born butchers.

The baiting and slaughter of York is paralleled in II.vi by that of Clifford, who falls into the hands of the Yorkists moments before he dies of the wounds he has received at Towton. But his enemies, not yet aware that he is dead, play out a grisly comedy in which they threaten the dead man with torture, mockingly call on him to repent, and at last cut off his head to fix on York gates in place of their father's.

Meanwhile the problem of loyalty is elaborated in III.i. Henry is recognized and taken prisoner by two keepers, who pride themselves on their loyalty to Edward:

You are the king King Edward hath deposed;
And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance
Will apprehend you as his enemy. (III.i.69-71)

Henry attempts, unsuccessfully, to argue himself free:

I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?
(III.i.76-79)

The First Keeper knows an argument worth two of Henry's:

No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.
(III.i.80-81)

The futility and absurdity of this disputation are expressed in Henry's rueful conclusion: "Such is the lightness of you common men" (III.i.89), though the unspoken point is clear enough: the keepers attempt to find ways to rationalize their yielding to the rule of might, whereas their betters (with rare exceptions) feel no compunctions whatever.

Richard's great set piece (III.ii.124-95) announces his grand design to win the crown for himself once he has seen "the lustful Edward's titles buried" and has disposed of

Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlooked-for issue of their bodies.

He concludes with a self-revelation for which nothing thus far in the trilogy has prepared us:

Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry, "Content" to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
I can add colors to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. (III.ii.182-95)

Richard is the incomparable symbol of treachery and deceit in all forms: cant, hypocrisy, corruption, secret murder, usurpation. His last act in 3 *Henry VI*, after murdering Henry in the Tower, is to give his brother Edward's infant son what he himself calls a Judas kiss.

In this world of traitors Richard is supreme but by no means unique. In III.iii Warwick arrives at the French court to negotiate the marriage of Edward with Bona, King Lewis' sister. But Warwick has been betrayed by the womanizer Edward, whose passions have triumphed over his sense of *realpolitik* and have led him to marry Lady Elizabeth Grey; furious at his loss of face, Warwick promptly changes sides, and Lewis avenges the slight to his sister by according Margaret the aid she has so far sought in vain.

As the play approaches its climax, the Lancastrian forces move up under their leaders: Oxford, Montague, Somerset, and Clarence. "Wind-changing Warwick" confidently awaits Clarence's formal greeting, but now the most dramatic moment of treachery arrives: Warwick's son-in-law, subverted by Richard, contemptuously takes the red rose from his hat and throws it at Warwick, proclaiming his return to the Yorkist party. But worse lies ahead. Edward, in his triumph, proclaims an amnesty for Prince Edward, and there seems to be no reason to doubt the sincerity of this chivalrous offer. The young prince, however, tactlessly speaks his mind to his enemies, and, before the eyes of Margaret, is stabbed to death by Edward, Richard, and Clarence, precisely as young Rutland was stabbed by Clifford, and York by Clifford and Margaret. Each step in this blood feud proceeds inexorably from the preceding one. The anguished Margaret, witnessing her son's death, entreats Richard: "O, kill me too!" and Richard seems of a mind to grant her request. But Edward, belatedly aware of what he has done, stays him: "Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much" (V.v.43).

Meanwhile Richard, who has left the scene of carnage with a berserker's cry: "The Tower! The Tower!", is ensuring that Henry, who has of course long since ceased to play any but a choric role in the descending action of the tragedy, will not live to see his prophecies fulfilled. Richard, in the full exercise of his powers as king-maker and king-destroyer, affords us a foretaste of his masterworks of villainy in *Richard III*. What the audience does

not yet know is that the demidevil Richard—whose great speeches of self-revelation in *3 Henry VI* are stylistically and dramatically of a piece with the fantastic unmasking speech of Aaron the Moor in *Titus Andronicus*—will presently reveal himself to be one of Shakespeare's most remarkable and most accomplished humorists. Indeed, one can hardly account for the popularity of *Richard III*, and particularly for the allure of Richard himself, except by invoking the hero-villain's devastating charm, which is compounded of enchanting audacity and a disarming and cynical refusal to take himself altogether seriously. In this, as in all else, he is a master dissembler and actor, and as such fittingly inherits not only the crown but the play itself.

Perhaps inevitably, one is inclined to think of the three parts of *Henry VI* as forming a whole, unified by themes, characters, and structural devices. The degree of unity in these plays is, however, dangerously easy to exaggerate. The characters whose lives and fortunes link the three parts—King Henry, Margaret, and Richard, Duke of Gloucester—play significant roles in each of the parts, but their personalities change and develop. Thus Henry begins as an immature, saintly, love-besotted figure; becomes more saintly and more ineffectual; and dies a victim of the fiendlike Richard after making some abortive efforts to regain command of the Lancastrian forces. He is a consistent character, whose life and death set a standard of Christian charity and idealism that permits us to judge the savagery and brutality of the world into which he has been unfortunate enough to be born. On the other hand, the fact that the reign of Henry was an unmitigated disaster was perfectly clear to every Tudor historian and moralist, and men who lived in the last decade—or, indeed, any decade—of Elizabeth's reign had no difficulty in applying the meaning of this disaster to their own situation. (The queen herself was by no means the last to draw such historical parallels. "Know ye not that I am Richard the Second?" she demanded, after Essex' followers had caused Shakespeare's *Richard II* to be revived on the eve of their leader's ill-fated rebellion.)

Henry's pitiful efforts to exculpate himself in *3 Henry VI* (I.i) when his enemies the Yorkists taunt him for having lost the lands won by his heroic father, the great Henry V, recall that terrible piece of folk wisdom from *Ecclesiastes*: "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child!" Admittedly it was not the infant Henry but his protector, the "good Duke" Humphrey of Gloucester, who bore the responsibility for the loss of France. But the judgment of history, however unfairly, inevitably seeks the nearest scapegoat; and the judgment is found against Henry, in whose name the follies were committed. (Henry passes in silence, of course, over his wedding gift of Anjou and Maine to his father-in-law Reignier [René], King of Naples. These provinces, much more than the lands lost by war, were fresh affronts in the minds of the Yorkists and the chief subject of their reproaches to Henry.)

Henry's queen, Margaret, likewise undergoes transformation in the course of the trilogy. She appears first in *1 Henry VI*, in one of the concluding scenes of the play, as the prisoner of Suffolk, whom she has already bewitched. She is a little too practical and matter-of-fact to be entirely believable as the demure and lovely maid that she seems to

her infatuated captor; she already suggests something of the judgment that Hall was to pass on her:

This woman excelled all others as well in beautie and fauor, as in wit and pollicie, and was of stomack and corage, more like to a man, then a woman.⁴

And she finds little difficulty in accommodating herself to her situation as the captive of the apologetic Suffolk: "Tush, women have been captivate ere now" (V.iii.107). In fact, the entire interview between Margaret and Suffolk often seems to hesitate on the edge of comedy.

The Margaret of *2 Henry VI*, on the other hand, is a virago and a meddler in matters of state, who shamelessly takes Suffolk as her lover and contrives the downfall of the Duchess of Gloucester and the murder of the duke. In *3 Henry VI* she becomes the infernal Ate in good apparel, a murderess who with her own hand plunges the sword into the captive York. The order of nature being so violently disturbed, it follows that Margaret's punishment must be equally terrible. This is the measure of what has happened to England in the course of Shakespeare's trilogy: the weakness, uncertainty, and confusion of *1 Henry VI* give way to the deep social disorders signaled by the peasant rebellion of *2 Henry VI* and ultimately to the total anarchy of *3 Henry VI*. Now the time is near for the inferno over which Richard III will reign until he is overthrown by Richmond, who will rule as Henry VII. Hall thus sums up the restoration of order by the first Tudor:

Although by this eleccion of wyse and graue councellers all thinges semed to be brought to a good & perfight conclusion, yet there lacked a wrest to the harpe to set all the strynges in a monacorde and tune which was the matrimony to be fineshed betwene the kyng and the lady Elizabeth daughter to kyng Edward, which lyke a good prynce accordyng to his othe and promes, he did both solempnise and cōsummate in brief tyme after, that is to saye on the xvij daye of Ianuary. By reason of whiche mariage peace was thought to discende oute of heauē into England, consideryng that the lynes of Lancastre & Yorke, being both noble families equivalēt in ryches, fame and honour, were now brought into one knot and connexed together, of whose two bodyes one heyre might succede, which after their tyme should peaceably rule and enioye the whole monarchy and realme of England.⁵

Such, then, was the fragile peace and unity that emerged from the "long jars" (Ben Jonson's words) of York and Lancaster. Small wonder that Shakespeare, like many another Elizabethan, was far more deeply impressed and dismayed, in retrospect, by the holocaust of the Wars of the Roses than by its resolution. Small wonder, too, that Elizabeth thought nothing more important than the avoidance, by policy, trimming, or coercion, of such civil wars as Shakespeare has memorably re-created in this trilogy of *Henry VI*.

⁴ Hall, *Chronicle*, ed. Sir Henry Ellis (1809), p. 205.

⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 424-25.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

Shakespeare drew on two principal sources for *Henry VI, Part Three*, as he had done earlier for *Henry VI, Parts One and Two*. These were two of the major historical works of sixteenth-century England: Edward Hall's chronicle *The Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Families of Lancaster & Yorke . . .* (1548); modern edition, H. Ellis (1809); and the second edition (1587) of Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotlande, and Irelande*; modern edition, H. Ellis (six volumes, 1807-08), and several abridged editions, notably W. G. Boswell-Stone, *Shakespeare's Holinshed* (1896) and Allardyce and Josephine Nicoll, eds., *Holinshed's Chronicle as Used in Shakespeare's Plays* (1927). Shakespeare's indebtedness to Holinshed has of course long been recognized, but modern scholarship has tended to emphasize ever more strongly the importance of Hall's work, both as a direct influence on Shakespeare and as an indirect influence through Holinshed.

All the chroniclers are, to say the least, exceedingly casual about borrowing from one another's work; and when they copy hastily or carelessly, as they not infrequently do, the modern reader's best hope of recovering his author's original meaning is to compare the text with that of an earlier chronicle. Students of Shakespeare are likely to find most interesting and helpful, among the earlier chronicles, *The Brut or the Chronicles of England*, ed. Friedrich W. D. Brie, Part I, Early English Text Society, Original Series 131 (1906; reprinted 1960), and Part II, Original Series 136 (1908); Polydore Vergil's *English History* (Henry VI, Edward IV, and Richard III), ed. Sir Henry Ellis, The Camden Society, Volume 21 (1844); and Ranulph Higden's *Polychronicon*, translated by John Trevisa (the chronicle completed to 1461 by William Caxton, who published the *Polychronicon* in 1482); modern edition, Churchill Babington and Reverend J. R. Lumby (nine volumes; 1865-86).

"Hall's chief importance," E. M. W. Tillyard has well observed, "is that he is the first English chronicle writer to show in all its completeness that new moralising of history which came in with the waning of the Middle Ages, the weakening of the Church, and the rise of nationalism. And the special literary importance of this feat is to have introduced a sense of drama into his manner of expression . . . the sense of the moral concatenation of great events: moral as against psychological drama."⁶ The subject of Hall's chronicle was the union of the houses of Lancaster and York, a union which was achieved only after England had suffered the convulsions of civil war, the memory and fear of which haunt Shakespeare's plays as they haunted Elizabethan Englishmen. Disunion came in with Henry Bolingbroke; union was restored by Henry VII and Henry VIII (Hall calls the latter "the vndubitate flower and very heire of both the sayd linages"). The history of the intervening years, as Tillyard and others have noted, may be read in the titles of Hall's chapters:

- i. The vnquiet tyme of kyng Hēry the Fowerth.
- ii. The victorious actes of kyng Henry the v.
- iii. The troubleous season of kyng Henry the vi.
- iiii. The prosperous reigne of kyng Edward the iiij.

- v. The pitifull life of kyng Edward the v.
- vi. The tragicall doynges of kyng Richard the iij.
- vii. The politike gouernaunce of kyng Henry the vij.
- viii. The triumphant reigne of king Henry the viij.⁷

Throughout his history plays Shakespeare repeatedly expounded these few essential ideas: that evil must be punished and expiated, that goodness will be rewarded, that piety cannot prevail unless conjoined with strength (thus the ineffectual saintliness of Henry VI is sharply contrasted with the more muscular Christianity of Henry V). Both Hall and Holinshed provided Shakespeare with clear and vivid portraits of his principal characters; and Shakespeare, as usual, missed no significant hint, no illuminating detail, in the chronicles. At the same time, he adroitly combined and abridged his materials so as to heighten dramatic effect. Thus, both Hall and Holinshed describe how Clifford caused a paper crown to be set on the severed head of Richard, Duke of York. Shakespeare, in contrast, makes the scene in which Queen Margaret, Clifford, and the other Lancastrians actually torment and kill York (I.iv) one of the most powerful episodes of this harrowing play.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

Henry VI, Part Three has come down to us in two major texts: the so-called "bad quarto" (actually a "bad octavo"), called Q—*The true Tragedie of Richard/Duke of Yorke, and the death of/good King Henrie the Sixt,/with the whole contention betweene/the two Houses Lancaster/and Yorke, as it was sundrie times/acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pem-/brooke his seruants*—and the First Folio of 1623 (called F). Q, which is about two thirds the length of F and imperfect in numerous respects, was published in 1595 by P[eter] S[horth] for Thomas Millington. The copy was not entered in the Stationers' Register. Q was long considered (principally on the authority of the noted eighteenth-century editor Edmond Malone) to be the source of Shakespeare's play; but in the past four decades there has come into fairly general acceptance the view that Q represents a reported version (perhaps by the actors who played Warwick and Clifford) of the text of an early production of the play that was later printed as F. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of the most important modern editors of the play (A. S. Cairncross, John Dover Wilson, George Lyman Kittredge, and Peter Alexander, among others). The technical studies that were largely responsible for tipping the balance in favor of this view include J. S. Smart, *Shakespeare: Truth and Tradition* (1928); Madeleine Doran, *Henry VI, Parts II and III* (1928); and Peter Alexander, *Shakespeare's Henry VI and Richard III* (1929). A. S. Cairncross' introductions to his Arden editions of *Henry VI, Part Two* and *Henry VI, Part Three* summarize much useful information bearing on the relation between *Henry VI, Part Two* and *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster . . .* and between *Henry VI, Part Three* and *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*.

Apart from the initial "Actus Primus. Scæna Prima,"

⁶ *Shakespeare's History Plays* (1944), p. 42.

⁷ Hall's *Chronicle* (1809 edition), p. viii.

no act or scene divisions appear in F, and none at all appear in Q. The act and scene divisions in the present edition are those of the Globe edition. All divisions and stage directions that have been added are enclosed in square brackets.

A number of the stage directions in Q, like stage directions in other Shakespeare quartos, reflect stage business in actual performance, for example:

Enter *Richard* Duke of Yorke, The Earle of *Warwicke*, The Duke of *Norffolke*, *Marquis Montague*, *Edward Earle of March*, *Crookeback Richard*, and the yong Earle of *Rutland*, with Drumme and Souldiers, with white Roses in their hats.⁸

Sound a Parlie, and *Richard* and *Clarence* whispers together, and then *Clarence* takes his red Rose out of his hat, and throws it at *Warwike*.⁹

Alarimes to the battell, *Yorke* flies, then the chambers be discharged. Then enter the king, *Cla.* & *Glo.* & the rest, & make a great shout, and crie, for *Yorke*, for *Yorke*, and then the *Queene* is taken, & the prince, & *Oxf.* & *Sum.* and then found and enter all againe.¹⁰

In the second direction quoted above, some effort has obviously been made to motivate *Clarence*'s betrayal of *Warwick*—for which F does nothing to prepare us—and the stage business here echoes the accounts in the chronicles. Another stage direction of interest is at III.i, which reads: "Enter *Sinklo*, and *Humfrey*, with *Crosse-bowes* in their hands." (The quarto reads: "Enter two keepers with bow and arrowes.") The names *Sinklo* and *Humfrey* appear

to be those of actors in Shakespeare's company—*John Sincler*, and *Humphrey Jeffes*—incorporated into the text by error. Possibly Shakespeare wrote the names as he composed, possibly a prompter added them to the company's copy. "Gabriel" in the stage direction at I.ii.47 is probably a similar error, naming the actor *Gabriel Spencer*.

Speech prefixes have been silently regularized, and the position of a few stage directions slightly altered. The following list includes emendations and corrections of F. In each case, the altered reading appears first, in boldface; the original reading follows, in roman. When the alteration is derived from Q, that fact is indicated.

I.i.69 **Exeter** [Q] Westm. 105 **Thy** [Q] My 259 **stay with** [Q] stay 261 **from** [Q] to 273 s.d. **Exeunt** Exit
I.ii.47 Enter [a Messenger] [Q] Enter 75 s.d. **Exeunt** Exit
I.iv.180 **Exeunt** Exit
II.i.113 And . . . **thought** [Q; F omits] 131 **an idle** [Q] a lazie 158 **makes** make 182 **amain** [Q; F omits]
II.ii.89–92 **Since . . . in** [F assigns to Clarence] 133 **Richard** [Q] War. 172 **deniest** [Q] denied'st
II.v.119 **Even** Men
II.vi.43 **See who it is** [Q; F gives to Richard] 58 **his** [Q] is
III.i.s.d. Enter [two keepers] [Q] Enter *Sinklo*, and *Humfrey* 12 **Second Keeper** Sink. [i.e., First Keeper] 17 **wast** was 24 **thee, sour adversity** the sower Aduersaries 55 **thou that** [Q] thou
III.ii.123 **honorably** [Q] honourable
III.iii.124 **eternal** [Q] externall 156 **peace** [added in F2] 228 **I'll** [Q] I
IV.i.89–90 [three lines in F, ending **thee, words, them**] 93 **thy** [Q] the
IV.ii.15 **towns** Towne
IV.iii.64 s.d. **Exeunt** exit
IV.iv.17 **wean** waine
IV.v.4 **stands** stand 8 **Comes** Come 21 **ship** shipt
IV.vi.55 **be confiscate** confiscate
IV.viii.s.d. **Exeter** Somerset
V.i.75 s.d. (see note in text) 78 **an** in
V.v.s.d. **Clarence . . . prisoners** *Queene*, *Clarence*, *Oxford*, *Somerset* 77 **butcher** butcher *Richard* 90 s.d. **Exeunt** Exit
V.vii.5 **renowned** [Q] Renowne 30 **King Edward** *Cla.*; **Thanks** [Q] Thanke 38 **Reignier** Reynard

⁸ W. W. Greg, ed., *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York (Henry the Sixth, Part III)*, Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles No. 11 (1958), Sig. A2.

⁹ *Ibid.*, Sig. E2.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, Sig. E4.



THE THIRD PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

[Dramatis Personae

KING HENRY THE SIXTH
 EDWARD *Prince of Wales, his son*
 LEWIS XI *King of France*
 DUKE OF SOMERSET
 DUKE OF EXETER
 EARL OF OXFORD
 EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND
 EARL OF WESTMORELAND
 LORD CLIFFORD
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET *Duke of York*
 EDWARD *Earl of March, afterward King*
 Edward IV
 EDMUND *Earl of Rutland*
 GEORGE *afterward Duke of Clarence*
 RICHARD *afterward Duke of Gloucester*
 DUKE OF NORFOLK
 EARL OF WARWICK
 MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE
 EARL OF PEMBROKE
 LORD HASTINGS
 LORD STAFFORD
 SIR JOHN MORTIMER } *uncles to the Duke of*
 SIR HUGH MORTIMER } *York*

HENRY *Earl of Richmond, a youth*
 LORD RIVERS *brother to Lady Grey*
 SIR WILLIAM STANLEY
 SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY
 SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE
 TUTOR *to Rutland*
 MAYOR OF YORK
 ALDERMEN
 MAYOR OF COVENTRY
 LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER
 A NOBLEMAN
 TWO KEEPERS
 A HUNTSMAN
 A SON *that has killed his father*
 A FATHER *that has killed his son*
 THE FRENCH ADMIRAL
 QUEEN MARGARET
 LADY ELIZABETH GREY *afterward queen to*
 Edward IV
 BONA *sister to the French Queen*
 SOLDIERS ATTENDANTS MESSENGERS
 WATCHMEN ETC.

Scene: England and France]

A C T I

Scene I. [*London. The parliament house.*]

Alarum.° Enter Plantagenet [*the Duke of YORK*],
EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE,
WARWICK, and SOLDIERS.

WARWICK

I wonder how the king escaped our hands?

YORK

While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men;
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland
Whose warlike ears could never brook° retreat,
Cheered up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford all abreast
Charged our main battle's° front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

EDWARD

Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous.°
I cleft his beaver° with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Shows his bloody sword.*]

MONTAGUE

And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encountered as the battles joined.

RICHARD

Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did:
[*Throws down the Duke of Somerset's head.*]

YORK

Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.
But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

NORFOLK

Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!°

RICHARD

Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

WARWICK

And so do I, victorious Prince of York.
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful° king,
And this the regal seat. Possess it, York;
For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs'.

YORK

Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

NORFOLK

We'll all assist you. He that flies shall die.

YORK

Thanks, gentle Norfolk; stay by me, my lords;
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.
They go up.°

The decorative border on page 196 appeared on the first page of the quarto edition of 3 Henry VI, 1595.

I.i.s.d. Alarum trumpet call to arms **5 brook** endure **8 battle's** army's **11 dangerous** dangerously **12 beaver** visor **19 Such** . . . **Gaunt** May all of the line of John of Gaunt have such hope! (ironical; though emendation of "hope" to "hap" [fate] is plausible) **25 fearful** timorous **32 s.d. go up** to the chair of state, presumably toward the rear of the stage

WARWICK

And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

YORK

The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council.
By words or blows here let us win our right.

RICHARD

Armed as we are, let's stay within this house.

WARWICK

The bloody parliament shall this be called,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us bywords to our enemies.

YORK

Then leave me not, my lords. Be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

WARWICK

Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up° Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.°
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[*YORK seats himself in the throne.*]

Flourish.° Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and the rest.

KING HENRY

My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state. Belike° he means,
Backed by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vowed
revenge
On him, his sons, his favorites, and his friends.

NORTHUMBERLAND

If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!

CLIFFORD

The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.°

WESTMORELAND

What, shall we suffer° this? let's pluck him down.
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook° it.

KING HENRY

Be patient, gentle° Earl of Westmoreland.

CLIFFORD

Patience is for poltroons,° such as he.
He durst not sit there, had your father lived.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Well hast thou spoken, cousin.° Be it so.

KING HENRY

Ah, know you not the city favors them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

EXETER

But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

KING HENRY

Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,

46 holds up supports **47 bells** falcon's bells **49 s.d. Flourish** trumpet fanfare **51 Belike** apparently **58 steel** armor **59 suffer** allow **60 brook** endure **61 gentle** noble **62 poltroons** cowards **66 cousin** kinsman

To make a shambles^o of the parliament house!
 Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats
 Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
 Thou factious^o Duke of York, descend my throne,
 And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet.
 I am thy sovereign.

YORK I am thine.

EXETER
 For shame, come down; he made thee Duke of York.

YORK
 It was my inheritance, as the earldom was.

EXETER
 Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

WARWICK
 Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown
 In following this usurping Henry.

CLIFFORD
 Whom should he follow but his natural king?

WARWICK
 True, Clifford; that's Richard Duke of York.

KING HENRY
 And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

YORK
 It must and shall be so: content thyself.

WARWICK
 Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.

WESTMORELAND
 He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
 And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

WARWICK
 And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
 That we are those which chased you from the field
 And slew your fathers, and with colors^o spread
 Marched through the city to the palace gates.

NORTHUMBERLAND
 Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief,
 And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

WESTMORELAND
 Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,
 Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives
 Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

CLIFFORD
 Urge it no more, lest that, instead of words,
 I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
 As shall revenge his^o death before I stir.

WARWICK
 Poor Clifford; how I scorn his worthless threats!

YORK
 Will you we show our title^o to the crown?
 If not, our swords shall plead^o it in the field.

KING HENRY
 What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
 Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
 Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.
 I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
 Who made the Dolphin^o and the French to stoop^o
 And seized upon their towns and provinces.

WARWICK
 Talk not of France, sith^o thou hast lost it all.

71 shambles slaughterhouse 74 factious rebellious 91
 colors flags 100 his my father's 102 title legal right 103
 plead defend 108 Dolphin Dauphin; stoop yield 110 sith
 since

KING HENRY
 The Lord Protector^o lost it, and not I.
 When I was crowned I was but nine months old.

RICHARD
 You are old enough now, and yet^o methinks you lose.
 Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

EDWARD
 Sweet father, do so; set it on your head. 115

MONTAGUE
 Good brother, as thou lov'st and honorest arms,
 Let's fight it out and not stand^o caviling thus.

RICHARD
 Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

YORK
 Sons, peace! 80

KING HENRY
 Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak. 120

WARWICK
 Plantagenet shall speak first. Hear him, lords;
 And be you silent and attentive too,
 For he that interrupts him shall not live.

KING HENRY
 Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
 Wherein my grandsire and my father sat? 125
 No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
 Ay, and their colors, often borne in France,
 And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,
 Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint^o you, lords?
 My title's good, and better far than his. 130

WARWICK
 Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

KING HENRY
 Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

YORK
 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

KING HENRY [*Aside.*]
 I know not what to say; my title's weak—
 Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir? 135

95 YORK
 What then?

KING HENRY
 And if^o he may, then am I lawful king;
 For Richard, in the view of many lords,
 Resigned the crown to Henry the Fourth,
 Whose heir my father was, and I am his. 140

YORK
 He rose against him, being his sovereign,
 And made him to resign his crown perforce.

WARWICK
 Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrained,
 Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

EXETER
 No; for he could not so resign his crown 145
 But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

KING HENRY
 Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

EXETER
 His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

110 YORK
 Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

111 Lord Protector Humphrey Duke of Gloucester 113 yet
 even now 117 stand waste time 129 faint lose heart 137
 And if if

EXETER

My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

KING HENRY [*Aside.*]

All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.

WARWICK

Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Thou art deceived. 'Tis not thy southern power,^o
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

CLIFFORD

King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defense:
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

KING HENRY

O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

YORK

Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

WARWICK

Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

He stamps with his foot, and the SOLDIERS show themselves.

KING HENRY

My Lord of Warwick, hear but one word:
Let me for this my lifetime reign as king.

YORK

Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

KING HENRY

I am content. Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

CLIFFORD

What wrong is this unto the prince your son?

WARWICK

What good is this to England and himself!

WESTMORELAND

Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

CLIFFORD

How hast thou injured both thyself and us!

WESTMORELAND

I cannot stay to hear these articles.^o

NORTHUMBERLAND

Nor I.

CLIFFORD

Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

WESTMORELAND

Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honor bides.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands^o for this unmanly deed!

155 power army **180 articles** terms of agreement **186 bands**
bonds

CLIFFORD

150 In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandoned and despised!

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, and
WESTMORELAND.]

WARWICK

Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

EXETER

They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

190

KING HENRY

155 Ah, Exeter!

WARWICK Why should you sigh, my lord?

KING HENRY

Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may. [*To* YORK.] I here entail^o
160 The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war; and, whilst I live,
To honor me as thy king and sovereign;
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down and reign thyself.

195

200

YORK

165 This oath I willingly take and will perform.

[*Comes from the throne.*]

WARWICK

Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.

KING HENRY

And long live thou and these thy forward^o sons!

YORK

Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

EXETER

170 Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!

205

Sennet.^o Here they come down.

YORK

Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

WARWICK

And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

175 NORFOLK

And I to Norfolk with my followers.

MONTAGUE

And I unto the sea from whence I came.

[*Exeunt* YORK and his SONS, WARWICK, NORFOLK, and
MONTAGUE, with their SOLDIERS, and ATTENDANTS.]

KING HENRY

And I with grief and sorrow to the court.

210

Enter the QUEEN [*MARGARET and Edward* PRINCE of
Wales].

180

EXETER

Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray^o her
anger.

I'll steal away.

KING HENRY Exeter, so will I.

QUEEN MARGARET

Nay, go not from me. I will follow thee.

KING HENRY

185 Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

194 entail settle, bestow (as property) **203 forward** eager
205 s.d. Sennet trumpet call signaling the approach or
departure of processions **211 bewray** reveal

QUEEN MARGARET

Who can be patient in such extremes?
 Ah, wretched man! Would I had died a maid,
 And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
 Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!
 Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?
 Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,
 Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
 Or nourished him as I did with my blood,
 Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
 Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir
 And disinherited thine only son.

PRINCE

Father, you cannot disinherit me.
 If you be king, why should not I succeed?

KING HENRY

Pardon me, Margaret. Pardon me, sweet son.
 The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

QUEEN MARGARET

Enforced thee? Art thou king, and wilt be forced?
 I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
 Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
 And giv'n unto the house of York such head^o
 As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.^o
 To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
 What is it, but to make thy sepulcher,
 And creep into it far before thy time?
 Warwick is chancellor and the Lord of Calais;
 Stern Falconbridge commands the Narrow Seas;^o
 The duke is made protector of the realm;
 And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safety finds
 The trembling lamb environèd with wolves.
 Had I been there, which am a silly^o woman,
 The soldiers should have tossed me on their pikes
 Before I would have granted^o to that act.
 But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honor:
 And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
 Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
 Until that act of parliament be repealed
 Whereby my son is disinherited.
 The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colors,
 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
 And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace
 And utter ruin of the house of York.
 Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away.
 Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.

KING HENRY

Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

QUEEN MARGARET

Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

KING HENRY

Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

QUEEN MARGARET

Ay, to be murdered by his enemies.

PRINCE

When I return with victory from the field,
 I'll see your grace: till then I'll follow her.

QUEEN MARGARET

Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE.]

233 head advantage 234 sufferance permission 239
 Narrow Seas English Channel 243 silly helpless 245
 granted assented

KING HENRY

215 Poor queen! how love to me and to her son
 Hath made her break out into terms of rage! 265
 Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,
 Whose haughty spirit, wingèd with desire,
 Will cost^o my crown, and like an empty eagle
 220 Tire^o on the flesh of me and of my son!
 The loss of those three lords torments my heart. 270
 I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.^o
 Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

EXETER

225 And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. Sandal Castle, near Wakefield,
 in Yorkshire.]

Flourish. Enter RICHARD, EDWARD, and MONTAGUE.

RICHARD

Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

230 EDWARD

No, I can better play the orator.

MONTAGUE

But I have reasons strong and forcible.

235 *Enter the Duke of YORK.*

YORK

Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?
 What is your quarrel? How began it first? 5

EDWARD

240 No quarrel, but a slight contention.^o

YORK

About what?

RICHARD

245 About that which concerns your grace and us—
 The crown of England, father, which is yours.

YORK

Mine, boy? Not till King Henry be dead. 10

RICHARD

250 Your right depends not on his life or death.

EDWARD

Now you are heir; therefore enjoy it now.
 By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
 It will outrun you, father, in the end.

YORK

255 I took an oath that he should quietly reign. 15

EDWARD

But for a kingdom any oath may be broken.
 I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

RICHARD

No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.^o

YORK

I shall be, if I claim by open war.

RICHARD

260 I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak. 20

YORK

Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

RICHARD

An oath is of no moment, being not took
 Before a true and lawful magistrate,

268 cost with pun on coast (i.e., attack) 269 Tire prey or feed
 ravenously upon 271 entreat them fair treat them courte-
 ously

I.ii.6 contention dispute 18 forsworn perjured

That hath authority over him that swears:
 Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
 Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,^o
 Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.^o
 Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think
 How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
 Within whose circuit is Elysium
 And all that poets feign^o of bliss and joy.
 Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
 Until the White Rose that I wear be dyed
 Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

YORK

Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.
 Brother, thou shalt to London presently,^o
 And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.
 Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
 And tell him privily of our intent.
 You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
 In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
 Witty,^o courteous, liberal,^o full of spirit.
 While you are thus employed, what resteth^o more,
 But that I seek occasion how to rise,
 And yet the king not privy to my drift,^o
 Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter [a MESSENGER] Gabriel.^o

But stay! What news? Why com'st thou in such
 post?^o

MESSENGER

The queen with all the northern earls and lords
 Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
 She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
 And therefore fortify your hold,^o my lord.

YORK

Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we
 fear them?
 Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
 My brother Montague shall post to London.
 Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
 Whom we have left protectors of the king,
 With pow'rful policy^o strengthen themselves,
 And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

MONTAGUE

Brother, I go. I'll win them, fear^o it not:
 And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

Exit MONTAGUE.

Enter [SIR JOHN] Mortimer and [SIR HUGH] his brother.

YORK

Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
 You are come to Sandal in a happy^o hour;
 The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

SIR JOHN

She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

YORK

What, with five thousand men?

RICHARD

25 Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.^o
 A woman's general. What should we fear?
A march afar off.

EDWARD

30 I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
 And issue forth and bid them battle straight.^o

70

YORK

Five men to twenty! Though the odds be great,
 I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
 Many a battle have I won in France,
 35 When as the enemy hath been ten to one.
 Why should I not now have the like success?

75

Alarum. Exeunt.

40

[Scene III. Field of battle between Sandal Castle
 and Wakefield.]

Enter RUTLAND and his TUTOR.

45

RUTLAND

Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
 Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD [and SOLDIERS].

CLIFFORD

Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
 As for the brat of this accursèd duke,
 Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

5

50

TUTOR

And I, my lord, will bear him company.

CLIFFORD

Soldiers, away with him!

TUTOR

Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
 Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

Exit [dragged off by SOLDIERS].

55

CLIFFORD

How now! Is he dead already? Or is it fear
 That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

10

RUTLAND

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
 That trembles under his devouring paws;
 And so he walks, insulting^o o'er his prey,
 And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.
 Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword
 And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
 Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.
 I am too mean^o a subject for thy wrath;
 Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

15

20

CLIFFORD

65

In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
 Hath stopped the passage where thy words should
 enter.

RUTLAND

Then let my father's blood open it again.
 He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

67 for a need if necessary (i.e., if so many are needed)
 straight at once

I.iii.14 insulting exulting 19 mean unworthy

26 depose take an oath 27 vain and frivolous worthless and
 insufficient 31 feign relate in fiction 36 presently at once
 43 Witty wise; liberal generous, gentlemanly 44 resteth
 remains 46 drift aim 47 s.d. Gabriel probably not the name
 of the messenger, but of Gabriel Spencer, the actor who
 played the part 48 post haste 52 hold stronghold 58
 policy secret plans 60 fear doubt 63 happy fortunate

CLIFFORD

Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
 Were not revenge sufficient° for me;
 No, if I digged up thy forefathers' graves
 And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
 It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
 The sight of any of the house of York
 Is as a Fury to torment my soul;
 And till I root out their accursèd line
 And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
 Therefore—

RUTLAND

O, let me pray before I take my death!
 To thee I pray. Sweet Clifford, pity me!

CLIFFORD

Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

RUTLAND

I never did thee harm. Why wilt thou slay me?

CLIFFORD

Thy father hath.

RUTLAND

But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son. For his sake pity me,
 Lest in revenge thereof, sith° God is just,
 He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
 And when I give occasion of offense,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

CLIFFORD

No cause?

Thy father slew my father. Therefore die.

[Stabs him.]

RUTLAND

Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuae!°

[Dies.]

CLIFFORD

Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
 Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
 Congealed with this, do make me wipe off both.

Exit.

[Scene IV. Another part of the field.]

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of YORK.

YORK

The army of the queen hath got° the field:
 My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
 And all my followers to the eager foe
 Turn back° and fly, like ships before the wind
 Or lambs pursued by hunger-starvèd wolves.
 My sons, God knows what hath bechancèd° them:
 But this I know, they have demeaned° themselves
 Like men born to renown by life or death.
 Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
 And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it out!"
 And full as oft came Edward to my side,

10

26 sufficient as often in Shakespeare, -ient is here disyllabic
 41 sith since 48 Di . . . tuae Ovid, *Heroides* ii.66 (Phyllis to
 Demophoon): The gods grant that this may be the peak of
 thy glory!

I.iv.1 got won 4 Turn back turn their backs 6 bechancèd
 happened to 7 demeaned behaved

With purple° falchion,° painted to the hilt
 In blood of those that had encountered him:
 And when the hardest warriors did retire,
 Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!" 15
 And cried, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
 A scepter, or an earthly sepulcher!"

With this, we charged again: but out,° alas!

We budged° again, as I have seen a swan
 With bootless° labor swim against the tide 20
 And spend her strength with overmatching waves.

A short alarum within.

Ah, hark! The fatal° followers do pursue,
 And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury.
 And were I° strong, I would not shun their fury.
 The sands are numbered that makes° up my life. 25
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter the QUEEN [MARGARET], CLIFFORD, NORTHUM-
 BERLAND, the young PRINCE [of Wales], and SOLDIERS.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.
 I am your butt,° and I abide° your shot.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet. 30

CLIFFORD

Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm
 With downright payment showed unto my father.
 Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,°
 And made an evening at the noontide prick.°

YORK

My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth 35
 A bird that will revenge upon you all;
 And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
 Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
 Why come you not? what? multitudes, and fear?

CLIFFORD

So cowards fight when they can fly no further; 40
 So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
 So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
 Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

YORK

O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
 And in thy thought o'errun° my former time; 45
 And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
 And bite thy tongue,° that slanders him with coward-
 ice

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

CLIFFORD

I will not bandy with thee word for word,
 But buckler° with thee blows, twice two for one. 50

QUEEN MARGARET

Hold, valiant Clifford! For a thousand causes

12 purple red (i.e., with blood); falchion curved sword 18
 out interjection expressing regret 19 budged flinched 20
 bootless unavailing 22 fatal destined 24 And were I if I
 were 25 makes the singular form of the verb is often used
 with a plural subject 29 butt a mark set up for archers to
 shoot at; abide endure 33 Phaëthon . . . car the son of
 Phoebus Apollo was killed while trying to drive his father's
 chariot 34 noontide prick mark on a sundial face indicating
 noon 45 o'errun review 47 bite thy tongue keep silent
 50 buckler grapple in combat

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Hold, Clifford! Do not honor him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart. 55
What valor were it, when a cur doth grin,^o
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn^o him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;^o
And ten to one is no impeach of^o valor. 60

[*They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.*]

CLIFFORD

Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.^o

NORTHUMBERLAND

So doth the cony^o struggle in the net.

YORK

So triumph^o thieves upon their conquered booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatched.

NORTHUMBERLAND

What would your grace have done unto him now? 65

QUEEN MARGARET

Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here
That raught^o at mountains with outstretchèd arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What, was it you that would be England's king? 70
Was't you that reveled in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess^o of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crookback prodigy,^o 75
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling, Rutland?
Look, York, I stained this napkin^o with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point, 80
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state. 85
I prithee grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parched thine entrails^o
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? Thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus. 90
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd,^o I see, to make me sport.
York cannot speak, unless he wears a crown.
A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him.
Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on. 95

[*Puts a paper crown on his head.*]

Ay, marry,^o sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair

And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crowned so soon, and broke his solemn oath? 100
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale^o your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath? 105
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!
Off with the crown, and with the crown his head!
And whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

CLIFFORD

That is my office, for my father's sake.

QUEEN MARGARET

Nay, stay. Let's hear the orisons he makes. 110

YORK

She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph like an Amazonian trull^o
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates! 115
But that thy face is vizardlike,^o unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless. 120
Thy father bears the type^o of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils^o and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots^o thee not, proud queen, 125
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But God he knows thy share thereof is small.
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired; 130
The contrary doth make thee wondered at.
'Tis government^o that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us, 135
Or as the South to the Septentrion.^o
O tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide!^o
How couldst thou drain the lifeblood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face? 140
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bid'st thou me rage? Why, now thou hast thy wish.
Wouldst have me weep? Why, now thou hast thy
will. 145
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell^o Clifford, and thee, false French-
woman.

56 grin show his teeth 58 spurn kick 59 vantages opportunities 60 impeach of detraction from 61 gin trap 62 cony rabbit (metaphorically, a gull or dupe) 63 triumph exult 68 raught reached 73 mess set of four 75 prodigy monster 79 napkin handkerchief 87 entrails thought of as the seat of sympathy 92 fee'd paid 96 marry a mild oath (from "By the Virgin Mary")

103 pale enclose, encircle 114 trull prostitute 116 vizard-like masklike 121 type title 122 both the Sicils Naples and Sicily 125 boots avails 132 government self-control 136 Septentrion North 137 O . . . hide parodied by Robert Greene in *A Groat'sworth of Wit* (1592) 149 fell fierce, savage

NORTHUMBERLAND

Beshrew° me, but his passions move me so
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

150

YORK

That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touched, would not have stained
with blood;

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.°
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears
And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"

155

160

There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my
curse;

And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hardhearted Clifford, take me from the world.
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

165

NORTHUMBERLAND

Had he been slaughterman to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him
To see how inly° sorrow gripes° his soul.

170

QUEEN MARGARET

What! weeping-ripe,° my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

CLIFFORD

Here's for my oath! here's for my father's death!

175

[Stabs him.]

QUEEN MARGARET

And here's to right our gentlehearted king!

[Stabs him.]

YORK

Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.
[Dies.]

QUEEN MARGARET

Off with his head, and set it on York gates,
So York may overlook the town of York.
Flourish. Exeunt.

180

[A C T I I]

[Scene I. A plain near Mortimer's Cross in
Herefordshire.]

A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and their POWER.°

EDWARD

I wonder how our princely father 'scaped,
Or whether he be 'scaped away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? Why is he so sad?°

5

RICHARD

I cannot joy, until I be resolved°
Where our right valiant father is become.°
I saw him in the battle range about
And watched him how he singled Clifford forth.°
Methought° he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat,°
Or as a bear, encompassed round with dogs,
Who having pinched° a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So fared our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimmed like a younker° prancing to his love!

10

15

20

EDWARD

Dazzle mine eyes,° or do I see three suns?

25

RICHARD

Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking° clouds,
But severed in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vowed some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures° some event.

30

EDWARD

'Twas wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites° us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,°
Should notwithstanding join our lights together
And overshine the earth as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target° three fair-shining suns.°

35

40

RICHARD

Nay, bear three daughters. By your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder° better than the male.

Enter one [MESSENGER] blowing [a horn].

150 Beshrew curse 155 Hyrcania region of the Caspian Sea
171 inly inwardly; gripes grieves 172 weeping-ripe ready
to weep

II.i.s.d. power army 8 sad serious 9 resolved freed from
doubt 10 is become has gone 12 singled . . . forth
selected (for hunting) 13 Methought it seemed to me 14
neat cattle 16 pinched nipped 24 younker young man
25 Dazzle mine eyes are my eyes dazzled 27 racking
driving 32 figures prefigures 34 cites calls 36 meeds
merits 40 target shield; suns pun on sons 42 breeder
childbearer

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

MESSENGER

Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on
Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!

EDWARD

O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.

RICHARD

Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

MESSENGER

Environèd he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy°
Against the Greeks that would have entered Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little ax,
Hews down and fells the hardest-timbered oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughtered by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,
Who crowned the gracious duke in high despite,°
Laughed in his face, and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steepèd in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain;
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I viewed.

EDWARD

Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.°
O Clifford, boist'rous° Clifford! thou hast slain
The flow'r of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquished him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquished thee.
Now my soul's palace is become a prison.
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closèd up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again;
Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

RICHARD

I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart;
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden,
For selfsame wind° that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,
And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief.
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renownèd by attempting it.

EDWARD

His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

RICHARD

Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,°
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:

For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

45 *March. Enter WARWICK, Marquess MONTAGUE, and
their ARMY.*

WARWICK

How now, fair lords! What fare?° What news abroad?° 95

RICHARD

Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recompt°
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain! 100

EDWARD

O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

WARWICK

Ten days ago I drowned these news in tears,
And now, to add more measure° to your woes, 105
I come to tell you things sith° then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts° could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart. 110
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Mustered my soldiers, gathered flocks of friends,
And very well appointed,° as I thought,
Marched toward Saint Albans to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf° along;° 115
For by my scouts I was advertised°
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash° our late decree in parliament
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Albans met, 120
Our battles° joined, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who looked full gently on his warlike queen,
That robbed my soldiers of their heated spleen;°
Or whether 'twas report of her success; 125
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigor,°
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers', like the night owl's lazy flight, 130
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheered them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards;
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight, 135
And we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, posthaste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches° here we heard you were, 140
Making another head° to fight again.

95 **What fare** What cheer?; **abroad** in the world 96
recompt recount 105 **measure** quantity 106 **sith** since
109 **posts** messengers 113 **appointed** equipped 115 **in my**
behalf for my advantage; **along** stretched out 116 **advertised**
informed 118 **dash** frustrate 121 **battles** main forces 124
spleen passion 126 **rigor** cruelty 140 **marches** borderlands
(of Wales) 141 **Making another head** gathering another force

51 the hope of Troy Hector 59 high despite haughty
contempt 69 stay support 70 boist'rous savage 82 wind
breath 91 bird child (the eagle, king of birds, was said to
gaze at the sun)

EDWARD

Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

WARWICK

Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

RICHARD

'Twas odds,^o belike, when valiant Warwick fled.
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.^o

WARWICK

Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful^o scepter from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

RICHARD

I know it well, Lord Warwick. Blame me not.
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries^o with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell^o our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.

WARWICK

Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend^o me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught^o Northumberland,
And of their feather many moe^o proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrollèd^o in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, via!^o to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry, "Charge!" upon our foes,
But never once again turn back and fly.

RICHARD

Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak.
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day
That cries, "Retire," if Warwick bid him stay.

EDWARD

Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour!—
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forbend!^o

WARWICK

No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York.
The next degree^o is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy
Shall for the fault^o make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

RICHARD

Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

EDWARD

Then strike up, drums! God and Saint George for us!

Enter a MESSENGER.

WARWICK

How now? What news?

MESSENGER

The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant^o host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

WARWICK

Why then it sorts.^o Brave warriors, let's away.
Exeunt omnes.^o

[Scene II. Before York.]

Flourish. Enter the KING [HENRY], the QUEEN [MARGARET], CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and [the] young PRINCE [of Wales], with drum and trumpets.

170 QUEEN MARGARET

Welcome, my lord, to this brave^o town of York.
Yonder's the head of that archenemy
That sought to be encompassed with your crown.
Doth not the object^o cheer your heart, my lord?

175 KING HENRY

Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack.^o
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'Tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

180 CLIFFORD

My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils^o her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on.
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level^o at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire;

193 degree step 197 fault offense 207 puissant powerful
209 it sorts it is fitting; s.d. omnes all (Latin)
II.ii.1 brave splendid 4 object sight 5 wrack shipwreck
14 spoils carries off 19 level aim

148 odds inequality (of forces) 150 scandal of retire disgraceful imputation of retreat 154 awful awe-inspiring
162 Ave-Maries prayers 164 Tell count 168 Attend hear
169 haught haughty 170 moe more (old form) 173 enrollèd recorded on a parchment roll 182 via away 191 forbend forbid

Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
 Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
 Which argued° thee a most unloving father.
 Unreasonable° creatures feed their young;
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
 Yet, in protection of their tender° ones,
 Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
 Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,
 Make war with him that climbed unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defense?
 For shame, my liege! Make them your precedent!
 Were it not pity that this goodly boy
 Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
 And long hereafter say unto his child,
 "What my great-grandfather and grandsire got
 My careless father fondly° gave away"?
 Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
 And let his manly face, which promiseth
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
 To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.

KING HENRY

Full well hath Clifford played the orator,
 Inferring° arguments of mighty force.
 But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
 That things ill got had ever bad success?°
 And happy always was it for that son
 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
 And would my father had left me no more!
 For all the rest is held at such a rate
 As brings a thousandfold more care to keep
 Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
 Ah, cousin York, would thy best friends did know
 How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

QUEEN MARGARET

My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,
 And this soft courage° makes your followers faint.
 You promised knighthood to our forward son.
 Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.°
 Edward, kneel down.

KING HENRY

Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
 And learn this lesson: Draw thy sword in right.

PRINCE

My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
 I'll draw it as apparent° to the crown,
 And in that quarrel use it to the death.

CLIFFORD

Why, that is spoken like a toward° prince.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Royal commanders, be in readiness;
 For with a band of thirty thousand men
 Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York,
 And in the towns, as they do march along,
 Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.
 Darraign° your battle, for they are at hand.

25 **argued** proved 26 **Unreasonable** not endowed with
 reason 28 **tender** young, beloved 38 **fondly** foolishly 44
Inferring adducing 46 **success** outcome 57 **soft courage**
 faintheartedness 59 **presently** immediately 64 **apparent**
 heir apparent 66 **toward** bold 72 **Darraign** set in order

CLIFFORD

I would your highness would depart the field.
 The queen hath best success when you are absent.

QUEEN MARGARET

Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune. 75

KING HENRY

Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

30 NORTHUMBERLAND

Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

PRINCE

My royal father, cheer these noble lords
 And hearten those that fight in your defense:
 Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry, "Saint
 George!" 80

*March. Enter EDWARD, WARWICK, RICHARD,
 CLARENCE,° NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and SOLDIERS.*

40 EDWARD

Now, perjured Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
 And set thy diadem upon my head,
 Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

QUEEN MARGARET

Go rate° thy minions, proud insulting boy!
 Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms 85
 Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

EDWARD

I am his king, and he should bow his knee.
 I was adopted heir by his consent;
 Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
 You, that are king, though he do wear the crown, 90
 Have caused him, by new act of parliament,
 To blot out me, and put his own son in.

CLIFFORD

And reason too!
 Who should succeed the father but the son?

RICHARD

Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak! 95

CLIFFORD

Ay, crookback, here I stand to answer thee,
 Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

60

RICHARD

'Twas you that killed young Rutland, was it not?

CLIFFORD

Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

RICHARD

For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight. 100

65

WARWICK

What say'st thou, Henry? Wilt thou yield the
 crown?

QUEEN MARGARET

Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! Dare you
 speak?

When you and I met at Saint Albans last,
 Your legs did better service than your hands.

WARWICK

Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine. 105

CLIFFORD

You said so much before, and yet you fled.

WARWICK

'Twas not your valor, Clifford, drove me thence.

80 s.d. thus the Folio; in fact, George is not created Duke of
 Clarence until II.vi.103 84 **rate** drive away by chiding

NORTHUMBERLAND

No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

RICHARD

Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swol'n heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

CLIFFORD

I slew thy father. Call'st thou him a child?

RICHARD

Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;

But ere sun set I'll make thee curse the deed.

KING HENRY

Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

QUEEN MARGARET

Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

KING HENRY

I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:

I am a king, and privileged to speak.

CLIFFORD

My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here

Cannot be cured by words. Therefore be still.

RICHARD

Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.

By Him that made us all, I am resolved°

That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

EDWARD

Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?

A thousand men have broke their fasts today

That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

WARWICK

If thou deny, their blood upon thy head!

For York in justice puts his armor on.

PRINCE

If that be right which Warwick says is right,

There is no wrong, but everything is right.

RICHARD

Whoever got° thee, there thy mother stands;

For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue.

QUEEN MARGARET

But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,

But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,°

Marked by the destinies to be avoided,

As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

RICHARD

Iron of Naples, hid with English guilt,

Whose father bears the title of a king—

As if a channel° should be called the sea—

Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art ex-
traught,°

To let thy tongue detect° thy base-born heart?

EDWARD

A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,

To make this shameless callet° know herself.

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

Although thy husband may be Menelaus;

And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wronged

By that false woman as this king by thee.

His father reveled in the heart of France,

And tamed the king, and made the Dolphin° stoop;°

And had he matched according to his state,

He might have kept that glory to this day;

But when he took a beggar to his bed,

And graced thy poor sire with his bridal day,

Even then that sunshine brewed a show'r for him,

That washed his father's fortunes forth of° France,

And heaped sedition on his crown at home.

For what hath broached° this tumult but thy pride?

Hadst thou been meek, our title still° had slept;

And we, in pity of the gentle king,

Had slipped° our claim until another age.

CLARENCE

But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,

And that thy summer bred us no increase,

We set the ax to thy usurping root;

And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,

Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,

We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,

Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

EDWARD

And, in this resolution, I defy thee;

Not willing any longer conference,°

Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.

Sound trumpets! Let our bloody colors wave!

And either victory, or else a grave.

QUEEN MARGARET

Stay, Edward.

EDWARD

No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay.

These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

Exeunt omnes.

[Scene III. *A field of battle between Towton and
Saxton in Yorkshire.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

WARWICK

Forspent° with toil, as runners with a race,

I lay me down a little while to breathe;°

For strokes received, and many blows repaid,

Have robbed my strong-knit sinews of their strength,

And spite of spite° needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running.

EDWARD

Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle° death!

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

WARWICK

How now, my lord! What hap? What hope of good?

Enter CLARENCE.

CLARENCE

Our hap° is loss, our hope but sad despair;

Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.

What counsel give you? Whither shall we fly?

151 Dolphin Dauphin; stoop yield 157 forth of out of
159 broached started 160 still always 162 slipped not
asserted 171 longer conference further discussion

II.iii.1 Forspent exhausted 2 breathe rest 5 spite of spite
come what may 6 ungentle ignoble 9 hap (1) fortune (2)
hope

124 resolved convinced 133 got begot 136 stigmatic
deformed one 141 channel gutter 142 extraught descended
143 detect reveal 145 callet scold, trull

EDWARD

Bootless° is flight. They follow us with wings,
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

RICHARD

Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broached° with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal° clangor heard from far,
"Warwick, revenge! Brother, revenge my death!"
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stained their fetlocks in his smoking° blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

WARWICK

Then let the earth be drunken with our blood!
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like softhearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage,
And look upon,° as if the tragedy
Were played in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

EDWARD

O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!
And ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings,
Beseeching thee (if with thy will it stands°)
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

RICHARD

Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our springtime so.

WARWICK

Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

CLARENCE

Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay,
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.
Forslow° no longer! Make we hence amain! *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV. Another part of the field.]

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

RICHARD

Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge
Wert thou environed with a brazen wall.

CLIFFORD

Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that stabbed thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs° in their death
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so have at thee!°

They fight. WARWICK comes. CLIFFORD flies.

25

RICHARD

Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase.
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. *Exeunt.*

30

[Scene V. Another part of the field.]

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY alone.

KING HENRY

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,°
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind.
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquerèd:
So is the equal poise° of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle, swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if God's good will were so!
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;°
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly,° point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run—
How many makes the hour full complete,
How many hours brings about° the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live;
When this is known, then to divide the times—
So many hours must I tend my flock,

12 **Bootless** useless 16 **Broached** pierced 18 **dismal** boding
disaster 21 **smoking** steaming 27 **look upon** look on 38
stands agrees 56 **Forslow** delay

II.iv.8 triumphs exults 11 **have at thee** defend yourself
II.v.3 **of his nails** on his fingers 13 **poise** weight (as in the
scales of a balance) 22 **swain** shepherd 24 **quaintly** in-
geniously 27 **brings about** completes

So many hours must I take my rest,
 So many hours must I contemplate,
 So many hours must I sport myself,
 So many days my ewes have been with young,
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean,^o
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece.
 So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
 Passed over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly^o sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
 O, yes, it doth! a thousandfold it doth!
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure^o and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,^o
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couchèd in a curious^o bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a SON that hath killed his father, at one door; and [later] a FATHER that hath killed his son at another door.

SON
 Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 May be possessèd with some store of crowns;
 And I, that haply^o take them from him now,
 May yet, ere night, yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
 Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,
 Whom in this conflict I, unwares,^o have killed.
 O heavy times, begetting such events!
 From London by the king was I pressed forth;
 My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
 Came on the part^o of York, pressed by his master;
 And I, who at his hands received my life,
 Have by my hands of life bereavèd him.
 Pardon me, God! I knew not what I did.
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
 And no more words till they have flowèd their fill.

KING HENRY
 O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
 Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
 Weep, wretched man! I'll aid thee tear for tear;
 And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.

Enter FATHER, bearing of his son.

FATHER
 Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me,
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.

But let me see: is this our foeman's face?
 Ah, no, no, no! It is mine only son!
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 Throw up thine eye! See, see what show'rs arise,
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart
 Upon thy wounds, that kills mine eye and heart!
 O, pity, God, this miserable age!
 What stratagems,^o how fell, how butcherly,
 Erroneous,^o mutinous, and unnatural,
 This deadly quarrel doth beget!
 O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!^o

KING HENRY

Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
 O that my death would stay these ruthful^o deeds!
 O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
 The red rose and the white are on his face,
 The fatal colors of our striving houses:
 The one his purple blood right well resembles;
 The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

SON

How will my mother for a father's death
 Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!

FATHER

How will my wife for slaughter of my son
 Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!

55 KING HENRY

How will the country for these woeful chances
 Misthink^o the king and not be satisfied!

SON

Was ever son so rued a father's death?

60 FATHER

Was ever father so bemoaned his son?

KING HENRY

Was ever king so grieved for subject's woe?
 Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

65 SON

I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[Exit with the body.]

FATHER

These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
 My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulcher,
 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
 My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
 And so obsequious^o will thy father be,
 Even for the loss of thee, having no more,
 As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
 I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
 For I have murdered where I should not kill.
Exit [with the body].

KING HENRY

Sad-hearted men, much overgone^o with care,
 Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the QUEEN [MARGARET],
 the PRINCE [of Wales], and EXETER.*

36 ean bring forth lambs 43 silly helpless 50 secure free
 from care 51 delicates delicacies 53 curious exquisite 58
 haply by chance 62 unwares unawares 66 part party, side

89 stratagems violent deeds 90 Erroneous criminal 93
 late recently 95 ruthful lamentable 108 Misthink think
 ill of 118 obsequious dutiful (particularly toward the dead)
 123 overgone overcome

PRINCE

Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

QUEEN MARGARET

Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post amain.^o
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasped in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain!^o

EXETER

Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed!
Or else come after. I'll away before.

KING HENRY

Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter.
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward, away! *Exeunt.*

[Scene VI. Another part of the field.]

A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

CLIFFORD

Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glued^o many friends to thee,
And now I fall, thy tough commixtures^o melts,
Impairing Henry, strength'ning misproud^o York.
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phoebus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth!
And, Henry, hadst thou swayed^o as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strengthen to hold out flight;
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse^o of blood doth make me faint.
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
I stabbed your fathers' bosoms; split my breast.

[Faints.]

*Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, WARWICK,
RICHARD, and SOLDIERS; MONTAGUE and CLAR-
ENCE.*

EDWARD

125 Now breathe we,^o lords: good fortune bids us pause, 30
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, filled with a fretting gust,
Command^o an argosy^o to stem the waves. 35
130 But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

WARWICK

No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard marked him for the grave:
And whereso'er he is, he's surely dead. 40

CLIFFORD *groans [and dies]*.

EDWARD

Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

RICHARD

A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.^o

EDWARD

See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

RICHARD

Revoke that doom^o of mercy, for 'tis Clifford; 45
Who not contented that he lopped the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring:
I mean our princely father, Duke of York. 50

WARWICK

5 From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placèd there;
Instead whereof let this supply the room:^o
Measure for measure must be answerèd.

EDWARD

10 Bring forth that fatal screech owl to our house, 55
That nothing sung but death to us and ours.
Now death shall stop his dismal threat'ning sound
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

WARWICK

15 I think his understanding is bereft.^o
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee? 60
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

RICHARD

20 O, would he did! and so perhaps he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts 65
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

CLARENCE

25 If so thou think'st, vex^o him with eager^o words.

RICHARD

Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.

EDWARD

Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

WARWICK

Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults. 70

CLARENCE

While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

128, 133 amain with full speed
II.vi.5 My . . . glued both love and fear of me attached
6 commixtures compound 7 misproud arrogant 13
swayed ruled 27 effuse pouring out

30 Now breathe we now let us rest 35 Command compel;
argosy merchant vessel of the largest size and burden 42
departing separation 45 doom sentence 53 room place
59 his understanding is bereft he is deprived of his under-
standing 67 vex torment; eager sharp

RICHARD

Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

EDWARD

Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

CLARENCE

Where's Captain Margaret, to fence° you now?

WARWICK

They mock thee, Clifford. Swear as thou wast wont. 75

RICHARD

What! not an oath? Nay, then the world goes hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.

I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,

If this right hand would buy two hours' life,

That I in all despite might rail at him, 80

This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing
blood

Stifle the villain whose unstanched thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

WARWICK

Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,

And rear° it in the place your father's stands. 85

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crownèd England's royal king:

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen.

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together; 90

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scattered foe that hopes to rise again;

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.

First will I see the coronation.

95

And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,

To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

EDWARD

Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;

For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,

And never will I undertake the thing

100

Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.

Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester;

And George, of Clarence: Warwick, as ourself,°

Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

RICHARD

Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester; 105

For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.°

WARWICK

Tut, that's a foolish observation.

Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,

To see these honors in possession. *Exeunt.*

[A C T I I I]

[Scene I. A forest in the north of England.]

Enter [two KEEPERS] with crossbows in their hands.

FIRST KEEPER

Under this thick-grown brake° we'll shroud° our-
selves;

For through this laund° anon the deer will come,

And in this covert° will we make our stand,°

Culling° the principal of all the deer.

SECOND KEEPER

I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot. 5

FIRST KEEPER

That cannot be; the noise of thy crossbow

Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

Here stand we both, and aim at the best;°

And, for° the time shall not seem tedious,

I'll tell thee what befell me on a day 10

In this self° place where now we mean to stand.

SECOND KEEPER

Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter the KING [HENRY, disguised], with a prayerbook.

KING HENRY

From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,

To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine; 15

Thy place is filled, thy scepter wrung from thee,

Thy balm washed off wherewith thou wast anointed:

95

No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,

No humble suitors press to speak for right,

No, not a man comes for redress of° thee; 20

For how can I help them, and not myself?

FIRST KEEPER

Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee!

100

This is the quondam° king; let's seize upon him.

KING HENRY

Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,

For wise men say it is the wisest course. 25

SECOND KEEPER

Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

FIRST KEEPER

Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

KING HENRY

My queen and son are gone to France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick

Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister 30

To wife for Edward. If this news be true,

Poor queen and son, your labor is but lost;

For Warwick is a subtle orator,

And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.

By this account, then, Margaret may win him; 35

For she's a woman to be pitied much.

Her sighs will make a batt'ry° in his breast;

Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;

The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;

And Nero will be tainted with remorse 40

74 fence protect 85 rear erect 103 ourself note the royal
"we" 106 For . . . ominous refers to the disgrace and
murder of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, Lord Protector
see 2 Henry VI)

III.i.1 brake thicket; shroud conceal 2 laund glade 3
covert thicket; stand hiding place 4 Culling picking out
8 at the best as well as we can 9 for so that 11 self same
20 of from 23 quondam former 37 batt'ry bombardment

To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
 Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick, to give;
 She on his left side, craving aid for Henry,
 He on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
 She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed;
 He smiles, and says his Edward is installed;
 That she (poor wretch) for grief can speak no more;
 Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
 Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
 And in conclusion wins the king from her,
 With promise of his sister, and what else,
 To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
 O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou (poor soul)
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

SECOND KEEPER

Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens? 55

KING HENRY

More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
 A man at least, for less I should not be;
 And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

SECOND KEEPER

Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

KING HENRY

Why, so I am (in mind) and that's enough.

SECOND KEEPER

But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

KING HENRY

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
 Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
 Nor to be seen. My crown is called content:
 A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

SECOND KEEPER

Well, if you be a king crowned with content,
 Your crown content and you must be contented
 To go along with us; for (as we think)
 You are the king King Edward hath deposed;
 And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance
 Will apprehend you as his enemy.

KING HENRY

But did you never swear, and break an oath?

SECOND KEEPER

No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

KING HENRY

Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

SECOND KEEPER

Here in this country, where we now remain.

KING HENRY

I was anointed king at nine months old;
 My father and my grandfather were kings,
 And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
 And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

FIRST KEEPER

No;

For we were subjects but while you were king.

KING HENRY

Why, am I dead? Do I not breathe a man?
 Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
 Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
 And as the air blows it to me again,
 Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
 And yielding to another when it blows,
 Commanded always by the greater gust—
 Such is the lightness of you common men.

But do not break your oaths; for of that sin 90
 My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
 Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
 And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.

45 FIRST KEEPER

We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

KING HENRY

So would you be again to Henry, 95
 If he were seated as King Edward is.

50 FIRST KEEPER

We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,
 To go with us unto the officers.

KING HENRY

In God's name, lead. Your king's name be obeyed:
 And what God will, that let your king perform; 100
 And what he will, I humbly yield unto. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. London. The palace.]

Enter KING EDWARD, [RICHARD, Duke of] Gloucester,
 [George, Duke of] CLARENCE, LADY GREY.

KING EDWARD

Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Albans Field
 60 This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
 His land then seized on by the conqueror.
 Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
 Which we in justice cannot well deny,^o
 Because in quarrel of the house of York 5
 The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

RICHARD

65 Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
 It were dishonor to deny it her.

KING EDWARD

It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

RICHARD [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] 10

Yea, is it so?

70 I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
 Before the king will grant her humble suit.

CLARENCE [*Aside to* RICHARD.]

He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!^o

RICHARD [*Aside to* CLARENCE.]

Silence! 15

KING EDWARD

Widow, we will consider of your suit;
 And come some other time to know our mind.

75 LADY GREY

Right gracious lord, I cannot brook^o delay:
 May it please your highness to resolve me now,
 And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me. 20

RICHARD [*Aside to* CLARENCE.]

Ay, widow? then I'll warrant^o you all your lands,
 And if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

80 Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

CLARENCE [*Aside to* RICHARD.]

I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

RICHARD [*Aside to* CLARENCE.]

God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.^o 25

KING EDWARD

85 How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

III.ii.5 deny refuse 14 keeps the wind keeps to the wind-
 ward side of the game (metaphor from hunting) 18 brook
 endure 21 warrant guarantee 25 take vantages take
 advantage of opportunities

CLARENCE [*Aside to RICHARD.*]

I think he means to beg a child of her.

RICHARD [*Aside to CLARENCE.*]

Nay then, whip me: he'll rather give her two.

LADY GREY

Three, my most gracious lord.

RICHARD [*Aside to CLARENCE.*]

You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him.

KING EDWARD

'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

LADY GREY

Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

KING EDWARD

Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.^o

RICHARD [*Aside to CLARENCE.*]

Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.^o

[RICHARD and CLARENCE *withdraw.*]

KING EDWARD

Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

LADY GREY

Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

KING EDWARD

And would you not do much to do them good?

LADY GREY

To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

KING EDWARD

Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

LADY GREY

Therefore I came unto your majesty.

KING EDWARD

I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

LADY GREY

So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

KING EDWARD

What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

LADY GREY

What you command, that rests in me^o to do.

KING EDWARD

But you will take exceptions to my boon.^o

LADY GREY

No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

KING EDWARD

Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

LADY GREY

Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

RICHARD [*Aside to CLARENCE.*]

He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

CLARENCE [*Aside to RICHARD.*]

As red as fire! Nay, then her wax must melt.

LADY GREY

Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

KING EDWARD

An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

LADY GREY

That's soon performed, because I am a subject.

KING EDWARD

Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

LADY GREY

I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

RICHARD [*Aside to CLARENCE.*]

The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.

KING EDWARD

But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

LADY GREY

The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

KING EDWARD

Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

LADY GREY

My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

KING EDWARD

No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

LADY GREY

Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

KING EDWARD

But now you partly may perceive my mind.

LADY GREY

My mind will never grant what I perceive

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

KING EDWARD

To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

LADY GREY

To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

KING EDWARD

Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

LADY GREY

Why, then mine honesty^o shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

KING EDWARD

Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

LADY GREY

Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness of my suit.^o

Please you dismiss me, either with "ay" or "no."

KING EDWARD

Ay, if thou wilt say "ay" to my request;

No, if thou dost say "no" to my demand.

LADY GREY

Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

RICHARD [*Aside to CLARENCE.*]

The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

CLARENCE [*Aside to RICHARD.*]

He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

KING EDWARD [*Aside.*]

Her looks doth argue her replete with modesty;

Her words doth show her wit incomparable;

All her perfections challenge^o sovereignty:

One way or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen—

[*Aloud.*]

Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

LADY GREY

'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

KING EDWARD

Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee

33 wit intelligence 34-35 for . . . crutch for you will take liberties until youth departs and leaves you infirm 45 rests in me is in my power 46 boon favor

72 honesty chastity 77 sadness of my suit seriousness of my request 86 challenge lay claim to

I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love. 95

LADY GREY
And that is more than I will yield unto.
I know I am too mean^o to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

KING EDWARD
You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

LADY GREY
'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you
father. 100

KING EDWARD
No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some:^o why, 'tis a happy^o thing
To be the father unto many sons. 105

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

RICHARD [*Aside to CLARENCE.*]
The ghostly^o father now hath done his shrift.

CLARENCE [*Aside to RICHARD.*]
When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.^o

KING EDWARD
Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

RICHARD
The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad. 110

KING EDWARD
You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

CLARENCE
To who, my lord?

KING EDWARD Why, Clarence, to myself.

RICHARD
That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

CLARENCE
That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.^o

RICHARD
By so much is the wonder in extremes. 115

KING EDWARD
Well, jest on, brothers. I can tell you both
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a NOBLEMAN.

NOBLEMAN
My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

KING EDWARD
See that he be conveyed unto the Tower: 120
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.^o
Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honorably.

Exeunt. Manet^o RICHARD.

RICHARD
Ay, Edward will use women honorably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all, 125
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title burièd—

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward, 130
And all the unlooked-for^o issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory, 135
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade^o it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off; 140
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;
And so (I say) I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,^o
Unless my hand and strength could equal them. 145
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard:
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments
And witch^o sweet ladies with my words and looks. 150
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish^o twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore^o me in my mother's womb:
And, for^o I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe, 155
To shrink mine arm up like a withered shrub;
To make an envious^o mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part, 160
Like to a chaos,^o or an unlicked bear whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved?
O monstrous fault,^o to harbor such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me, 165
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person^o than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, t' account this world but hell,
Until my misshaped trunk that bears this head 170
Be round impalèd with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:^o
And I—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns, 175
Seeking a way and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself, 180
Or hew my way out with a bloody ax.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry, "Content" to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions. 185
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;

97 mean low in rank 104 other some others; happy fortunate 107 ghostly spiritual 108 for shift (1) to serve a purpose (2) for a woman's undergarment 114 That's . . . lasts proverbially a wonder lasts only nine days 122 apprehension arrest 123 s.d. Manet remains (Latin)

131 unlooked-for (1) unforeseen (2) undesired 139 lade bail 144 o'erweens too much is too presumptuous 150 witch bewitch 152 accomplish obtain 153 forswore abjured 154 for so that 157 envious spiteful 161 chaos shapeless mass 164 fault error 167 person appearance 173 home my goal

I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;^o
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
 Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
 And, like a Sinon,^o take another Troy. 190
 I can add colors to the chameleon,
 Change shapes with Proteus^o for advantages,
 And set the murderous Machiavel^o to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. Exit. 195

[Scene III. France. The king's palace.]

Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French king, his sister BONA, his ADMIRAL, called Bourbon; PRINCE Edward, QUEEN MARGARET, and the Earl of OXFORD. LEWIS sits, and riseth up again.

KING LEWIS

Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
 Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
 And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis
 doth sit.

QUEEN MARGARET

No, mighty King of France: now Margaret
 Must strike her sail^o and learn awhile to serve
 Where kings command. I was (I must confess)
 Great Albion's^o queen in former golden days;
 But now mischance hath trod my title down,
 And with dishonor laid me on the ground;
 Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
 And to my humble seat conform myself. 10

KING LEWIS

Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep
 despair?

QUEEN MARGARET

From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears
 And stops my tongue, while heart is drowned in cares.

KING LEWIS

Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself, 15
 And sit thee by our side. (*Seats her by him.*) Yield not
 thy neck
 To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
 Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
 Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
 It shall be eased, if France can yield relief. 20

QUEEN MARGARET

Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts
 And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
 Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
 That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
 Is of a king become a banished man, 25
 And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;^o
 While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
 Usurps the regal title and the seat
 Of England's true-anointed lawful king.

187 **basilisk** fabulous reptile, said to kill by its look and breath
 190 **Sinon** Greek warrior who devised the stratagem of the
 wooden horse, by which the Greeks ultimately captured
 and destroyed Troy 192 **Proteus** sea deity who assumed
 various forms 193 **Machiavel** Niccolò Machiavelli, author
 of *The Prince* (1513), whose name became synonymous with
 sinister intrigue and the worship of power
 III.iii.5 **strike her sail** humble herself 7 **Albion** ancient
 name of Britain 26 a **forlorn** a forlorn man

This is the cause that I, poor Margaret, 30
 With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
 Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
 And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
 Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
 Our people and our peers are both misled, 35
 Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,
 And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy^o plight.

KING LEWIS

Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
 While we bethink a means to break it off.^o

QUEEN MARGARET

The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe. 40

KING LEWIS

The more I stay,^o the more I'll succor thee.

QUEEN MARGARET

O, but impatience waiteth on^o true sorrow.
 And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

Enter WARWICK.

KING LEWIS

What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

QUEEN MARGARET

Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend. 45

KING LEWIS

Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to
 France?

He descends. She ariseth.

QUEEN MARGARET [*Aside.*]

Ay, now begins a second storm to rise,
 For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

WARWICK

From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
 My lord and sovereign, and thy vowèd friend, 50
 I come, in kindness and unfeignèd love,
 First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
 And then to crave a league of amity;
 And lastly, to confirm that amity
 With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant 55
 That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
 To England's king in lawful marriage.

QUEEN MARGARET [*Aside.*]

If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

WARWICK (*Speaking to BONA.*)

And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
 I am commanded, with your leave and favor,^o 60
 Humbly to kiss yqur hand, and with my tongue
 To tell the passion^o of my sovereign's heart;
 Where fame,^o late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
 Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue. 25

QUEEN MARGARET

King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak, 65
 Before you answer Warwick. His demand
 Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
 But from deceit, bred by necessity;
 For how can tyrants^o safely govern home,
 Unless abroad they purchase^o great alliance? 70

37 **heavy** sad 39 **break it off** end it 41 **stay** with pun on
 the meaning "support" 42 **waiteth on** accompanies 60
leave and favor kind permission 62 **passion** suffering 63
fame rumor 69 **tyrants** usurpers 70 **purchase** obtain

To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and
marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonor;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

WARWICK

Injurious Margaret!

PRINCE And why not queen?

WARWICK

Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

OXFORD

Then Warwick disannuls^o great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror^o to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquerèd all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

WARWICK

Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest: you tell^o a pedigree
Of threescore and two years—a silly^o time
To make prescription^o for a kingdom's worth.

OXFORD

Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyèd'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray^o thy treason with a blush?

WARWICK

Can Oxford, that did ever fence^o the right,
Now buckler^o falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

OXFORD

Call him my king by whose injurious doom^o
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellowed years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

WARWICK

And I the house of York.

KING LEWIS

Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

They stand aloof.

QUEEN MARGARET

Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him
not!

KING LEWIS

Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,

81 **disannuls** again cancels 84 **mirror** model 92 **tell** (1)
relate (2) count 93 **silly** scanty 94 **prescription** claim 97
bewray reveal 98 **fence** defend 99 **buckler** shield 101
injurious doom unjust sentence

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen. 115

WARWICK

Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honor.

KING LEWIS

75 But is he gracious^o in the people's eye?

WARWICK

The more that Henry was unfortunate.

KING LEWIS

Then, further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120
Unto our sister Bona.

WARWICK

80 Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear

That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fixed in virtue's ground, 125
The leaves and fruit maintained with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit^o his pain.

KING LEWIS

Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

BONA

Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine: 130
Yet I confess that often ere this day

(*Speaks to WARWICK.*)

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

KING LEWIS

Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn 135
Touching the jointure^o that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

PRINCE

100 To Edward, but not to the English king. 140

QUEEN MARGARET

Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

KING LEWIS

105 And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak, 145
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason that I be released
From giving aid which late I promisèd.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires and mine can yield. 150

110 WARWICK

Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam^o queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 'twere you troubled him than France. 155

QUEEN MARGARET

Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears

117 **gracious** favored, popular 128 **quit** requite 136
jointure marriage settlement 153 **quondam** former

(Both full of truth) I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance° and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

POST *blowing a horn within.*

KING LEWIS

Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter the POST.

POST (*Speaks to WARWICK.*)

My Lord Ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague;

(*To LEWIS.*)

These from our king unto your majesty;

(*To MARGARET.*)

And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

They all read their letters.

OXFORD

I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

PRINCE

Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were nettled.
I hope all's for the best.

KING LEWIS

Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

QUEEN MARGARET

Mine, such as fill my heart with unhopèd joys.

WARWICK

Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

KING LEWIS

What! has your king married the Lady Grey?
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

QUEEN MARGARET

I told your majesty as much before:

This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty! 180

WARWICK

King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,
No more my king, for he dishonors me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale° him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdoned° at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honor:
And to repair my honor lost for him,
I here renounce him and return to Henry.
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona
And replant Henry in his former state.

160 conveyance (1) transfer of property (here, Lewis' promise of aid) (2) trickery 189 impale encircle 191 guerdoned rewarded

QUEEN MARGARET

160 Warwick, these words have turned my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults, 200
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

WARWICK

So much his friend, ay, his unfeignèd friend,
That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast 205
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succor him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching° more for wanton lust than honor, 210
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

BONA

Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged
But by thy help to this distressèd queen?

QUEEN MARGARET

Renownèd prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair? 215

BONA

My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

WARWICK

And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

170 KING LEWIS

And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore at last I firmly am resolved
You shall have aid. 220

QUEEN MARGARET

Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

KING LEWIS

Then, England's messenger, return in post,°
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
175 That Lewis of France is sending over masquers°
To revel it with him and his new bride: 225
Thou see'st what's passed, go fear° thy king withal.

BONA

Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland° for his sake.

180 QUEEN MARGARET

Tell him, my mourning weeds° are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armor on. 230

WARWICK

Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
185 There's thy reward. Be gone. *Exit POST.*

KING LEWIS

But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle; 235
And, as occasion serves,° this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

WARWICK

This shall assure my constant loyalty, 240
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

210 matching marrying 222 post haste 224 masquers performers 226 fear frighten 228 willow garland sign of disappointed love 229 weeds garments 236 serves is opportune

QUEEN MARGARET

Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.^o
 Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
 Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
 And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
 That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

PRINCE

Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
 And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

He gives his hand to WARWICK.

KING LEWIS

Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
 And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
 Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
 I long till Edward fall^o by war's mischance,
 For mocking marriage with a dame of France. 255
Exeunt. Manet^o WARWICK.

WARWICK

I came from Edward as ambassador,
 But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
 Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
 But dreadful war shall answer his demand.^o
 Had he none else to make a stale^o but me? 260
 Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
 I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
 And I'll be chief to bring him down again;
 Not that I pity Henry's misery,
 But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. *Exit.* 265

[A C T I V]

[Scene I. London. The palace.]

Enter RICHARD, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and MONTAGUE.

RICHARD

Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
 Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
 Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

CLARENCE

Alas, you know 'tis far from hence to France!
 How could he stay till Warwick made return? 5

SOMERSET

My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

RICHARD

And his well-chosen bride.

CLARENCE

I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, Lady Grey [*as* QUEEN],
 PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, [*and* others].
Four stand on one side and four on the other.

KING EDWARD

Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
 That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?^o 10

244 motion offer 254 long . . . fall am impatient for
 Edward to fall 255 s.d. Manet remains 259 demand request
 260 stale (1) dupe (2) tool
 IV.i.10 malcontent discontented, dissatisfied

CLARENCE

As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick,
 Which are so weak of courage and in judgment
 That they'll take no offense at our abuse.^o 245

KING EDWARD

Suppose they take offense without a cause:
 They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward, 15
 Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

250 RICHARD

And shall have your will, because our king.
 Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

KING EDWARD

Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

RICHARD

Not I. 20
 No, God forbid that I should wish them severed
 Whom God hath joined together; ay, and 'twere pity
 To sunder them that yoke so well together.

KING EDWARD

Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
 Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey 25
 Should not become my wife and England's queen.
 And you too, Somerset and Montague,
 Speak freely what you think.

CLARENCE

Then this is mine opinion, that King Lewis
 Becomes your enemy for mocking him 30
 About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

RICHARD

And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
 Is now dishonorèd by this new marriage.

KING EDWARD

What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased
 By such invention as I can devise? 35

MONTAGUE

Yet, to have joined with France in such alliance
 Would more have strengthened this our common-
 wealth
 'Gainst foreign storms than any homebred marriage.

HASTINGS

Why, knows not Montague that of itself
 England is safe, if true within itself? 40

MONTAGUE

But the safer when 'tis backed with France.

HASTINGS

'Tis better using France than trusting France:
 Let us be backed with God and with the seas
 Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
 And with their helps only^o defend ourselves; 45
 In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

CLARENCE

For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
 To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

KING EDWARD

Ay, what of that? It was my will and grant;
 And for this once my will shall stand for law. 50

RICHARD

And yet methinks your grace hath done not well,
 To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
 Unto the brother of your loving bride.
 She better would have fitted me or Clarence;
 But in your bride you bury brotherhood. 55

13 abuse deceit 45 only alone

CLARENCE

Or else you would not have bestowed the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed^o elsewhere.

KING EDWARD

Alas, poor Clarence! Is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

60

CLARENCE

In choosing for yourself, you showed your judgment,
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker^o in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

KING EDWARD

Leave me or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

65

QUEEN ELIZABETH

My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner^o than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honors me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

70

KING EDWARD

My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

75

RICHARD [*Aside.*]

I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a POST.

KING EDWARD

Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?

85

POST

My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,^o
Dare not relate.

KING EDWARD

Go to,^o we pardon thee. Therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

90

POST

At my depart, these were his very words:
"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride."

95

KING EDWARD

Is Lewis so brave?^o Belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

POST

These were her words, uttered with mild disdain:
"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

100

KING EDWARD

I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

POST

"Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armor on."

105

KING EDWARD

Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?^o

POST

He, more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:
"Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long."

110

KING EDWARD

Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarned.
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

115

POST

Ay, gracious sovereign. They are so linked in friend-
ship
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's
daughter.

CLARENCE

Belike^o the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter,
That, though I want^o a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

120

Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.

RICHARD [*Aside.*]

Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter. I
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

125

KING EDWARD

Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I armed against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desp'rate case.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war.
They are already, or quickly will be, landed.
Myself in person will straight follow you.

130

Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance.
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me.
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

135

140

MONTAGUE

So God help Montague as he proves true!

HASTINGS

And Hastings as he favors Edward's cause!

KING EDWARD

Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

145

58 speed prosper 63 play the broker act as go-between
71 meaner persons of lower rank 87 pardon permission 89
Go to exclamation of impatience 96 brave defiant

107 injuries insults 118 Belike probably 121 want lack

RICHARD

Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

KING EDWARD

Why, so! then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign pow'r.

Exeunt.

[Scene II. A plain in Warwickshire.]

*Enter WARWICK and OXFORD in England, with
French SOLDIERS.*

WARWICK

Trust me, my lord, all hitherto° goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes!
Speak suddenly,° my lords, are we all friends?

CLARENCE

Fear not that,° my lord.

WARWICK

Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice
To rest° mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawned° an open hand in sign of love.
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother, 10
Were but a feignèd friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be
thine.

And now what rests but, in night's coverture,°
Thy brother being carelessly encamped,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about, 15
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout° Diomedes
With sleight° and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents, 20
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,°
So we, well covered with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard
And seize himself. I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him. 25
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

They all cry, "Henry!"

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort.°
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!
Exeunt.

[Scene III. Edward's camp, near Warwick.]

Enter three WATCHMEN, to guard the king's tent.

FIRST WATCHMAN

Come on, my masters, each man take his stand.
The king by this° is set him down to sleep.

SECOND WATCHMAN

What, will he not to bed?

FIRST WATCHMAN

Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest 5
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppressed.

SECOND WATCHMAN

Tomorrow then belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

THIRD WATCHMAN

But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the king here resteth in his tent? 10

FIRST WATCHMAN

'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

THIRD WATCHMAN

O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps° in the cold field?

SECOND WATCHMAN

'Tis the more honor, because more dangerous. 15

THIRD WATCHMAN

Ay, but give me worship° and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honor.
If Warwick knew in what estate he° stands,
'Tis to be doubted° he would waken him.

FIRST WATCHMAN

Unless our halberds° did shut up his passage. 20

SECOND WATCHMAN

Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night foes?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET,
and French SOLDIERS, silent all.*

WARWICK

This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honor now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours. 25

FIRST WATCHMAN

Who goes there?

SECOND WATCHMAN

Stay, or thou diest!

WARWICK and the rest cry all, "Warwick! Warwick!"
and set upon the GUARD, who fly, crying, "Arm! arm!",
WARWICK and the rest following them.

*The drum playing and trumpet sounding, enter WARWICK,
SOMERSET, and the rest, bringing the KING out in his
gown, sitting in a chair. RICHARD and HASTINGS flies
over the stage.*

SOMERSET

What are they that fly there?

WARWICK

Richard and Hastings. Let them go. Here is the duke.

IV.iii.2 by this by this time 14 keeps lives 16 worship ease
and dignity 18 he the king 19 doubted suspected 20
halberds battle-axes on poles

IV.ii.1 hitherto thus far 4 suddenly at once 5 Fear not
that do not doubt it 8 rest remain 9 pawned pledged 13
in night's coverture under cover of night 19 stout valiant
20 sleight trickery 19-21 That . . . steeds Iliad, X (because
an oracle had said that Troy could not be taken if Rhesus' horses
grazed on Trojan plains, the Greeks sent Ulysses and Diomedes
to capture the horses before they reached Troy) 28 in silent
sort silently

KING EDWARD

The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted,
Thou call'dst me king.

WARWICK

Ay, but the case is altered:

When you disgraced me in my embassy,^o
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

KING EDWARD

Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,^o
My mind exceeds the compass^o of her wheel.

WARWICK

Then, for his mind,^o be Edward England's king:*Takes off his crown.*

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be conveyed
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.
They lead him out forcibly.

KING EDWARD

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide. *Exeunt.*

OXFORD

What now remains, my lords, for us to do
But march to London with our soldiers?

WARWICK

Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do,
To free King Henry from imprisonment
And see him seated in the regal throne. *Exeunt.*

*[Scene IV. London. The palace.]**Enter RIVERS and Lady Grey [as QUEEN].*

RIVERS

Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?^o

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

RIVERS

What, loss of some pitched battle against Warwick?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

No, but the loss of his own royal person.

32 **embassy** ambassadorial errand 46 **state** sovereignty
47 **compass** range 48 **for his mind** in Edward's mind (but
not otherwise)

IV.iv.1 **Madam** . . . **change** What is the cause of this sudden
change in you?

RIVERS

Then is my sovereign slain?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betrayed by falsehood^o of his guard
Or by his foe surprised at^o unawares;
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe.

RIVERS

These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb.
This is it that makes me bridle passion
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross.
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear
And stop the rising of bloodsucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

RIVERS

But, madam, where is Warwick then become?^o

QUEEN ELIZABETH

I am informèd that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent^o the tyrant's violence—
For trust not him that hath once broken faith—
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right.
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly.
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. *Exeunt.*

*[Scene V. A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.]**Enter RICHARD, Lord HASTINGS, and Sir William STANLEY.*

RICHARD

Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertised^o him by secret means
That if about this hour he make this way
Under the color^o of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with horse and men
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD and a HUNTSMAN with him.

8 **falsehood** treachery 9 **surprised at** captured 25 **where**
. . . **become** what has become of Warwick 29 **prevent**
forestall

IV.v.9 **advertised** informed 11 **color** pretext

HUNTSMAN

This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.°

KING EDWARD

Nay, this way, man! See where the huntsmen stand. 15

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the
rest,

Stand you thus close,° to steal the bishop's deer?

RICHARD

Brother, the time and case requireth haste:

Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

KING EDWARD

But whither shall we then?

HASTINGS

To Lynn, my lord,

20

And ship from thence to Flanders.

RICHARD

Well guessed, believe me; for that was my meaning.

KING EDWARD

Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.°

RICHARD

But wherefore stay° we? 'tis no time to talk.

KING EDWARD

Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along? 25

HUNTSMAN

Better do so than tarry and be hanged.

RICHARD

Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

KING EDWARD

Bishop, farewell. Shield thee from Warwick's frown

And pray that I may repossess the crown. *Exeunt.*

[Scene VI. London. The Tower.]

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY the Sixth, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young Henry [Earl of RICHMOND], OXFORD, MONTAGUE, and LIEUTENANT [of the Tower].

KING HENRY

Master Lieutenant, now that God and friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat

And turned my captive state to liberty,

My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,

At our enlargement° what are thy due fees? 5

LIEUTENANT

Subjects may challenge° nothing of their sovereigns;

But, if an humble prayer may prevail,

I then crave pardon of your majesty.

KING HENRY

For what, lieutenant? for well using me?

Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness 10

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;

Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds

Conceive when after many moody thoughts

At last by notes of household harmony

They quite forget their loss of liberty. 15

But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,

And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;

He was the author, thou the instrument.

Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite

By living low,° where fortune cannot hurt me, 20

And that the people of this blessed land

May not be punished with my thwarting stars,°

Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,

I here resign my government to thee,

For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds. 25

WARWICK

Your grace hath still° been famed for° virtuous;

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,

By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,

For few men rightly temper° with the stars:

Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace, 30

For choosing me when Clarence is in place.°

CLARENCE

No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,°

To whom the heavens in thy nativity°

Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,

As likely to be blest in peace and war; 35

And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

WARWICK

And I choose Clarence only for protector.

KING HENRY

Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands:

Now join your hands, and with your hands your

hearts,

That no dissension hinder government: 40

I make you both protectors of this land,

While I myself will lead a private life,

And in devotion spend my latter days,

To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

WARWICK

What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will? 45

CLARENCE

That he consents, if Warwick yield consent,

For on thy fortune I repose myself.°

WARWICK

Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content:

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow 50

To Henry's body, and supply his place;

I mean, in bearing weight of government,

While he enjoys the honor and his ease.

And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful

Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,

And all his lands and goods be confiscate. 55

CLARENCE

What else? And that succession be determined.

WARWICK

Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.°

KING HENRY

But, with the first of all your chief affairs,

Let me entreat (for I command no more)

That Margaret your queen and my son Edward 60

Be sent for, to return from France with speed;

For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear

My joy of liberty is half eclipsed. 15

CLARENCE

It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

14 game quarry 17 close concealed 23 forwardness zeal

24 stay delay

IV.vi.5 enlargement liberation 6 challenge demand

20 low humbly 22 thwarting stars ill fortune 26 still
always; famed for reputed 29 temper blend, accord 31 in
place present 32 sway power 33 nativity horoscope 47
repose myself rely 57 want his part lack his share

KING HENRY

My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that, 65
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

SOMERSET

My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

KING HENRY

Come hither, England's hope. (*Lays his hand on his head.*) If secret powers

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts, 70
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a scepter, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he 75
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a POST.

WARWICK

What news, my friend?

POST

That Edward is escapèd from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

WARWICK

Unsavory news! but how made he escape? 80

POST

He was conveyed° by Richard Duke of Gloucester
And the Lord Hastings, who attendèd° him
In secret ambush on the forest side
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise. 85

WARWICK

My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

Exeunt. Manet° SOMERSET, RICHMOND, and OXFORD.

SOMERSET

My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's, 90
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours: 95
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

OXFORD

Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown, 100
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

SOMERSET

It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. *Exeunt.*

[Scene VII. Before York.]

Flourish. Enter [KING] EDWARD, RICHARD, HASTINGS, and SOLDIERS.

KING EDWARD

Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My wanèd state for Henry's regal crown. 5
Well have we passèd and now repassèd the seas
And brought desirèd help from Burgundy.
What then remains, we being thus arrived
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

RICHARD

The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this. 10
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

KING EDWARD

Tush, man, abodements° must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair° to us. 15

HASTINGS

My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the MAYOR of York and his BRETHREN.

MAYOR

My lords, we were forewarnèd of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry. 85

KING EDWARD

But, Master Mayor, if Henry be your king, 20
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

MAYOR

True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

KING EDWARD

Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

RICHARD

But when the fox hath once got in his nose, 25
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

HASTINGS

Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends. 95

MAYOR

Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be opened.
He descends [with the ALDERMEN].

RICHARD

A wise stout° captain, and soon persuaded! 30

HASTINGS

The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of° him; but being entered,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the MAYOR and two ALDERMEN [below].

KING EDWARD

So, Master Mayor: these gates must not be shut 35
But in the night or in the time of war.

81 conveyed stolen away 82 attended waited for 88 s.d. Manet remains (the Latin singular is often used in Elizabethan directions with a plural subject)

IV.vii.13 abodements omens 15 repair come 30 stout valiant (here ironic) 32 long of because of

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

Takes his keys.

For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY, with DRUM[MER] and SOLDIERS.

RICHARD

Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

KING EDWARD

Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?

MONTGOMERY

To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

KING EDWARD

Thanks, good Montgomery. But we now forget
Our title to the crown and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

MONTGOMERY

Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king and not a duke.

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

The DRUM[MER] begins to march.

KING EDWARD

Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile, and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recovered.

MONTGOMERY

What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune and be gone
To keep them back that come to succor you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend° no title?

RICHARD

Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?°

KING EDWARD

When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim;
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

HASTINGS

Away with scrupulous wit! Now arms must rule.

RICHARD

And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit° thereof will bring you many friends.

KING EDWARD

Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

MONTGOMERY

Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

HASTINGS

Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaimed.
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

Flourish. Sound.

SOLDIER Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God,
King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, etc.°

MONTGOMERY

And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

Throws down his gauntlet.

ALL

Long live Edward the Fourth!

KING EDWARD

Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks unto you
all:

If fortune serves me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbor here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car°
Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For well I wot° that Henry is no soldier.

Ah, froward° Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on, brave soldiers. Doubt not of the day,

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

Exeunt.

[Scene VIII. London.

The Bishop of London's palace.]

*Flourish. Enter the KING [HENRY], WARWICK,
MONTAGUE, CLARENCE, OXFORD, and EXETER.*

WARWICK

What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt° Hollanders,
Hath passed in safety through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troops doth march amain° to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

KING HENRY

Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

CLARENCE

A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffered,° rivers cannot quench.

WARWICK

In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st.
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian° circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

KING HENRY

Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

57 pretend claim 58 nice points subtle distinctions
64 bruit rumor 71-72 Edward . . . etc. the only prose
passage in the play; the use of prose here represents the language
of proclamations, official documents, and formal statements

79 car chariot (of Phoebus Apollo) 82 wot know 83 froward
rebellious

IV.viii.2 blunt rude 4 amain with full speed 8 suffered
allowed (to grow) 21 Dian Diana, goddess of chastity

CLARENCE

In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

KING HENRY

Well-minded° Clarence, be thou fortunate!

MONTAGUE

Comfort, my lord! and so I take my leave.

OXFORD

And thus I seal my truth and bid adieu.

KING HENRY

Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

WARWICK

Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.
Exeunt [all but KING HENRY and EXETER].

KING HENRY

Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

EXETER

The doubt° is that he will seduce the rest.

KING HENRY

That's not my fear. My meed° hath got me fame.
I have not stopped mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off° their suits with slow delays.
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allayed their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears.
I have not been desirous of their wealth
Nor much oppressed them with great subsidies,°
Nor forward of° revenge, though they much erred.
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;°
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.*Shout within, "A Lancaster! A Lancaster!"*

EXETER

Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter [KING] EDWARD, [RICHARD,] and his SOLDIERS.

KING EDWARD

Seize on the shamefaced° Henry, bear him hence;
And once again proclaim us King of England.
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow.
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower. Let him not speak.*Exit [some] with KING HENRY.*And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory° Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

RICHARD

Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares.
Brave warriors, march amain° towards Coventry.*Exeunt.*

27 Well-minded well-disposed 37 doubt fear 38 meed
 merit, worth 40 posted off postponed 45 subsidies taxes
 46 forward of eager for 48 graces challenge grace virtues
 claim favor 50 s.d. A . . . Lancaster! so in F; many editors
 read "A York! A York!" as signaling the entrance of King
 Edward 52 shamefaced modest, bashful 59 peremptory
 overbearing 64 amain swiftly

[A C T V]

[Scene I. Coventry.]

*Enter WARWICK, the MAYOR of Coventry, two
MESSENGERS, and others upon the walls.*

WARWICK

Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

FIRST MESSENGER

By this° at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

WARWICK

How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?

SECOND MESSENGER

By this° at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter [Sir John] SOMERVILLE.

WARWICK

Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

SOMERVILLE

At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.*[Drum heard.]*

WARWICK

Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.

SOMERVILLE

It is not his, my lord. Here Southam lies.
The drum your honor hears marcheth from Warwick.

WARWICK

Who should that be? Belike, unlooked-for friends.

SOMERVILLE

They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*March. Flourish. Enter [KING] EDWARD, RICHARD,
and SOLDIERS.*

KING EDWARD

Go, trumpet,° to the walls, and sound a parle.

RICHARD

See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!

WARWICK

O unbid spite! Is sportful° Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

KING EDWARD

Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

WARWICK

Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and plucked thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

RICHARD

I thought, at least, he would have said "the king";
Or did he make the jest against his will?

V.i.3,6 By this by this time 16 trumpet trumpeter 18
 sportful wanton 20 repair return

WARWICK

Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

RICHARD

Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give!
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

WARWICK

'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

KING EDWARD

Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

WARWICK

Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight;
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again,
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

KING EDWARD

But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner;
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this:
What is the body when the head is off?

RICHARD

Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,^o
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,^o
The king was slyly fingered from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.

KING EDWARD

'Tis even so. Yet you are Warwick still.

RICHARD

Come, Warwick, take the time.^o Kneel down, kneel
down!Nay, when?^o Strike^o now, or else the iron cools.

WARWICK

I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.^o

KING EDWARD

Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no
more."*Enter OXFORD, with drum and colors.*

WARWICK

O cheerful colors! see where Oxford comes!

OXFORD

Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[He and his FORCES enter the city.]

RICHARD

The gates are open, let us enter too.

KING EDWARD

So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array, for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid us battle.
If not, the city being but of small defense,
We'll quickly rouse^o the traitors in the same.

WARWICK

O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colors.

MONTAGUE

Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[He and his FORCES enter the city.]

35

RICHARD

Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

KING EDWARD

The harder matched, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

70

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colors.

40

SOMERSET

Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[He and his FORCES enter the city.]

RICHARD

45

Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

75

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colors.^o

WARWICK

And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love!
Come, Clarence, come! Thou wilt, if Warwick call.

80

CLARENCE

Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[Takes his red rose out of his hat.^o

55

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee.
I will not ruin my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime^o the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trowest thou,^o Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object^o my holy oath.
To keep that oath were more impiety

90

75 s.d. at this point Q introduces the following dialogue and business:

60

WARWICK

And loe where George of Clarence sweeps
Along, of power enough to bid his brother battell.

CLARENCE

Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.

EDWARD

Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Caesar too?
A parlie sirra to George of Clarence.

65

*Sound a Parlie, and RICHARD and CLARENCE whispers together,
and then CLARENCE takes his red Rose out of his hat and throwes
it at WARWICK.*This passage, and especially the stage direction, follows closely
the account in the chronicles of both Hall and Holinshed of
Clarence's final change of allegiance.**81 s.d.** Takes . . . hat removes the symbol of his allegiance to
the house of Lancaster **84 lime** join with mortar **85 trowest**
thou do you think **89 object** invoke

42 forecast foresight **43 single ten** mere ten (not a court card) **48 take the time** seize the opportunity **49 when** exclamation of impatience; **Strike** (1) act (i.e., while the iron is hot) (2) yield **52 bear . . . thee** be so humble as to surrender to you **65 rouse** flush (as an animal from its lair)

Than Jephthah, when he sacrificed his daughter.^o
 I am so sorry for my trespass made
 That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
 I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,
 With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee
 (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad)
 To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
 Pardon me, Edward! I will make amends;
 And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
 For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

KING EDWARD

Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,
 Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

RICHARD

Welcome, good Clarence! This is brotherlike.

WARWICK

O passing^o traitor, perjured and unjust!

KING EDWARD

What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
 Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

WARWICK

Alas, I am not coop^od here for defense!
 I will away towards Barnet presently,^o
 And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

KING EDWARD

Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.
 Lords, to the field. Saint George and victory!

Exeunt [KING EDWARD and his COMPANY].

March. WARWICK and his COMPANY follows.

[Scene II. A field of battle near Barnet.]

Alarum and excursions. Enter [KING] EDWARD, bringing forth WARWICK wounded.

KING EDWARD

So, lie thou there! Die thou, and die our fear!
 For Warwick was a bug^o that feared^o us all.
 Now, Montague, sit fast!^o I seek for thee,
 That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

WARWICK

Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,
 And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick.
 Why ask I that? My mangled body shows,
 My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
 That I must yield my body to the earth
 And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
 Thus yields the cedar to the ax's edge,
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
 Under whose shade the ramping^o lion slept,
 Whose top branch overpeered Jove's spreading tree^o
 And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.
 These eyes, that now are dimmed with death's black
 veil,
 Have been as piercing as the midday sun
 To search the secret treasons of the world.
 The wrinkles in my brows, now filled with blood,

91 Jephthah . . . daughter see Judges 11:30 106 passing
 extreme 109 coop^od prepared 110 presently immediately
 V.ii.2 bug bugbear; feared terrified 3 sit fast watch out
 13 ramping rearing 14 Jove's spreading tree the oak

Were likened oft to kingly sepulchers;
 For who lived king but I could dig his grave?
 And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
 Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood!
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
 Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
 Is nothing left me but my body's length.
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
 And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

95

100

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

SOMERSET

Ah, Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,
 We might recover all our loss again!
 The queen from France hath brought a puissant power.
 Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly!

105

WARWICK

Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,
 If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
 And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
 Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
 Thy tears would wash this cold congealèd blood
 That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
 Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

110

SOMERSET

Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed his last,
 And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick
 And said, "Commend me to my valiant brother."
 And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
 Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
 That mought^o not be distinguished; but at last
 I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
 "O, farewell, Warwick!"

WARWICK

Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
 For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.
 [Dies.]

OXFORD

Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
 Here they bear away his body. *Exeunt.*

[Scene III. Another part of the field.]

5

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD in triumph, with
 RICHARD, CLARENCE, and the rest.

KING EDWARD

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course
 And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
 But, in the midst of this bright-shining day
 I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud
 That will encounter with our glorious sun^o
 Ere he attain his easeful western bed.
 I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
 Hath raised in Gallia have arrivèd^o our coast,
 And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

10

15

CLARENCE

A little gale will soon disperse that cloud
 And blow it to the source from whence it came.
 Thy very beams will dry those vapors up,
 For every cloud engenders not a storm.

5

10

45 mought might

V.iii.5 sun badge of York 8 arrived landed on

RICHARD

The queen is valued° thirty thousand strong,
 And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her: 15
 If she have time to breathe, be well assured
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

KING EDWARD

We are advertised° by our loving friends
 That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury.
 We, having now the best at Barnet field, 20
 Will thither straight,° for willingness rids way;°
 And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
 In every county as we go along.
 Strike up the drum. Cry, "Courage!" and away.

Exeunt.

[Scene IV. Plains near Tewksbury.]

Flourish. March. Enter the QUEEN [MARGARET], young [PRINCE] Edward, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and SOLDIERS.

QUEEN MARGARET

Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
 But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
 What though the mast be now blown overboard,
 The cable broke, the holding-anchor° lost,
 And half our sailors swallowed in the flood? 5
 Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet° that he
 Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad
 With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
 And give more strength to that which hath too much, 10
 Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
 Which industry° and courage might have saved?
 Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
 Say Warwick was our anchor. What of that?
 And Montague our topmast. What of him?
 Our slaughtered friends the tackles; what of these? 15
 Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
 And Somerset another goodly mast?
 The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
 And, though unskillful, why not Ned and I
 For once allowed the skillful pilot's charge?° 20
 We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
 But keep our course (though the rough wind say no)
 From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.
 As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
 And what is Edward but a ruthless sea? 25
 What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
 And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
 All these the enemies to our poor bark.
 Say you can swim—alas, 'tis but a while!
 Tread on the sand—why, there you quickly sink! 30
 Bestride the rock—the tide will wash you off,
 Or else you famish: that's a threefold death.
 This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
 If case some one of you would fly from us,
 That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers 35
 More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
 Why, courage then! What cannot be avoided
 'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

PRINCE

Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words, 40
 Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
 And make him, naked,° foil a man at arms.
 I speak not this as doubting any here;
 For did I but suspect a fearful man,
 He should have leave to go away betimes, 45
 Lest in our need he might infect another
 And make him of like spirit to himself.
 If any such be here (as God forbid!)
 Let him depart before we need his help.

OXFORD

Women and children of so high a courage, 50
 And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
 O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather°
 Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
 To bear his image° and renew his glories!

SOMERSET

And he that will not fight for such a hope, 55
 Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
 If he arise, be mocked and wondered at.

QUEEN MARGARET

Thanks, gentle Somerset. Sweet Oxford, thanks.

PRINCE

And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.
Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand, 60
 Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

OXFORD

I thought no less: it is his policy°
 To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

SOMERSET

But he's deceived; we are in readiness.

QUEEN MARGARET

This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness. 65

OXFORD

Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.
Flourish and march. Enter [KING] EDWARD, RICHARD, 70
CLARENCE, and SOLDIERS.

KING EDWARD

Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
 Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
 Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
 I need not add more fuel to your fire, 70
 For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out.
 Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

QUEEN MARGARET

Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
 My tears gainsay; for every word I speak, 75
 Ye see I drink the water of my eye.
 Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
 Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurped,
 His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,
 His statutes canceled, and his treasure spent;
 And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.° 80
 You fight in justice. Then, in God's name, lords,
 Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

Alarum. Retreat. Excursions. Exeunt.

42 naked unarmed 52 grandfather Henry V 54 image
 likeness 62 policy craft 80 spoil destruction

14 valued estimated 18 advertised informed 21 straight
 at once; rids way covers ground quickly
 V.iv.4 holding-anchor sheet anchor (largest of ship's anchors)
 6 Is't meet is it suitable 11 industry labor 20 charge duty

[Scene V. *Another part of the field.*]

Flourish. Enter [KING] EDWARD, RICHARD, CLARENCE, [*and SOLDIERS, with*] QUEEN [MARGARET], OXFORD, SOMERSET [*as prisoners*].

KING EDWARD

Now here a period of° tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight.°
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go bear them hence. I will not hear them speak.

OXFORD

For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

SOMERSET

Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
Exeunt [OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded].

QUEEN MARGARET

So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

KING EDWARD

Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

RICHARD

It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

KING EDWARD

Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.

Enter the PRINCE [Edward].

What! Can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction° canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turned me to?

PRINCE

Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

QUEEN MARGARET

Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

RICHARD

That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech° from Lancaster.

PRINCE

Let Aesop fable in a winter's night;
His currish° riddles sorts not with this place.

RICHARD

By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

QUEEN MARGARET

Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

RICHARD

For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

PRINCE

Nay, take away this scolding crookback rather.

KING EDWARD

Peace, willful boy, or I will charm° your tongue.

CLARENCE

Untutored lad, thou art too malapert.°

V.v.1 a period of an end to 2 straight immediately 14 satisfaction amends 24 breech breeches 26 currish because Aesop was sometimes thought to be a hunchback, because the fables talk of animals, and because their morality resembles that of Cynic (from a Greek word for "dog") philosophy 31 charm silence 32 malapert impudent

PRINCE

I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,
And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are:
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

KING EDWARD

Take that, the likeness of this railer here.

Stabs him.

RICHARD

Sprawl'st thou? Take that, to end thy agony.

Richard stabs him.

CLARENCE

And there's for twitting me with perjury.

Clarence stabs him.

QUEEN MARGARET

O, kill me too!

RICHARD

Marry,° and shall.

Offers to kill her.

KING EDWARD

Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

RICHARD

Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

KING EDWARD

What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

RICHARD

Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

CLARENCE

What? what?

RICHARD

The Tower, the Tower! *Exit.*

QUEEN MARGARET

O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!
They that stabbed Caesar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it.

RICHARD

He was a man; this (in respect°) a child,
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speak!

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropped!

You have no children, butchers! If you had,

The thought of them would have stirred up remorse:

But if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off

As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

KING EDWARD

Away with her! Go bear her hence perforce.

QUEEN MARGARET

Nay, never bear me hence! Dispatch me here.

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:

What, wilt thou not? Then, Clarence, do it thou.

42 Marry indeed (light oath, from "By Mary") 56 in respect in comparison

CLARENCE

By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

QUEEN MARGARET

Good Clarence, do! Sweet Clarence, do thou do it!

CLARENCE

Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

QUEEN MARGARET

Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself. 75

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,

Hard-favored° Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here. Murder is thy alms-deed.

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.° 80

KING EDWARD

Away, I say. I charge ye bear her hence.

QUEEN MARGARET

So come to you and yours, as to this prince!

Exit QUEEN.

KING EDWARD

Where's Richard gone?

CLARENCE

To London, all in post;° and, as I guess,

To make a bloody supper in the Tower. 85

KING EDWARD

He's sudden° if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence, discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,

And see our gentle queen how well she fares:

By this,° I hope, she hath a son for me. *Exeunt.* 90

[Scene VI. London. The Tower.]

*Enter [KING] HENRY the Sixth and RICHARD, with the
LIEUTENANT [of the Tower], on the walls.*

RICHARD

Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

KING HENRY

Ay, my good lord—"my lord," I should say rather.

'Tis sin to flatter. "Good" was little better.

"Good Gloucester" and "good devil" were alike,
And both preposterous;° therefore, not "good lord." 5

RICHARD

Sirrah,° leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[Exit LIEUTENANT.]

KING HENRY

So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.

What scene of death hath Roscius° now to act? 10

RICHARD

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

KING HENRY

The bird that hath been limed° in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth° every bush;

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird, 15

Have now the fatal object in my eye.

Where my poor young was limed, was caught and
killed.°

RICHARD

Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office° of a fowl!

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drowned. 20

KING HENRY

I, Daedalus; my poor boy, Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;°

The sun that seared the wings of my sweet boy

Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea

Whose envious gulf° did swallow up his life. 25

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point

Than can my ears that tragic history.

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my life?

RICHARD

Think'st thou I am an executioner? 30

KING HENRY

A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:

If murdering innocents be executing,

Why, then thou art an executioner.

RICHARD

Thy son I killed for his presumption.

KING HENRY

Hadst thou been killed when first thou didst presume, 35

Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,

And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing° eye— 40

Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,

Orphans for their parents' timeless° death—

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shrieked at thy birth—an evil sign;

The night-crow cried, aboding° luckless time; 45

Dogs howled, and hideous tempest shook down trees;

The raven rooked her° on the chimney's top,

And chatt'ring pies° in dismal discords sung.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope, 50

To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,

To signify thou cam'st to bite the world;

And, if the rest be true which I have heard, 55

Thou cam'st—

RICHARD

I'll hear no more. Die, prophet, in thy speech.

Stabs him.

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordained.

KING HENRY

Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! *Dies.* 60

78 **Hard-favored** ugly 80 **put'st back** refuse 84 **all in post**
in haste 86 **sudden** swift in action 90 **By this** by this time
V.vi.5 **preposterous** an inversion of the natural order 6
Sirrah form of address used to an inferior 10 **Roscius** great
Roman actor (d. 62 B.C.) 13 **limed** caught with bird lime (a
sticky substance smeared on twigs) 14 **misdoubteth** mistrusts

15-17 **And . . . killed** I, the father of one sweet child, have
in my eye the death-dealing substance by which my son was
trapped and slain 19 **office** function 22 **denied our course**
barred our way 25 **gulf** whirlpool 40 **water-standing**
flooded with tears 42 **timeless** untimely 45 **aboding** fore-
boding 47 **rooked her** squatted 48 **pies** magpies

RICHARD

What? Will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither—

Stabs him again.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste
And seek their ruin that usurped our right?
The midwife wondered, and the women cried,
"O Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was, which plainly signified
That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer° it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word "love," which graybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another
And not in me: I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware. Thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;°
For I will buzz abroad° such prophecies
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting myself but bad till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

Exit [with the body].

[Scene VII. London. The palace.]

Flourish. Enter KING [EDWARD], QUEEN [ELIZABETH],
CLARENCE, RICHARD, HASTINGS, [a] NURSE [*with*
the young PRINCE], and ATTENDANTS.

KING EDWARD

Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Repurchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mowed down in tops of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renowned
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as° the father and the son,

And two Northumberlands—two braver men
Ne'er spurred their coursers° at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears,° Warwick and
Montague,

That in their chains fettered the kingly lion
And made the forest tremble when they roared.
Thus have we swept suspicion° from our seat
And made our footstool of security.

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armors watched° the winter's night,
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace.
And of our labors thou shalt reap the gain.

RICHARD [*Aside.*]

I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid,°
For yet I am not looked on in the world.
This shoulder was ordained so thick to heave,
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.
Work thou the way, and that shalt execute.

KING EDWARD

Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

CLARENCE

The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

KING EDWARD

Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

RICHARD

And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

[*Aside.*]

To say the truth, so Judas kissed his master,
And cried, "All hail!" whenas he meant all harm.

KING EDWARD

Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

CLARENCE

What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawned the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

KING EDWARD

Away with her, and waft her hence to France!
And now what rests° but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs,° mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! Farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

Exeunt omnes.

79 answer correspond to 85 I . . . thee I shall arrange a
black future for you 86 buzz abroad spread
V.vii.7 as namely

9 coursers horses 10 bears alluding to the family emblem
13 suspicion anxiety 17 watched stayed awake 21 laid in
the grave 42 rests remains 43 triumphs public processions

THE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE THIRD

EDITED BY MARK ECCLES

Introduction

Richard III is above all a play for the stage. It was Shakespeare's first great success, a sudden leap up from his three plays on the reign of Henry VI. Richard Burbage made his reputation by playing Richard III; so did David Garrick when he conquered London in the eighteenth century. *Richard III* was the first Shakespeare play acted professionally in America, in 1750; it was a favorite of Lincoln, who knew by heart "Now is the winter of our discontent"; and the Shakespeare Festival of Canada opened with a brilliant production. Sir Laurence Olivier has brought Richard to life again on the stage and on the screen.

When Shakespeare wrote this play, about 1592 or 1593, his audiences were eager for plays on English history. Such plays were like mirrors in which they could see what had happened to England in past crises and what might happen to themselves in the near future after the death of Queen Elizabeth. Would their next ruler be one who could unite his people, like Henry V or Henry VII, or one who would bring on civil war, like Henry VI or Richard III? The most popular plays on English history had dramatized wars and struggles for power: *The Famous Victories of Henry V*, *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, and the one great historical tragedy before Shakespeare's, Marlowe's *The Troublesome Reign and Lamentable Death of Edward II, King of England, with the Tragical Fall of Proud Mortimer*. Shakespeare emphasized as leading ideas of his English history plays the danger of division and the necessity of union: "United we stand, divided we fall."

Richard III is a tragedy of crimes punished by divine justice. Both branches of the royal Plantagenets, Lancaster and York, had committed cruel murders. Queen Margaret, the "she-wolf of France," had beheaded Richard, Duke of York; in revenge York's sons murdered her son, Prince Edward, and her husband, Henry VI. The murderers of Clarence tell him that he deserves God's vengeance for stabbing Prince Edward and for breaking his oath to God to fight for King Henry. Richard III must pay with his life for causing the deaths of his brother, his nephews, his wife, and his best friends. The demands for vengeance made by Queen Margaret are fulfilled; for, as Holinshed expressed the traditional religious view of history, "such is

God's justice, to leave no unrepentant wickedness unpunished." God used Richard as a scourge to punish the sins of others; the "high All-seer" then raised up Richmond to cancel Richard, "One that hath ever been God's enemy."

Yet it is one of Shakespeare's paradoxes that God's enemy is so much more fascinating than the puppet Richmond, who speaks with no voice of his own. Richard is alive; he is himself alone; he is what part of ourselves would like to be, free from the censor conscience. He can win women; he can win power; he can enjoy using his power to destroy, to do whatever he wants to do. We know he will not get away with it in the end; but meanwhile, what fun he is having! His gay soliloquies make us share his enjoyment:

Was ever woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long. (I.ii.227-29)

Richard is the actor making up his part as he goes along, and making sure that it is the leading part.

How did Shakespeare create an acting role which has held so many audiences spellbound? For one thing, he made Richard a devil masked as a man: able to put on in turn the masks of the loyal brother, the impassioned lover, the kindly uncle, the self-sacrificing king. The masks are both tragic and comic; they hide death, and they mock at human folly. We pity Richard's victims, but we feel superior to them; we, of course, would never be taken in. For another thing, Richard is the underdog who fights his way to the top, one man against the world, with everything against him. The climb to power is a treacherous one, dangerous to Richard, deadly to anyone who blocks his path; he climbs over their bodies till he stands, though not for long, where he had determined to stand. This triumph of will is exciting theater; at the same time it is sharply ironic—so many years to rise, to fall in one day.

Richard dominates the play; he appears in fourteen out of twenty-five scenes, and his shadow hangs over the rest. It is the longest of Shakespeare's history plays, and longer than any other of Shakespeare's except *Hamlet*. Richard

himself speaks more than a fourth of the lines, and five of his ten soliloquies come in the first three scenes, so that we see him at once take the center of the stage. His opening speech is masterly. Winter is now summer, the killing is over, it is time to live and love, but not for Richard; his keenest pleasures are to come, and the first will be to destroy his brother. Shakespeare had shown Richard's will to power in *Henry VI, Part Three*:

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy. (I.ii.29-31)

In III.ii of the same play Richard had planned his strategy for winning the crown:

Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry, "Content" to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.

. . .
I can add colors to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
(III.ii.182-85, 191-94)

And in V.vi, after stabbing King Henry in the Tower, he had promised that Clarence would be next:

I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word "love," which graybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another
And not in me: I am myself alone. (V.vi.80-83)

In the first scene of *Richard III* he is in high spirits as he speaks with and without the mask: "your imprisonment shall not be long," to Clarence, and then, to himself, "I do love thee so/That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven." Richard Crookback has a crooked but original sense of humor.

Why did Shakespeare invent the famous scene of Richard's wooing of Lady Anne? The soliloquy which ends the scene provides, I think, the key to Shakespeare's purpose. Richard took up the challenge of a task that seemed impossible; if he could succeed against such odds, for him nothing would be impossible:

What! I that killed her husband and his father
To take her in her heart's extremest hate

. . .
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
(I.ii.230-31, 237)

He chose a time which presented the greatest obstacles, so that he could overcome them: a time when she was calling for vengeance upon him as the murderer of King Henry and of her husband. He provoked her to attack him with words and then gave her a chance to act, to kill him with his own sword. His will proved stronger than hers. Her change is sudden, but Shakespeare means it to be. Theatrically, he achieves the shock of surprise; dramatically, he convinces us that Richard will find hardly any difficulty too great for him to master.

Shakespeare created most of the first act from his own imagination; and such history as he used he rearranged for dramatic effect. He read in Holinshed that Richard, in 1471, murdered Henry VI, whose body was brought to Saint Paul's and then buried at Chertsey; Shakespeare imagined the scene between Richard and Anne. In 1478 Edward IV had Clarence condemned to death by parliament and drowned in wine at the Tower; Shakespeare made Richard plot his brother's death, and he invented the whole vivid scene of Clarence's dream and murder. Queen Margaret had left England to live in France; Shakespeare brought her into the third scene to prophesy retribution for the house of York and especially for Richard. Margaret, Clarence, Edward IV, and Hastings were omitted from the acting version by Colley Cibber which held the stage from 1700 to 1877, a travesty of the play which contained more Cibber than Shakespeare. All are essential to Shakespeare's drama. Margaret, for example, invokes the justice of God to punish the crimes of her enemies. Recalling the bloody past, she calls for the future to pay blood for blood. As York's dread curse had prevailed with heaven to make her suffer the loss of her husband, her son, and her kingdom, so she prays that her rival Elizabeth may "Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen." Richard deserves to suffer the worst plagues of all: the worm of conscience, suspicion and betrayal, and the terror of tormenting dreams. Shakespeare makes Margaret no ghost crying for revenge, but a bitter, passionate woman. Yet he gives her a major function in the play: to thunder with the power of a prophetess, sent to warn that no sinner can escape his doom.

The first doom fell upon Clarence. Nothing in his life became him like the dream of his death, for while he slept, his conscience was awake. If he escaped the Tower, he feared he would find himself in hell, facing the father-in-law he had betrayed and the king's son he had stabbed to death. His repentance was genuine, but it came too late to save his life; when he warned his murderers of God's vengeance, they reminded him that he himself was a murderer. Shakespeare packs the scene with tragic irony: Clarence supposing that Richard caused his death in the dream by chance, not by design, and assuring the murderers that Richard would reward them for saving his life. The reluctant Second Murderer might still have saved him by listening to the dregs of conscience; he tried, perhaps, to warn him by crying "Look behind you, my lord!" and immediately afterward he wished he could wash his hands of the murder. Shakespeare ends the first act with Richard one step closer to the crown.

After Act I Shakespeare dramatizes the history of only two years, from the death of Edward IV in 1483 to the battle of Bosworth Field in 1485. Again and again he heightens the dramatic effect of events already full of drama. He brings Richard to the deathbed of Edward in II.i to play-act the lover of peace and then to explode the news of Clarence's death and blame "the guilty kindred of the queen," when he alone is guilty. No sooner does Richard mount the throne in IV.ii than Shakespeare shows him trying to incite Buckingham to murder the princes, with the result that he drives his strongest supporter into rebellion. Above all, in V.iii Shakespeare changes Richard's dream of "images like terrible devils," as Holinshed calls them, into a vision of the souls of all whom he has

murdered, crying out "Despair and die!" Here Shakespeare makes Richard look into himself with fear and horror and see how he has cut himself off from mankind:

I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul will pity me. (V.iii.201-02)

Though no one pities Richard, Shakespeare builds up recurring scenes of pity for those who suffer during this reign of terror. In II.ii he shows three generations—mother, wife, and children—left desolate by the loss of Edward and of Clarence. In IV.i the old Duchess of York longs for peace in the grave; Anne, who has had no rest with Richard, wishes that her crown were red-hot steel; and Queen Elizabeth, thinking only of her children, seeks pity for them from the stones of the Tower. The murderers of the two boys tell their death's sad story (IV.iii); and the next scene rises to a chorus of grief in the laments of their mother, of their grandmother, and of Queen Margaret. Each of these scenes intensifies emotion by a three-fold pattern, as though the sorrow were too great to be expressed by only one person, and even Tyrrel shares the remorse of Dighton and Forrest. The killing of the princes is a massacre of the innocents, and their mother is like Rachel weeping for her children.

Shakespeare secures a more complex response in scenes which present characters of mixed good and evil, persons who suffer for their sins and yet who call forth pity for their suffering. Hastings and Buckingham, together with Clarence and the shadowy Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, are neither ruthless tyrants nor innocent children. Hastings is shown hoping for revenge upon his enemies, the queen's kinsmen (I.i), hiding his hate under a vow of love for Rivers and Dorset (II.i), and then rejoicing at the execution of Rivers and the rest (III.ii). When he is condemned to die the same day (III.iv), he repents his too triumphant joy that his enemies were butchered and admits that Margaret's curse, for standing by when her son was murdered, has lighted on his head. On the other hand, he dies for loyalty to the true king, for refusing to help Richard usurp the throne. Shakespeare brings out the drama of his sudden fall when he least expects it, and the irony of his overconfident belief that Richard loves him well and that the boar will use him kindly. His last words, "They smile at me who shortly shall be dead," foretell a parallel fall for Buckingham, who mocked at Hastings and yet still trusts Richard. Blinded by infatuation, Buckingham has already disregarded Margaret's warning to beware of Richard (I.iii). He digs a pit for himself when he prays in II.i. that if ever he harms Queen Elizabeth or her family God may punish him with hate where he most expects love, and yet becomes Richard's right-hand man to plot against her and her sons. Hesitating only at murder, he gains a crown for Richard and death for himself, and in V.i he acknowledges the justice of his death. As with Hastings, he is both sinning and sinned against, and his tragic recognition of his errors leads in the end to pity for his fall.

The blank verse in *Richard III* marches to a strong, emphatic rhythm. The pause at the end of the line, or sometimes of two lines (as in I.i.1-4, 10-13), lets the actor dwell on the meaning with clarity and force. Shakespeare, who constructs his sonnets with three quatrains and a couplet, likes to build dramatic monologues also in

groups of four lines. Richard's first speech is composed in quatrains, expanded twice to five lines and once to six. The second scene begins and ends with monologues which contain many quatrains, as well as groups of three or five lines. The dialogues show more variety, but Shakespeare makes striking use of stichomythia, which sets single line against single line, in Richard's duels of words with Anne in I.ii, York in III.i, and Queen Elizabeth in IV.iv. The verse of *Richard III* is far from subtle, but its careful design contributes to its power.

Shakespeare heightens the dramatic effect of speech by an extraordinary range of rhetoric. The opening scene is rich in antitheses, between war and peace, the lover and the villain, true Edward and treacherous Richard and simple, plain Clarence. Anne expresses the intensity of her grief by figures of repetition and parallelism: "Set down, set down," "bloodless . . . blood," "O cursèd . . . Cursèd," "If ever he have child . . . If ever he have wife." Queen Margaret gives force to her prophetic curse in I.iii.187 ff. by pouring forth questions and exclamations, by reiterating key words like "curse," "heaven," and "death," and by emphasizing parallel constructions: "Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,/For Edward our son, that was Prince of Wales," or "Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen." All these and more appear in IV.iv: paradoxical antithesis in "Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost," repeated questions like "Where is thy husband now? Where be thy brothers?" and emphatic parallels, as in lines 20-21, 40-46, and 98-104. The conscious eloquence of the orations in V.iii contrasts with the more intense rhetoric which expresses fear and despair in Richard's soliloquy. *Richard III* shows Shakespeare rejoicing in his mastery over language, though he has not yet learned the art of concealing his art.

The play is not merely a melodrama, although it tends toward melodrama in its exaggeration of Richard's villainy. It is the tragedy of a man, of a family, and of a nation. The tragedy is ironic in that Richard, by destroying others, brings destruction upon himself. Right does not triumph without probability, as in melodrama, but as a probable result of human actions. Richard rises steadily until he orders the murder of his nephews (IV.ii); from that moment he turns friends into enemies, till "He hath no friends but what are friends for fear" (V.ii). But he does not have the inner conflict of Macbeth, who inspires pity as well as fear. Retributive justice strikes down not only Richard but the whole family of Plantagenet. The sons of York pay for the murder of Henry VI and his son by their own deaths and the murder of Edward's sons. Finally, Shakespeare shows how the people of England suffered from tyranny and civil war, when "The brother blindly shed the brother's blood." He ends the play with a heartfelt prayer that his country, united, may now live in peace.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

Shakespeare found the fullest account of Richard in Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles* (second edition, 1587). Holinshed reprinted most of Sir Thomas More's *History of King Richard the Third* (written about 1514, printed in 1557) and wove in further information from Polydore

Vergil's *Anglica Historia* (1534), Edward Hall's *The Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Families of Lancaster and York* (1548), and Richard Grafton's *Chronicles* of 1543 and 1569. Shakespeare added a few points from his own reading of Hall or Grafton, and a few from "The Tragedy of Clarence" in *The Mirror for Magistrates* (1559). The rest he drew from Holinshed or invented for himself.

The historical Richard was not so black as he was painted; it is still an unsolved question whether he committed any of the murders charged against him by his enemies. But Shakespeare was dramatizing the Richard of the Tudor historians, and they had no doubt that Richard was a murderer and a tyrant. More wrote that he "spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose"; Hall declared that if he had not usurped the throne, he would have been "much praised and beloved, as he is now abhorred and vilipended." By the time Shakespeare wrote, Richard had already been staged as a Senecan villain in *Richardus Tertius*, a Latin play acted at Cambridge, and in *The True Tragedy of Richard the Third*, which Shakespeare quotes in *Hamlet*. More's vivid history, however, furnished the chief stimulus to Shakespeare's imagination.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

Richard III, one of Shakespeare's most popular plays, appeared in eight quarto editions, more than any other Shakespeare play except *Henry IV, Part One*. The first quarto (Q1) was entered for publication on October 20, 1597, as *The tragedie of kinge Richard the Third with the death of the Duke of Clarence*. The actors of Shakespeare's company who reconstructed this text from memory left out over two hundred lines and made many changes, but they preserved some lines omitted in the Folio, especially IV.ii.98-115. Printers added errors in each of the later quartos, dated 1598, 1602 (Q3), 1605, 1612, 1622 (Q6), 1629, and 1634.

The best text of the play appeared in 1623 in the First Folio (F). The printer, William Jaggard, had his compositors set up *Richard III* from a quarto marked with many corrections from an authentic manuscript. It used to be believed that this quarto was Q6, supplemented by an uncorrected quarto, Q3. In 1955, however, J. K. Walton, in *The Copy for the Folio Text of Richard III*, concluded that Q3, corrected, was the only quarto used for F. My collation of all variants in the first six quartos supports this conclusion. It is possible that both Q3 and Q6 were used, but that remains to be proved.

The present edition follows the readings of the First Folio except for the changes listed below. These changes have been made for definite reasons. First, the part of the Folio text containing III.i.1-168 seems to have been printed from Q3 without any correction from a manuscript, and the Folio text from V.iii.49 to the end of the play makes very few corrections. These few corrections have been accepted, but the rest of the text in these passages is based on Q1, from which Q3 and F are here derived. For example, the right reading "as" in III.i.123 appears in Q1, while "as, as," in F derives from the misprint "as, as," in Q3. Second, the reading of Q1 is also preferred, in any part of the play, to a different reading which F merely reprints from Q3. Third, the present text accepts thirty

lines from Q1 which are not in F. Finally, I have corrected errors and have made a few emendations.

The divisions into acts and scenes include all those in the Folio, translated from Latin, and these further scenes as marked in modern editions: III.v-vii, IV.iii, and V.iii-v. Brackets set off these and other editorial additions. Spelling, punctuation, and capitalization are modernized, and speech prefixes are regularized. In the following list of significant changes from the Folio, and from Q1, where it is the basic text, the reading of the present text is given in boldface and the alternative reading of the Folio, or of Q1 or Q3, in roman.

I.i.26 spy [Q1] see **41 s.d. Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury** Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded **45 the** [Q1] th' **52 for** [Q1] but **65 tempers him to this** [Q1] tempts him to this harsh **75 to her for his** [Q1] for her **103 I** [Q1] I do **124 the** [Q1] this [Q3] **133 prey** [Q1] play **142 What** [Q1] Where **I.ii.27 life** death (cf. IV.i.75) **39 stand** [Q1] Stand'st **60 deed** [Q1] Deeds **78 a man** [Q1] man **80 accuse** curse **154 aspect** [Q1] Aspects **195 was man** [Q1] man was [Q3] **201 Richard** [Q1, not in F] **202 Anne. To take . . . give** [Q1, not in F] **225 Richard. Sirs . . . corse** [Q1, not in F] **235 at all** [Q1] withall [Q3]

I.iii.s.d. Queen [Q1] the Queene Mother **17 come the Lords** [Q1] comes the Lord **108 s.d. Enter old Queen Margaret** [after 109] **113 Tell . . . said** [Q1, not in F] **114 avouch** [Q1] auouch't **308 Queen Elizabeth** [Q1 Qu.] Mar. **341, 349, 354 First Murderer Vil.** **354 s.d. Exeunt** [Q1 after 353, not in F] **I.iv.13 Thence** [Q1] There **86 First Murderer 2 Mur.** **89 Second Murderer 1** **122 Faith** [Q1, not in F] **126 Zounds** [Q1] Come **147 Zounds** [Q1, not in F] **192-93 to have . . . sins** [Q1] for any goodnesse **240 And charged . . . other** [Q1, not in F] **266-70 Which . . . distress** [not in Q; F inserts after 259]

II.i.5 in [Q1] to **7 Rivers and Hastings** [Q1] Dorset and Riuers **39 God** [Q1] heauen **40 zeal** [Q1] loue **57 unwittingly** [Q1] vnwillingly **59 By** [Q1] To **109 at** [Q1] and

II.ii.1 Boy [Q1] Edw. **3 do you** [Q1] do **47 have I** [Q1] haue **83 weep** [Q1] weepes **84-85 and so . . . Edward weep** [Q1, not in F] **142, 154 Ludlow** [Q1] London **145 Queen and Duchess of York. With all our hearts** [Q1, not in F]

II.iii.43 Ensuing [Q1] Pursuing (catchword "Ensuing")

II.iv.1 hear [Q1] heard [Q3] **21 Archbishop** [Q1 Car.] Yor. **65 death** [Q1] earth

III.i.s.d. with others [F] &c [Q1] **9 Nor** [Q1] No **40 God in heaven** [Q1] God [Q3] **43 deep** [Q1] great [Q3] **56 ne'er** [F] neuer [Q1] **57 o'errule** [F] ouerrule [Q1] **60 s.d. Exit** [not in Q1; after 59 in Q3 and F] **63 seems** [Q1] thinkst [Q3] **78 all-ending** [Q1] ending [Q3] **79 ne'er** neuer [Q1, F] **87 this** [Q1] his [Q3] **94 s.d. and Cardinal** [F] Cardinall [Q1] **96 loving** [Q1] noble [Q3] **97 dread** [Q1] deare [Q3] **120 heavy** [Q1] weightie [Q3] **123 as** [Q1] as as [Q3] **141 needs will** [Q1] will [Q3] **145 grandam** [F] Granam [Q1] **149 with** [Q1] and with **150 s.d. A sennet** [F, not in Q1]; **Hastings** Hast. Dors [Q1] Hastings, and Dorset [F]; and **Catesby** [F, not in Q1] **154 parlous** perillous [Q1, F] **160 knowest** [Q1] know'st **161 thinkest** [Q1] think'st **167 thinkest** [Q1] think'st; **What will he?** [Q1] Will not hee?

III.ii.110 s.d. He whispers in his ear [Q1] Priest. Ile wait vpon your Lordship [cf. line 121]

III.iv.78 s.d. Exeunt [after 77] **81 rase** [Q1] rowse

III.v.4 wert [Q1] were **104 Penker** Peuker **105 s.d. Exeunt** Exit **109 s.d. Exit** [Q1] Exeunt

III.vii.218 Zounds, I'll [Q1] we will **219 Richard. O . . . Buckingham** [Q1, not in F] **223 stone** Stones **246 cousin** [Q1] Cousins

IV.i.s.d. Enter . . . another door Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset **103 sorrow** Sorrowes

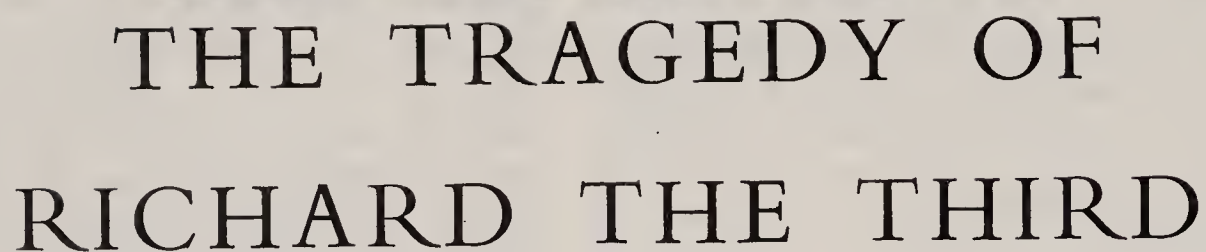
IV.ii.71 there [Q1] then **89 Hereford** [Q1] Hertford **97 Perhaps, perhaps** [Q1] perhaps **98-115 Buckingham. My lord . . . vein today** [Q1, not in F]

IV.iii.15 once [Q1] one **31 at** [Q1] and

IV.iv.10 unblown [Q1] vnblowed **39 Tell o'er . . . mine** Tell

ouer . . . mine [Q1, not in F] 45 **holp'st** hop'st 52 **That excellent** . . . **earth** [after 53] 64 **Thy** [Q1] **The** 118 **nights** . . . **days** [Q1] **night** . . . **day** [Q3] 128 **intestate** [Q1] **intestine** 141 **Where** [Q1] **Where't** 200 **moe** [Q1] **more** [Q3] 268 **would** I [Q1] I **would** [Q3] 274 **sometimes** [Q1] **sometime** [Q3] 284 **this is** [Q1] **this** 323 **loan** Loue 348 **wail** [Q1] **vaile** 364 **Harp** . . . **past** [after 365] 377 **God** . . . **God's** [Q1] **Heauen** . . . **Heanens** (so misprinted) 392 **in** [Q1] **with** 396 **o'erpast** [Q1] **repast** 417 **peevish-fond** peeuish found 423 **I'll I** 430 s.d. **Exit Queen** [after 429] 431 s.d. **Enter Ratcliffe** [after "newes"] 444 **Ratcliffe** Catesby
 IV.v.10 **Harfordwest** [Q1] **Hertford-west** [Q3]
 V.i.11 **It is, my lord** [Q1] **It is**
 V.ii.11 **center** [Q1] **Centry**
 V.iii.28 **you your** 54 **sentinels** [F] **centinell** [Q1] 58 **Catesby** [Q1] **Ratcliffe** 59 **Catesby** Rat. [Q1] 68 **Saw'st thou** [Q1] **Saw'st** 80 **sit** [Q3] **set** [Q1] 83 **loving** [Q1] **noble** [Q3] 90 **the** [Q1] **th'** 101 **sund'red** [F] **sundried** [Q1] 105 **thoughts** [Q1] **noise** 108 s.d. **Manet Richmond** [F, not in Q1] 113 **The** [Q1] **Th'** 115 **the** [Q1] **thy** [Q3] 118 s.d. **Enter** . . . **Sixth** [F] **Enter the ghost of young Prince Edward, sonne Harry the sixt, to Ri.** [Q1] 126 **deadly holes** [Q1] **holes** [Q3] 131 **thy sleep** [Q1] **sleepe** 132 **sit** [Q3] **set** [Q1] 139 s.d. **and Vaughan** [F] **Vaughan** [Q1] 140 **Rivers** [Q3] **King** [Q1] 146 **Will** [Q3] **Wel** [Q1] 146 s.d.-151 **Enter** . . . **sake** [Q3; after line 159 in Q1] 146 s.d. **Hastings** [Q1] **L. Hastings** [Q3] 152 **Ghosts** [F] **Ghost** [Q1] 153 **lead** [Q1] **laid** [Q3] 155 **souls bid** [Q1] **soule bids** 159 s.d. **Lady Anne** [Q1] **Anne** 162 **perturbations** [Q3] **preturbations** [Q1] 177 **falls** [Q1] **fall** 177 s.d. **starteth up out**

of a dream [Q1] **starts out of his dreame** 181 **now** [Q1] **not** [Q3] 184 **I am I** [Q3] **I and I** [Q1] 197 **Perjury, perjury** [Q1] **Periurie** [Q3]; **highest** [Q1] **high'st** 198 **direst** [Q1] **dyr'st** 200 **to the** [Q1] **all to'th'** 202 **will** [Q1] **shall** [Q3] 203 **Nay** [F] **And** [Q1] 209 **Zounds, who is** [Q1] **Who's** 213-15 **King Richard. O Ratcliffe** . . . **my lord** [Q1, not in F] 223 **see** [Q1] **heare** [Q3] 223 s.d. **Exeunt Richard and Ratcliffe** [F] **Exeunt** [Q1]; **Enter** . . . **in his tent** [F] **Enter the Lordes to Richmond** [Q1] 224 **Lords** [Lo. Q1] **Richm.** 233 **heart** [F] **soule** [Q1] 251 **foil** [Q1] **soile** [Q3] 256 **sweat** [Q1] **sweare** [Q3] 271 s.d. **Ratcliffe, and** [Rat. &c Q1] **Ratcliffe, and Catesby** 276 s.d. **The clock striketh** [Q1] **Clocke strikes** 283 **not** [Q3] **nor** [Q1] 294 **drawn out all** [Q1] **drawne** [Q3] 298 **this** [Q1] **the** [Q3] 302 **boot** [Q3] **bootes** [Q1] 304 s.d. **He** . . . **paper** [Q1, not in F] 308 **unto** [Q1] **to** 310 **Conscience is but** [Q1] **For Conscience is** 313 **to it** [Q1] **too't** 314 s.d. **His** . . . **army** [Q1, not in F] 320 **ventures** aduentures [Q1] 321 **to you** [Q1] **you to** [Q3] 323 **distrain** restraine [Q1] 336 **in** [Q1] **on** [Q3] 339 **Fight, gentlemen** [Q1] **Right Gentlemen** [Q3], **bold** [Q1] **boldly** [Q3] 342 s.d. **Enter a Messenger** [F, not in Q1] 352 **helms** [Q1] **helpes** [Q3] 352 s.d. **Exeunt** [Q1, not in F]
 V.iv.6 s.d. **Alarums.** [F, not in Q1]
 V.v.s.d. **Retreat** . . . **Lords** [F] **then retrait** being sounded. **Enter Richmond, Darby, bearing the crowne, with other Lords, &c** [Q1] 4 **this** . . . **royalty** [Q1] **these** . . . **Royalties** 7 **Wear it, enjoy it** [Q1] **Weare it** [Q3] 11 **if it please you, we may now** [Q1] (if you please) **we may** 13 **Stanley** [Der. F, not in Q1] 32 **their** [Q1] **thy** [Q3] 41 s.d. **Exeunt** [F, not in Q1]



THE TRAGEDY OF
RICHARD THE THIRD

KING EDWARD IV
EDWARD Prince of Wales, afterward } sons of
King Edward V } the king
RICHARD Duke of York
GEORGE Duke of Clarence }
RICHARD Duke of Gloucester, } brothers of
afterward King } the king
Richard III }

A YOUNG SON of Clarence (Edward)
HENRY Earl of Richmond, afterward King Henry VII

CARDINAL BOURCHIER Archbishop of Canterbury
THOMAS ROTHERHAM Archbishop of York
JOHN MORTON Bishop of Ely
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
DUKE OF NORFOLK
EARL OF SURREY his son
ANTHONY WOODVILLE Earl Rivers, brother of Queen Elizabeth

MARQUIS OF DORSET } sons of Queen
LORD GREY } Elizabeth
EARL OF OXFORD
LORD STANLEY called also Earl of Derby
LORD HASTINGS
LORD WOODVILLE
LORD SCALES
LORD LOVELL

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY *Lieutenant of the Tower*
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFFE
SIR JAMES TYRREL
SIR JAMES BLUNT
SIR WALTER HERBERT
SIR WILLIAM BRANDON
WILLIAM CATESBY
LORD MAYOR OF LONDON
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK *a chaplain*
TRESSEL } *gentlemen attending on Lady Anne*
BARKLEY }
QUEEN ELIZABETH *wife of King Edward IV*
QUEEN MARGARET *widow of King Henry VI*
DUCHESS OF YORK *mother of King Edward IV,*
Clarence, and Gloucester
LADY ANNE *widow of Edward Prince of Wales,*
son of King Henry VI; afterward married to
Richard
A YOUNG DAUGHTER *of Clarence (Margaret)*
GHOSTS *of Richard's victims* LORDS *and other*
ATTENDANTS BISHOPS PRIEST
SHERIFF KEEPER TWO MURDERERS
PURSUIVANT SCRIVENER PAGE
CITIZENS MESSENGERS SOLDIERS
ETC.

Scene: England]

A C T I

Scene I. [*London. A street.*]*Enter* RICHARD, *Duke of Gloucester, solus.*

RICHARD

Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun° of York;
 And all the clouds that loured upon our house
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths, 5
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
 Our stern alarums° changed to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled
 front,
 And now, instead of mounting barbèd° steeds 10
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks
 Nor made to court an amorous looking glass;
 I, that am rudely stamped, and want° love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature° by dissembling Nature,
 Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time 20
 Into this breathing world scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable
 That dogs bark at me as I halt° by them;
 Why, I, in this weak piping time° of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
 And descant° on mine own deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
 To entertain° these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determinèd to prove a villain 30
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions° dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate the one against the other;
 And if King Edward be as true and just
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mewed up°
 About a prophecy which says that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. 40
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul. Here Clarence
 comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY [*Lieutenant of the Tower*].

Brother, good day. What means this armèd guard
 That waits upon your grace?

CLARENCE

His majesty,

Tend'ring° my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct° to convey me to the Tower. 45

RICHARD

Upon what cause?

CLARENCE

Because my name is George.

RICHARD

Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
 He should for that commit your godfathers.
 O, belike° his majesty hath some intent
 That you should be new christ'ned in the Tower. 50
 But what's the matter, Clarence? May I know?

CLARENCE

Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
 As yet I do not. But, as I can learn,
 He harkens after prophecies and dreams,
 And from the crossrow° plucks the letter G, 55
 And says a wizard told him that by G
 His issue disinherited should be;
 And, for° my name of George begins with G,
 It follows in his thought that I am he.
 These (as I learn) and suchlike toys° as these 60
 Hath moved his highness to commit me now.

RICHARD

Why, this it is when men are ruled by women.
 'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower.
 My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
 That tempers° him to this extremity.° 65
 Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
 Anthony Woodeville° her brother there,
 That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
 From whence this present day he is deliverèd?
 We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe. 70

CLARENCE

By heaven, I think there is no man secure
 But the queen's kindred, and nightwalking heralds°
 That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.°
 Heard you not what an humble suppliant
 Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery? 75

RICHARD

Humbly complaining to her deity
 Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.
 I'll tell you what, I think it is our way,
 If we will keep in favor with the king,
 To be her men and wear her livery. 80
 The jealous o'erworn widow° and herself,
 Since that our brother dubbed them gentlewomen,
 Are mighty gossips° in our monarchy.

BRAKENBURY

I beseech your graces both to pardon me.
 His majesty hath straitly° given in charge 85
 That no man shall have private conference,
 Of what degree° soever, with your brother.

44 Tend'ring taking care of 45 conduct escort 49
 belike probably 55 crossrow alphabet 58 for because 60
 toys trifles 65 tempers persuades; extremity extreme
 severity 66 good . . . worship play on *goodman*, common
 man, raised to *worship*, honor, as Earl Rivers 67 Woodeville
 trisyllabic; play on *would evil* 72 heralds king's messengers
 (ironic) 73 Mistress Shore Jane Shore, wife of a London
 citizen; Edward IV's mistress 81 widow Queen Elizabeth,
 widow of Sir John Grey 83 gossips chattering women,
 busybodies 85 straitly strictly 87 degree rank

The decorative border on page 238 appeared on the title page of the
 first quarto edition of Richard III, 1597.

I.i.s.d. solus alone 2 sun (1) emblem of King Edward (2) son
 6 monuments memorials 7 alarums calls to arms 8
 measures dances 9 front forehead 10 barbèd armored
 16 want lack 19 feature good shape 23 halt limp 24
 piping time time when shepherds play their pipes 27 descant
 comment 29 entertain while away 32 inductions first
 steps 38 mewed up caged in prison

RICHARD

Even so? And° please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of anything we say.

We speak no treason, man; we say the king 90
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck° in years, fair, and not jealous;
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks. 95
How say you, sir? Can you deny all this?

BRAKENBURY

With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

RICHARD

Naught° to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee,
fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly alone. 100

BRAKENBURY

What one, my lord?

RICHARD

Her husband, knave. Wouldst thou betray me?

BRAKENBURY

I beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal°
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

CLARENCE

We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey. 105

RICHARD

We are the queen's abjects,° and must obey.

Brother, farewell. I will unto the king;

And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,

Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,

I will perform it to enfranchise° you. 110

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood

Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

CLARENCE

I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

RICHARD

Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;

I will deliver you, or else lie for° you. 115

Meantime, have patience.

CLARENCE

I must perforce. Farewell.

Exit CLARENCE, [with BRAKENBURY and GUARD].

RICHARD

Go tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.

Simple plain Clarence, I do love thee so

That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

If heaven will take the present at our hands. 120

But who comes here? The new-deliverèd Hastings!

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

HASTINGS

Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

RICHARD

As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain.

Well are you welcome to the open air.

How hath your lordship brooked° imprisonment? 125

HASTINGS

With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must.

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

RICHARD

No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his 130
And have prevailed as much on him as you.

HASTINGS

More pity that the eagles should be mewed
Whiles kites° and buzzards prey at liberty.

RICHARD

What news abroad?

HASTINGS

No news so bad abroad as this at home: 135

The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,

And his physicians fear° him mightily.

RICHARD

Now, by Saint John, that news is bad indeed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet° long

And overmuch consumed his royal person. 140

'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

What, is he in his bed?

HASTINGS He is.

RICHARD

Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit HASTINGS.

He cannot live, I hope, and must not die 145

Till George be packed with post horse° up to heaven.

I'll in to urge his hatred more to Clarence

With lies well steeled° with weighty arguments;

And, if I fail not in my deep intent,

Clarence hath not another day to live. 150

Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy

And leave the world for me to bustle in!

For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.°

What though I killed her husband and her father?°

The readiest way to make the wench amends 155

Is to become her husband and her father.

The which will I, not all so much for love

As for another secret close intent

By marrying her which I must reach unto.

But yet I run before my horse to market. 160

Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns;

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

Exit.

Scene II. [A street.]

*Enter the corse° of Henry the Sixth, with HALBERDS°
to guard it, Lady ANNE being the mourner.*

ANNE

Set down, set down your honorable load—

If honor may be shrouded in a hearse—

Whilst I awhile obsequiously° lament

Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.

[*The BEARERS set down the hearse.*]

133 kites birds of the hawk family 137 fear fear for 139

diet way of living 146 packed . . . horse sent off in a hurry

148 steeled reinforced 153 Warwick's youngest daughter

Lady Anne 154 father father-in-law (Henry VI)

I.ii.s.d. corse corpse; halberds guards armed with long
poleaxes 3 obsequiously like a mourner at a funeral

88 And if it 92 struck advanced 98 Naught evil 103
withal moreover 106 abjects abject slaves 110 enfranchise
set free 115 lie for (1) go to prison instead of (2) tell lies
about 125 brooked endured

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king,
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood,
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaught' red son,
 Stabbed by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
 Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life
 I pour the helpless° balm of my poor eyes.
 O, cursèd be the hand that made these holes!
 Cursèd the heart that had the heart to do it!
 Cursèd the blood that let this blood from hence!
 More direful hap betide° that hated wretch
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee
 Than I can wish to wolves, to spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venomèd thing that lives!
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious,° and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view,
 And that be heir to his unhappiness!°
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the life of him
 Than I am made by my young lord and thee!
 Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's° to be interrèd there;

[*The BEARERS take up the hearse.*]

And still as° you are weary of this weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester.

RICHARD
 Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

ANNE
 What black magician conjures up this fiend
 To stop devoted charitable deeds?

RICHARD
 Villains, set down the corse, or, by Saint Paul,
 I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

GENTLEMAN
 My lord, stand back and let the coffin pass.

RICHARD
 Unmannered dog, stand° thou when I command!
 Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
 Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot
 And spurn° upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The BEARERS set down the hearse.*]

ANNE
 What, do you tremble? Are you all afraid?
 Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
 Avaunt,° thou dreadful minister of hell!
 Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
 His soul thou canst not have; therefore, begone.

RICHARD
 Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.°

5 ANNE
 Foul devil, for God's sake hence, and trouble us not, 50
 For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
 Filled it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
 If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
 10 Behold this pattern° of thy butcheries.
 O gentlemen, see, see dead Henry's wounds 55
 Open their congealed mouths and bleed afresh!
 Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,
 For 'tis thy presence that exhales° this blood
 15 From cold and empty veins where no blood dwells.
 Thy deed inhuman and unnatural 60
 Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
 O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
 O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
 20 Either heav'n, with lightning strike the murd' rer dead,
 Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,° 65
 As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood
 Which his hell-governed arm hath butcherèd!

RICHARD
 25 Lady, you know no rules of charity,
 Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

ANNE
 Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man. 70
 No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

30 RICHARD
 But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

ANNE
 O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!
 RICHARD
 More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
 Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman, 75
 Of these supposed crimes to give me leave
 By circumstance° but to acquit myself.

ANNE
 Vouchsafe, diffused° infection of a man,
 35 Of these known evils but to give me leave
 By circumstance to accuse thy cursèd self. 80

RICHARD
 Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
 Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

ANNE
 Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
 No excuse current° but to hang thyself.

40 RICHARD
 By such despair I should accuse myself. 85

ANNE
 And by despairing shalt thou stand excusèd
 For doing worthy vengeance on thyself
 That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

RICHARD
 Say that I slew them not?
 45 ANNE Then say they were not slain.
 But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee. 90

RICHARD
 I did not kill your husband.
 ANNE Why, then he is alive.

RICHARD
 Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hands.

13 helpless unavailing 17 hap betide fortune happen to
 22 Prodigious monstrous 25 unhappiness wickedness 30
 Paul's Saint Paul's Cathedral 31 still as whenever 39
 stand halt 42 spurn trample 46 Avaunt begone 49 curst
 sharp-tongued

54 pattern example 58 exhales causes to flow 65 quick
 alive 77 By circumstance in detail 78 diffused shapeless
 84 current genuine

ANNE

In thy foul throat thou li'st! Queen Margaret saw
Thy murd'rous falchion^o smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast, 95
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

RICHARD

I was provokèd by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

ANNE

Thou wast provokèd by thy bloody mind,
That never dream'st on aught but butcheries. 100
Didst thou not kill this king?

RICHARD

I grant ye.

ANNE

Dost grant me, hedgehog? Then God grant me too
Thou mayst be damnèd for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

RICHARD

The better for the King of Heaven that hath him. 105

ANNE

He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

RICHARD

Let him thank me that holp^o to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

ANNE

And thou unfit for any place but hell.

RICHARD

Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it. 110

ANNE

Some dungeon.

RICHARD

Your bedchamber.

ANNE

Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

RICHARD

So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

ANNE

I hope so.

RICHARD I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,

To leave this keen encounter of our wits
And fall something into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless^o deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

ANNE

Thou wast the cause and most accursed effect.^o 120

RICHARD

Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

ANNE

If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide, 125
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

RICHARD

These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack.^o
You should not blemish it if I stood by.
As all the world is cheerèd by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life. 130

ANNE

Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

RICHARD

Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

ANNE

I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

RICHARD

It is a quarrel most unnatural
To be revenged on him that loveth thee. 135

ANNE

It is a quarrel just and reasonable
To be revenged on him that killed my husband.

100 RICHARD

He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

ANNE

His better doth not breathe upon the earth. 140

RICHARD

He lives that loves thee better than he could.

ANNE

Name him.

RICHARD Plantagenet.

ANNE

Why, that was he.

RICHARD

The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

ANNE

Where is he?

RICHARD Here. [*She*] spits at him.

Why dost thou spit at me?

110 ANNE

Would it were mortal poison for thy sake! 145

RICHARD

Never came poison from so sweet a place.

ANNE

Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! Thou dost infect mine eyes.

RICHARD

Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

ANNE

Would they were basilisks^o to strike thee dead! 150

115 RICHARD

I would they were, that I might die at once;^o
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspect^o with store of childish drops,
These eyes which never shed remorseful^o tear, 155
No, when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland^o made
When black-faced^o Clifford shook his sword at him,
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death 160
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks
Like trees bedashed with rain. In that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale 165
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing^o word;
But now thy beauty is proposed my fee, 130

150 basilisks fabulous monsters believed to kill by a look
151 at once once and for all 154 aspect appearance 155
remorseful pitying 157 Rutland a young brother of
Richard (see 3 Henry VI, I.iii) 158 black-faced cruel-looking
168 smoothing flattering

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to
speak. 170

She looks scornfully at him.

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast 175
And let the soul forth that adareth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

He lays his breast open. She offers at [it] with his sword.

Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry,
But 'twas thy beauty that provokèd me. 180
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabbed young Edward,
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

She falls° the sword.

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

ANNE

Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

RICHARD

Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

ANNE

I have already.

RICHARD

That was in thy rage.
Speak it again, and even with the word
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love. 190
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.°

ANNE

I would I knew thy heart.

RICHARD

'Tis figured° in my tongue.

ANNE

I fear me both are false.

RICHARD

Then never was man true. 195

ANNE

Well, well, put up your sword.

RICHARD

Say, then, my peace is made.

ANNE

That shalt thou know hereafter.

RICHARD

But shall I live in hope?

ANNE

All men, I hope, live so. 200

RICHARD

Vouchsafe° to wear this ring.

ANNE

To take is not to give.

[RICHARD puts the ring on her finger.]

RICHARD

Look how° my ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart.
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine. 205
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness forever.

ANNE What is it?

RICHARD

That it may please you leave these sad designs 210
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently° repair to Crosby House,
Where, after I have solemnly interred
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king
And wet his grave with my repentant tears, 215
I will with all expedient° duty see you.
For divers unknown° reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

ANNE

With all my heart; and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent. 220
Tressel and Barkley, go along with me.

RICHARD

Bid me farewell.

ANNE

'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

Exit two with ANNE.

RICHARD

Sirs, take up the corse.

GENTLEMEN

Towards Chertsey, noble lord? 225

RICHARD

No, to Whitefriars; there attend° my coming.
Exit [BEARERS and GENTLEMEN, with] corse.

Was ever woman in this humor° wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I that killed her husband and his father 230
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against
me, 195

And I no friends to back my suit at all 235
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward her lord, whom I, some three months since, 240
Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewkesbury?°

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality° of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal, 245
The spacious world cannot again afford.°

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropped the golden prime° of this sweet prince
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moi'ty?° 250
On me, that halts and am misshapen thus?

212 presently immediately 216 expedient speedy 217
unknown secret 226 attend await 227 humor mood 241
Tewkesbury scene of a Yorkist victory 243 prodigality
lavishness 245 afford supply 247 prime springtime 249
moi'ty half

182 s.d. falls lets fall 191 accessory sharing in guilt 193
figured pictured 201 Vouchsafe consent 203 Look how
just as

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,^o
 I do mistake my person all this while.
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marv'lous proper^o man.
 I'll be at charges for^o a looking glass
 And entertain^o a score or two of tailors
 To study fashions to adorn my body.
 Since I am crept in favor with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 But first I'll turn yon fellow in^o his grave,
 And then return lamenting to my love.
 Shine out, fair sun; till I have bought a glass
 That I may see my shadow as I pass.

Exit.

Scene III. [*The palace.*]

Enter QUEEN [ELIZABETH,] LORD RIVERS, [DORSET,]
 and Lord GREY.

RIVERS

Have patience, madam; there's no doubt his majesty
 Will soon recover his accustomed health.

GREY

In that you brook^o it ill, it makes him worse.
 Therefore for God's sake entertain good comfort
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry eyes.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

If he were dead, what would betide on^o me?

GREY

No other harm but loss of such a lord.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

GREY

The heavens have blessed you with a goodly son
 To be your comforter when he is gone.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Ah, he is young, and his minority
 Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
 A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

RIVERS

Is it concluded he shall be protector?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

It is determined, not concluded^o yet;
 But so it must be if the king miscarry.^o

Enter BUCKINGHAM and [STANLEY Earl of] Derby.

GREY

Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Derby.

BUCKINGHAM

Good time of day unto your royal grace!

STANLEY

God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

The Countess Richmond,^o good my Lord of Derby, 20
 To your good prayer will scarcely say, "Amen."

251 **denier** French coin worth a tenth of an English penny
 254 **marv'lous proper** wonderfully handsome 255 **at**
charges for at the expense of 256 **entertain** engage 260
in into

I.iii.3 **brook** endure 6 **betide on** happen to 15 **deter-**
mined, not concluded decided, not finally decreed 16
miscarry die 20 **Countess Richmond** Margaret Tudor,
 mother of the Earl of Richmond (later Henry VII) and wife
 of Lord Stanley

Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife
 And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
 I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

STANLEY

255 I do beseech you, either not believe 25
 The envious slanders of her false accusers,
 Or, if she be accused on true report,
 Bear with her weakness, which I think proceeds
 From wayward sickness and no grounded malice.

260 QUEEN ELIZABETH

Saw you the king today, my Lord of Derby? 30

STANLEY

But now^o the Duke of Buckingham and I
 Are come from visiting his majesty.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

BUCKINGHAM

Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

God grant him health! Did you confer with him? 35

BUCKINGHAM

Ay, madam; he desires to make atonement^o
 Between the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
 And between them and my Lord Chamberlain,^o
 And sent to warn^o them to his royal presence.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Would all were well! But that will never be. 40
 I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter RICHARD [and HASTINGS].

RICHARD

They do me wrong, and I will not endure it!
 Who is it that complains unto the king
 That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
 10 By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly 45
 That fill his ears with such dissentious rumors.
 Because I cannot flatter and look fair,
 Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,^o
 Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
 I must be held a rancorous enemy. 50
 Cannot a plain man live and think no harm
 But thus his simple truth must be abused
 15 With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?^o

GREY

To who in all this presence speaks your grace?

RICHARD

To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.^o 55
 When have I injured thee? When done thee wrong?
 Or thee? Or thee? Or any of your faction?
 A plague upon you all! His royal grace—
 Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
 Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while^o 60
 But you must trouble him with lewd^o complaints.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.
 The king on his own royal disposition,
 And not provoked by any suitor else,
 Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred 65

31 **But now** just now 36 **atonement** reconciliation 38
Lord Chamberlain Hastings 39 **warn** summon 48 **cog**
 fawn 53 **Jacks** knaves 55 **grace** virtue 60 **breathing while**
 time to take a breath 61 **lewd** wicked

That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes° him to send that he may learn the ground.

RICHARD

I cannot tell; the world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch. 70
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle° person made a Jack.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Gloucester.

You envy my advancement and my friends'.
God grant we never may have need of you! 75

RICHARD

Meantime, God grants that I have need of you.
Our brother is imprisoned by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt, while great promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those 80
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a
noble.°

QUEEN ELIZABETH

By Him that raised me to this careful° height
From that contented hap° which I enjoyed,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been 85
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury
Falsely to draw me in° these vile suspects.°

RICHARD

You may deny that you were not the mean
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment. 90

RIVERS

She may, my lord, for—

RICHARD

She may, Lord Rivers! Why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments,°
And then deny her aiding hand therein 95
And lay those honors on your high desert.
What may she not? She may, ay, marry,° may she!

RIVERS

What, marry, may she?

RICHARD

What, marry, may she! Marry with a king,
A bachelor and a handsome stripling too. 100
Iwis° your grandam had a worser match.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs.
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endured. 105
I had rather be a country servant maid
Than a great queen with this condition,
To be so baited,° scorned, and stormèd at.

Enter old QUEEN MARGARET, [*behind*].

Small joy have I in being England's queen.

QUEEN MARGARET [*Aside*.]

And less'ned be that small, God I beseech him! 110
Thy honor, state, and seat is due to me.

RICHARD

What! Threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him and spare not. Look what° I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king.

I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tow'r. 115

'Tis time to speak; my pains° are quite forgot.

QUEEN MARGARET [*Aside*.]

Out, devil! I do remember them too well.
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewkesbury.

RICHARD

Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king, 120
I was a packhorse in his great affairs,
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood I spent mine own.

QUEEN MARGARET [*Aside*.]

Ay, and much better blood than his or thine. 125

RICHARD

In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle° at Saint Albans slain? 130
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

QUEEN MARGARET [*Aside*.]

A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

RICHARD

Poor Clarence did forsake his father° Warwick;
Ay, and forswore himself—which Jesu pardon!— 135

QUEEN MARGARET [*Aside*.]

Which God revenge!

RICHARD

To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed,° poor lord, he is mewèd up.
I would to God my heart were flint like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine. 140
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

QUEEN MARGARET [*Aside*.]

Hie thee to hell for shame and leave this world,
Thou cacodemon!° There thy kingdom is. 100

RIVERS

My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies, 145
We followed then our lord, our sovereign king.
So should we you, if you should be our king.

RICHARD

If I should be! I had rather be a peddler.
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

As little joy, my lord, as you suppose 150
You should enjoy were you this country's king,
As little joy you may suppose in me
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

68 **Makes** the subject has shifted from "The king" to "your interior hatred" 72 **gentle** wellborn 81 **noble** coin worth a third of a pound 82 **careful** care-filled 83 **hap** fortune 88 **in** into; **suspects** suspicions 94 **preferments** promotions 97 **marry** indeed (from "By the Virgin Mary") 101 **Iwis** certainly 108 **baited** tormented

113 **Look what** whatever 116 **pains** efforts 129 **battle** army 134 **father** father-in-law 138 **meed** reward 143 **cacodemon** evil spirit

QUEEN MARGARET [*Aside.*]

A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.

[*Comes forward.*]

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd^o from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that I am queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that,^o by you deposed, you quake like rebels.
Ah, gentle^o villain, do not turn away!

RICHARD

Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou^o in my sight?

QUEEN MARGARET

But repetition of what thou hast marred;
That will I make before I let thee go.

RICHARD

Wert thou not banish'd on pain of death?

QUEEN MARGARET

I was; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me;
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance.
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

RICHARD

The curse my noble father laid on thee
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with
paper
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes
And then to dry them gav'st the duke a clout^o
Steeped in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,
His curses then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

So just is God to right the innocent.

HASTINGS

O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

RIVERS

Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

DORSET

No man but prophesied revenge for it.

BUCKINGHAM

Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

QUEEN MARGARET

What! Were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Should all but answer^o for that peevish^o brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick^o
curses!

155

160

165

170

175

180

185

195

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward our son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's death
And see another, as I see thee now,
Decked in thy rights as thou art stalled^o in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death,
And, after many length'ned hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers-by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabbed with bloody daggers. God I pray him
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlooked accident cut off!

200

205

210

RICHARD

Have done thy charm,^o thou hateful withered hag!

QUEEN MARGARET

And leave out thee? Stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-marked,^o abortive, rooting hog!^o
Thou that wast sealed^o in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy^o mother's womb!
Thou loath'd issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honor! Thou detested—

215

220

225

230

RICHARD

Margaret.

QUEEN MARGARET Richard!

RICHARD Ha?

QUEEN MARGARET I call thee not.

RICHARD

I cry thee mercy^o then, for I did think
That thou hadst called me all these bitter names.

QUEEN MARGARET

Why, so I did, but looked for no reply.
O, let me make the period^o to my curse!

RICHARD

'Tis done by me, and ends in "Margaret."

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself.

QUEEN MARGARET

Poor, painted^o queen, vain flourish^o of my fortune,
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled^o spider

240

158 pill'd plundered 160-61 that . . . that because . . .
because 162 gentle (1) wellborn (2) kindly (ironic) 163
mak'st thou are you doing 176 clout piece of cloth 193
but answer only pay back; peevish foolish 195 quick full
of life

205 stalled installed 214 charm spell, curse 227 elvish-
marked disfigured by evil fairies; hog the boar was
Richard's emblem 228 sealed marked 230 heavy sorrowful
234 cry thee mercy beg your pardon 237 period end
240 painted unreal; vain flourish useless decoration 241
bottled swollen

Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool, thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this poisonous bunch-backed
toad.

245

HASTINGS

False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

QUEEN MARGARET

Foul shame upon you! You have all moved mine.

RIVERS

Were you well served, you would be taught your duty.

QUEEN MARGARET

To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen and you my subjects.
O, serve me well and teach yourselves that duty!

250

DORSET

Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

QUEEN MARGARET

Peace, Master Marquis, you are malapert.^o
Your fire-new stamp^o of honor is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

255

RICHARD

Good counsel, marry! Learn it, learn it, marquis.

260

DORSET

It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

RICHARD

Ay, and much more; but I was born so high.
Our aerie^o buildeth in the cedar's top
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

QUEEN MARGARET

And turns the sun to shade, alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright outshining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aerie buildeth in our aerie's nest.
O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it!
As it is won with blood, lost be it so!

265

BUCKINGHAM

Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

QUEEN MARGARET

Urge neither charity nor shame to me.
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butchered.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

275

BUCKINGHAM

Have done, have done.

QUEEN MARGARET

O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand
In sign of league and amity with thee.
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

280

BUCKINGHAM

Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

285

QUEEN MARGARET

I will not think but they ascend the sky
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look when^o he fawns he bites; and when he bites
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Have not to do with him, beware of him.
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him
And all their ministers attend on him.

290

RICHARD

What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

BUCKINGHAM

Nothing that I respect,^o my gracious lord.

295

QUEEN MARGARET

What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

300

Exit.

BUCKINGHAM

My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

RIVERS

And so doth mine. I muse^o why she's at liberty.

RICHARD

I cannot blame her. By God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

305

QUEEN ELIZABETH

I never did her any to my knowledge.

RICHARD

Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot to do somebody good
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is franked up^o to fattening for his pains.
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

310

RIVERS

A virtuous and a Christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe^o to us.

315

RICHARD

So do I ever—[*speaks to himself*] being well advised;
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

Enter CATESBY.

CATESBY

Madam, his majesty doth call for you;
And for your grace; and yours, my gracious lord.

320

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Catesby, I come. Lords, will you go with me?

RIVERS

We wait upon your grace.

Exeunt all but [RICHARD Duke of] Gloucester.

RICHARD

I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad^o
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, who I indeed have cast in darkness,

325

289 Look when whenever 295 respect pay heed to 304
muse wonder 313 franked up shut up (like an animal to be
slaughtered) 316 scathe harm 324 set abroad originate

254 malapert impudent 255 fire-new stamp newly coined
title 263 aerie brood of eagles

I do beweepe to many simple gulls,^o
 Namely to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham,
 And tell them 'tis the queen and her allies^o
 That stir the king against the duke my brother. 330
 Now they believe it, and withal whet me
 To be revenged on Rivers, Dorset, Grey.
 But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture
 Tell them that God bids us do good for evil;
 And thus I clothe my naked villainy 335
 With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
 And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two MURDERERS.

But soft! Here come my executioners.
 How now, my hardy, stout-resolvèd mates!
 Are you now going to dispatch this thing? 340

FIRST MURDERER

We are, my lord, and come to have the warrant
 That we may be admitted where he is.

RICHARD

Well thought upon; I have it here about me.

[*Gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.
 But, sirs, be sudden in the execution, 345
 Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
 For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
 May move your hearts to pity if you mark him.

FIRST MURDERER

Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate.
 Talkers are no good doers; be assured 350
 We go to use our hands and not our tongues.

RICHARD

Your eyes drop millstones when fools' eyes fall^o tears.
 I like you, lads; about your business straight.^o
 Go, go, dispatch.

FIRST MURDERER We will, my noble lord. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV. [*The Tower.*]

Enter CLARENCE and KEEPER.

KEEPER

Why looks your grace so heavily^o today?

CLARENCE

O, I have passed a miserable night,
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night 5
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
 So full of dismal terror was the time.

KEEPER

What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

CLARENCE

Methoughts^o that I had broken from the Tower
 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy, 10
 And in my company my brother Gloucester,
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches. Thence we looked toward England
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During the wars of York and Lancaster, 15
 That had befall'n us. As we paced along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Gloucester stumbled, and in falling
 Struck me (that thought to stay^o him) overboard 20
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.^o

O Lord, methought what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes! 335
 Methoughts I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
 A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvaluèd^o jewels,
 All scatt'rd in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls, and in the holes 30
 Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems
 That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scatt'rd by.

KEEPER

Had you such leisure in the time of death
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep? 35

CLARENCE

Methought I had; and often did I strive 345
 To yield the ghost, but still the envious flood
 Stopped in my soul and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air,
 But smothered it within my panting bulk,^o 40
 Who almost burst to belch it in the sea.

KEEPER

Awaked you not in this sore agony? 350

CLARENCE

No, no, my dream was lengthened after life.
 O, then began the tempest to my soul!
 I passed, methought, the melancholy flood, 45
 With that sour ferryman^o which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul
 Was my great father-in-law, renownèd Warwick,
 Who spake aloud, "What scourge for perjury 50
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
 And so he vanished. Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud,
 "Clarence is come, false, fleeting,^o perjured Clarence, 55
 That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury.
 Seize on him, Furies, take him unto torment!"
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environed me and howlèd in mine ears 5
 Such hideous cries that with the very noise 60
 I, trembling, waked, and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hell,
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

KEEPER

No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you. 10
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it. 65

CLARENCE

Ah, keeper, keeper, I have done these things
 That now give evidence against my soul
 For Edward's sake, and see how he requites me!

327 gulls dupes 329 allies kindred 352 fall let fall 353
 straight at once

I.iv.1 heavily sadly 9 Methoughts it seemed to me

19 stay support 20 main ocean 27 unvaluèd priceless 40
 bulk body 46 ferryman Charon, who ferried the dead across
 the Styx 55 fleeting fickle

O God! If my deep pray'rs cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone.
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
Keeper, I prithee sit by me awhile.
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

KEEPER

I will, my lord. God give your grace good rest!

[CLARENCE *sleeps*.]

Enter BRAKENBURY, the lieutenant.

BRAKENBURY

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honor for an inward toil,
And for unfelt imaginations°
They often feel a world of restless cares;
So that between their titles and low name
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter two MURDERERS.

FIRST MURDERER Ho! Who's here?

BRAKENBURY

What wouldst thou, fellow? And how can'st thou
hither?

FIRST MURDERER I would speak with Clarence, and
I came hither on my legs.

BRAKENBURY What, so brief?

SECOND MURDERER 'Tis better, sir, than to be
tedious. Let him see our commission, and talk no more.

[BRAKENBURY] *reads [it]*.

BRAKENBURY

I am in this commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless from the meaning.
There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.
I'll to the king and signify to him
That thus I have resigned to you my charge.

FIRST MURDERER You may, sir, 'tis a point of
wisdom. Fare you well.

Exit [BRAKENBURY, with KEEPER].

SECOND MURDERER What, shall we stab him as he
sleeps?

FIRST MURDERER No, he'll say 'twas done cowardly
when he wakes.

SECOND MURDERER Why, he shall never wake until
the great Judgment Day.

FIRST MURDERER Why, then he'll say we stabbed
him sleeping.

SECOND MURDERER The urging of that word
"judgment" hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

FIRST MURDERER What, art thou afraid?

SECOND MURDERER Not to kill him, having a
warrant; but to be damned for killing him, from the
which no warrant can defend me.

FIRST MURDERER I thought thou hadst been resolute.

SECOND MURDERER So I am—to let him live.

FIRST MURDERER I'll back to the Duke of Gloucester
and tell him so.

SECOND MURDERER Nay, I prithee stay a little. I
hope this passionate humor° of mine will change; it
was wont to hold me but while one tells° twenty.

FIRST MURDERER How dost thou feel thyself now?

SECOND MURDERER Faith, some certain dregs of
conscience are yet within me.

FIRST MURDERER Remember our reward when the
deed's done.

SECOND MURDERER Zounds,° he dies! I had forgot
the reward.

FIRST MURDERER Where's thy conscience now?

SECOND MURDERER O, in the Duke of Gloucester's
purse.

FIRST MURDERER When he opens his purse to give
us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

SECOND MURDERER 'Tis no matter, let it go. There's
few or none will entertain it.

FIRST MURDERER What if it come to thee again?

SECOND MURDERER I'll not meddle with it; it makes
a man a coward. A man cannot steal, but it accuseth
him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man
cannot lie with his neighbor's wife, but it detects
him. 'Tis a blushing shamefaced spirit that mutinies
in a man's bosom. It fills a man full of obstacles.
It made me once restore a purse of gold that, by
chance, I found. It beggars any man that keeps it.
It is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous
thing, and every man that means to live well en-
deavors to trust to himself and live without it.

FIRST MURDERER Zounds, 'tis even now at my
elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

SECOND MURDERER Take the devil in thy mind, and
believe him° not. He would insinuate with thee but
to make thee sigh.

FIRST MURDERER I am strong-framed; he cannot
prevail with me.

SECOND MURDERER Spoke like a tall° man that
respects thy reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

FIRST MURDERER Take him on the costard° with the
hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the
malmsey butt° in the next room.

SECOND MURDERER O excellent device! And make
a sop° of him.

FIRST MURDERER Soft, he wakes.

SECOND MURDERER Strike!

FIRST MURDERER No, we'll reason° with him.

CLARENCE

Where art thou, keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

SECOND MURDERER

You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

CLARENCE

In God's name, what art thou?

FIRST MURDERER

A man, as you are.

CLARENCE

But not as I am, royal.

FIRST MURDERER

Nor you as we are, loyal.

119 passionate humor compassionate mood **120 tells** counts
126 Zounds an oath (from "By God's wounds") **150 him**
conscience **154 tall** brave **156 costard** head **158 malmsey**
butt cask of malmsey, a Greek wine **160 sop** piece of bread
soaked in wine **163 reason** talk

80 unfelt imaginations pleasures imagined but not felt

CLARENCE

Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

FIRST MURDERER

My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

CLARENCE

How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me. Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

SECOND MURDERER To, to, to—

CLARENCE

To murder me?

BOTH Ay, ay.

CLARENCE

You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

FIRST MURDERER

Offended us you have not, but the king.

CLARENCE

I shall be reconciled to him again.

SECOND MURDERER

Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

CLARENCE

Are you drawn forth among a world of men

To slay the innocent? What is my offense?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest^o have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? Or who pronounced

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me.

The deed you undertake is damnable.^o

FIRST MURDERER

What we will do, we do upon command.

SECOND MURDERER

And he that hath commanded is our king.

CLARENCE

Erroneous vassals! The great King of Kings

Hath in the table of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder. Will you then

Spurn at his edict and fulfill a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

SECOND MURDERER

And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee

For false forswearing and for murder too.

Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

FIRST MURDERER

And like a traitor to the name of God

Didst break that vow, and with thy treacherous blade

Unrip'st the bowels of thy sov'reign's son.

SECOND MURDERER

Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

FIRST MURDERER

How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us

When thou hast broke it in such dear^o degree?

CLARENCE

170 Alas! For whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake. 215

He sends you not to murder me for this,

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avengèd for the deed,

O, know you yet he doth it publicly.

Take not the quarrel from his pow'rful arm. 220

175 He needs no indirect or lawless course

To cut off those that have offended him.

FIRST MURDERER

Who made thee then a bloody minister

When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice,^o was struck dead by thee? 225

CLARENCE

180 My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

FIRST MURDERER

Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

CLARENCE

If you do love my brother, hate not me.

I am his brother, and I love him well. 230

If you are hired for meed,^o go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,

185 Who shall reward you better for my life

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

SECOND MURDERER

You are deceived; your brother Gloucester hates you. 235

CLARENCE

190 O, no, he loves me and he holds me dear.

Go you to him from me.

FIRST MURDERER

Ay, so we will.

CLARENCE

Tell him, when that our princely father York

195 Blessed his three sons with his victorious arm

And charged us from his soul to love each other, 240

He little thought of this divided friendship.

Bid Gloucester think on this, and he will weep.

FIRST MURDERER

Ay, millstones, as he lessoned^o us to weep.

CLARENCE

O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

200 FIRST MURDERER

Right as^o snow in harvest. Come, you deceive your-
self. 245

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

CLARENCE

It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune

205 And hugged me in his arms and swore with sobs

That he would labor^o my delivery.

FIRST MURDERER

Why so he doth, when he delivers you 250

From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

SECOND MURDERER

210 Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

CLARENCE

Have you that holy feeling in your souls

To counsel me to make my peace with God,

And are you yet to your own souls so blind 255

That you will war with God by murd'ring me?

187 quest jury 195 damnable one which will damn your
souls 213 dear high225 princely novice young prince 231 meed reward 243
lessoned taught 245 Right as just like 249 labor work for

O, sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

SECOND MURDERER

What shall we do?

CLARENCE Relent, and save your souls.

FIRST MURDERER

Relent! No. 'Tis cowardly and womanish.

CLARENCE

Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.

[To SECOND MURDERER.]

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks.

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side and entreat for me.

A begging prince what beggar pities not?

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,

Being pent from liberty as I am now,

If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,

Would not entreat for life? As you would beg,

Were you in my distress—

SECOND MURDERER

Look behind you, my lord!

FIRST MURDERER

Take that! And that! (*Stabs him.*) If all this will not do,
I'll drown you in the malmsey butt within.

Exit [with the body].

SECOND MURDERER

A bloody deed and desperately dispatched!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands

Of this most grievous murder!

Enter FIRST MURDERER.

FIRST MURDERER

How now? What mean'st thou that thou help'st me
not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have
been.

SECOND MURDERER

I would he knew that I had saved his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,

For I repent me that the duke is slain.

Exit.

FIRST MURDERER

So do not I. Go, coward as thou art.

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole

Till that the duke give order for his burial;

And when I have my meed, I will away,

For this will out, and then I must not stay.

Exit.

ACT II

Scene I. [*The palace.*]

Flourish.^o *Enter the KING [EDWARD], sick, the QUEEN [ELIZABETH], Lord Marquis DORSET, [GREY,] RIVERS, HASTINGS, CATESBY, BUCKINGHAM, WOODVILLE, [and SCALES].*

KING EDWARD

Why, so. Now have I done a good day's work.

You peers, continue this united league.

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;

Dissemble^o not your hatred, swear your love.

RIVERS

By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate,

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

HASTINGS

So thrive I as I truly swear the like!

KING EDWARD

Take heed you dally^o not before your king,

Lest he that is the supreme King of Kings

Confound your hidden falsehood and award

Either of you to be the other's end.

HASTINGS

So prosper I as I swear perfect love!

RIVERS

And I as I love Hastings with my heart!

KING EDWARD

Madam, yourself is not exempt from this;

Nor you, son Dorset; Buckingham, nor you;

You have been factious one against the other.

Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand,

And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

There, Hastings. I will never more remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

KING EDWARD

Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love Lord Marquis.

DORSET

This interchange of love, I here protest,

Upon my part shall be inviolable.

HASTINGS

And so swear I.

KING EDWARD

Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,

And make me happy in your unity.

BUCKINGHAM [*To the QUEEN.*]

Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate

Upon your grace, but^o with all duteous love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me

With hate in those where I expect most love!

When I have most need to employ a friend,

And most assurèd that he is a friend,

Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile

II.i.s.d. Flourish fanfare of trumpets **8 Dissemble** disguise by false pretense **12 dally** trifle **33 but** the meaning calls for "and not"

Be he unto me! This do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

Embrace.

KING EDWARD

A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here
To make the blessed period° of this peace.

BUCKINGHAM

And in good time,
Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the duke.

Enter RATCLIFFE and [RICHARD Duke of] Gloucester.

RICHARD

Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

KING EDWARD

Happy indeed, as we have spent the day.
Gloucester, we have done deeds of charity,
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

RICHARD

A blessed labor, my most sovereign lord.
Among this princely heap° if any here
By false intelligence or wrong surmise
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne°
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace.
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodged between us;
Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset,
That all without desert° have frowned on me;
Of you, Lord Woodville, and, Lord Scales,° of you;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born tonight.
I thank my God for my humility.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

A holy day shall this be kept hereafter.
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.°
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

RICHARD

Why, madam, have I off'ered love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?

They all start.

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

KING EDWARD

40 Who knows not he is dead! Who knows he is?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

BUCKINGHAM

Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

85

DORSET

Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence
But his red color hath forsook his cheeks.

KING EDWARD

45 Is Clarence dead? The order was reversed.

RICHARD

But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a wingèd Mercury did bear;

90

Some tardy cripple bare the countermand,
That came too lag° to see him buried.

God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and° not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,

95

50 And yet go current from° suspicion!

Enter [Lord STANLEY] Earl of Derby.

STANLEY

A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

KING EDWARD

55 I prithee peace. My soul is full of sorrow.

STANLEY

I will not rise unless your highness hear me.

KING EDWARD

Then say at once what is it thou requests.

100

STANLEY

60 The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life,°
Who slew today a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

KING EDWARD

65 Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother killed no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

105

70 Who sued to me for him? Who, in my wrath,
Kneeled at my feet and bid me be advised?°
Who spoke of brotherhood? Who spoke of love?

110

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewkesbury
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me
And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king"?

115

75 Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap° me
Even in his garments, and did give himself
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?

80 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully plucked, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

120

But when your carters or your waiting vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for "Pardon, pardon!"
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.

125

[STANLEY rises.]

44 period conclusion 54 heap company, group 58 hardly borne resented 68 all without desert wholly without my deserving it 69 Lord Woodville . . . Scales historically, these are both other titles of Anthony Woodville, Earl Rivers 76 compounded settled

92 lag late 94 and if 96 go current from are taken at face value without 101 forfeit . . . life forfeited life 109 be advised consider carefully 117 lap wrap

But for my brother not a man would speak,
 Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all 130
 Have been beholding to him in his life;
 Yet none of you would once beg for his life.
 O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
 On me and you, and mine and yours, for this!
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.^o Ah, poor
 Clarence! *Exeunt some with KING and QUEEN.* 135

RICHARD
 This is the fruits of rashness. Marked you not
 How that the guilty kindred of the queen
 Looked pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
 O, they did urge it still unto the king!
 God will revenge it. Come, lords, will you go 140
 To comfort Edward with our company?

BUCKINGHAM
 We wait upon your grace. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. [*The palace.*]

*Enter the old DUCHESS OF YORK, with the two
 CHILDREN of Clarence.*

BOY
 Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

DUCHESS OF YORK No, boy.

DAUGHTER
 Why do you weep so oft, and beat your breast,
 And cry, "O Clarence, my unhappy son"?

BOY
 Why do you look on us, and shake your head, 5
 And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
 If that our noble father were alive?

DUCHESS OF YORK
 My pretty cousins,^o you mistake me both.
 I do lament the sickness of the king,
 As loath to lose him, not your father's death. 10
 It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

BOY
 Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.
 The king mine uncle is too blame^o for it.
 God will revenge it, whom I will importune
 With earnest prayers all to that effect. 15

DAUGHTER
 And so will I.

DUCHESS OF YORK
 Peace, children, peace! The king doth love you well.
 Incapable^o and shallow innocents,
 You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

BOY
 Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloucester 20
 Told me the king, provoked to it by the queen,
 Devised impeachments^o to imprison him;
 And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
 And pitied me, and kindly kissed my cheek;
 Bade me rely on him as on my father, 25
 And he would love me dearly as a child.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shape^o
 And with a virtuous visor^o hide deep vice!
 He is my son, ay, and therein my shame;
 Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit. 30

BOY

Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

DUCHESS OF YORK Ay, boy.

BOY

I cannot think it. Hark! What noise is this?

*Enter the QUEEN [ELIZABETH], with her hair about her
 ears, RIVERS and DORSET after her.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Ah, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
 To chide my fortune, and torment myself? 35
 I'll join with black despair against my soul
 And to myself become an enemy.

DUCHESS OF YORK

What means this scene of rude impatience?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

To make an act of tragic violence.
 Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead! 40
 Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
 Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
 If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
 That our swift-wingèd souls may catch the king's,
 Or like obedient subjects follow him 45
 To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Ah, so much interest^o have I in thy sorrow
 As I had title^o in thy noble husband!
 I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
 And lived with looking on his images;^o 50
 But now two mirrors of his princely semblance^o
 Are cracked in pieces by malignant death,
 And I for comfort have but one false glass
 That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
 Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother 55
 And hast the comfort of thy children left;
 But death hath snatched my husband from mine arms
 And plucked two crutches from my feeble hands,
 Clarence and Edward. O, what^o cause have I,
 Thine being but a moi'ty of my moan,^o 60
 To overgo thy woes and drown thy cries!

BOY

Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death.
 How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

DAUGHTER

Our fatherless distress was left unmoaned;
 Your widow-dolor likewise be unwept! 65

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Give me no help in lamentation;
 I am not barren to bring forth complaints.
 All springs reduce^o their currents to mine eyes,
 That I, being governed by the watery moon,
 May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world. 70
 Ah for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

135 closet private room

II.ii.8 cousins relatives 13 too blame too blameworthy
 18 Incapable unable to understand 22 impeachments
 accusations

27 shape disguise 28 visor mask 47 interest share 48
 title legal right 50 images children 51 semblance
 appearance 59 what how much 60 moi'ty . . . moan
 half of my grief 68 reduce bring

CHILDREN

Ah for our father, for our dear Lord Clarence!

DUCHESS OF YORK

Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

What stay^o had I but Edward? And he's gone.

CHILDREN

What stay had we but Clarence? And he's gone. 75

DUCHESS OF YORK

What stays had I but they? And they are gone.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Was never widow had so dear a loss.

CHILDREN

Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas, I am the mother of these griefs! 80

Their woes are parceled,^o mine is general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she.

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;

I for an Edward weep, so do not they. 85

Alas, you three on me, threefold distressed,

Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentation.

DORSET

Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeased

That you take with unthankfulness his doing. 90

In common worldly things 'tis called ungrateful

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with^o heavenFor^o it requires the royal debt it lent you. 95

RIVERS

Madam, bethink you like a careful mother

Of the young prince your son. Send straight for
him;

Let him be crowned; in him your comfort lives.

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne. 100

Enter RICHARD, BUCKINGHAM, [*STANLEY Earl of*]
Derby, HASTINGS, and RATCLIFFE.

RICHARD

Sister, have comfort. All of us have cause

To wail the dimming of our shining star;

But none can help our harms by wailing them.

Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;

I did not see your grace. Humbly on my knee 105

I crave your blessing.

DUCHESS OF YORK

God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

RICHARD

Amen! [*Aside.*] And make me die a good old man!

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing; 110

I marvel that her grace did leave it out.

BUCKINGHAM

You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers

That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,

74 stay support 81 parceled particular 94 opposite with
opposed to 95 For because

Now cheer each other in each other's love.

Though we have spent our harvest of this king, 115

We are to reap the harvest of his son,

The broken rancor of your high-swol'n hates,

But lately splintered,^o knit, and joined together,Must gently be preserved, cherished, and kept.^oMe seemeth^o good that with some little train 120Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet^o

Hither to London, to be crowned our king.

RIVERS

Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

BUCKINGHAM

Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude

The new-healed wound of malice should break out, 125

Which would be so much the more dangerous

By how much the estate is green^o and yet ungoverned.

Where every horse bears his commanding rein

And may direct his course as please himself,

As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,^o 130

In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

RICHARD

I hope the king made peace with all of us;

And the compact is firm and true in me. 85

RIVERS

And so in me; and so (I think) in all.

Yet, since it is but green, it should be put 135

To no apparent likelihood of breach,

Which haply^o by much company might be urged.

Therefore I say with noble Buckingham

That it is meet^o so few should fetch the prince.

HASTINGS

And so say I. 140

RICHARD

Then be it so; and go we to determine

Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.

Madam, and you, my sister, will you go

To give your censures^o in this business?

QUEEN AND DUCHESS OF YORK

With all our hearts. 145

Exeunt. Manet^o BUCKINGHAM and RICHARD.

BUCKINGHAM

My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,

For God sake let not us two stay at home;

For by the way I'll sort occasion,^oAs index^o to the story we late talked of,

To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince. 150

RICHARD

My other self, my counsel's consistory,^o

My oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin,

I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Toward Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

*Exeunt.*118 splintered set in splints 119 Must . . . kept the subject
has shifted from "rancor" to its opposite 120 Me seemeth it
seems to me 121 fet fetched 127 estate is green regime is
new 130 apparent seen clearly 137 haply perhaps 139
meet fitting 144 censures judgments 145 s.d. Manet
Latin for "remains" (the third person plural is *manent*, but the
Elizabethans commonly used the third person singular—like
exit—for the plural) 148 sort occasion contrive opportunity
149 index preface 151 consistory council chamber

Scene III. [*A street.*]

Enter one CITIZEN at one door and another at the other.

FIRST CITIZEN

Good morrow, neighbor. Whither away so fast?

SECOND CITIZEN

I promise you, I scarcely know myself.

Hear you the news abroad?

FIRST CITIZEN

Yes, that the king is dead.

SECOND CITIZEN

Ill news, by'r Lady; seldom comes the better.°

I fear, I fear 'twill prove a giddy world. 5

Enter another CITIZEN.

THIRD CITIZEN

Neighbors, Godspeed!

FIRST CITIZEN

Give you good morrow, sir.

THIRD CITIZEN

Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?

SECOND CITIZEN

Ay, sir, it is too true, God help the while!

THIRD CITIZEN

Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

FIRST CITIZEN

No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign. 10

THIRD CITIZEN

Woe to that land that's governed by a child!

SECOND CITIZEN

In him there is a hope of government,
Which in his nonage counsel° under him,
And, in his full and ripened years, himself,
No doubt shall then and till then govern well. 15

FIRST CITIZEN

So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crowned in Paris but at nine months old.

THIRD CITIZEN

Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot!°
For then this land was famously enriched
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace. 20

FIRST CITIZEN

Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

THIRD CITIZEN

Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all;
For emulation° who shall now be nearest
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not. 25
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,
And the queen's sons and brothers haught° and
proud!

And were they to be ruled,° and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace° as before. 30

FIRST CITIZEN

Come, come, we fear the worst. All will be well.

THIRD CITIZEN

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

II.iii.4 seldom . . . better change for the better is rare (a proverb) **12-13 In . . . counsel** there is hope of good rule in him, during whose minority advisers **18 wot** knows **25 emulation** rivalry **28 haught** haughty **29 were . . . ruled** if they could be controlled **30 solace** take comfort

Untimely storms makes men expect a dearth.° 35

All may be well; but if God sort° it so,

'Tis more than we deserve or I expect.

SECOND CITIZEN

Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear.

You cannot reason,° almost, with a man

That looks not heavily and full of dread. 40

THIRD CITIZEN

Before the days of change, still is it so.

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust

Ensuing danger, as by proof° we see

The water swell before a boist'rous storm.

But leave it all to God. Whither away? 45

SECOND CITIZEN

Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

THIRD CITIZEN

And so was I. I'll bear you company. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV. [*The palace.*]

Enter [the] ARCHBISHOP [of York], [the] young [Duke of] YORK, the QUEEN [ELIZABETH], and the DUCHESS [OF YORK].

10 ARCHBISHOP

Last night, I hear, they lay at Stony Stratford;

And at Northampton they do rest tonight;

Tomorrow or next day they will be here.

DUCHESS OF YORK

I long with all my heart to see the prince.

I hope he is much grown since last I saw him. 5

15 QUEEN ELIZABETH

But I hear no; they say my son of York

Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

YORK

Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Why, my good cousin? It is good to grow.

20 YORK

Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper, 10

My uncle Rivers talked how I did grow

More than my brother. "Ay," quoth my uncle

Gloucester,

"Small herbs have grace,° great weeds do grow
apace."°

25

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,

Because sweet flow'rs are slow and weeds make haste. 15

DUCHESS OF YORK

Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did object° the same to thee.

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,

So long a-growing and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.° 20

ARCHBISHOP

And so no doubt he is, my gracious madam.

DUCHESS OF YORK

I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

YORK

Now, by my troth, if I had been rememb'red,°

35 dearth famine **36 sort** arrange **39 reason** talk **43 proof** experience

II.iv.13 grace virtue; **apace** quickly **17 object** bring as a reproach **20 gracious** virtuous **23 been rememb'red** thought

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout^o
To touch his growth nearer than he touched mine. 25

DUCHESS OF YORK

How, my young York? I prithee let me hear it.

YORK

Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old.
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest. 30

DUCHESS OF YORK

I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?

YORK

Grandam, his nurse.

DUCHESS OF YORK

His nurse! Why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

YORK

If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

A parlous^o boy! Go to, you are too shrewd.^o 35

DUCHESS OF YORK

Good madam, be not angry with the child.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Pitchers have ears.^o

Enter a MESSENGER.

ARCHBISHOP

Here comes a messenger. What news?

MESSENGER

Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

How doth the prince?

MESSENGER

Well, madam, and in health. 40

DUCHESS OF YORK

What is thy news?

MESSENGER

Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
And with them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Who hath committed them?

MESSENGER

The mighty dukes,

Gloucester and Buckingham.

ARCHBISHOP

For what offense? 45

MESSENGER

The sum of all I can I have disclosed.
Why or for what the nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Ay me! I see the ruin of my house.

The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind;^o 50

Insulting tyranny begins to jut^o

Upon the innocent and aweless^o throne.

Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Accursèd and unquiet wrangling days, 55

How many of you have mine eyes beheld!

My husband lost his life to get the crown,

And often up and down my sons were tossed

For me to joy and weep their gain and loss;
And being seated, and domestic broils^o 60
Clean overblown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves, brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self. O preposterous^o
And frantic outrage, end thy damnèd spleen,^o
Or let me die, to look on death no more! 65

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.^o

Madam, farewell.

DUCHESS OF YORK Stay, I will go with you.

QUEEN ELIZABETH 70

You have no cause.

ARCHBISHOP [*To the QUEEN.*] My gracious lady, go,

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your grace

The seal I keep; and so betide to me

As well I tender^o you and all of yours!

Go, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. *Exeunt.*

ACT III

Scene I. [*A street.*]

*The trumpets sound. Enter [the] young PRINCE [EDWARD],
the Dukes of GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, Lord
CARDINAL, [and CATESBY,] with others.*

BUCKINGHAM

Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.^o

RICHARD

Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign.

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

PRINCE EDWARD

No, uncle, but our crosses^o on the way

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy. 5

I want^o more uncles here to welcome me.

RICHARD

Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit;

Nor more can you distinguish of a man

Than of his outward show, which, God he knows, 10

Seldom or never jumpeth^o with the heart.

Those uncles which you want were dangerous;

Your grace attended to their sug'red words

But looked not on the poison of their hearts. 15

God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

PRINCE EDWARD

God keep me from false friends! But they were none.

RICHARD

My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

55 *Enter LORD MAYOR [and CITIZENS].*

LORD MAYOR

God bless your grace with health and happy days!

24 flout taunt 35 parlous terribly quick-witted; shrewd sharp-tongued 37 Pitchers have ears Small pitchers have great ears (a proverb) 50 hind doe 51 jut encroach 52 aweless inspiring no awe

60 domestic broils civil wars 63 preposterous inverting natural order 64 spleen malice 66 sanctuary refuge on church property 72 tender care for III.i.1 chamber capital 4 crosses vexations 6 want (1) lack (2) wish for 11 jumpeth agrees

PRINCE EDWARD

I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all.

[MAYOR and CITIZENS stand aside.]

I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Fie, what a slug^o is Hastings that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

BUCKINGHAM

And in good time here comes the sweating lord.

PRINCE EDWARD

Welcome, my lord. What, will our mother come? 25

HASTINGS

On what occasion^o God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother and your brother York
Have taken sanctuary. The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce^o withheld. 30

BUCKINGHAM

Fie, what an indirect and peevish^o course
Is this of hers! Lord Cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?^o
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him
And from her jealous^o arms pluck him perforce. 35

CARDINAL

My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessèd sanctuary! Not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

BUCKINGHAM

You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious^o and traditional.
Weigh it but with the grossness^o of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place
And those who have the wit to claim the place.
This prince hath neither claimed it nor deserved it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

CARDINAL

My lord, you shall o'errule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

HASTINGS

I go, my lord.

PRINCE EDWARD

Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. 60
Exit CARDINAL and HASTINGS.

Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

RICHARD

Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower; 65
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

PRINCE EDWARD

I do not like the Tower, of any place.^o
Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?

BUCKINGHAM

He did, my gracious lord, begin that place, 70
Which since succeeding ages have re-edified.^o

PRINCE EDWARD

Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

BUCKINGHAM

Upon record, my gracious lord.

PRINCE EDWARD

But say, my lord, it were not regist'red, 75
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retailed^o to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

RICHARD [Aside.]

So wise so young, they say do ne'er live long.

PRINCE EDWARD

What say you, uncle? 80

RICHARD

I say, without characters^o fame lives long.
[Aside.]

Thus, like the formal^o Vice,^o Iniquity,
I moralize^o two meanings in one word. 40

PRINCE EDWARD

That Julius Caesar was a famous man.
With what^o his valor did enrich his wit, 85
His wit set down to make his valor live.
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham—

BUCKINGHAM

What, my gracious lord? 90

PRINCE EDWARD

And if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again
Or die a soldier as I lived a king.

RICHARD [Aside.]

Short summers lightly have a forward spring.^o

Enter [the] young [Duke of] YORK, HASTINGS, and
CARDINAL. 55

BUCKINGHAM

Now in good time here comes the Duke of York. 95

PRINCE EDWARD

Richard of York, how fares our loving brother?

YORK

Well, my dread^o lord—so must I call you now.

22 slug sluggard 26 On what occasion for what cause 30
perforce by force 31 indirect and peevish devious and
obstinate 34 presently at once 36 jealous suspicious 45
ceremonious punctilious 46 grossness coarseness

68 of any place of all places 71 re-edified rebuilt 77
retailed reported 81 characters written letters 82 formal
careful to observe forms (i.e., hypocritical); Vice mischief-
maker in a morality play 83 moralize interpret 85 With
what that with which 94 Short . . . spring The short-lived
are usually ("lightly") precocious 97 dread revered

PRINCE EDWARD

Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours.
Too late^o he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

RICHARD

How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

YORK

I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle^o weeds are fast in growth.
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

RICHARD

He hath, my lord.

YORK

And therefore is he idle?

RICHARD

O my fair cousin, I must not say so.

YORK

Then he is more beholding to you than I.

RICHARD

He may command me as my sovereign,
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

YORK

I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

RICHARD

My dagger, little cousin? With all my heart.

PRINCE EDWARD

A beggar, brother?

YORK

Of my kind uncle, that I know will give,
And being but a toy,^o which is no grief to give.

RICHARD

A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

YORK

A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.

RICHARD

Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

YORK

O, then I see you will part but with light^o gifts!
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

RICHARD

It is too heavy for your grace to wear.

YORK

I weigh^o it lightly, were it heavier.

RICHARD

What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

YORK

I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

RICHARD How?

YORK Little.

PRINCE EDWARD

My Lord of York will still be cross^o in talk.
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

YORK

You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.^o

BUCKINGHAM [*Aside.*]

With what a sharp, provided^o wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle

He prettily and aptly taunts himself.
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

135

RICHARD

100 My lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

YORK

What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

140

PRINCE EDWARD

My Lord Protector needs will have it so.

YORK

105 I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

RICHARD

Why, what should you fear?

YORK

Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost.
My grandam told me he was murd'red there.

145

PRINCE EDWARD

I fear no uncles dead.

RICHARD

110 Nor none that live, I hope.

PRINCE EDWARD

And if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

150

*A sennet.^o Exeunt PRINCE [EDWARD], YORK,
HASTINGS, [CARDINAL, and others]. Manet
RICHARD, BUCKINGHAM, and CATESBY.*

BUCKINGHAM

115 Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensèd^o by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

RICHARD

No doubt, no doubt. O, 'tis a parlous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

155

BUCKINGHAM

120 Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect^o what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart.
Thou knowest our reasons urged upon the way.
What thinkest thou? Is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind
For the installment^o of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

160

CATESBY

125 He for his father's sake so loves the prince
That he will not be won to aught against him.

165

BUCKINGHAM

What thinkest thou then of Stanley? What will he?

CATESBY

He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

BUCKINGHAM

130 Well then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings
How he doth stand affected^o to our purpose,
And summon him tomorrow to the Tower
To sit^o about the coronation.

170

99 late recently 103 idle useless 114 toy trifle 118 light
slight 121 weigh value 126 still be cross always be contrary
131 bear . . . shoulders carry me on your hunchback 132
provided ready

150 s.d. sennet trumpet signal 152 incensèd stirred up 158
effect carry out 163 installment installation as a king 171
affected inclined 173 sit meet with the council

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons.
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination;
For we tomorrow hold divided councils,^o
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employed.

RICHARD

Commend me to Lord William. Tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot^o of dangerous adversaries
Tomorrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

BUCKINGHAM

Good Catesby, go effect this business soundly.

CATESBY

My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

RICHARD

Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

CATESBY

You shall, my lord.

RICHARD

At Crosby House, there shall you find us both. 190

Exit CATESBY.

BUCKINGHAM

Now, my lord, what shall we do if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?^o

RICHARD

Chop off his head. Something we will determine.
And look when^o I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford and all the movables^o 195
Whereof the king my brother was possessed.

BUCKINGHAM

I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

RICHARD

And look^o to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes,^o that afterwards
We may digest^o our complots in some form. Exeunt. 200

Scene II. [Before Lord Hastings' house.]

Enter a MESSENGER to the door of Hastings.

MESSENGER

My lord! My lord!

HASTINGS [Within.]

Who knocks?

MESSENGER

One from the Lord Stanley.

HASTINGS [Within.]

What is't o'clock?

MESSENGER

Upon the stroke of four. 5

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

HASTINGS

Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?

MESSENGER

175 So it appears by that I have to say:
First, he commends him to your noble self.

HASTINGS

What then?

MESSENGER

180 Then certifies your lordship that this'night
He dreamt the boar had rasèd off his helm.^o 10
Besides, he says there are two councils kept,
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure, 15
If you will presently take horse with him
And with all speed post with him toward the north
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

HASTINGS

Go, fellow, go return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated council. 20

His honor and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

190 Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance;^o 25
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so simple
To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.

To fly the boar before the boar pursues
Were to incense the boar to follow us
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase. 30

195 Go bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the boar will use us kindly.

MESSENGER

I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. Exit.

Enter CATESBY.

CATESBY

Many good morrows to my noble lord! 35

HASTINGS

Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring.
What news, what news, in this our tott'ring state?

CATESBY

It is a reeling world indeed, my lord,
And I believe will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm. 40

HASTINGS

How! Wear the garland! Dost thou mean the crown?

CATESBY

Ay, my good lord.

HASTINGS

I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplaced.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it? 45

CATESBY

5 Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party^o for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret. 50

HASTINGS

Indeed I am no mourner for that news,

179 divided councils meetings of the council in two separate groups 182 ancient knot long-standing clique 192 com-
plots plots 194 look when whenever 195 movables goods
198 look expect 199 betimes early 200 digest arrange

III.ii.11 boar . . . helm Richard had cut off his head 25
instance cause 47 party side

Because they have been still my adversaries;
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death!

CATESBY

God keep your lordship in that gracious^o mind!

HASTINGS

But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing^o that yet think not on't.

CATESBY

'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it.

HASTINGS

O monstrous, monstrous! And so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do
With some men else that think themselves as safe
As thou and I, who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

CATESBY

The princes both make high account of you—

[*Aside.*]

For they account his head upon the Bridge.^o

HASTINGS

I know they do, and I have well deserved it.

Enter Lord STANLEY.

Come on, come on! Where is your boarspear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

STANLEY

My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby.
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,^o
I do not like these several^o councils, I.

HASTINGS

My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours,^o
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.
Think you, but that I know our state^o secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

STANLEY

The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund and supposed their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet you see how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancor I misdoubt.^o
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? The day is
spent.^o

HASTINGS

Come, come, have with you. Wot^o you what, my
lord?

Today the lords you talk of are beheaded.

STANLEY

They, for their truth,^o might better wear their heads

Than some that have accused them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a PURSUIVANT.^o

HASTINGS

Go on before. I'll talk with this good fellow.

Exit Lord STANLEY, and CATESBY.

How now, sirrah?^o How goes the world with thee? 95

PURSUIVANT

The better that your lordship please to ask.

60

HASTINGS

I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet.
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower
By the suggestion^o of the queen's allies;
But now I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

100

PURSUIVANT

God hold it, to your honor's good content!

HASTINGS

Gramercy,^o fellow; there, drink that for me.

105

Throws him his purse.

PURSUIVANT

I thank your honor.

Exit PURSUIVANT.

70

Enter a PRIEST.

PRIEST

Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honor.

HASTINGS

I thank thee, good Sir^o John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise;^o
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content^o you.

110

75

He whispers in his ear.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

BUCKINGHAM

What, talking with a priest, Lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honor hath no shriving^o work in hand.

80

HASTINGS

Good faith, and when I met this holy man
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

115

BUCKINGHAM

I do, my lord, but long I cannot stay there.
I shall return before your lordship thence.

85

HASTINGS

Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

BUCKINGHAM [*Aside.*]

And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

120

Come, will you go?

HASTINGS

I'll wait upon your lordship.

Exeunt.

90

56 **gracious** virtuous 61 **send some packing** get rid of some
70 **the Bridge** London Bridge (where traitors' heads were
displayed) 75 **rood** cross 76 **several** separate 77 **as yours**
as you do yours 80 **state** position 86 **misdoubt** have mis-
givings about 88 **spent** wasted 89 **Wot** know 91 **truth**
loyalty

93 **s.d.** Pursuivant royal messenger with power to execute
warriors 95 **sirrah** common form of address to an inferior
100 **suggestion** instigation 105 **Gramercy** much thanks
108 **Sir** used for a priest, as well as for a knight 109 **exercise**
sermon 110 **content** reward 113 **shriving** confessing

Scene III. [*Pomfret Castle.*]

Enter Sir Richard RATCLIFFE, with HALBERDS, carrying the nobles [RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN] to death at Pomfret.

RIVERS

Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this:
Today shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

GREY

God bless the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damnèd bloodsuckers.

VAUGHAN

You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

RATCLIFFE

Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

RIVERS

O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure^o of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hacked to death;
And, for more slander^o to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

GREY

Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
When she exclaimed on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabbed her son.

RIVERS

Then cursed she Richard, then cursed she Buck-
ingham,
Then cursed she Hastings. O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

RATCLIFFE

Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.^o

RIVERS

Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us here embrace.
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV. [*The Tower.*]

Enter BUCKINGHAM, [Lord STANLEY Earl of] Derby, HASTINGS, BISHOP OF ELY, NORFOLK, RATCLIFFE, LOVELL, with others, at a table.

HASTINGS

Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation.
In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

BUCKINGHAM

Is all things ready for the royal time?

STANLEY

It is, and wants but nomination.^o

BISHOP OF ELY

Tomorrow then I judge a happy day.

BUCKINGHAM

Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward^o with the noble duke?

BISHOP OF ELY

Your grace, we think, should soonest know his
mind.

BUCKINGHAM

We know each other's faces; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours;
Or I of his, my lord, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

HASTINGS

I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But for his purpose in the coronation
I have not sounded him, nor he delivered
His gracious pleasure any way therein.
But you, my honorable lords, may name the time,
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

Enter [RICHARD Duke of] Gloucester.

BISHOP OF ELY

In happy time here comes the duke himself.

RICHARD

My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper, but I trust
My absence doth neglect^o no great design
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

BUCKINGHAM

Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,
I mean your voice for crowning of the king.

RICHARD

Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder.
His lordship knows me well and loves me well.
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn
I saw good strawberries in your garden there.
I do beseech you send for some of them.

BISHOP OF ELY

Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

Exit BISHOP.

RICHARD

Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[Takes him aside.]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business
And finds the testy gentleman so hot
That he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully^o he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

BUCKINGHAM

Withdraw yourself awhile. I'll go with you.

Exeunt [RICHARD and BUCKINGHAM].

STANLEY

We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
Tomorrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolonged.^o

III.iii.10 closure circuit 12 slander disgrace 23 expiate
come for suffering

III.iv.5 nomination naming

8 inward intimate 24 neglect cause neglect of 39 worship-
fully respectfully 45 prolonged postponed

Enter the BISHOP OF ELY.

BISHOP OF ELY

Where is my lord the Duke of Gloucester?
I have sent for these strawberries.

HASTINGS

His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;
There's some conceit^o or other likes^o him well
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit. 50
I think there's never a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he,
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

STANLEY

What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any livelihood^o he showed today? 55

HASTINGS

Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Enter RICHARD and BUCKINGHAM.

RICHARD

I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damnèd witchcraft, and that have prevailed 60
Upon my body with their hellish charms.

HASTINGS

The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom th' offenders, whosoe'er they be.
I say, my lord, they have deservèd death. 65

RICHARD

Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.
Look how I am bewitched. Behold, mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling withered up;
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore, 70
That by their witchcraft thus have markèd me.

HASTINGS

If they have done this deed, my noble lord—

RICHARD

If! Thou protector of this damnèd strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs? Thou art a traitor.
Off with his head! Now by Saint Paul I swear 75
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovell and Ratcliffe, look that it be done.
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

*Exeunt. Manet LOVELL and RATCLIFFE, with
the Lord HASTINGS.*

HASTINGS

Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me!
For I, too fond,^o might have prevented this. 80
Stanley did dream the boar did rase our helms,
And I did scorn it and disdain to fly.
Three times today my footcloth horse^o did stumble,
And started when he looked upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughterhouse.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me!
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
Today at Pomfret bloodily were butchered,

And I myself secure in grace and favor. 90

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

RATCLIFFE

Come, come, dispatch; the duke would be at dinner.
Make a short shrift;^o he longs to see your head.

HASTINGS

O momentary grace^o of mortal men, 95
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep. 100

LOVELL

Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless^o to exclaim.

HASTINGS

O bloody Richard! Miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath looked upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head. 105
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. *Exeunt.*

[Scene V. The Tower walls.]

*Enter RICHARD [Duke of Gloucester] and BUCK-
INGHAM, in rotten^o armor, marvelous ill-favored.^o*

RICHARD

Come, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy color,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

BUCKINGHAM

Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending^o deep suspicion. Ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices^o 10
At any time to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

RICHARD

He is; and see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the MAYOR and CATESBY.

BUCKINGHAM

Lord Mayor—

RICHARD

Look to the drawbridge there! 15

BUCKINGHAM

Hark! A drum.

RICHARD

Catesby, o'erlook^o the walls.

BUCKINGHAM

Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent—

RICHARD

Look back, defend thee! Here are enemies.

49 conceit idea; likes pleases 55 livelihood liveliness 80
fond foolish 83 footcloth horse richly decorated horse

94 shrift confession 95 grace favor 101 bootless useless
III.v.s.d. rotten worn-out; ill-favored bad-looking 8
Intending pretending 10 offices functions 17 o'erlook
watch over

BUCKINGHAM

God and our innocency defend and guard us! 20

Enter LOVELL and RATCLIFFE, with Hastings' head.

RICHARD

Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliffe and Lovell.

LOVELL

Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

RICHARD

So dear I loved the man that I must weep:
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book,^o wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts.
So smooth he daubed^o his vice with show of virtue
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation^o with Shore's wife,
He lived from all attainder of suspects.^o

BUCKINGHAM

Well, well, he was the covert'st^o shelt'red traitor
That ever lived.
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were't not that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council house,
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

MAYOR

Had he done so?

RICHARD

What! Think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety
Enforced us to this execution?

MAYOR

Now fair befall you! He deserved his death,
And your good graces both have well proceeded
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

BUCKINGHAM

I never looked for better at his hands
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.
Yet had we not determined he should die
Until your lordship came to see his end,
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, have prevented;^o
Because, my lord, I would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons,
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconster^o us in him and wail his death.

MAYOR

But, my great lord, your grace's words shall serve
As well as I had seen and heard him speak;
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,

But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens 65
With all your just proceedings in this case.

RICHARD

And to that end we wished your lordship here,
T' avoid the censures of the carping world.

BUCKINGHAM

Which,^o since you come too late of^o our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend. 70
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

Exit MAYOR.

RICHARD

Go after, after, cousin Buckingham. 25
The mayor towards Guildhall^o hies him in all post.^o
There, at your meetest^o vantage of the time,
Infer^o the bastardy of Edward's children. 75
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown, meaning indeed his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termèd so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury^o 80
And bestial appetite in change of lust,
Which stretched unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye or savage heart,
Without control, lusted to make a prey. 35
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person: 85
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France,
And by true computation of the time 40
Found that the issue was not his begot; 90
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

BUCKINGHAM

Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator 95
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself; and so, my lord, adieu.

RICHARD

If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied 100
With reverend fathers and well-learnèd bishops.

BUCKINGHAM

I go; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

Exit BUCKINGHAM.

RICHARD

Go, Lovell, with all speed to Doctor Shaw.

[*To Catesby.*]

Go thou to Friar Penker. Bid them both 60
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle. 105
Exeunt [LOVELL, CATESBY, and RATCLIFFE].

Now will I go to take some privy order^o
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to give order that no manner^o person
Have any time recourse unto the princes. *Exit.*

27 book notebook 29 daubed whitewashed 31 conversation
intercourse 32 from . . . suspects free from all stain of
suspicions 33 covert'st most secret 55 prevented forestalled
61 Misconster misjudge

69 Which as to which; of for 73 Guildhall the city hall of
London; post haste 74 meetest fittest 75 Infer bring for-
ward as an argument 80 luxury lechery 106 privy order
secret arrangement 108 no manner no sort of

[Scene VI. *A street.*]

Enter a SCRIVENER [with a paper in his hand].

SCRIVENER

Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set^o hand fairly is engrossed^o
That it may be today read o'er in Paul's.^o
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over, 5
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent^o was full as long a-doing;
And yet within these five hours Hastings lived,
Untainted,^o unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while! Who is so gross^o 10
That cannot see this palpable device?^o
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.^o *Exit.*

[Scene VII. *Baynard's Castle.*]

Enter RICHARD [Duke of Gloucester] and BUCKINGHAM at several^o doors.

RICHARD

How now, how now? What say the citizens?

BUCKINGHAM

Now, by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

RICHARD

Touched you the bastardy of Edward's children?

BUCKINGHAM

I did, with his contract with Lady Lucy^o 5
And his contract by deputy^o in France;
Th' unsatiate greediness of his desire
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got,^o your father then in France, 10
And his resemblance,^o being not like the duke.
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea^o of your father
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland, 15
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouched or slightly handlèd in discourse;
And when my oratory drew toward end, 20
I bid them that did love their country's good
Cry, "God save Richard, England's royal king!"

RICHARD

And did they so?

BUCKINGHAM

No, so God help me, they spake not a word,

III.vi.2 set formal; fairly is engrossed is written clearly 3
Paul's Saint Paul's 7 precedent original draft 9 Untainted
not accused 10 gross dull 11 palpable device obvious
trick 14 in thought in silence

III.vii.s.d. several separate 5 Lady Lucy Elizabeth Lucy
(whose betrothal to Edward was never proved) 6 by deputy
Edward had sent Warwick to arrange a French marriage
10 got begotten 11 resemblance appearance 13 right idea
exact image

But like dumb statues^o or breathing stones 25
Stared each on other and looked deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them
And asked the mayor what meant this willful silence.
His answer was, the people were not used 30
To be spoke to but by the recorder.^o
Then he was urged to tell my tale again:
"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferred";
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own 35
At lower end of the hall hurled up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, "God save King Richard!"
And thus I took the vantage of those few:
"Thanks, gentle citizens and friends," quoth I.
"This general applause and cheerful shout 40
Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard";
And even here brake off and came away.

RICHARD

What tongueless blocks were they! Would they not
speak?

Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

BUCKINGHAM

The mayor is here at hand. Intend^o some fear;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit;^o 45
And look you get a prayer book in your hand
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord,
For on that ground^o I'll make a holy descant;^o
And be not easily won to our requests.
Play the maid's part: still answer nay,^o and take it. 50

RICHARD

I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

BUCKINGHAM

Go, go up to the leads.^o The Lord Mayor knocks.
[*Exit RICHARD.*]

Enter the MAYOR, and CITIZENS.

10 Welcome, my lord. I dance attendance here. 55
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.^o

Enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

15 CATESBY
He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him tomorrow or next day.
He is within, with two right reverend fathers, 60
Divinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly suits would he be moved
To draw him from his holy exercise.^o 20

BUCKINGHAM

Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke.
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen, 65
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

CATESBY

I'll signify so much unto him straight. *Exit.*

25 statues pronounced "stat-u-es" 30 recorder chief legal
official of the city 44 Intend pretend 45 suit petition
48 ground (1) melody (2) basis; descant (1) musical
variation (2) argument 50 still answer nay always say no (a
proverb) 54 leads flat roof covered with lead 56 withal
with 63 exercise act of devotion

BUCKINGHAM

Ah ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward! 70
 He is not lulling° on a lewd love-bed,
 But on his knees at meditation;
 Not dallying with a brace of courtesans,
 But meditating with two deep divines;
 Not sleeping, to engross° his idle body, 75
 But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
 Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
 Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof;
 But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.

MAYOR

Marry, God defend° his grace should say us nay! 80

BUCKINGHAM

I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

Enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

CATESBY

He wonders to what end you have assembled
 Such troops of citizens to come to him,
 His grace not being warned thereof before. 85
 He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

BUCKINGHAM

Sorry I am my noble cousin should
 Suspect me that I mean no good to him.
 By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
 And so once more return and tell his grace. 90

Exit [CATESBY].

When holy and devout religious men
 Are at their beads, 'tis much° to draw them thence,
 So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter RICHARD aloft, between two BISHOPS. [CATESBY returns.]

MAYOR

See where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

BUCKINGHAM

Two props of virtue for a Christian prince, 95
 To stay him from the fall° of vanity;
 And see, a book of prayer in his hand—
 True ornaments to know a holy man.
 Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
 Lend favorable ear to our requests, 100
 And pardon us the interruption
 Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

RICHARD

My lord, there needs no such apology.
 I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
 Who, earnest in the service of my God, 105
 Deferred the visitation of my friends.
 But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

BUCKINGHAM

Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above
 And all good men of this ungoverned isle.

RICHARD

I do suspect I have done some offense 110
 That seems disgracious° in the city's eye,
 And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

BUCKINGHAM

You have, my lord. Would it might please your grace,
 On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

RICHARD

Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land? 115

BUCKINGHAM

Know then it is your fault that you resign
 The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
 The scept' red office of your ancestors,
 Your state° of fortune and your due of birth, 120
 The lineal glory of your royal house,
 To the corruption of a blemished stock;
 Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
 Which here we waken to our country's good,
 The noble isle doth want his proper limbs; 125
 His face defaced with scars of infamy,
 His royal stock graft° with ignoble plants,
 And almost should' red in° the swallowing gulf
 Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
 Which to recure,° we heartily solicit
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge 130
 And kingly government of this your land;
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,
 Or lowly factor° for another's gain,
 But as successively,° from blood to blood,
 Your right of birth, your empery,° your own. 135
 For this, consorted with the citizens,
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,
 And by their vehement instigation,
 In this just cause come I to move your grace.

RICHARD

I cannot tell if to depart in silence 140
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof
 Best fitteth my degree° or your condition.
 If not to answer, you might haply think
 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty 145
 Which fondly you would here impose on me.
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So seasoned° with your faithful love to me,
 Then, on the other side, I checked° my friends.
 Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first, 150
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
 Definitively° thus I answer you.
 Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
 Unmeritable shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away 155
 And that my path were even° to the crown
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth,
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,°
 So mighty and so many my defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness, 160
 Being a bark to brook° no mighty sea,
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid
 And in the vapor of my glory smothered.

71 lulling lounging 75 engross make fat 80 defend forbid
 92 much hard 96 fall falling into sin 111 disgracious
 displeasing

119 state high position 126 graft grafted 127 should' red
 in jostled into 129 recure remedy 133 factor agent 134
 successively by inheritance 135 empery supreme power
 142 degree rank; condition status 148 seasoned given
 relish 149 checked should be rebuking 152 Definitively
 once and for all 156 even clear 158 poverty of spirit
 lack of self-confidence 161 bark to brook small ship able to
 endure

But, God be thanked, there is no need of me,
And much I need° to help you, were there need.
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,
Which God defend° that I should wring from him!

BUCKINGHAM

My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice° and trivial,
All circumstances well considerèd.
You say that Edward is your brother's son.
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first was he contract to Lady Lucy—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow—
And afterward by substitute betrothed
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressèd widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase° of his wanton eye,
Seduced the pitch° and height of his degree
To base declension° and loathed bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that for reverence to some alive
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffered benefit of dignity;°
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times
Unto a lineal true-derivèd course.

MAYOR

Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

BUCKINGHAM

Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered love.

CATESBY

O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

RICHARD

Alas, why would you heap this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty.
I do beseech you take it not amiss,
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

BUCKINGHAM

If you refuse it, as in love and zeal
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son—
As well we know your tenderness of heart
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,°
Which we have noted in you to your kindred
And egally° indeed to all estates—
Yet know, whe'r° you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king,

165

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210

But we will plant some other in the throne
To the disgrace and downfall of your house;
And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come, citizens. Zounds, I'll entreat no more!

215

RICHARD

O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

Exeunt [BUCKINGHAM, MAYOR, and CITIZENS].

CATESBY

Call him again, sweet prince, accept their suit.
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

220

RICHARD

Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again. I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

225

Enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,
Since you will buckle Fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load;
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,°
Your mere enforcement° shall acquittance° me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

230

235

MAYOR

God bless your grace! We see it and will say it.

RICHARD

In saying so you shall but say the truth.

BUCKINGHAM

Then I salute you with this royal title:
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!

ALL

Amen.

240

BUCKINGHAM

Tomorrow may it please you to be crowned?

RICHARD

Even when you please, for you will have it so.

BUCKINGHAM

Tomorrow then we will attend your grace,
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

RICHARD [To the BISHOPS.]

Come, let us to our holy work again.
Farewell, my cousin; farewell, gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

245

A C T I V

Scene I. [Before the Tower.]

Enter the QUEEN [ELIZABETH], the DUCHESS OF YORK, and Marquis [of] DORSET [at one door]; ANNE Duchess of Gloucester, [with Clarence's DAUGHTER, at another door].

165 need lack 172 defend forbid 174 respects . . . nice considerations about it are too scrupulous 186 purchase booty 187 pitch high point (of a hawk's flight) 188 base declension a noble falling low 195 benefit of dignity gift of greatness 210 effeminate remorse softhearted pity 212 egally equally 213 whe'r whether

231 imposition laying on the burden 232 Your mere enforcement the simple fact of your compulsion; acquittance release

DUCHESS OF YORK

Who meets us here? My niece° Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester!
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower
On pure heart's love to greet the tender prince.
Daughter, well met.

ANNE God give your graces both 5
A happy and a joyful time of day!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

ANNE

No farther than the Tower, and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion° as yourselves,
To gratulate° the gentle princes there. 10

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Kind sister, thanks. We'll enter all together.

Enter the LIEUTENANT [*Brakenbury*].

And in good time here the lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

LIEUTENANT

Right well, dear madam. By your patience, 15
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charged the contrary.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

The king? Who's that?

LIEUTENANT

I mean the Lord Protector.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me? 20
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

DUCHESS OF YORK

I am their father's mother; I will see them.

ANNE

Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother.
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame
And take thy office° from thee on my peril. 25

LIEUTENANT

No, madam, no; I may not leave° it so.
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
Exit LIEUTENANT.

Enter STANLEY [*Earl of Derby*].

STANLEY

Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens. 30

[*To* ANNE.]

Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crownèd Richard's royal queen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Ah, cut my lace° asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news! 35

ANNE

Despiteful° tidings! O unpleasing news!

DORSET

Be of good cheer; mother, how fares your grace?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone!
Death and destruction dogs thee at thy heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children. 40

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas
And live with Richmond, from° the reach of hell.
Go hie thee, hie thee from this slaughterhouse,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead
And make me die the thrall° of Margaret's curse, 45
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.°

STANLEY

Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.
Take all the swift advantage of the hours.
You shall have letters from me to my son°
In your behalf, to meet you on the way. 50
Be not ta'en tardy° by unwise delay.

DUCHESS OF YORK

O ill-dispersing° wind of misery!
O my accursèd womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice° hast thou hatched to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murderous. 55

STANLEY

Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

ANNE

And I with all unwillingness will go.
O, would to God that the inclusive verge°
Of golden metal that must round° my brow 60
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brains!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom
And die ere men can say, "God save the queen!"

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Go, go, poor soul! I envy not thy glory.
To feed my humor° wish thyself no harm.

ANNE

No? Why, when he that is my husband now 65
Came to me as I followed Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well washed from his
hands

Which issuèd from my other angel husband
And that dear saint which then I weeping followed—
O, when, I say, I looked on Richard's face, 70

This was my wish: "Be thou," quoth I, "accursed
For making me, so young, so old a widow!°
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable by the life of thee 75

Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!"
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words
And proved the subject of mine own soul's curse, 80
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,

42 from away from 45 thrall slave 46 England's counted
queen regarded as Queen of England 49 son his wife's son,
Richmond 51 ta'en tardy caught napping 52 ill-dispersing
scattering evil 54 cockatrice fabulous monster, basilisk
(see I.ii.150) 58 inclusive verge enclosing rim 59 round
encircle 64 feed my humor satisfy my mood 72 so . . .
widow a widow so aged by grief

IV.i.I niece granddaughter 9 devotion purpose 10
gratulate greet with joy 25 take thy office take over your
duty 26 leave abandon 33 lace bodice string 36 Despite-
ful cruel

But with his timorous dreams was still^o awaked.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick,
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

ANNE

No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

DORSET

Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory!

ANNE

Adieu, poor soul that tak'st thy leave of it!

DUCHESS OF YORK [*To DORSET.*]

Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

[*To ANNE.*]

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!

[*To QUEEN ELIZABETH.*]

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wracked^o with a week of teen.^o

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes

Whom envy hath immured within your walls,

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow

For tender princes, use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. [*The palace.*]

Sound a sennet. Enter RICHARD, in pomp, BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, RATCLIFFE, LOVELL, [a PAGE, and others].

KING RICHARD

Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham!

BUCKINGHAM

My gracious sovereign?

KING RICHARD

Give me thy hand. *Sound.* [*He ascends the throne.*]

Thus high, by thy advice

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated.

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

BUCKINGHAM

Still live they, and forever let them last!

KING RICHARD

Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch^o

To try if thou be current gold indeed.

Young Edward lives—think now what I would speak. 10

BUCKINGHAM

Say on, my loving lord.

KING RICHARD

Why, Buckingham, I say I would be king.

BUCKINGHAM

Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

84 still continually 96 wracked ruined; teen grief
IV.ii.8 touch touchstone (used to test gold)

KING RICHARD

85 Ha! Am I king? 'Tis so; but Edward lives.

BUCKINGHAM

True, noble prince.

KING RICHARD O bitter consequence,^o 15

That Edward still should live true noble prince!

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead,

And I would have it suddenly performed.

What say'st thou now? Speak suddenly, be brief. 20

BUCKINGHAM

Your grace may do your pleasure.

KING RICHARD

Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

BUCKINGHAM

Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this. 25

I will resolve^o you herein presently.

Exit BUCKINGHAM.

CATESBY [*Aside to another.*]

The king is angry. See, he gnaws his lip.

KING RICHARD

I will converse^o with iron-witted^o fools

And unrespective^o boys. None are for me

That look into me with considerate^o eyes. 30

100 High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy!

PAGE

My lord?

KING RICHARD

Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold

Will tempt unto a close exploit^o of death? 35

PAGE

I know a discontented gentleman

Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit.

Gold were as good as twenty orators

And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

KING RICHARD

What is his name?

PAGE

His name, my lord, is Tyrrel. 40

KING RICHARD

I partly know the man. Go call him hither, boy.

Exit [PAGE].

The deep-revolving witty^o Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbor to my counsels.

5 Hath he so long held out^o with me, untired,

And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so. 45

Enter STANLEY [Earl of Derby].

How now, Lord Stanley? What's the news?

STANLEY Know, my loving lord,

The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled

To Richmond in the parts where he abides.

[*Stands aside.*]

15 consequence sequel 26 resolve answer 28 converse
keep company; iron-witted dull-witted 29 unrespective
heedless 30 considerate thoughtful 35 close exploit secret
deed 42 deep-revolving witty deeply pondering clever
44 held out kept up

KING RICHARD

Come hither, Catesby. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter.
The boy is foolish,^o and I fear not him.
Look how thou dream'st! I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick and like to die.
About it; for it stands me much upon^o
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[Exit CATESBY.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

TYRREL

James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

KING RICHARD

Art thou indeed?

TYRREL Prove me, my gracious lord.

KING RICHARD

Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

TYRREL

Please^o you;

But I had rather kill two enemies.

KING RICHARD

Why, there thou hast it! Two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

TYRREL

Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

KING RICHARD

Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel.
Go, by this token. Rise, and lend thine ear.

Whispers.

There is no more but so. Say it is done,
And I will love thee and prefer^o thee for it.

TYRREL

I will dispatch it straight.

Exit.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

BUCKINGHAM

My lord, I have considered in my mind
The late request that you did sound me in.

KING RICHARD

Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

BUCKINGHAM

I hear the news, my lord.

KING RICHARD

Stanley, he is your wife's son. Well, look unto it.

BUCKINGHAM

My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawned:^o
Th' earldom of Hereford and the movables
Which you have promised I shall possess.

90

KING RICHARD

Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

BUCKINGHAM

What says your highness to my just request?

KING RICHARD

I do remember me, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king
When Richmond was a little peevish^o boy.
A king! Perhaps, perhaps.

95

BUCKINGHAM

My lord!

KING RICHARD

How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

100

BUCKINGHAM

My lord, your promise for the earldom!

KING RICHARD

Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,
And called in Rugemont; at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

105

BUCKINGHAM

My lord!

KING RICHARD

Ay, what's o'clock?

BUCKINGHAM

I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

KING RICHARD

Well, but what's o'clock? 110

BUCKINGHAM

Upon the stroke of ten.

KING RICHARD

Well, let it strike.

BUCKINGHAM

Why let it strike?

KING RICHARD

Because that like a Jack^o thou keep'st the stroke^o
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein today.

115

BUCKINGHAM

May it please you to resolve me in my suit.

KING RICHARD

Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

Exit [KING RICHARD, and all but BUCKINGHAM].

BUCKINGHAM

And is it thus? Repays he my deep service
With such contempt? Made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock while my fearful head is on!

120

Exit.

54 foolish an idiot 57 stands . . . upon is very important to me 69 Please if it pleases 80 prefer advance

88 pawned pledged 96 peevish childish 113 Jack (1) figure of a man on a clock, striking the hour (2) knave; thou . . . stroke you keep on making a noise

[Scene III. *The palace.*]

Enter TYRREL.

TYRREL

The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch^o deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, who I did suborn
To do this piece^o of ruthless^o butchery, 5
Albeit they were fleshed^o villains, bloody dogs,
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children in their death's sad story.
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes."
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another 10
Within their alabaster innocent arms.
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk
And in their summer beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost changed my 15
mind;
But O, the devil"—there the villain stopped;
When Dighton thus told on: "We smothered
The most replenishèd^o sweet work of Nature
That from the prime^o creation e'er she framèd."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse 20
They^o could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter [KING] RICHARD.

And here he comes. All health, my sovereign lord!

KING RICHARD

Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

TYRREL

If to have done the thing you gave in charge 25
Beget^o your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

KING RICHARD But didst thou see them dead?

TYRREL

I did, my lord.

KING RICHARD And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

TYRREL

The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where (to say the truth) I do not know. 30

KING RICHARD

Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at aftersupper,^o
When thou shalt tell the process^o of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

TYRREL I humbly take my leave. [Exit.] 35

KING RICHARD

The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I matched in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,^o
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for^o I know the Britain^o Richmond aims 40
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,

And by that knot^o looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter RATCLIFFE.

RATCLIFFE

My lord!

KING RICHARD

Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly? 45

RATCLIFFE

Bad news, my lord. Morton is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham, backed with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

KING RICHARD

Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied^o strength. 50
Come, I have learned that fearful commenting^o
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary.^o
Then fiery expedition^o be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king! 55
Go muster men. My counsel is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

Exeunt.

Scene [IV. *The palace.*]

Enter old QUEEN MARGARET.

QUEEN MARGARET

So now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines silyly have I lurked
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction^o am I witness to, 5
And will to France, hoping the consequence^o
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret. Who comes
here? [Retires.]

Enter DUCHESS [OF YORK] and QUEEN [ELIZABETH].

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Ah, my poor princes, ah, my tender babes!
My unblown^o flow'rs, new-appearing sweets! 10
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air
And be not fixed in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings
And hear your mother's lamentation!

QUEEN MARGARET [Aside.]

Hover about her, say that right for right 15
Hath dimmed your infant morn to aged night.

DUCHESS OF YORK

So many miseries have crazed^o my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

QUEEN MARGARET [Aside.]

Plantagenet doth quit^o Plantagenet, 20
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

IV.iii.2 arch extreme 5 piece masterpiece; ruthless piteous
6 fleshed experienced 18 replenishèd complete 19 prime
first 21 They which they 26 Beget cause 31 aftersupper
late supper 32 process story 38 Abraham's bosom paradise
40 for because; Britain Breton

42 knot marriage tie 50 rash-levied hastily raised 51 fear-
ful commenting timorous meditating 53 beggary bankruptcy
54 expedition speed
IV.iv.5 induction opening scene 6 consequence following
part 10 unblown unblossomed 17 crazed cracked 20 quit
make up for

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

QUEEN MARGARET [*Aside.*]

When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

25

DUCHESS OF YORK

Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life
usurped,

Brief abstract° and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sits down.*]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

30

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Ah that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

[*Sits down by her.*]

QUEEN MARGARET [*Comes forward.*]

If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniory°
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.°
If sorrow can admit society,

[*Sits down with them.*]

Tell° o'er your woes again by viewing mine.

I had an Edward, till a Richard killed him;

40

I had a husband, till a Richard killed him.

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard killed him;

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard killed him.

DUCHESS OF YORK

I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st° to kill him.

45

QUEEN MARGARET

Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard killed him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hellhound that doth hunt us all to death.

That dog that had his teeth before his eyes

To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,

50

That foul defacer of God's handiwork,

That excellent grand° tyrant of the earth

That reigns in gallèd° eyes of weeping souls,

Thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves.

O upright, just, and true-disposing° God,

55

How do I thank thee that this carnal° cur

Preys on the issue of his mother's body

And makes her pewfellow° with others' moan!

DUCHESS OF YORK

O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!

God witness with me I have wept for thine.

60

QUEEN MARGARET

Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that killed my Edward;

Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;

Young York he is but boot,° because both they

65

Matched not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy Clarence he is dead that stabbed my Edward,

And the beholders of this frantic play,

Th' adulterate° Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,

Untimely smothered in their dusky graves.

70

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,°

Only reserved their factor° to buy souls

And send them thither. But at hand, at hand,

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end.

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,

75

To have him suddenly conveyed from hence.

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray.

That I may live and say, "The dog is dead."

QUEEN ELIZABETH

O, thou didst prophesy the time would come

That I should wish for thee to help me curse

80

That bottled spider, that foul bunch-backed toad!

QUEEN MARGARET

I called thee then vain flourish of my fortune;

I called thee then poor shadow, painted queen,

The presentation of but° what I was,

The flattering index° of a direful pageant,°

85

One heaved a-high° to be hurled down below,

A mother only mocked with two fair babes,

A dream of what thou wast, a garish° flag

To be the aim of every dangerous shot,

A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble,

90

A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now? Where be thy brothers?

Where be thy two sons? Wherein dost thou joy?

Who sues and kneels and says, "God save the queen"?

Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?

95

Where be the thronging troops that followèd thee?

Decline° all this, and see what now thou art:

For happy wife, a most distressèd widow;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name;

For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;

100

For queen, a very caitiff° crowned with care;

For she that scorned at me, now scorned of me;

For she being feared of all, now fearing one;

For she commanding all, obeyed of none.

Thus hath the course of justice whirled about

105

And left thee but a very prey to time,

Having no more but thought of what thou wast

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not

Usurp the just proportion° of my sorrow?

110

Now thy proud neck bears half my burdened yoke,

From which even here I slip my wearied head

And leave the burden of it all on thee.

Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance!

These English woes shall make me smile in France.

115

QUEEN ELIZABETH

O thou well skilled in curses, stay awhile

And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

65 but boot only a makeweight 69 adulterate adulterous
71 intelligencer secret agent 72 Only . . . factor kept alive
merely as agent for the powers of hell 84 presentation of
but image only of 85 flattering index deceptive prologue;
pageant stage show 86 a-high on high 88 garish showy
97 Decline recite in order 101 very caitiff truly unhappy
wretch 110 just proportion exact extent

28 abstract summary 36 seniory seniority 37 on . . .
hand above all others 39 Tell count 45 holp'st helpedst
52 excellent grand surpassingly chief 53 gallèd sore from
rubbing 55 true-disposing justly ordaining 56 carnal
carnivorous 58 pewfellow companion

QUEEN MARGARET

Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days;
 Compare dead happiness with living woe;
 Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were 120
 And he that slew them fouler than he is.
 Bett'ring° thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
 Revolving° this will teach thee how to curse.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

My words are dull; O, quicken° them with thine!

QUEEN MARGARET

Thy woes will make them sharp and pierce like mine. 125
Exit [QUEEN] MARGARET.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Why should calamity be full of words?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Windy attorneys to their client's woes,°
 Airy succeeders of intestate joys,°
 Poor breathing orators of miseries,
 Let them have scope! Though what they will impart 130
 Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

DUCHESS OF YORK

If so, then be not tongue-tied. Go with me
 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
 My damnèd son that thy two sweet sons smothered.
 The trumpet sounds. Be copious in exclams. 135

*Enter KING RICHARD and his TRAIN, [marching with
 drums and trumpets].*

KING RICHARD

Who intercepts me in my expedition?°

DUCHESS OF YORK

O, she that might have intercepted thee,
 By strangling thee in her accursèd womb,
 From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown 140
 Where should be branded, if that right were right,
 The slaughter of the prince that owed° that crown
 And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
 Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

DUCHESS OF YORK

Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence? 145
 And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

DUCHESS OF YORK

Where is kind Hastings?

KING RICHARD

A flourish, trumpets! Strike alarum, drums!
 Let not the heavens hear these telltale women 150
 Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!

Flourish. Alarums.

Either be patient and entreat me fair,°
 Or with the clamorous report of war
 Thus will I drown your exclamations.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Art thou my son? 155

122 Bett'ring magnifying 123 Revolving meditating on
 124 quicken give life to 127 attorneys . . . woes spokesmen
 for the griefs of the one who employs them (i.e., words) 128
 succeeders . . . joys successors of joys which died without
 leaving a will 136 expedition (1) campaign (2) haste 142
 owed owned 152 entreat me fair treat me courteously

KING RICHARD

Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Then patiently hear my impatience.

KING RICHARD

Madam, I have a touch of your condition°
 That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

DUCHESS OF YORK

O, let me speak!

KING RICHARD Do then; but I'll not hear. 160

DUCHESS OF YORK

I will be mild and gentle in my words.

KING RICHARD

And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Art thou so hasty? I have stayed° for thee,
 God knows, in torment and in agony.

KING RICHARD

And came I not at last to comfort you? 165

DUCHESS OF YORK

No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
 Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
 A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
 Tetchy° and wayward was thy infancy;
 Thy schooldays frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious; 170
 Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;
 Thy age confirmed,° proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
 More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred.
 What comfortable hour canst thou name
 That ever graced me with thy company? 175

KING RICHARD

Faith, none but Humphrey Hour,° that called your
 grace

To breakfast once forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious° in your eye,

Let me march on and not offend you, madam.

Strike up the drum.

DUCHESS OF YORK I prithee hear me speak. 180

KING RICHARD

You speak too bitterly.

DUCHESS OF YORK Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

KING RICHARD

So.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance
 Ere from this war thou turn° a conqueror, 185
 Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish
 And never more behold thy face again.
 Therefore take with thee my most grievous curse,
 Which in the day of battle tire thee more
 Than all the complete armor that thou wear'st! 190
 My prayers on the adverse party fight!
 And there the little souls of Edward's children
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies
 And promise them success and victory!
 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end; 195
 Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

158 condition disposition 163 stayed waited 169 Tetchy
 fretful 172 age confirmed maturity 176 Humphrey
 Hour apparently the name of a man, chosen for the play on
 "comfortable hour" 178 disgracious displeasing 185 turn
 return

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me. I say amen to her.

KING RICHARD

Stay, madam; I must talk a word with you.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

I have no moe^o sons of the royal blood
For thee to slaughter. For my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level^o not to hit their lives.

KING RICHARD

You have a daughter called Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners,^o stain her beauty,
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy;
So she may live unscarred of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

KING RICHARD

Wrong not her birth; she is a royal princess.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

KING RICHARD

Her life is safest only in her birth.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

And only in that safety died her brothers.

KING RICHARD

Lo, at their birth good stars were opposite.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

KING RICHARD

All unavoi^oded^o is the doom^o of destiny.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

True, when avoided grace^o makes destiny.
My babes were destined to a fairer death
If grace had blessed thee with a fairer life.

KING RICHARD

You speak as if that I had slain my cousins!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Cousins indeed, and by their uncle cozened^o
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirectly^o) gave direction.
No doubt the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use^o of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchored in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desp'rate bay of death,
Like a poor bark of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

KING RICHARD

Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success^o of bloody wars

As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you and yours by me were harmed!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

What good is covered with the face of heaven,
To be discovered, that can do me good?

240

KING RICHARD

200 Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads!

KING RICHARD

Unto the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type^o of this earth's glory.

245

205 QUEEN ELIZABETH

Flatter my sorrow with report of it.
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honor
Canst thou demise^o to any child of mine?

KING RICHARD

210 Even all I have—ay, and myself and all
Will I withal^o endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe^o of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

250

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Be brief, lest that the process^o of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.^o

255

KING RICHARD

Then know that from my soul I love thy daughter.

215 QUEEN ELIZABETH

My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

KING RICHARD

What do you think?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

That thou dost love my daughter from^o thy soul.
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers,
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

260

KING RICHARD

220 Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.
I mean that with my soul I love thy daughter
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

265

KING RICHARD

Even he that makes her queen. Who else should be?

225 QUEEN ELIZABETH

What, thou?

KING RICHARD

Even so. How think you of it?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

How canst thou woo her?

230 KING RICHARD

That would I learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humor.^o

QUEEN ELIZABETH

And wilt thou learn of me?

KING RICHARD

Madam, with all my heart.

270

235 QUEEN ELIZABETH

Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
"Edward" and "York." Then haply will she weep;
Therefore present to her—as sometimes^o Margaret
Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland's blood—

275

200 moe more (in number) 203 level aim 207 manners
habits 218 unavoi^oded inevitable; doom decree 219 avoided
grace the rejection of God's grace (by Richard) 223 cozened
defrauded 226 indirectly underhandedly 230 still use
continued habit 237 success result

245 type symbol 248 demise convey legally 250 withal
with 251 Lethe river of oblivion 254 process story 255
date duration 259 from apart from (i.e., not with) 269
humor disposition 274 sometimes once

A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain
 The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
 And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.^o
 If this inducement move her not to love,
 Send her a letter of thy noble deeds:
 Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
 Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her sake
 Mad'st quick conveyance^o with her good aunt Anne.

KING RICHARD

You mock me, madam; this is not the way
 To win your daughter.

QUEEN ELIZABETH There is no other way,
 Unless thou couldst put on some other shape
 And not be Richard that hath done all this.

KING RICHARD

Say that I did all this for love of her.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
 Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.^o

KING RICHARD

Look what^o is done cannot be now amended.
 Men shall deal unadvisedly^o sometimes,
 Which afterhours gives leisure to repent.
 If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
 To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.
 If I have killed the issue of your womb,
 To quicken your increase^o I will beget
 Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
 A grandam's name is little less in love
 Than is the doting title of a mother;
 They are as children but one step below,
 Even of your metal,^o of your very blood,
 Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
 Endured of^o her for whom you bid^o like sorrow.
 Your children were vexation to your youth,
 But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
 The loss you have is but a son being king,
 And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
 I cannot make you what amends I would;
 Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
 Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
 Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
 This fair alliance^o quickly shall call home
 To high promotions and great dignity.
 The king that calls your beauteous daughter wife
 Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother.
 Again shall you be mother to a king,
 And all the ruins of distressful times
 Repaired with double riches of content.
 What! We have many goodly days to see.
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
 Shall come again, transformed to orient^o pearl,
 Advantaging their loan with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale.

280

285

290

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325

Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
 Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys.
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull-brained Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
 To whom I will retail^o my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar.

330

335

QUEEN ELIZABETH

What were I best to say? Her father's brother
 Would be her lord? Or shall I say her uncle?
 Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
 Under what title shall I woo for thee
 That God, the law, my honor, and her love
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

340

KING RICHARD

Infer^o fair England's peace by this alliance.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Which she shall purchase with still-lasting war.

KING RICHARD

Tell her the king, that may command, entreats.

345

QUEEN ELIZABETH

That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

KING RICHARD

Say she shall be a high and mighty queen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

To wail the title, as her mother doth.

KING RICHARD

Say I will love her everlastingly.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

But how long shall that title "ever" last?

350

KING RICHARD

Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

KING RICHARD

As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

As long as hell and Richard likes of it.

KING RICHARD

Say I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

355

QUEEN ELIZABETH

But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

KING RICHARD

Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

An honest tale speeds best being^o plainly told.

KING RICHARD

Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Plain and not honest is too harsh^o a style.

360

KING RICHARD

Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

KING RICHARD

Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

278 withal with (it) 283 conveyance (1) carrying off (2) underhand dealing 290 spoil destruction 291 Look what whatever 292 shall deal unadvisedly are bound to act thoughtlessly 297 quicken your increase give life to your offspring 302 metal substance 304 of by; bid suffered 313 alliance marriage 322 orient shining

335 retail recount 343 Infer bring forward as an argument 358 speeds best being succeeds best when it is 360 harsh discordant

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Harp on it still shall I till heartstrings break. 365

KING RICHARD

Now, by my George, my garter,^o and my crown—

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Profaned, dishonored, and the third usurped.

KING RICHARD

I swear—

QUEEN ELIZABETH By nothing, for this is no oath:

Thy George, profaned, hath lost his lordly honor;

Thy garter, blemished, pawned his knightly virtue; 370

Thy crown, usurped, disgraced his kingly glory.

If something thou wouldst swear to be believed,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wronged.

KING RICHARD

Then by myself—

QUEEN ELIZABETH Thyself is self-misused.

KING RICHARD

Now by the world—

QUEEN ELIZABETH 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs. 375

KING RICHARD

My father's death—

QUEEN ELIZABETH Thy life hath it dishonored.

KING RICHARD

Why then, by God—

QUEEN ELIZABETH God's wrong is most of all.

If thou didst fear to break an oath with him,

The unity the king my husband made

Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died. 380

If thou hadst feared to break an oath by him,

Th' imperial metal circling now thy head

Had graced the tender temples of my child,

And both the princes had been breathing here,

Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust, 385

Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.

What canst thou swear by now?

KING RICHARD

The time to come.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;

For I myself have many tears to wash

Hereafter^o time, for time past wronged by thee. 390

The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughtered,

Ungoverned^o youth, to wail it in their age;

The parents live whose children thou hast butchered,

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.

Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast 395

Misused ere used, by times ill-used o'erpast.

KING RICHARD

As I intend to prosper and repent,

So thrive I in my dangerous affairs

Of hostile arms! Myself myself confound!^o

Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!

Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest!

Be opposite all planets of good luck

To my proceeding if, with dear heart's love,

Inmaculate devotion, holy thoughts,

I tender^o not thy beauteous princely daughter!

In her consists my happiness and thine;

Without her, follows to myself and thee,

Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,

Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.

It cannot be avoided but by this; 410

It will not be avoided but by this.

Therefore, dear mother—I must call you so—

Be the attorney of my love to her.

Plead what I will be, not what I have been;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve. 415

Urge the necessity and state of times,^o

And be not peevish-fond^o in great designs.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

KING RICHARD

Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Shall I forget myself to be myself?^o 420

KING RICHARD

Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Yet thou didst kill my children.

KING RICHARD

But in your daughter's womb I'll bury them,

Where in that nest of spicery^o they will breed

Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.^o 425

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

KING RICHARD

And be a happy mother by the deed.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

I go. Write to me very shortly,

And you shall understand from me her mind.

KING RICHARD

Bear her my truelove's kiss; and so farewell. 430

Exit QUEEN [ELIZABETH].

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter RATCLIFFE, [CATESBY following].

How now! What news?

RATCLIFFE

Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast

Rideth a puissant^o navy; to our shores

Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends, 435

Unarmed, and unresolved^o to beat them back.

'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;

And there they hull,^o expecting^o but the aid

Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

KING RICHARD

Some lightfoot friend post^o to the Duke of Norfolk: 440

Ratcliffe, thyself—or Catesby; where is he?

CATESBY

Here, my good lord.

400 KING RICHARD Catesby, fly to the duke.

CATESBY

I will, my lord, with all convenient^o haste.

KING RICHARD

Ratcliffe, come hither. Post to Salisbury.

405 416 state of times condition of affairs 417 peevish-fond

obstinately foolish 420 myself . . . myself that I am I

424 nest of spicery alludes to the nest of the phoenix, a bird

that periodically returned to its fragrant nest, where it was

consumed in flame and arose renewed 425 recomforture

consolation 434 puissant powerful 436 unresolved

irresolute 438 hull drift with the wind; expecting awaiting

440 post hasten 443 convenient appropriate

366 George . . . garter insignia of the Order of the Garter (a figure of Saint George and a velvet ribbon) 390 Hereafter future 392 Ungoverned unguided 399 confound ruin 405 tender look after tenderly

When thou com'st thither—[*To CATESBY.*] Dull un-
mindful villain,

Why stay'st thou here and go'st not to the duke?

CATESBY

First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

KING RICHARD

O, true, good Catesby. Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

CATESBY

I go. *Exit.*

RATCLIFFE

What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

KING RICHARD

Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

RATCLIFFE

Your highness told me I should post before.

KING RICHARD

My mind is changed.

Enter Lord STANLEY [Earl of Derby].

Stanley, what news with you?

STANLEY

None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

KING RICHARD

Hoyday, a riddle! Neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about
When thou mayest tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

STANLEY

Richmond is on the seas.

KING RICHARD

There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-livered runagate,^o what doth he there?

STANLEY

I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

KING RICHARD

Well, as you guess?

STANLEY

Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

KING RICHARD

Is the chair empty? Is the sword unswayed?
Is the king dead, the empire unpossessed?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

STANLEY

Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

KING RICHARD

Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.

STANLEY

No, my good lord; therefore mistrust me not.

KING RICHARD

Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

STANLEY

No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

KING RICHARD

Cold friends to me! What do they in the north
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

STANLEY

They have not been commanded, mighty king.
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.

KING RICHARD

Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond.
But I'll not trust thee.

STANLEY

Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.
I never was nor never will be false.

KING RICHARD

Go then and muster men; but leave behind
Your son George Stanley. Look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance^o is but frail.

STANLEY

So deal with him as I prove true to you.

Exit STANLEY.

Enter a MESSENGER.

FIRST MESSENGER

My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,^o
Sir Edward Courtney and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another MESSENGER.

SECOND MESSENGER

In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms,
And every hour more competitors^o
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another MESSENGER.

THIRD MESSENGER

My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

KING RICHARD

Out on ye, owls! Nothing but songs of death?

He striketh him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

THIRD MESSENGER

The news I have to tell your majesty
Is that by sudden floods and fall of waters
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scattered,
And he himself wand'ring away alone,
No man knows whither.

I cry thee mercy.

There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaimed
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

THIRD MESSENGER

Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter another MESSENGER.

FOURTH MESSENGER

Sir Thomas Lovell and Lord Marquis Dorset,

496 assurance security 499 advertised informed 504
competitors associates

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
 But this good comfort bring I to your highness: 520
 The Britain° navy is dispersed by tempest.
 Richmond in Dorsetshire sent out a boat
 Unto the shore to ask those on the banks
 If they were his assistants, yea or no;
 Who answered him they came from Buckingham 525
 Upon his party. He, mistrusting them,
 Hoised° sail and made his course again for Britain.°

KING RICHARD

March on, march on, since we are up in arms,
 If not to fight with foreign enemies,
 Yet to beat down these rebels here at home. 530

Enter CATESBY.

CATESBY

My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken.
 That is the best news. That the Earl of Richmond
 Is with a mighty power landed at Milford
 Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

KING RICHARD

Away towards Salisbury! While we reason here, 535
 A royal battle might be won and lost.
 Someone take order Buckingham be brought
 To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Scene [V. Lord Stanley's house.]

Enter [Lord STANLEY Earl of] Derby, and Sir
 CHRISTOPHER [Urswick, a chaplain].

STANLEY

Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:
 That in the sty of the most deadly boar
 My son George Stanley is franked up in hold;°
 If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
 The fear of that holds off my present aid. 5
 So get thee gone; commend me to thy lord.
 Withal say that the queen hath heartily consented
 He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
 But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

CHRISTOPHER

At Pembroke or at Harfordwest° in Wales. 10

STANLEY

What men of name resort to him?

CHRISTOPHER

Sir Walter Herbert, a renownèd soldier,
 Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
 Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
 And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew, 15
 And many other of great name and worth;
 And towards London do they bend their power,
 If by the way they be not fought withal.

STANLEY

Well, hie thee to thy lord. I kiss his hand;
 My letter will resolve° him of my mind. 20

[Gives letter.]

Farewell.

Exeunt.

A C T V

Scene I. [Salisbury. An open place.]

Enter BUCKINGHAM with [SHERIFF and] HALBERDS,°
 led to execution.

BUCKINGHAM

Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

SHERIFF

No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

BUCKINGHAM

Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey and Rivers,
 Holy King Henry and thy fair son Edward,
 Vaughan, and all that have miscarrièd 5
 By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
 If that your moody discontented souls
 Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
 Even for revenge mock my destruction!
 This is All Souls' Day, fellow, is it not? 10

SHERIFF

It is, my lord.

BUCKINGHAM

Why, then All Souls' Day is my body's doomsday.
 This is the day which in King Edward's time
 I wished might fall on me when I was found
 False to his children and his wife's allies. 15

This is the day wherein I wished to fall
 By the false faith of him whom most I trusted.

This, this All Souls' Day to my fearful soul
 Is the determined respite of my wrongs.°

That high All-seer which I dallied with 20

Hath turned my feignèd prayer on my head
 And given in earnest what I begged in jest.

Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men

To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms.

Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck: 25

"When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with
 sorrow,

Remember Margaret was a prophetess."

Come lead me, officers, to the block of shame;

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Exeunt BUCKINGHAM with OFFICERS.

Scene II. [Camp near Tamworth.]

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, HERBERT, and
 others, with drum and colors.

RICHMOND

Fellows in arms and my most loving friends,
 Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,

Thus far into the bowels° of the land 15

Have we marched on without impediment;

And here receive we from our father Stanley 5

Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.

The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,

That spoiled your summer fields and fruitful vines,

Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his
 trough

521 Britain Breton 527 Hoised hoisted; Britain Brittany
 IV.v.3 franked . . . hold penned up in custody (frank = sty)
 10 Harfordwest Haverfordwest 20 resolve inform

V.i.s.d. halberds guards armed with long poleaxes 19
 determined . . . wrongs end of reprieve for my unjust acts
 V.ii.3 bowels center

In your emboweled° bosoms, this foul swine
Is now even in the center of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn.
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

OXFORD

Every man's conscience is a thousand men
To fight against this guilty homicide.

HERBERT

I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

BLUNT

He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

RICHMOND

All for our vantage. Then in God's name march!
True hope is swift and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Exeunt omnes.

[Scene III. Bosworth Field.]

Enter KING RICHARD in arms, with NORFOLK, RATCLIFFE, and the Earl of SURREY, [and SOLDIERS].

KING RICHARD

Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

SURREY

My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

KING RICHARD

My Lord of Norfolk!

NORFOLK

Here, most gracious liege.

KING RICHARD

Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha, must we not?

NORFOLK

We must both give and take, my loving lord.

KING RICHARD

Up with my tent! Here will I lie tonight;

[SOLDIERS begin to set up the king's tent.]

But where tomorrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

NORFOLK

Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

KING RICHARD

Why, our battalia° trebles that account;
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.°

Up with the tent! Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground.

Call for some men of sound direction.°

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay,

For, lords, tomorrow is a busy day.

Exeunt.

Enter RICHMOND, Sir William BRANDON, OXFORD, and DORSET, [HERBERT, and BLUNT].

RICHMOND

The weary sun hath made a golden set

10 emboweled ripped up

V.iii.11 battalia army 13 want lack 16 direction ability to give orders

10

And by the bright tract° of his fiery car°
Gives token of a goodly day tomorrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent.

15

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit° each leader to his several charge,

25

And part in just proportion our small power.

My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,

And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.

The Earl of Pembroke keeps° his regiment;

Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,

30

And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent.

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me:

Where is Lord Stanley quartered, do you know?

BLUNT

Unless I have mista'en his colors much,

35

Which well I am assured I have not done,

His regiment lies half a mile at least

South from the mighty power of the king.

RICHMOND

If without peril it be possible,

Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him

40

And give him from me this most needful note.

BLUNT

Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;

And so God give you quiet rest tonight!

RICHMOND

Good night, good Captain Blunt. [Exit BLUNT.]

Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon tomorrow's business.

45

Into my tent; the dew is raw and cold.

They withdraw into the tent.

Enter, [to his tent, KING] RICHARD, RATCLIFFE, NORFOLK, and CATESBY.

KING RICHARD

What is't o'clock?

CATESBY It's suppertime, my lord;

It's nine o'clock.

KING RICHARD I will not sup tonight.

Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver° easier than it was?

50

And all my armor laid into my tent?

CATESBY

It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

10

KING RICHARD

Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

NORFOLK

I go, my lord.

55

KING RICHARD

Stir with the lark tomorrow, gentle Norfolk.

15

NORFOLK

I warrant you, my lord.

Exit.

KING RICHARD

Catesby!

CATESBY

My lord?

KING RICHARD Send out a pursuivant-at-arms°

20 tract track; car chariot 25 Limit assign 29 keeps stays with 50 beaver face guard of a helmet 59 pursuivant-at-arms minor herald

To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power 60
 Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
 Into the blind cave of eternal night. [*Exit CATESBY.*]
 Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.^o
 Saddle white Surrey^o for the field tomorrow.
 Look that my staves^o be sound and not too heavy. 65
 Ratcliffe!

RATCLIFFE

My lord?

KING RICHARD

Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

RATCLIFFE

Thomas the Earl of Surrey and himself,
 Much about cockshut time,^o from troop to troop 70
 Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

KING RICHARD

So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine.
 I have not that alacrity of spirit
 Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have.

[*Wine brought.*]

Set it down. Is ink and paper ready? 75

RATCLIFFE

It is, my lord.

KING RICHARD

Bid my guard watch. Leave me. Ratcliffe,
 About the mid of night come to my tent
 And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

Exit RATCLIFFE. [KING RICHARD sleeps.]

*Enter [STANLEY Earl of] Derby, to RICHMOND in his
 tent, [LORDS and GENTLEMEN attending].*

STANLEY

Fortune and victory sit on thy helm! 80

RICHMOND

All comfort that the dark night can afford
 Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
 Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

STANLEY

I by attorney bless thee from thy mother,
 Who prays continually for Richmond's good. 85
 So much for that. The silent hours steal on
 And flaky^o darkness breaks within the east.
 In brief, for so the season^o bids us be,
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrament 90
 Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring^o war.
 I, as I may—that which I would I cannot—
 With best advantage^o will deceive the time^o
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.
 But on thy side I may not be too forward, 95
 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
 Be executed in his father's sight.
 Farewell; the leisure^o and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse 100
 Which so long sund'red friends should dwell
 upon.

God give us leisure for these rites of love!
 Once more adieu; be valiant, and speed well.

RICHMOND

Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.
 I'll strive with^o troubled thoughts to take a nap, 105
 Lest leaden slumber peise^o me down tomorrow
 When I should mount with wings of victory.
 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

Exeunt. Manet RICHMOND.

O thou whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye! 110
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in the victory! 115
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul
 Ere I let fall the windows^o of mine eyes.
 Sleeping and waking, O defend me still!
Sleeps.

*Enter the GHOST of Prince Edward, son to Henry the
 Sixth.*

GHOST (*To RICHARD.*)

Let me sit heavy on thy soul tomorrow!
 Think how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth 120
 At Tewkesbury. Despair therefor^o and die!

(*To RICHMOND.*)

Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wrongèd souls
 Of butchered princes fight in thy behalf.
 King Henry's issue,^o Richmond, comforts thee.

[*Exit.*]

Enter the GHOST of Henry the Sixth.

GHOST (*To RICHARD.*)

When I was mortal, my anointed body 125
 By thee was punchèd full of deadly holes.
 Think on the Tower and me. Despair and die!
 Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!

(*To RICHMOND.*)

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
 Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king, 130
 Doth comfort thee in thy sleep. Live and flourish!

[*Exit.*]

Enter the GHOST of Clarence.

GHOST [*To RICHARD.*]

Let me sit heavy in thy soul tomorrow,
 I that was washed to death with fulsome wine,
 Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death. 135
 Tomorrow in the battle think on me,
 And fall^o thy edgeless sword. Despair and die!

(*To RICHMOND.*)

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
 The wrongèd heirs of York do pray for thee.
 Good angels guard thy battle! Live and flourish!

[*Exit.*]

105 with against 106 peise weigh 117 windows eyelids
 121 therefor because of that 124 issue offspring 136 fall
 let fall

63 watch timepiece 64 Surrey the name of a horse 65
 staves lances 70 cockshut time twilight 87 flaky streaked
 with light 88 season time 91 mortal-staring fatally glaring
 93 advantage opportunity; the time the people of this time
 98 leisure time available

Enter the ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN.

RIVERS [*To RICHARD.*]

Let me sit heavy in thy soul tomorrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair and die!

GREY

Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

VAUGHAN

Think upon Vaughan and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!

ALL (*To RICHMOND.*)

Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him! Awake, and win the day!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the GHOST of Hastings.

GHOST [*To RICHARD.*]

Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings. Despair and die!

(*To RICHMOND.*)

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer for fair England's sake!

[*Exit.*]

Enter the GHOSTS of the two young princes.

GHOSTS (*To RICHARD.*)

Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower.
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death.
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!

(*To RICHMOND.*)

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace and wake in joy.
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!^o
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the GHOST of Lady Anne his wife.

GHOST (*To RICHARD.*)

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations.
Tomorrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair and die!

(*To RICHMOND.*)

Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep.
Dream of success and happy victory!
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

[*Exit.*]

Enter the GHOST of Buckingham.

GHOST (*To RICHARD.*)

The first was I that helped thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!

(*To RICHMOND.*)

157 annoy disturbance

I died for hope^o ere I could lend thee aid;
But cheer thy heart and be thou not dismayed. 175
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side,
And Richard falls in height of all his pride. [*Exit.*]

RICHARD *starteth up out of a dream.*

KING RICHARD

Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Jesu! Soft! I did but dream. 180
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by.
Richard loves Richard: that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am. 185
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why!
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O no! Alas, I rather hate myself 190
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain. Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well. Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several^o tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale, 195
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury in the highest degree,
Murder, stern murder in the direst degree,
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, "Guilty! Guilty!" 200
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul will pity me.
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered 205
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
Tomorrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFFE.

RATCLIFFE

My lord!

KING RICHARD

Zounds, who is there?

RATCLIFFE

Ratcliffe, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock 210
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.
Your friends are up and buckle on their armor.

KING RICHARD

O Ratcliffe, I have dreamed a fearful dream!
What think'st thou, will our friends prove all true?

RATCLIFFE

No doubt, my lord.

KING RICHARD

O Ratcliffe, I fear, I fear!

215

RATCLIFFE

Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

KING RICHARD

By the apostle Paul, shadows tonight 170
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armèd in proof^o and led by shallow Richmond. 220

174 for hope because of hope (to help) 194 several separate
220 proof tested armor

'Tis not yet near day. Come, go with me.
Under our tents I'll play the easesdropper°
To see if any mean to shrink from me.

Exeunt RICHARD and RATCLIFFE.

Enter the LORDS *to* RICHMOND *sitting in his tent.*

LORDS

Good morrow, Richmond.

RICHMOND

Cry mercy,° lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

LORDS

How have you slept, my lord?

RICHMOND

The sweetest sleep and fairest-boding dreams
That ever ent' red in a drowsy head
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls whose bodies Richard mur-
dered

Came to my tent and cried° on victory.

I promise you my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

LORDS

Upon the stroke of four.

RICHMOND

Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

His oration to his soldiers.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon; yet remember this:
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wrongèd souls,
Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? Truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One raised in blood and one in blood established;
One that made means° to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the means to help
him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil°
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward° you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat° shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quits° it in your age.
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom° of my bold attempt

Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

270

[Exeunt.]

Enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFFE, and *[SOLDIERS].*

KING RICHARD

225

What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

RATCLIFFE

That he was never trained up in arms.

KING RICHARD

He said the truth; and what said Surrey then?

RATCLIFFE

He smiled and said, "The better for our purpose."

275

KING RICHARD

He was in the right, and so indeed it is.

The clock striketh.

Tell° the clock there. Give me a calendar.

Who saw the sun today?

235

RATCLIFFE

Not I, my lord.

KING RICHARD

Then he disdains to shine; for by the book

He should have braved° the east an hour ago.

280

A black day will it be to somebody.

Ratcliffe!

RATCLIFFE

My lord?

240

KING RICHARD The sun will not be seen today;

The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

I would these dewy tears were from the ground.

285

Not shine today! Why, what is that to me

More than to Richmond? For the selfsame heaven

245

That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

NORFOLK

Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

KING RICHARD

Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.

290

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be orderèd:

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,

255

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

295

Our archers shall be placèd in the midst;

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed,° we will follow

In the main battle, whose puissance° on either side

300

Shall be well wingèd with our chiefest horse.

This, and Saint George to boot!° What think'st thou,

Norfolk?

NORFOLK

A good direction, warlike sovereign.

This found I on my tent this morning.

He showeth him a paper.

222 easesdropper eavesdropper 225 Cry mercy (I) beg pardon
232 cried called aloud 249 made means contrived ways
251 foil setting for a gem 255 ward protect 259 fat
abundance 263 quits repays 266 the ransom the price paid
(if defeated)

277 Tell count 280 braved made glorious 299 directed
arranged 300 puissance power 302 to boot to our help

"Jockey° of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."°

KING RICHARD

A thing devisèd by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge.
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law!
March on, join bravely, let us to it pell-mell,
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his army.

What shall I say more than I have inferred?
Remember whom you are to cope withal,
A sort° of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Britains and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'erloydèd country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would distrai° the one, distain° the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Britain° at our mother's cost,
A milksop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famished beggars, weary of their lives,
Who, but for dreaming on this fond° exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hanged themselves.
If we be conquerèd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Britains, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobbed, and thumped, 335
And in record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? Lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? (*Drum afar off.*) Hark! I hear
their drum.
Fight, gentlemen of England! Fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head! 340
Spur your proud horses hard and ride in blood!
Amaze the welkin° with your broken staves!

Enter a MESSENGER.

What says Lord Stanley? Will he bring his power?

MESSENGER

My lord, he doth deny to come.

KING RICHARD

Off with his son George's head!

NORFOLK

My lord, the enemy is past the marsh.
After the battle let George Stanley die.

KING RICHARD

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our standards, set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George, 350
Inspire us with the spleen° of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV. *Bosworth Field.*]

Alarum; excursions.° *Enter* CATESBY [*and* NORFOLK].

CATESBY

Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite° to every danger.
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death. 5
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarums. Enter [KING] RICHARD.

KING RICHARD

315 A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

CATESBY

Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

KING RICHARD

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,°
And I will stand the hazard° of the die. 10
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain today instead of him.
A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*]

[Scene V. *Bosworth Field.*]

330 *Alarum. Enter* [KING] RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *they fight; RICHARD is slain. Retreat° and flourish. Enter RICHMOND, [STANLEY Earl of] Derby, bearing the crown, with divers other LORDS.*

RICHMOND

God and your arms be praised, victorious friends!
The day is ours; the bloody dog is dead.

STANLEY

Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here this long-usurpèd royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch 5
Have I plucked off, to grace thy brows withal.
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

RICHMOND

Great God of Heaven, say amen to all!
But tell me, is young Stanley living?

STANLEY

He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town, 10
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

RICHMOND

345 What men of name° are slain on either side?

STANLEY

John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

RICHMOND

Inter their bodies as become their births. 15
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,°
We will unite the White Rose and the Red.

305 **Jockey** nickname for John 306 **bought and sold**
betrayed for a bribe 317 **sort** set 323 **distrain** confiscate;
distain dishonor 325 **Britain** Brittany 331 **fond** foolish
342 **welkin** sky 351 **spleen** fierce spirit

V.iv.s.d. excursions sallies 3 **opposite** opponent 9 **cast**
throw (of dice) 10 **hazard** chance
V.v.s.d. Retreat trumpet signal to recall troops 12 **name**
high rank 18 **ta'en the sacrament** taken a solemn oath
(to marry Elizabeth when he won the crown)

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,^o
 That long have frowned upon their enmity!
 What traitor hears me and says not amen?
 England hath long been mad and scarred herself;
 The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
 The father rashly slaughtered his own son,
 The son, compelled, been butcher to the sire.
 All this divided York and Lancaster,
 Divided in their dire division,
 O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
 The true succeeders of each royal house,

20 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
 And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
 Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
 With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
 Abate the edge^o of traitors, gracious Lord, 35
 25 That would reduce^o these bloody days again
 And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
 Let them not live to taste this land's increase
 That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
 Now civil wounds are stopped, peace lives again; 40
 30 That she may long live here, God say amen! *Exeunt.*

20 **conjunction** joining in marriage

35 **Abate the edge** blunt the sharp point 36 **reduce** bring back

THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

EDITED BY SYLVAN BARNET

Introduction

Titus Andronicus has had few admirers and numerous detractors. T. S. Eliot states the detractors' case as directly as any: *Titus* is "one of the stupidest and most uninspired plays ever written, a play in which it is incredible that Shakespeare had any hand at all, a play in which the best passages would be too highly honored by the signature of Peele." Unlike Eliot's notably original view that *Hamlet* "so far from being Shakespeare's masterpiece . . . is most certainly an artistic failure," his remark on *Titus* is a commonplace: Dr. Johnson, Hazlitt, Coleridge, and the editor of the Yale edition denied Shakespeare's authorship of most of the play; the editor of the New Cambridge edition gives much of it to Peele and saves some of the Shakespearean passages only by the desperate expedient of claiming that they are not really bad but are a clever burlesque of bad writing.

The idea that *Titus* may not be entirely Shakespeare's is at least as old as 1687, when Thomas Ravenscroft, who had recently given the stage his adaptation of the play, recorded that he had been told that Shakespeare "only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters." But the evidence that Shakespeare wrote *Titus* is weighty. In 1598 Francis Meres listed it as one of Shakespeare's plays, and in 1623 Heminges and Condell, who had acted with Shakespeare for some twenty years, included *Titus* in the Folio collection of his plays. However displeased we may be by part or all of *Titus*, there is no evidence that it is not his.

There are, of course, some inconsistencies that have been offered as proof that Shakespeare was revising an older play. We are told in II.iii.86 that Tamora's infidelity to the emperor has "made him noted [notorious] long," although Tamora and the emperor have been married only one night. But such an inconsistency proves no more about dual authorship than the similar treatment of time in *Othello*, or the apparently contradictory remarks about Macbeth's children. More serious is the shift of the villain's role from Tamora to Aaron, but again it does not prove that Shakespeare is revising an earlier play; probably he found the Moor Aaron coming to life as he worked on him, and Tamora simply fell into the background until the last act, when her part is stronger.

There is no sense trying to dissociate Shakespeare from *Titus*; all the available evidence insists that it is canonical. But neither is there any sense in emphasizing, as has recently been done, its connection with Shakespeare's early historical plays or with his later Roman tragedies. A good deal has been written about the Elizabethan history play as a dramatized sermon on the wounds of civil war, a sermon of special interest to Englishmen whose monarch was an aging and heirless queen. The later Roman plays, too, are seen to have political subjects. It is true, of course, that *Julius Caesar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus* are all concerned in part with civil war, but it is hard to believe that while witnessing a performance of, say, *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakespeare's audience fretted about the possibility that England would find itself the battlefield of triumvirs; rather it must have been watching with interest a story in which political themes are subordinated to the doings of a "lass unparalleled" and a general who becomes "the noble ruin of her magic." *Titus* does indeed concern itself, in part of the first scene, with establishing the succession in Rome; Titus is asked (I.i.186) to "help to set a head on headless Rome." But thereafter the motif fades from view until the fifth act, when Lucius, one of Titus' sons, leads an army against the vicious emperor whom Titus in the first scene helped to establish. In V.iii.67 ff. there is a speech stressing the horror of civil war, but it can scarcely be said to be closely related to what has preceded it, and its ascription to a nameless "Roman Lord" suggests that it may well have been an afterthought. There is, furthermore, a curious bit of evidence that Shakespeare regarded the play as less political than did the earliest recorded interpreter, the printer or editor of the second quarto (1600). The first quarto (1594) concludes—as presumably Shakespeare concluded—with some lines about the deceased wicked queen:

As for that ravenous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weed,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds to prey.
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
And being dead, let birds on her take pity.

When a second edition was called for, it was apparently set up from a copy that had suffered some damage to the foot of the last leaf of text; the person overseeing the publication seems to have mistakenly thought that some lines had been lost at the foot, though in fact nothing was lost but "Finis the Tragedy of Titus Andronicus." He added four lines:

See justice done on Aaron, that damned Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then afterwards to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruin.

The last two lines, though bad, are appropriate enough and have their parallels in later plays when rather colorless characters assure their fellows that some sort of order is returning to the state, but certainly neither these lines nor the first scene should turn our minds from characters and passions to politics. Shakespeare himself ended the play by calling attention not to political concerns but to the pitiless queen whose body will be left for scavenging birds.

To say that Shakespeare ended his play with a comment on the queen and not on the state is not to deny that there are substantial passages devoted to the state. But the final lines emphasize the central concern of the play—the passions and deeds that are the stuff of tragedy. Critics tend to suggest that we go to a tragedy so that we may draw political and ethical conclusions, but the tragic dramatists tend to emphasize deeds of horror and passionate responses to these deeds. Even at the end of a play, the emphasis is not on drawing conclusions but on experiencing emotions. Nobody who witnesses *Hamlet* can feel that the entrance of Fortinbras shifts attention from tragic experiences to ethics and politics; attention is kept on the catastrophic happenings in Denmark.

AMBASSADOR The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late.
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing.

HORATIO
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placèd to the view,
And let me speak to th' yet unknowing world
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads.

(*Hamlet* V.ii.369–71, 377–87)

The violence of *Titus* has often aroused condemnation, as though tragedy did not customarily dramatize violence. It is true that *Titus* has more than its share, but if, for example, we find especially abhorrent the introduction of the severed heads of two of Titus' sons, it is perhaps because we have forgotten (since directors customarily omit the business) a stage direction in the last act of *Macbeth*, "Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head." Repulsive

happenings are not something Shakespeare dramatized in his youth and then outgrew; *Hamlet* concludes with four corpses (there would be a fifth if Horatio had his way), to say nothing of the earlier deaths or the skulls the grave-diggers unearth; *King Lear* calls for Gloucester to be blinded before the audience, and it concludes with the (to modern taste) gratuitous introduction of the corpses of Goneril and Regan, who have had the grace to die offstage. The dozen or so deaths in *Titus* are about double the number in *Lear*, and the rape and cannibalism in *Titus* are unparalleled elsewhere in Shakespeare, but they are not incompatible with the idea of tragedy. Nor are they mere Elizabethan sensationalism. If we recall Clytemnestra exulting over her slaughtered husband, or the incestuous Oedipus entering on the stage with bloody eyeless sockets, or the lecherous Pentheus, whose mother will in a frenzy exult over his severed head, we remember that none of the world's four great tragic dramatists shrinks from dramatizing the demonic and the horrible. We tend, especially if we are readers rather than spectators, to emphasize the wisdom and patience that are allegedly achieved through heroic suffering, but surely we ought to recall, for example, that *Hamlet* in the last act forces poison down Claudius' throat. Again, we can talk of purgation and reconciliation in *King Lear*, but we must recall that the cries and horrors do not disappear toward the end of the play; it is only seventy-five lines before the end that Lear enters with the dead Cordelia in his arms ("Howl, howl, howl, howl"), and the play closes with a dead march.

Of Shakespeare's early tragedies—*Richard III*, *Titus*, *Richard II*, and *Romeo and Juliet*—*Titus* is certainly the poorest, but it alone has a protagonist who is both noble and flawed, and thus it looks forward to *Julius Caesar* and to the greater tragedies. *Romeo and Juliet*, perhaps the best of Shakespeare's early tragedies, is an incomparably finer piece of work than *Titus*, but its vision of star-crossed lovers is quite different from the tragic vision of *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*, whose protagonists in a significant way resemble Titus. In *Romeo and Juliet* the lack of any vigorous presentation of evil (in most of the greater tragedies Shakespeare did not hesitate to draw potent villains), the decisive role played by chance, the youth and innocence of the lovers, and the emphasis on reconciliation at the end, all work together to produce a tragedy that strikes us as substantially different from the later tragedies. Of course one can say that the lovers are in some measure responsible for their fates—if they had not loved they might have outlived their parents—but the overall impression is one of innocence destroyed by destiny and released from this transitory world to a timeless realm. *Titus* is something else; in it, as in the great tragedies, deeds recoil on the head of the doers and even well-intentioned deeds may have their painful consequences. Titus offers up Alarbus as a sacrifice to the souls of the dead, and he thereby incurs the hatred of Tamora. Declining to accept the title of emperor, Titus helps to establish Saturninus, who quickly proves to be his foe. Titus nominates Saturninus apparently because he is the elder son—a reasonable basis—but the first two speeches of the play suggest to the hearer that Bassianus rather than Saturninus is the fitter. What Shakespeare is doing, of course, is dramatizing what seems to be an essential tragic fact—a man doing something according to his best lights

and according to an impressive but, as it proves, mistaken code. In his dealings with his sons, as well as with Tamora and Saturninus, Titus prefigures the great tragic heroes: Titus' inflexible conception of honor alienates him even from those he loves. He moves, a Titan, in a world of his own, at times heroically silent when lesser men would weep, at times loudly lamenting to the stones when lesser men would be silent. At the start it is said of him,

A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls. (I.i.25-26)

His nobility, his bravery, sets him off from others, even from his own sons, and (like Othello's high vision of Desdemona that leads him to kill her when he thinks her unchaste) Titus' virtues themselves become oppressive. His code of honor sets him apart from other men; he becomes increasingly aware of a painful isolation, and he speaks of it grandly, as a tragic hero should. Juliet comes to realize that her "dismal scene [she] needs must act alone"; Macbeth, plotting Banquo's death, keeps even his wife "innocent of the knowledge"; Hamlet speaks "wild and whirling words" and is markedly detached from Horatio, as well as from Claudius, Gertrude, and Ophelia; Lear will "abjure all roofs"; Coriolanus, told that he is banished from Rome, will reply "I banish you." Titus, the earliest of these protagonists, says of himself:

For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environed with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone,
Here stands my other son, a banished man,
And here my brother weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul. (III.i.93-102)

Like Shakespeare's other tragic figures, he wears the shirt of Nessus and gives vent to his feelings. The speech is a little too self-conscious, the assonance, alliteration, and other repetitions are a little too insistent (*waxing, wave by wave; expecting, ever, envious; brinish bowels; stands, son; weeping, woes; soul, spurn, dear, dearer, soul*), but one would be hard pressed to point to a better passage in the work of any of Shakespeare's early contemporaries other than Marlowe.

Shakespeare must have felt that his chief problem was one of style, not of plot: what sort of rhetoric could effectively present the bloody and unnatural horrors that were the substance of Elizabethan tragedy and of classical tragedy as he knew it? There was, of course, no question of presenting tragic happenings "realistically"; tragedy was concerned with unusual people in unusual situations; its medium was verse, not prose. *Titus* contains a few brief exchanges in prose, and indeed the Clown's prose is notable ("God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days"), but when he wrote *Titus*, Shakespeare must have been unable to conceive of the significant role that prose might play in his tragedies. Even half a century or so after Shakespeare's great achievements in tragic prose, England's best dramatic critic of the time believed

that because tragedy shows us "nature wrought up to a higher pitch" it ought to be in verse. (Dryden advocated heroic couplets, however, not blank verse.) The verse drama of Shakespeare's infancy and much of that of his youth was rhymed, heavily alliterative, and rich in laments built on apostrophes, rhetorical questions, and exclamations. To us it seems stiff and foolish, even in the hands of, say, George Gascoigne, who was educated at Cambridge, and who wrote some lyric and satiric verse of considerable merit. Here is a passage from Gascoigne's tragedy *Jocasta*, produced at Gray's Inn in 1566:

ANTIGONE

O doleful day, wherein my sorry sire
Was born, and yet O more unhappy hour
When he was crownèd king of stately Thebes.
The Hymenei, in unhappy bed
And wicked wedlock, wittingly did join
The guiltless mother with her guilty son,
Out of which root we be the branches born
To bear the scourge of their so foul offense.

If a passage with less narrative content is wanted, the following will do to show the tragic lament full-blown:

ANTIGONE

O weary life, why bid'st thou in my breast
And I contented be that these mine eyes
Should see her die that gave to me this life,
And I not 'venge her death by loss of life?
Who can me give a fountain made of moan,
That I may weep as much as is my will,
To souse this sorrow up in swelling tears?

Finally:

OEDIPUS

O wife, O mother, O both woeful names,
O woeful mother, and O woeful wife,
O would to God, alas, O would to God
Thou ne'er had been my mother, nor my wife.

That Gascoigne is translating does not obscure the kind or the quality of his verse. Shakespeare must have been very familiar with this sort of writing; in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* he neatly parodies (through Bottom's speech) the lament of the previous generation:

But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stained with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell! (V.i.274-85)

More subtle, Hotspur's dying words in *1 Henry IV* have a touch of the same absurd apostrophe and alliteration that marked the older drama and that are appropriate to this anachronistic young knight:

O Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me.
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh.
But thoughts, the slaves of life, and life, time's fool. . . .
(V.iv.75-79)

In *Titus* there is a good deal of alliteration, balance, and parallelism, especially in the first two acts:

Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me. (I.i.121)
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest
(I.i.151)
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance.
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer
(I.i.263-64)
And curtained with a counsel-keeping cave (II.iii.24)

On the whole the impression is not that of naiveté; or if there is a suggestion of naiveté, it is that of a highly talented writer infatuated with his medium and occasionally forgetful of the dramatic ends that every speech ought to serve. Despite the abundant (almost comically frequent) horrors, the atmosphere is more that of the hothouse than the slaughterhouse; the horrors exist in elegant luxuriance, and though the groundlings probably were delighted, the author must have felt he was creating a drama that would appeal also to the cultivated, who knew Seneca and Ovid.

The Latin quotations that dot the play are the most apparent sign of the lamp, but the fifty-odd mythological allusions are scarcely less apparent. Despite the classical setting, Shakespeare did not have to strew his play with references to Pyramus, Vulcan, Cerberus, Prometheus, Hecuba, the Styx, Dido and Aeneas, Priam, Virginius, and a host of others. *Julius Caesar* has only a tenth as many mythological allusions, but when he wrote *Titus*, Shakespeare evidently was aiming at something quite different from the spare style he was to use in *Julius Caesar*. In *Titus* he seeks to capture grandeur by abundance. Here is a sample:

Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora:
Upon her wit doth earthly honor wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown. (II.i.1-11)

The simile beginning in line 5 is markedly introduced by the prominent position that "As" occupies in the line, and it is markedly concluded by the similarly prominent

"So" in line 9; the explicit allusion to Olympus and the only barely less explicit allusion to Phoebus suggest that Shakespeare is attempting to climb, in Sidney's phrase, to "the height of Seneca his style." (Before the speech is over there will be a reference to Prometheus, and another to Semiramis.) Sidney was speaking, about 1585, of *Gorboduc* (1562), but his words apply to the infinitely superior *Titus*: "it is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases."

This heightened style, as well as the conception of a tragic hero pushed beyond the limits of endurance, surely owes something to Seneca, but Ovid, too, helped shape *Titus*. The grisly business of cooking Chiron and Demetrius and serving them as a meat pie to a parent is Ovidian as well as Senecan; Seneca's *Thyestes* includes such a feast, but so too does Ovid's tale of Procne in *Metamorphoses*. In a sense, the stories are inseparable; in *Thyestes*, Atreus himself compares the feast to that in the legend of Procne, and the basic idea of a parent dining on the flesh of his offspring (a vestige of rituals in which the father killed his son as his son became a competitor?) exists in various myths. In *Titus*, Shakespeare quotes—rather misquotes—bits of Seneca, but he alludes directly not only to the legend of Procne but to its rendition in the *Metamorphoses*. The strong Ovidian influence on Shakespeare's early writing, especially on the narrative poems, is beyond all doubt; Francis Meres said in 1598 what must have seemed commonplace: "The sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared sonnets." In *Love's Labor's Lost* a pedant, Holofernes, speaks of Ovid, and though Holofernes can scarcely be regarded as a reliable mouthpiece, here he seems to be voicing Shakespeare's opinion, though perhaps a little bumptiously: "For the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, . . . Ovidius Naso was the man" (IV.ii.123-25).

Ovid's elegancy, facility, and golden cadence had been famous even in antiquity (Quintilian said Ovid was unable to curb his luxuriance—even as Ben Jonson was later to say that Shakespeare "flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped"), and to English playwrights in the latter part of the sixteenth century Ovid must have seemed with Seneca to be the man to add dignity to the blatant huffings of earlier English tragedy. The earlier tragedies with their abundant "O's" were notably direct; Ovid is often equally direct, but he is also rich in comparisons. Philomela's severed tongue "writhed convulsively," a recent translation says, "like a snake's tail when it has been newly cut off and, dying, tried to reach its mistress' feet." In Arthur Golding's version of Ovid, which Shakespeare surely knew, the passage runs thus:

And with a pair of pinsons fast did catch her by the tongue,
And with his sword did cut it off. The stump thereon it
hung
Did patter still. The tip fell down, and quivering on the
ground
As though that it had murmured it made a certain sound,
And as an adder's tail cut off doth skip a while, even so
The tip of Philomela's tongue did wriggle to and fro,
And nearer to her mistressward in dying still did go.

Here is Ovid's description (in Golding's words) of Pyramus' wound: Pyramus drew

His sword, the which among his guts he thrust, and by
and by
Did draw it from the bleeding wound beginning for to
die,
And cast himself upon his back. The blood did spin on
high
As when a conduit pipe is cracked, the water bursting out
Doth shoot itself a great way off and pierce the air about.

Probably Shakespeare felt that his description of the mutilated Lavinia was in the best Ovidian manner:

Why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirred with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosèd lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath. (II.iv.21-25)

In *Lucrece*, probably written in 1593, within three or four years of *Titus* and possibly within the same year, Shakespeare wrote:

And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murd'rous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase.
(lines 1734-36)

To defend *Lucrece* would be even more difficult than to defend *Titus*, but it ought to be evident that Shakespeare is attempting to make art out of violence. For naked violence we must turn, say, to *Lear*, where a woman plucks an old man's beard, urges her husband to gouge out the old man's eyes, and stabs a servant in the back. In *Titus* the horror is for the most part elevated, or at least veiled by ingenuity.

This is not to say that Shakespeare's treatment of horror is successful in *Titus*: the testimony of generations of readers (few playgoers have had the chance to see *Titus*) strongly suggests that it is unsuccessful. The elaborate treatment occasionally disgusts us, though perhaps it was meant to distance the horror and thereby make it acceptable. But in its day, and for a couple of decades after, the play was popular; as late as 1614 Ben Jonson grumbled that *Titus* still had its admirers. It is a remarkable achievement, superior in character, in plot, and in language to *The Spanish Tragedy*, and it rivals Marlowe, whose plays are the only other major plays of the period. Its exuberance, though in places distressing, is a sign of imaginative fertility that was later to be splendidly husbanded. It is, of course, a play that is of its age, but if we strongly have this impression, is it not partly because Shakespeare went on to write plays that are not of an age but for all time?

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

Those Shakespeareans who are embarrassed by *Titus* (but who cannot overlook the strong evidence that he wrote it) sometimes assume that it represents his reworking

of an older, and presumably worse, play. No such play has come to light, and though it is possible that Shakespeare's source was a play now extant only in Shakespeare's revision, it is more than possible—even likely—that his source was a prose tale regarded as history. The Folger Shakespeare Library has a unique copy of a mid-eighteenth-century booklet entitled *The History of Titus Andronicus*, which contains a prose narrative and a ballad. The ballad is a short metrical version of the prose narrative, but this latter seems to be a reprint of a much older piece—possibly of a late-sixteenth-century version that may have been Shakespeare's source. Certainly the prose narrative is not indebted to the play: it makes no reference to Shakespeare—as it surely would if it had been written in the eighteenth century—and it includes a good deal of alleged history that Shakespeare does not. Furthermore, some of its characters are unnamed; if the narrative were based on the play, Aaron, for example, would doubtless be mentioned by name, but he is merely called "the wicked Moor."

Put it this way: the extant *History of Titus Andronicus* is almost surely a reprint of a much older piece, quite possibly a reprint of the tale that Shakespeare dramatized. There is no opposing evidence.

The prose tale, like almost all fictions, draws upon earlier fictions: Lavinia calls attention to the parallel between her plight and Philomela's in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; the banquet of human flesh is referred to in Ovid, and is an important part of Seneca's *Thyestes*. If Shakespeare did use the prose tale, he did not have to turn to Ovid or Seneca, but he surely knew some of their work at first hand anyway. But the source of the play is not simply in specific books. The play is indebted to an Elizabethan idea of what a classical tragedy ought to be—richly ornamented, with a hero overwhelmed by passion and driven to seek revenge. The villainous Aaron, however, is derived from another dramatic tradition, that of the native morality play, which offered (in the Vice) models of ingenious, unpitying villainy. The Senecan and Ovidian influences—first-hand or through the prose tale—are real, but they have been discussed almost too much; this native influence has been almost neglected except for the good study by Bernard Spivack, *Shakespeare and the Allegory of Evil*. (For a full discussion of the possible debts to numerous books, see Geoffrey Bullough, *Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare*, Vol. VI.)

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

There is an allusion to a Roman hero named Titus in *A Knack To Know a Knave*, acted in June 1592. Though the allusion may, of course, be to an earlier play on the subject rather than to Shakespeare's play, there is no need to multiply entities; Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* may have been on the stage before 1592. The next bit of evidence is a reference of January 23, 1594, in Henslowe's *Diary* to the effect that Sussex's men acted a new piece, "titus & ondronicus." If the allusion in *A Knave* is not to Shakespeare's play, quite possibly *Titus Andronicus* was indeed new in 1594, but it is equally possible that it was "new" only to Sussex's company, or that it had been newly revised. On February 6, 1594, the Stationers' Register entered "a book intituled a Noble Roman Historye of

Titus Andronicus." Perhaps this entry alludes to the play, which indeed was published in 1594, though possibly the entry is to some other piece on the same subject. In 1614 Ben Jonson, in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, mentions that Andronicus was seen on the stage as long ago as "fiue and twentie or thirtie yeeres"; strictly, Jonson's reference would date the play 1584–89, though probably he is speaking loosely and his evidence surely does not prohibit a date in the early nineties. The date widely favored is 1592–94, but there is no compelling reason to believe that *Titus* could not have been written in the late eighties.

Only one copy of the first quarto (1594) is known to be extant. Apparently the first quarto (Q1) was printed from Shakespeare's manuscript or from a copy of it; a number of stage directions—such as "*Enter . . . as many as can be*"—suggest an author's hand. In 1600 a second quarto (Q2) was issued. It omits a few lines, adds some, and alters a good deal of punctuation. There is no reason to believe that the alterations represent Shakespeare's revisions; probably all the revisions are a compositor's tamperings. Q3, issued in 1611, was set up from Q2 and therefore has no authority. The version in the First Folio (F) is based on Q3 but makes numerous small alterations (especially in stage directions) and adds an entire scene (III.ii). The new scene is of sufficient excellence to be Shakespeare's, and though the other changes in F do not suggest that great effort was made to give the play in a version much different from that of Q3, the new scene shows that the editors had access to some unpublished material. The present edition is based on Q1, except for III.ii, which is, of course, based on F. It regularizes speech prefixes (for example, Q1's "Saturnine," "Saturninus," "King," "Satur," are all given here as "Saturninus"); it slightly alters the position of a few stage directions, and it

modernizes spelling and punctuation. The act divisions were first established by F; the scene divisions are the work of later editors and though of no authenticity they provide a convenient device for reference. Departures from Q1, other than those mentioned above and corrections of obvious typographical errors, are listed below, the adopted reading first, in boldface, followed by the original reading in roman. If the adopted reading is from Q2, Q3, or F, that fact is indicated in a bracket following the reading. If there is no such indication, the adopted reading is an editor's conjecture.

I.i.35 [for the three and a half lines that follow these words in Q1 see footnote to the line] **69 s.d. her three sons** her two sonnes **98 manes** manus **226 Titan's** [Q2] Tytus **242 Pantheon** Pathan **264 chance** [Q2] change **280 cuique** cuiquim **317 Phoebe** Thebe **358 s.d. speak** speakes **369 Martius** 3. Sonne **370 Quintus** 2. Sonne **372 Quintus** 2. sonne **391** [Q1 follows with s.d.: "*Exit all but Marcus and Titus,*" and the other early texts also indicate an exit] **399 Yes . . . remunerate** [F; omitted in the quartos]

II.i.110 **than** this

II.ii.1 **morn** [F] Moone

II.iii.69 **try** [Q2] trie thy **72 swart** swartie **160 ears** [Q3] yeares **210 unhallowed** [F] vnholloaw **222 berayed** bereaud **231**

Pyramus [Q2] Priamus **236 Cocytus** Ocitus

II.iv.27 **him** them **30 three** their

III.i.146 **his true** her true

III.ii [this scene is found only in F] **39 complainer** complayne **52 thy knife** knife **53 fly** Flys **55 are cloyed** cloi'd **72 myself** my selfes

IV.i.50 **quotes** [Q2] coats **88 hope** [Q2] hop [or "I op"]

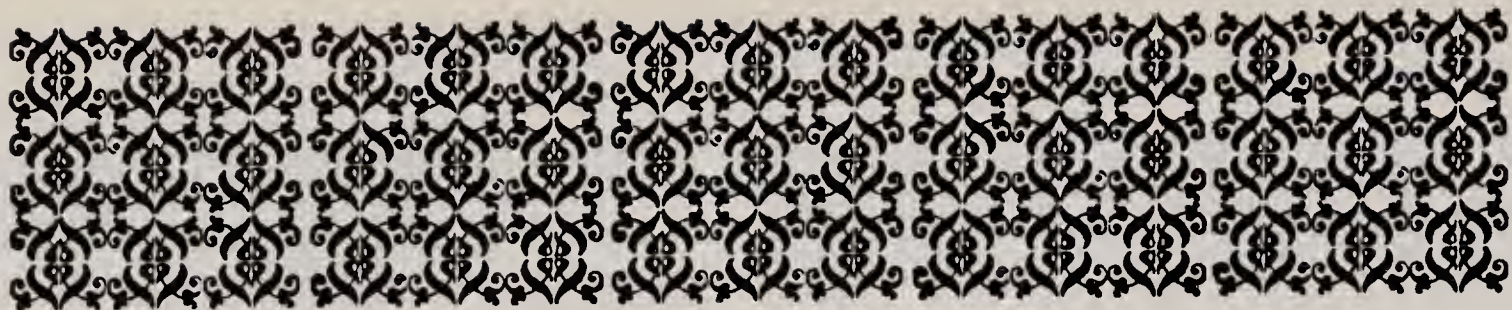
IV.ii.95 **Alcides** [Q2] Alciades

IV.iii.57 **Saturn** Saturnine **78 News** [Q2] Clowne. Newes

IV.iv.5 **know, as know** know **48 By be** **98 ears** [F] yeares

V.ii.52 **murd'ers** murder; **caves** cares **56 Hyperion's** Epeons **65 worldly** [Q2] wordlie

V.iii.125 **cause** course **144 adjudged** [F] adiudge **154 blood-stained** blood slaine **163 Sung** [Q2] Song



THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

[Dramatis Personae]

SATURNINUS son to the late Emperor of Rome,
afterward emperor

BASSIANUS brother to Saturninus

TITUS ANDRONICUS a noble Roman

MARCUS ANDRONICUS tribune, and brother to
Titus

LUCIUS
QUINTUS
MARTIUS
MUTIUS

} sons to Titus Andronicus

YOUNG LUCIUS a boy, son to Lucius

PUBLIUS son to Marcus Andronicus

SEMPRONIUS
CAIUS
VALENTINE

} kinsmen to Titus Andronicus

AEMILIUS a noble Roman

ALARBUS

DEMETRIUS } sons to Tamora

CHIRON

AARON a Moor, beloved by Tamora

A CAPTAIN

A MESSENGER

A CLOWN

TAMORA Queen of the Goths

LAVINIA daughter to Titus Andronicus

NURSE and a blackamoor INFANT

ROMANS GOTHs SENATORS TRIBUNES

OFFICERS SOLDIERS ATTENDANTS

Scene: Rome, and the countryside near it]

[A C T I]

[Scene I. Rome. Before the Capitol.]

[*Flourish.*^o] Enter the TRIBUNES and SENATORS aloft;
and then enter SATURNINUS and his FOLLOWERS at one
door, and BASSIANUS and his FOLLOWERS [at the
other,] with drums and trumpets.

SATURNINUS

Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title^o with your swords.
I am his first-born son that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honors live in me,
Nor wrong mine age^o with this indignity.

BASSIANUS

Romans, friends, followers, favorers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son,
Were gracious^o in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep^o then this passage to the Capitol,
And suffer not dishonor to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence,^o and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine,
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

MARCUS (*With the crown.*)

Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,^o
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome.

The decorative border above appeared on the title page of the second
quarto edition of Titus Andronicus, 1600.

I.i.s.d. Flourish trumpet fanfare 4 successive title right to
the succession 8 age seniority

11 gracious acceptable 12 Keep guard 15 continence
restraint 19 empery dominion (but in line 22 empery =
emperor)

A nobler man, a braver warrior,
 Lives not this day within the city walls.
 He by the senate is accited^o home
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
 That with his sons, a terror to our foes,
 Hath yoked^o a nation strong, trained up in arms.
 Ten years are spent since first he undertook
 This cause of Rome, and chastisèd with arms
 Our enemies' pride: five times he hath returned
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field.^o
 And now at last, laden with honor's spoils,
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
 Renownèd Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us entreat, by honor of his name,
 Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,^o
 Whom you pretend^o to honor and adore,
 That you withdraw you and abate your strength,
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

SATURNINUS

How fair^o the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

BASSIANUS

Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy^o
 In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honor thee and thine,
 Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
 And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
 And to my fortunes and the people's favor
 Commit my cause in balance to be weighed.

Exit [his] SOLDIERS.

SATURNINUS

Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,
 And to the love and favor of my country
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause.^o

[Exeunt his FOLLOWERS.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
 As I am confident and kind^o to thee.
 Open the gates and let me in.

BASSIANUS

Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.^o
[Flourish.] They go up into the senate house.

Enter a CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN

Romans, make way! The good Andronicus,
 Patron^o of virtue, Rome's best champion,

25 Successful in the battles that he fights,
 With honor and with fortune is returned
 From where he circumscribèd with his sword
 And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

30 *Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter two of 'Titus' SONS, and then two MEN bearing a coffin covered with black, then two other SONS, then TITUS Andronicus, and then TAMORA, the Queen of Goths, and her three sons [ALARBUS,] CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, with AARON the Moor, and others as many as can be; then set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

35

TITUS

Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!^o 70
 Lo, as the bark that hath discharged his fraught^o
 Returns with precious lading to the bay
 From whence at first she weighed her anchorage,^o
 Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
 To resalute his country with his tears, 75
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
 Thou^o great defender of this Capitol,
 Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
 Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
 Half of the number that King Priam had, 80
 Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
 These that survive let Rome reward with love;
 These that I bring unto their latest^o home,
 With burial amongst their ancestors.
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword. 85
 Titus, unkind^o and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?^o
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.^o

They open the tomb.

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont, 90
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons hast thou of mine in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more! 95

LUCIUS

Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
 That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
 Ad manes fratrum^o sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthy prison of their bones,
 That so the shadows be not unappeased, 100
 Nor we disturbed with prodigies^o on earth.

TITUS

I give him you, the noblest that survives,
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

TAMORA

Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,
 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed, 105
 A mother's tears in passion^o for her son:
 And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,

27 accited summoned 30 yoked subjugated 35 field
 this word is followed by "and at this day/to the monu-
 ment of that Andronici/Done sacrifice of expiation,/And
 slain the noblest prisoner of the Goths." (These lines, omitted
 from the second and third quartos and from the Folio, are
 inconsistent with the ensuing action, in which Alarbus is
 sacrificed; perhaps Shakespeare neglected to cancel them in the
 manuscript after deciding to make Alarbus' execution part of
 the action) 41 the . . . right the right of the Capitol and
 the senate 42 pretend claim 46 fair courteously 47 affy
 trust 59 cause affair 61 confident and kind trusting and
 natural(ly devoted) 63 competitor candidate 65 Patron
 representative

70 weeds apparel 71 his fraught its freight 73 anchorage
 anchors 77 Thou Jupiter 83 latest last 86 unkind un-
 natural 88 Styx river surrounding Hades 89 brethren
 trisyllabic here and occasionally elsewhere ("breth-e-ren")
 98 Ad manes fratrum to the ghosts of our brothers (Latin)
 101 prodigies ominous disturbances 106 passion violent
 emotion

O, think my son to be as dear to me!
 Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
 To beautify thy triumphs° and return,
 Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke,
 But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause?
 O, if to fight for king and commonweal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful;
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
 Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

TITUS

Patient° yourself, madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom your Goths beheld
 Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice.
 To this your son is marked, and die he must,
 T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

LUCIUS

Away with him! And make a fire straight,
 And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
 Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.

Exit Titus' SONS with ALARBUS.

TAMORA

O cruel, irreligious piety!

CHIRON

Was never Scythia° half so barbarous.

DEMETRIUS

Oppose° not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
 Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
 To tremble under Titus' threat'ning look.
 Then, madam, stand resolved, but hope withal°
 The selfsame gods that armed the Queen of Troy°
 With opportunity of sharp revenge
 Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent
 May favor Tamora, the Queen of Goths,
 (When Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen)
 To quit° the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the SONS of Andronicus again.

LUCIUS

See, lord and father, how we have performed
 Our Roman rites! Alarbus' limbs are lopped,
 And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
 Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky.
 Remaineth naught but to inter our brethren,
 And with loud 'larums° welcome them to Rome.

TITUS

Let it be so, and let Andronicus
 Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

Sound trumpets, and lay the coffin in the tomb.

In peace and honor rest you here, my sons,
 Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
 Here lurks no treason, here no envy° swells,
 Here grow no damnèd drugs,° here are no storms,
 No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:
 In peace and honor rest you here, my sons!

Enter LAVINIA.

LAVINIA

In peace and honor live Lord Titus long,
 My noble lord and father, live in fame!
 Lo, at this tomb my tributary° tears
 I render for my brethren's obsequies,
 And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
 Shed on this earth for thy return to Rome.
 O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
 Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

TITUS

Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
 The cordial° of mine age to glad my heart!
 Lavinia, live, outlive thy father's days
 And fame's eternal date,° for virtue's praise!

[Enter above MARCUS Andronicus, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and others.]

MARCUS

Long live Lord Titus, my belovèd brother,
 Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

TITUS

Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

MARCUS

And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
 You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
 Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
 That in your country's service drew your swords,
 But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
 That hath aspired° to Solon's happiness°
 And triumphs over chance in honor's bed.
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
 Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
 This palliament° of white and spotless hue,
 And name thee in election for the empire
 With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
 Be candidatus° then, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

TITUS

A better head her glorious body fits
 Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
 What° should I don this robe and trouble you?
 Be chosen with proclamations today,
 Tomorrow yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully,
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country:

110 triumphs triumphal processions **121 Patient** calm
131 Scythia a region in southern Russia noted for its savage inhabitants **132 Oppose** compare **135 withal** with this
136 Queen of Troy Hecuba (who murdered the sons of Polymnestor—"the Thracian tyrant"—of line 138—in revenge for his murder of her son) **141 quit** requite, repay **147 'larums** alarums, calls to arms

153 envy malice **154 drugs** poisonous plants **159 tributary** given as tribute **166 cordial** comfort (literally, "stimulant to the heart") **168 date** duration **177 aspired** risen; **Solon's happiness** Solon said, "Call no man happy until he is dead" **182 palliament** robe **185 candidatus** candidate (Latin; literally, "clad in white") **189 What** why

Give me a staff of honor for mine age,
But not a scepter to control the world.
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

MARCUS

Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask° the empery.

SATURNINUS

Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

TITUS

Patience, Prince Saturninus.

SATURNINUS

Romans, do me right.

Patricians, draw your swords and sheathe them not

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.

Andronicus, would thou were shipped to hell

Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

LUCIUS

Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good

That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

TITUS

Content thee, prince, I will restore to thee

The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

BASSIANUS

Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,

But honor thee, and will do till I die.

My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,

I will most thankful be, and thanks to men

Of noble minds is honorable meed.°

TITUS

People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,

I ask your voices and your suffrages:

Will ye bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

TRIBUNES

To gratify the good Andronicus,

And gratulate° his safe return to Rome,

The people will accept whom he admits.°

TITUS

Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make,

That you create our emperor's eldest son,

Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,

Reflect on Rome as Titan's° rays on earth,

And ripen justice in this commonweal:

Then, if you will elect by my advice,

Crown him and say, "Long live our emperor!"

MARCUS

With voices and applause of every sort,

Patricians and plebeians, we create

Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,

And say, "Long live our Emperor Saturnine!"

[A long flourish till they come down.]

SATURNINUS

Titus Andronicus, for thy favors done

To us in our election° this day,

I give thee thanks in° part of thy deserts,

And will with deeds requite thy gentleness.°

And for an onset,° Titus, to advance

Thy name and honorable family,

Lavinia will I make my empress,°

Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,

And in the sacred Pantheon° her espouse.

Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion° please thee?

200

TITUS

It doth, my worthy lord, and in this match

I hold me highly honored of your grace,

245

And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,

King and commander of our commonweal,

The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate

My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,

Presents well worthy Rome's imperious° lord.

250

Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,

Mine honor's ensigns° humbled at thy feet.

SATURNINUS

Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!

How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts

Rome shall record, and when I do forget

255

The least of these unspeakable deserts,

Romans, forget your fealty° to me.

210

TITUS [To TAMORA.]

Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor,

To him that, for your honor and your state,

Will use you nobly and your followers.

260

SATURNINUS [Aside.]

A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue

That I would choose, were I to choose anew.

215

[Aloud.]

Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance.

Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
cheer,°

220

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome.

265

Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent

Daunt all your hopes. Madam, he° comforts you

Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.

Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

270

225

LAVINIA

Not I, my lord, sith° true nobility

Warrants° these words in princely courtesy.

SATURNINUS

Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go.

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.

230

Proclaim our honors, lords, with trump and drum.

275

BASSIANUS

Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

TITUS

How, sir! Are you in earnest then, my lord?

BASSIANUS

Ay, noble Titus, and resolved withal

To do myself this reason and this right.

235

MARCUS

Suum cuique° is our Roman justice.

280

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

LUCIUS

And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

240

201 obtain and ask obtain if you ask for 216 meed reward
221 gratulate rejoice at 222 admits approves 226 Titan's
the sun god's 235 election here, as often in Shakespeare, -ion
is disyllabic 236 in as 237 gentleness nobility 238 onset
beginning 240 empress here, and often elsewhere in *Titus*,
trisyllabic ("em-per-es")

242 Pantheon temple dedicated to all the gods 243 motion
proposal 250 imperious imperial 252 ensigns tokens 257
fealty loyalty 264 cheer countenance 268 he he who 271
sith since 272 Warrants justifies 280 Suum cuique to
each his own (Latin)

TITUS

Traitors, avaunt!° Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised!°

SATURNINUS

Surprised! By whom?

BASSIANUS

By him that justly may 285
Bear his betrothed from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.]

MUTIUS

Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door° safe.
[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.]

TITUS

Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.
[*During the fray, exeunt* SATURNINUS, TAMORA,
DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON.]

MUTIUS

My lord, you pass not here. 290

TITUS

What, villain boy! Barr'st me my way in Rome?
[*He stabs* MUTIUS.]

MUTIUS [*Dying.*]

Help, Lucius, help!

[*Enter* LUCIUS.]

LUCIUS

My lord, you are unjust; and more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

TITUS

Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine: 295
My sons would never so dishonor me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

LUCIUS

Dead if you will, but not to be his wife
That is another's lawful promised love. [*Exit.*]

Enter aloft the emperor [SATURNINUS] *with* TAMORA
and her two SONS and AARON the Moor.

SATURNINUS

No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not, 300
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust by leisure° him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonor me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale°
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus, 305
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst I begged the empire at thy hands.

TITUS

O monstrous! What reproachful words are these?

SATURNINUS

But go thy ways, go, give that changing piece° 310
To him that flourished for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy,
One fit to bandy° with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle° in the commonwealth of Rome.

TITUS

These words are razors to my wounded heart. 315

SATURNINUS

And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,
That like the stately Phoebe° 'mongst her nymphs
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride, 320
And will create thee Empress of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my
choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and everything 325
In readiness for Hymenaeus° stand,
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

TAMORA

And here in sight of heaven to Rome I swear, 330
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

SATURNINUS

Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accompany 335
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquerèd.
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

Exeunt omnes° [*except* TITUS].

TITUS

I am not bid° to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone, 340
Dishonored thus and challengèd° of wrongs?

Enter MARCUS and *Titus' sons* [LUCIUS, QUINTUS,
and MARTIUS].

MARCUS

O Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

TITUS

No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine, 345
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonored all our family,
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

LUCIUS

But let us give him burial as becomes;°
Give Mutius burial with our brethren. 305

TITUS

Traitors, away! He rests not in this tomb: 350
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:°
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here. 355

MARCUS

My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Titus' two SONS speak.

283 *avaunt* be gone 284 *surprised* suddenly taken 288
door disyllabic 302 *by leisure* slowly 305 *stale* laughing-
stock 310 *changing piece* fickle wench 313 *bandy* contend,
bicker 314 *ruffle* brawl

317 *Phoebe* Diana, goddess of the moon 326 *Hymenaeus*
god of marriage 338 *s.d. omnes* all (Latin) 339 *bid* asked
341 *challengèd* accused 348 *becomes* is fitting 352 *re-*
edified rebuilt

[QUINTUS AND MARTIUS]

And shall, or him we will accompany.

TITUS

And shall? What villain was it spake that word? 360

Titus' SON speaks.

[QUINTUS]

He that would vouch it in any place but here.

TITUS

What, would you bury him in my despite?°

MARCUS

No, noble Titus, but entreat of thee

To pardon Mutius and to bury him.

TITUS

Marcus, even thou hast stroke upon my crest, 365

And with these boys mine honor thou hast wounded.

My foes I do repute° you every one,

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

MARTIUS

He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

QUINTUS

Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

The brother [MARCUS] and the SONS kneel.

MARCUS

Brother, for in that name doth nature plead—

QUINTUS

Father, and in that name doth nature speak—

TITUS

Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.°

MARCUS

Renownèd Titus, more than half my soul—

LUCIUS

Dear father, soul and substance of us all—

MARCUS

Suffer° thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honor and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous:

The Greeks upon advice° did bury Ajax°

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son°

Did graciously plead for his funerals:

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barred his entrance here.

TITUS

Rise, Marcus, rise.

The dismal'st day is this that e'er I saw,

To be dishonored by my sons in Rome!

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the tomb.

LUCIUS

There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

They all kneel and say:

[ALL]

No man shed tears for noble Mutius,

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

MARCUS

My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,°

How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths

Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

TITUS

I know not, Marcus, but I know it is

(Whether° by device° or no, the heavens can tell).

Is she not then beholding° to the man

That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Enter the emperor [SATURNINUS], TAMORA, and her two SONS, with [AARON] the Moor, at one door. Enter at the other door BASSIANUS and LAVINIA, with others.

SATURNINUS

So Bassianus, you have played your prize:°

God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

BASSIANUS

And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,

Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.

SATURNINUS

Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

BASSIANUS

Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,

My true-betrothèd love, and now my wife?

But let the laws of Rome determine all;

Meanwhile am I possessed of that is mine.

SATURNINUS

'Tis good, sir; you are very short with us,

But if we live we'll be as sharp with you.

BASSIANUS

My lord, what I have done, as best I may

Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know—

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,

Is in opinion° and in honor wronged,

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly moved to wrath

To be controlled° in that he frankly° gave.

Receive him then to favor, Saturnine,

That hath expressed himself in all his deeds

A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

TITUS

Prince Bassianus, leave to plead° my deeds;

'Tis thou and those that have dishonored me.

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have loved and honored Saturnine!

TAMORA

My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently° for all;

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

362 in my despite in spite of me 367 repute consider 373 if . . . speed if the rest is to go well (?) if the rest of you wish to live (?) 376 Suffer allow 380 advice deliberation; Ajax when Achilles' arms were given to Odysseus, Ajax in a fury stabbed himself 381 Laertes' son Odysseus

392 dumps blues, melancholy state 396 Whether probably pronounced "where"; device plot 397 beholding beholden, indebted 400 played your prize won your contest 417 opinion reputation 421 controlled opposed; frankly generously 425 leave to plead cease pleading 431 indifferently impartially

SATURNINUS

What, madam! Be dishonored openly,
And basely put it up° without revenge?

TAMORA

Not so, my lord, the gods of Rome forbend°
I should be author° to dishonor you!
But on mine honor dare I undertake°
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then at my suit look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,°
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

[*Aside.*]

My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents—
You are but newly planted in your throne—
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin.
Yield at entreats:° and then let me alone.°
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And race° their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I suèd for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.

[*Aloud.*]

Come, come, sweet emperor—come, Andronicus—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

SATURNINUS

Rise, Titus, rise, my empress hath prevailed.

TITUS

I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

TAMORA

Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus.
And let it be mine honor, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have passed
My word and promise to the emperor
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

[*LUCIUS*]

We do, and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,°
Tend'ring° our sister's honor and our own.

MARCUS

That on mine honor here do I protest.

434 put it up the figure is of putting up, or sheathing, a sword 435 forbend forbid 436 author agent 437 undertake assert 441 vain suppose empty supposition 450 at entreats to entreaties; let me alone leave it to me 452 race root out 476 mildly . . . might as mild as we might do 477 Tend'ring having regard for

SATURNINUS

Away, and talk not, trouble us no more.

TAMORA

Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends. 480
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace.
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

SATURNINUS

Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults. 485
Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore
I would not part° a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides, 490
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
This day shall be a love-day,° Tamora.

TITUS

Tomorrow, and° it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace bonjour.° 495

SATURNINUS

Be it so, Titus, and gramercy° too.
Exeunt. Sound trumpets. Manet° [AARON the] Moor.

455

[A C T I I]

[Scene I. Rome. Before the palace.]

[*AARON alone.*]

AARON

Now climbeth Tamora Olympus'° top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of° thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced above pale envy's° threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn, 5
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops° the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks° the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora:
Upon her wit doth earthly honor wait, 10
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch,° whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chains, 15
And faster bound to Aaron's charming° eyes
Than is Prometheus° tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds° and servile thoughts!

475

489 part depart 492 love-day day appointed to settle disputes (with a pun on *day for love*) 493 and if 495 bonjour good morning (French) 496 gramercy thanks; s.d. Manet remains (Latin); clearly this and the next scene are continuous: the Folio's incorrect division into acts is retained merely to facilitate reference

II.i.1 Olympus' Mount Olympus' (reputed home of the gods) 3 of from 4 envy's hate's 7 Gallops gallops through 8 overlooks looks down upon 14 mount her pitch rise to the highest point of her flight (a term from falconry) 16 charming spellbinding 17 Prometheus a Titan fettered to a rock in the Caucasus because he stole fire from heaven 18 weeds apparel

I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? To wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis,^o this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine
And see his shipwrack and his commonweal's.
Hollo! What storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.^o

DEMETRIUS

Chiron, thy years wants^o wit, thy wits wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am graced,^o
And may for aught thou knowest affected^o be.

CHIRON

Demetrius, thou dost overween^o in all,
And so in this, to bear down me with braves.^o
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious,^o or thee more fortunate;
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,^o
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

AARON

Clubs, clubs!^o These lovers will not keep the peace.

DEMETRIUS

Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,^o
Gave you a dancing-rapier^o by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath^o glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

CHIRON

Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

They draw.

DEMETRIUS

Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?

AARON

Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare ye draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot^o the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns,
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.^o

DEMETRIUS

Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breathed in my dishonor here.

CHIRON

For that I am prepared and full resolved,
Foul-spoken coward, that thund'rest with thy tongue
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

AARON

Away, I say!
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble^o will undo us all.
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet^o upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broached
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! And should the empress know
This discord's ground,^o the music would not please.

CHIRON

I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

DEMETRIUS

Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner^o choice.
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

AARON

Why, are ye mad? Or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

CHIRON Aaron, a thousand deaths

Would I propose^o to achieve her whom I love.

AARON

To achieve her how?

DEMETRIUS

Why makes thou it so strange?^o

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.

What, man! More water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of, and easy it is

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,^o we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,

Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.^o

AARON [*Aside.*]

Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

DEMETRIUS

Then why should he despair that knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast not thou full often stroke a doe,

And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

AARON

Why then, it seems, some certain snatch^o or so

Would serve your turns.

CHIRON

Ay, so the turn were served.

DEMETRIUS

Aaron, thou hast hit it.

AARON

Would you had hit it too,

Then should not we be tired with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye! And are you such fools

To square^o for this? Would it offend you then

That both should speed?^o

22 **Semiramis** legendary Assyrian queen, noted for her lust and beauty 25 **s.d.** **braving** challenging 26 **wants** the ending -s is frequently found with a plural subject 27 **graced** favored 28 **affected** loved 29 **overween** arrogantly presume 30 **braves** threats 32 **gracious** acceptable 35 **approve** prove 37 **Clubs, clubs** the cry raised to call the watch to separate brawlers in London 38 **unadvised** unwisely 39 **dancing-rapier** ornamental light sword 41 **lath** wooden (stage) sword 48 **wot** know 53 **put up** sheathe your weapons

62 **brabble** brawl 64 **jet** encroach 70 **ground** reason (with a pun on the musical meaning: *bas* to a descant) 73 **meaner** lower 80 **propose** be willing to meet 81 **Why . . . strange** Why do you seem surprised? 87 **shive** slice 89 **Vulcan's badge** the horns of cuckoldry (Vulcan's wife, Venus, deceived him with Mars) 95 **snatch** catch (the likelihood that there is also a sexual meaning here is increased by "turns" in the next line, a word often denoting sexual acts) 100 **square** quarrel 101 **speed** prosper

CHIRON Faith, not me.
 DEMETRIUS
 Nor me, so I were one.
 AARON
 For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar.^o
 'Tis policy^o and stratagem must do
 That you affect,^o and so must you resolve,
 That what you cannot as you would achieve,
 You must perforce^o accomplish as you may.
 Take this of me, Lucrece^o was not more chaste
 Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
 A speedier course than ling'ring languishment
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
 My lords, a solemn^o hunting is in hand.
 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
 The forest walks are wide and spacious,
 And many unfrequented plots^o there are
 Fitted by kind^o for rape and villainy.
 Single^o you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words:
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 Will we acquaint withal what we intend,
 And she shall file our engines^o with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The emperor's court is like the House of Fame,^o
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:
 The woods are ruthless,^o dreadful, deaf, and dull;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
 turns,
 There serve your lust shadowed from heaven's eye,
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

CHIRON
 Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

DEMETRIUS
 Sit fas aut nefas,^o till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
 Per Stygia, per manes vehor.^o Exeunt. 135

[Scene II. A forest near Rome.]

Enter TITUS Andronicus and his three SONS [and MARCUS], making a noise with hounds and horns.

TITUS
 The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,^o
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
 Uncouple^o here, and let us make a bay,^o
 And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,

103 for . . . jar to get what you quarrel over 104 policy cunning 105 affect desire 107 perforce necessarily 108 Lucrece Roman lady noted for her chastity; she killed herself when Sextus Tarquinius raped her 112 solemn ceremonious 115 unfrequented plots unvisited areas 116 kind nature 117 Single single out (a hunting term) 123 file our engines sharpen our minds 126 House of Fame Ovid and Chaucer have notable poems on it; fame = rumor, and the House of Fame is full of gossip 128 ruthless pitiless 133 Sit . . . nefas be it right or wrong (Latin) 135 Per . . . vehor I am carried through Stygian (infernal) regions, through ghosts (Latin; derived from Seneca's *Hippolytus*, line 1177)

II.ii.1 gray sky blue (?) 3 Uncouple unleash the hounds; make a bay keep up the cry of the hounds

And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal, 5
 That all the court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To attend the emperor's person carefully:
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspired. 10

105 Here a cry^o of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and their ATTENDANTS.

Many good morrows to your majesty!
 Madam, to you as many and as good!
 I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

SATURNINUS
 And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
 Somewhat too early for new-married ladies. 15

115 BASSIANUS
 Lavinia, how say you?

LAVINIA I say, no;
 I have been broad awake two hours and more.

SATURNINUS
 Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
 And to our sport. [To TAMORA.] Madam, now shall
 ye see
 Our Roman hunting.

MARCUS I have dogs, my lord, 20
 Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
 And climb the highest promontory top.

TITUS
 And I have horse will follow where the game
 Makes way and runs like swallows o'er the plain.

DEMETRIUS
 Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound, 25
 But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. Exeunt.

[Scene III. The forest.]

Enter AARON alone [with a bag of gold].

AARON
 He that had wit would think that I had none,
 To bury so much gold under a tree
 And never after to inherit^o it.
 Let him that thinks of me so abjectly^o
 Know that this gold must coin a stratagem, 5
 Which, cunningly effected, will beget
 A very excellent piece of villainy.
 And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
 That have their alms out of the empress' chest.
 [Hides the gold.]

Enter TAMORA alone to the Moor.

TAMORA
 My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad 10
 When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?^o
 The birds chaunt melody on every bush,
 The snakes lies rollèd in the cheerful sun,
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a checkered shadow on the ground: 15

10 s.d. cry deep barking

II.iii.3 inherit possess 4 abjectly contemptuously 11 boast display

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit down and mark their yellowing° noise: 20
 And after conflict such as was supposed
 The wandering prince and Dido° once enjoyed,
 When with a happy storm they were surprised
 And curtained with a counsel-keeping cave,
 We may, each wreathèd in the other's arms, 25
 (Our pastimes done) possess a golden slumber,
 Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
 Be unto us as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

AARON

Madam, though Venus govern your desires, 30
 Saturn is dominator° over mine:
 What signifies my deadly standing° eye,
 My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
 Even as an adder when she doth unroll 35
 To do some fatal execution?
 No, madam, these are no venereal° signs:
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul, 40
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
 His Philomel° must lose her tongue today,
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood. 45
 See'st thou this letter? Take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
 Now question me no more; we are espied.
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,°
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

TAMORA

Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

AARON

No more, great empress, Bassianus comes.
 Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.]

BASSIANUS

Who have we here? Rome's royal empress, 55
 Unfurnished of° her well-beseeming troop?
 Or is it Dian, habited° like her.
 Who hath abandonèd her holy groves
 To see the general hunting in this forest?

TAMORA

Saucy controller° of my private steps! 60
 Had I the power that some say Dian had,

20 yellowing loudly calling **22 The . . . Dido** Aeneas and the Queen of Carthage (see Virgil's *Aeneid*, IV) **31 Saturn is dominator** the planet Saturn (whose influence allegedly caused sluggishness) dominates **32 deadly standing** fixed in a deathlike stare (?) **37 venereal** erotic **43 Philomel** Philomela was ravished by Tereus, who then cut out her tongue; later she communicated her plight by weaving the story into a tapestry (see II.iv.26-27, 38-43; IV.i.47-48; V.ii.194) **49 parcel . . . booty** part of the victims we hope for **56 Unfurnished of** unaccompanied by **57 habited** dressed **60 controller** critic

Thy temples should be planted presently°
 With horns, as was Actaeon's,° and the hounds
 Should drive upon thy new-transformèd limbs,
 Unmannerly intruder as thou art! 65

LAVINIA

Under your patience, gentle empress,
 'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning,°
 And to be doubted° that your Moor and you
 Are singled forth to try experiments:
 Jove shield your husband from his hounds today! 70
 'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

BASSIANUS

Believe me, queen, your swart Cimmerian°
 Doth make your honor of his body's hue,
 Spotted,° detested, and abominable.
 Why are you sequest'èd from all your train, 75
 Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
 And wand'red hither to an obscure plot,
 Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
 If foul desire had not conducted you?

LAVINIA

And, being intercepted in your sport, 80
 Great reason that my noble lord be rated°
 For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,
 And let her joy° her raven-colored love;
 This valley fits the purpose passing well.

BASSIANUS

The king my brother shall have notice° of this. 85

LAVINIA

Ay, for these slips have made him noted° long.
 Good king, to be so mightily abused!

TAMORA

Why, I have patience to endure all this.

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS

How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,
 Why doth your highness look so pale and wan? 90

TAMORA

Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
 These two have ticed° me hither to this place,
 A barren detested vale, you see it is;
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 Overcome with moss and baleful mistletoe: 95
 Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:
 And when they showed me this abhorrèd pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes, 100
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,°
 Would make such fearful and confusèd cries,
 As any mortal body hearing it
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale, 105
 But straight they told me they would bind me here
 Unto the body of a dismal yew,

62 presently immediately **63 Actaeon** legendary hunter who spied on Diana bathing; she transformed him into a stag and his own hounds killed him **67 horning** an unfaithful wife was said to give her husband horns **68 doubted** suspected **72 Cimmerian** dweller in darkness **74 Spotted** infected **81 rated** berated, rebuked **83 joy** enjoy **85 notice** monosyllabic; pronounced "notes" **86 noted** notorious **92 ticed** enticed **101 urchins** hedgehogs

And leave me to this miserable death.
 And then they called me foul adulteress,
 Lascivious Goth,^o and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed:
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not henceforth called my children.

DEMETRIUS

This is a witness that I am thy son.

Stab[s] him.

CHIRON

And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[Stabs BASSIANUS.]

LAVINIA

Ay come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous Tamora!
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

TAMORA

Give me the poniard! You shall know, my boys,
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

DEMETRIUS

Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her.
 First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.
 This minion stood upon^o her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted^o hope braves your mightiness:
 And shall she carry this unto her grave?

CHIRON

And if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

TAMORA

But when ye have the honey we desire,
 Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

CHIRON

I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.
 Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 That nice-preservèd honesty^o of yours.

LAVINIA

O Tamora! Thou bearest a woman's face—

TAMORA

I will not hear her speak; away with her.

LAVINIA

Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

DEMETRIUS

Listen, fair madam, let it be your glory
 To see her tears, but be your heart to them
 As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

LAVINIA

When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?^o
 O, do not learn^o her wrath; she taught it thee.
 The milk thou suck'st from her did turn to marble;
 Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
 Yet every mother breeds not sons alike,

[To CHIRON.]

Do thou entreat her show a woman's pity.

CHIRON

What! Wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

110 LAVINIA

'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
 Yet have I heard—O could I find it now!—
 The lion, moved with pity, did endure
 To have his princely paws pared all away.

115

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
 The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
 O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
 Nothing so kind but something pitiful!^o

150

155

TAMORA

I know not what it means; away with her!

LAVINIA

O, let me teach thee for my father's sake,
 That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee.
 Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

160

TAMORA

Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
 Even for his sake am I pitiless.
 Remember, boys, I poured forth tears in vain
 To save your brother from the sacrifice,
 But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
 Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;
 The worse to her, the better loved of me.

165

LAVINIA

125

O Tamora, be called a gentle queen,
 And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
 For 'tis not life that I have begged so long;
 Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

170

TAMORA

130

What begg'st thou then? Fond^o woman, let me go.

LAVINIA

'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more
 That womanhood denies^o my tongue to tell.
 O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
 And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
 Where never man's eye may behold my body.
 Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

175

135

TAMORA

So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
 No, let them satisfice their lust on thee.

180

DEMETRIUS

Away! For thou hast stayed us here too long.

LAVINIA

No grace? No womanhood? Ah beastly creature!
 The blot and enemy to our general name!^o
 Confusion^o fall—

140

CHIRON

Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. Bring thou her
 husband.

185

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

*[DEMETRIUS throws the corpse into a pit and then covers
 it with branches. Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON,
 dragging LAVINIA.]*

145

TAMORA

Farewell, my sons, see that you make her sure.
 Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed
 Till all the Andronici be made away.^o

110 **Goth** possibly a pun on *goat*, an animal believed to be lascivious 124 **minion stood upon** hussy made a fuss about 126 **painted** specious, unreal 135 **nice-preservèd honesty** fastidiously guarded chastity 142 **dam** mother 143 **learn** teach

156 **Nothing . . . pitiful** not so kind as the raven, but somewhat pitying 172 **Fond** foolish 174 **denies** forbids 183 **our general name** womankind 184 **Confusion** destruction 189 **made away** killed

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful^o sons this trull^o deflower. [*Exit.*]

Enter AARON with two of Titus' sons [QUINTUS and MARTIUS].

[AARON]

Come on, my lords, the better foot before!
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

QUINTUS

My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

MARTIUS

And mine, I promise you. Were it not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*He falls into the pit.*]

QUINTUS

What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is covered with rude-growing briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distilled on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

MARTIUS

O, brother, with the dismal'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

AARON [*Aside.*]

Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother.

Exit.

MARTIUS

Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallowed and bloodstainèd hole?

QUINTUS

I am surprisèd^o with an uncouth^o fear,
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

MARTIUS

To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

QUINTUS

Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
O, tell me who it is, for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

MARTIUS

Lord Bassianus lies berayed^o in blood,
All on a heap, like to a slaughtered lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

QUINTUS

If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

MARTIUS

Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring that lightens all this hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails^o of this pit:

190

So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell^o devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus'^o misty mouth.

235

QUINTUS

Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting^o strength to do thee so much good,
I may be plucked into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

195

240

MARTIUS

Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

QUINTUS

Thy hand once more; I will not loose again
Till thou art here aloft or I below:
Thou canst not come to me; I come to thee.

245

[*Falls in.*]

Enter the emperor [SATURNINUS] and AARON the Moor.

200

SATURNINUS

Along with me! I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leaped into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

205

MARTIUS

The unhappy sons of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

250

SATURNINUS

My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left them there.

210

255

MARTIUS

We know not where you left them all alive,
But, out alas! Here have we found him dead.

215

Enter TAMORA, [TITUS] Andronicus, and LUCIUS.

TAMORA

Where is my lord the king?

SATURNINUS

Here, Tamora, though grieved with killing grief.

260

TAMORA

Where is thy brother, Bassianus?

220

SATURNINUS

Now to the bottom dost thou search^o my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murderèd.

TAMORA

Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot^o of this timeless^o tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold^o
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

265

She giveth Saturnine a letter.

SATURNINUS [*Reads the letter.*]

"And if^o we miss to meet him handsomely^o—

230

191 spleenful lustful; trull strumpet 211 surprisèd dum-
founded; uncouth strange 222 berayed defiled 230 ragged
entrails rugged interior

235 fell savage 236 Cocytus river in Hades 238 wanting
lacking 262 search probe 265 complot plot; timeless
untimely 266 fold hide (in the creases of a hypocritical smile)
268 And if if; handsomely handily

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this and purchase us thy lasting friends."
O, Tamora! Was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should° have murdered Bassianus here.

AARON

My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

SATURNINUS [*To TITUS.*]

Two of thy whelps, fell° curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison,
There let them bide until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

TAMORA

What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discoverèd!

TITUS

High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursèd sons,
Accursèd, if the faults be proved in them—

SATURNINUS

If it be proved! You see, it is apparent.
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

TAMORA

Andronicus himself did take it up.

TITUS

I did, my lord, yet let me be their bail,
For by my father's reverend tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will
To answer their suspicion° with their lives.

SATURNINUS

Thou shalt not bail them; see thou follow me.
Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers. 300
Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain,
For by my soul were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

TAMORA

Andronicus, I will éntreat the king.
Fear not° thy sons; they shall do well enough. 305

TITUS

Come, Lucius, come, stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt.*]

[Scene IV. *The forest.*]

Enter the empress' SONS with LAVINIA, her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and ravished.

DEMETRIUS

So, now go tell, and if° thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravished thee.

CHIRON

270 Write down thy mind, bewray° thy meaning so,
And if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

DEMETRIUS

See how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.° 5

CHIRON

275 Go home, call for sweet° water, wash thy hands.

DEMETRIUS

She hath no tongue to call nor hands to wash,
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

CHIRON

And 'twere my cause,° I should go hang myself.

280 DEMETRIUS

If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. 10

Exeunt [CHIRON and DEMETRIUS].

Enter MARCUS from hunting.

MARCUS

285 Who is this? My niece, that flies away so fast!
Cousin,° a word, where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber an eternal sleep! 15

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Hath lopped and hewed and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness 20
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirred with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosèd lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath. 25

290 But, sure, some Tereus° hath deflowered thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect° him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts, 30
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's° face
Blushing to be encount'ed with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? Shall I say 'tis so?

O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind! 35

Sorrow concealèd, like an oven stopped,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, why she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler° sewed her mind: 40

But lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sewed than Philomel.

O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen leaves upon a lute, 45

And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touched them for his life!

Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,

3 bewray reveal 5 scrawl scrawl (with a possible pun on scroll) 6 sweet perfumed 9 cause case 12 Cousin commonly used of any near relative other than a parent, child, or sibling 26 Tereus ravisher of Philomela (see note to II.iii.43) 27 detect expose 31 Titan's the sun god's 39 tedious sampler laboriously executed tapestry

279 should was to 281 fell savage; kind nature 292 apparent obvious 298 their suspicion the suspicion they are under 305 Fear not do not fear for II.iv.1 and if if (as in line 4)

He would have dropped his knife, and fell asleep 50
 As Cerberus° at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go and make thy father blind,
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes? 55
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery! *Exeunt.*

[A C T I I I]

[Scene I. Rome. A street.]

Enter the JUDGES and SENATORS with Titus' two SONS bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution, and TITUS going before, pleading.

TITUS
 Hear me, grave fathers! Noble tribunes, stay!
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,
 For all the frosty nights that I have watched, 5
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the agèd wrinkles in my cheeks,
 Be pitiful to my condemnèd sons,
 Whose souls is not corrupted as 'tis thought.
 For two and twenty sons I never wept, 10
 Because they died in honor's lofty bed;

[TITUS] *Andronicus lieth down° and the JUDGES pass by him.*

For these, tribunes, in the dust I write
 My heart's deep languor° and my soul's sad tears:
 Let my tears staunch° the earth's dry appetite;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush. 15
 O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
 That shall distill from these two ancient ruins,
 Than youthful April shall with all his show'rs:
 In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still,°
 In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow, 20
 And keep eternal springtime on thy face,
 So° thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his weapon drawn.

O reverend tribunes! O gentle agèd men!
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom° of death,
 And let me say, that never wept before, 25
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

LUCIUS
 O noble father, you lament in vain,
 The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

TITUS
 Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead. 30
 Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

51 **Cerberus** three-headed dog who guarded the entrance to Hades; he was lulled by Orpheus, "the Thracian poet"
 III.i.11 **s.d. lieth down** prostrates himself 13 **languor** grief
 14 **staunch** satisfy, satiate 19 **still** continuously 22 **So** provided that 24 **doom** judgment

LUCIUS

My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

TITUS

Why, 'tis no matter, man, if they did hear
 They would not mark me, if they did mark
 They would not pity me, yet plead I must, 35
 And bootless° unto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
 Who though they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept° my tale: 40

When I do weep they humbly at my feet
 Receive my tears and seem to weep with me;
 And were they but attirèd in grave weeds,°

Rome could afford no tribunes like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones: 45

A stone is silent and offendeth not,

And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

LUCIUS

To rescue my two brothers from their death,
 For which attempt the judges have pronounced 50
 My everlasting doom of banishment.

TITUS

O happy man! They have befriended thee.

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive

That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?

Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey 55

But me and mine. How happy art thou then,

From these devourers to be banishèd!

But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS with LAVINIA.

MARCUS

Titus, prepare thy agèd eyes to weep,

Or if not so, thy noble heart to break. 60

I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

TITUS

Will it consume me? Let me see it then.

MARCUS

This was thy daughter.

TITUS

Why, Marcus, so she is.

LUCIUS

Ay me! This object° kills me!

TITUS

Fainthearted boy, arise, and look upon her. 65

Speak, Lavinia, what accursèd hand

Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?

What fool hath added water to the sea,

Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?

My grief was at the height before thou cam'st, 70

And now like Nilus° it disdaineth bounds.

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;

And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;

In bootless prayer have they been held up, 75

And they have served me to effectless use.

Now all the service I require of them

Is that the one will help to cut the other.

'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,

For hands to do Rome service is but vain. 80

36 **bootless** in vain 40 **intercept** interrupt 43 **grave weeds**
 solemn apparel 64 **object** sight 71 **Nilus** the Nile

LUCIUS

Speak, gentle sister, who hath mart' red° thee?

MARCUS

O, that delightful engine° of her thoughts,
That blabbed° them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

LUCIUS

O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

MARCUS

O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath received some unrecuring° wound.

TITUS

It was my dear, and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he killed me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environed with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious° surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone,
Here stands my other son, a banished man,
And here my brother weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn°
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively° body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath mart' red thee.
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemned, and dead by this.°
Look, Marcus! Ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew
Upon a gath' red lily almost withered.

MARCUS

Perchance she weeps because they killed her husband,
Perchance because she knows them innocent.

TITUS

If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta' en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.°
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stained, like meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,°
And made a brine pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows°

Pass the remainder of our hateful days?

What shall we do? Let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wondered at in time to come.

LUCIUS

85 Sweet father, cease your tears, for at your grief
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

MARCUS

Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

TITUS

Ah, Marcus, Marcus! Brother, well I wot
Thy napkin° cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drowned it with thine
own.

LUCIUS

Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

TITUS

Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy° of woe is this!
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

100 *Enter AARON the Moor alone.*

AARON

Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word, that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

110 TITUS

O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand.
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

115 LUCIUS

Stay, father! For that noble hand of thine
That hath thrown down so many enemies
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

120 MARCUS

Which of your hands hath not defended Rome
And reared aloft the 'bloody battle-ax,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

125 AARON

Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear° they die before their pardon come.

130 MARCUS

My hand shall go.

LUCIUS

By heaven, it shall not go.

81 **mart' red** mutilated 82 **engine** instrument 83 **blabbed** freely spoke 90 **unrecuring** incurable 96 **envious** malicious
101 **spurn** thrust 105 **lively** living 109 **by this** by this time
121 **do thee ease** bring you relief 128 **clearness** clear pool
131 **dumb shows** silent signs

140 **napkin** handkerchief 148 **sympathy** agreement

TITUS

Sirs, strive no more; such with' red herbs as these
Are meet^o for plucking up, and therefore mine.

LUCIUS

Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

MARCUS

And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

TITUS

Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

LUCIUS

Then I'll go fetch an ax.

MARCUS

But I will use the ax. *Exeunt [LUCIUS and MARCUS].* 185

TITUS

Come hither, Aaron. I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

AARON [*Aside.*]

If that be called deceit, I will be honest,
And never whilst I live deceive men so:
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

He cuts off Titus' hand.

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS again.

TITUS

Now stay your strife, what shall be is dispatched.
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand;
Tell him it was a hand that warded^o him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price,
And yet dear too because I bought mine own.

AARON

I go, Andronicus, and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.

[*Aside.*]

Their heads, I mean. O, how this villainy
Doth fat^o me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. *Exit.* 205

TITUS

O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth.
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call! [*To LAVINIA.*] What, wouldst thou
kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers, 210
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,^o
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

MARCUS

O brother, speak with possibility,
And do not break into these deep extremes. 215

TITUS

Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions^o bottomless with them.

178 meet fit 194 warded guarded 203 fat delight (literally,
"nourish") 211 breathe . . . dim becloud the heavens with
our breath 217 passions outbursts

MARCUS

But yet let reason govern thy lament.

TITUS

If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my w^oes: 220
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoll'n face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?^o
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs doth flow! 225
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be movèd with her sighs,
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflowed and drowned,
For why^o my bowels^o cannot hide her woes, 230
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs^o with their bitter tongues.

Enter a MESSENGER, with two heads and a hand.

MESSENGER

Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor. 235
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy grief their sports, thy resolution mocked:
That^o woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*] 240

MARCUS

Now let hot Etna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,^o
But sorrow flouted at is double death. 245

LUCIUS

Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink^o thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,^o
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAVINIA kisses TITUS.*]

MARCUS

Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless 250
As frozen water to a starvèd^o snake.

TITUS

When will this fearful slumber^o have an end?

MARCUS

Now, farewell, flatt'ry, die, Andronicus,
Thou dost not slumber: see thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here, 255
Thy other banished son with this dear^o sight
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image cold and numb.
Ah! Now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand 260
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight

224 coil fuss 230 For why because; bowels thought to be
the seat of compassion; akin to the modern use of heart
233 stomachs feeling 239 That so that 244 some deal
somewhat 247 shrink slip away 248 bear his name be
called "life" 251 starvèd numbed 252 fearful slumber
nightmare existence 256 dear heartfelt

The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

TITUS Ha, ha, ha!

MARCUS

Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this hour.

TITUS

Why, I have not another tear to shed.

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,

And would usurp upon my wat'ry eyes

And make them blind with tributary° tears;

Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?

For these two heads do seem to speak to me,

And threat me I shall never come to bliss

Till all these mischiefs be returned again,

Even in their throats that hath committed them.

Come, let me see what task I have to do.

You heavy° people, circle me about,

That I may turn me to each one of you,

And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.

The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;

And in this hand the other will I bear.

And Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these arms,

Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth:°

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight.

Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.

Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there,

And, if ye love me, as I think you do,

Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

Exeunt [all but LUCIUS].

LUCIUS

Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,

The woeful'st man that ever lived in Rome!

Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again;

He loves his pledges dearer than his life.

Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;

O, would thou wert as thou tofore° hast been!

But now nor Lucius nor° Lavinia lives

But in oblivion and hateful griefs.

If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,

And make proud Saturnine and his empress

Beg at the gates, like Tarquin° and his queen.

Now will I to the Goths and raise a pow'r,

To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine.

Exit LUCIUS.

[Scene II. Rome. Within Titus' house.]

A banquet.° Enter [TITUS] Andronicus, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and the BOY [Lucius].

TITUS

So, so, now sit, and look you eat no more

Than will preserve just so much strength in us

As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

269 tributary paid as tribute 276 heavy sad 282 teeth possibly Shakespeare intended to delete "teeth" from the manuscript, and substituted the less grotesque "arms" above it; if so, the compositor mistakenly took "arms" to be part of the previous line, and to make sense of it he perhaps altered something like "employed in this" to "employed in these arms" 293 tofore formerly 294 nor . . . nor neither . . . nor 298 Tarquin Roman king whose rule was overthrown when his son (of the same name) raped Lucrece

III.ii.s.d. banquet light meal

Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:°

Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,

And cannot passionate° our tenfold grief

With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine

Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;

Who, when my heart all mad with misery

Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,

Then thus I thump it down.

[To LAVINIA.]

Thou map° of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.

Wound it with sighing,° girl, kill it with groans;

Or get some little knife between thy teeth,

And just against thy heart make thou a hole,

That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall

May run into that sink,° and, soaking in,

Drown the lamenting fool° in sea-salt tears.

MARCUS

Fie, brother, fie! Teach her not thus to lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life.

TITUS

How now! Has sorrow made thee dote already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.

What violent hands can she lay on her life!

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,

To bid Aeneas° tell the tale twice o'er,

How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,

Lest we remember still that we have none.

Fie, fie, how frantically I square° my talk,

As if we should forget we had no hands,

If Marcus did not name the word of hands!

Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this.

Here is no drink? Hark, Marcus, what she says—

I can interpret all her martyred signs—

She says she drinks no other drink but tears,

Brewed with her sorrow, meshed° upon her cheeks.

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect°

As begging hermits in their holy prayers:

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor wink,° nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,

But I of these will wrest an alphabet,

And by still° practice learn to know thy meaning.

BOY

Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments.

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

MARCUS

Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,

Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

TITUS

Peace, tender sapling, thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

4 knot Marcus' folded arms, a sign of heavy thoughts 6 passionate passionately express 12 map picture 15 wound . . . sighing sighing was believed to shorten life 19 sink sewer 20 fool here, as often, implying affection and pity 27 Aeneas see Virgil's Aeneid, II.2 31 square shape 38 meshed mashed, brewed 40 perfect fully knowing 43 wink shut the eyes 45 still constant

MARCUS *strikes the dish with a knife.*

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

MARCUS

At that that I have killed, my lord—a fly.

TITUS

Out on thee, murderer! Thou kill'st my heart;

Mine eyes are cloyed with view of tyranny:

A deed of death done on the innocent

Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone;

I see thou art not for my company.

MARCUS

Alas, my lord, I have but killed a fly.

TITUS

"But"! How, if that fly had a father and mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,

And buzz lamenting doings in the air!

Poor harmless fly,

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came here to make us merry! And thou hast killed him.

MARCUS

Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favored° fly,

Like to the empress' Moor. Therefore I killed him.

TITUS

O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on° him,

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,

Come hither purposely to poison me.

[*He strikes at it.*]

There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.

Ah, sirrah!°

Yet I think we are not brought so low

But that between us we can kill a fly

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

MARCUS

Alas, poor man! Grief has so wrought on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

TITUS

Come, take away.° Lavinia, go with me:

I'll to thy closet,° and go read with thee

Sad stories chanced° in the times of old.

Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.

Exeunt.

[A C T I V]

[Scene I. Rome. Before Titus' house.]

Enter Lucius' SON and LAVINIA running after him; and the BOY flies from her with his books under his arm. Enter TITUS and MARCUS.

66 ill-favored ugly 71 insult on exult over 75 sirrah common term of address to an inferior 81 take away clear the table 82 closet private room 83 chanced that happened

BOY

Help, grandsire, help! My aunt Lavinia

Follows me everywhere, I know not why.

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

MARCUS

Stand by me, Lucius, do not fear thine aunt.

TITUS

She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

BOY

Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

MARCUS

What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

TITUS

Fear her not, Lucius. Somewhat doth she mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia° never with more care

Read to her sons than she hath read to thee

Sweet poetry and Tully's *Orator*.°

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

BOY

My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad for sorrow. That made me to fear,

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury,° fright my youth,

Which made me down to throw my books and fly,

Causeless perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt:

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend° your ladyship.

MARCUS

Lucius, I will.

TITUS

How now, Lavinia? Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see.

Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.

But thou art deeper read, and better skilled.

Come, and take choice of all my library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens

Reveal the damned contriver of this deed.

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

MARCUS

I think she means that there were more than one

Confederate in the fact.° Ay, more there was,

Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

TITUS

Lucius, what book is that she tosseth° so?

BOY

Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*;°

My mother gave it me.

MARCUS

For love of her that's gone,

Perhaps she culled it from among the rest.

IV.i.12 Cornelia mother of the Gracchi, two famous tribunes
14 Tully's *Orator* Cicero's *De oratore* (or his *Orator ad M. Brutum*) 24 but in fury except in madness 28 attend wait on
39 fact crime 41 tosseth turns the pages of 42 *Metamorphosis* so spelled in the title of an Elizabethan translation by Golding, with which Shakespeare was familiar; properly *Metamorphoses*

TITUS

Soft! So busily she turns the leaves! 45
 Help her! What would she find? Lavinia, shall I
 read?
 This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
 And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
 And rape, I fear, was root of thy annoy.

MARCUS

See, brother, see, note how she quotes° the leaves. 50

TITUS

Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,
 Ravished and wronged, as Philomela was,
 Forced in the ruthless, vast,° and gloomy woods?
 See, see!
 Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt— 55
 O, had we never, never hunted there—
 Patterned by° that the poet here describes,
 By nature made for murders and for rapes.

MARCUS

O, why should nature build so foul a den,
 Unless the gods delight in tragedies? 60

TITUS

Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
 What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
 Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,°
 That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

MARCUS

Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down by me. 65
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
 Inspire me, that I may this treason find!
 My lord, look here: look here, Lavinia.

*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet
 and mouth.*

This sandy plot is plain;° guide if thou canst,
 This after me.° I have writ my name 70
 Without the help of any hand at all.
 Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift!°
 Write thou, good niece, and here display at last
 What God will have discovered° for revenge.
 Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain, 75
 That we may know the traitors and the truth!

*She takes the staff in her mouth and guides it with her
 stumps and writes.*

O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?

[TITUS]

"Stuprum.° Chiron. Demetrius."

MARCUS

What, what! The lustful sons of Tamora
 Performers of this heinous, bloody deed? 80

TITUS

Magni Dominator poli,
 Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?°

MARCUS

O, calm thee, gentle lord! Although I know
 There is enough written upon this earth
 To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts, 85

50 quotes examines 53 vast desolate 57 Patterned by
 after the pattern 63 erst once 69 plain fit 70 after me
 as I do 72 shift device 74 discovered revealed 78 Stuprum
 rape (Latin) 81-82 Magni . . . vides Ruler of the great
 heavens, are you so slow to hear and to see crimes? (Latin;
 derived from Seneca's *Hippolytus*, lines 668-69)

And arm the minds of infants to exclams.°

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
 And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's° hope;
 And swear with me, as, with the woeful fere°
 And father of that chaste dishonored dame, 90
 Lord Junius Brutus° sware for Lucrece' rape,
 That we will prosecute by good advice°
 Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
 And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

TITUS

'Tis sure enough, and you knew how, 95
 But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
 The dame will wake; and if she wind ye° once,
 She's with the lion deeply still in league,
 And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
 And when he sleeps will she do what she list.° 100
 You are a young huntsman, Marcus, let alone;
 And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
 And with a gad° of steel will write these words,
 And lay it by. The angry northern wind
 Will blow these sands like Sibyl's leaves° abroad, 105
 And where's our lesson then? Boy, what say you?

BOY

I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
 Their mother's bedchamber should not be safe
 For these base bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

MARCUS

Ay, that's my boy! Thy father hath full oft 110
 For his ungrateful country done the like.

BOY

And, uncle, so will I, and if I live.

TITUS

Come, go with me into mine armory:
 Lucius, I'll fit thee, and withal my boy
 Shall carry from me to the empress' sons 115
 Presents that I intend to send them both.
 Come, come; thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?

BOY

Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

TITUS

No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
 Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house. 120
 Lucius and I'll go brave it° at the court;
 Ay, marry,° will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.°

Exeunt.

MARCUS

O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
 And not relent, or not compassion him?
 Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,° 125
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
 Than foemen's marks upon his batt' red shield,
 But yet so just that he will not revenge.
 Revenge the heavens° for old Andronicus! *Exit.*

86 exclams exclamations 88 the Roman Hector's
 Andronicus (Titus is compared to Hector, Troy's champion)
 89 fere spouse 91 Junius Brutus chief of those who drove
 the Tarquins from Rome 92 by good advice after careful
 deliberation 97 and . . . ye if she get wind of (smell) you
 100 list please 103 gad spike, stylus 105 Sibyl's leaves
 leaves on which the Sibyl wrote prophecies 121 brave it
 behave defiantly 122 marry an interjection (from "By the
 Virgin Mary"); be waited on not be ignored 125 ecstasy
 fit of madness 129 Revenge the heavens may the heavens
 take revenge

[Scene II. Rome. Within the palace.]

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one door, and at the other door young LUCIUS and another, with a bundle of weapons and verses writ upon them.

CHIRON

Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius,
He hath some message to deliver us.

AARON

Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

BOY

My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honors from Andronicus.

[Aside.]

And pray the Roman gods confound° you both.

DEMETRIUS

Gramercy,° lovely Lucius, what's the news?

BOY [Aside.]

That you are both deciphered, that's the news,
For villains marked with rape. [Aloud.] May it please
you,

My grandsire, well-advised,° hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armory
To gratify your honorable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bid me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships; whenever you have need,
You may be armèd and appointed° well.
And so I leave you both, [aside] like bloody villains.

Exit.

DEMETRIUS

What's here? A scroll, and written round about?
Let's see:

Integer vitae, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.°

CHIRON

O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

AARON

Ay, just; a verse in Horace; right, you have it.

[Aside.]

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! The old man hath found their
guilt,

And sends them weapons wrapped about with lines
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty° empress well afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.°
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

[Aloud.]

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

DEMETRIUS

But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate° and send us gifts.

AARON

Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

DEMETRIUS

I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay,° by turn to serve our lust.

CHIRON

A charitable wish and full of love.

AARON

Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

CHIRON

And that would she for twenty thousand more.

DEMETRIUS

Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our belovèd mother in her pains.

AARON [Aside.]

Pray to the devils, the gods have given us over.

Trumpets sound.

DEMETRIUS

Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

CHIRON

Belike,° for joy the emperor hath a son.

DEMETRIUS

Soft! Who comes here?

Enter NURSE with a blackamoor CHILD.

NURSE

God morrow, lords.

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

AARON

Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

NURSE

O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

AARON

Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble° in thy arms?

NURSE

O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace!
She is delivered, lords, she is delivered.

AARON

To whom?

NURSE

I mean, she is brought abed.

AARON

Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

NURSE

A devil.

AARON Why, then she is the devil's dam;°

A joyful issue.

NURSE

A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue!
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fair-faced breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

IV.ii.6 confound destroy 7 Gramercy thanks 10 well-advised in sound mind 16 appointed equipped 20-21 Integer . . . arcu The man of upright life and free from crime has no need of a Moor's javelins or bow (Latin; from Horace, Odes, I.xxii.1-2) 29 witty wise 30 conceit idea, design

38 insinuate curry favor 42 At . . . bay thus cornered 50 Belike probably 58 fumble clumsily bundle up 64 dam mother

AARON

Zounds,^o ye whore! Is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse,^o you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

DEMETRIUS

Villain, what has thou done?

AARON

That which thou canst not undo.

CHIRON

Thou hast undone our mother.

AARON

Villain, I have done^o thy mother.

DEMETRIUS

And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.
Woe to her chance,^o and damned her loathèd choice!
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!

CHIRON

It shall not live.

AARON

It shall not die.

NURSE

Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

AARON

What, must it, nurse? Then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

DEMETRIUS

I'll broach^o the tadpole on my rapier's point.
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

AARON

Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.
Stay, murderous villains! Will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,^o
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,^o
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides,^o nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine,^o shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-limed walls!^o Ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal black is better than another hue;
In that it scorns to bear another hue,
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave^o them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

DEMETRIUS

Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

AARON

My mistress is my mistress, this my self,
The vigor and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer;
This mauger^o all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke^o for it in Rome.

DEMETRIUS

By this our mother is forever shamed.

CHIRON

Rome will despise her for this foul escape.^o

NURSE

The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

CHIRON

I blush to think upon this ignomy.^o

AARON

Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts^o and counsels of thy heart!
Here's a young lad framed of another leer:^o
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self blood^o that first gave life to you,
And from your womb where you imprisoned were
He is enfranchisèd and come to light:
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,^o
Although my seal be stampèd in his face.

NURSE

Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

DEMETRIUS

Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe^o to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so^o we may all be safe.

AARON

Then sit we down and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:^o
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

DEMETRIUS

How many women saw this child of his?

AARON

Why, so, brave lords! When we join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafèd^o boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.
But say again, how many saw the child?

NURSE

Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else but the delivered empress.

AARON

The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel when the third's away.
Go to the empress, tell her this I said.

He kills her.

Wheak, wheak!

So cries a pig preparèd to the spit.

DEMETRIUS

What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou
this?

AARON

O, Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy!^o
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?

71 **Zounds** an interjection (from "By God's wounds") 72 **blowse** ruddy wench (here, ironic) 76 **done** had sexual intercourse with 78 **chance** luck 85 **broach** impale 90 **got** begat 93 **Enceladus** one of the Titans (sons of Typhon) who fought the Olympians 95 **Alcides** Hercules 97 **sanguine** pink-cheeked 98 **white-limed walls** perhaps a reference to the "whited sepulchers" of Matthew 23:27 103 **lave** wash 110 **mauger** in spite of 111 **smoke** suffer

113 **escape** escapade 115 **ignomy** ignominy 118 **close enacts** secret resolutions 119 **leer** complexion 122-23 **sensibly** . . . **blood** his body draws on the same blood 126 **the surer side** the mother's side 130 **subscribe** agree 131 so provided that 133 **have** . . . **you** keep you safely in our view (as game is watched, downwind) 138 **chafèd** enraged 149 **policy** cunning

A long-tongued babbling gossip? No, lords, no.
 And now be it known to you my full intent.
 Not far one Muliteus my countryman
 His^o wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
 His child is like to her, fair as you are. 155
 Go pack^o with him, and give the mother gold,
 And tell them both the circumstance of all,^o
 And how by this their child shall be advanced,
 And be receivèd for the emperor's heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine, 160
 To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
 And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
 Hark ye, lords; you see I have given her physic,^o
 And you must needs bestow her funeral;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms. 165
 This done, see that you take no longer days,^o
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife and the nurse well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

CHIRON

Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets. 170

DEMETRIUS For this care of Tamora,
 Herself and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*

AARON

Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies,
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends. 175
 Come on, you thick-lipped slave, I'll bear you hence;
 For it is you that puts us to`our shifts.^o
 I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin^o in a cave, and bring you up 180
 To be a warrior and command a camp. *Exit.*

[Scene III. Rome. A street.]

Enter TITUS, old MARCUS, [his son PUBLIUS,] young LUCIUS, and other GENTLEMEN, with bows; and TITUS bears the arrows with letters on the ends of them.

TITUS

Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way.
 Sir boy, let me see your archery;
 Look ye draw home^o enough, and 'tis there straight.
 Terras Astraea reliquit.^o
 Be you rememb'red,^o Marcus: she's gone, she's fled. 5
 Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
 Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
 Happily^o you may catch her in the sea;
 Yet there's as little justice as at land:
 No, Publius and Sempronius, you must do it; 10
 'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
 And pierce the inmost center of the earth:
 Then, when you come to Pluto's region,^o

I pray you deliver him this petition:
 Tell him, it is for justice and for aid, 15
 And that it comes from old Andronicus,
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
 Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made thee miserable
 What time^o I threw the people's suffrages 20
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
 Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,
 And leave you not a man of war unsearched:
 This wicked emperor may have shipped her hence,
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for^o justice.

MARCUS

O, Publius, is not this a heavy case, 25
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

PUBLIUS

Therefore, my lords, it highly us concerns
 By day and night t' attend him carefully,
 And feed his humor^o kindly as we may, 30
 Till time beget some careful remedy.

MARCUS

Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
 But^o . . . 35
 Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
 Take wreak^o on Rome for this ingratitude,
 And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

TITUS

Publius, how now! How now, my masters!
 What, have you met with her?

PUBLIUS

No, my good lord, but Pluto sends you word,
 If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
 Marry, for justice, she is so employed, 40
 He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
 So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

TITUS

He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
 I'll dive into the burning lake below,
 And pull her out of Acheron^o by the heels. 45
 Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
 No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops'^o size;
 But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
 Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear:
 And sith^o there's no justice in earth nor hell, 50
 We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
 To send down justice for to wreak^o our wrongs.
 Come, to this gear.^o You are a good archer, Marcus.

He gives them the arrows.

Ad Jovem, that's for you: here, Ad Apollinem:
 Ad Martem,^o that's for myself: 55
 Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury:
 To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;
 You were as good to shoot^o against the wind.
 To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.
 Of my word, I have written to effect; 60
 There's not a god left unsolicited.

153-54 countryman His countryman's 156 pack conspire
 157 circumstance of all all the details 163 physic medicine
 166 days time 177 puts . . . shifts causes us to use strata-
 gems 180 cabin dwell

IV.iii.3 home fully 4 Terras Astraea reliquit Astraea
 (goddess of justice) has left the earth (Latin; from Ovid,
Metamorphoses, I.150) 5 Be you rememb'red remember
 8 Happily perhaps 13 Pluto's region Hades

19 What time when 24 pipe for whistle vainly for 29
 humor mood, caprice 32 But a catchword indicates that
 the line begins "But," though the line itself was omitted
 34 wreak vengeance 45 Acheron river in Hades 47 Cyclops'
 giants (in Homer's *Odyssey*) 50 sith since 52 wreak avenge
 53 gear affair 54-55 Ad Jovem . . . Ad Apollinem: Ad
 Martem to Jove . . . to Apollo; to Mars (Latin) 58 You . . .
 shoot you would do as much good by shooting

MARCUS

Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

TITUS

Now, masters, draw. O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's^o lap; give it Pallas.

MARCUS

My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

TITUS Ha, ha!

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done!
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

MARCUS

This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The bull, being galled, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court,
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laughed, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

TITUS

Why, there it goes! God give his lordship joy!

Enter the CLOWN,^o with a basket and two pigeons in it.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? Have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? What says Jupiter?

CLOWN Ho, the gibbet maker!^o He says that he hath
taken them down again, for the man must not be
hanged till the next week.

TITUS But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

CLOWN Alas, sir, I know not Jubiter; I never drank
with him in all my life.

TITUS Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

CLOWN Ay, of my pigeons, sir, nothing else.

TITUS Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

CLOWN From heaven? Alas, sir, I never came there!
God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in
my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons
to the tribunal plebs,^o to take up a matter of brawl
betwixt my uncle and one of the emperal's^o men.

MARCUS Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for
your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the
emperor from you.

TITUS Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

CLOWN Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all
my life.

TITUS

Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meanwhile, here's money for thy charges.^o
Give me pen and ink. Sirrah, can you with a grace
deliver up a supplication?

CLOWN Ay, sir.

TITUS Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must

kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons,
and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir!
See you do it bravely.^o

CLOWN I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

TITUS

Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,

For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.

And when thou hast given it to the emperor,

Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

CLOWN God be with you, sir; I will.

TITUS Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me.

Exeunt.

[Scene IV. Rome. Before the palace.]

*Enter emperor [SATURNINUS] and empress [TAMORA]
and her two SONS. The emperor [SATURNINUS] brings
the arrows in his hand that Titus shot at him.*

SATURNINUS

Why, lords, what wrongs are these! Was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent^o
Of egal^o justice used in such contempt?

My lords, you know, as know the mighty gods,

However these disturbers of our peace

Buzz in the people's ears, there naught hath passed

But even^o with law against the willful sons

Of old Andronicus. And what and if

His sorrows have so overwhelmed his wits,

Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,^o

His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?

And now he writes to heaven for his redress!

See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury,

This to Apollo, this to the god of war.

Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!

What's this but libeling against the senate,

And blazoning^o our injustice everywhere?

A goodly humor, is it not, my lords?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were.

But if I live, his feignèd ecstasies^o

Shall be no shelter to these outrages,

But he and his shall know that justice lives

In Saturninus' health; whom, if he sleep,

He'll so awake, as he in fury shall

Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

TAMORA

My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,

Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,

Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,

Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,

Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarred his
heart,

And rather comfort his distressed plight

Than prosecute the meanest or the best

For these contempts. [*Aside.*] Why, thus it shall become

High-witted Tamora to gloze^o with all.

But, Titus, I have touched thee to the quick,

113 bravely well

IV.iv.3 extent exercise 4 egal equal 8 even agreeing

11 wrecks vengeful acts 18 blazoning proclaiming 21

ecstasies fits of madness 35 gloze use specious words

65 Virgo's the Virgin's (sign of the zodiac, as are Taurus—the bull—in line 70, and Aries—the ram—in line 72) 77 s.d. Clown rustic fellow 81 gibbet maker apparently "Jupiter"—which in the original text is spelled "Jubiter"—was pronounced rather like "gibbeter" (i.e., gibbet maker) 93 tribunal plebs malapropism for tribunus plebis, "tribune of the plebs" 94 emperal's another malapropism 105 charges pigeons

Thy lifeblood out:° if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor in the port.

Enter CLOWN.

How now, good fellow? Wouldst thou speak with us?

CLOWN

Yea, forsooth, and your mistress-ship be imperial. 40

TAMORA

Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

CLOWN 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you
godden.° I have brought you a letter and a couple of
pigeons here.

He [SATURNINUS] reads the letter.

SATURNINUS

Go, take him away, and hang him presently. 45

CLOWN How much money must I have?

TAMORA Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

CLOWN Hanged! By Lady,° then I have brought up a
neck° to a fair end. *Exit [with GUARDS].*

SATURNINUS

Despiteful and intolerable wrongs! 50

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds.

May this be borne as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butchered wrongfully. 55

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,

Nor age nor honor shall shape privilege:°

For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughterman—

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me. 60

Enter nuntius,° AEMILIUS.

What news with thee, Aemilius?

AEMILIUS

Arm, my lords. Rome never had more cause.

The Goths have gathered head,° and with a power°

Of high-resolvèd men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct° 65

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do

As much as ever Coriolanus° did.

SATURNINUS

Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me, and I hang the head 70

As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms.

Ay, now begins our sorrows to approach:

'Tis he the common people love so much;

Myself hath often heard them say,

When I have walkèd like a private man, 75

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wished that Lucius were their emperor.

TAMORA

Why should you fear? Is not your city strong?

37 **Thy lifeblood out** when your blood is out 43 **godden**
good evening 48 **By Lady** an interjection (from "By
Our Lady") 49 **neck** possibly with a pun on *knack*, which
means "deceitful trick" 57 **shape privilege** provide im-
munity 60 **s.d. nuntius** messenger (Latin) 63 **gathered**
head raised an army; **power** army 65 **conduct** leadership
68 **Coriolanus** the Roman hero who became Rome's enemy
is the protagonist in Shakespeare's last tragedy

SATURNINUS

Ay, but the citizens favor Lucius,

And will revolt from me to succor him. 80

TAMORA

King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

Is the sun dimmed, that gnats do fly in it?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing

And is not careful° what they mean thereby,

Knowing that with the shadow of his wings 85

He can at pleasure stint° their melody:

Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.

Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,

I will enchant the old Andronicus

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous, 90

Than baits to fish, or honey stalks° to sheep;

Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,

The other rotted with delicious feed.

SATURNINUS

But he will not entreat his son for us.

TAMORA

If Tamora entreat him, then he will: 95

For I can smooth, and fill his agèd ears

With golden promises, that, were his heart

Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.

[*To AEMILIUS.*]

Go thou before to be our ambassador: 100

Say that the emperor requests a parley

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting

Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

SATURNINUS

Aemilius, do this message honorably,

And if he stand in° hostage for his safety, 105

Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

AEMILIUS

Your bidding shall I do effectually. *Exit.*

TAMORA

Now will I to that old Andronicus,

And temper° him with all the art I have,

To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths. 110

And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,

And bury all thy fear in my devices.

SATURNINUS

Then go successantly,° and plead to him. *Exeunt.*

[A C T V]

[Scene I. *A plain near Rome.*]

*Enter LUCIUS, with an army of GOTHs, with drums and
SOLDIERS.*

LUCIUS

Approvèd° warriors, and my faithful friends,

I have receivèd letters from great Rome,

Which signifies what hate they bear their emperor,

84 **careful** worried 86 **stint** stop 91 **honey stalks** clover
105 **stands in** insist upon 109 **temper** work upon 113
successantly one after the other (?)
V.i.i **Approvèd** tested

And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,^o
Let him make treble satisfaction.

GOTH

Brave slip,^o sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits and honorable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold^o in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flow' red fields,
And be avenged on cursèd Tamora.

[OTHER GOTHS]

And as he saith, so say we all with him.

LUCIUS

I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a GOTH, leading of AARON with his CHILD in his arms.

GOTH

Renownèd Lucius, from our troops I strayed
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted^o building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controlled with this discourse:
"Peace, tawny^o slave, half me and half thy dame.^o
Did not thy hue bewray^o whose brat^o thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!" Even thus he rates^o the babe,
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rushed upon him,
Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

LUCIUS

O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robbed Andronicus of his good hand.
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye,
And here's the base fruit of her burning lust.
Say, walleyed^o slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiendlike face?
Why dost not speak? What, deaf? Not a word?
A halter, soldiers! Hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

AARON

Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

LUCIUS

Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl—
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

AARON

Get me a ladder.^o Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things
That highly may advantage thee to hear.
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more but "Vengeance rot you all!"

LUCIUS

Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourished.

AARON

And if it please thee! Why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful^o to hear, yet piteously performed:^o
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

LUCIUS

Tell on thy mind, I say thy child shall live.

AARON

Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

LUCIUS

Who should I swear by? Thou believest no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

AARON

What if I do not? As indeed I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee callèd conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble^o for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover naught to thee.

LUCIUS

Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

AARON

First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

LUCIUS

O most insatiate and luxurious^o woman!

AARON

Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To^o that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murdered Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue and ravished her,
And cut her hands, and trimmed her as thou sawest.

LUCIUS

O detestable villain! Call'st thou that trimming?

AARON

Why, she was washed, and cut, and trimmed, and
'twas
Trim sport for them which had the doing of it.

7 scath harm 9 slip offshoot 13 bold confident 23 wasted ruined 27 tawny black; dame mother 28 bewray reveal; brat young offspring 33 rates berates 44 walleyed glaring (literally, "having a whitish iris")

53 Get . . . ladder Hang me rather than the child 66 Ruthful pitiful; piteously performed performed, which excites pity 79 bauble carved head at the end of a court fool's stick 88 luxurious lustful 90 To in comparison with

LUCIUS

O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

AARON

Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.
That coddling° spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set.°
That bloody mind, I think, they learned of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.°
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I trained° thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within that letter mentioned,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I played the cheater° for thy father's hand,
And when I had it drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pried me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears and laughed so heartily
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She sounded° almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

GOTH

What, canst thou say all this and never blush?

AARON

Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

LUCIUS

Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

AARON

Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man or else devise his death,
Ravish a maid or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some innocent and forswear° myself,
Set deadly enmity between two friends,
Make poor men's cattle break their necks,
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves
And set them upright at their dear friends' door,
Even when their sorrows almost was forgot,
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
“Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.”
But, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

LUCIUS

Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

AARON

If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue! 150

100 LUCIUS

Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter AEMILIUS.

GOTH

105 My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

LUCIUS

Let him come near.
Welcome, Aemilius, what's the news from Rome? 155

110 AEMILIUS

Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
115 Willing you to demand your hostages, 160
And they shall be immediately delivered.

GOTH

What says our general?

LUCIUS

120 Aemilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away. [Exeunt.] 165

[Scene II. Rome. Before Titus' house.]

Enter TAMORA and her two SONS, disguised [as Revenge attended by Rape and Murder].

125 TAMORA

Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,°
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
130 Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps° 5
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion° on his enemies.

135 *They knock, and TITUS [above] opens his study door.*

TITUS

Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door, 10
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
140 You are deceived; for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down.
And what is written shall be executed. 15

TAMORA

Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

145 TITUS

No, not a word. How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give that accord?°
Thou hast the odds of° me, therefore no more.

99 coddling lustful 100 set game 102 at head a courageous
bulldog went for the bull's nose 104 trained lured 111
cheater officer appointed to look after escheats, or property
forfeited to the crown 119 sounded swooned 130 forswear
perjure

V.ii.1 sad habiliment dismal apparel 5 keeps dwells 8
confusion destruction 18 give that accord provide appro-
priate gestures 19 odds of advantage over

TAMORA

If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me. 20

TITUS

I am not mad, I know thee well enough.

Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines,

Witness these trenches made by grief and care,

Witness the tiring day and heavy night,

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well 25

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:

Is not thy coming for my other hand?

TAMORA

Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.

I am Revenge, sent from th' infernal kingdom 30

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,

By working wreakful° vengeance on thy foes.

Come down and welcome me to this world's light;

Confer with me of murder and of death:

There's not a hollow cave or lurking place, 35

No vast obscurity or misty vale,

Where bloody murder or detested rape

Can couch° for fear, but I will find them out,

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,

Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake. 40

TITUS

Art thou Revenge? And art thou sent to me,

To be a torment to mine enemies?

TAMORA

I am, therefore come down and welcome me.

TITUS

Do me some service ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands; 45

Now give some surance° that thou art Revenge;

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;

And then I'll come and be thy wagoner,

And whirl along with thee about the globes.

Provide thee two proper palfreys,° black as jet, 50

To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,

And find out murd'ers in their guilty caves:

And when thy car° is loaden with their heads,

I will dismount, and by thy wagon wheel

Trot like a servile footman all day long, 55

Even from Hyperion's° rising in the east,

Until his very downfall in the sea.

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,

So° thou destroy Rapine° and Murder there.

TAMORA

These are my ministers and come with me. 60

TITUS

Are they thy ministers? What are they called?

TAMORA

Rape and Murder; therefore callèd so,

'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

TITUS

Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are!

And you the empress! But we worldly° men 65

Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:

And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,

I will embrace thee in it by and by. [Exit above.]

TAMORA

This closing° with him fits his lunacy. 70

Whate'er I forge° to feed his brainsick humors,

Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,

For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,

And, being credulous in this mad thought,

I'll make him send for Lucius his son; 75

And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,

I'll find some cunning practice° out of hand,°

To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,

Or at the least make them his enemies.

See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme. 80

[Enter TITUS.]

TITUS

Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.

Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house:

Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:

How like the empress and her sons you are!

Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor: 85

Could not all hell afford you such a devil?

For well I wot the empress never wags°

But in her company there is a Moor;

And, would you represent our queen aright,

It were convenient° you had such a devil: 90

But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

TAMORA

What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

DEMETRIUS

Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

CHIRON

Show me a villain that hath done a rape,

And I am sent to be revenged on him. 95

TAMORA

Show me a thousand that hath done thee wrong,

And I will be revengèd on them all.

TITUS

Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,

Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer. 100

Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap°

To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.

Go thou with them, and in the emperor's court

There is a queen attended by a Moor; 105

Well shalt thou know her by thine own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee:

I pray thee, do on them some violent death;

They have been violent to me and mine.

TAMORA

Well hast thou lessoned us; this shall we do. 110

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,

To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,

Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house:

When he is here, even at thy solemn° feast, 115

32 wreakful avenging 38 couch lie hidden 46 surance
assurance 50 proper palfreys excellent horses 53 car chariot
56 Hyperion's the sun god's 59 So provided that; Rapine
Rape 65 worldly mortal, of this world

70 closing agreement 71 forge invent 77 practice scheme;
out of hand on the spur of the moment 87 wags moves
90 convenient fitting 101 hap chance 115 solemn cere-
monious

I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

TITUS

Marcus, my brother! 'Tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.
Bid him repair^o to me and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths:
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are;
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his agèd father's life.

MARCUS

This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*]

TAMORA

Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

TITUS

Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

TAMORA [*Aside to her* SONS.]

What say you, boys? Will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have governed our determined jest?^o
Yield to his humor, smooth and speak him fair,^o
And tarry with him till I turn again.

TITUS [*Aside.*]

I knew them all, though they supposed me mad;
And will o'erreach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursèd hellhounds and their dame.

DEMETRIUS

Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

TAMORA

Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot^o to betray thy foes.

TITUS

I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

[*Exit* TAMORA.]

CHIRON

Tell us, old man, how shall we be employed?

TITUS

Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

[*Enter* PUBLIUS and others.]

PUBLIUS

What is your will?

TITUS

Know you these two?

PUBLIUS

The empress' sons, I take them: Chiron, Demetrius.

TITUS

Fie, Publius, fie! Thou art too much deceived:

124 repair come 139 governed . . . jest managed the jest
we agreed ("determined") upon 140 smooth . . . fair
flatter and speak courteously to him 147 complot plot

The one is Murder, and Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them:

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

120 And now I find it: therefore bind them sure;

And stop their mouths if they begin to cry. [*Exit.*]

160

CHIRON

Villains, forbear! We are the empress' sons.

PUBLIUS

And therefore do we what we are commanded.

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:

Is he sure bound? Look that you find them fast.

165

125

Enter TITUS Andronicus with a knife, and LAVINIA with
a basin.

TITUS

Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.

130

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stained with
mud,

170

This goodly summer with your winter mixed.

You killed her husband, and for that vile fault

Two of her brothers were condemned to death,

135

My hand cut off and made a merry jest:

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more
dear

175

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrained and forced.

What would you say if I should let you speak?

140

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

180

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,

Whiles that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

The basin that receives your guilty blood.

You know your mother means to feast with me,

And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:

185

145

Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,

And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,

And of the paste a coffin^o I will rear,

And make two pasties of your shameful heads,

And bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,

190

Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.^o

This is the feast that I have bid her to,

And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;

For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,

And worse than Progne^o I will be revenged.

195

150

And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,

Receive the blood; and when that they are dead,

Let me go grind their bones to powder small,

And with this hateful liquor temper^o it,

And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.

200

Come, come, be every one officious^o

To make this banquet, which I wish may prove

More stern and bloody than the centaurs' feast.^o

188 coffin pie crust 191 increase offspring 195 Progne
wife of Tereus (Tereus raped and mutilated Progne's sister,
Philomela, and in revenge Progne slaughtered Tereus—and
her own—son and served him to Tereus) 199 temper mix
201 officious busy 203 centaurs' feast a battle followed
the marriage feast to which the Lapiths invited the centaurs

He cuts their throats.

So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And see them ready against^o their mother comes. 205
Exeunt.

[Scene III. Rome. Within Titus' house.]

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the GOTHs [with AARON a prisoner, and an ATTENDANT bearing Aaron's CHILD].

LUCIUS
Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind
That I repair^o to Rome, I am content.

GOTH
And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

LUCIUS
Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursèd devil;
Let him receive no sust'nance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us. 10

AARON
Some devil whisper curses in my ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

LUCIUS
Away, inhuman dog! Unhallowed slave!
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. 15
[GOTHs lead AARON in. Trumpets sound.]

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Sound trumpets. Enter emperor [SATURNINUS] and empress [TAMORA], with TRIBUNES and others.

SATURNINUS
What, hath the firmament mo^o suns than one?

LUCIUS
What boots^o it thee to call thyself a sun?

MARCUS
Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;^o
These quarrels must be quietly debated. 20
The feast is ready, which the careful^o Titus
Hath ordained to an honorable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome.
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

SATURNINUS
Marcus, we will. 25

Trumpets sounding, enter TITUS, like a cook, placing the dishes, and LAVINIA with a veil over her face, [young LUCIUS, and others].

TITUS
Welcome, my lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer^o be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

205 against in preparation for the time when
V.iii.2 repair return 17 mo more 18 boots avails 19
break the parle interrupt the talk (i.e., cease quarreling) 21
careful full of sorrow 28 cheer hospitality

SATURNINUS

Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus? 30

TITUS

Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

TAMORA

We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

TITUS

And if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve^o me this: 35
Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced,^o stained, and deflow' red?

SATURNINUS

It was, Andronicus.

TITUS

Your reason, mighty lord! 40

SATURNINUS

Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

TITUS

A reason mighty, strong, and effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like. 45
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

[He kills her.]

SATURNINUS

What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?^o

TITUS

Killed her for whom my tears have made me
blind.

I am as woeful as Virginius was, 50
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage, and it now is done.

SATURNINUS

What, was she ravished? Tell who did the deed.

TITUS

Will't please you eat? Will't please your highness
feed?

TAMORA

Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus? 55

TITUS

Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravished her and cut away her tongue;
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

SATURNINUS

Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

TITUS

Why, there they are, both bakèd in this pie, 60
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

He stabs the empress [TAMORA].

SATURNINUS

Die, frantic wretch, for this accursèd deed.

[Kills TITUS.]

35 resolve answer 38 enforced forced, raped 48 unkind
(1) unnatural (2) cruel

LUCIUS

Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed,^o death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills SATURNINUS.*]

MARCUS

You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproars severed, as a flight of fowl
Scattered by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

ROMAN LORD

Let Rome herself be bane^o unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself,
But if^o my frosty signs and chaps of age,^o
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words.

[*To LUCIUS.*]

Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst^o our ancestor,^o
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To lovesick Dido's sad attending^o ear
The story of that baleful^o burning night,
When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy;
Tell us what Simon^o hath bewitched our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact^o of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory
And break my utt'rance, even in the time
When it should move ye to attend me most,
And force you to commiseration.
Here's Rome's young captain, let him tell the tale,
While I stand by and weep to hear him speak.

LUCIUS

Then, gracious auditory, be it known to you
That Chiron and the damned Demetrius
Were they that murd'ered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister.
For their fell^o faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despised, and basely cozened^o
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turned weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies,
Who drowned their enmity in my true tears
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend:
I am the turned-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter,^o I;

65

My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft!^o Methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

115

MARCUS

Now is my turn to speak. Behold the child:

Of this was Tamora deliverèd,

120

The issue of an irreligious Moor,

Chief architect and plotter of these woes:

The villain is alive in Titus' house,

And as he is to witness, this is true.

Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge

125

These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,

Or more than any living man could bear.

75

Now have you heard the truth. What say you,
Romans?

Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein,

And, from the place where you behold us pleading,

130

The poor remainder of Andronici

Will, hand in hand, all headlong hurl ourselves

And on the ragged^o stones beat forth our souls,

And make a mutual closure^o of our house.

Speak, Romans, speak, and if you say we shall,

135

Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

80

AEMILIUS

Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,

Lucius our emperor; for well I know

The common voice do cry it shall be so.

140

85

MARCUS

Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!

90

[*To SOLDIERS.*]

Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,

To be adjudged some direful slaught'ring death,

As punishment for his most wicked life.

145

95

[*Exeunt ATTENDANTS.*]

Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

[*Cries of approval.*]

LUCIUS

Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,

To heal Rome's harms and wipe away her woe!

But, gentle people, give me aim^o awhile,

For nature puts me to a heavy task.

150

Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near

To shed obsequious^o tears upon this trunk.

105

O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

These sorrowful drops upon thy bloodstained face,

The last true duties of thy noble son!

155

110

MARCUS

Tear for tear and loving kiss for kiss

Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:

O, were the sum of these that I should pay

Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

LUCIUS

Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us

160

To melt in showers. Thy grandsire loved thee well;

66 meed for meed measure for measure 73 bane destruction 77 But if unless; frosty . . . age white hair and cracked (wrinkled) skin 80 erst formerly; our ancestor Aeneas 82 sad attending seriously listening 83 baleful injurious 85 Sinon Greek who persuaded the Trojans to admit the wooden horse 88 compact composed 100 fell savage 101 cozened cheated 113 vaunter braggart

116 soft hold (a common interjection) 133 ragged rugged 134 mutual closure common end 149 give me aim assist me 152 obsequious mourning

Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
 Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
 Many a story hath he told to thee,
 And bid thee bear his pretty tales in mind,
 And talk of them when he was dead and gone.

MARCUS

How many thousand times hath these poor lips,
 When they were living, warmed themselves on thine!
 O, now, sweet boy, give them their latest^o kiss.
 Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
 Do them^o that kindness, and take leave of them.

BOY

O, grandsire, grandsire! Ev'n with all my heart
 Would I were dead, so you did live again!
 O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
 My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

[*Enter ATTENDANTS with AARON.*]

ROMAN

You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
 Give sentence on this execrable wretch
 That hath been breeder of these dire events.

LUCIUS

Set him breast-deep in earth and famish him;

There let him stand and rave and cry for food:
 If anyone relieves or pities him,
 For the offense he dies. This is our doom.^o
 Some stay, to see him fast'ned in the earth.

180

AARON

Ah, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
 I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
 I should repent the evils I have done:
 Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
 Would I perform, if I might have my will:
 If one good deed in all my life I did,
 I do repent it from my very soul.

185

LUCIUS

Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
 And give him burial in his father's grave:
 My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
 Be closèd in our household's monument.
 As for that ravenous tiger, Tamora,
 No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weed,
 No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
 But throw her forth to beasts and birds to prey.
 Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
 And being dead, let birds on her take pity.

190

195

Exeunt. 200

169 latest last 171 them "these poor lips" of line 167

182 doom sentence

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

EDITED BY ROBERT B. HEILMAN

Introduction

At a number of points critics of *The Taming of the Shrew* are in general agreement. No one doubts that Christopher Sly is skillfully characterized—in his coarseness, his liveliness, his unaffectedness, his candor, his partial yielding to illusion, his incongruous mixture of two styles of life, his difficulty in acting the gentleman and attending to even a rather popular brand of theatrical fare. No one doubts that Petruchio and Kate are made, if not altogether well-rounded characters, at least human beings of vitality and imaginativeness, so that they have an interest and plausibility that stereotypes would not have. Each first acts in a way that suggests a rather single-ply, rigid nature, and then reveals a capacity for crucial action of another quality and value. No one doubts that the Bianca plot is of secondary interest, that it turns on a conventional love story, that it has in it more of intrigue than of the romantic intensity that Shakespeare would later develop in his lovers, and that, despite its manifest limitations, Shakespeare has pumped theatrical life into it by the multiplication of candidates for Bianca's hand and by a brisk representation of their schemes and styles. No one doubts that the suitors are effectively distinguished from each other—Gremio, the clownish overage lover; Tranio, the virtuoso quasi-competitor who loves to play the gentleman; Hortensio, who can settle for an unromantic down-to-earth arrangement like a sensible man in Restoration comedy; and Lucentio, the straight man and winner. No one doubts that the lesser characters are, in brief space, endowed with much individuality and substance—Baptista, the worried and well-meaning father; Grumio, the spirited servant who finds histrionic pleasure in opposite roles, whether taking it from Petruchio or dishing it out to other servants; Biondello, the lively-talking aide-de-camp in the war of love; the conscientious and frustrated Tailor; the earnest Pedant, grimly determined to succeed in his role as Lucentio's helpful father; the actual Vincentio, driven into a temper by successive experiences of being put upon.

No one doubts, finally, that all these materials from diverse sources (see A Note on the Sources, p. 327) have been combined with so much ingenuity that the play has a convincing air of unity. The play-within-a-play is an old

device: no one feels any hiatus between the audience (Sly and the Lord's household) and the performers of a play (the actors presenting the two love affairs). The taming plot and the relatively straight love plot are brought together mechanically by the fact that the two women are sisters and that the marriage of one depends on that of the other; by the fact that Bianca's suitors collaborate in finding a suitor for Kate and, even more than that, in assisting him in his suit; by the fact that Petruchio first aids Hortensio and that Hortensio later plays along with Petruchio's game as wife-tamer; and by the fact that the final wedding celebration is a joint affair. The two actions are held together organically by the fact that the women wooed, the wooers, and their methods of wooing are in contrast, not only esthetically but, by implication, morally; and by the still more striking fact that the apparent contrast, which seems so obvious at first, is reversed in the final act. When Kate and Bianca undergo a partial change of roles at the end, we see them, not simply as ending parallel plots, but as ironically revealing different aspects of one fundamental situation—the relations of husbands and wives.

Within the last decade critics have begun to detect a still subtler form of unity, one that considerably raises the esthetic status of the play. This is "the unity of 'supposes.'" When Lucentio is made to use the phrase "counterfeit supposes" (V.i.115), Shakespeare is alluding,¹ it is assumed, to his source, Gascoigne's play *Supposes*; in this title Gascoigne is Englishing the title of his source play, Ariosto's *I Suppositi*. The idea behind these words is that of "posing," of assuming identities other than one's own. From Gascoigne Shakespeare got the Bianca plot, which is of course full of assumed or "supposed" identities: Hortensio as Litio, Lucentio as Cambio, Tranio as Lucentio, and the Pedant as Vincentio; and then the true Vincentio is accused of being someone else posing as Vincentio. But recent criticism has observed that "supposes" are not limited either to physical identity or to the Bianca plot. Within the Bianca plot, Bianca and the widow are both "supposed"

¹ There is a similar allusion in Tranio's decision that "supposed Lucentio must get a father, called 'supposed Vincentio'" (II.i.400-01).

to be agreeable women who will be accommodating wives. That is, the dramatic treatment encourages us to see that beyond the mere putting on of a false name and a false social or professional identity may lie the putting on of a personality or moral identity (whether as a long-lasting habit or as a short-term device to secure a given end).

Once given such hints, the reader sees quickly a new and closer tie between the Bianca plot and the Sly plot (the Induction): in each, the basic mechanism is the use of "supposed" identities. The Lord and members of his household pretend to be Sly's servants and his wife. But we have hardly noted this when we see, also, that the mainspring of the Induction is a subtler alteration of identity: Sly is persuaded, or at least half-persuaded, that he is a lord. The Lord and his men have voluntarily changed identity in order to cause Sly involuntarily to change identity (just as Bianca's lovers, so to speak, have voluntarily changed identity in order to cause Bianca to accept them). From here it is only a quick step to the remarkable kinship that the main Petruchio-Kate plot has with the other two: Petruchio voluntarily assumes an identity ("poses" as a contrary, willful, autocratic, irrational man, a "shrew") in order to cause Kate involuntarily to change identity, to give up shrewishness and become a charming, cooperative wife. In three plots a "supposition" or impersonation is the means of inducing a person to act in a certain way: a man accepts a "wife" and two women accept husbands. "Acting" is the means of moving people toward a desired feeling and role; in this sense *The Taming* anticipates the much-quoted line in *As You Like It*, "All the world's a stage. . . ."

But there is a still subtler element in the functional identity of parts which creates the unity of the play. The "supposed" servants of Sly not only tell him he is a lord but hold before him verbal pictures—of omnipotence, luxury, pleasures—that move him in their own way toward imaginative acceptance of his high role. At least he accepts the external circumstances in which he finds himself; perhaps he even accepts the idea of a lordly personality in himself. The further he goes in this direction, the more fully the Induction anticipates the taming plot. For a part of Petruchio's method (by no means all of it) is to hold before Kate a picture of what she potentially is and may become if she will but cease resisting it—a "most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife" (III.ii.194). It is possible to assume that she imaginatively accepts this picture of herself and, under the stimulus of Petruchio's love, makes it come true. If this interpretation is valid, then the play—not only one of Shakespeare's earliest but a farcical one—has advanced remarkably at least to the edge of a philosophical realm. For it induces us to reflect on the belief in the primacy of the idea, on the creative powers of the imagination, on the view that, in Hamlet's phrase that has become a cliché, "Thinking makes it so." Hence *The Taming*, never thought one of Shakespeare's high achievements, moves up into the company of the truly Shakespearean, in which, however stereotyped the exterior and however obvious the popular appeal, there is a heart of profound meaningfulness and hence enduring excellence. It is possible that a once underrated play may be in danger of being overrated.

So far we have been summarizing the main grounds of

agreement among critics, especially the grounds on which *The Taming* has been praised. However, the argument for unity depends somewhat on how we understand the change in Kate—transformation, acceptance of discipline, discovery of true nature, rejection of an assumed role? This is not so demonstrable as is the tight interweaving of plots at the level of overt action. When it is asserted that the play uncovers Bianca as the real shrew, and reveals that Kate is not a shrew at all or else was only pretending to be a shrew to serve her own ends, surely we come into the realm of the arguable. There is something of the arguable about *The Taming*; indeed there has been, alongside the areas of unanimity, considerable difference of opinion about it. We can profitably change our course, then, and approach the play from the other side—in terms of the disagreements, or at least the changes of opinion, about it.

One argument grows out of sheer factual uncertainty: did Shakespeare, or did he not, keep Sly in the play for occasional comments in the later acts, and for an epilogue completing the dramatic "frame"? In *The Taming of a Shrew*, a play related to this one (see A Note on the Sources, p. 327), Sly stayed on. Hence, what about *The Shrew*? There are various opinions: (1) Shakespeare forgot about Sly; (2) Shakespeare originally wrote a Sly epilogue, but it dropped out; (3) the loss of Sly, though not a major blot, is unfortunate; (4) the loss of Sly is fortunate, and shows Shakespeare's artistry. If Shakespeare did originally give Sly the closing lines, and if these did disappear—from an acting script and hence from the printer's copy—the only compelling reason for this (in the opinion of the present editor) was not esthetic but practical: it simplified production problems such as size of cast. There is no merit in the argument that the elimination of Sly prevented an anticlimax, for this begs the question whether a Sly epilogue would inevitably be anticlimactic. There is likewise little merit in the argument that the Sly story comes to its logical end when Sly takes himself for a lord and thus in anticipation parallels Kate's transformation into a lady. For, while Kate can, with effort, retain her new moral identity, Sly cannot, with any amount of effort, retain his new moral identity. Hence it is possible to visualize a very effective Sly epilogue which would work by contrast, making us note the discrepancy between an imaginable change of being and a temporary change of status, between a hypnotism for the therapy of the subject and the imposition of a dream for the fun of the observers. We can imagine, also, the use of Sly for a cynical irony such as we know in "black comedy": the end of his new lordship might hint the diminution of Kate's new ladyship. Or, in a lighter vein, Sly might entertain, as he does in *A Shrew*, visions of being a wife-tamer, and thus introduce an implicit contrast between those who can pull off such an exploit and those who cannot. Well, the imagining of alternative endings serves only one purpose: showing that the present one is not necessarily ideal. Surely most readers feel spontaneously that, in the treatment of Sly in *The Shrew*, something is left uncomfortably hanging, and many stage directors borrow additional Sly materials from *A Shrew*.

While Petruchio and Kate, as we have noted, are admired as lively and charming creatures, forerunners of Benedick and Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*, there is lack of agreement on their natures and on the nature

of the transactions between them. No one doubts, of course, that they come to love each other; the problem is what they bring to that love and how they exercise it. The older view was that Petruchio was a very skillful psychologist, one who really knew how to handle a difficult woman. On the other hand, many commentators, especially in the nineteenth century, tended to feel that Petruchio's methods were not civilized and that, though they may once have been countenanced, they would never do in modern life. That sense of real life, of what it is and should be, which repeatedly infiltrates literary judgments, appears in estimates of Petruchio: there have been editors who get on the bandwagon and declare him out of date and yet rather wistfully intimate that it is too bad he has gone out of date while the world still has need of him. But in repudiating Petruchio's methods, critics have had to find ways of redeeming Petruchio, since the play obviously does not make him an intolerable man. So it has been said that he is not so much "taming" Kate as leading her to a needed discipline; that in no essential does he pass the bounds of gentlemanliness; that he simply offers Kate a picture of male strength that can elicit the respect without which she cannot love; that the heart of his method is a love which begets love. Here we have Petruchio transmuted from the relentless and mechanical taskmaster, required by a monstrous female, into a remarkably gifted gentleman-lover who simply brings out the best in an extraordinary woman—a best that, as it comes out, totally displaces a worst that had once seemed pretty much the whole story. This view is much more in tune with modern views of the right relations between men and women. But this interpretation too, if not utterly replaced, has been given a new twist and all but turned upside down by a still more "modern" view. In this most recent reading of the play, Petruchio, far from "taming" or subtly having a beneficent influence on a woman, is in reality tamed by her. While having the illusion of conquering, he is conquered by her; when she says what he wants to hear, she is being ironic, undermining him with a show of acquiescence and virtually a wink to the audience. In this view, Shakespeare wrote *What Every Woman Knows* over three hundred years before Barrie.

Kate, of course, has been done over in the same way. Once she was naturally and unquestionably taken to be a shrew, that is, a type of woman widely known in life and constantly represented in song and story. Then critics began to contend that Kate differed from the stereotype: that instead of being simply aggressive and contentious, she was ripe for love, wanted love, and really suffered from the fact that, inside the family and out, Bianca more readily attracted affection. Here is the move toward seeing Kate, not as an allegorical abstraction, a figure of shrewishness, but as an actual human being with impulses and motives experienced by all of us. This move goes still further. In one modern view (that of Nevill Coghill and the late Professor Goddard), Kate's disagreeableness of manner is not a primary fact of personality but is caused by lack of affection at home: Baptista, a "family tyrant," has petted and spoiled Bianca, and Kate is the unhappy by-product of parental irresponsibility and stupidity ("gross partiality" toward Bianca). In this view, Kate is very much like a modern problem child. But the distinguished director of Shakespeare, Margaret Webster, offers

us a still different Kate. To Miss Webster, Kate is a strong, intelligent, independent woman who is stuck in a stuffy household, "despises" her father and her "horrid little sister," thinks the local boys "beneath contempt," and finds in her fresh and vehement style the only available outlet for the talents and energy of a superior woman. Here we have the feminist's Kate, the modern woman whom it is perilous to hold back from self-expression and leadership—a far cry from the nagging Xanthippe that every now and then, from the beginning of time, would afflict a husband doomed, unless he took strong measures, to be ridiculed for his misfortune. But Goddard and Miss Webster agree in one thing: it is really Kate who takes over Petruchio, takes him over by simulating an obedience that is a paradoxical mastery. Her last long speech, then, is only a prolonged ironic commentary on the subordination of wives, and could be taken literally only by naïve believers in male supremacy.

As might be expected, critics differ on where Shakespeare stood. The most widely held assumption is that Shakespeare believed in the subordination of wives, and that in his age he could hardly do otherwise. While some readers accept this as calmly as most people accept what has happened long ago, others regret that Shakespeare was so little in accord with modern views; as early as 1897, even G. B. Shaw could insist that "the last scene is altogether disgusting to modern sensibility." The reader with a severe case of "modern sensibility" can either join Shaw in slapping Shakespeare's wrist or else go him one better by arguing that Shakespeare was really a modern at heart. The unspoken assumption here is that the "divine Shakespeare" could not possibly disagree with our answers to fundamental problems, especially those we have come to more recently. So various commentators say flatly that Shakespeare did *not* believe in the subordination of wives. Of Kate's long speech on the duty of wives (V.ii.138-181), Goddard, amazed at three centuries of acceptance, exclaims, "as if Shakespeare could ever have meant it!" But only Miss Webster faced the fact that to make Shakespeare modern, one had to do something better with the wifely-duty speech than ignore it or just assert that, though the longest speech in the play, it doesn't count. So she went whole hog and treated the speech as Kate's choicest joke of all on Petruchio, who from now on, we judge, will be simply a complacent husband, happy in the laughable illusion that he has an obedient wife.

It is doubtful that we can know "what Shakespeare thought," and in a sense it does not matter; what is important is how the play is to be taken (it is by no means impossible that the play "believes" something other than what Shakespeare as a man may have "believed"). All the aspects of it that have been taken now in one way, now in another, come together pretty well in the issue of what the play is to be called. By many critics it is called a "farce" and is discussed as a farce; yet there are those who deny vigorously that it is a farce. This difference of opinion is caused by a loose use of the term *farce*. Some people take farce as simply hurly-burly theater, with much slapstick, roughhouse (Petruchio with a whip, in the older productions), pratfalls, general confusion, trickery, uproar, gags, and so on. Yet such characteristics, which do appear generally in farce, are surface manifestations. What we need to identify is the "spirit of farce" which lies behind

them. We may then be able to get away from insisting either that *The Shrew* is farce or that it is not farce, and to get on to seeing what it does with the genre of farce.

A genre is a conventionalized way of dealing with actuality, and different genres represent different habits of the human mind, or minister to the capacity for finding pleasure in different styles of representation. "Romance," for instance, is the genre that conceives of obstacles, dangers, and threats, especially those of an unusual or spectacular kind, as yielding to human ingenuity, spirit, or just good luck. On the other hand, "naturalism," as a literary mode, conceives of man as overcome by the pressure of outer forces, especially those of a dull, glacier-like, grinding persistence. The essential procedure of farce is to deal with people as if they lack, largely or totally, the physical, emotional, intellectual, and moral sensitivity that we think of as "normal." The enormous popularity of farce for several thousand years indicates that, though "farce" is often a term of disparagement, a great many people, no doubt all of us at times, take pleasure in seeing human beings acting as if they were very limited human beings. Farce offers a spectacle that resembles daily actuality but lets us participate without feeling the responsibilities and liabilities that the situation would normally evoke. Perhaps we feel superior to the diminished men and women in the plot; perhaps we harmlessly work off aggressions (since verbal and physical assaults are frequent in farce). Participation in farce is easy on us; in it we escape the full complexity of our own natures and cut up without physical or moral penalties. Farce is the realm without pain or conscience. Farce offers a holiday from vulnerability, consequences, costs. It is the opposite of all the dramas of disaster in which a man's fate is too much for him. It carries out our desire to simplify life by a selective anesthetizing of the whole person; man retains all his energy yet never gets really hurt. The give-and-take of life becomes a brisk skirmishing in which one needs neither health insurance nor liability insurance; when one is on the receiving end and has to take it, he bounces back up resiliently, and when he dishes it out, his pleasure in conquest is never undercut by the guilt of inflicting injury.

In farce, the human personality is without depth. Hence action is not slowed down by thought or by the friction of competing motives. Everything goes at high speed, with dash, variety, never a pause for stock-taking, and ever an athlete's quick glance ahead at the action coming up next. No sooner do the players come in than the Lord plans a show to help bamboozle Sly. As soon as Baptista appears with his daughters and announces the marriage priority, other lovers plan to find a man for Kate, Lucentio falls in love with Bianca and hits on an approach in disguise, Petruchio plans to go for Kate, Bianca's lovers promise him support, Petruchio begins his suit and introduces Hortensio into the scramble of disguised lovers. Petruchio rushes through the preliminary business with Baptista and the main business with Kate, and we have a marriage. The reader is hurried over to the rivalries of Bianca's lovers, making bids to Baptista and appealing directly to the girl herself, back to Kate's wedding-day scandals and out into the country for the postmarital welter of disturbances; then we shift back and forth regularly from rapid action in the Kate plot to almost equally rapid action in the Bianca plot. And so on. The driving pace made possible, and

indeed necessitated by, the absence of depth is brilliantly managed.

In the absence of depth one is not bothered by distractions; in fact, what are logically distractions are not felt as such if they fit into the pattern of carefree farcical hammer and tongs, cut and thrust. At Petruchio's first appearance, the "knocking at the gate" confusion is there for fun, not function (I.ii.5-43). The first hundred lines (in IV.i) between Grumio and Curtis are a lively rattle, full of the verbal and physical blows of farce, but practically without bearing on the action. Kate is virtually forgotten for sixty lines (in IV.iii) as Petruchio and Grumio fall into their virtuoso game of abusing the Tailor. Furthermore, action without depth has a mechanical, automatic quality: when two Vincentios appear (V.i), the characters do not reason about the duplication but, frustrated by confusion and bluffing, quickly have recourse to blows and insults, accusations of madness and chicanery, and threats of arrest—standard procedures in farce from Plautus on. Vincentio's "thus strangers may be halèd and abused" is not a bad description of the manners of farce. Mechanical action, in turn, often tends to symmetrical effects (shown most clearly in *The Comedy of Errors*, in which Shakespeare has two pairs of identical twins): the lovers of Kate and Bianca first bargain with Baptista, then approach the girls; Hortensio and Tranio (as Lucentio) resign their claims to Bianca in almost choral fashion; Bianca and the Widow respond identically to the requests of their husbands. In this final scene we have striking evidence of the manipulation of personality in the interest of symmetrical effect. Shakespeare unmistakably wants a double reversal of roles at the end, a symmetry of converse movements. The new Kate has developed out of a shrew, so the old Bianca must develop into a shrew. The earlier treatment of her hardly justifies her sudden transformation, immediately after marriage, into a cool, offhand, challenging, and even contemptuous near-bitch. Like many another character in farce, she succumbs to the habits of the generic form. Yet by some modern critics she is treated as harshly as if from the start she were a particularly obnoxious female.

All these effects come from a certain arbitrarily limited sense of personality. Those who have this personality are not really hurt, do not think much, are not much troubled by scruples. Farce often turns on practical jokes, in which the sadistic impulse is not restrained by any sense of injury to the victim. It would never occur to anyone that Sly might be pained or humiliated by letting himself act as a lord and then being let down. No one hesitates to make rough jokes about Kate (even calling her "fiend of hell") in her hearing. No one putting on a disguise to dupe others has any ethical inhibitions; the end always justifies the means. When Kate "breaks the lute to" Hortensio, farce requires that he act terrified; but it does not permit him to be injured or really resentful or grieved by the loss of the lute, as a man in a nonfarcical world might well be. Verbal abuse is almost an art form; it does not hurt, as it would in ordinary life. No one supposes that the victims of Petruchio's manhandling and tantrums—the priest and sexton at the wedding, the servants and tradesmen at his home—really feel the outrageous treatment that they get. When Petruchio and Hortensio call "To her" to Kate and the Widow, it is like starting a dogfight or cockfight. Petruchio's order to Kate to bring out the other wives is

like having a trained dog retrieve a stick. The scene is possible because both husbands and all wives are not endowed with full human personalities; if they were, they could not function as trainer, retriever, and sticks.

In identifying the farcical elements in *The Shrew*, we have gradually shifted from the insensitivity that the characters must have to the mechanicalness of their responses. These people rarely think, hesitate, deliberate, or choose; they act just as quickly and unambiguously as if someone had pressed a control button. Farce simplifies life by making it painless and automatic; indeed the two qualities come together in the concept of man as machine. (The true opposite of farce is Čapek's *R. U. R.*, in which man-like robots actually begin to feel.) There is a sense in which we might legitimately call the age of computers a farcical one, for it lets us feel that basic choices are made without mental struggle or will or anxiety, and as speedily and inevitably as a series of human ninepins falling down one after another on the stage when each is bumped by the one next to it. "Belike you mean," says Kate to Petruchio, "to make a puppet of me" (IV.iii.104). It is what farce does to all characters. Now the least obvious illustration of the farcical view of life lies, not in some of the peripheral goings-on that we have been observing, but in the title action itself: the taming of the shrew. Fundamentally—we will come shortly to the necessary qualifications—Kate is conceived of as responding automatically to a certain kind of calculated treatment, as automatically as an animal to the devices of a skilled trainer. Petruchio not only uses the word *tame* more than once, but openly compares his method to that used in training falcons (IV.i.180 ff.). There is no reason whatever to suppose that this was not meant quite literally. Petruchio is not making a great jest or developing a paradoxical figure but describing a process taken at face value. He tells exactly what he has done and is doing—withholding food and sleep until the absolute need of them brings assent. (We hardly note that up to a point the assumptions are those of the "third degree" and of the more rigorous "cures" of bad habits: making it more unprofitable to assert one's will or one's bad habits than to act differently.) Before he sees Kate, he announces his method: he will assert as true the opposite of whatever she says and does and is, that is to say, will frustrate the manifestations of her will and establish the dominance of his own. Without naming them, he takes other steps that we know to be important in animal training. From the beginning he shows that he will stop at nothing to achieve his end, that he will not hesitate for a second to do anything necessary—to discard all dignity, or carry out any indecorous act or any outrageousness that will serve. He creates an image of utter invincibility, of having no weakness through which he can be appealed to. He does not use a literal whip, such as stage Petruchios were once addicted to, but he unmistakably uses a symbolic whip. Like a good trainer, however, he uses the carrot, too—not only marriage, but a new life, a happier personality for Kate. Above all, he offers love; in the end, the trainer succeeds best who makes the trainee feel the presence of something warmer than technique, rigor, and invincibility. Not that Petruchio fakes love, but that love has its part, ironically, in a process that is farcically conceived and that never wholly loses the markings of farce.

Only in farce could we conceive of the occurrence,

almost in a flash, of that transformation of personality which, as known only too well in modern experience, normally requires a long, gradual, painstaking application of psychotherapy. True, conversion is believable and does happen, but even as a secular experience it requires a prior development of readiness, or an extraordinary revelatory shock, or both. (In the romantic form of this psychic event, an old hag, upon marriage to the knight, suddenly turns into a beautiful maiden.) Kate is presented initially as a very troubled woman; aggressiveness and tantrums are her way of feeling a sense of power. Though very modern, the argument that we see in her the results of paternal unkindness is not very impressive. For one thing, recent research on infants—if we may risk applying heavy science to light farce—suggests that basic personality traits precede, and perhaps influence, parental attitudes to children. More important, the text simply does not present Baptista as the overbearing and tyrannical father that he is sometimes said to be. Kate has made him almost as unhappy as she is, and driven him toward Bianca; nevertheless, when he heavily handicaps Bianca in the matrimonial sweepstakes, he is trying to even things up for the daughter that he naturally thinks is a poor runner. Nor is he willing to marry her off to Petruchio simply to get rid of her; "her love," he says, "is all in all." On her wedding day he says, kindly enough, "I cannot blame thee now to weep," and at the risk of losing husbands for both daughters he rebukes Petruchio (III.ii.96 ff.). (The Baptista that some commentators describe would surely have said nothing but "What do you expect, you bitch?") We cannot blacken Baptista to save Kate. Shakespeare presents her binding and beating Bianca (II.i.1 ff.) to show that he is really committed to a shrew; such episodes make it hard to defend the view that she is an innocent victim or is posing as a shrew out of general disgust. To sum up: in real life her disposition would be difficult to alter permanently, but farce secures its pleasurable effect by assuming a ready and total change in response to the stimuli applied by Petruchio, as if he were going through an established and proved routine. On the other hand, only farce makes it possible for Petruchio to be so skillful a tamer, that is, so unerring, so undeviating, so mechanical an enforcer of the rules for training in falconry. If Petruchio were by nature the disciplinarian that he acts for a while, he would hardly change after receiving compliance; and if he were, in real life, the charming and affectionate gentleman that he becomes in the play, he would find it impossible so rigorously to play the falcon-tamer, to outbully the bully, especially when the bully lies bleeding on the ground, for this role would simply run afoul of too much of his personality. The point here is not that the play is "unrealistic" (this would be a wholly irrelevant criticism) but that we can understand how a given genre works by testing it against the best sense of reality that we can bring to bear. It is the farcical view of life that makes possible the treatment of both Kate and Petruchio.

But this picture, of course, is incomplete; for the sake of clarity we have been stressing the purely generic in *The Shrew*, and gliding over the specific variations. Like any genre, farce is a convention, not a straitjacket; it is a fashion, capable of many variations. Genre provides a perspective, which in the individual work can be used narrowly or inclusively: comedy of manners, for instance,

can move toward the character studies of James's novels or toward the superficial entertainments of Terence Rattigan. Shakespeare hardly ever uses a genre constrictively. In both *The Comedy of Errors* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, the resemblances between which are well known, Shakespeare moves away from the limited conception of personality that we find in "basic farce" such as that of Plautus, who influences both these plays. True, he protects both main characters in *The Shrew* against the expectable liabilities that would make one a less perfect reformer, and the other less than a model reformer, but he is unwilling to leave them automatons, textbook types of reformer and reformer. So he equips both with a good deal of intelligence and feeling that they would not have in elementary farce. Take sex, for instance. In basic farce, sex is purely a mechanical response, with no more overtones of feeling than ordinary hunger and thirst; the normal "love affair" is an intrigue with a courtesan. Like virtually all Renaissance lovers, Petruchio tells Kate candidly that he proposes to keep warm "in thy bed" (II.i.260). But there is no doubt that Petruchio, in addition to wanting a good financial bargain and enjoying the challenge of the shrew, develops real warmth of feeling for Kate as an individual—a warmth that makes him strive to bring out the best in her, keep the training in a tone of jesting, well-meant fantasy, provide Kate with face-saving devices (she is "curst . . . for policy" and only "in company"—II.i.285, 298), praise her for her virtues (whether she has them or not) rather than blame her for her vices, never fall into boorishness, repeatedly protest his affection for her, and by asking a kiss at a time she thinks unsuitable show that he really wants it. Here farce expands toward comedy of character by using a fuller range of personality. Likewise with Kate. The fact that she is a shrew does not mean that she cannot have hurt feelings, as it would in a plainer farce; indeed a shrew may be defined—once she develops beyond a mere stereotype—as a person who has an excess of hurt feelings and is taking revenge on the world for them. We do not, because we dislike the revenge, deny the painful feelings that may lie behind. Shakespeare has chosen to show some of those feelings, not making Kate an insentient virago on the one hand, or a pathetic victim on the other. She is jealous of Bianca and her lovers, she accuses Baptista of favoritism (in the opinion of the present editor, without justification); on her wedding day she suffers real anguish rather than simply an automatic, conventionally furious resolve for retaliation. The painful emotions take her way beyond the limitations of the essentially pain-free personality of basic farce. Further, she is witty, though, truth to tell, the first verbal battle between her and Petruchio, like various other such scenes, hardly goes beyond verbal farce, in which words are mechanical jokes or blows rather than an artistic game that delights by its quality, and in which all the speed of the short lines hardly conceals the heavy labors of the dutiful but uninspired punster (the best jokes are the bawdy ones). Kate has imagination. It shows first in a new human sympathy when she defends the servants against Petruchio (IV.i.145, 158–59). Then it develops into a gay, inspired gamesomeness that rivals Petruchio's own. When he insists, "It shall be what o'clock I say it is" (IV.iii.194) and "[The sun] shall be moon or star or what I list" (IV.v.7), he is at one level saying again that he will stop at nothing, at

no irrationality, as tamer; but here he moves the power game into a realm of fancy in which his apparent willfulness becomes the acting of the creative imagination. He is a poet, and he asks her, in effect, less to kiss the rod than to join in the game of playfully transforming ordinary reality. It is the final step in transforming herself. The point here is that, instead of not catching on or simply sulking, Kate has the dash and verve to join in the fun, and to do it with skill and some real touches of originality.

This scene on the road to Padua (IV.v.1–78) is the high point of the play. From here on, it tends to move back closer to the boundaries of ordinary farce. When Petruchio asks a kiss, we do have human beings with feelings, not robots; but the key line in the scene, which is sometimes missed, is Petruchio's "Why, then let's home again./Come sirrah, let's away" (V.i.145–46). Here Petruchio is making the same threat that he made at IV.v.8–9, that is, not playing an imaginative game but hinting the symbolic whip, even though the end is a compliance that she is inwardly glad to give. The whole wager scene, as we have already noted, falls essentially within the realm of farce: the responses are largely mechanical, as is their symmetry. Kate's final long speech on the obligations and fitting style of wives (V.ii.138–81) we can think of as a more or less automatic statement of a generally held doctrine. The easiest way to deal with it is to say that we no longer believe in it, just as we no longer believe in the divine right of kings which is an important dramatic element in many Shakespeare plays. But to some interpreters, Kate has become such a charming heroine that they cannot stand her being anything less than a modern feminist. Hence the claim that she is speaking ironically. There are two arguments against this interpretation. One is that a careful reading of the lines will show that most of them have to be taken literally; only the last seven or eight lines can be read with ironic overtones, but this means, at most, a return to the imaginative gamesomeness of IV.v, rather than a denial of the doctrine formally asserted. The second is that forty-five lines of straight irony would be too much to be borne; it would be inconsistent with the straightforwardness of most of the play, and it would really turn Kate back into a hidden shrew whose new technique was sarcastic indirection, side-mouthing at the audience while her not very intelligent husband, bamboozled, cheered her on. It would be a poor triumph. If one has to modernize the speech of the obedient wife, a better way to do it is to develop a hint of Professor Goddard's: that behind a passé doctrine lies a continuing truth. That truth is that there are real differences between the sexes, and that they are to be kept in mind. That view at least does not strain the spirit of Kate's speech.

The Katolatry which has developed in recent years reveals the romantic tendency to create heroes and heroines by denying the existence of flaws in them and by imputing all sorts of flaws in their families and other associates. We have already seen how the effort to save Kate at the beginning has resulted in an untenable effort to make Baptista into a villainous, punitive father and Bianca into a calculating little devil whose inner shrewishness slowly comes out. But it is hard to see why, if we are to admire Kate's spirit of open defiance at the beginning, and her alleged ironic defiance at the end, we should not likewise admire the spirit of Bianca and Hortensio's widow at the

end. It is equally hard to see why we should admire Kate's quiet, ironic, what-every-woman-knows victory, as some would have it, over an attractive man at the end, but should not admire Petruchio's open victory over a very unattractive woman earlier. In fact, it is a little difficult to know just what Kate's supposed victory consists in. The play gives no evidence that from now on she will be twisting her husband around her finger. The evidence is rather that she will win peace and quiet and contentment by giving in to his wishes, and that her willingness will entirely eliminate unreasonable and autocratic wishes in him. But after all, the unreasonable and the autocratic are his strategy, not his nature; he gives up an assumed vice, while Kate gives up a real one. The truth is that Kate's great victory is, with Petruchio's help, over herself; she has come to accept herself as having enough merits so that she can be content without having the last word and scaring everybody off. To see this means to acknowledge that she was originally a shrew, whatever virtues may also have been latent in her personality.

What Shakespeare has done is to take an old, popular farcical situation and turn it into a well-organized, somewhat complex, fast-moving farce of his own. He has worked with the basic conceptions of farce—mainly that of a somewhat limited personality that acts and responds in a mechanical way and hence moves toward a given end with a perfection not likely if all the elements in human nature were really at work. So the tamer never fails in his technique, and the shrew responds just as she should. Now this situation might have tempted the dramatist to let his main characters be flat automatons—he a dull and rough whipwielder, and she a stubborn intransigent until beaten into insensibility (as in the ballad that was perhaps a Shakespearean source). Shakespeare, however, makes a gentleman and lady of his central pair. As tamer, Petruchio is a gay and witty and precocious artist and, beyond that, an affectionate man; and hence, a remarkable therapist. In Kate, Shakespeare has imagined, not merely a harridan who is incurable or a moral stepchild driven into a misconduct by mistreatment, but a difficult woman—a shrew, indeed—who combines willfulness with feelings that elicit sympathy, with imagination, and with a latent cooperativeness that can bring this war of the sexes to an honorable settlement. To have started with farce, to have stuck to the main lines of farce, and yet to have got so much of the supra-farcical into farce—this is the achievement of *The Taming of the Shrew*, and the source of the pleasure that it has always given.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

Some time ago it was a rather generally held opinion that *The Taming of the Shrew* was Shakespeare's reworking of an anonymous play, *The Taming of a Shrew* (the conventional shorter form of a much longer title), published in 1594. There were at least two variations of the basic theory—one, that *A Shrew* itself was based on an earlier play; the other (and more widely held), that there was an intermediate play between *A Shrew* and Shakespeare's *The Shrew*. Such speculations were ways of explaining the similarities and dissimilarities between the two plays, and

to some extent, also, the apparent inconsistencies within the plays. The latter led likewise, it may be added, to much theorizing about authorship: *A Shrew* was attributed to various contemporary dramatists whose styles were supposedly recognizable in it, and *The Shrew* was believed to reveal the hand, not only of Shakespeare, but of a less gifted collaborator.

Another theory of the relationship between *The Shrew* and *A Shrew* was that they were siblings—different offspring of a single parent-play (either by Shakespeare or by someone else). Another theory of authorship was that Shakespeare himself had helped write *A Shrew*. Long before the putting forward of these hypotheses, Alexander Pope (1725) attributed *A Shrew* entirely to Shakespeare, and in his *History of English Poetry* (1895–1910) W. J. Courthope expressed the same conviction, though it ran counter to orthodox views at the time. The justification for mentioning these points of view here is that, in different ways and in different measure, they anticipate what is apparently the prevailing view at the present time—namely, that Shakespeare's *The Shrew* is the prior play and that *A Shrew* in some way derives from it. (The first expression of this view was Samuel Hickson's essay of 1850 on *The Shrew*.) One theory is that *A Shrew* is a "memorial reconstruction" of *The Shrew*, that is, an acting company's effort to put together from memory a script perhaps sold to another company. This explains parts of *A Shrew* that sound like badly remembered parts of *The Shrew*, but it hardly explains the larger extent of the Christopher Sly framework plot in *A Shrew*, the addition of a third daughter for Baptista, or the changing of the names of all the characters. To deal with these problems there is the hypothesis that, though *A Shrew* is based on *The Shrew*, it is a conscious revision, for whatever reasons, rather than a reassembling from memory. Obviously, much is still left unexplained. But that is true of all these theories, most of which are based on assumptions and likelihoods rather than on very hard evidence. In the end, we do not really know what the relation between the two plays is.

Scholars who believed that *The Shrew* was the later play tended to date it after 1595. Those who accept it as the prior play date it 1592 or 1593.

If *The Shrew* is the prior play, the problem of sources is simplified, for we need not consider the differences between the two plays. *The Shrew* is usually admired for its ingenious merging of three different bodies of material—the Christopher Sly business in the Induction, the taming plot, and the straight love story involving rival lovers (Bianca, Lucentio, and so on)—that are all, so to speak, old stories.

The story of the trick played upon the sleeper when he awakes is at least as old as the *Arabian Nights* (collected about 1450), in which Harun al-Rashid victimizes Abu Hassan. One scholar theorizes that ambassadors from the East may have told this story to Philip the Good (1396–1467), Duke of Burgundy, who is said to have played the trick upon a drunken man in Brussels. An officer of the duke told it to the theologian and educator Juan Luis Vives (1492–1540), who reported it in a letter (*Epistolarum . . . Farrago*, Antwerp, 1556). From him it passed to Heuterus, whose version in *De rebus burgundicis* (1584) is the most probable immediate source for Shakespeare

(from Heuterus the story went via France into other English works later than *The Shrew*). Shakespeare may also have known the story in Richard Edwards' 1570 version, one of a collection of prose tales now lost.

In the taming plot Shakespeare utilized another old story of which there were versions in many countries. A possible immediate source is a long ballad (over 1100 lines) published in mid-sixteenth century, *A Merry Jest of a Shrewd and Curst Wife Lapped in Morel's Skin for Her Good Behavior*, but this is a cruder story of a rough and unsubtle husband ("Morel's Skin" is the salt hide of an old horse that the husband kills). Shakespeare, as Professor Hosley has shown, follows the humanist tradition embodied in, and perhaps derives some details from, Erasmus' colloquy, *A Merry Dialogue Declaring the Properties of Shrewd Shrews and Honest Wives* (1557). Several features of the Shakespeare story had appeared in Don Juan Manuel's *El Conde Lucanor*, a fourteenth-century collection of tales of which there was a sixteenth-century edition. Sisters somewhat like Baptista's daughters are contrasted in a tale in Giovanni Straparola's *Piacevoli notti* (1553).

Of the three main elements in *The Shrew*, the Bianca story is the only one whose source may be securely identified. That source is George Gascoigne's *Supposes* (acted 1566, published 1573; alluded to in *The Shrew*, V.i.115). Gascoigne's play, in turn, is a translation of an Italian play, Ariosto's *I Suppositi* (first acted at Ferrara in 1509). Ariosto, in turn, makes use of comic conventions that derive from the Romans Plautus and Terence and the Athenian Menander. The names *Tranio* and *Grumio* both come from Plautus. The Latin lesson may derive from a scene in R. W.'s *Three Lords and Three Ladies of London* (about 1590).

The farcical elements in *The Shrew* seem to have inspired revisers to outdo the farce of the original; Shakespeare's play is high comedy in contrast with versions of it that held the stage from mid-seventeenth to mid-nineteenth century. In 1667 Pepys saw an adaptation by John Lacy called *Sauny the Scot*: this magnifies Grumio's part (in *A Shrew*, the Grumio character was named Sander) and gives Grumio (that is, Sauny) a Scots accent. Garrick's *Catherine and Petruchio* (1756), which cut out the Sly and Bianca parts, was popular for over a century; indeed, toward the end of the nineteenth century Shaw was attacking Garrick for this commercialistic version that was still competing with Shakespeare's play. In the 1920's Fritz Lieber mounted a production in which Grumio was a Negro comic in a bellhop's uniform, and Grumio and Petruchio rode motorcycles. In 1948 Cole Porter wrote the musical *Kiss Me, Kate*, which is only nominally related to the original. However, modern productions tend, with variations, to produce *The Taming of the Shrew* in the 1623 version; the return to this began in 1844, with J. R. Planché's production at the Haymarket in London (under the sponsorship of Ben Webster, an ancestor of Margaret Webster, the modern director of Shakespeare). For more details of the stage history, see the entry under "Harold Child" in the Suggested References.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The authority for the present text is the Folio of 1623 (F). Based on it were the quarto of 1631 and three later

folios. These introduce a number of errors of their own but also make some corrections and some changes accepted by most subsequent editors. The present text adheres as closely as possible to F, accepting standard emendations only when F seems clearly erroneous. These emendations come mainly from such early editors as Rowe, Theobald, and Capell.

F's incomplete division into acts is almost universally altered by modern editors, and the present text conforms to standard practice. F has "*Actus primus. Scoena [sic] Prima*" at the beginning, whereas in modern practice approximately the first 275 lines are placed in an "Induction" with two scenes. F lacks a designation for Act II. F's "*Actus Tertia [sic]*," beginning with Lucentio's "Fiddler, forbear, etc.," is universally accepted. F's "*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima*" generally becomes modern IV.iii, and F's "*Actus Quintus*," modern V.ii.

F makes a number of erroneous or unclear speech assignments (at one time naming an actor, Sincklo, instead of the character). These are at Ind.i.88; III.i.47 ff.; IV.ii.4 ff. They are specifically listed below. Names of speakers, nearly always abbreviated in F, are regularly spelled out in the present edition. Speakers in F designated *Beggar*, *Lady*, and *Man* are given as *Sly*, *Page*, and *Servingman*, respectively.

F is not consistent in the spelling of some proper names. In the stage directions, the shrew, for instance, appears as *Katerina*, *Katherina*, *Katherine* (sometimes with *a* in the second syllable), and *Kate*; she is spoken to and of as *Katherine* and *Kate*; her speeches are headed *Ka*, *Kat*, and *Kate*. Since *Kate* is the most frequent form, this edition uses it throughout and does not include the change in the following list. In F, the name adopted by Hortensio when he pretends to be a music teacher appears three times as *Litio*, which we use here, and four times as *Lisio*. Many editors follow F2 and Rowe in emending to *Licio*.

Editors vary in the treatment of F's short lines, sometimes letting a short line stand independently, and sometimes joining several short lines into a quasi-pentameter. The latter practice is generally followed in the present edition. Modern editors are quite consistent in identifying as verse a few passages set as prose in F; and vice versa.

Errors in foreign languages in F are allowed to stand if they are conceivably errors made by the speaker, for example, errors in Latin and Spanish. Spellings of English words are corrected and modernized. The punctuation is modern. Obvious typographical errors, of which there are a great many, are corrected silently. The following materials, lacking in F, are given in square brackets in this edition: cast of characters, missing act and scene designations, indications of place of action, certain stage directions (F has an unusually copious supply of stage directions, some of which make interesting references to properties).

The following list includes all significant variations from F. The reading in the present text is in boldface, followed by the F reading in roman.

Ind.i.s.d. **Hostess and beggar** Begger and Hostes 12 **third-borough** Head-borough 17 **Broach** Brach 82 **A Player** 2. Player 88 **Second Player** Sincklo
Ind.ii.2 **lordship** Lord 18 **Sly's Sies** 136 **play it**. Is play, it is
I.i.13 **Vincentio** Vincentio's 25 **Mi perdonato** Me Pardonato
47 s.d. **suitor** sister 73 **master** Mr 162 **captum** captam
207 **colored** Conlord 243 **your** you
I.ii.13 **master** Mr 17 s.d. **wrings** rings 18 **masters** mistris

24 **Con** . . . **trovato** Contutti le core bene trobatto 25 **ben** bene;
 26 **molto** multo 45 **this's** this 69, 89 **shrewd** shrow'd 70
Xanthippe Zentippe 72 **she** she is 120 **me and other** me.
 Other 171 **help me** helpe one 189 **Antonio's** Butonios 212
ours yours 265 **feat** seeke
 II.i.3 **gawds** goods 8 **charge thee** charge 73 **Backare** Bacare
 75-76 **wooing**. **Neighbor**, wooing neighbors: 79 **unto you this**
 vnto this 104 **Pisa; by report** Pisa by report 158 **vile** vilde
 186 **bonny** bony 241 **askance** a sconce 323 **in** me
 III.i.28 **Sigeia** Sigeria (also in 32, 42) 47 [**Aside**] Luc. 50
Bianca [F omits] 51 **Lucentio** Bian. 53 **Bianca** Hort. 74 **B mi**
 Beeme 80 **change** charge; **odd** old 81 **Messenger** Nicke
 III.ii.29 **of thy** of 30 **such** old such 33 **hear** heard 55 **swayed**
 Waid 56 **half-cheeked** halfe-chekt 127 **to her love** sir, Loue
 129 **As I** As
 IV.i.23 **Curtis** Grumio 96 s.d. Enter . . . **Servingmen** [F

places after 95] 169 s.d. [in F, after 170] 193 **reverent** reuerend
 IV.ii.4 **Hortensio** Luc. 6 **Lucentio** Hor. 8 **Lucentio** Hor.
 13 **none** me 31 **her** them 63 **mercantante** Marcantant 71
Take in Par. Take me
 IV.iii.63 **Haberdasher** Fel. 82 **is a** is 89 **like a** like 180
account'st accountedst
 IV.iv.1 **Sir** Sirs 5 [in F, Tranio's speech begins here] 9 s.d. [F
 places after 7] 19 **Signior** Tra. Signior 68 [F adds s.d., Enter
 Peter] 91 **except** expect
 IV.v.18 **is in** 35 **make a** make the 37 **Whither** whether;
where whether 40 **Allots** A lots 47 **reverend** reuerent (also
 in 60) 77 **she be** she
 V.i.6 **master's** mistris 52 **master's** Mistris 107 s.d. [F places
 after 105] 144 **No** Mo
 V.ii.2 **done** come 37 **thee, lad** the lad 45 **bitter** better 65
 for sir



THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

[Dramatis Personae]

Induction (and ending of Act I, Scene i)

CHRISTOPHER SLY *a tinker*

HOSTESS *of an alehouse*

A LORD

HUNTSMEN and SERVANTS *of the Lord*

PLAYERS *in a traveling company*

BARTHOLOMEW *a page*

Acts I–V

BAPTISTA MINOLA *of Padua, father of Kate and Bianca*

KATE *the shrew*

BIANCA

PETRUCHIO *of Verona, suitor of Kate*

LUCENTIO (*Cambio*)

GREMIO *a pantaloon*

HORTENSIO (*Litio*)

} suitors of Bianca

VINCENTIO *of Pisa, father of Lucentio*

A PEDANT (*impersonating Vincentio*)

TRANIO (*later impersonating Lucentio*)

} servants of Lucentio

BIONDELLO

GRUMIO

CURTIS

NATHANIEL

NICHOLAS

JOSEPH

PHILIP

PETER

} servants of Petruchio

A TAILOR

A HABERDASHER

A WIDOW

SERVANTS *of Baptista and Lucentio*

Scene: Warwick (Induction);
Padua; the country near Verona]

[I N D U C T I O N]

Scene I. [Outside a rural alehouse.]

Enter HOSTESS and beggar Christophero SLY.

SLY I'll pheeze° you, in faith.

HOSTESS A pair of stocks,° you rogue!

SLY Y'are a baggage, the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles: we came in with Richard° Conqueror. Therefore, paucas pallabris;° let the world slide.° s Sessa!°

The decorative border above appeared on the first page of *The Taming of the Shrew* in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.

Ind.i.i pheeze do for (cf. faze) 2 stocks threatened punishment 4 Richard he means William 5 paucas pallabris few words (Spanish pocas palabras); slide go by (proverb; cf. Ind.ii.142) 6 Sessa scam (?) shut up (?)

HOSTESS You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

SLY No, not a denier.° Go, by Saint Jeronimy,° go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

10

HOSTESS I know my remedy: I must go fetch the thirdborough.° [Exit.]

SLY Third or fourth or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy;° let him come and kindly.°

15

Falls asleep.

Wind° horns. Enter a LORD from hunting, with his TRAIN.

9 denier very small coin (cf. a copper); Jeronimy Sly's oath inaccurately reflects a line in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* 12 thirdborough constable 14 boy wretch 15 kindly by all means 15 s.d. Wind blow

LORD

Huntsman, I charge thee, tender° well my hounds.
 Broach° Merriman—the poor cur is embossed°—
 And couple Clowder with the deep-mouthed brach.°
 Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
 At the hedge-corner in the coldest fault?°
 I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

FIRST HUNTSMAN

Why, Bellman is as good as he, my lord;
 He cried upon it at the merest loss°
 And twice today picked out the dullest scent.
 Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

LORD

Thou art a fool. If Echo were as fleet,
 I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
 But sup them well and look unto them all.
 Tomorrow I intend to hunt again.

FIRST HUNTSMAN

I will, my lord.

LORD

What's here? One dead or drunk? See, doth he
 breathe?

SECOND HUNTSMAN

He breathes, my lord. Were he not warmed with ale,
 This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

LORD

O monstrous beast, how like a swine he lies!
 Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
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FIRST HUNTSMAN

Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

SECOND HUNTSMAN

It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

LORD

Even as a flatt'ring dream or worthless fancy.
 Then take him up and manage well the jest.
 Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
 And hang it round with all my wanton° pictures;
 Balm° his foul head in warm distillèd waters
 And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.
 Procure me music ready when he wakes
 To make a dulcet° and a heavenly sound;
 And if he chance to speak, be ready straight°
 And with a low submissive reverence
 Say, "What is it your honor will command?"
 Let one attend him with a silver basin
 Full of rose water and bestrewed with flowers;
 Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,°
 And say, "Will't please your lordship cool your
 hands?"
 Some one be ready with a costly suit

And ask him what apparel he will wear,
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse
 And that his lady mourns at his disease.
 Persuade him that he hath been lunatic,
 And when he says he is,° say that he dreams,
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
 This do, and do it kindly,° gentle sirs.
 It will be pastime passing excellent
 If it be husbanded with modesty.°

FIRST HUNTSMAN

My lord, I warrant you we will play our part
 As° he shall think by our true diligence
 He is no less than what we say he is.

LORD

Take him up gently and to bed with him,
 And each one to his office° when he wakes.
 [SLY is carried out.]

Sound trumpets.

Sirrah,° go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.
 [Exit SERVINGMAN.]

Belike° some noble gentleman that means,
 Traveling some journey, to repose him here.

Enter SERVINGMAN.

How now? Who is it?

SERVINGMAN An't° please your honor, players
 That offer service to your lordship.

Enter PLAYERS.

LORD

Bid them come near. Now, fellows, you are welcome.

PLAYERS

We thank your honor.

LORD

Do you intend to stay with me tonight?

A PLAYER

So please your lordship to accept our duty.°

LORD

With all my heart. This fellow I remember
 Since once he played a farmer's eldest son;
 'Twas where you wooed the gentlewoman so well.
 I have forgot your name, but sure that part
 Was aptly fitted° and naturally performed.

SECOND PLAYER

I think 'twas Soto° that your honor means.

LORD

'Tis very true; thou didst it excellent.
 Well, you are come to me in happy° time,
 The rather for° I have some sport in hand
 Wherein your cunning° can assist me much.
 There is a lord will hear you play tonight.
 But I am doubtful of your modesties,°
 Lest overeyeing° of his odd behavior—
 For yet his honor never heard a play—

16 tender look after 17 Broach bleed, i.e., medicate (some editors emend to "Breathe"); embossed foaming at the mouth 18 brach hunting bitch 20 fault lost ("cold") scent 23 cried . . . loss gave cry despite complete loss (of scent) 36 practice on play a trick on 40 brave well dressed 47 wanton gay 48 Balm bathe 51 dulcet sweet 52 straight without delay 57 diaper towel

64 is is "lunatic" now 66 kindly naturally 68 husbanded with modesty carried out with moderation 70 As so that 73 office assignment 74 Sirrah term of address used to inferiors 75 Belike likely 77 An't if it 82 duty respectful greeting 87 aptly fitted well suited (to you) 88 Soto in John Fletcher's *Women Pleased* (1620); reference possibly inserted here later 90 in happy at the right 91 The rather for especially because 92 cunning talent 94 modesties self-restraint 95 overeyeing seeing

You break into some merry passion°
And so offend him, for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.

A PLAYER

Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourselves
Were he the veriest antic° in the world.

LORD

Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery°
And give them friendly welcome every one.
Let them want° nothing that my house affords.

Exit one with the PLAYERS.

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page
And see him dressed in all suits° like a lady.
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber
And call him "madam"; do him obeisance.
Tell him from me—as he will° win my love—
He bear himself with honorable action
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished°.°
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say, "What is't your honor will command
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?"
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed
To see her noble lord restored to health
Who for this seven years hath esteemèd him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,°
Which in a napkin° being close conveyed°
Shall in despite° enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatched with all the haste thou canst;
Anon° I'll give thee more instructions.

Exit a SERVINGMAN.

I know the boy will well usurp° the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them; haply° my presence
May well abate the overmerry spleen°
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

[Scene II. Bedroom in the Lord's house.]

*Enter aloft° the drunkard [SLY] with ATTENDANTS—
some with apparel, basin, and ewer, and other appurtenances
—and LORD.*

97 merry passion fit of merriment 101 antic odd person
102 buttery liquor pantry, bar 104 want lack 106 suits
respects (with pun) 109 as he will if he wishes to 112 by
them accomplished as carried out by the ladies 126 shift
purpose 127 napkin handkerchief; close conveyed secretly
carried 128 Shall in despite can't fail to 130 Anon then
131 usurp take on 136 haply perhaps 137 spleen spirit
Ind.ii.s.d. aloft on balcony above stage at back

SLY For God's sake, a pot of small° ale!

FIRST SERVINGMAN

Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?°

SECOND SERVINGMAN

Will't please your honor taste of these conserves?°

THIRD SERVINGMAN

What raiment will your honor wear today?

SLY I am Christophero Sly; call not me "honor" nor
"lordship." I ne'er drank sack in my life, and if you
give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef.°
Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no
more doublets° than backs, no more stockings than
legs nor no more shoes than feet—nay, sometime
more feet than shoes or such shoes as my toes look
through the overleather.

LORD

Heaven cease this idle humor° in your honor!

O that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

SLY What, would you make me mad? Am not I
Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath,° by
birth a peddler, by education a cardmaker,° by trans-
mutation a bearherd,° and now by present profession
a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of
Wincot,° if she know me not. If she say I am not
fourteen pence on the score° for sheer ale,° score me
up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What, I am
not bestraught!° Here's—

THIRD SERVINGMAN

O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

SECOND SERVINGMAN

O, this is it that makes your servants droop.

LORD

Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts° from banishment
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? Hark, Apollo° plays,
Music.

And twenty caged nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimmed up for Semiramis.°
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrow° the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapped,°
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks will soar

1 small thin, diluted (inexpensive) 2 sack imported sherry
(costly) 3 conserves of fruit 7 conserves of beef salt beef
9 doublets close-fitting jackets 13 idle humor unreasonable
fantasy 18 Burton-heath probably Barton-on-the-Heath,
south of Stratford 19 cardmaker maker of cards, or combs,
for arranging wool fibers before spinning 20 bearherd leader
of a tame bear 22 Wincot village near Stratford (some
Hackets lived there) 23 score charge account; sheer ale ale
alone (?) undiluted ale (?) 25 bestraught distraught, crazy
31 ancient thoughts original sanity 35 Apollo here, god
of music 39 Semiramis mythical Assyrian queen, noted
for beauty and sexuality (cf. *Titus Andronicus*, II.i.22, II.iii.118)
40 bestrow cover 41 trapped decorated

Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin° answer them 45
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

FIRST SERVINGMAN

Say thou wilt course,° thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathèd° stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.°

SECOND SERVINGMAN

Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee straight
Adonis° painted by a running brook 50
And Cytherea all in sedges° hid,
Which seem to move and wanton° with her breath
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

LORD

We'll show thee Io° as she was a maid
And how she was beguilèd and surprised, 55
As lively° painted as the deed was done.

THIRD SERVINGMAN

Or Daphne° roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn. 60

LORD

Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord.
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning° age.

FIRST SERVINGMAN

And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'errun her lovely face, 65
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet° she is inferior to none.

SLY

Am I a lord, and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? Or have I dreamed till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak,
I smell sweet savors and I feel soft things.
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed
And not a tinker nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight,
And once again a pot o' th' smallest° ale. 75

SECOND SERVINGMAN

Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
O, how we joy to see your wit° restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or when you waked so waked as if you slept. 80

SLY

These fifteen years! By my fay,° a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of° all that time?

FIRST SERVINGMAN

O yes, my lord, but very idle words,
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door 85
And rail upon the hostess of the house°
And say you would present her at the leet°

45 **welkin** sky 47 **course** hunt hares 48 **breathèd** having good wind; **roe** small deer 50 **Adonis** young hunter loved by Venus (Cytherea) and killed by a wild boar 51 **sedges** grasslike plant growing in marshy places 52 **wanton** sway sinuously 54 **Io** mortal loved by Zeus and changed into a heifer 56 **lively** lifelike 57 **Daphne** nymph loved by Apollo and changed into laurel to evade him 63 **waning** decadent 67 **yet** now, still 75 **smallest** weakest 77 **wit** mind 81 **fay** faith 82 **of** in 86 **house** inn 87 **present** . . . **leet** accuse her at the court under lord of a manor

Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed° quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

SLY

Ay, the woman's maid of the house. 90

THIRD SERVINGMAN

Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid
Nor no such men as you have reckoned up,
As Stephen Sly° and old John Naps of Greece,°
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell, 95
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were nor no man ever saw.

SLY

Now, Lord be thankèd for my good amends!°

ALL Amen.

55 *Enter [the PAGE, as a] lady, with ATTENDANTS.*

SLY

I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

PAGE

How fares my noble lord? 100

SLY

Marry,° I fare well, for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

PAGE

Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her?

SLY

Are you my wife and will not call me husband?
My men should call me "lord"; I am your goodman.° 105

PAGE

My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,
I am your wife in all obedience.

SLY I know it well. What must I call her?

LORD Madam.

70 SLY Al'ce madam or Joan madam? 110

LORD

Madam and nothing else. So lords call ladies.

SLY

Madam wife, they say that I have dreamed
And slept above some fifteen year or more. 75

PAGE

Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandoned° from your bed. 115

SLY

'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
[*Exeunt SERVANTS.*]

Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

PAGE

Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two
Or, if not, so until the sun be set. 120
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur° your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

SLY Ay, it stands so° that I may hardly tarry so long, 125
but I would be loath to fall into my dreams again. I

88 **sealed** marked by a seal guaranteeing quantity 93 **Stephen Sly** Stratford man (Naps, etc., may also be names of real persons); **Greece** the Green (?) Greet, hamlet not far from Stratford (?) 97 **amends** recovery 101 **Marry** in truth (originally, "By the Virgin Mary") 105 **goodman** husband 115 **abandoned** excluded 122 **In** . . . **incur** because of the danger of a return of 125 **stands so** will do (with phallic pun, playing on *reason*, which was pronounced much like *raising*)

will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Your honor's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy.
For so your doctors hold it very meet, 130
Seeing too much sadness hath congealed your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life. 135

SLY Marry, I will let them play it. Is not a comontie^o
a Christmas gambold^o or a tumbling trick?

PAGE

No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

SLY What, household stuff?^o

PAGE It is a kind of history. 140

SLY Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my
side and let the world slip.^o We shall ne'er be younger.

[A C T I]

[Scene I. Padua. A street.]

Flourish.^o Enter LUCENTIO and his man^o TRANIO.

LUCENTIO

Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua,^o nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my father's love and leave am armed 5
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved^o in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious^o studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens, 10
Gave me my being and my father first,^o
A merchant of great traffic^o through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become to serve^o all hopes conceived, 15
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds;
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply^o that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved. 20
Tell me thy mind, for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash^o to plunge him in the deep
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

TRANIO

Mi perdonato,^o gentle master mine, 25

132 **frenzy** mental illness 136 **comontie** comedy (as pronounced by Sly) 137 **gambold** gambol (game, dance, frolic) 139 **stuff** with sexual innuendo (see Eric Partridge, *Shakespeare's Bawdy*) 142 **slip** go by I.i.s.d. **Flourish** fanfare of trumpets; **man** servant 2 **Padua** noted for its university 7 **approved** proved, found reliable 9 **ingenious** mind-training 11 **first** before that 12 **traffic** business 15 **serve** work for 19 **apply** apply myself to 23 **plash** pool 25 **Mi perdonato** pardon me

I am in all affected^o as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline, 30
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks,^o I pray,
Or so devote^o to Aristotle's checks^o
As^o Ovid^o be an outcast quite abjured.
Balk logic^o with acquaintance that you have
And practice rhetoric in your common talk. 35
Music and poesy use to quicken^o you.
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach^o serves you.
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.^o 40

LUCENTIO

Gramercies,^o Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget. 45
But stay awhile, what company is this?

TRANIO

Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA with his two daughters, KATE and BIANCA; GREMIO, a pantaloon;^o [and] HORTENSIO, suitor to Bianca. LUCENTIO [and] TRANIO stand by.^o

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know,
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter 50
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katherina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

GREMIO

To cart^o her rather. She's too rough for me. 55
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

KATE

I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale^o of me amongst these mates?^o

HORTENSIO

Mates, maid? How mean you that? No mates for you
Unless you were of gentler, milder mold. 60

KATE

I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
Iwis^o it^o is not halfway to her^o heart.
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool
And paint^o your face and use you like a fool. 65

HORTENSIO

From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

26 **affected** inclined 31 **stocks** sticks (with pun on *Stoics*) 32 **devote** devoted; **checks** restraints 33 **As** so that; **Ovid** Roman love poet (cf. III.i.28–29, IV.ii.8) 34 **Balk logic** engage in arguments 36 **quicken** make alive 38 **stomach** taste, preference 40 **affect** like 41 **Gramercies** many thanks 47 **s.d.** **pantaloan** laughable old man (a stock character with baggy pants in Italian Renaissance comedy); **by** nearby 55 **cart** drive around in an open cart (a punishment for prostitutes) 58 **stale** (1) laughingstock (2) prostitute; **mates** low fellows (with pun on *stalemate* and leading to pun on *mate* = husband) 62 **Iwis** certainly; **it** getting a mate; **her** Kate's 65 **paint** red with blood

GREMIO

And me too, good Lord!

TRANIO [*Aside.*]Husht, master, here's some good pastime toward.^oThat wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.^oLUCENTIO [*Aside.*]

But in the other's silence do I see

Maid's mild behavior and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

TRANIO [*Aside.*]

Well said, master. Mum, and gaze your fill.

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said: Bianca, get you in,

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

KATE

A pretty peat!^o It is bestPut finger in the eye,^o and^o she knew why.

BIANCA

Sister, content you in my discontent.

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe.

My books and instruments shall be my company,

On them to look and practice by myself.

LUCENTIO [*Aside.*]Hark, Tranio, thou mayst hear Minerva^o speak.

HORTENSIO

Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?^o

Sorry am I that our good will effects

Bianca's grief.

GREMIO

Why will you mew^o her up,

Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell

And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, content ye. I am resolved.

Go in, Bianca. [*Exit BIANCA.*]And for^o I know she taketh most delight

In music, instruments, and poetry,

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,

Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,

Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,

Prefer^o them hither; for to cunning^o men

I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing up.

And so, farewell. Katherina, you may stay,

For I have more to commune with^o Bianca. *Exit.*

KATE

Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?

What, shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,^oI knew not what to take and what to leave? Ha! *Exit.*GREMIO You may go to the devil's dam;^o your gifts 105

are so good, here's none will hold you. Their love is

not so great,^o Hortensio, but we may blow our nailstogether^o and fast it fairly out. Our cake's dough onboth sides.^o Farewell. Yet for the love I bear my sweetBianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to 110
teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish^o him
to her father.

HORTENSIO So will I, Signior Gremio. But a word, I

pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never

brook'd parle,^o know now, upon advice,^o it toucheth^o 115

us both—that we may yet again have access to our

fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love—to

labor and effect one thing specially.

GREMIO What's that, I pray?

HORTENSIO Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister. 120

GREMIO A husband! A devil.

HORTENSIO I say, a husband.

GREMIO I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio,

though her father be very rich, any man is so very^o afool to^o be married to hell? 125

HORTENSIO Tush, Gremio, though it pass your

patience and mine to endure her loud alarms,^o why,man, there be good fellows in the world, and^o a man

could light on them, would take her with all faults,

and money enough. 130

GREMIO I cannot tell, but I had as lief^o take her

dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high

cross^o every morning.

HORTENSIO Faith, as you say, there's small choice in

rotten apples. But come, since this bar in law^o makes 135us friends, it shall be so far forth^o friendly maintained,

till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband,

we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have

to't^o afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole!^o

He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, 140

Signior Gremio?

GREMIO I am agreed, and would I had given him the

best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that^o would

thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her and rid

the house of her. Come on. 145

Exeunt ambo.^o Manet^o TRANIO and LUCENTIO.

TRANIO

I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

LUCENTIO

O Tranio, till I found it to be true

I never thought it possible or likely.

But see, while idly I stood looking on,

I found the effect of love-in-idleness^o 150

And now in plainness do confess to thee,

That art to me as secret^o and as dearAs Anna^o to the Queen of Carthage was,

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, 155

If I achieve not this young modest girl.

111 wish commend 115 brook'd parle allowed negotiation;
 advice consideration; toucheth concerns 124 very thorough
 125 to as to 127 alarms outcries 128 and if 131 had as
 lief would as willingly 132–33 high cross market cross
 (prominent spot) 135 bar in law legal action of preventive sort
 136 so far forth so long 138–39 have to't renew our com-
 petition 139 Happy . . . dole Let being a happy man be his
 (the winner's) destiny 143 that antecedent is "his" 145
 s.d. ambo both; Manet remain (though the Latin plural is
 properly *manent*, the singular with a plural subject is common
 in Elizabethan texts) 151 love-in-idleness popular name for
 pansy (believed to have mysterious power in love; cf.
Midsummer Night's Dream, II.i.165 ff.) 153 to . . . secret
 as much in my confidence 154 Anna sister and confidante
 of Queen Dido

68 toward coming up 69 froward willful 78 peat pet (cf.
teacher's pet) 79 Put . . . eye cry; and if 84 Minerva
 goddess of wisdom 85 strange rigid 87 mew cage (falconry
 term) 92 for because 97 Prefer recommend; cunning
 talented 101 commune with communicate to 103 belike
 it seems likely 105 dam mother (used of animals) 107
 great important 107–08 blow . . . together wait patiently
 108–09 Our . . . sides We've both failed (proverbial)

Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst.

Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

TRANIO

Master, it is no time to chide you now.

Affection is not rated° from the heart.

If love have touched you, naught remains but so,°

“Redime te captum, quam queas minimo.”°

LUCENTIO

Gramercies,° lad, go forward. This contents.

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel’s sound.

TRANIO

Master, you looked so longly° on the maid,

Perhaps you marked not what’s the pith of all.°

LUCENTIO

O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,

Such as the daughter of Agenor° had,

That made great Jove to humble him to her hand

When with his knees he kissed the Cretan strond.°

TRANIO

Saw you no more? Marked you not how her sister

Began to scold and raise up such a storm

That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

LUCENTIO

Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move

And with her breath she did perfume the air.

Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

TRANIO

Nay, then, ’tis time to stir him from his trance.

I pray, awake, sir. If you love the maid,

Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd°

That till the father rid his hands of her,

Master, your love must live a maid at home;

And therefore has he closely mewd° her up,

Because° she will not be annoyed with suitors.

LUCENTIO

Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father’s he!

But art thou not advised° he took some care

To get her cunning° schoolmasters to instruct her?

TRANIO

Ay, marry, am I, sir—and now ’tis plotted!°

LUCENTIO

I have it, Tranio!

TRANIO Master, for° my hand,

Both our inventions° meet and jump in one.°

LUCENTIO

Tell me thine first.

TRANIO You will be schoolmaster

And undertake the teaching of the maid.

That’s your device.

LUCENTIO It is. May it be done?

TRANIO

Not possible, for who shall bear° your part

160 rated scolded 161 so to act thus 162 Redime . . .
 minimo ransom yourself, a captive, at the smallest possible
 price (from Terence’s play *The Eunuch*, as quoted inaccurately
 in Lily’s *Latin Grammar*) 163 Gramercies many thanks 165
 longly (1) longingly (2) interminably 166 pith of all heart
 of the matter 168 daughter of Agenor Europa, loved by
 Jupiter, who, in the form of a bull, carried her to Crete
 170 strond strand, shore 180 curst and shrewd sharp-
 tempered and shrewish 183 mewd caged 184 Because so
 that 186 advised informed 187 cunning knowing 188
 ’tis plotted I’ve a scheme 189 for I bet 190 inventions
 schemes; jump in one are identical 194 bear act

And be in Padua here Vincentio’s son?

Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,

Visit his countrymen and banquet them?

LUCENTIO

Basta,° content thee, for I have it full.°

We have not yet been seen in any house,

Nor can we be distinguished by our faces

For man or master. Then it follows thus:

Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,

Keep house and port° and servants as I should.

I will some other be—some Florentine,

Some Neapolitan, or meaner° man of Pisa.

’Tis hatched and shall be so. Tranio, at once

Uncase° thee, take my colored° hat and cloak.

When Biondello comes he waits on thee,

But I will charm° him first to keep his tongue.

TRANIO

So had you need.

In brief, sir, sith° it your pleasure is

And I am tied° to be obedient—

For so your father charged me at our parting;

“Be serviceable to my son,” quoth he,

Although I think ’twas in another sense—

I am content to be Lucentio

Because so well I love Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves,

And let me be a slave, t’ achieve that maid

Whose sudden sight hath thralld° my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

BIONDELLO

Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol’n your clothes,

Or you stol’n his, or both? Pray, what’s the news?

LUCENTIO

Sirrah, come hither. ’Tis no time to jest,

And therefore frame your manners to the time.°

Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life,

Puts my apparel and my count’nance° on,

And I for my escape have put on his,

For in a quarrel since I came ashore

I killed a man and fear I was descried.°

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,

While I make way from hence to save my life.

You understand me?

BIONDELLO

I, sir? Ne’er a whit.

LUCENTIO

And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth.

Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

BIONDELLO

The better for him. Would I were so too.

TRANIO

So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista’s youngest daughter.

198 Basta enough (Italian); full fully (worked out) 203 port
 style 205 meaner of lower rank 207 Uncase undress;
 colored masters dressed colorfully; servants wore dark blue
 209 charm exercise power over (he tells him a fanciful tale,
 lines 225–34) 211 sith since 212 tied obligated 220 thralld
 enslaved 226 frame . . . time adjust your conduct to
 the situation 228 count’nance demeanor 231 descried
 seen, recognized

But, sirrah, not for my sake but your master's, I advise 240
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of com-
panies.

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio,
But in all places else your master, Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

Tranio, let's go.

One thing more rests,° that thyself execute°— 245
To make one among these wooers. If thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

Exeunt.

The PRESENTERS° above speaks.

FIRST SERVINGMAN

My lord, you nod; you do not mind° the play.

SLY

Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely.
Comes there any more of it? 250

PAGE

My lord, 'tis but begun.

SLY

'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady.
Would 'twere done!

They sit and mark.°

[Scene II. Padua. The street in front of
Hortensio's house.]

Enter PETRUCHIO° and his man GRUMIO.

PETRUCHIO

Verona, for a while I take my leave
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best belovèd and approvèd friend,
Hortensio, and I trow° this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio, knock, I say. 5

GRUMIO Knock, sir? Whom should I knock? Is there
any man has rebused° your worship?

PETRUCHIO Villain, I say, knock me here° soundly.

GRUMIO Knock you here, sir? Why, sir, what am I,
sir, that I should knock you here, sir? 10

PETRUCHIO

Villain, I say, knock me at this gate°
And rap me well or I'll knock your knave's pate.°

GRUMIO

My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you
first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

PETRUCHIO

Will it not be? 15
Faith, sirrah, and° you'll not knock, I'll ring° it;
I'll try how you can sol, fa,° and sing it.

He wrings him by the ears.

245 **rests** remains; **execute** are to perform 247 **s.d.** **Pre-**
senters commentators, actors thought of collectively, hence the
singular verb 248 **mind** pay attention to 253 **s.d.** **mark**
observe

I.ii.s.d. **Petruchio** correct form is *Petrucio*, with *c* pronounced
tch 4 **trow** think 7 **rebused** Grumio means *abused* 8 **knock**
me here knock here for me (Grumio plays a game of mis-
understanding, taking "me here" as "my ear") 11 **gate** door
12 **pate** head 16 **and if**; **ring** pun on *wring* 17 **sol, fa** go
up and down the scales (possibly with puns on meanings
now lost)

GRUMIO

Help, masters, help! My master is mad.

PETRUCHIO

Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain.

Enter HORTENSIO.

HORTENSIO How now, what's the matter? My old 20
friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio! How
do you all at Verona?

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il cuore ben trovato,° may I say.

HORTENSIO

Alla nostra casa ben venuto, 25
Molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.°

Rise, Grumio, rise. We will compound° this quarrel.

GRUMIO Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges° in
Latin.° If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave
his service—look you, sir, he bid me knock him and 30
rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to
use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see,
two-and-thirty, a peep out?°

Whom would to God I had well knocked at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst. 35

PETRUCHIO

A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart° to do it.

GRUMIO Knock at the gate? O heavens! Spake you
not these words plain, "Sirrah, knock me here, rap 40
me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly"?
And come you now with "knocking at the gate"?

PETRUCHIO

Sirrah, be gone or talk not, I advise you.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, patience, I am Grumio's pledge.
Why, this's a heavy chance° 'twixt him and you, 45
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

PETRUCHIO

Such wind as scatters young men through the world
To seek their fortunes farther than at home, 50
Where small experience grows. But in a few,°
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio my father is deceased,
And I have thrust myself into this maze,°
Happily° to wive and thrive as best I may. 55
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home
And so am come abroad to see the world.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, shall I then come roundly° to thee
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favored° wife?

24 **Con** . . . **trovato** with all (my) heart well found (i.e.,
welcome) 25–26 **Alla** . . . **Petruchio** Welcome to our
house, my much honored Signior Petruchio 27 **com-**
pound settle 28 **'leges** alleges 29 **Latin** as if he were
English, Grumio does not recognize Italian 33 **two-and-**
thirty . . . **out** (1) an implication that Petruchio is aged (2) a
term from cards, slang for drunk (*peep* is an old form of *pip*, a
marking on a card) 38 **heart** life 45 **heavy chance** sad
happening 51 **few** words 54 **maze** traveling; uncertain
course 55 **Happily** haply, perchance 58 **come roundly**
talk frankly 59 **shrewd ill-favored** shrewish, poorly qualified

Thou'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel—
 And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
 And very rich—but thou'rt too much my friend,
 And I'll not wish thee to her.

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
 Few words suffice; and therefore if thou know
 One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife—
 As wealth is burthen° of my wooing dance—
 Be she as foul° as was Florentius° love,
 As old as Sibyl°, and as curst and shrewd
 As Socrates' Xanthippe° or a worse,
 She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
 Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
 As are the swelling Adriatic seas.
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

GRUMIO Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what
 his mind is. Why, give him gold enough and marry
 him to a puppet or an aglet-baby° or an old trot° with
 ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many
 diseases as two-and-fifty horses. Why, nothing comes 80
 amiss so money comes withal°.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, since we are stepped thus far in,
 I will continue that° I broached in jest.
 I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
 With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
 Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.
 Her only fault—and that is faults enough—
 Is that she is intolerable curst°
 And shrewd and froward°, so beyond all measure
 That were my state° far worsen than it is,
 I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

PETRUCHIO

Hortensio, peace. Thou know'st not gold's effect.
 Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough,
 For I will board° her though she chide as loud
 As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack°.

HORTENSIO

Her father is Baptista Minola,
 An affable and courteous gentleman.
 Her name is Katherine Minola,
 Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PETRUCHIO

I know her father though I know not her,
 And he knew my deceased father well.
 I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her,
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
 To give you over° at this first encounter
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

GRUMIO I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor°

lasts. A° my word, and° she knew him as well as I do,
 she would think scolding would do little good° upon
 him. She may perhaps call him half a score knaves or
 so—why, that's nothing. And he begin once, he'll 110
 rail in his rope-tricks°. I'll tell you what, sir, and she
 stand° him but a little, he will throw a figure in her
 face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no
 more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him
 not, sir. 115

HORTENSIO

Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
 For in Baptista's keep° my treasure is.
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold°,
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
 And her withholds from me and other more,
 Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
 Supposing it a thing impossible,
 For° those defects I have before rehearsed,
 That ever Katherine will be wooed.
 Therefore this order° hath Baptista ta'en,
 That none shall have access unto Bianca
 Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.

GRUMIO

Katherine the curst!
 A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

HORTENSIO

Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace°
 And offer° me, disguised in sober robes,
 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
 Well seen° in music, to instruct Bianca,
 That so I may, by this device, at least
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her
 And unsuspected court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO, and LUCENTIO disguised [as a school-
 master, Cambio].*

GRUMIO Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old
 folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!
 Master, master, look about you. Who goes there, ha?

HORTENSIO

Peace, Grumio. It is the rival of my love.
 Petruchio, stand by awhile.

[They eavesdrop.]

GRUMIO

A proper stripling°, and an amorous!

GREMIO

O, very well, I have perused the note°
 Hark you, sir, I'll have them very fairly bound—
 All books of love, see that at any hand°,
 And see you read no other lectures° to her.
 You understand me. Over and beside
 Signior Baptista's liberality,

67 **burthen** burden (musical accompaniment) 68 **foul** homely;
Florentius knight in Gower's *Confessio Amantis* (cf. Chaucer's
 Wife of Bath's Tale: knight marries hag who turns into
 beautiful girl) 69 **Sibyl** prophetess in Greek and Roman
 myth 70 **Xanthippe** Socrates' wife, legendarily shrewish
 78 **aglet-baby** small female figure forming metal tip of cord
 or lace (French *aiguillette* = point); **trot** hag 81 **withal**
 with it 83 **that** what 88 **intolerable curst** intolerably
 sharp-tempered 89 **froward** willful 90 **state** estate, revenue
 94 **board** naval term, with double sense: (1) accost (2) go
 on board 95 **crack** make explosive roars 104 **give you**
 over leave you 106 **humor** mood

107 **A** on; and if (also at lines 110 and 111) 108 **do little**
good have little effect 111 **rope-tricks** (1) Grumio's
 version of *rhetoric*, going with *figure* just below (2) rascally
 conduct, deserving hanging (3) possible sexual innuendo, as in
 following lines 112 **stand** withstand 117 **keep** heavily
 fortified inner tower of castle 118 **hold** stronghold 123
For because of 125 **order** step 130 **grace** a favor 131 **offer**
 present, introduce 133 **seen** trained 142 **proper stripling**
 handsome youth (sarcastic comment on Gremio) 143 **note**
 memorandum (reading list for Bianca) 145 **at any hand** in
 any case 146 **read . . . lectures** assign no other readings

I'll mend it with a largess.^o Take your paper^o too
And let me have them^o very well perfumed,
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

LUCENTIO

Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as^o yourself were still in place^o—
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you unless you were a scholar, sir.

GREMIO

O this learning, what a thing it is!

GRUMIO [*Aside.*]

O this woodcock,^o what an ass it is!

PETRUCHIO

Peace, sirrah!

HORTENSIO

Grumio, mum! [*Coming forward.*] God save you,
Signior Gremio.

GREMIO

And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow^o you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca,
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man—for^o learning and behavior
Fit for her turn,^o well read in poetry
And other books, good ones I warrant ye.

HORTENSIO

'Tis well. And I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to^o another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress.
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

GREMIO

Beloved of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

GRUMIO [*Aside.*]

And that his bags^o shall prove.

HORTENSIO

Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent^o our love.
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent^o good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,^o
Will undertake^o to woo curst Katherine,
Yea, and to marry her if her dowry please.

GREMIO

So said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

PETRUCHIO

I know she is an irksome, brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

GREMIO

No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

149 mend . . . largess add a gift of money to it; paper
note (line 143) 150 them the books 155 as as if you;
in place present 159 woodcock bird easily trapped, so
considered silly 163 Trow know 167 for in 168 turn
situation (with unconscious bawdy pun on the sense of "copu-
lation") 171 help me to (1) find (2) become (Hortensio's jest)
176 bags of money 177 vent express 179 indifferent equally
181 Upon . . . liking if we agree to his terms (paying costs)
182 undertake promise

PETRUCHIO

Born in Verona, old Antonio's son.
My father dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days and long to see.

GREMIO

O, sir, such a life with such a wife were strange.
But if you have a stomach,^o to't a^o God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wildcat?

PETRUCHIO

Will I live? 195

GRUMIO [*Aside.*]

Will he woo her? Ay, or I'll hang her.

PETRUCHIO

Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds, 200
Rage like an angry boar chafèd with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance^o in the field
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitchèd battle heard
Loud 'larums,^o neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang? 205
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush, fear^o boys with bugs.^o

GRUMIO [*Aside.*]

For he fears none.

GREMIO

Hortensio, hark. 210
This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

HORTENSIO

I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of^o wooing, whatsoe'er.

GREMIO

And so we will, provided that he win her. 215

GRUMIO [*Aside.*]

I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO brave^o [as Lucentio] and BIONDELLO.

TRANIO

Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

BIONDELLO

He that has the two fair daughters? Is't he you
mean? 220

TRANIO

Even he, Biondello. 185

GREMIO

Hark you, sir. You mean not her to—

TRANIO

Perhaps, him and her, sir. What have you to do?^o

PETRUCHIO

Not her that chides, sir, at any hand,^o I pray.

TRANIO

I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's away. 225

193 stomach inclination; a in 202 ordnance cannon 205
'larums calls to arms, sudden attacks 209 fear frighten;
bugs bugbears 214 his charge of the cost of his 216 s.d.
brave elegantly attired 223 to do to do with this 224 at
any hand in any case

LUCENTIO [*Aside.*]

Well begun, Tranio.

HORTENSIO Sir, a word ere you go.
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea
or no?

TRANIO
And if I be, sir, is it any offense?

GREMIO
No, if without more words you will get you
hence.

TRANIO
Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free 230
For me as for you?

GREMIO But so is not she.

TRANIO
For what reason, I beseech you?

GREMIO
For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice° love of Signior Gremio.

HORTENSIO
That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio. 235

TRANIO
Softly, my masters! If you be gentlemen,
Do me this right: hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman
To whom my father is not all unknown,
And were his daughter fairer than she is, 240
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter° had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have.
And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris° came° in hope to speed° alone. 245

GREMIO
What, this gentleman will out-talk us all.

LUCENTIO
Sir, give him head. I know he'll prove a jade.°

PETRUCHIO
Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

HORTENSIO
Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter? 250

TRANIO
No, sir, but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

PETRUCHIO
Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

GREMIO
Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules,
And let it be more than Alcides° twelve.

PETRUCHIO
Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:°
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken° for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed.
The younger then is free, and not before.

TRANIO

If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead° us all, and me amongst the rest, 265
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve° the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap° shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.°

HORTENSIO
Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive,°
And since you do profess to be a suitor, 270
You must, as we do, gratify° this gentleman
To whom we all rest° generally beholding.°

TRANIO
Sir, I shall not be slack, in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive° this afternoon
And quaff carouses° to our mistress' health 275
And do as adversaries° do in law,
Strive mightily but eat and drink as friends.

GRUMIO AND BIONDELLO
O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.

HORTENSIO
The motion's good indeed, and be it so.
Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto.° Exeunt. 280

[A C T I I]

[Scene I. In Baptista's house.]

245 Enter KATE and BIANCA [*with her hands tied*].

BIANCA
Good sister, wrong me not nor wrong yourself
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me.
That I disdain. But for these other gawds,°
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat, 5
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

250 KATE
Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best. See thou dissemble not.

BIANCA
Believe me, sister, of all the men alive 10
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

255 KATE
Minion,° thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

BIANCA
If you affect° him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself but you shall have him. 15

260 KATE
O then, belike,° you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.°

234 choice chosen 242 Leda's daughter Helen of Troy
245 Paris lover who took Helen to Troy (legendary cause of
Trojan War); came should come; speed succeed 247 prove
a jade soon tire (cf. jaded) 256 Alcides Hercules (after
Alcaeus, a family ancestor) 257 sooth truth 258 hearken
long

264 stead aid 266 Achieve succeed with 267 whose hap
the man whose luck 268 to be ingrate as to be ungrateful
269 conceive put the case 271 gratify compensate 272
rest remain; beholding indebted 274 contrive pass 275
quaff carouses empty our cups 276 adversaries attorneys
280 ben venuto welcome (i.e., host)
II.i.3 gawds adornments 13 Minion impudent creature
14 affect like 16 belike probably 17 fair in fine clothes

BIANCA

Is it for him you do envy° me so?

Nay, then you jest, and now I well perceive

You have but jested with me all this while.

I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

20

KATE

If that be jest then all the rest was so.

*Strikes her.**Enter BAPTISTA.*

BAPTISTA

Why, how now, dame, whence grows this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl, she weeps.

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.

25

For shame, thou hilding° of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

KATE

Her silence flouts me and I'll be revenged.

Flies after BIANCA.

BAPTISTA

What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.

30

Exit [BIANCA].

KATE

What, will you not suffer° me? Nay, now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

I must dance barefoot on her wedding day,°

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.°

Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep

Till I can find occasion of revenge.

35

[Exit.]

BAPTISTA

Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?

But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean° man**[Cambio], PETRUCHIO, with [HORTENSIO as a music**teacher, Litio, and] TRANIO [as Lucentio], with his boy**[BIONDELLO] bearing a lute and books.*

GREMIO Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.

BAPTISTA Good morrow, neighbor Gremio. God 40
save you, gentlemen.

PETRUCHIO

And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter

Called Katherina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA

I have a daughter, sir, called Katherina.

GREMIO *[Aside.]*

You are too blunt; go to it orderly.°

45

PETRUCHIO *[Aside.]*

You wrong me, Signior Gremio, give me leave.

[To BAPTISTA.]

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,

Her affability and bashful modesty,

Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,

50

Am bold to show myself a forward° guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to° my entertainment,°

I do present you with a man of mine,

55

[Presenting HORTENSIO.]

Cunning in music and the mathematics,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof I know she is not ignorant.

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong.

His name is Litio, born in Mantua.

60

BAPTISTA

Y'are welcome, sir, and he for your good sake.

But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,

She is not for your turn,° the more my grief.

PETRUCHIO

I see you do not mean to part with her,

Or else you like not of my company.

65

BAPTISTA

Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?

PETRUCHIO

Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son,

A man well known throughout all Italy.

BAPTISTA

I know him well. You are welcome for his sake.

70

GREMIO

Saving° your tale, Petruchio, I pray,

Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.

Backare,° you are marvelous° forward.

PETRUCHIO

O pardon me, Signior Gremio, I would fain° be doing.°

GREMIO

I doubt it not, sir, but you will curse your wooing.

75

Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful,° I am sure of it.

To express the like kindness myself, that° have been

more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give

unto you this young scholar *[presenting LUCENTIO]*

that hath been long studying at Rheims—as cunning 80

in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in

music and mathematics. His name is Cambio.° Pray

accept his service.

BAPTISTA A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Wel-

come, good Cambio. *[To TRANIO.]* But, gentle sir, 85

methinks you walk like° a stranger. May I be so bold

to know the cause of your coming?

TRANIO

Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,

That,° being a stranger in this city here,

Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,

90

Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me

In the preferment of° the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request,

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,

95

54 entrance to price of admission for; entertainment reception
 63 turn purpose (again, with bawdy pun) 71 Saving
 with all respect for 73 Backare back (proverbial quasi-Latin);
 marvelous very 74 would fain am eager to; doing with
 a sexual jest 76 grateful worthy of gratitude 77 myself,
 that I myself, who 82 Cambio exchange (Italian) 86 walk
 like have the bearing of 89 That who 93 preferment of
 giving priority to

18 envy hate 26 hilding base wretch 31 suffer permit
 (i.e., to deal with you) 33 dance . . . day expected of
 older maiden sisters 34 lead . . . hell proverbial occupa-
 tion of old maids (cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, II.i.41) 38
 s.d. mean lower class 45 orderly gradually 51 forward
 eager

I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favor° as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters
I here bestow a simple instrument,°
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

BAPTISTA [*Looking at books.*]

Lucentio is your name. Of whence, I pray?

TRANIO

Of Pisa, sir, son to Vincentio.

BAPTISTA

A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him° well. You are very welcome, sir.

[*To HORTENSIO.*]

Take you the lute, [*to LUCENTIO*] and you the set of
books;

You shall go see your pupils presently.°

Holla, within!

Enter a SERVANT.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen

To my daughters and tell them both

These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit SERVANT, with LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO,
and BIONDELLO following.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard°

And then to dinner. You are passing° welcome,

And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

PETRUCHIO

Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,

And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well, and in him me,

Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,

Which I have bettered rather than decreased.

Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love

What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAPTISTA

After my death the one half of my lands,

And in possession° twenty thousand crowns.

PETRUCHIO

And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of

Her widowhood,° be it that she survive me,

In all my lands and leases whatsoever.

Let specialties° be therefore drawn between us

That covenants may be kept on either hand.

BAPTISTA

Ay, when the special thing is well obtained,

That is, her love, for that is all in all.

PETRUCHIO

Why, that is nothing, for I tell you, father,

I am as peremptory° as she proud-minded.

And where two raging fires meet together

They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.

Though little fire grows great with little wind,

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

So I to her, and so she yields to me,

For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

BAPTISTA

Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!°

But be thou armed for some unhappy words.

PETRUCHIO

Ay, to the proof,° as mountains are for winds

That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter HORTENSIO with his head broke.

BAPTISTA

How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

HORTENSIO

For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAPTISTA

What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HORTENSIO

I think she'll sooner prove a soldier.

Iron may hold with her,° but never lutes.

BAPTISTA

Why, then thou canst not break° her to the lute?

HORTENSIO

Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets°

And bowed° her hand to teach her fingering,

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

"Frets, call you these?" quoth she; "I'll fume with
them."

And with that word she stroke° me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way.

And there I stood amazed for a while

As on a pillory,° looking through the lute,

While she did call me rascal, fiddler,

And twangling Jack,° with twenty such vile terms

As° had she studied° to misuse me so.

PETRUCHIO

Now, by the world, it is a lusty° wench!

I love her ten times more than e'er I did.

O how I long to have some chat with her!

BAPTISTA [*To HORTENSIO.*]

Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited.

Proceed in practice° with my younger daughter;

She's apt° to learn and thankful for good turns.

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us

Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

*Exit [BAPTISTA, with GREMIO, TRANIO, and
HORTENSIO]. Manet PETRUCHIO.°*

PETRUCHIO

I pray you do. I'll attend° her here

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say that she rail,° why then I'll tell her plain

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.

Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear

As morning roses newly washed with dew.

97 favor countenance, acceptance 99 instrument the lute
105 him his name 107 presently at once 111 orchard
garden 112 passing very 122 possession at the time of
marriage 124 widowhood estate settled on a widow (John-
son) 126 specialties special contracts 131 peremptory
resolved

138 speed progress 140 to the proof in tested steel armor
146 hold with her stand her treatment 147 break train
149 frets ridges where strings are pressed 150 bowed bent
153 stroke struck 156 pillory with a wooden collar (old
structure for public punishment) 158 Jack term of contempt
159 As as if; studied prepared 160 lusty spirited 164
practice instruction 165 apt disposed 167 s.d. is in the F
position, which need not be changed; Petruchio speaks to the
departing Baptista 168 attend wait for 170 rail scold, scoff

Say she be mute and will not speak a word,
Then I'll commend her volubility
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
If she do bid me pack,° I'll give her thanks
As though she bid me stay by her a week.
If she deny° to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns° and when be married.
But here she comes, and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATE.

Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

KATE

Well have you heard,° but something hard of hearing.
They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO

You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate,
And bonny° Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst.
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall,° my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties° are all Kates,° and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation.
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded°—
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs—
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

KATE

Moved! In good time,° let him that moved you hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
You were a movable.°

PETRUCHIO

Why, what's a movable?

KATE

A joint stool.°

PETRUCHIO Thou hast hit it; come sit on me.

KATE

Asses are made to bear° and so are you.

PETRUCHIO

Women are made to bear° and so are you.

KATE

No such jade° as you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO

Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee,
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—

KATE

Too light for such a swain° as you to catch
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PETRUCHIO

Should be!° Should—buzz!

KATE

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.°

PETRUCHIO

175 O slow-winged turtle,° shall a buzzard take° thee?

KATE

Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.°

PETRUCHIO

Come, come, you wasp, i' faith you are too angry.

180 KATE

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

210

PETRUCHIO

My remedy is then to pluck it out.

KATE

Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PETRUCHIO

Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

185 KATE In his tongue.

PETRUCHIO

Whose tongue?

KATE

Yours, if you talk of tales,° and so farewell.

215

PETRUCHIO

190 What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again.
Good Kate, I am a gentleman—

KATE

That I'll try.

She strikes him.

PETRUCHIO

I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.

KATE

So may you lose your arms:°
If you strike me you are no gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

220

PETRUCHIO

A herald,° Kate? O, put me in thy books.°

KATE

What is your crest?° A coxcomb?°

PETRUCHIO

200 A combless° cock, so° Kate will be my hen.

KATE

No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.°

225

PETRUCHIO

Nay, come, Kate, come, you must not look so sour.

KATE

It is my fashion when I see a crab.°

PETRUCHIO

205 Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

KATE

There is, there is.

PETRUCHIO

Then show it me.

KATE

Had I a glass° I would.

230

PETRUCHIO

What, you mean my face?

KATE

Well aimed of° such a young one.

177 pack go away 179 deny refuse 180 banns public announcement in church of intent to marry 183 heard pun: pronounced like *hard* 186 bonny big, fine (perhaps with pun on *bony*, the F spelling) 188 Kate Hall possible topical reference; several places have been proposed 189 dainties delicacies; Kates cates (delicacies) 192 sounded (1) measured (effect of *deeply*) (2) spoken of (pun) 195 In good time indeed 197 movable article of furniture (with pun) 198 joint stool stool made by a joiner (standard term of disparagement) 199 bear carry 200 bear bear children (with second sexual meaning in Petruchio's "I will not burden thee") 201 jade worn-out horse (Kate has now called him both "ass" and "sorry horse") 204 swain country boy 206 be pun on *bee*; hence *buzz* = scandal (i.e., about "light" woman); buzzard hawk unteachable in falconry (hence idiot)

207 turtle turtledove, noted for affectionateness; take capture (with pun, "mistake for," in next line) 208 buzzard buzzing insect (hence "wasp," line 209) 215 of tales idle tales (leading to bawdy pun on *tail* = pudend) 219 arms pun on *coat of arms* 222 herald one skilled in heraldry; books registers of heraldry (with pun on *in your good books*) 223 crest heraldic device; coxcomb identifying feature of court fool's cap; the cap itself 224 combless unwarlike; so if 225 craven defeated cock 227 crab crab apple 230 glass mirror 231 Well aimed of a good shot (in the dark)

PETRUCHIO

Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

KATE

Yet you are withered.

PETRUCHIO

'Tis with cares.

KATE

I care not.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, hear you, Kate, in sooth° you scape° not so.

KATE

I chafe° you if I tarry. Let me go.

PETRUCHIO

No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough and coy° and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar,

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference,° soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O sland'rous world! Kate like the hazel-twigg

Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazelnuts and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk. Thou dost not halt.°

KATE

Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st° command.

PETRUCHIO

Did ever Dian° so become a grove

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian and let her be Kate,

And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!°

KATE

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO

It is extempore, from my mother-wit.°

KATE

A witty mother! Witless else° her son.

PETRUCHIO

Am I not wise?

KATE

Yes,° keep you warm.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed.

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife, your dowry 'greed on,

And will you, nill° you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn,°

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty—

Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well—

Thou must be married to no man but me.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO.

For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,

And bring you from a wild Kate° to a Kate

Conformable° as other household Kates.

Here comes your father. Never make denial;

I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

BAPTISTA

Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed° you with my daughter?

PETRUCHIO

How but well, sir? How but well?

235 It were impossible I should speed amiss.

BAPTISTA

Why, how now, daughter Katherine, in your dumps?°

KATE

Call you me daughter? Now, I promise° you

You have showed a tender fatherly regard

240 To wish me wed to one half lunatic,

A madcap ruffian and a swearing Jack

That thinks with oaths to face° the matter out.

PETRUCHIO

Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world

245 That talked of her have talked amiss of her.

If she be curst it is for policy,°

For she's not froward but modest as the dove.

She is not hot° but temperate as the morn;

For patience she will prove a second Grissel°

250 And Roman Lucrece° for her chastity.

And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together

That upon Sunday is the wedding day.

KATE

I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

GREMIO

Hark, Petruchio, she says she'll see thee hanged first.

255 TRANIO

Is this your speeding?° Nay, then good night our part!

PETRUCHIO

Be patient, gentlemen, I choose her for myself.

If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?

'Tis bargained 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate,

She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss

She vied° so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink° she won me to her love.

O, you are novices. 'Tis a world° to see

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock° wretch can make the curstest shrew.

Give me thy hand, Kate. I will unto Venice

265 To buy apparel 'gainst° the wedding day.

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.°

BAPTISTA

I know not what to say, but give me your hands.

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'Tis a match.

234 sooth truth; scape escape 235 chafe (1) annoy (2) warm up
 237 coy offish 245 conference conversation 250 halt limp
 251 whom thou keep'st your servants 252 Dian Diana, goddess of hunting and virginity 255 sportful i.e., in the game of love 257 mother-wit natural intelligence 258 else otherwise would be 259 Yes yes, just enough to (refers to a proverbial saying) 264 nill won't 265 turn advantage (with bawdy second meaning)

270 wild Kate pun on wildcat 271 Conformable submissive 274 speed get on 277 dumps low spirits 278 promise tell 282 face brazen 285 policy tactics 287 hot intemperate 288 Grissel Griselda (patient wife in Chaucer's Clerk's Tale) 289 Lucrece killed herself after Tarquin raped her 294 speeding success 302 vied made higher bids (card-playing term), i.e., kissed more frequently 303 twink twinkling 304 world wonder 306 meacock timid 308 'gainst in preparation for 310 fine well dressed

GREMIO AND TRANIO

Amen, say we. We will be witnesses.

PETRUCHIO

Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.

We will have rings and things and fine array,

And, kiss me, Kate, "We will be married a Sunday."°

Exit PETRUCHIO and KATE.

GREMIO

Was ever match clapped° up so suddenly?

BAPTISTA

Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part

And venture madly on a desperate mart.°

TRANIO

'Twas a commodity° lay fretting° by you;

'Twill bring you gain or perish on the seas.

BAPTISTA

The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

GREMIO

No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;

Now is the day we long have looked for.

I am your neighbor and was suitor first.

TRANIO

And I am one that love Bianca more

Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.

GREMIO

Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

TRANIO

Graybeard, thy love doth freeze.

GREMIO

But thine doth fry.

Skipper,° stand back, 'tis age that nourisheth.

TRANIO

But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

BAPTISTA

Content you, gentlemen; I will compound° this strife.

'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both°

That can assure my daughter greatest dower°

Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

GREMIO

First, as you know, my house within the city

Is richly furnishèd with plate and gold,

Basins and ewers to lave° her dainty hands;

My hangings all of Tyrian° tapestry;

In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns,

In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,°

Costly apparel, tents,° and canopies,

Fine linen, Turkey cushions bossed° with pearl,

Valance° of Venice gold in needlework,

Pewter and brass, and all things that belongs

To house or housekeeping. Then, at my farm

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,°

317 We . . . Sunday line from a ballad 318 clapped fixed
320 mart "deal" 321 commodity here a coarse term for
women (see Partridge, *Shakespeare's Bawdy*); fretting decaying
in storage (with pun) 332 Skipper skipping (irresponsible)
fellow 334 compound settle 335 he of both the one of
you two 336 dower man's gift to bride 341 lave wash
342 Tyrian purple 344 arras counterpoints counterpanes
woven in Arras 345 tents bed tester (hanging cover) 346
bossed embroidered 347 Valance bed fringes and drapes
350 milch-kine . . . pail cows producing milk for human
use

Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls

And all things answerable to this portion.°

Myself am struck° in years, I must confess,

And if I die tomorrow, this is hers,

If whilst I live she will be only mine.

TRANIO

That "only" came well in. Sir, list to me.

I am my father's heir and only son.

If I may have your daughter to my wife,

I'll leave her houses three or four as good,

Within rich Pisa walls, as any one

Old Signior Gremio has in Padua,

Besides two thousand ducats° by the year

Of° fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.°

What, have I pinched° you, Signior Gremio?

GREMIO [*Aside.*]

Two thousand ducats by the year of land!

My land amounts not to so much in all.

[*To others.*]

That she shall have besides an argosy°

That now is lying in Marcellus' road.°

What, have I choked you with an argosy?

TRANIO

Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less

Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses°

And twelve tight° galleys. These I will assure her

And twice as much, whate'er thou off'rest next.

GREMIO

Nay, I have off'red all. I have no more,

And she can have no more than all I have.

If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

TRANIO

Why, then the maid is mine from all the world

By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.°

BAPTISTA

I must confess your offer is the best,

And let your father make her the assurance,°

She is your own; else you must pardon me.

If you should die before him, where's her dower?

TRANIO

That's but a cavil.° He is old, I young.

GREMIO

And may not young men die as well as old?

BAPTISTA

Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolved. On Sunday next, you know,

My daughter Katherine is to be married.

Now on the Sunday following shall Bianca

Be bride to you if you make this assurance;

If not, to Signior Gremio.

And so I take my leave and thank you both.

Exit.

GREMIO

Adieu, good neighbor. Now I fear thee not.

Sirrah° young gamester,° your father were° a fool

352 answerable . . . portion corresponding to this settlement
(?) 353 struck advanced 362 ducats Venetian gold coins
363 Of from; jointure settlement 364 pinched put the
screws on 367 argosy largest type of merchant ship 368
Marcellus' road Marseilles' harbor 371 galliasses large
galleys 372 tight watertight 378 outvied outbid 380
assurance guarantee 383 cavil small point 393 Sirrah
used contemptuously; gamester gambler; were would be

To give thee all and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table.^o Tut, a toy!^o
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

Exit.

TRANIO

A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.^o
'Tis in my head to do my master good.
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
Must get^o a father, called "supposed Vincentio,"
And that's a wonder. Fathers commonly
Do get their children, but in this case of wooing
A child shall get a sire if I fail not of my cunning.

Exit.

A C T I I I

[Scene I. Padua. In Baptista's house.]

Enter LUCENTIO [as Cambio], HORTENSIO [as Litio],
and BIANCA.

LUCENTIO

Fiddler, forbear. You grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment^o
Her sister Katherine welcomed you withal?

HORTENSIO

But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony.
Then give me leave to have prerogative,^o
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture^o shall have leisure for as much.

LUCENTIO

Preposterous^o ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?^o
Then give me leave to read^o philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

HORTENSIO

Sirrah, I will not bear these braves^o of thine.

BIANCA

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching^o scholar^o in the schools.
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.

[To HORTENSIO.]

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;^o
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

HORTENSIO

You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

LUCENTIO

395 That will be never. Tune your instrument.

25

BIANCA Where left we last?

LUCENTIO Here, madam:

Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.^o

BIANCA Conster^o them.

30

400 LUCENTIO Hic ibat, as I told you before, Simois, I am
Lucentio, hic est, son unto Vincentio of Pisa, Sigeia
tellus, disguised thus to get your love, Hic steterat,
and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, Priami, is
my man Tranio, regia, bearing my port,^o celsa senis, 35
that we might beguile the old pantaloon.^o

HORTENSIO [Breaks in.] Madam, my instrument's in
tune.

BIANCA Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars.^o

LUCENTIO Spit in the hole, man, and tune again. 40

BIANCA Now let me see if I can conster it. Hic ibat
Simois, I know you not, hic est Sigeia tellus, I trust you
not, Hic steterat Priami, take heed he hear us not, regia,
presume not, celsa senis, despair not.

HORTENSIO [Breaks in again.]

Madam, 'tis now in tune.

LUCENTIO All but the bass.

45

HORTENSIO

The bass is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

[Aside.]

5 How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love.
Pedascule,^o I'll watch you better yet.

BIANCA

In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

50

LUCENTIO

10 Mistrust it not, for sure Aeacides
Was Ajax,^o called so from his grandfather.

BIANCA

I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt.

But let it rest. Now, Litio, to you.

55

15 Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant^o with you both.

HORTENSIO [To LUCENTIO.]

You may go walk and give me leave^o a while.
My lessons make no music in three parts.^o

LUCENTIO

20 Are you so formal, sir? [Aside.] Well, I must wait 60
And watch withal,^o for but^o I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

HORTENSIO

Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art 65
To teach you gamut^o in a briefer sort,

395 Set . . . table be dependent on you; a toy a joke 398
faced . . . ten bluffed with a ten-spot 401 get beget
III.i.2 entertainment "pillorying" him with the lute 6
prerogative priority 8 lecture instruction 9 Preposterous
putting later things (post-) first (pre-) 12 pain labor 13 read
give a lesson in 15 braves defiances 18 breeching (1) in
breeches (young) (2) whippable; scholar schoolboy 22 the
whiles meanwhile

28-29 Hic . . . senis Here flowed the Simois, here is the
Sigeian (Trojan) land,/Here had stood old Priam's high palace
(Ovid) 30 Conster construe 35 bearing my port taking on
my style 36 pantaloan Gremio (see I.i.47 s.d. note) 38
treble jars highest tone is off 49 Pedascule little pedant
(disparaging quasi-Latin) 51-52 Aeacides Was Ajax Ajax,
Greek warrior at Troy, was grandson of Aeacus (Lucentio
comments on next passage in Ovid) 57 pleasant merry
58 give me leave leave me alone 59 in three parts for three
voices 61 withal besides; but unless 66 gamut the scale

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

BIANCA

Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

70

HORTENSIO

Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

BIANCA [*Reads.*]

Gamut I am, the ground° of all accord.°

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion:

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C fa ut, that loves with all affection;

75

D sol re, one clef, two notes have I:

E la mi, show pity or I die.

Call you this gamut? Tut, I like it not.

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice°

To change true rules for odd inventions.

80

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Mistress, your father prays you leave your books

And help to dress your sister's chamber up.

You know tomorrow is the wedding day.

BIANCA

Farewell, sweet masters both, I must be gone.

[*Exeunt BIANCA and MESSENGER.*]

LUCENTIO

Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*]

85

HORTENSIO

But I have cause to pry into this pedant.

Methinks he looks as though he were in love.

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble

To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,°

Seize thee that list.° If once I find thee ranging,°

90

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.° *Exit.*

[*Scene II. Padua. The street in front of
Baptista's house.*]

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO [as Lucentio],

KATE, BIANCA, [LUCENTIO as Cambio] and others,

ATTENDANTS.

BAPTISTA [*To TRANIO.*]

Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day

That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? What mockery will it be

To want° the bridegroom when the priest attends

5

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

KATE

No shame but mine. I must, forsooth, be forced

To give my hand opposed against my heart

Unto a mad-brain rudesby,° full of spleen,°

10

Who wooed in haste and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,

72 **ground** beginning, first note; **accord** harmony 79 **nice** whimsical 89 **stale** lure (as in hunting) 90 **Seize** . . . **list** let him who likes capture you; **ranging** going astray 91 **changing** sweethearts

III.ii.5 **want** be without 10 **rudesby** uncouth fellow; **spleen** caprice

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior.

And to be noted for° a merry man,

He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage, 15

Make friends, invite,° and proclaim the banns,

Yet never means to wed where he hath wooed.

Now must the world point at poor Katherine

And say, "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,

If it would please him come and marry her." 20

TRANIO

Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,

Whatever fortune stays° him from his word.

Though he be blunt, I know him passing° wise;

Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest. 25

KATE

Would Katherine had never seen him though!

Exit weeping [followed by BIANCA and others].

BAPTISTA

Go, girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep.

For such an injury would vex a very saint,

Much more a shrew of thy impatient humor.°

Enter BIONDELLO.

BIONDELLO Master, master, news! And such old° 30
news as you never heard of!

BAPTISTA Is it new and old too? How may that be?

BIONDELLO Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's
coming?

BAPTISTA Is he come? 35

BIONDELLO Why, no, sir.

BAPTISTA What then?

BIONDELLO He is coming.

BAPTISTA When will he be here?

BIONDELLO When he stands where I am and sees you 40
there.

TRANIO But, say, what to thine old news?

BIONDELLO Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat
and an old jerkin;° a pair of old breeches thrice turned;°
a pair of boots that have been candle-cases,° one 45
buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out
of the town armory, with a broken hilt and chapeless;°
with two broken points;° his horse hipped° (with an
old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred°), besides,
possessed with the glanders° and like to mose in the 50
chine;° troubled with the lampass,° infected with the
fashions,° full of windgalls,° sped with spavins,°
rayed° with the yellows,° past cure of the fives,° stark
spoiled with the staggers,° begnawn with the bots,°

14 **noted for** reputed 16 **Make friends, invite** some editors emend to "Make feast, invite friends" 23 **stays** keeps 24 **passing** very 29 **humor** temper 30 **old** strange 44 **jerkin** short outer coat; **turned** inside out (to conceal wear and tear) 45 **candle-cases** worn-out boots used to keep candle ends in 47 **chapeless** lacking the metal mounting at end of scabbard 48 **points** laces to fasten hose to garment above; **hipped** with dislocated hip 49 **of no kindred** not matching 50 **glanders** bacterial disease affecting mouth and nose 50-51 **mose** . . . **chine** (1) glanders (2) nasal discharge 51 **lampass** swollen mouth 52 **fashions** tumors (related to glanders); **windgalls** swellings on lower leg; **spavins** swellings on upper hind leg 53 **rayed** soiled; **yellows** jaundice; **fives** vives (swelling of submaxillary glands) 54 **staggers** nervous disorder causing loss of balance; **begnawn** . . . **bots** gnawed by parasitic worms (larvae of the botfly)

swayed° in the back, and shoulder-shotten;° near- 55
legged before,° and with a half-cheeked° bit and a
head-stall° of sheep's leather,° which, being restrained°
to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and
now repaired with knots; one girth° six times pieced,°
and a woman's crupper° of velure,° which hath two 60
letters for her name fairly set down in studs,° and here
and there pieced with packthread.°

BAPTISTA Who comes with him?

BIONDELLO O sir, his lackey, for all the world
caparisoned° like the horse: with a linen stock° on one 65
leg and a kersey boot-hose° on the other, gart'ed
with a red and blue list;° an old hat, and the humor
of forty fancies° pricked° in't for a feather—a monster,
a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian
footboy° or a gentleman's lackey. 70

TRANIO

'Tis some odd humor° pricks° him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-appareled.

BAPTISTA I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

BIONDELLO Why, sir, he comes not.

BAPTISTA Didst thou not say he comes? 75

BIONDELLO Who? That Petruchio came?

BAPTISTA Ay, that Petruchio came.

BIONDELLO No, sir, I say his horse comes, with him
on his back.

BAPTISTA Why, that's all one.° 80

BIONDELLO [*Sings.*]

Nay, by Saint Jamy,

I hold° you a penny,

A horse and a man

Is more than one

And yet not many. 85

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

PETRUCHIO

Come, where be these gallants?° Who's at home?

BAPTISTA

You are welcome, sir.

PETRUCHIO

And yet I come not well.

BAPTISTA

And yet you halt° not.

TRANIO Not so well appareled as I wish you were.

PETRUCHIO

Were it better,° I should rush in thus. 90

But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? Gentles,° methinks you frown.

55 **swayed** sagging; **shoulder-shotten** with dislocated
shoulder 55-56 **near-legged before** with forefeet knocking
together; **half-cheeked** wrongly adjusted to bridle and afford-
ing less control 57 **head-stall** part of bridle which surrounds
head; **sheep's leather** weaker than pigskin; **restrained**
pulled back 59 **girth** saddle strap under belly; **pieced**
patched 60 **crupper** leather loop under horse's tail to help
steady saddle; **velure** velvet 61 **studs** large-headed nails of
brass or silver 62 **pieced with packthread** tied together
with coarse thread 65 **caparisoned** outfitted; **stock** stocking
66 **kersey boot-hose** coarse stocking worn with riding boot
67 **list** strip of discarded border-cloth 67-68 **humor** . . .
fancies fanciful decoration (in place of feather) 68 **pricked**
pinned 70 **footboy** page in livery 71 **humor** mood, fancy;
pricks incites 80 **all one** the same thing 82 **hold** bet 86
gallants men of fashion 88 **halt** limp (pun on *come*, meaning
"walk") 90 **Were it better** even if I were better 92
Gentles sirs

And wherefore gaze this goodly company
As if they saw some wondrous monument,°
Some comet or unusual prodigy?° 95

BAPTISTA

Why, sir, you know this is your wedding day.
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come so unprovided.°
Fie, doff this habit,° shame to your estate,°
An eyesore to our solemn festival. 100

TRANIO

And tell us what occasion of import°
Hath all so long detained you from your wife
And sent you hither so unlike yourself.

PETRUCHIO

Tedious it were to tell and harsh to hear.

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word 105

Though in some part enforcèd to digress,°

Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse

As you shall well be satisfied with all.

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her.

The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church. 110

TRANIO

See not your bride in these unreverent robes.

Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

PETRUCHIO

Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

BAPTISTA

But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

PETRUCHIO

Good sooth,° even thus; therefore ha' done with
words. 115

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.

Could I repair what she will wear° in me

As I can change these poor accouterments,

'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.

But what a fool am I to chat with you 120

When I should bid good morrow to my bride

And seal the title° with a lovely° kiss.

Exit [with GRUMIO].

TRANIO

He hath some meaning in his mad attire.

We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church. 125

BAPTISTA

I'll after him and see the event° of this.

Exit [with GRUMIO and ATTENDANTS].

TRANIO

But to her love concerneth us to add

Her father's liking, which to bring to pass,

As I before imparted to your worship,

I am to get a man—whate'er he be 130

It skills° not much, we'll fit him to our turn°—

And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,

And make assurance° here in Padua

Of greater sums than I have promised.

94 **monument** warning sign 95 **prodigy** marvel 98
unprovided ill-outfitted 99 **habit** costume; **estate** status
101 **of import** important 106 **enforcèd to digress** forced to
depart (perhaps from his plan to "buy apparel 'gainst the
wedding day," II.i.308) 115 **Good sooth** yes indeed 117
wear wear out 122 **title** as of ownership; **lovely** loving
126 **event** upshot, outcome 131 **skills** matters; **turn** purpose
133 **assurance** guarantee

So shall you quietly enjoy your hope
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

LUCENTIO

Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage,^o
Which once performed, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own despite of all the world.

TRANIO

That by degrees we mean to look into
And watch our vantage^o in this business.
We'll overreach^o the graybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint^o musician, amorous Litio—
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

GREMIO

As willingly as e'er I came from school.

TRANIO

And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GREMIO

A bridegroom say you? 'Tis a groom^o indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

TRANIO

Curster than she? Why, 'tis impossible.

GREMIO

Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

TRANIO

Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.^o

GREMIO

Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to^o him.
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio, when the priest
Should ask, if Katherine should be his wife,
"Ay, by goggs woones!"^o quoth he and swore so loud
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book,
And as he stooped again to take it up,
This mad-brained bridegroom took^o him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book and book and priest.
"Now, take them up," quoth he, "if any list."^o

TRANIO

What said the wench when he rose again?

GREMIO

Trembled and shook, for why^o he stamped and swore
As if the vicar meant to cozen^o him.
But after many ceremonies done
He calls for wine. "A health!" quoth he as if
He had been aboard, carousing^o to his mates
After a storm; quaffed off the muscadel^o
And threw the sops^o all in the sexton's face,
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,^o
And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.

135

This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo,
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame.
And after me, I know, the rout^o is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels play.

180

Music plays. Enter PETRUCHIO, KATE, BIANCA, HORTENSIO [as Litio], BAPTISTA [with GRUMIO and others].

PETRUCHIO

145

Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.
I know you think to dine with me today
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer,^o
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

185

BAPTISTA

Is't possible you will away tonight?

PETRUCHIO

150

I must away today, before night come.
Make it no wonder;^o if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

190

195

TRANIO

Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

155

PETRUCHIO

It may not be.

GREMIO

Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO

It cannot be.

KATE

Let me entreat you.

160

PETRUCHIO

I am content.

KATE

Are you content to stay?

200

PETRUCHIO

I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

165

KATE

Now if you love me, stay.

PETRUCHIO

Grumio, my horse!^o

GRUMIO

Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten
the horses.^o

205

KATE

170

Nay then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go today,
No, nor tomorrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way.
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;^o
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly^o surly groom,
That take it on you^o at the first so roundly.^o

210

139 steal our marriage elope 143 vantage advantage
144 overreach get the better of 146 quaint artful 151
groom menial (i.e., coarse fellow) 155 dam mother 156
fool to harmless person compared with 159 by goggs
woones by God's wounds (a common oath) 162 took gave
164 list pleases to 166 for why because 167 cozen cheat
170 carousing calling "Bottoms up" 171 muscadel sweet
wine, conventionally drunk after marriage service 172 sops
pieces of cake soaked in wine; dregs 174 hungerly as if
poorly nourished

180 rout crowd 185 cheer food and drink 190 Make . . .
wonder don't be surprised 203 horse horses 204-05 oats
. . . horses (1) a slip of the tongue or (2) an ironic jest 210
You . . . green proverbial way of suggesting departure
to a guest (green = new, cleaned) 212 jolly domineering
213 take . . . you do as you please; roundly roughly

PETRUCHIO

O Kate, content thee; prithee,^o be not angry.

KATE

I will be angry. What hast thou to do?^o

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.^o

GREMIO

Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

KATE

Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.

I see a woman may be made a fool

If she had not a spirit to resist.

PETRUCHIO

They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her.

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,^o

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big,^o nor stamp, nor stare,^o nor fret;

I will be master of what is mine own.

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything,^o

And here she stands. Touch her whoever dare,

I'll bring mine action^o on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves.

Rescue thy mistress, if you be a man.

Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch thee, Kate.

I'll buckler^o thee against a million.

Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATE [*and* GRUMIO].

BAPTISTA

Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

GREMIO

Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

TRANIO

Of all mad matches never was the like.

LUCENTIO

Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIANCA

That being mad herself, she's madly mated.

GREMIO

I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

BAPTISTA

Neighbors and friends, though bride and bridegroom
wants^o

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets^o at the feast.

[*To* TRANIO.]

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place,

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

TRANIO

Shall sweet Bianca practice how to bride it?

BAPTISTA

She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go.

Exeunt.

214 **prithee** I pray thee 215 **What . . . do** What do you have to do with it? 216 **stay my leisure** await my willingness 223 **domineer** cut up in a lordly fashion 227 **big** challenging; **stare** swagger 231 **My . . . anything** echoing Tenth Commandment 233 **action** lawsuit 238 **buckler** shield 245 **wants** are lacking 247 **junkets** sweetmeats, confections

[A C T I V]

[Scene I. Petruchio's country house.]

Enter GRUMIO.

GRUMIO Fie, fie, on all tired jades,^o on all mad masters, and all foul ways!^o Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so rayed?^o Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now were not I a little pot and soon hot,^o my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me. But I with blowing the fire shall warm myself, for considering the weather, a taller^o man than I will take cold. Holla, ho, Curtis!

Enter CURTIS [*a servant*].

CURTIS Who is that calls so coldly?

GRUMIO A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run^o but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

CURTIS Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRUMIO O ay, Curtis, ay, and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.^o

CURTIS Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

GRUMIO She was, good Curtis, before this frost, but thou know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

CURTIS Away, you three-inch^o fool! I am no beast.

GRUMIO Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn^o is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand—she being now at hand—thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?^o

CURTIS I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

GRUMIO A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine, and therefore, fire. Do thy duty and have thy duty,^o for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

CURTIS There's fire ready, and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

GRUMIO Why, "Jack boy, ho boy!"^o and as much news as wilt thou.

CURTIS Come, you are so full of cony-catching.^o

GRUMIO Why therefore fire, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed,^o cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian,^o the white stockings, and every officer^o his wedding garment on? Be the

IV.i.1 **jades** worthless horses 2 **foul ways** bad roads 3 **rayed** befouled 5 **little . . . hot** proverbial for small person of short temper 10 **taller** sturdier (with allusion to "little pot") 14 **run** running start 17 **cast . . . water** alters "Cast on more water" in a well-known round 23 **three-inch** (1) another allusion to Grumio's small stature (2) a phallic jest, the first of several 24 **horn** symbol of cuckold 28 **hot office** job of making a fire 32-33 **thy duty** what is due thee 37 **Jack . . . boy** from another round or catch 39 **cony-catching** rabbit-catching (i.e., tricking simpletons; with pun on *catch* = the song) 42 **strewed** on the floor (for special occasion) 43 **fustian** coarse cloth (cotton and flax) 44 **officer** servant

jacks° fair within, the jills° fair without, the carpets° 45
laid and everything in order?

CURTIS All ready, and therefore, I pray thee, news.

GRUMIO First, know my horse is tired, my master and
mistress fall'n out.

CURTIS How? 50

GRUMIO Out of their saddles into the dirt—and
thereby hangs a tale.

CURTIS Let's ha't, good Grumio.

GRUMIO Lend thine ear.

CURTIS Here. 55

GRUMIO There.

[*Strikes him.*]

CURTIS This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

GRUMIO And therefore 'tis called a sensible° tale, and
this cuff was but to knock at your ear and beseech
list'ning. Now I begin. Imprimis,° we came down a 60
foul° hill, my master riding behind my mistress—

CURTIS Both of° one horse?

GRUMIO What's that to thee?

CURTIS Why, a horse.

GRUMIO Tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not 65
crossed° me thou shouldst have heard how her horse
fell and she under her horse. Thou shouldst have heard
in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled,° how he
left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me
because her horse stumbled, how she waded through 70
the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she
prayed that never prayed before; how I cried, how the
horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost
my crupper, with many things of worthy memory
which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return 75
unexperienced° to thy grave.

CURTIS By this reck'ning° he is more shrew than she.

GRUMIO Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you
all shall find when he comes home. But what° talk
I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, 80
Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads
be slickly° combed, their blue° coats brushed, and
their garters of an indifferent° knit. Let them curtsy
with their left legs and not presume to touch a hair
of my master's horsetail till they kiss their hands. Are 85
they all ready?

CURTIS They are.

GRUMIO Call them forth.

CURTIS Do you hear, ho? You must meet my master
to countenance° my mistress. 90

GRUMIO Why, she hath a face of her own.

CURTIS Who knows not that?

GRUMIO Thou, it seems, that calls for company to
countenance her.

CURTIS I call them forth to credit° her. 95

GRUMIO Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter our for five SERVINGMEN.

NATHANIEL Welcome home, Grumio!

PHILIP How now, Grumio?

JOSEPH What, Grumio!

NICHOLAS Fellow Grumio! 100

NATHANIEL How now, old lad!

GRUMIO Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you;
fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my
spruce companions, is all ready and all things neat?

NATHANIEL All things is ready. How near is our 105
master?

GRUMIO E'en at hand, alighted by this,° and therefore
be not—Cock's° passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATE.

PETRUCHIO

Where be these knaves? What, no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse? 110

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

ALL SERVINGMEN Here, here, sir, here, sir.

PETRUCHIO

Here, sir, here sir, here, sir, here, sir!

You loggerheaded° and unpolished grooms!

What, no attendance? No regard? No duty? 115

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

GRUMIO

Here, sir, as foolish as I was before.

PETRUCHIO

You peasant swain!° You whoreson° malt-horse
drudge!°

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park°

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee? 120

GRUMIO

Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpinked° i' th' heel.

There was no link° to color Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing.°

There were none fine but Adam, Rafe, and Gregory; 125

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly.

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

PETRUCHIO

Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

Exeunt SERVANTS.

[*Sings.*]

"Where is the life that late I led?"°

Where are those°—sit down, Kate, and welcome. 130

Soud,° soud, soud, soud!

Enter SERVANTS with supper.

Why, when,° I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be
merry.—

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains! When?

45 jacks (1) menservants (2) half-pint leather drinking cups;
jills (1) maids (2) gill-size metal drinking cups; carpets
table covers 58 sensible (1) rational (2) "feel"-able 60
Imprimis first 61 foul muddy 62 of on 66 crossed
interrupted 68 bemoiled muddled 76 unexperienced
uninformed 77 reck'ning account 79 what why 82 slickly
smoothly; blue usual color of servants' clothing 83
indifferent matching (?) appropriate (?) 90 countenance
show respect to (with puns following) 95 credit honor

107 this now 108 Cock's God's (i.e., Christ's) 114 logger-
headed blockheaded 118 swain bumpkin; whoreson
bastardly; malt-horse drudge slow horse on brewery tread-
mill 119 park country-house grounds 122 unpinked
lacking embellishment made by pinking (making small holes
in leather) 123 link torch, providing blacking 124 sheathing
repairing scabbard 129 Where . . . led from an old ballad
130 those servants 131 Soud exclamation variously ex-
plained; some editors emend to "Food" 132 when exclamation
of annoyance, as in next line

[Sings.]

"It was the friar of orders gray,
As he forth walkèd on his way"—
Out, you rogue, you pluck my foot awry!
Take that, and mend° the plucking of the other.

[Strikes him.]

Be merry, Kate. Some water here! What ho!

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither—

[Exit SERVANT.]

One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

[Strikes him.]

KATE

Patience, I pray you. 'Twas a fault unwilling.

PETRUCHIO

A whoreson, beetle-headed,° flap-eared knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.°
Will you give thanks,° sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What's this? Mutton?

FIRST SERVINGMAN Ay.

PETRUCHIO

Who brought it?

PETER

I.

PETRUCHIO

'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,°
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers,° cups, and all,

[Throws food and dishes at them.]

You heedless joltheads° and unmannered slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with° you straight.°

KATE

I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.
The meat was well if you were so contented.°

PETRUCHIO

I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler,° planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did fast—
Since of ourselves, ourselves are choleric°—
Than feed it° with such overroasted flesh.
Be patient. Tomorrow't shall be mended,°
And for this night we'll fast for company.°
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

Exeunt.

Enter SERVANTS severally.

134-35 It . . . way from another old song 137 mend improve 146 beetle-headed mallet-headed 147 stomach (1) hunger (2) irascibility 148 give thanks say grace 152 dresser sideboard 154 trenchers wooden platters 155 jolt-heads boneheads (jolt is related to jaw or jowl) 156 with even with; straight directly 158 so contented willing to see it as it was 161 choler bile, the "humor" (fluid) supposed to produce anger 163 choleric bilious (i.e., hot-tempered) 164 it their choler 165 shall be mended will be better 166 for company together

NATHANIEL Peter, didst ever see the like?

PETER He kills her in her own humor.°

135

Enter CURTIS, a servant.

GRUMIO Where is he?

170

CURTIS In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her,

And rails and swears and rates,° that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

175

Away, away, for he is coming hither. [Exeunt.]

Enter PETRUCHIO.

PETRUCHIO

Thus have I politicly° begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon° now is sharp° and passing empty,
And till she stoop° she must not be full gorged,°

180

For then she never looks upon her lure.°
Another way I have to man° my haggard,°

To make her come and know her keeper's call,

145

That is, to watch° her as we watch these kites°

That bate and beat° and will not be obedient.

185

She eat° no meat today, nor none shall eat.

Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not.

As with the meat, some undeservèd fault

I'll find about the making of the bed,

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,°

190

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.

Ay, and amid this hurly° I intend°

That all is done in reverent care of her,

150

And in conclusion she shall watch° all night.

And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl

195

And with the clamor keep her still awake.

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,°

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,°

Now let him speak—'tis charity to show. *Exit.* 200

[Scene II. Padua. The street in front of
Baptista's house.]

Enter TRANIO [as Lucentio] and HORTENSIO [as Litio].

160

TRANIO

Is't possible, friend Litio, that Mistress Bianca

Doth fancy° any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.°

165

169 kills . . . humor conquers her by using her own disposition 173 rates scolds 177 politicly with a calculated plan 179 falcon hawk trained for hunting (falconry figures continue for seven lines); sharp pinched with hunger 180 stoop (1) obey (2) swoop to the lure; full gorged fully fed 181 lure device used in training a hawk to return from flight 182 man (1) tame (2) be a man to; haggard hawk captured after reaching maturity 184 watch keep from sleep; kites type of small hawk 185 bate and beat flap and flutter (i.e., in jittery resistance to training) 186 eat ate (pronounced et, as still in Britain) 190 bolster cushion extending width of bed as under-support for pillows 192 hurly disturbance; intend profess 194 watch stay awake 197 kill . . . kindness ironic allusion to proverb on ruining a wife by pampering 199 shrew rhymes with show

IV.ii.2 fancy like 3 bears . . . hand leads me on

HORTENSIO

Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching. 5

[*They eavesdrop.*]

Enter BIANCA [*and* LUCENTIO *as Cambio*].

LUCENTIO

Now mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIANCA

What, master, read you? First resolve° me that.

LUCENTIO

I read that° I profess,° the Art to Love.°

BIANCA

And may you prove, sir, master of your art.

LUCENTIO

While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. 10

[*They court.*]

HORTENSIO

Quick proceeders,° marry!° Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

TRANIO

O despiteful° love! Unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Litio, this is wonderful.° 15

HORTENSIO

Mistake no more. I am not Litio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman
And makes a god of such a cullion.° 20
Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

TRANIO

Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,°
I will with you, if you be so contented, 25
Forswear° Bianca and her love forever.

HORTENSIO

See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favors° 30
That I have fondly° flattered her withal.

TRANIO

And here I take the like unfeignèd oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat.
Fie on her! See how beastly° she doth court him.

HORTENSIO

Would all the world but he had quite forsworn.° 35
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass, which° hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.°
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. 40

7 resolve answer **8** that what; **profess** avow, practice; **Art to Love** Ovid's *Ars Amandi* **11** **proceeders** pun on idiom "proceed Master of Arts" (cf. line 9); **marry** by Mary (mild exclamation) **14** **despiteful** spiteful **15** **wonderful** causing wonder **20** **cullion** low fellow (literally, testicle) **24** **lightness** cf. *light woman* **26** **Forswear** "swear off" **30** **favors** marks of esteem **31** **fondly** foolishly **34** **beastly** unashamedly **35** **Would** . . . **forsworn** Would she had only one lover **38** **which** who **39** **haggard** cf. IV.i.182

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love, and so I take my leave
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit.]

TRANIO

Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessèd case. 45
Nay, I have ta'en you napping,° gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

BIANCA

Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

TRANIO

Mistress, we have.

LUCENTIO

Then we are rid of Litio.

TRANIO

I' faith, he'll have a lusty° widow now, 50
That shall be wooed and wedded in a day.

BIANCA

God give him joy!

TRANIO

Ay, and he'll tame her.

BIANCA

He says so, Tranio.

TRANIO

Faith, he is gone unto the taming school.

BIANCA

The taming school! What, is there such a place? 55

TRANIO

Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master,
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long°
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

BIONDELLO

O master, master, I have watched so long
That I am dog-weary, but at last I spied 60
An ancient angel° coming down the hill
Will serve the turn.°

TRANIO

What° is he, Biondello?

BIONDELLO

Master, a mercatante° or a pedant,°
I know not what, but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance° surely like a father. 65

LUCENTIO

And what of him, Tranio?

TRANIO

If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola
As if he were the right Vincentio. 70
Take in your love and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.]

Enter a PEDANT.

PEDANT

God save you, sir.

TRANIO

And you, sir. You are welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

46 **ta'en you napping** seen you "kiss and court" (line 27) **50** **lusty** lively **57** **tricks** . . . **long** (1) many tricks (2) possibly an allusion to card game "thirty-one" (cf. I.ii.33) **61** **ancient** man of good old stamp (*angel* = coin; cf. *gentleman of the old school*) **62** **Will** . . . **turn** who will do for our purposes; **What** what kind of man **63** **mercatante** merchant; **pedant** schoolmaster **65** **gait and countenance** bearing and style

PEDANT

Sir, at the farthest for a week or two,
But then up farther and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoli if God lend me life.

TRANIO

What countryman,° I pray?

PEDANT

Of Mantua.

TRANIO

Of Mantua, sir? Marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

PEDANT

My life, sir? How, I pray? For that goes hard.°

TRANIO

'Tis death for anyone in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stayed° at Venice and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath published and proclaimed it openly.
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaimed about.

PEDANT

Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so,°
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence and must here deliver them.

TRANIO

Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do and this I will advise° you.
First tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

PEDANT

Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been—
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

TRANIO

Among them, know you one Vincentio?

PEDANT

I know him not but I have heard of him—
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

TRANIO

He is my father, sir, and, sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

BIONDELLO [*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth an
oyster, and all one.°

TRANIO

To save your life in this extremity,
This favor will I do you for his sake,
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit° shall you undertake,°
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged.
Look that you take upon you° as you should.
You understand me, sir? So shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be court'sy, sir, accept of it.

PEDANT

O sir, I do, and will repute° you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

TRANIO

Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way,° I let you understand:

77 **What countryman** a man of what country 80 **goes hard**
cf. *is rough* 83 **stayed** held 88 **than so** than it appears so far
92 **advise** explain to 102 **all one** no difference 107 **credit**
standing; **undertake** adopt 109 **take upon you** assume your
role 113 **repute** esteem 116 **by the way** as we walk along

My father is here looked for every day
To pass assurance° of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

120

[Scene III. In Petruchio's house.]

Enter KATE and GRUMIO.

GRUMIO

No, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.

KATE

The more my wrong,° the more his spite appears.
What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present° alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity.

But I, who never knew how to entreat
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat,° giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed.

And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love,
As who should say,° if I should sleep or eat
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.

I prithee go and get me some repast,
I care not what, so° it be wholesome food.

GRUMIO

What say you to a neat's° foot?

KATE

'Tis passing good; I prithee let me have it.

GRUMIO

I fear it is too choleric° a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broiled?

KATE

I like it well. Good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRUMIO

I cannot tell, I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

KATE

A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRUMIO

Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATE

Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRUMIO

Nay then, I will not! You shall have the mustard
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KATE

Then both or one, or anything thou wilt.

GRUMIO

Why then, the mustard without the beef.

KATE

Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name° of meat.

118 **pass assurance** give a guarantee
IV.iii.2 **The . . . wrong** the greater the wrong done me 5
present prompt 9 **meat** food 13 **As . . . say** as if to say
16 **so** as long as 17 **neat's** ox's or calf's 19 **choleric** temper-
producing 32 **very name** name only

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery.
Go, get thee gone, I say.

35

Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO with meat.

PETRUCHIO

How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?°

HORTENSIO

Mistress, what cheer?°

KATE

Faith, as cold° as can be.

PETRUCHIO

Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love, thou see'st how diligent I am

To dress thy meat° myself and bring it thee.

40

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not,

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.°

Here, take away this dish.

KATE

I pray you, let it stand.

PETRUCHIO

The poorest service is repaid with thanks,

45

And so shall mine before you touch the meat.

KATE

I thank you, sir.

HORTENSIO

Signior Petruchio, fie, you are to blame.

Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

PETRUCHIO [*Aside.*]

Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me;

50

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart.

Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house

And revel it as bravely° as the best,

With silken coats and caps and golden rings,

55

With ruffs° and cuffs and fardingales° and things,

With scarfs and fans and double change of brav'ry,°

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.°

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure°

60

To deck thy body with his ruffling° treasure.

Enter TAILOR.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter HABERDASHER.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, sir?

HABERDASHER

Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.°

PETRUCHIO

Why, this was molded on a porringer°—

A velvet dish. Fie, fie, 'tis lewd° and filthy.

65

Why, 'tis a cockle° or a walnut shell,

A knack,° a toy, a trick,° a baby's cap.

Away with it! Come, let me have a bigger.

KATE

I'll have no bigger. This doth fit the time,°

70

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

PETRUCHIO

When you are gentle you shall have one too,

And not till then.

HORTENSIO [*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.

KATE

Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,

And speak I will. I am no child, no babe.

75

Your betters have endured me say my mind,

And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break,

And rather than it shall I will be free

80

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

PETRUCHIO

Why, thou say'st true. It is a paltry cap,

A custard-coffin,° a bauble, a silken pie.°

I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

KATE

Love me or love me not, I like the cap,

85

And it I will have or I will have none.

[*Exit HABERDASHER.*]

PETRUCHIO

Thy gown? Why, ay. Come, tailor, let us see't.

O mercy, God! What masquing° stuff is here?

What's this? A sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-cannon.°

50

What, up and down,° carved like an apple tart?

90

Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,

Like to a censer° in a barber's shop.

Why, what, a° devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

HORTENSIO [*Aside.*]

55

I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

TAILOR

You bid me make it orderly and well,

95

According to the fashion and the time.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, and did, but if you be rememb'ed,

I did not bid you mar it to the time.°

Go, hop me over every kennel° home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir.

100

I'll none of it. Hence, make your best of it.

KATE

I never saw a better-fashioned gown,

More quaint,° more pleasing, nor more commendable.

Belike° you mean to make a puppet of me.

PETRUCHIO

Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee.

105

TAILOR

She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

PETRUCHIO

O monstrous arrogance!

Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!°

36 all amort depressed, lifeless (cf. *mortified*) 37 what cheer how are things; cold cf. *not so hot*; "cold comfort," IV.i.28 40 To . . . meat in fixing your food 43 sorted . . . proof have come to nothing 54 bravely handsomely dressed 56 ruffs stiffly starched, wheel-shaped collars; fardingales farthingales, hooped skirts of petticoats 57 brav'ry handsome clothes 58 knav'ry girlish things 59 stays thy leisure awaits your permission 60 ruffling gaily ruffled 63 bespeak order 64 porringer soup bowl 65 lewd vile 66 cockle shell of a mollusk 67 knack knickknack; trick plaything

69 doth . . . time is in fashion 83 custard-coffin custard crust; pie meat pie 88 masquing for masquerades or actors' costumes 89 demi-cannon big cannon 90 up and down entirely 92 censer incense burner with perforated top 93 a in the 98 to the time for all time (cf. line 96, in which "the time" is "the contemporary style") 99 kennel gutter (canal) 103 quaint skillfully made 104 Belike no doubt 109 nail one-sixteenth of a yard

- Thou flea, thou nit,^o thou winter cricket thou! 110
 Braved^o in mine own house with^o a skein of
 thread!
 Away, thou rag, thou quantity,^o thou remnant,
 Or I shall so bemete^o thee with thy yard
 As thou shalt think on prating^o whilst thou liv'st.
 I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown. 115
 TAILOR
 Yqur worship is deceived. The gown is made
 Just as my master had direction.^o
 Grumio gave order how it should be done.
 GRUMIO I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.
 TAILOR
 But how did you desire it should be made? 120
 GRUMIO Marry, sir, with needle and thread.
 TAILOR
 But did you not request to have it cut?
 GRUMIO Thou hast faced^o many things.
 TAILOR I have.
 GRUMIO Face^o not me. Thou hast braved^o many men; 125
 brave^o not me. I will neither be faced nor braved. I
 say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but
 I did not bid him cut it to pieces. Ergo,^o thou liest.
 TAILOR Why, here is the note^o of the fashion to
 testify. 130
 PETRUCHIO Read it.
 GRUMIO The note lies in's throat^o if he^o say I said so.
 TAILOR "Imprimis,^o a loose-bodied gown."^o
 GRUMIO Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,
 sew me in the skirts of it and beat me to death with a 135
 bottom^o of brown thread. I said, a gown.
 PETRUCHIO Proceed.
 TAILOR "With a small compassed^o cape."
 GRUMIO I confess the cape.
 TAILOR "With a trunk^o sleeve."
 GRUMIO I confess two sleeves. 140
 TAILOR "The sleeves curiously^o cut."
 PETRUCHIO Ay, there's the villainy.
 GRUMIO Error i' th' bill,^o sir, error i' th' bill. I com-
 manded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up 145
 again, and that I'll prove upon^o thee, though thy little
 finger be armed in a thimble.
 TAILOR This is true that I say. And^o I had thee in
 place where,^o thou shouldst know it.
 GRUMIO I am for^o thee straight.^o Take thou the bill,^o 150
 give me thy mete-yard,^o and spare not me.
 HORTENSIO God-amercy, Grumio, then he shall have
 no odds.
 PETRUCHIO Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.
 GRUMIO You are i' th' right, sir; 'tis for my mistress. 155

110 nit louse's egg 111 Braved defied; with by 112
 quantity fragment 113 bemete (1) measure (2) beat 114
 think on prating remember your silly talk 117 had
 direction received orders 123 faced trimmed 125 Face
 challenge; braved equipped with finery 126 brave defy
 128 Ergo therefore 129 note written notation 132 in's
 throat from the heart, with premeditation; he it 133
 Imprimis first; loose-bodied gown worn by prostitutes,
 with "loose" in pun 136 bottom spool 138 compassed
 with circular edge 140 trunk full (cf. line 89) 142 curiously
 painstakingly 144 bill the "note" 146 prove upon test by
 dueling with 148 And if 149 place where the right place
 150 for ready for; straight right now; bill (1) written order
 (2) long-handled weapon 151 mete-yard yardstick

- PETRUCHIO Go, take it up unto^o thy master's use.^o
 GRUMIO Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress'
 gown for thy master's use!
 PETRUCHIO Why sir, what's your conceit^o in that?
 GRUMIO
 O sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for. 160
 Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
 O, fie, fie, fie!
 PETRUCHIO [*Aside.*]
 Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.
 [*To TAILOR.*]
 Go take it hence; be gone and say no more.
 HORTENSIO
 Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow; 165
 Take no unkindness of his hasty words.
 Away, I say, commend me to thy master.
 Exit TAILOR.
 PETRUCHIO
 Well, come, my Kate, we will unto your father's,
 Even in these honest mean habiliments.^o
 Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor, 170
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich,
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds
 So honor peereth^o in the meanest habit.^o
 What, is the jay more precious than the lark
 Because his feathers are more beautiful? 175
 Or is the adder better than the eel
 Because his painted skin contents the eye?
 O no, good Kate, neither art thou the worse
 For this poor furniture^o and mean array.
 If thou account'st it shame, lay^o it on me, 180
 And therefore frolic. We will hence forthwith
 To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
 [*To GRUMIO.*]
 Go call my men, and let us straight to him;
 And bring our horses unto Long-lane end.
 There will we mount, and thither walk on foot. 185
 Let's see, I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
 And well we may come there by dinnertime.^o
 KATE
 I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two,
 And 'twill be suppertime ere you come there.
 PETRUCHIO
 It shall be seven ere I go to horse. 190
 Look what^o I speak or do or think to do,
 You are still crossing^o it. Sirs, let't alone:
 I will not go today, and ere I do,
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.
 HORTENSIO [*Aside.*]
 Why, so this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*] 195

156 up unto away for; use in whatever way he can; Grumio
 uses these words for a sex joke 159 conceit idea 169
 habiliments clothes 173 peereth is recognized; habit clothes
 179 furniture outfit 180 lay blame 187 dinnertime
 midday 191 Look what whatever 192 crossing obstruct-
 ing, going counter to

[Scene IV. Padua. The street in front
of Baptista's house.]

Enter TRANIO [as Lucentio] and the PEDANT dressed like
Vincentio.

TRANIO

Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I call?

PEDANT

Ay, what else? And but° I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me
Near twenty years ago in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.°

TRANIO

'Tis well, and hold your own° in any case
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

PEDANT

I warrant° you. But sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were schooled.°

Enter BIONDELLO.

TRANIO

Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly,° I advise you.
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

BIONDELLO

Tut, fear not me.

TRANIO

But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

BIONDELLO

I told him that your father was at Venice
And that you looked for him this day in Padua.

TRANIO

Th' art a tall° fellow. Hold thee that° to drink.
Here comes Baptista. Set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO [as Cambio]. PEDANT
booted and bareheaded.°

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

[To the PEDANT.]

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

PEDANT

Soft,° son.

Sir, by your leave. Having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause°
Of love between your daughter and himself.
And—for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him—to stay° him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him matched. And if you please to like°

No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed,
For curious° I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

BAPTISTA

Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.
Your plainness and your shortness° please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him—
Or both dissemble deeply their affections—
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him
And pass° my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done.
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

TRANIO

I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you know° best
We be affied° and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's° agreement stand?

BAPTISTA

Not in my house, Lucentio, for you know
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still,°
And happily° we might be interrupted.

TRANIO

Then at my lodging and it like° you.
There doth my father lie,° and there this night
We'll pass° the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener° presently.
The worst is this, that at so slender warning°
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.°

BAPTISTA

It likes° me well. Cambio, hie you home
And bid Bianca make her ready straight,
And, if you will, tell what hath happenèd:
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

[Exit LUCENTIO.]

BIONDELLO

I pray the gods she may with all my heart! Exit.

TRANIO

Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome, one mess° is like to be your cheer.°
Come, sir, we will better it in Pisa.

BAPTISTA

I follow you. Exeunt.

Enter LUCENTIO [as Cambio] and BIONDELLO.

BIONDELLO Cambio!

LUCENTIO What say'st thou, Biondello?

BIONDELLO You saw my master° wink and laugh
upon you?

IV.iv.2 but unless 3–5 Signior . . . Pegasus the Pedant is practicing as Vincentio 5 Pegasus common English inn name (after mythical winged horse symbolizing poetic inspiration) 6 hold your own act your role 8 warrant guarantee 9 schooled informed (about his role) 11 thoroughly thoroughly 17 tall excellent; Hold thee that take this tip 18 s.d. booted and bareheaded arriving from a journey and courteously greeting Baptista 23 Soft take it easy 26 weighty cause important matter 30 stay delay 32 like i.e., the match

36 curious overinsistent on fine points 39 shortness conciseness 45 pass legally settle upon 48 know think 49 affied formally engaged 50 part's party's 53 heark'ning still listening constantly 54 happily perchance 55 and it like if it please 56 lie stay 57 pass settle 59 scrivener notary 60 slender warning short notice 61 pittance meal 62 likes pleases 70 mess dish; cheer entertainment 75 my master Tranio (cf. line 59)

LUCENTIO Biondello, what of that?

BIONDELLO Faith, nothing, but has^o left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens. 80

LUCENTIO I pray thee, moralize^o them.

BIONDELLO Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

LUCENTIO And what of him?

BIONDELLO His daughter is to be brought by you to 85 the supper.

LUCENTIO And then?

BIONDELLO The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

LUCENTIO And what of all this? 90

BIONDELLO I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance.^o Take you assurance^o of her, "cum privilegio ad imprimendum solem."^o To th' church! Take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses. 95

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell forever and a day.

LUCENTIO Hear'st thou, Biondello?

BIONDELLO I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley 100 to stuff a rabbit. And so may you, sir. And so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come^o with your appendix.^o Exit.

LUCENTIO

I may, and will, if she be so contented. 105 She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly^o go about^o her. It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. Exit.

[Scene V. The road to Padua.]

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATE, HORTENSIO [with SERVANTS.]

PETRUCHIO

Come on, a^o God's name, once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon.

KATE

The moon? The sun. It is not moonlight now.

PETRUCHIO

I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATE

I know it is the sun that shines so bright. 5

PETRUCHIO

Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself, It shall be moon or star or what I list,^o Or ere^o I journey to your father's house.

[To SERVANTS.]

78 has he has 81 moralize "expound" 92 assurance betrothal document; Take you assurance make sure 93 cum . . . solem Biondello's version of *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*, "with right of sole printing," a licensing phrase, with sexual pun in *imprimendum*, literally "pressing upon" 103-04 against you come in preparing for your coming 104 appendix (1) servant (2) wife (another metaphor from printing) 107 roundly directly; about after IV.v.1 a in 7 list please 8 Or ere before

Go on and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore crossed and crossed, nothing but crossed!^o 10 HORTENSIO [To KATE.]

Say as he says or we shall never go.

KATE

Forward, I pray, since we have come so far, And be it moon or sun or what you please.

And if you please to call it a rush-candle,^o

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me. 15

PETRUCHIO

I say it is the moon.

KATE

I know it is the moon.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, then you lie. It is the blessed sun.

KATE

Then God be blessed, it is the blessed sun.

But sun it is not when you say it is not,

And the moon changes even as your mind. 20

What you will have it named, even that it is,

And so it shall be so for Katherine.

HORTENSIO [Aside.]

Petruchio, go thy ways. The field is won.

PETRUCHIO

Well, forward, forward! Thus the bowl^o should run

And not unluckily against the bias.^o 25

But soft,^o company^o is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO.

[To VINCENTIO.]

Good morrow, gentle mistress; where away?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher^o gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks! 30

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

HORTENSIO [Aside.]

'A^o will make the man mad, to make a woman of him. 35

KATE

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child!

Happier the man whom favorable stars

Allots thee for his lovely bedfellow! 40

PETRUCHIO

Why, how now, Kate, I hope thou are not mad.

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

KATE

Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes

That have been so bedazzled with the sun

That everything I look on seemeth green.^o 45

Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

PETRUCHIO

Do, good old grandsire, and withal make known

10 crossed opposed, challenged 14 rush-candle rush dipped in grease and used as candle 24 bowl bowling ball 25 against the bias not in the planned curving route, made possible by a lead insertion (bias) weighting one side of the ball 26 soft hush; company someone 29 fresher more radiant 35 'A he 46 green young

Which way thou travelest. If along with us, 50
We shall be joyful of thy company.

VINCENTIO

Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter^o much amazed me,
My name is called Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit 55
A son of mine which long I have not seen.

PETRUCHIO

What is his name?

VINCENTIO

Lucentio, gentle sir.

PETRUCHIO

Happily met, the happier for thy son.
And now by law as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father. 60
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this^o hath married. Wonder not
Nor be not grieved. She is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified^o as may beseem^o 65
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

VINCENTIO

But is this true, or is it else your pleasure, 70
Like pleasant^o travelers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

HORTENSIO

I do assure thee, father, so it is.

PETRUCHIO

Come, go along, and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.^o 75
Exeunt [all but HORTENSIO].

HORTENSIO

Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to^o my widow, and if she be froward,^o
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.^o
Exit.

[A C T V]

[Scene I. Padua. The street in front of
Lucentio's house.]

*Enter BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO [as Cambio], and
BIANCA; GREMIO is out before.^o*

BIONDELLO Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is
ready.

LUCENTIO I fly, Biondello. But they may chance to
need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Exit [with BIANCA].

53 **encounter** mode of address 62 **this** now 65 **so qualified**
having qualities; **beseem** befit 71 **pleasant** addicted to
pleasantries 75 **jealous** suspicious 77 **Have to** on to;
froward fractious 78 **untoward** difficult
V.i.s.d. **out before** precedes, and does not see, the others

BIONDELLO Nay, faith, I'll see the church a your 5
back,^o and then come back to my master's as soon as I
can. *[Exit.]*

GREMIO

I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATE, VINCENTIO, [and]
GRUMIO, with ATTENDANTS.*

PETRUCHIO

Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house.
My father's bears^o more toward the marketplace; 10
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

VINCENTIO

You shall not choose but drink before you go.
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And by all likelihood some cheer is toward.^o

Knock.

GREMIO They're busy within. You were best knock 15
louder.

PEDANT [*as Vincentio*] looks out of the window [*above*].

PEDANT What's^o he that knocks as he would beat
down the gate?

VINCENTIO Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

PEDANT He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.^o 20

VINCENTIO What if a man bring him a hundred
pound or two, to make merry withal?

PEDANT Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he
shall need none so long as I live.

PETRUCHIO Nay, I told you your son was well 25
beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous
circumstances,^o I pray you tell Signior Lucentio that
his father is come from Pisa and is here at the door to
speak with him.

PEDANT Thou liest. His father is come from Padua^o 30
and here looking out at the window.

VINCENTIO Art thou his father?

PEDANT Ay sir, so his mother says, if I may believe
her.

PETRUCHIO [*To VINCENTIO.*] Why how now, 35
gentleman? Why this is flat^o knavery, to take upon
you another man's name.

PEDANT Lay hands on the villain. I believe 'a^o means
to cozen^o somebody in this city under my counte-
nance.^o 40

Enter BIONDELLO.

BIONDELLO I have seen them in the church together;
God send 'em good shipping!^o But who is here?
Mine old master, Vincentio! Now we are undone^o
and brought to nothing.^o

VINCENTIO Come hither, crack-hemp.^o 45

BIONDELLO I hope I may choose,^o sir.

5-6 **a your back** on your back (see you enter the church?
or, married?) 10 **bears** lies 14 **toward** at hand 17 **What's**
who is 20 **withal** with 26-27 **frivolous circumstances**
trivial matters 30 **Padua** perhaps Shakespeare's slip of the
pen for *Pisa*, home of the real Vincentio, or *Mantua*, where the
Pedant comes from (cf. IV.ii.77) 36 **flat** unvarnished 38 **'a** he
39 **cozen** defraud 39-40 **countenance** identity 42 **shipping**
journey 43 **undone** defeated 44 **brought to nothing** cf.
annihilated 45 **crack-hemp** rope-stretcher (i.e., subject for
hanging) 46 **choose** have some choice (in the matter)

VINCENTIO Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

BIONDELLO Forgot you? No, sir. I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life. 50

VINCENTIO What, you notorious^o villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

BIONDELLO What, my old worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir, see where he looks out of the window.

VINCENTIO Is't so, indeed? 55

He beats BIONDELLO.

BIONDELLO Help, help, help! Here's a madman will murder me. *[Exit.]*

PEDANT Help, son! Help, Signior Baptista! *[Exit from above.]*

PETRUCHIO Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the end of this controversy. *[They stand aside.]* 60

Enter PEDANT [below] with SERVANTS, BAPTISTA, [and] TRANIO [as Lucentio].

TRANIO Sir, what are you that offer^o to beat my servant?

VINCENTIO What am I, sir? Nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine^o villain! A silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak, and a copatain^o hat! O, I 65 am undone, I am undone! While I play the good husband^o at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

TRANIO How now, what's the matter?

BAPTISTA What, is the man lunatic? 70

TRANIO Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit,^o but your words show you a madman. Why sir, what 'cerns^o it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

VINCENTIO Thy father! O villain, he is a sailmaker in 75 Bergamo.

BAPTISTA You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

VINCENTIO His name! As if I knew not his name! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, 80 and his name is Tranio.

PEDANT Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio, and he is mine only son and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

VINCENTIO Lucentio! O he hath murd' red his master. 85 Lay hold on him, I charge you in the duke's name. O my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

TRANIO Call forth an officer.

[Enter an OFFICER.]

Carry this mad knave to the jail. Father Baptista, I 90 charge you see that he be forthcoming.^o

VINCENTIO Carry me to the jail!

GREMIO Stay, officer. He shall not go to prison.

BAPTISTA Talk not, Signior Gremio. I say he shall go to prison. 95

GREMIO Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be

cony-catched^o in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

PEDANT Swear, if thou dar'st.

GREMIO Nay, I dare not swear it. 100

TRANIO Then thou wert best^o say that I am not Lucentio.

GREMIO Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

BAPTISTA Away with the dotard,^o to the jail with him! 105

VINCENTIO Thus strangers may be haled^o and abused. O monstrous villain!

Enter BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA.

BIONDELLO O we are spoiled^o—and yonder he is. Deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Exit BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and PEDANT as fast as may be.

LUCENTIO

Pardon, sweet father. *Kneel.*

VINCENTIO Lives my sweet son? 110

BIANCA

Pardon, dear father.

BAPTISTA How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

LUCENTIO Here's Lucentio, Right son to the right Vincentio, That have by marriage made thy daughter mine While counterfeit supposes^o bleared thine eyne.^o 115

GREMIO

Here's packing,^o with a witness,^o to deceive us all!

VINCENTIO

Where is that damnèd villain Tranio

That faced and braved^o me in this matter so?

BAPTISTA

Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

BIANCA

Cambio is changed into Lucentio. 120

LUCENTIO

Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio

While he did bear my countenance^o in the town,

And happily I have arrived at the last

Unto the wishèd haven of my bliss. 125

What Tranio did, myself enforced him to.

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

VINCENTIO I'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me to the jail.

BAPTISTA *[To LUCENTIO.]* But do you hear, sir? 130 Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

VINCENTIO Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to.^o But I will in, to be revenged for this villainy.

Exit.

BAPTISTA And I, to sound the depth^o of this knavery. 135 *Exit.*

51 **notorious** extraordinary 61 **offer** attempt 64 **fine** well dressed 65 **copatain** high conical 67 **husband** manager 72 **habit** manner 73 **'cerns** concerns 91 **forthcoming** available (for trial)

97 **cony-catched** fooled 101 **thou wert best** maybe you'll dare 104 **dotard** old fool 106 **haled** pulled about 108 **spoiled** ruined 115 **supposes** pretendings (evidently an allusion to Gascoigne's play *Supposes*, one of Shakespeare's sources); **eyne** eyes 116 **packing** plotting; **with a witness** outright, unabashed 118 **faced and braved** impudently challenged and defied 123 **bear my countenance** take on my identity 134 **go to** mild remonstrance (cf. *go on, come, come, don't worry*) 135 **sound the depth** get to the bottom of

LUCENTIO Look not pale, Bianca. Thy father will not frown.
Exeunt [LUCENTIO and BIANCA].
 GREMIO
 My cake is dough,^o but I'll in among the rest
 Out of hope of all but my share of the feast. *[Exit.]*
 KATE Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado. 140
 PETRUCHIO First kiss me, Kate, and we will.
 KATE What, in the midst of the street?
 PETRUCHIO What, art thou ashamed of me?
 KATE No sir, God forbid, but ashamed to kiss.
 PETRUCHIO
 Why, then let's home again. 145
[To GRUMIO.]
 Come sirrah, let's away.
 KATE
 Nay, I will give thee a kiss. Now pray thee, love, stay.
 PETRUCHIO
 Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate.
 Better once^o than never, for never too late.^o *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. Padua. In Lucentio's house.]

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the PEDANT, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA, [PETRUCHIO, KATE, HORTENSIO,] TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and WIDOW; the SERVINGMEN with TRANIO bringing in a banquet.^o

LUCENTIO
 At last, though long,^o our jarring notes agree,
 And time it is, when raging war is done,
 To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.^o
 My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome
 While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine. 5
 Brother Petruchio, sister Katherina,
 And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
 Feast with the best and welcome to my house.
 My banquet is to close our stomachs^o up
 After our great good cheer.^o Pray you, sit down,
 For now we sit to chat as well as eat.
 PETRUCHIO
 Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat.
 BAPTISTA
 Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
 PETRUCHIO
 Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
 HORTENSIO
 For both our sakes I would that word were true. 15
 PETRUCHIO
 Now, for my life, Hortensio fears^o his widow.
 WIDOW
 Then never trust me if I be afeard.^o
 PETRUCHIO
 You are very sensible and yet you miss my sense:
 I mean Hortensio is afeard of you.

138 cake is dough project hasn't worked out (proverbial; cf. I.i.108-09) 149 once at some time; Better . . . late Better late than never

V.ii.s.d. banquet dessert 1 At . . . long at long last 3 overblown that have blown over 9 stomachs with pun on the sense of "irascibility" (cf. IV.i.147) 10 cheer reception at Baptista's 16 fears is afraid of (the Widow puns on the meaning "frightens") 17 afeard (1) frightened (2) suspected

WIDOW
 He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. 20
 PETRUCHIO
 Roundly^o replied.
 KATE Mistress, how mean you that?
 WIDOW
 Thus I conceive by^o him.
 PETRUCHIO
 Conceives by^o me! How likes Hortensio that?
 HORTENSIO
 My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.^o
 PETRUCHIO
 Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow. 25
 KATE
 "He that is giddy thinks the world turns round."
 I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
 WIDOW
 Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
 Measures^o my husband's sorrow by his^o woe,
 And now you know my meaning. 30
 KATE
 A very mean^o meaning.
 WIDOW Right, I mean you.
 KATE
 And I am mean^o indeed, respecting you.
 PETRUCHIO
 To her, Kate!
 HORTENSIO
 To her, widow!
 PETRUCHIO
 A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.^o 35
 HORTENSIO
 That's my office.^o
 PETRUCHIO
 Spoke like an officer. Ha'^o to thee, lad.
Drinks to HORTENSIO.
 BAPTISTA
 How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
 GREMIO
 Believe me, sir, they butt^o together well.
 BIANCA
 Head and butt!^o An hasty-witted body 40
 Would say your head and butt were head and horn.^o
 VINCENTIO
 Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you?
 BIANCA
 Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep again.
 PETRUCHIO
 Nay, that you shall not. Since you have begun,
 Have at you^o for a bitter^o jest or two. 45
 BIANCA
 Am I your bird?^o I mean to shift my bush,

21 Roundly outspokenly 22 conceive by understand 23 Conceives by is made pregnant by 24 conceives her tale understands her statement (with another pun) 29 Measures estimates; his his own 31 mean paltry 32 am mean (1) am moderate (2) have a low opinion 35 put her down defeat her (with sexual pun by Hortensio) 36 office job 37 Ha' here's, hail 39 butt perhaps also but (i.e., argue or differ) 40 butt with pun on bottom 41 horn (1) butting instrument (2) symbol of cuckoldry (3) phallus 45 Have at you let's have; bitter biting (but good-natured) 46 bird prey

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.

Exit BIANCA [*with* KATE and WIDOW.]

PETRUCHIO

She hath prevented me.^o Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aimed at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and missed.

TRANIO

O sir, Lucentio slipped^o me, like his greyhound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.

PETRUCHIO

A good swift^o simile but something currish.

TRANIO

'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought your deer^o does hold you at a bay.^o

BAPTISTA

O, O, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

LUCENTIO

I thank thee for that gird,^o good Tranio.

HORTENSIO

Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

PETRUCHIO

'A has a little galled^o me, I confess,
And as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maimed you two outright.

BAPTISTA

Now, in good sadness,^o son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest^o shrew of all.

PETRUCHIO

Well, I say no. And therefore, for assurance,^o
Let's each one send unto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

HORTENSIO

Content. What's the wager?

LUCENTIO

Twenty crowns.

PETRUCHIO

Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much of^o my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

LUCENTIO

A hundred then.

HORTENSIO

Content.^o

PETRUCHIO

A match,^o 'tis done.

HORTENSIO

Who shall begin?

LUCENTIO

That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

BIONDELLO I go.

Exit.

BAPTISTA

Son, I'll be your half,^o Bianca comes.

LUCENTIO

I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Enter BIONDELLO.

How now,^o what news?

BIONDELLO Sir, my mistress sends you word 80
That she is busy and she cannot come.

PETRUCHIO

How?^o She's busy and she cannot come?
Is that an answer?

GREMIO

Ay, and a kind one too.

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

PETRUCHIO I hope, better.

85

HORTENSIO Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my
wife to come to me forthwith.^o *Exit* BIONDELLO.

PETRUCHIO O ho, entreat her! Nay, then she must
needs come.

55

HORTENSIO I am afraid, sir, do what you can, yours 90
will not be entreated.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife?

BIONDELLO

She says you have some goodly jest in hand.
She will not come. She bids you come to her.

PETRUCHIO

60

Worse and worse. She will not come. O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!

95

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; say
I command her come to me. *Exit* [GRUMIO].

HORTENSIO

I know her answer.

PETRUCHIO

What?

65

HORTENSIO She will not.

PETRUCHIO

The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

100

Enter KATE.

BAPTISTA

Now, by my holidame,^o here comes Katherina.

KATE

70

What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

PETRUCHIO

Where is your sister and Hortensio's wife?

KATE

They sit conferring^o by the parlor fire.

PETRUCHIO

Go fetch them hither. If they deny^o to come,
Swinge^o me them soundly^o forth unto their husbands. 105

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit* KATE.]

LUCENTIO

75

Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

HORTENSIO

And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful^o rule and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not^o that's sweet and happy.

110

BAPTISTA

Now fair befall^o thee, good Petruchio.

The wager thou hast won, and I will add

49 prevented me beaten me to it 52 slipped unleashed 54 swift quick-witted 56 deer (1) doe (2) dear; at a bay at bay (i.e., backed up at a safe distance) 58 gird gibe 60 galled chafed 63 sadness seriousness 64 veriest most genuine 65 assurance proof 72 of on 74 Content agreed; A match (it's) a bet 78 be your half assume half your bet

80 How now mild exclamation (cf. *well*) 82 How what 87 forthwith right away 101 holidame holy dame (some editors emend to "halidom" = sacred place or relic) 104 conferring conversing 105 deny refuse 106 Swinge thrash; soundly thoroughly (cf. *sound beating*) 111 awful inspiring respect 112 what not everything 113 fair befall good luck to

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed as she had never been.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, I will win my wager better yet
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Enter KATE, BIANCA, and WIDOW.

See where she comes and brings your froward^o wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.
Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not.
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[She throws it.]

WIDOW

Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh
Till I be brought to such a silly pass.^o

BIANCA

Fie, what a foolish—duty call you this?

LUCENTIO

I would your duty were as foolish too.
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me five hundred^o crowns since suppertime. 130

BIANCA

The more fool you for laying^o on my duty.

PETRUCHIO

Katherine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

WIDOW

Come, come, you're mocking. We will have no
telling.

PETRUCHIO

Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

WIDOW

She shall not.

PETRUCHIO

I say she shall—and first begin with her.

KATE

Fie, fie, unknit that threatening unkind^o brow
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame^o as whirlwinds shake^o fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved^o is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign—one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body

115 To painful labor both by sea and land,
To watch^o the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou li'st warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience: 155
Too little payment for so great a debt.

120 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband,
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest^o will, 160
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple^o
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway, 165

125 Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to^o toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions^o and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts? 170
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,^o
My mind hath been as big^o as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown.
But now I see our lances are but straws, 175
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs,^o for it is no boot,^o
And place your hands below your husband's foot,
In token of which duty, if he please, 180
My hand is ready, may it^o do him ease.

PETRUCHIO

Why, there's a wench! Come on and kiss me, Kate.

135 LUCENTIO

Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

VINCENTIO

'Tis a good hearing^o when children are toward.^o

LUCENTIO

But a harsh hearing when women are froward. 185

PETRUCHIO

Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

140

We three are married, but you two are sped.^o
'Twas I won the wager, [*to* LUCENTIO] though you
hit the white,^o
And, being a winner, God give you good night.
Exit PETRUCHIO [*with* KATE].

145 HORTENSIO

Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrow. 190

LUCENTIO

'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamèd so.
[Exeunt.]

121 **froward** uncooperative 126 **pass** situation 130 **five hundred** (1) Lucentio makes it look worse than it is, or (2) he made several bets, or (3) the text errs (some editors emend to "a hundred," assuming that the manuscript's "a" was misread as the Roman numeral v) 131 **laying** betting 138 **unkind** hostile 142 **Confounds thy fame** spoils people's opinion of you; **shake** shake off 144 **moved** i.e., by ill temper

152 **watch** stay awake, be alert during 160 **honest** honorable
163 **simple** silly 168 **Unapt to** unfitted for 169 **con-**
ditions qualities 171 **unable worms** weak, lowly creatures
172 **big** inflated (cf. *think big*) 178 **vail your stomachs** fell
your pride; **no boot** useless, profitless 181 **may it** (1) I hope
it may (2) if it may 184 **hearing** thing to hear; report;
toward tractable 187 **sped** done for 188 **white** (1) bull's
eye (2) *Bianca* means white

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

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Introduction

Perhaps more than any other work of Shakespeare's, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* needs to be taken for what it is: a product of its time written by a young poet-dramatist seeking his way in what was for him a new genre. So understood, it requires no defense and no apology.

The genre was romantic comedy, in the sense we mean when we mention the masterpieces that would follow in quick succession—*The Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. The date of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is uncertain; the play may have been written as early as 1590–91, or as late as 1594–95. Most likely it was written in about 1592–93. But however late or early, within these extremes, it was for Shakespeare the first of a kind. Probably the only comedy he had written before it was *The Comedy of Errors*, a generally more satisfactory work than this, but one of an essentially different species, which gave him little practice toward the new kind that he was attempting. For *The Comedy of Errors* he had a model, a good one, made by a master craftsman of Latin comedy, Plautus. Though Shakespeare injected certain romantic elements into this model, or grafted them onto it, the finished work remained rather more Plautine than Shakespearean, more a succession of farcical incidents than a pattern woven of romance elements.

And in the unlikely event that *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* followed rather than preceded *Love's Labor's Lost*¹ and *The Taming of the Shrew*, it must yet be said that Shakespeare gained from these very little practice toward his new genre. *Love's Labor's Lost* was aimed satirically at fashionable but outlandish excesses in courtly language, manners, and ideas, and to the exploitation of these excesses the elements of romance were only incidental. The main plot of *The Shrew*, that of the taming, had no place at all for romance, in either atmosphere or action; it was hilarious farce, done in burlesque proportions. Nor did the secondary plot, that of the competition for Bianca, offer happy accommodation to the spirit and

mood of romance; it turned upon a game of "supposes," in which only the attitudes of farce could be at home.

Whether before or after *Love's Labor's Lost* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, then, it was with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* that Shakespeare found the way that led to the ultimate *Twelfth Night*. The basic stuff of romance, of course, lay around him everywhere, in prose and verse, in English, French, Spanish, and Italian, in medieval and in contemporary tellings and retellings. Long before *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was written, the materials of romance had grown enamored of specific themes and en-crusted with specific conventions. The theme of conflict between friendship and love was one that Chaucer had used and that was used again and again, in various forms of romantic tale and in various countries; indeed, Shakespeare's own sonnets play variations upon this theme, in the shadowy outline of a story that they tell of friendship between young men, of jealousy and separation occasioned by love of a third person, and finally of reconciliation. Lyly in his *Euphues*, Sidney in his *Arcadia*, less well-known contemporary romancers and translators all contributed to make the matters of romance, their themes and conventions, familiar to everyone who read or listened, familiar enough, indeed, that in any "new" romance, how a friend or lover, hero or heroine would behave in a given situation might be foretold with considerable accuracy.

What Shakespeare undertook in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was the experimental task of adapting the materials, themes, and conventions of meandering narrative romance (or of lyric verse) to dramatic form—to create action that might be contained in two hours, characters sufficiently credible that they might be represented by corporeal actors on a stage, a "world" of sufficient density to sustain both the action and the characters. For what he attempted there was nothing like a satisfactory precedent. For *The Comedy of Errors* he had had Plautus' *Menaechmi*; for the new genre of romantic comedy, he had nothing more suitable than, say, Lyly's *Endimion*, which was useful in every way except the one way that was needed; instead of being dramatically solid, *Endimion* was as watery as the tides governed by the moon.

For his principal story he turned to the tale of her life

¹ For an argument to the contrary, suggesting that *Love's Labor's Lost* may be as early as 1588, see Alfred Harbage, "Love's Labor's Lost and the Early Shakespeare," *Philological Quarterly*, XLI (1962), 18–36.

told by the shepherdess Felismena, in the *Diana Enamorada* of Jorge de Montemayor. But in fact the whole reservoir of romance served him, inevitably, whether he would or no. Its conventions, intruding, have made three centuries of critics of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* wince. How could Proteus have been so dastardly as to betray, in an instant, his beloved, his friend, and his royal host—not to mention his own honor? How could Valentine so abruptly forgive his disloyal friend all his trespasses? How could he as quickly proffer his beloved Silvia to the miscreant Proteus, who only a moment before threatened to rape her? How could Silvia—the daughter of a duke—stand by without a word during this base interchange? How could Julia, after this exhibition of general dastardliness, on the second or third bounce, welcome back her errant lover?

Indeed, very nearly the sole good thing that critics have found it appropriate to say about *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is that it was a kind of “dry run” for its great successors, anticipating in many of its details the incidents, persons, and relationships the more masterful delineation of which distinguishes the later romantic comedies. It is impossible to do other than concur—in part—with this view of the play as proving ground for the later, greater works; in fact, we have already gone somewhat beyond concurrence by flatly stating that in this play Shakespeare found the way to *Twelfth Night*. That alone should be praise enough, for it allows to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* the same kind and degree of significance that we allow to *Julius Caesar* when we say that in it Shakespeare first worked out the basic pattern of order and relationships that we have in mind when we speak of “Shakespearean” tragedy.

It is appropriate, therefore, that we review some of the ways in which this first of the romantic comedies prepared for those to come. Perhaps it is just to say that in most cases it furnished no more than an artist's preliminary sketches for the fuller, finished portraits of character, incident, and “world” that would come after. But at the same time that we review these, we should consider whether anything contains merit and deserves praise for itself, aside from being a “first.”

A good place to begin is with the heroine. Shakespeare did not invent the bright, daring girl of the comedies who, for one reason or another, casts off the outward signs of her sex and personal identity and goes a-masquerading in the world as a man; she existed already in the romances, both in those on which he directly drew for plot and in others which exercised a pervasive influence merely by existing. But in the romances she is a shadowy, pale, and bloodless abstraction that does not come alive enough to be visualized; she would never do on any stage. Shakespeare's creation, in Julia, of the flesh-and-blood heroine who set a great line going was a tremendous achievement. The world of the romantic comedies is a woman's world, and it is dominated by this recurrent figure who masquerades as a man while all of her womanliness is apparent to the audience, which is always aware of her secret. While each belongs to the line, each superlative heroine also has a life that is peculiarly her own. Portia of *The Merchant of Venice*, Rosalind of *As You Like It*, Viola of *Twelfth Night*—these can properly be likened to one another only in the common role they play, in specific recurrent situations in which they take part, and in a kind

of brilliance they share that marks them as extraordinary human beings: yet this very brilliance varies markedly in its quality, showing in one as a grand and dignified capability, in another as a mischievous brightness, and in another as a gently feminine and utterly disarming subtlety.

No doubt each of these represents as much of an improvement on Julia as Julia does upon the nebulous female of the prose romances. Nearly every incident in which Julia takes part will be repeated in richer detail by one or more of the later heroines, and just because we are so busy noting the resemblances of the first version to the later ones, and mentally comparing the earlier—to its disadvantage, of course—with the later, we may overlook the peculiar charm of this first heroine herself as she plays her part. Thus in I.ii, Julia's review of the “fair resort of gentlemen” who “every day with parle encounter me” appears a puny forerunner of Portia's review, with Nerissa, of her suitors at Belmont; for one reason, in the latter version Shakespeare knew to give the witty descriptive lines to Portia, not Nerissa, whereas in this first sketch Julia merely asks the questions and it is Lucetta who furnishes the witty replies. But it is in the incident of the letter—an incident that is *not* repeated and thereby shamed by later versions—that we come suddenly upon the fresh and ingratiating charm by which Julia bursts out of the conventions among which the insipid heroines of prose romance move, and comes quite alive; no doubt, this was the first glimpse afforded by the English stage of a new and magnificent creature, the heroine of romantic comedy. The incident immediately follows the review of potential suitors. Lucetta presents a letter from Proteus, and Julia stretches to the tiptoes of indignation in upbraiding her:

Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper; see it be returned,
Or else return no more into my sight. (I.ii.41-47)

This show of spunk is itself worth a good deal; the pale heroine of romance could never have risen to it. Yet the heroine of Shakespearean romantic comedy is not truly born until the next instant, after Lucetta has left the stage; then, thus she speaks:

And yet I would I had o'erlooked the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view! (I.ii.50-54)

Shakespeare could definitely have stopped the incident at this; it would have been enough to establish a new institution. But he goes on: Julia calls back Lucetta, takes the letter from her, and, in a simply superb demonstration of the chastity of mind appropriate to highborn ladies in the presence of their lessers, tears it all to bits. Shakespeare could have stopped here, too; it would have been more than enough. But once more he goes on: Lucetta is again

dismissed—and in an instant Julia is down on the floor, scrambling to reassemble the pieces:

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea! (I.ii.118–22)

In later scenes Julia repeatedly breaks the way for her great successors. In II.vii, she takes the plunge for all of them: she decides to go to Milan, to check on her—of course!—completely faithful Proteus; but not in her own identity:

Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page. (II.vii.40–43)

This was a fateful step. Soon Portia would say to Nerissa,

I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutered like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two
(*Merchant of Venice*, III.iv.62–64)

Rosalind would say to Celia,

Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand (As You Like It, I.iii.113–17)

and Viola would say to the Captain, who fished her out of the deep,

Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke
(*Twelfth Night*, I.ii.53–55)

The parallels of this kind are numerous. Like all three of her famed successors, Julia talks with her loved one, who knows her not. Like Viola, she is sent as an envoy of love by her true love to his love. Like Portia, she receives from his finger the ring that she gave him. Like Rosalind, she all but gives away her sex by swooning at a crucial time. And like all the others, she gets her love at last on terms of uncompromising surrender:

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish forever.
(V.iv.115–16, 120)

In every parallel incident, she suffers from the inevitable comparison, and it is only in the rare moments when we catch her, so to speak, alone, doing something uniquely hers, not “trying out” something that her successors would perfect, that she has a chance to shine. So she does in the incident of the letter, and so, for example, she does in

IV.ii, when, wearing boy's clothes and accompanied by the Host, she eavesdrops on Proteus' serenade of Silvia. Here, though the song is all Silvia's, the dramatic center is all Julia's:

HOST How do you, man? The music likes you not.

JULIA You mistake; the musician likes me not.

HOST Why, my pretty youth?

JULIA He plays false, father. (IV.ii.55–59)

She is great here not merely for the emotional impact of her moment of heartbreak, but for her resilience. The pallid heroine of prose romance would have crawled away to bleed in secret; but Julia asks of the Host, “Where lies Sir Proteus?” Her mind has already conceived a device by which she can keep an eye on him until such time as she can capture him for once and all.

It is almost certain that Proteus and Valentine suffer less by comparison with their successors than does Julia. This will appear a startling statement, particularly with reference to Proteus, who has a long and virtually undeviating history of being abominated by critics. It is nevertheless essentially true, and the reason it is so is not hard to find. The fact is that the heroes of the romantic comedies—unlike the heroines, whose power to dazzle the eye and the imagination makes a beginning with Julia and at once thereafter becomes blinding—never do come to amount to very much. Proteus and Valentine, therefore, look about as good as any.

Between them, these two gentlemen define both of the emphases of which the one or the other dominates the later heroes. It is not strictly accurate to classify Shakespeare's romantic young males to two “types”—one wicked, the other stupid—but it is fair to say that each of them evinces a *tendency* in one or the other direction, and that two of them even tend toward both directions at the same time. To say that they exhibit a tendency toward wickedness or toward stupidity is not to say that they are wicked or stupid, but is to suggest that if they went somewhat farther along the road their qualities point them in, they would indeed be downright wicked or downright stupid. It should be added at once that though this view of the heroes is hardly flattering, surely none of us could seriously wish any one of the heroes changed in the slightest; each is perfect for the thing he is, perfect for the particular dramatic “world” of which he is part—and, what is most important, in each case the brilliant heroine loves the fellow either just as he stands or just as she has made him be by the end of the play.

Valentine is the simpler case, in more ways than one, and we should look at him before we deal with Proteus. Valentine looks ahead to the hero who is best represented by Orlando of *As You Like It*. The main thing to be said of this kind of hero is that there is nothing in the least “wrong” with him. He has nothing but virtues—all the virtues that anyone can name, except brilliance. He is kind, brave, loyal, generous, modest, forgiving—anything and everything as you like it; but any passing remark can make him look like a wonderful simpleton in an instant: “I found him under a tree,” says Celia of Orlando, “like a dropped acorn.” If Valentine is not quite up to Orlando in the kind that he is, he is nevertheless very nearly his equal, both in the sterling qualities of romantic young

manhood that his kind of hero stands for and in the lack of intellectual keenness (especially around heroines) that he also stands for. Valentine is the perfect exemplar of friendship; he would never violate friendship even for love—and he is entirely true to his kind when, in the end, without needing to go through the painful process of thinking about it, he cheerfully offers Silvia—for whom he would just as cheerfully die—to Proteus. He could not do otherwise and be what he is; and because Shakespeare has been entirely clear in showing us what he is, it is we who are at fault if we so much as imagine that he should do otherwise. Valentine shares with Orlando, and not particularly with any of Shakespeare's other heroes of romantic comedy, a certain exaggeratedly heroic valor. Orlando hurls a professional wrestler to the ground, breaking his bones, and deals just as directly, and with no sweat, with a "sucked and hungry" lioness. But he best sums up all the qualities of his kind of romantic hero in a single incident and a single posture when, seeking food for old Adam, he pops into the clearing where the exiled duke and his followers are at table and, mistaking them all for savages who have never been out of the woods, demands with drawn sword that they "Forbear, and eat no more" until his needs are served. Here, in a stroke, he is heroic on the grand scale, great-hearted, nobly unselfish for his old servant—and, quite unconsciously, just a little ludicrous for having so much misjudged the situation.

With such a stroke, Shakespeare imparted a kind of flavor that transformed the romance hero, somewhat as he transformed the vapid romance heroine by adding some special feminine touches, including spunk. Bassanio of *The Merchant of Venice* exhibits the added quality very well when—of all people—he, the golden-fleece hunter, coolly reasons his way past the gold casket and the silver casket and takes the lead one; and he exhibits it again when, in the court scene, after Portia has pinned Shylock to the wall and has him quite at her mercy, he fails to perceive how completely the tables have turned and continues to rush forward, nobly generous, with bags of ducats—Portia's own—to buy off his friend. And this very way of surrounding his hero's grimly stalwart attitude with a tongue-in-cheek attitude Shakespeare first explored in Valentine, notably at his first encounter with the outlaws, upon whom he makes such a favorable impression that they invite him to be "king for our wild faction" after two minutes of conversation. Surely, this is an incident to the abruptness of which critics should take no such exception as some have; like Orlando's heroic-ludicrous posture at the duke's banquet, and like Valentine's own quick offer to surrender Silvia to Proteus, and like Bassanio's straight-faced choice of the leaden casket, it hints of what Shakespeare did to romance to make it romantic comedy.

Thus the attitude of comedy within which the actions of the Valentine-Orlando kind of hero are framed is not limited to the more obvious situations in which the comic potentialities of the hero's intellectual equipment are exploited—as in the case of Valentine's penning a love note for Silvia and not understanding, while the simple Speed is appalled by his obtuseness, that her "secret nameless friend" is himself—but extends to his most heroic and high-minded moments. On both counts, Valentine is more nearly a finished portrait than a first sketch.

At least as much may be said of Proteus, first of those who represent a contrary emphasis in the heroic character. Valentine, Bassanio, Orlando are innocent and good-hearted; none of them could ever be imagined as "going bad" under any circumstances. Proteus not only could but temporarily does go bad, and so do those who follow in his line, namely, Claudio of *Much Ado About Nothing* and—stepping just over the boundary into the "dark comedies"—Bertram of *All's Well That Ends Well*.

These heroes are clearly not so much like one another as are those of the other line, who might almost be said to be interchangeable. Claudio, in particular, shares with the Valentine-Orlando hero a certain congenital unawareness of situation; but, curiously, while this appears a lovable fault in the others and endears them to us as well as to the heroines, in Claudio it is odious. A callow princex of a youth, Claudio looks from the outset like one who could mistake a situation and become nasty about it, as indeed he does. If he is "cured" in the end, when the truth of the situation has been made apparent, yet he remains the same callow princex still, and one supposes that he would be capable of dastardly conduct again tomorrow or the next day if the right set of circumstances invited him. Bertram and Claudio differ most notably in that, while each is capable of dastardly conduct, Claudio's worst exhibition of contemptible qualities is based on his initial misunderstanding of situation, whereas Bertram's involvement in such unheroic activities as illicit pursuits and outright lying is quite deliberate. If Claudio is capable of contemptible behavior only when he misunderstands, Bertram is most capable of it when he understands very well.

As a hero of his kind, therefore, not being in competition with the Valentine-Orlando kind, but compared with Claudio and Bertram, Proteus looks remarkably good. As a dramatic character he is certainly as well drawn as they are, and as a man he is hardly worse than they. Proteus is like Bertram in needing no misunderstanding of situation to start him on a wayward course. It has been remarked of Macbeth that of all Shakespeare's tragic heroes he alone knowingly embraces evil as his good, and it may as well be said of Proteus and Bertram that they alone of the comic heroes knowingly take to the crooked paths of dishonor. Bertram rejects the wife of inferior birth who was forced on him; lies to her; pursues, with the intention of corrupting, for no reason but lust, a virgin of Florence; is prevented from committing adultery only by his wife's shrewd intervention; and thereafter, confronted with his deeds, lies, slanders others, and abandons all dignity and honor in an exhibition of squirming and twisting; and after his disgraceful wallowing, he is abruptly forgiven all his trespasses and welcomed home as a worthy subject, son, and husband.

Against Bertram's record as a hero, Proteus' fairly shines. He does not choose to leave his Julia, but is sent away by his father. Neither does he choose to fall in love with Silvia, any more than Romeo chooses to fall in love with Juliet (and many details of the play prove that Shakespeare had Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet* in mind as he wrote). Here, in reducing the odium of Proteus' initial fault, Shakespeare has been characteristically shrewd, for he has made Silvia irresistible, with both an inward and an outward beauty. If, lest she put Julia in the shade, he

had made her only an ordinary beauty, Proteus' "three-fold perjury" committed in pursuit of her would have been difficult to understand and all but impossible to forgive. But on Silvia he has lavished all his superlatives, made her dazzling, wholly worthy of the song with which she is serenaded in Act IV and which is itself incomparable. All things considered, Silvia being as she is and what she is, who can blame Proteus?

In two other ways, also, Shakespeare goes farther toward explaining and extenuating Proteus' fault than he was to do with the faults of Claudio and Bertram. In the first scene of the play, Proteus is shown to be both a faithful friend and a faithful lover; but also the point is made evident that in a crisis of conflict between friendship and love, love would claim him:

He after honor hunts, I after love.
He leaves his friends to dignify them more,
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love. (I.i.63-65)

He is love's votary; as it has been with Julia, so will it be with Silvia when the time comes: he will leave himself, his true friend, and all else, for love. Second, as he does not do for Claudio and Bertram, Shakespeare does Proteus the credit of allowing him to debate the right and wrong of his multiple perjury before he commits it, to debate the question, in fact, twice, in II.iv.192-214, and in II.vi.1-43. Claudio and Bertram, one notes, engage in no self-debate; they directly announce their bad intentions without troubling with any such preliminaries. Even though his decision is "wrong," Proteus at least undergoes the formality of weighing right and wrong. It is true that his self-debate involves no agonizing soul struggle such as Angelo of *Measure for Measure* undergoes in a roughly comparable situation, when flesh and the spirit are at war in him; Shakespeare quite rightly keeps Proteus' "struggle" light, superficial, artificial, well within the tone and the terms appropriate to romantic comedy:

And ev'n that pow'r which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear.
(II.vi.4-6)

Surely, this is as far as a proper hero of romantic comedy dare go in soul struggle, and critics who deplore the too-easy entrance of Proteus into treachery—even as they deplore his too-easy return from it—would do well to remember that the moral ponderings of a Hamlet, an Angelo, or a Macbeth at this point would crash out of and destroy the very genre that this particular romantic hero helped to create.

But all this is not to suggest that Proteus is a blameless hero; if he were so, he would not belong with Claudio and Bertram, but with Valentine and Orlando. It is rather to insist that of the specific kind he represents, he runs true to form and measures up extremely well. Launce identifies him and his kind clearly enough: "I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave." Is he any worse than that? For only a moment he seems to be, when he threatens Silvia with violence in the forest, and here perhaps Shakespeare did indeed go too far. But whether he would actually

attack Silvia we neither know nor need to know; the fact is that he does not attack her, and we are quite aware that, with Valentine at hand, watching every move, there never was any real danger in the situation. He is guilty of nothing more than a thoroughly wicked intent, which is thwarted while it is only an impulse. A wicked impulse is not punishable, and in the world of romantic comedy is not even to be thought on too seriously.

Julia and Silvia, Valentine and Proteus are the most notable human fixtures in the special world of romantic comedy that was born with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. They are light but durable fixtures, as that world requires. If they are not wholly credible, yet they are more credible than were their forbears in the romances, and they are credible enough, palpable enough, one may say, for the world of romantic comedy, the nature of which would be altered if it were made to sustain creatures more solid. They are of a kind with this special world.

The world of romantic comedy, both as it was first drawn in this play and as it was re-created in each of the masterpieces that followed, of course includes other features besides the heroes and the heroines who invariably inhabit it. It includes, for example, clowns and fools. Speed and Launce stand rather uncertainly between the twin Dromios, the bewildered but witty slaves of *The Comedy of Errors*, before them, and the magnificent creations that came after, like Launcelot Gobbo of *The Merchant of Venice* and Touchstone of *As You Like It*. They are not as gifted as these—if Launcelot Gobbo, a great dunce, may be said to be gifted—and they talk too long with one another and with their masters. With the exception of Launce's long exhortation to his dog to be a better dog, their appearances are likely to be found tedious in both the theater and the study. But if they are not at all well and functionally fitted into the plot of the play—and the fact is that they are almost always purely interruptive—yet Shakespeare's introduction of them into romance helped to bring romantic comedy into being: the oozy world of romance needed their dryness. Their presence does not particularly help to make this incredible world more credible; but it does what is just as good—namely, helps to make the point that this world does not have to be perfectly credible, helps to render its very incredibility acceptable. In such a world as they inhabit, how can we reasonably balk at such a turn as the sudden redemption of Proteus or Valentine's magnanimous offer of Silvia? They are reminders that we are to keep our perspective and not consider things too seriously; annoying as they have proved for many critics, with their dreary stretches of low-grade quibbles and mental horseplay, they nevertheless serve the important perspective-giving function implied by Feste's refrain at the end of *Twelfth Night*: "the rain it raineth every day."

Like the heroes and the heroines, the clowns and fools, and the incidents that take extravagant turns, the dramatic verse of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* needs also to be taken for what it is and does within the world of romantic comedy. No passages and almost no single lines in this play (setting aside the whole of the song to Silvia) are particularly memorable. If one sets, for instance, the poetic language of Julia's interviews (in disguise) with Proteus and with Silvia beside that of Viola-Cesario's interviews with Orsino and Olivia in *Twelfth Night*—a fair

comparison, involving similar characters in virtually identical situations—the contrast is obvious enough; yet it is not shocking. Here is Julia-Sebastian speaking to Silvia:

She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.
But since she did neglect her looking glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks
And pinched the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I. (IV.iv.149–56)

And here is Viola-Cesario, telling how she-he would woo Olivia:

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemnèd love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, "Olivia!" (Twelfth Night, I.v.266–72)

There is a resonance, a throaty vibrance in the music of the great poetic passages of *Twelfth Night*:

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief (II.iv.110–15)

to which at best *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* never once attains, unless in the single line so much praised by Logan Pearsall Smith (*Shakespeare*, p. 74): "but it is only in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, with the song 'Who is Silvia,' with the line 'The uncertain glory of an April day,' and the passage about the brook that makes sweet music as it strays, that his power over words becomes a magic power, and his golden mastery of speech begins to almost blind us with its beauty."

Though it is easy to assent to the glory of this single line, no one would be likely to claim particular distinction for all the poetry of the play. What is here asserted, instead, is that the poetic language is "right" for the play, that it helps in the same way that the heroes and heroines and the extravagant incidents do to create the "world" of romantic comedy. This poetry has a good deal of chaff in it; it is sometimes glittering chaff, but chaff it is. It is light and usually frivolous; even when deep ideas are asserted, they are not asserted profoundly. The speakers habitually play along the surface of things:

PROTEUS

So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

VALENTINE

So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

PROTEUS

'Tis Love you cavil at. I am not Love.

VALENTINE

Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yokèd by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

PROTEUS

Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating Love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

VALENTINE

And writers say . . . (I.i.36–45)

This is as typical an example as any of the poetic talk that fills the play, and in filling it defines its kind. It is both superficial and artificial, if one will, but "right" for the kind of world in which it is spoken and which it creates in being spoken, just as, for the same reason, the principal characters and incidents are also "right." There is an attitude of frivolity about this world which is figured forth in language, character, and incident.

Viewed thus, for what it is in part and whole, the play needs no apology, and certainly it does not deserve the harsh criticism that it has received from many who have not been content to take it for what it is. It transformed romance to romantic comedy, and it founded a great line. But, viewed as we have viewed it, it need not depend for its whole credit upon the fact that it was an important "first." It would be what it is if there were no *Twelfth Night*—indeed, it would no doubt look much better if there were no *Twelfth Night*.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

Both because its plot is filled with well-known romance elements and because its poetic style is laden with rhetorical devices fashionable at the time it was written, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* appears inevitably to owe an unusual number of debts to a wide variety of materials. In its conventions as well as in its basic materials and their manner of use, it is as deeply embedded in the literary life of its time as any work of Shakespeare's.

The central theme of the play—conflict between the duties of friendship and love—had been used by Boccaccio in *La Teseide*, by Chaucer in *The Knight's Tale*, and by Lyly in *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit* and *Endimion*; but, indeed, this theme is ancient and widespread, and Shakespeare would have encountered it in any event. Specific incidents and motifs in the play, such as Julia's disguise as a boy, may have been suggested by Sidney's pastoral romance of *Arcadia*; the abrupt election of Valentine as captain of the outlaws may derive from the same source. Many echoes of Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet*, the narrative poem which Shakespeare followed in *Romeo and Juliet*, occur in the play, perhaps the most notable being the device of the rope ladder which figures prominently in both plays.

In poetic manner and attitude, the play shows the pervasive influence of Lyly, the fashionable stylist of courtly language and the master of dramatic artifice in dialogue, scene, and character. Long stretches of wit duels between servant and servant, servant and master, lady and attendant, filled with quips and quirks and turns of phrase, mark the

play as Lylyan in its most basic conception. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* the artifices of Lyly are more than superficial ornamentation; they are organic.

For the core of the play, however, which is the love story of Julia and Proteus, Shakespeare went to a prose romance originally written in Spanish, the *Diana Enamorada*, by the Portuguese Jorge de Montemayor, published in 1542. How Shakespeare came to know this work is uncertain, for though it was translated into English by Bartholomew Yonge about 1582, the translation was not published until 1598—some four to six years after the play was written. It has been suggested that Shakespeare could have become acquainted with the *Diana* through a French translation made before 1590; that he may have seen Yonge's manuscript before it was published; or that the story was represented in a play now lost.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The Two Gentlemen of Verona was first printed in the First Folio of 1623, which is the authority for the present text. In the Folio it is the second play, standing between *The Tempest* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the title of the latter play mistakenly appearing at the top of the final two pages. Names of characters who participate in each scene are grouped at the head of the scene, without notice made of the point of their entrance. The present edition deletes these names, and provides them, in square

brackets, at the appropriate places later in the scenes. The Folio gives "Protheus" for "Proteus" and places the *dramatis personae* at the end of the text. Certain irregularities occur in place names, as though Shakespeare had changed his mind or become confused about principal locations; thus in II.v Padua rather than Milan is identified as the place of action by Speed, and in III.i the Duke of Milan speaks of a lady "in Verona here." In the present edition, speech prefixes have been regularized, spelling and punctuation have been modernized, and obvious typographical errors have been corrected. Added material (stage directions, and so on) is set in brackets. Act and scene divisions are those of the Folio, translated from Latin into English. The relatively few emendations of the Folio text are indicated below: the present reading is given in bold-face, followed by the Folio reading in roman.

I.i.65 **leave** loue 78 a **sheep** Sheepe 145-46 **testerned** cestern'd
 I.ii.88 **your** you
 I.iii.91 **Exeunt** Exeunt. Finis
 II.iii.27 **wood** would
 II.iv.50 **father's in** father is in 108 **mistress** a Mistresse 166
makes make 196 **Is . . . eye** It is mine 214 **Exit** Exeunt
 II.v.37 **that my** that that my
 III.i.281 **master's ship** Mastership 318 **kissed** fasting fasting
 378 s.d. **Exit** Exeunt
 IV.i.10 **he's** he is 35 **miserable** often miserable 50 **An** And;
 near Neece
 IV.ii.113 **his** her
 IV.iii.18 **abhors** abhor'd
 IV.iv.70 **thou** thee 74 **to leave** not leaue 205 **Exit** Exeunt
 V.ii.18 **your peace** you peace 32 **Sir Eglamour** Eglamoure
 56 **Exit** Exeunt



THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

The Names of All the Actors

DUKE [OF MILAN] *father to Silvia*
VALENTINE } *the two gentlemen*
PROTEUS }
ANTONIO *father to Proteus*
THURIO *a foolish rival to Valentine*
EGLAMOUR *agent for Silvia in her escape*
HOST *where Julia lodges*
OUTLAWS *with Valentine*

SPEED *a clownish servant to Valentine*
LAUNCE *the like to Proteus*
PANTHINO *servant to Antonio*
JULIA *beloved of Proteus*
SILVIA *beloved of Valentine*
LUCETTA *waiting-woman to Julia*
[SERVANTS MUSICIANS]

[Scene: Verona; Milan; a forest]

A C T I

Scene I. [Verona. An open place.]

[Enter] VALENTINE [and] PROTEUS.

VALENTINE

Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honored love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

PROTEUS

Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus when thou haply° see'st
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap;° and in thy danger, 15
If ever danger do environ thee,

The decorative border above appeared on the first page of The Two Gentlemen of Verona in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.

I.i.12 haply by chance 15 hap luck

Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman,° Valentine.

VALENTINE

And on a love-book° pray for my success?

PROTEUS

Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee. 20

VALENTINE

That's on some shallow story of deep love:
How young Leander° crossed the Hellespont.

PROTEUS

That's a deep story of a deeper love,
For he was more than over shoes in love. 5

VALENTINE

'Tis true, for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swum the Hellespont. 25

PROTEUS

Over the boots? Nay, give me not the boots.° 10

VALENTINE

No, I will not, for it boots° thee not.

PROTEUS

What?

VALENTINE

To be in love—where scorn is bought with groans,

18 beadsman one who contracts to pray in behalf of another
19 love-book instead of a prayer book 22 Leander legendary
Greek youth who nightly swam the Hellespont to visit his
beloved Hero and, one night, was drowned 27 give . . .
boots don't jest with me 28 boots benefits (with pun on
preceding line)

Coy looks with heartsore sighs, one fading moment's
mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights;
If haply won, perhaps a hapless° gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labor won;
However,° but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquishèd.

PROTEUS

So, by your circumstance,° you call me fool.

VALENTINE

So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

PROTEUS

'Tis Love you cavil at. I am not Love.

VALENTINE

Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yokèd by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled° for wise.

PROTEUS

Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker° dwells, so eating Love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

VALENTINE

And writers say, as the most forward° bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,°
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly, blasting° in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,°
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! My father at the road°
Expects my coming, there to see me shipped.

PROTEUS

And thither will I bring° thee, Valentine.

VALENTINE

Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success° in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend,
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

PROTEUS

All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

VALENTINE

As much to you at home! And so, farewell. *Exit.*

PROTEUS

He after honor hunts, I after love.
He leaves his friends to dignify them more,
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphized me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought,
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

[Enter SPEED.]

SPEED Sir Proteus, save you!° Saw you my master? 70

PROTEUS But now he parted hence, to embark for
Milan.

32 hapless luckless 34 However in either case 36 by your
circumstance by your argument (in the next line the same
phrase means "in your condition [of love]") 41 chronicled
written down 43 canker cankerworm 45 most forward
earliest 46 blow bloom 48 blasting withering 49 prime
spring 53 road harbor 55 bring accompany 58 success
fortune (good or bad) 70 save you a greeting

SPEED

30 Twenty to one, then, he is shipped already,
And I have played the sheep° in losing him.

PROTEUS

Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray, 75
And if° the shepherd be awhile away.

35 SPEED You conclude that my master is a shepherd,
then, and I a sheep?

PROTEUS I do.

SPEED Why then, my horns are his horns,° whether I 80
wake or sleep.

PROTEUS A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

SPEED This proves me still a sheep.

PROTEUS True, and thy master a shepherd.

SPEED Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.° 85

40 PROTEUS It shall go hard but I'll prove it by
another.

SPEED The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the
sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my
master seeks not me. Therefore I am no sheep.

PROTEUS The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; 90
the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for
wages followest thy master, thy master for wages
follows not thee. Therefore thou art a sheep.

SPEED Such another proof will make me cry "baa."

PROTEUS But, dost thou hear? Gav'st thou my letter 95
to Julia?

50 SPEED Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to
her, a laced mutton,° and she, a laced mutton, gave
me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labor.

PROTEUS Here's too small a pasture for such store of 100
muttons.

SPEED If the ground be overcharged,° you were best
stick° her. 55

PROTEUS Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best
pound° you. 105

SPEED Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for
carrying your letter.

PROTEUS You mistake. I mean the pound—a pinfold.

60 SPEED
From a pound to a pin? Fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your
lover. 110

PROTEUS But what said she?

SPEED [Nodding.] Ay.

PROTEUS Nod—ay. Why, that's noddy.°

SPEED You mistook, sir. I say she did nod; and you
ask me if she did nod, and I say, "Ay." 115

PROTEUS And that set together is noddy.

SPEED Now you have taken the pains to set it together,
take it for your pains.

PROTEUS No, no. You shall have it for bearing the
letter. 120

SPEED Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with
you.

PROTEUS Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

74 sheep pun on ship 76 And if if 80 my . . . his horns my
(sheep's) horns belong to him (making him a cuckold) 85
circumstance logical proof 97–98 lost mutton . . . laced
mutton lost sheep . . . laced courtesan (probably lost and laced
were similarly pronounced) 102 overcharged overgrazed
103 stick stab (slaughter) 105 pound impound (with pun)
113 noddy fool

SPEED Marry,^o sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word "noddy" for my pains. 125

PROTEUS Beshrew^o me, but you have a quick wit.

SPEED And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

PROTEUS Come, come, open the matter in brief. What said she?

SPEED Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered. 130

PROTEUS Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

SPEED Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

PROTEUS Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her? 135

SPEED Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter. And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones;^o for she's as hard as steel. 140

PROTEUS What said she? Nothing?

SPEED No, not so much as "Take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testified me;^o in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I'll commend you to my master. 145

PROTEUS

Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack, Which cannot perish, having thee aboard, 150 Being destined to a drier death on shore.^o

[Exit SPEED.]

I must go send some better messenger;
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.^o Exit.

Scene II. [Verona. Julia's house.]

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

JULIA
But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?

LUCETTA
Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

JULIA
Of all the fair resort of gentlemen^o
That every day with parle^o encounter me, 5
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

LUCETTA
Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

JULIA
What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

LUCETTA
As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine; 10
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

124 Marry a casual oath (from "By the Virgin Mary") 126 Beshrew curse (used casually) 141 stones in addition to punning on its meanings of "jewels" and "worthless gifts," Speed may be punning on another meaning, "testicles" 145-46 testerned me given me a testern (sixpence) 151 Being . . . shore being destined to hang 154 post messenger I.ii.4 resort of gentlemen crowd of suitors 5 parle parley

JULIA
What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

LUCETTA
Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.

JULIA
What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

LUCETTA
Lord, Lord! To see what folly reigns in us! 15

JULIA
How now! What means this passion^o at his name?

LUCETTA
Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing^o shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure^o thus on lovely gentlemen.

JULIA
Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest? 20

LUCETTA
Then thus: of many good I think him best.

JULIA
Your reason?

LUCETTA
I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so because I think him so.

JULIA
And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him? 25

LUCETTA
Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

JULIA
Why, he, of all the rest, hath never moved^o me.

LUCETTA
Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

JULIA
His little speaking shows his love but small.

LUCETTA
Fire that's closest kept burns most of all. 30

JULIA
They do not love that do not show their love.

LUCETTA
O, they love least that let men know their love.

JULIA
I would I knew his mind.

LUCETTA
Peruse this paper, madam.

JULIA
"To Julia."—Say, from whom? 35

LUCETTA
That the contents will show.

JULIA
Say, say, who gave it thee?

LUCETTA
Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it. Pardon the fault, I pray. 40

JULIA
Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!^o
Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place. 45
There, take the paper; see it be returned,
Or else return no more into my sight.

16 passion emotion 17 passing surpassing 19 censure pass judgment 27 moved proposed to 41 broker go-between

LUCETTA

To plead for love deserves more fee than hate,

JULIA

Will ye be gone?

LUCETTA

That you may ruminate. *Exit.*

JULIA

And yet I would I had o'erlooked^o the letter. 50

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to^o a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view!

Since maids, in modesty, say "no" to that 55

Which they would have the profferer construe "ay."

Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy^o babe, will scratch the nurse,And presently,^o all humbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence, 60

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!

My penance is to call Lucetta back

And ask remission for my folly past. 65

What, ho! Lucetta!

Enter LUCETTA.

JUCETTA

What would your ladyship?

LULIA

Is't near dinnertime?

LUCETTA

I would it were;

That you might kill your stomach^o on your meat,And not upon your maid.^o

JULIA

What is't that you took up so gingerly? 70

LUCETTA

Nothing.

JULIA

Why didst thou stoop, then?

LUCETTA

To take a paper up that I let fall.

JULIA

And is that paper nothing?

LUCETTA

Nothing concerning me. 75

JULIA

Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

LUCETTA

Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,^o

Unless it have a false interpreter.

JULIA

Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

LUCETTA

That I might sing it, madam, to a tune. 80

Give me a note: your ladyship can set.^o

JULIA

As little by such toys^o as may be possible.Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."^o

LUCETTA

It is too heavy for so light a tune.

JULIA

Heavy! Belike it hath some burden,^o then? 85

LUCETTA

Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.

JULIA

And why not you?

LUCETTA

I cannot reach so high.

JULIA

Let's see your song. [*Takes the letter.*] How now, 90

LUCETTA

Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:

And yet methinks I do not like this tune. 90

JULIA

You do not?

LUCETTA

No, madam; 'tis too sharp.

JULIA

You, minion, are too saucy.

LUCETTA

Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant.^oThere wanteth but a mean^o to fill your song. 95

JULIA

The mean is drowned with your unruly bass.

LUCETTA

Indeed, I bid the base^o for Proteus.

JULIA

This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation!^o[*Tears the letter.*]

JULIA

Go get you gone, and let the papers lie; 100

You would be fing'ring them, to anger me.

LUCETTA

She makes it strange;^o but she would be best pleasedTo be so ang'red with another letter. [*Exit.*]

JULIA

Nay, would I were so ang'red with the same!

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words! 105

Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!

I'll kiss each several^o paper for amends.

Look, here is writ "kind Julia." Unkind Julia!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude, 110

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ "love-wounded Proteus."

Poor wounded name! My bosom, as a bed, 115

Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly^o healed;And thus I search^o it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice or thrice was "Proteus" written down.

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away

Till I have found each letter in the letter,

Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear 120

50 o'erlooked perused 52 pray her to apologize to her for
 58 testy irritable 59 presently immediately 68 kill your
 stomach (1) allay your vexation (2) appease your hunger
 68-69 meat . . . maid pun on mate 77 lie . . . concerns
 express its content falsely (with quibble on preceding line)
 81 set set to music 82 toys trifles 83 Light o' love a
 contemporary popular ditty

85 burden bass refrain (with pun) 94 descant improvised
 harmony 95 wanteth . . . mean lacks a tenor part (Proteus?)
 97 bid the base in the game of prisoner's base, a challenge to
 a test of speed (with pun) 99 coil with protestation much
 ado made up of lover's protestations 102 makes it strange
 pretends that it is nothing to her 108 several separate 115
 throughly thoroughly 116 search probe (as in cleaning a
 wound)

Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,
 And throw it thence into the raging sea!
 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
 "Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
 To the sweet Julia." That I'll tear away.—
 And yet I will not, sith° so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining names.
 Thus will I fold them one upon another.
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

[Enter LUCETTA.]

LUCETTA
 Madam,
 Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

JULIA
 Well, let us go.

LUCETTA
 What, shall these papers lie like telltales here?

JULIA
 If you respect them, best to take them up.

LUCETTA
 Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;
 Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

JULIA
 I see you have a month's mind° to them.

LUCETTA
 Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
 I see things too, although you judge I wink.°

JULIA
 Come, come; will't please you go?

Exeunt. 140

Scene III. [Verona. Antonio's house.]

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

ANTONIO
 Tell me, Panthino, what sad° talk was that
 Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

PANTHINO
 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

ANTONIO
 Why, what of him?

PANTHINO He wond' red that your lordship
 Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
 While other men, of slender reputation,°
 Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
 Some to the wars, to try their fortune there,
 Some to discover islands far away,
 Some to the studious universities.
 For any, or for all these exercises,
 He said that Proteus your son was meet,°
 And did request me to importune you
 To let him spend his time no more at home,
 Which would be great impeachment° to his age,
 In having known no travel in his youth.

ANTONIO
 Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
 Whereon this month I have been hammering.°

I have considered well his loss of time,
 And how he cannot be a perfect man,
 Not being tried and tutored in the world.
 Experience is by industry achieved,
 And perfected° by the swift course of time.
 Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

PANTHINO
 I think your lordship is not ignorant
 How his companion, youthful Valentine,
 Attends the emperor° in his royal court.

ANTONIO
 I know it well.

130 PANTHINO
 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither.
 There shall he practice tilts and tournaments,
 Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
 And be in eye of° every exercise
 Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

ANTONIO
 I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised.
 And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
 The execution of it shall make known.
 Even with the speediest expedition°
 I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

PANTHINO
 Tomorrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
 With other gentlemen of good esteem,
 Are journeying to salute the emperor,
 And to commend their service to his will.

ANTONIO
 Good company; with them shall Proteus go.
 And—in good time! Now will we break with° him.

[Enter PROTEUS.]

PROTEUS
 Sweet love! Sweet lines! Sweet life!
 Here is her hand, the agent of her heart.
 Here is her oath for love, her honor's pawn.°
 O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
 To seal our happiness with their consents!
 O heavenly Julia!

ANTONIO
 How now! What letter are you reading there?

PROTEUS
 May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
 Of commendations° sent from Valentine,
 Delivered by a friend that came from him.

ANTONIO
 Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

PROTEUS
 There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
 How happily he lives, how well beloved
 And daily gracèd by the emperor,
 Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

ANTONIO
 And how stand you affected to his wish?

PROTEUS
 As one relying on your lordship's will,
 And not depending on his friendly wish.

126 sith since 137 month's mind lasting desire 139 wink
 have my eyes shut, see nothing
 I.iii.1 sad serious 6 slender reputation unimportant place
 12 meet fitted 15 impeachment detriment 18 hammering
 pondering

23 perfected accented on first syllable 27 emperor Duke (of
 Milan) 32 be . . . of have sight of 37 expedition haste
 44 break with break the news to 47 pawn pledge 53
 commendations greetings

ANTONIO

My will is something sorted^o with his wish.
 Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,
 For what I will, I will, and there an end.
 I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
 With Valentinus in the emperor's court.
 What maintenance he from his friends receives,
 Like exhibition^o thou shalt have from me.
 Tomorrow be in readiness to go.
 Excuse it not,^o for I am peremptory.^o

PROTEUS

My lord, I cannot be so soon provided.
 Please you, deliberate a day or two.

ANTONIO

Look what^o thou want'st shall be sent after thee.
 No more of stay! Tomorrow thou must go.
 Come on, Panthino; you shall be employed
 To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO and PANTHINO.]

PROTEUS

Thus have I shunned the fire for fear of burning,
 And drenched me in the sea, where I am drowned.
 I feared to show my father Julia's letter,
 Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
 And with the vantage of mine own excuse
 Hath he excepted most against my love.^o
 O, how this spring of love resembleth
 The uncertain glory of an April day,
 Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
 And by and by a cloud takes all away!

[*Enter* PANTHINO.]

PANTHINO

Sir Proteus, your father calls for you.
 He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

PROTEUS

Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
 And yet a thousand times it answers "no." *Exeunt.*

A C T I I

Scene I. [*Milan. The duke's palace.*][*Enter* VALENTINE [*and*] SPEED.]

SPEED Sir, your glove.

VALENTINE Not mine; my gloves are on.

SPEED Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.^o

VALENTINE

Ha, let me see. Ay, give it me, it's mine.
 Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
 Ah, Silvia, Silvia!

SPEED Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

VALENTINE How now, sirrah?^o

SPEED She is not within hearing, sir.

VALENTINE Why, sir, who bade you call her?

65 SPEED Your worship, sir, or else I mistook.

VALENTINE Well, you'll still^o be too forward.

SPEED And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

VALENTINE Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know Madam Silvia? 15

70 SPEED She that your worship loves?

VALENTINE Why, how know you that I am in love?

SPEED Marry, by these special marks: first, you have
 learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like 20
 a malcontent; to relish a love song, like a robin red-
 breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence;
 to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A B C; to
 weep, like a young wench that had buried her gran-
 dam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch,^o like 25
 one that fears robbing; to speak puling,^o like a beggar
 at Hallowmas.^o You were wont, when you laughed,
 to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like
 one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after
 dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of 30
 money. And now you are metamorphized with a
 mistress, that,^o when I look on you, I can hardly think
 you my master.

VALENTINE Are all these things perceived in me?

SPEED They are all perceived without ye.^o 35

85 VALENTINE Without me? They cannot.

SPEED Without you? Nay, that's certain, for, without^o
 you were so simple, none else would. But you are
 so without these follies, that these follies are within
 you, and shine through you like the water in an 40
 urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician
 to comment on your malady.

VALENTINE But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

90 SPEED She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper? 45

VALENTINE Hast thou observed that? Even she, I mean.

SPEED Why, sir, I know her not.

VALENTINE Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not? 50

SPEED Is she not hard-favored,^o sir?

VALENTINE Not so fair, boy, as well-favored.

SPEED Sir, I know that well enough.

VALENTINE What dost thou know?

SPEED That she is not so fair as, of you, well favored. 55

VALENTINE I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favor^o infinite.SPEED That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.^o

VALENTINE How painted? And how out of count? 60

SPEED Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of^o her beauty.

VALENTINE How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

63 something sorted somewhat in accord 69 exhibition allowance 71 Excuse it not offer no excuses; peremptory determined 74 Look what whatever 82-83 with . . . love he took advantage of my own device (the pretended letter from Valentine) to strike the heaviest blow to my affair of love (with Julia)

II.i.2-4 on . . . one a pun in Elizabethan speech

9 sirrah common form of address to inferiors 13 still always 25 watchlie awake 26 puling whiningly 27 at Hallowmas on All Saints' Day (when beggars vied for special treats) 32 that so that 35 without ye by external signs (here begins a series of quibbles) 37 without unless 51 hard-favored homely 57 favor charm, graciousness 59 out . . . count beyond counting 62 counts of takes account of

SPEED You never saw her since she was deformed.^o 65
 VALENTINE How long hath she been deformed?
 SPEED Ever since you loved her.
 VALENTINE I have loved her ever since I saw her;
 and still I see her beautiful.
 SPEED If you love her, you cannot see her. 70
 VALENTINE Why?
 SPEED Because love is blind. O, that you had mine
 eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont
 to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going
 ungartered!^o 75
 VALENTINE What should I see then?
 SPEED Your own present folly, and her passing^o
 deformity. For he, being in love, could not see to
 garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see
 to put on your hose. 80
 VALENTINE Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for
 last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.
 SPEED True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank
 you, you swung^o me for my love which makes me
 the bolder to chide you for yours. 85
 VALENTINE In conclusion, I stand affected to her.
 SPEED I would you were set,^o so your affection would
 cease.
 VALENTINE Last night she enjoined me to write
 some lines to one she loves. 90
 SPEED And have you?
 VALENTINE I have.
 SPEED Are they not lamely writ?
 VALENTINE No, boy, but as well as I can do them.
 Peace! Here she comes. 95
 SPEED [*Aside.*] O excellent motion! O exceeding
 puppet! Now will he interpret^o to her.
 [*Enter SILVIA.*]

VALENTINE Madam and mistress, a thousand good
 morrows.
 SPEED [*Aside.*] O, give ye good ev'n! Here's a million 100
 of manners.
 SILVIA Sir Valentine and servant,^o to you two
 thousand.
 SPEED [*Aside.*] He should give her interest, and she
 gives it him. 105
 VALENTINE
 As you enjoined me, I have writ your letter
 Unto the secret nameless friend of yours,
 Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
 But for my duty to your ladyship.
 SILVIA
 I thank you, gentle servant; 'tis very clerkly^o done. 110
 VALENTINE
 Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
 For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
 I writ at random, very doubtfully.

SILVIA
 Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

65 **deformed** distorted by your lover's view 74-75 **going ungartered** a sure sign that one is in love (see *As You Like It*, III.ii.376) 77 **passing** surpassing, extreme 84 **swung** beat 87 **set** seated (quibble on *stand*) 96-97 **motion . . . puppet . . . interpret** the puppeteer's voice "interprets" for the figures in the puppet play, or "motion" 102 **servant** gallant lover (alludes not to Speed but to Valentine) 110 **clerkly** scholarly

VALENTINE
 No, madam; so it stead^o you, I will write, 115
 Please you command, a thousand times as much.
 And yet—
 SILVIA
 A pretty period!^o Well, I guess the sequel;
 And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not;
 And yet take this again; and yet I thank you, 120
 Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
 SPEED [*Aside.*]
 And yet you will; and yet another "yet."
 VALENTINE
 What means your ladyship? Do you not like it?
 SILVIA
 Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly^o writ;
 But since unwillingly, take them again. 125
 Nay, take them.
 VALENTINE Madam, they are for you.
 SILVIA
 Ay, ay. You writ them, sir, at my request;
 But I will none of them; they are for you;
 I would have had them writ more movingly.
 VALENTINE
 Please you, I'll write your ladyship another. 130
 SILVIA
 And when it's writ, for my sake read it over,
 And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.
 VALENTINE
 If it please me, madam, what then?
 SILVIA
 Why, if it please you, take it for your labor;
 And so, good morrow, servant. *Exit SILVIA.* 135
 SPEED
 O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
 As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a
 steeple!
 My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
 He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
 O excellent device! Was there ever heard a better, 140
 That my master, being scribe, to himself should write
 the letter?
 VALENTINE
 How now, sir? What are you reasoning with yourself?
 SPEED Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have the
 reason.
 VALENTINE To do what? 145
 SPEED To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.
 VALENTINE To whom?
 SPEED To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure.^o
 VALENTINE What figure?
 SPEED By a letter, I should say. 150
 VALENTINE Why, she hath not writ to me?
 SPEED What need she, when she hath made you write
 to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?
 VALENTINE No, believe me.
 SPEED No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you 155
 perceive her earnest?^o
 VALENTINE She gave me none, except an angry word.
 SPEED Why, she hath given you a letter.

115 **stead** be useful to 118 **period** full stop 124 **quaintly** ingeniously 148 **by a figure** by indirect means 156 **earnest** (1) seriousness (2) token payment

VALENTINE That's the letter I writ to her friend.

SPEED And that letter hath she delivered, and there 160
an end.

VALENTINE I would it were no worse.

SPEED I'll warrant you, 'tis as well;

For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply; 165
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind
discover,^o

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her
lover.

All this I speak in print,^o for in print I found it.

Why muse you, sir? 'Tis dinnertime.

VALENTINE I have dined. 170

SPEED Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon
love can feed on the air,^o I am one that am nourished
by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not
like your mistress; be moved, be moved. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. [*Verona. Julia's house.*]

Enter PROTEUS [*and*] JULIA.

PROTEUS

Have patience, gentle Julia.

JULIA

I must, where is no remedy.

PROTEUS

When possibly I can, I will return.

JULIA

If you turn^o not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake. 5

[*Giving a ring.*]

PROTEUS

Why, then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

JULIA

And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

PROTEUS

Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, 10
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!

My father stays^o my coming; answer not;

The tide is now—nay, not thy tide of tears;

That tide will stay me longer than I should. 15
Julia, farewell! [*Exit* JULIA.] What, gone without a
word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

[*Enter* PANTHINO.]

PANTHINO

Sir Proteus, you are stayed for.

PROTEUS

Go; I come, I come. 20

Alas! This parting strikes poor lovers dumb. *Exeunt.*

166 **discover** reveal 168 **speak in print** quote 171–72
chameleon . . . **air** the chameleon was thought to eat nothing
but air (see also II.iv.25–28 and *Hamlet*, III.ii.93)

II.ii.4 **turn** change your affection (perhaps with the additional
meaning of “engage in sexual acts”) 13 **stays** waits for

Scene III. [*Verona. A street.*]

Enter LAUNCE [*leading a dog*].

LAUNCE Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weep-
ing; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault.
I have received my proportion,^o like the prodigious^o
son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the imperial's
court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog 5
that lives. My mother weeping, my father wailing,
my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing
her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity,
yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear.
He is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more 10
pity in him than a dog. A Jew would have wept to
have seen our parting. Why, my grandam, having no
eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay,
I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father;
no, this left shoe is my father. No, no, this left shoe is 15
my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither. Yes, it is
so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the
hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance
on't! There 'tis. Now, sir, this staff is my sister, for,
look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a 20
wand. This hat is Nan, our maid. I am the dog. No,
the dog is himself, and I am the dog. Oh! The dog is
me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my
father: Father, your blessing. Now should not the
shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my 25
father: well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother.
Oh, that she could speak now like a wood woman!^o
Well, I kiss her; why, there 'tis. Here's my mother's
breath up and down.^o Now come I to my sister; mark
the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds 30
not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the
dust with my tears.

[*Enter* PANTHINO.]

PANTHINO Launce, away, away, aboard! Thy master
is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's
the matter? Why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass! 35
You'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

LAUNCE It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is
the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

PANTHINO What's the unkindest tide?

LAUNCE Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my dog. 40

PANTHINO Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood,^o
and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in
losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing thy
master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy service—
Why dost thou stop my mouth? 45

LAUNCE For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

PANTHINO Where should I lose my tongue?

LAUNCE In thy tale.

PANTHINO In thy tail!

LAUNCE Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, 50
and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river
were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind
were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

II.iii.3 **proportion** Launce's blunder for *portion*; **prodigious**
blunder for *prodigal* 27 **Oh** . . . **woman** Launce laments that
his (wooden) shoe is not really his mother, madly distressed
(wood) as she was at parting 29 **up and down** identically
41 **flood** full tide

PANTHINO Come, come away, man; I was sent to
call thee. 55
LAUNCE Sir, call me what thou dar'st.
PANTHINO Wilt thou go?
LAUNCE Well, I will go. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV. [*Milan. The duke's palace.*]

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, [and] SPEED.

SILVIA Servant!
VALENTINE Mistress?
SPEED Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.
VALENTINE Ay, boy, it's for love.
SPEED Not of you. 5
VALENTINE Of my mistress, then.
SPEED 'Twere good you knocked him. [*Exit.*]
SILVIA Servant, you are sad.
VALENTINE Indeed, madam, I seem so.
THURIO Seem you that you are not? 10
VALENTINE Haply I do.
THURIO So do counterfeits.
VALENTINE So do you.
THURIO What seem I that I am not?
VALENTINE Wise. 15
THURIO What instance of the contrary?
VALENTINE Your folly.
THURIO And how quote° you my folly?
VALENTINE I quote it in your jerkin.
THURIO My jerkin is a doublet.° 20
VALENTINE Well, then, I'll double your folly.
THURIO How?
SILVIA What, angry, Sir Thurio! Do you change
color?
VALENTINE Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of 25
chameleon.
THURIO That hath more mind to feed on your blood
than live in your air.
VALENTINE You have said, sir.
THURIO Ay, sir, and done too, for this time. 30
VALENTINE I know it well, sir; you always end ere
you begin.
SILVIA A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and
quickly shot off.
VALENTINE 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver. 35
SILVIA Who is that, servant?
VALENTINE Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the
fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's
looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your
company. 40
THURIO Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I
shall make your wit bankrupt.
VALENTINE I know it well, sir. You have an exchequer
of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your
followers, for it appears by their bare° liveries that 45
they live by your bare words.
SILVIA No more, gentlemen, no more—here comes
my father.

[*Enter DUKE.*]

DUKE
Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health. 50
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?
VALENTINE My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger° from thence.
DUKE
Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?
VALENTINE
Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman 55
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.
DUKE
Hath he not a son?
VALENTINE
Ay, my good lord, a son that well deserves 60
The honor and regard of such a father.
DUKE
You know him well?
VALENTINE 10
I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed and spent our hours together;
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time 65
To clothe mine age with angellike perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe. 70
And, in a word, for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow,
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
DUKE
Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good, 75
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet° to be an emperor's counselor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates,
And here he means to spend his time awhile. 80
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
VALENTINE
Should I have wished a thing, it had been he.
DUKE
Welcome him, then, according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio;
For Valentine, I need not cite° him to it. 85
I will send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*]
VALENTINE
This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes locked in her crystal looks.
SILVIA
Belike that now she hath enfranchised them, 90
Upon some other pawn for fealty.°
VALENTINE
Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.
SILVIA
Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

II.iv.18 quote observe (pronounced "coat") 20 doublet
close-fitting jacket 45 bare threadbare

53 happy messenger bringer of good news 77 meet fitted
85 cite incite, urge 91 pawn for fealty pledge for loyalty

VALENTINE

Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes. 95

THURIO

They say that love hath not an eye at all.

VALENTINE

To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself.

Upon a homely object love can wink.

[Exit THURIO.]

SILVIA

Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

[Enter PROTEUS.]

VALENTINE

Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you, 100
Confirm his welcome with some special favor.

SILVIA

His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wished to hear from.

VALENTINE

Mistress, it is. Sweet lady, entertain° him 105
To be my fellow servant to your ladyship.

SILVIA

Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

PROTEUS

Not so, sweet lady, but too mean° a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

VALENTINE

Leave off discourse of disability.°
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant. 110

PROTEUS

My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

SILVIA

And duty never yet did want his meed.°
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

PROTEUS

I'll die on° him that says so but yourself.

SILVIA

That you are welcome?

PROTEUS

That you are worthless. 115

[Enter THURIO.]

THURIO

Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

SILVIA

I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome.
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs.

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

PROTEUS

We'll both attend upon your ladyship. 120
[Exeunt SILVIA and THURIO.]

VALENTINE

Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

PROTEUS

Your friends are well, and have them much com-
mended.°

VALENTINE

And how do yours?

PROTEUS

I left them all in health.

VALENTINE

How does your lady? And how thrives your love? 125

PROTEUS

My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love discourse.

VALENTINE

Ay, Proteus, but that life is altered now.
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punished me 130
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heartsore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of Love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow. 135
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as° I confess
There is no woe to° his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love; 140
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep
Upon the very naked name of love.

PROTEUS

Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

VALENTINE

Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint? 145

PROTEUS

No; but she is an earthly paragon.

VALENTINE

Call her divine.

PROTEUS

I will not flatter her.

VALENTINE

O, flatter me, for love delights in praises.

PROTEUS

When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you. 150

VALENTINE

Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

PROTEUS

Except my mistress.

VALENTINE

Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against° my love. 155

PROTEUS

Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

VALENTINE

And I will help thee to prefer° her too.
She shall be dignified with this high honor—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss, 160
And, of so great a favor growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flow'r,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

PROTEUS

Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

VALENTINE

Pardon me, Proteus. All I can is nothing 165
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

104 entertain welcome 107 mean low, humble 109
Leave . . . disability Cease this modest talk 112 want his
meed lack its reward 114 die on fight to the death 123 have
. . . commended themselves to you

137 as that 138 to like unto 155 Except . . . against unless
you will take exception to 157 prefer advance

PROTEUS Then let her alone.

VALENTINE

Not for the world. Why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on^o thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

PROTEUS

But she loves you?

VALENTINE

Ay, and we are betrothed; nay, more, our marriage
hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of: how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

PROTEUS

Go on before; I shall inquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessities that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.

VALENTINE

Will you make haste?

PROTEUS

I will. *Exit [VALENTINE].*

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentine's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless^o to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia, that I love—
That I did love, for now my love is thawed,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady too too much!
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,^o
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'Tis but her picture^o I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason^o but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass^o her I'll use my skill.

Exit.

Scene V. [*Milan. A street.*]

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE [meeting].

SPEED Launce! By mine honesty, welcome to Padua!¹⁰
LAUNCE Forswear^o not thyself, sweet youth; for I am
not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is
never undone till he be hanged, nor never welcome
to a place till some certain shot^o be paid, and the
hostess say, "Welcome!"⁵
SPEED Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with
you presently, where, for one shot of fivepence,
thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah,
how did thy master part with Madam Julia?¹⁰
LAUNCE Marry, after they closed in earnest,^o they
parted very fairly in jest.
SPEED But shall she marry him?
LAUNCE No.¹⁸⁰
SPEED How, then? Shall he marry her?¹⁵
LAUNCE No, neither.
SPEED What, are they broken?
LAUNCE No, they are both as whole as a fish.
SPEED Why, then, how stands the matter with them?¹⁸⁵
LAUNCE Marry, thus: when it stands well with him,²⁰
it stands well with her.
SPEED What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.
LAUNCE What a block art thou, that thou canst not!
My staff understands me.
SPEED What thou sayest?²⁵
LAUNCE Ay, and what I do too. Look thee, I'll but
lean, and my staff understands me.¹⁹⁰
SPEED It stands under thee, indeed.
LAUNCE Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.
SPEED But tell me true, will't be a match?³⁰
LAUNCE Ask my dog. If he say ay, it will; if he say
no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.
SPEED The conclusion is, then, that it will.¹⁹⁵
LAUNCE Thou shalt never get such a secret from me
but by a parable.³⁵
SPEED 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how
sayest thou,^o that my master is become a notable
lover?²⁰⁰
LAUNCE I never knew him otherwise.
SPEED Than how?⁴⁰
LAUNCE A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.
SPEED Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak'st me.
LAUNCE Why fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy
master.²⁰⁵
SPEED I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.⁴⁵
LAUNCE Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn
himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the
alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not
worth the name of a Christian.
SPEED Why?⁵⁰
LAUNCE Because thou hast not so much charity in
thee as to go to the ale with a Christian.^o Wilt thou
go?
SPEED At thy service. *Exeunt.*

172 on of 198 reasonless without justification 207 advice
careful thought 209 picture her visible being, outward
appearance 212 reason question 214 compass get,
achieve

II.v.1 Padua apparently Shakespeare forgot that his characters
are in Milan 2 Forswear perjure 5 shot alehouse bill
11 closed in earnest (1) formally agreed (2) embraced 35 by a
parable by indirect affirmation 36-37 how sayest thou what
do you think about this 52 go . . . Christian attend a
church-benefit festivity

Scene VI. [*Milan. The duke's palace.*]*Enter* PROTEUS *solus.*°

PROTEUS

To leave my Julia shall I be forsworn;
 To love fair Silvia shall I be forsworn;
 To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
 And ev'n that pow'r which gave me first my oath
 Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
 Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear.
 O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinned,
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
 At first I did adore a twinkling star,
 But now I worship a celestial sun.
 Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
 And he wants° wit that wants resolvèd will
 To learn° his wit t' exchange the bad for better.
 Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! To call her bad,
 Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferred
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
 But there I leave to love where I should love.
 Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose.
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
 If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
 For Valentine, myself, for Julia, Silvia.
 I to myself am dearer than a friend,
 For love is still most precious in itself;
 And Silvia—witness heaven, that made her fair!—
 Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiopie.
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery used to Valentine.
 This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber window,
 Myself in counsel, his competitor.°
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising and pretended° flight;
 Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter.
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross
 By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!° *Exit.*

Scene VII. [*Verona. Julia's house.*]*Enter* JULIA and LUCETTA.

JULIA

Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
 And, ev'n in kind love, I do conjure thee,
 Who art the table° wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly characterized and engraved,
 To lesson me, and tell me some good mean,

How, with my honor,° I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Proteus.

LUCETTA

Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

JULIA

A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
 Much less shall she that hath love's wings to fly—
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

LUCETTA

Better forbear till Proteus make return.

JULIA

O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?
 Pity the dearth that I have pinèd in
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the inly° touch of love,
 Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

LUCETTA

I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
 But qualify° the fire's extreme rage,
 Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

JULIA

The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
 The current that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth
 rage;
 But when his fair course is not hinderèd,
 He makes sweet music with th' enameled° stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
 And so by many winding nooks he strays,
 With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
 Then let me go, and hinder not my course.
 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
 And make a pastime of each weary step,
 Till the last step have brought me to my love;
 And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
 A blessèd soul doth in Elysium.

LUCETTA

But in what habit° will you go along?

JULIA

Not like a woman, for I would prevent
 The loose encounters of lascivious men.
 Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds°
 As may besem some well-reputed page.

LUCETTA

Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

JULIA

No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings
 With twenty odd-conceited° truelove knots.
 To be fantastic may become a youth
 Of greater time° than I shall show to be.

LUCETTA

What fàshion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

JULIA

That fits as well as, "Tell me, good my lord,"

II.vi.s.d. *solus* alone (Latin) 12 *wants* lacks 13 *learn* teach
 35 *competitor* accomplice 37 *pretended* intended 43 *drift*
 device

II.vii.3 *table* tablet

6 *with my honor* preserving my honor 18 *inly* inward
 22 *qualify* mitigate 28 *enameled* shiny 39 *habit* costume
 42 *weeds* garments 46 *odd-conceited* ingeniously devised
 48 *Of greater time* older

What compass° will you wear your farthingale?"°
 Why, ev'n what fashion thou best likes, Lucetta.

LUCETTA

You must needs have them with a codpiece,°
 madam.

JULIA

Out, out,° Lucetta! That will be ill-favored.

LUCETTA

A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
 Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

JULIA

Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
 What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
 But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
 For undertaking so unstaide° a journey?
 I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

LUCETTA

If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

JULIA

Nay, that I will not.

LUCETTA

Then never dream on infamy, but go.
 If Proteus like your journey when you come,
 No matter who's displeased when you are gone:
 I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.°

JULIA

That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.
 A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
 And instances of infinite° of love
 Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

LUCETTA

All these are servants to deceitful men.

JULIA

Base men, that use them to so base effect!
 But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth.
 His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
 His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
 His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

LUCETTA

Pray heav'n he prove so, when you come to him!

JULIA

Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
 To bear a hard opinion of his truth.
 Only deserve my love by loving him,
 And presently go with me to my chamber
 To take a note of what I stand in need of
 To furnish me upon my longing° journey.
 All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
 My goods, my lands, my reputation;
 Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
 Come, answer not, but to it presently!
 I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exeunt. 90

ACT III

Scene I. [*Milan. The duke's palace.*]

Enter DUKE, THURIO, [*and*] PROTEUS.

DUKE

Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
 We have some secrets to confer about.

[*Exit* THURIO.]

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

PROTEUS

My gracious lord, that which I would discover°
 The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
 But when I call to mind your gracious favors
 Done to me, undeserving as I am,
 My duty pricks me on to utter that
 Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
 Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
 This night intends to steal away your daughter.
 Myself am one made privy to the plot.
 I know you have determined to bestow her
 On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates,
 And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
 It would be much vexation to your age.
 Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
 To cross my friend in his intended drift
 Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
 A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
 Being unprevented, to your timeless° grave.

DUKE

Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
 Which to requite, command me while I live.
 This love of theirs myself have often seen,
 Haply when they have judged me fast asleep;
 And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
 Sir Valentine her company and my court.
 But, fearing lest my jealous° aim might err,
 And so, unworthily disgrace the man,
 A rashness that I ever yet have shunned,
 I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
 That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
 And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,°
 I nightly lodge her in an upper tow'r,
 The key whereof myself have ever kept;
 And thence she cannot be conveyed away.

PROTEUS

Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
 How he her chamber window will ascend,
 And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
 For which the youthful lover now is gone,
 And this way comes he with it presently,
 Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
 That my discovery be not aimed at;°
 For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
 Hath made me publisher of this pretense.°

DUKE

Upon mine honor, he shall never know
 That I had any light from thee of this.

51 **compass** circumference; **farthingale** hooped petticoat
 53 **codpiece** pocket or bag at front of men's breeches ("round
 hose," line 55), often fashionably exaggerated 54 **Out, out**
 fie, fie 60 **unstaide** unbecoming 67 **withal** with it 70
infinite infinity 85 **longing** occasioned by my longing

III.i.4 **discover** disclose 21 **timeless** untimely 28 **jealous**
 suspicious 34 **suggested** tempted, prompted 45 **aimed at**
 guessed 47 **pretense** intention

PROTEUS

Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [Exit.] 50

[Enter VALENTINE.]

DUKE

Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

VALENTINE

Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

DUKE

Be they of much import? 55

VALENTINE

The tenor of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.

DUKE

Nay then, no matter; stay with me awhile.
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

VALENTINE

I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honorable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

DUKE

No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,^o
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child
Nor fearing me as if I were her father.
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice,^o hath drawn^o my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherished by her childlike duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in.
Then let her beauty be her wedding dow'r,
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

VALENTINE

What would your grace have me to do in this? 80

DUKE

There is a lady in Verona here^o
Whom I affect; but she is nice^o and coy,
And nought esteems my agèd eloquence.
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor—
For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed—
How and which way I may bestow^o myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

VALENTINE

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind^o
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

DUKE

But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

68 peevish . . . froward obstinate . . . willful 73 advice
consideration; drawn withdrawn 81 in Verona here some
editors emend "in" to "of," but probably Shakespeare forgot
his characters are now in Milan 82 nice fastidious
87 bestow conduct 90 kind nature

VALENTINE

A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more. 95
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you.
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away!" 100
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. 105

DUKE

But she I mean is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

VALENTINE

Why, then, I would resort to her by night. 110

DUKE

Ay, but the doors be locked, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

65

VALENTINE

What lets^o but one may enter at her window?

DUKE

Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving^o that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life. 115

70

VALENTINE

Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tow'r,
So bold Leander would adventure it. 120

75

DUKE

Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,^o
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

VALENTINE

When would you use it? Pray, sir, tell me that.

DUKE

This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for everything that he can come by. 125

80

VALENTINE

By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

DUKE

But, hark thee; I will go to her alone.
How shall I best convey the ladder thither? 85

85

VALENTINE

It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length. 130

90

DUKE

A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

VALENTINE

Ay, my good lord.

DUKE

Then let me see thy cloak.
I'll get me one of such another length.

VALENTINE

Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

DUKE

How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak? 135

90

113 lets prevents 115 shelving steeply sloping 121 of blood
of noble blood

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.

[Opens Valentine's cloak.]

What letter is this same? What's here? "To Silvia"—
And here an engine° fit for my proceeding.
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

[Reads.]

"My thoughts do harbor with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying.
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blessed
them,

Because myself do want my servants' fortune.
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbor where their lord should be."
What's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee."
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon—for thou art Merops' son—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?°
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! Overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this more than for all the favors
Which all too much I have bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition°
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[Exit.]

VALENTINE

And why not death rather than living torment?
To die is to be banished from myself;
And Silvia is myself. Banished from her
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?—
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow° of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence, and I leave° to be,
If I be not by her fair influence°
Fostered, illumined, cherished, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:

138 **engine** contrivance (here, the ladder) 153–55 **Phaethon**
... **world** Phaethon's father, Phoebus—not Merops, who was
his mother's husband—let the youth drive the horses of the sun
across the sky, with dire results 164 **expedition** speed 177
shadow mere image 182 **leave** cease 183 **influence** like that
of the stars (see especially Sonnet 15)

Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

[Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.]

PROTEUS Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

LAUNCE Soho, soho!

PROTEUS What see'st thou?

LAUNCE Him we go to find. There's not a hair° on's
head but 'tis a Valentine.°

PROTEUS Valentine?

VALENTINE No.

PROTEUS Who then? His spirit?

VALENTINE Neither.

PROTEUS What then?

VALENTINE Nothing.

LAUNCE Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

PROTEUS Who wouldst thou strike?

LAUNCE Nothing.

PROTEUS Villain, forbear.

LAUNCE Why, sir, I'll strike nothing. I pray you—

PROTEUS Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a
word.

VALENTINE

My ears are stopped, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possessed them.

PROTEUS

Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

VALENTINE

Is Silvia dead?

PROTEUS

No, Valentine.

VALENTINE

No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.

Hath she forsworn me?

PROTEUS

No, Valentine.

VALENTINE

No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.

What is your news?

LAUNCE

Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

PROTEUS

That thou art banishèd—O, that's the news!—
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

VALENTINE

O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banishèd?

PROTEUS

Ay, ay, and she hath offered to the doom—
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tendered;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxèd pale for woe.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;

191 **hair** with pun on *hare*, prepared by preceding "Soho," a
hunting cry 192 **Valentine** with pun, as in lines 211–215 below

But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
 Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
 When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
 That to close prison he commanded her,
 With many bitter threats of bidding^o there.

VALENTINE

No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
 Have some malignant power upon my life.
 If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
 As ending anthem^o of my endless dolor.

PROTEUS

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
 And study help for that which thou lament'st.
 Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
 Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
 Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
 And manage it against despairing thoughts.
 Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
 Which, being writ to me, shall be delivered
 Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
 The time now serves not to expostulate.
 Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate,
 And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
 Of all that may concern thy love affairs.
 As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
 Regard thy danger, and along with me!

VALENTINE

I pray thee, Launce, and if^o thou see'st my boy,
 Bid him make haste, and meet me at the Northgate.

PROTEUS

Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

VALENTINE

O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*]

LAUNCE I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the
 wit to think my master is a kind of a knave. But
 that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not
 now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love; 265
 but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me,
 nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman; but what
 woman, I will not tell myself, and yet 'tis a milkmaid;
 yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips;^o yet 'tis a
 maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for 270
 wages. She hath more qualities than a water spaniel—
 which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a*
paper.] Here is the cate-log of her condition. "Imprimis:^o
 She can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do no
 more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; 275
 therefore is she better than a jade.^o "Item: She can
 milk"; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean
 hands.

Enter SPEED.

SPEED How now, Signior Launce! What news with
 your mastership?

LAUNCE With my master's ship? Why, it is at sea.

SPEED Well, your old vice still; mistake the word.
 What news, then, in your paper?

LAUNCE The black'st news that ever thou heard'st.

SPEED Why, man, how black? 285

235 LAUNCE Why, as black as ink.

SPEED Let me read them.

LAUNCE Fie on thee, jolthead!^o Thou canst not read.

SPEED Thou liest; I can.

LAUNCE I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee? 290

SPEED Marry, the son of my grandfather.

240 LAUNCE O illiterate loiterer! It was the son of thy
 grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.

SPEED Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

LAUNCE There; and Saint Nicholas^o be thy speed!^o 295

SPEED [*Reads.*] "Imprimis: She can milk."

LAUNCE Ay, that she can.

245 SPEED "Item: She brews good ale."

LAUNCE And thereof comes the proverb: "Blessing
 of your heart, you brew good ale." 300

SPEED "Item: She can sew."

LAUNCE That's as much as to say, "Can she so?"

250 SPEED "Item: She can knit."

LAUNCE What need a man care for a stock^o with a
 wench when she can knit him a stock? 305

SPEED "Item: She can wash and scour."

LAUNCE A special virtue; for then she need not be
 washed and scoured. 255

SPEED "Item: She can spin."

LAUNCE Then may I set the world on wheels,^o when 310
 she can spin for her living.

SPEED "Item: She hath many nameless virtues."

LAUNCE That's as much as to say, bastard virtues—
 that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore 315
 have no names.

SPEED "Here follow her vices."

LAUNCE Close at the heels of her virtues.

SPEED "Item: She is not to be kissed fasting, in
 respect of her breath."

LAUNCE Well, that fault may be mended with a 320
 breakfast. Read on.

SPEED "Item: She hath a sweet mouth."^o

LAUNCE That makes amends for her sour breath.

SPEED "Item: She doth talk in her sleep."

LAUNCE It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in 325
 her talk.

SPEED "Item: She is slow in words."

LAUNCE O villain, that set this down among her
 vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue.

I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief 330
 virtue.

SPEED "Item: She is proud."

LAUNCE Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and
 cannot be ta'en from her.

SPEED "Item: She hath no teeth." 335

LAUNCE I care not for that neither, because I love
 crusts.

SPEED "Item: She is curst."^o

280 LAUNCE Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

SPEED "Item: She will often praise her liquor." 340

LAUNCE If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will
 not, I will, for good things should be praised.

237 **biding** permanent incarceration 241 **ending anthem**
 funeral hymn 258 **and if** if 269 **gossips** godparents (for her
 own child) 273 **Imprimis** in the first place 276 **jade** nag

288 **jolthead** blockhead 295 **Saint Nicholas** patron saint of
 scholars (among others); **speed** aid 304 **stock** dowry (pun
 follows) 310 **set** . . . **wheels** take life easy 322 **hath** . . .
mouth likes sweets 338 **curst** shrewish

SPEED "Item: She is too liberal."

LAUNCE Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ
down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for 345
that I'll keep shut. Now, of another thing she may,
and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

SPEED "Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more
faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

LAUNCE Stop there: I'll have her. She was mine, and 350
not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse
that once more.

SPEED "Item: She hath more hair than wit"—

LAUNCE More hair than wit? It may be; I'll prove it.
The cover of the salt° hides the salt, and therefore 355
it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is
more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's
next?

SPEED "And more faults than hairs"—

LAUNCE That's monstrous. O, that that were out! 360

SPEED "And more wealth than faults."

LAUNCE Why, that word makes the faults gracious.
Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is
impossible—

SPEED What then? 365

LAUNCE Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master
stays for thee at the Northgate?

SPEED For me?

LAUNCE For thee! Ay, who art thou? He hath stayed
for a better man than thee. 370

SPEED And must I go to him?

LAUNCE Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed
so long that going° will scarce serve the turn.

SPEED Why didst not tell me sooner? Pox of° your
love letters! [Exit.] 375

LAUNCE Now will he be swung for reading my
letter—an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself
into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.
[Exit.]

Scene II. [Milan. The duke's palace.]

Enter DUKE [and] THURIO.

DUKE
Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banished from her sight.

THURIO
Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company, and railed at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her. 5

DUKE
This weak impress° of love is as a figure
Trenchèd in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. 10

[Enter PROTEUS.]

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

PROTEUS

Gone, my good lord.

DUKE

My daughter takes his going grievously.

PROTEUS

A little time, my lord, will kill that grief. 15

DUKE

So I believe, but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit° I hold of thee—
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

PROTEUS

Longer than I prove loyal to your grace, 20
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

DUKE

Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

PROTEUS

I do, my lord.

DUKE

And also, I think, thou art not ignorant 25
How she opposes her against my will.

PROTEUS

She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

DUKE

Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio? 30

PROTEUS

The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

DUKE

Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

PROTEUS

Ay, if his enemy deliver it; 35
Therefore it must with circumstance° be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

DUKE

Then you must undertake to slander him.

PROTEUS

And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do.
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman, 40
Especially against his very friend.

DUKE

Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,° 45
Being entreated to it by your friend.

PROTEUS

You have prevailed, my lord. If I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this weed her love from Valentine, 50
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

THURIO

Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom° it on me;

355 salt saltcellar 373 going merely walking 374 Pox of
plague (literally, syphilis) on
III.ii.6 impress impression (dent, groove)

17 conceit opinion 36 circumstance circumstantial detail
44 indifferent neutral in effect 53 bottom anchor, tie (as
a weaver's thread)

Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

55

DUKE

And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,^o
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper^o her by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.

PROTEUS

As much as I can do, I will effect.
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle^o her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composèd rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.^o

DUKE

Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

PROTEUS

Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again, and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity.^o
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.^o
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber window
With some sweet consort;^o to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump.^o The night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit^o her.

DUKE

This discipline^o shows thou hast been in love.

THURIO

And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort^o some gentlemen well skilled in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset^o to thy good advice.

DUKE

About it, gentlemen!

PROTEUS

We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

DUKE

Even now about it! I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

56 kind an affair of this nature 64 temper make pliant, shape
68 lime to tangle bird lime to ensnare (bird lime is a sticky
substance spread on branches to catch birds) 70 full-fraught
. . . vows loaded with vows to serve faithfully 76 discover
such integrity exhibit such devotion 77-80 Orpheus' . . .
sands cf. *Merchant of Venice*, V.i, for a simpler tribute to the
musician of Thrace 83 sweet consort company of musicians
84 deploring dump doleful ditty 86 inherit obtain 87
discipline instruction 91 sort sort out, select 93 give the
onset make a beginning

ACT IV

Scene I. [*A forest.*]

Enter certain OUTLAWS.

FIRST OUTLAW

Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.^o

SECOND OUTLAW

If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

[*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*]

THIRD OUTLAW

Stand, sir, and throw us that^o you have about ye.
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

SPEED

Sir, we are undone; these are the villains
That all the travelers do fear so much.

5

VALENTINE

My friends—

70

FIRST OUTLAW

That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

SECOND OUTLAW

Peace! We'll hear him.

THIRD OUTLAW

Ay, by my beard, will we, for he's a proper^o man. 10

75

VALENTINE

Then know that I have little wealth to lose.
A man I am crossed with adversity.
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish^o me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

15

80

SECOND OUTLAW

Whither travel you?

VALENTINE

To Verona.

FIRST OUTLAW

Whence came you?

VALENTINE

From Milan.

THIRD OUTLAW

Have you long sojourned there? 20

90

VALENTINE

Some sixteen months, and longer might have stayed
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

FIRST OUTLAW

What, were you banished thence?

VALENTINE

I was.

SECOND OUTLAW

For what offense? 25

95

VALENTINE

For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I killed a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage^o or base treachery.

FIRST OUTLAW

Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banished for so small a fault?

30

VALENTINE

I was, and held me glad of such a doom.^o

IV.i.1 passenger pedestrian 3 that that which 10 proper
handsome 14 disfurnish deprive 29 false vantage such
advantage as is gained by deceit 32 doom sentence

SECOND OUTLAW

Have you the tongues?°

VALENTINE

My youthful travel therein made me happy,°
Or else I often had been miserable.

THIRD OUTLAW

By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

FIRST OUTLAW

We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

SPEED Master, be one of them; it's an honorable kind
of thievery.

VALENTINE Peace, villain!

SECOND OUTLAW Tell us this: have you anything to
take to?°

VALENTINE Nothing but my fortune.

THIRD OUTLAW

Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungoverned youth
Thrust from the company of awful° men:
Myself was from Verona banishèd
For practicing° to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

SECOND OUTLAW

And I from Mantua, for a gentleman
Who, in my mood, I stabbed unto the heart.

FIRST OUTLAW

And I for suchlike petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want°—

SECOND OUTLAW

Indeed, because you are a banished man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.
Are you content to be our general,
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

THIRD OUTLAW

What say'st thou? Wilt thou be of our consort?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all.
We'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

FIRST OUTLAW

But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

SECOND OUTLAW

Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offered.

VALENTINE

I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly° women or poor passengers.

THIRD OUTLAW

No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us; we'll bring thee to our crews
And show thee all the treasure we have got,
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. *Exeunt.*

33 Have . . . tongues? Do you know foreign languages? 34
happy fortunate 42-43 anything to take to any trade to
take up 47 awful deeply respectful (but possibly a printer's
slip for *lawful*) 49 practicing plotting 59 in . . . want
much lack in our profession 73 silly defenseless

Scene II. [*Milan. Beneath Silvia's window.*]

Enter PROTEUS.

PROTEUS

Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the color° of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer.°
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved.
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniellike, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio; now must we to her window
And give some evening music to her ear.

[*Enter* THURIO and MUSICIANS.]

THURIO

How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?

PROTEUS

Ay, gentle Thurio, for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.°

THURIO

Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

PROTEUS

Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

THURIO Who? Silvia?

PROTEUS Ay, Silvia, for your sake.

THURIO

I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

[*Enter, at a distance, HOST, and JULIA in boy's clothes.*]

HOST

Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly.°
I pray you, why is it?

JULIA

Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

HOST Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you
where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman
that you asked for.

JULIA But shall I hear him speak?

HOST Ay, that you shall.

JULIA That will be music.

[*Music plays.*]

HOST Hark, hark!

JULIA Is he among these?

HOST Ay, but, peace! Let's hear 'em.

Song.

Who is Silvia, what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

IV.ii.3 color pretense 4 prefer advance 20 go walk upright
27 allycholly melancholy

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.

HOST How now! Are you sadder than you were
before? How do you, man? The music likes^o you 55
not.

JULIA You mistake; the musician likes me not.

HOST Why, my pretty youth?

JULIA He plays false, father.

HOST How? Out of tune on the strings? 60

JULIA Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my
very heartstrings.

HOST You have a quick ear.

JULIA Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a
slow^o heart. 65

HOST I perceive you delight not in music.

JULIA Not a whit, when it jars so.

HOST Hark, what fine change^o is in the music!

JULIA Ay, that change is the spite.

HOST You would have them always play but one 70
thing?

JULIA I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

HOST I tell you what Launce, his man, told me—he 75
loved her out of all nick.^o

JULIA Where is Launce?

HOST Gone to seek his dog, which tomorrow, by his
master's command, he must carry for a present to his
lady. 80

JULIA Peace! Stand aside. The company parts.

PROTEUS

Sir Thurio, fear not you. I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

THURIO

Where meet we?

PROTEUS At Saint Gregory's well.

THURIO

Farewell.

[*Exeunt* THURIO and MUSICIANS.]

[*Enter* SILVIA above.]

PROTEUS

Madam, good even to your ladyship. 85

SILVIA

I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?

PROTEUS

One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

SILVIA

Sir Proteus, as I take it. 90

PROTEUS

Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

SILVIA

What's your will?

PROTEUS

That I may compass yours.

SILVIA

You have your wish; my will is even this:
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,^o 95
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear, 100
I am so far from granting thy request
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

PROTEUS

I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead. 105

JULIA [*Aside.*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it,
For I am sure she is not buried.

SILVIA

Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives, to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betrothed. And art thou not ashamed 110
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

PROTEUS

I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

SILVIA

And so suppose am I, for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.

PROTEUS

Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth. 115

SILVIA

Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulcher thine.

JULIA [*Aside.*]

He heard not that.

PROTEUS

Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe^o me yet your picture for my love, 120
The picture that is hanging in your chamber.
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted,^o I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow^o will I make true love. 125

JULIA [*Aside.*]

If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

SILVIA

I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes, 130
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it.
And so, good rest.

PROTEUS

As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS and SILVIA severally.]

55 likes pleases 65 slow heavy 68 change modulation (in
the next line Julia puns, alluding to the change in Proteus'
affections) 76 out . . . nick beyond measure

96 conceitless witless 120 Vouchsafe grant 124 else
devoted vowed to someone else 125 shadow portrait

JULIA Host, will you go?

HOST By my halidom,^o I was fast asleep. 135

JULIA Pray you, where lies^o Sir Proteus?

HOST Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

JULIA
Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watched, and the most heaviest. [Exeunt.] 140

Scene III. [Milan. Beneath Silvia's window.]

Enter EGLAMOUR.

EGLAMOUR
This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind.
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.
Madam, madam!

[Enter SILVIA above.]

SILVIA
Who calls?

EGLAMOUR Your servant and your friend, 5
One that attends your ladyship's command.

SILVIA
Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

EGLAMOUR
As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,^o
I am thus early come to know what service 10
It is your pleasure to command me in.

SILVIA
O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not—
Valiant, wise, remorseful,^o well accomplished.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will 15
I bear unto the banished Valentine,
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved, and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart 20
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass, 25
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honor I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence 30
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me: 35
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

EGLAMOUR
Madam, I pity much your grievances,

Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you, 40
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

SILVIA This evening coming.

EGLAMOUR Where shall I meet you? 45

SILVIA At Friar Patrick's cell, where I intend holy confession.

EGLAMOUR I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow, gentle lady.

SILVIA Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. 50
Exeunt [severally].

Scene IV. [Milan. Beneath Silvia's window.]

Enter LAUNCE [with his dog].

LAUNCE When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of^o a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 5
"thus I would teach a dog." I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master, and I came no sooner into the dining chamber, but he steps me to her trencher^o and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep^o himself in all 10 companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffered 15 for't. You shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs under the duke's table; he had not been there—bless the mark!—a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog!" says one. "What cur is that?" says 20 another. "Whip him out," says the third. "Hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs. "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," 25 quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "'twas I did the thing you wot^o of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings^o 30 he hath stol'n; otherwise he had been executed. I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed; otherwise he had suffered for't. Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I 35 bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

[Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.]

135 halidom sacred relic (a mild oath) 136 lies lodges
IV.iii.9 impose command 14 remorseful compassionate

IV.iv.3 of from 9 trencher wooden plate 10 keep control
27 wot know 30 puddings sausages

PROTEUS

Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well, 40
And will employ thee in some service presently.

JULIA In what you please. I'll do what I can.

PROTEUS

I hope thou wilt. [*To LAUNCE.*] How now, you
whoreson peasant!

Where have you been these two days loitering?

LAUNCE Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog 45
you bade me.

PROTEUS And what says she to my little jewel?

LAUNCE Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and
tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a
present. 50

PROTEUS But she received my dog?

LAUNCE No, indeed, did she not. Here have I
brought him back again.

PROTEUS What, didst thou offer her this from me?

LAUNCE Ay, sir. The other squirrel^o was stol'n from 55
me by the hangman's boys^o in the market place, and
then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as
ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

PROTEUS

Go get thee hence and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight. 60

Away, I say! Stayest thou to vex me here?
[*Exit LAUNCE.*]

A slave, that still an end^o turns me to shame!
Sebastian, I have entertainèd^o thee
Partly that^o I have need of such a youth
That can with some discretion do my business, 65
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout;
But chiefly for thy face and thy behavior,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth.
Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee. 70
Go presently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to Madam Silvia.
She loved me well delivered it to me.

JULIA

It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.
She is dead, belike?

PROTEUS Not so; I think she lives. 75

JULIA

Alas!

PROTEUS

Why dost thou cry, "Alas"?

JULIA I cannot choose

But pity her.

PROTEUS Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

JULIA

Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia. 80
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, "Alas!"

PROTEUS

Well, give her that ring, and therewithal 85

55 squirrel little dog 56 hangman's boys boys who will
surely belong to the hangman (hang) at last 62 still an end
forevermore 63 entertainèd retained 64 Partly that in part
because

This letter. That's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit.*]

JULIA

How many women would do such a message? 90

Alas, poor Proteus! Thou hast entertained

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.

Alas, poor fool! Why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me; 95

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will;

And now am I, unhappy messenger,

To plead for that which I would not obtain, 100

To carry that which I would have refused,

To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.

I am my master's true-confirmed love,

But cannot be true servant to my master

Unless I prove false traitor to myself. 105

Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.^o

[*Enter SILVIA, attended.*]

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean

To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

SILVIA

What would you with her, if that I be she? 110

JULIA

If you be she, I do entreat your patience

To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

SILVIA

From whom?

JULIA

From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

SILVIA

O, he sends you for a picture. 115

JULIA

Ay, madam.

SILVIA

Ursula, bring my picture there.

Go give your master this. Tell him, from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,

Would better fit his chamber than this shadow. 120

JULIA

Madam, please you peruse this letter—

Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised^o

Delivered you a paper that I should not.

This is the letter to your ladyship.

SILVIA

I pray thee, let me look on that again. 125

JULIA

It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

SILVIA

There, hold!

I will not look upon your master's lines.

I know they are stuffed with protestations,

And full of new-found oaths which he will break 130

As easily as I do tear his paper.

JULIA

Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

107 speed prosper, succeed 122 unadvised unintentionally

SILVIA

The more shame for him that he sends it me,
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

JULIA

She thanks you.

SILVIA

What say'st thou?

JULIA

I thank you, madam, that you tender her.^o
Poor gentlewoman! My master wrongs her much.

SILVIA

Dost thou know her?

JULIA

Almost as well as I do know myself.
To think upon her woes, I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several^o times.

SILVIA

Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

JULIA

I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

SILVIA

Is she not passing^o fair?

JULIA

She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.
But since she did neglect her looking glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks
And pinched the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black^o as I.

SILVIA

How tall was she?

JULIA

About my stature: for, at Pentecost,^o
When all our pageants of delight were played,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimmed in Madam Julia's gown,
Which servèd me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me.
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,^o
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas Ariadne^o passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight,
Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, movèd therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

SILVIA

She is beholding^o to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words.

140 tender her have a care for her interest **145 several** separate **148 passing** surpassingly **156 black** i.e., from the sun **158 Pentecost** Whitsunday (seventh Sunday after Easter), an occasion for morris dances, "pageants of delight," and such outdoor festivities **165 agood** aplenty **167 Ariadne** daughter of King Minos, who aided Theseus' flight from the Cretan labyrinth, only to be abandoned on the isle of Naxos **173 beholding** indebted

Here, youth, there is my purse. I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit SILVIA, with ATTENDANTS.*]

135 JULIA

And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful! **180**
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire,^o this face of mine **185**
Were full as lovely as is this of hers.
And yet the painter flattered her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love, **190**
I'll get me such a colored periwig.
Her eyes are gray as glass, and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high. **145**
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective^o in myself, **195**
If this fond Love^o were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,^o
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshiped, kissed, loved, and adored!
And, were there sense in his idolatry, **200**
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratched out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! *Exit.* **205**

155

A C T V

Scene I. [*Milan. An abbey.*]160 *Enter EGLAMOUR.*

EGLAMOUR

The sun begins to gild the western sky,
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail, for lovers break not hours, **165**
Unless it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes.

[*Enter SILVIA.*]

170

Lady, a happy evening!

SILVIA

Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern^o by the abbey wall.
I fear I am attended^o by some spies. **10**

175

EGLAMOUR

Fear not; the forest is not three leagues off.
If we recover^o that, we are sure enough. *Exeunt.*

185 tire headdress **195 respective** worthy of respect **196 fond Love** foolish Cupid **197 Come . . . up** come, shadow (of my former self), and "take on" this other shadow (Silvia's portrait) **V.i.9 postern** small door at side or rear **10 attended** followed **12 recover** reach

Scene II. [*Milan. The duke's palace.*]*Enter* THURIO, PROTEUS, [*and*] JULIA.

THURIO

Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

PROTEUS

O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

THURIO

What, that my leg is too long?

PROTEUS

No; that it is too little.

THURIO

I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

JULIA [*Aside.*]But love will not be spurred^o to what it loathes.

THURIO

What says she to my face?

PROTEUS

She says it is a fair one.

THURIO

Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.

PROTEUS

But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.JULIA [*Aside.*]'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.

THURIO

How likes she my discourse?

PROTEUS

Ill, when you talk of war.

THURIO

But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

JULIA [*Aside.*]

But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

THURIO

What says she to my valor?

PROTEUS

O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

JULIA [*Aside.*]

She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

THURIO

What says she to my birth?

PROTEUS

That you are well derived.

JULIA [*Aside.*]

True, from a gentleman to a fool.

THURIO

Considers she my possessions?

PROTEUS

O, ay, and pities them.

THURIO

Wherefore?

JULIA [*Aside.*]That such an ass should owe^o them.

PROTEUS

That they are out by lease.^o

V.ii.7 spurred with reference to preceding "boot" 15
discourse conversational ability 28 owe own 29 out by
lease because Thurio is such a fool, he will surely hold onto
his possessions only temporarily

JULIA

Here comes the duke.

30

[*Enter* DUKE.]

DUKE

How now, Sir Proteus! How now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

THURIO

Not I.

PROTEUS Nor I.

DUKE

Saw you my daughter?

PROTEUS

Neither.

DUKE

Why then,

She's fled unto that peasant Valentine,
And Eglamour is in her company.

35

'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both
As he in penance wandered through the forest.
Him he knew well, and guessed that it was she,
But, being masked, he was not sure of it;

40

Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain foot^o
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled.
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*]

45

THURIO

Why, this it is to be a peevish girl
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*]

50

PROTEUS

And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [*Exit.*]

JULIA

And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*]

55

Scene III. [*A forest.*][*Enter*] SILVIA [*and*] OUTLAWS.

FIRST OUTLAW

Come, come,
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

SILVIA

A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learned me how to brook^o this patiently.

25

SECOND OUTLAW

Come, bring her away.

5

FIRST OUTLAW

Where is the gentleman that was with her?

THIRD OUTLAW

Being nimble footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain. We'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset;^o he cannot 'scape.

10

46 rising . . . foot foothill

V.iii.4 learned . . . brook taught me how to endure II
beset surrounded

FIRST OUTLAW

Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.
Fear not; he bears an honorable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

SILVIA

O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

Exeunt. 15

Scene IV. [*Another part of the forest.*]

Enter VALENTINE.

VALENTINE

How use^o doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert,^o unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!

[*Noise within.*]

What halloing and what stir is this today?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have^o some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine. Who's this comes here?
[*Retires.*]

[*Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.*]

PROTEUS

Madam, this service I have done for you—
Though you respect not aught your servant doth—
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honor and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

VALENTINE [*Aside.*]

How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

SILVIA

O miserable, unhappy that I am!

PROTEUS

Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

SILVIA

By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

JULIA [*Aside.*]

And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

SILVIA

Had I been seizèd by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven be judge how I love Valentine

Whose life's as tender^o to me as my soul!
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjured Proteus.
Therefore be gone; solicit me no more.

40

PROTEUS

What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,^o
When women cannot love where they're beloved!

SILVIA

When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved!
Read over Julia's heart, thy first, best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

45

PROTEUS

In love,

Who respects friend?

10

SILVIA

All men but Proteus.

PROTEUS

Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love—force ye.

50

55

SILVIA

O heaven!

15

PROTEUS I'll force thee yield to my desire.

VALENTINE [*Advancing.*]

Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!^o

60

PROTEUS

Valentine!

VALENTINE

Thou common^o friend, that's without faith or love—
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private^o wound is deepest. O time most accurst,
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

65

70

PROTEUS

My shame and guilt confounds^o me.
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offense,
I tender't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.^o

75

VALENTINE

Then I am paid;^o

And once again I do receive thee honest.^o

Who by repentance is not satisfied

Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased.

80

37 tender precious 43 still approved perennially proved true
61 friend . . . fashion false friend 62 common no better
than the ordinary 71 private intimate (here, given by a
friend) 73 confounds destroys 76–77 I do . . . commit I
do indeed suffer, as truly as I did commit the fault 77 paid
satisfied 78 receive thee honest accept you as being honor-
able

V.iv.I use custom 2 shadowy desert wild place inhabited
only with shadows (of trees) 15 Have who have

By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeased;
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

JULIA O me unhappy! [*Swoons.*]

PROTEUS Look to the boy.

VALENTINE Why, boy! Why, wag! How now!
What's the matter? Look up; speak.

JULIA O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a
ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was
never done.

PROTEUS Where is that ring, boy?

JULIA Here 'tis; this is it.

PROTEUS

How! Let me see.

Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

JULIA

O, cry you mercy,° sir, I have mistook.

This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

PROTEUS But how can'st thou by this ring? At my
depart I gave this unto Julia.

JULIA

And Julia herself did give it me;

And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

PROTEUS How! Julia!

JULIA

Behold her that gave aim to° all thy oaths,

And entertained 'em deeply in her heart.

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!

O Proteus, let this habit° make thee blush!

Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me

Such an immodest raiment, if shame live

In a disguise of love.°

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

PROTEUS

Than men their minds! 'Tis true. O heaven, were man

But constant, he were perfect! That one error

Fills him with faults, makes him run through all th'
sins:

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.°

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

VALENTINE

Come, come, a hand from either.

Let me be blest to make this happy close;°

'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

PROTEUS

Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish forever.

JULIA

And I mine.

[*Enter OUTLAWS, with DUKE and THURIO.*]

OUTLAWS

A prize, a prize, a prize!

VALENTINE

Forbear, forbear, I say! It is my lord the duke.

Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.

DUKE

Sir Valentine!

THURIO

Yonder is Silvia, and Silvia's mine.

VALENTINE

Thurio, give back,° or else embrace thy death.

Come not within the measure° of my wrath.

Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,

Verona° shall not hold thee. Here she stands.

Take but possession of her with a touch:

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

THURIO

Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.

I hold him but a fool that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not.

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

DUKE

The more degenerate and base art thou,

To make such means for° her as thou hast done,

And leave her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honor of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,

Cancel all grudge, repeal° thee home again,

Plead a new state in thy unrivaled merit,°

To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,

Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;

Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

VALENTINE

I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,

To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

DUKE

I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

VALENTINE

These banished men that I have kept withal°

Are men endued° with worthy qualities.

Forgive them what they have committed here,

And let them be recalled from their exile:

They are reformèd, civil, full of good,

And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

DUKE

Thou hast prevailed; I pardon them and thee.

Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.

Come, let us go. We will include all jars°

With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.°

VALENTINE

And, as we walk along, I dare be bold

With our discourse to make your grace to smile.

What think you of this page, my lord?

DUKE

I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

95 cry you mercy I beg your pardon 102 gave aim to was the object (target) of 105 habit her boy's garb 107-08 if . . . love if it can be shameful to disguise oneself for the sake of love 114 Inconstancy . . . begins The inconstant man proves false even before he begins to love 118 close joining of hands

127 give back back off 128 measure range, reach 130 Verona Milan (see note to III.i.81) 138 means for efforts to win 144 repeal recall (from banishment) 145 Plead . . . merit the general sense appears to be one of the following: (1) plead to be restored to your good graces, having formerly misjudged them (2) proclaim that you are elevated to a new place in my favor, earned by your unrivaled merit 153 kept withal lived with 154 endued endowed 161 include all jars conclude all discords 162 triumphs . . . solemnity celebrations . . . festivity

VALENTINE

I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

DUKE

What mean you by that saying?

VALENTINE

Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortunèd.^o

170 fortunèd chanced

Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance but^o to hearThe story of your loves discoverèd.^o

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. *Exeunt.*

170

171 'tis . . . but your only penance is 172 discoverèd
revealed

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

EDITED BY JOHN ARTHOS

Introduction

Love's Labor's Lost is one of Shakespeare's earliest and happiest comedies. It is excellently formed, moving easily toward its conclusion in a masque and a song, at the end recapitulating in all the stage's beauty the courting warfare of the young noblemen and ladies that has made up the chief part of the play, the sparrings and the surrenders and the victories. The play makes the point the theater seems to live to make, that sooner or later love conquers all, and although the title tells us that love's labor is lost, this we know is joking: the happy outcome is certain, and love and long life—as we learn at the end from what G. L. Kittredge called one of the best songs in the world—define the happy prospect.

In this Boccaccio-like setting another comic action plays its part, a comedy about the falsely learned and the grotesquely loving, partly contrasting with and partly parallel to the main story. The king and his lords, moved by the love of philosophy and virtue, have fallen into a most unphilosophical absurdity in supposing that the claims of love can easily be put aside. The foolish scholars light up the folly of the wise ones in still other ways, even as their own courting is mocked by the lovemaking of the others. As in so many of the later plays, it is all there—the multiple plot, the ranging between high and low minds, and love's challenge to every power in the world. All there, and as fluent in its display as in a dance.

The date of the play's composition must be guessed. The 1598 quarto title page mentions a performance of the play before her highness "this last Christmas," and it adds the phrase, "Newly corrected and augmented." This, taken along with the evidence of revisions in the text, and with the known dates of certain historical occurrences, leads to pretty substantial arguments for the composition of the play in 1593 or 1594. It should be said, however, that in the past the play was thought to be earlier than this; Coleridge, for example, believed it to be Shakespeare's first play because he thought Shakespeare was bringing into it part of the life he had just left, exploiting his experience as a schoolmaster while the memory of it was still fresh to him. This might push the writing back as far as 1589, and recently Alfred

Harbage¹ has returned to a similar line of reasoning. Likenesses to Lyly's plays in the 1580's and certain considerations making for the possibility that the play was produced by child actors in either a private or public theater, lead him to suggest 1589 or even earlier as the time of performance.

The arguments for a later date point to a general friendliness in England for Henry of Navarre until he reverted to the Church of Rome in July 1593; the beginning of the investigation in 1594 into the atheism of men associated with Sir Walter Raleigh, a group perhaps identified in the play (in IV.iii.252) as "the school of night"; the use of language that suggests the *Venus and Adonis* of 1593, the *Lucrece* of 1594, and sonnets of presumably the same period. And, of course, a number of topical allusions.²

The occasion of the play's first production is not known, but it was surely meant for a private performance—the house of the Earl of Southampton has been suggested—perhaps in 1593. As such it would have been part of festivities in which music and dancing would naturally be called for. The first printed text of the play alludes to a performance before the queen at Christmas, either in 1597 or 1598, and the play's immediately succeeding stage history establishes the special suitability of the work for a courtly audience. The substance of the play also makes this clear enough—the initiating idea of learned gentlemen in the company of their monarch retiring from the life of power, the better to perfect their lives; the abjuring the society of women in serious as well as fantastic aspiration, following the directions of the most fashionable writers out of Italy; the mockery of literary men and most particularly of courtiers with ambitions in literature; the battles between the sexes conducted with the most elaborate and sensitive protocol. In large and small matters alike the play seems to be taking something directly out of the life of the court of Elizabeth (wisely enough under another name),

¹ "Love's Labor's Lost and the Early Shakespeare," *Philological Quarterly*, XLI (1962), 18–36.

² The basic discussion of the date of the play's composition is H. B. Charlton's "The Date of *Love's Labour's Lost*," *Modern Language Review*, XIII (1918), 257–66; 387–400.

making what it takes into something more than life-size. It gives the audience of lords and ladies a mirror in which they will see themselves in all the wit, imagining, beauty and fun they are absorbed in.

The idea of nobility sets the tone for it all. It begins in the king's first speech, it is taken up more than once by the princess, and, ironically, it is fully triumphant in Berowne, the railer at both love and philosophy, so dangerously close in his disposition to the discarding of all values, himself in the end the defender of an aspiration as passionately felt as it is truly thought.

When the king speaks of retiring to the learned academy, we feel the genuine love of learning and of virtue in his words:

Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little academe,
Still and contemplative in living art. (I.i.12-14)

And the chief critic of the idea is no philistine. He is high-spirited and he is tired of going to school, but he has his wisdom, too, and we judge he has the experience to support it:

So study evermore is overshot.
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should. (I.i.141-43)

And so we immediately perceive that in the conflicts that are to rage in the play the sparks of thought will be flying everywhere. The issue is to be granted its proper dignity, whatever the comic emphasis, and in the end love will be allowed to break up the academy not only because it is strong but because it may claim a special worth, and because the temper of these noble persons is deeply founded in the cultivation of the best of everything the world offers.

The princess' first scene gives us so beautiful a picture of a woman that it carries all before it as if it were the very praise of womankind. The first words to tell us this come from one of her lords, advising her on her approach to the king:

Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
As Nature was in making graces dear
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you. (II.i.9-12)

On the other side, the king is acknowledged as "the sole inheritor/Of all perfections that a man may owe" (II.i.5-6). The bounty of the woman and the perfection of the man, these are the qualities that set the tone, and these are the persons to lead the dancing interplay, the parryings and the reversals and the resolutions that are to come. They themselves are the matter of love's labors, the union of nobility and bounty, like some splendid foreshadowing of the masque of Ceres in *The Tempest*.

Nature has its austerity, and love has its temperance, and the princess' chiding of the busy old Lord Boyet for his flattery is a still more telling criticism of the affectations and grossness of another kind of courtly love:

my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise. (II.i.13-14)

Armado with his affectations brought from Spain and Italy and the courtiers with their sonnets are abusing "the heart's still rhetoric" (II.i.229). False speaking conforms to warped natures, and the play never loses sight of the idea of inherent excellence in manhood and womanhood and of the importance of true expression in love. Whatever the follies of the great as well as lesser characters, and whatever the ironies whereby nobility and the taking of oaths are made to seem like tinder before the fires of love, the decorum of the truly courtly prevails as the basis of the play's beauty.

The comic ideas also are as alive with intellectuality as the play's most serious affirmations. When the ladies call to mind and comment on the lords who accompany the king—men in the past they had encountered only briefly—praising them as it appears they deserve to be praised, we discover that all of them are in love before they know it. The audience enters into a kind of conspiracy with Shakespeare, schooled, as we are certain he was, by literature and the conventions of the stage, agreeing in advance that the great and noble always love the beautiful, and the beautiful the brave. Since this is the stage, we know that all these must be paired no matter what the claims of study. And so, won not only by the beauty and youth but by the wit of the ladies, we anticipate with pleasure the defeat of the men. We have seen the signs of love in the first words of each of the women as she sizes up her choice, and while we know enough of the men to know they will put up a kind of fight, we cannot be sorry at the prospect of a surrender they themselves will not regret.

The intermingling of the two plots is as expert as the rest. After the king has announced the program he means to follow and Berowne has had his say about it, we meet a clown, Costard, and a fop, Armado. They are showing off, and Shakespeare mocks both the clown's wenching and the fop's romancing. The scene is dramatically focused when the two confront each other in the presence of the one they are both taken with, the country maid, Jaquenetta. Costard, who has been misbehaving, is put into the custody of Armado, who is to guarantee his good behavior. The contrast is in itself pleasing—the fool who from time to time blunders into sense, and the most affected of courtiers who is yet not all fool. And in their folly as in their sense we see that they are being made to pose different versions of the questions the other characters are also asking—what has learning to do with love? and what has love to do with learning? As the plots proceed, the various lovers fall into many absurdities, but the questions themselves continually receive thoughtful answers, or thoughtful mockery. The varieties of the questioning, from such different kinds of lovers, require and get complex and significant answers, and the confusions of Costard and Armado prepare for the resolution Berowne will finally discover.

Meanwhile, the lords about the king are made to show their folly. One after another, subdued to his lady, takes to poetry, and one after another passes across the stage, sonnet in hand, or under his hat, or tucked into his belt—a snow of sonnets. The mockery is so lavish it adds the beauty of a pageant to the absurdity. The noble lords demean themselves in becoming poets, and they glory in their humiliation since they imagine it is pleasing to the ladies. This is indeed what the ladies require of those they

favor, but they also require more than words. They require, as Rosaline says of her own lover, "That he should be my fool, and I his fate" (V.ii.68). The play will spell this out. Subjecting themselves to such cruel and whimsical tyrants, the men become as funny as Armado and Moth. Shakespeare lays it on with a trowel:

To see a king transformèd to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys! (IV.iii.163-67)

At the end they will endure still greater transformations, but already they are well schooled in the doctrine that love is madness, and that that madness redeems all. As the song jubilantly declares of one lady:

Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were. (IV.iii.114-15)

The beautiful lyric is part of the singing of the whole play, the beauty love worships is the beauty the play is celebrating. All the changes it is ringing on the courting of high and low, on absurdity and exaggeration, on grossness and refinement, are subdued to the grave and splendid beauty that conquers even Jove.

The secondary plot continues the mockery of false ideas of learning and it also brings before us the sight of other kinds of lovemaking. The most obvious point to the mockery of pedantry is as an abuse of what the academy stands for. Holofernes, the walking dictionary, may represent John Florio, or Thomas Harriot. The name Armado brings the Spanish Armada to mind, and so it has been argued that Armado is a portrayal of Sir Walter Raleigh, the man who defeated the Armada. (If this were to be substantiated, it might strengthen the argument of those who think the play was produced shortly after the defeat of the Armada in 1588.) Or the character may be thought to represent a quite different person, the arrogant and tedious Gabriel Harvey. Moth may be Thomas Nashe. But however much the possibility of such identifications causes the characters to jump out of their parts, the parts they do play are plainly so much more interesting to the audience for the comments they provide on the characters in the main action. The characters of the minor plot are strangers to the nobility of the others, and in their ambitions and pretensions they are illustrating not only the follies of the court but its essential superiority. The king values learning because it serves the noblest purposes in life; the ideas of the pedants are ignoble. For them it is always the letter at the expense of the spirit, and pride in learning at the expense of its good use.

The point is also being made that the abuse of learning is like the stupidity of affectation in love. The true power of love as well as the true worth of learning is lost upon the low characters, not only in their grossness but in their false refinement too. In the fun Shakespeare is making of them he strikes at everyone, but most of all he means to preserve our esteem for the truer men. They want glory for learning, for the academy, glory that will outlast death, because they want learning to be a light for those who will come after them. It is such men, no mere inkpots,

who are love's true targets. In different ways, then, both plots are reinforcing the teaching that love belongs properly to the gentle heart.

Heightening and enriching this doctrine is the idea of the divinity of love. Character after character speaks of love as if it were a presence as well as a power. The play's title names love as the power at work in the play, and in every turn of the story we are shown events as if they were indeed the manipulations of a god—Eros, although unseen, yet surely directing and effecting all, showing his strength and enforcing his laws. As much as in *All's Well That Ends Well*, those who strive against him strive in vain.

Love's "labor" is a bringing to birth. The remembrances of ancient meetings come fast upon the courtiers and the ladies—"Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?" (II.i.114)—and in one after the other the seed burgeons. Part of the poetry as well as the comedy is that this growing of love goes on as it were in isolation. Cutting themselves off from so much of society, from the cares of power as well as from the entanglements with women, the lords are the more defenseless in their idleness. The king himself, treating of the matter the princess has come to negotiate on behalf of her sick father, even as he begins to talk of business finds that his heart is moved. Boyet notes this instantly:

Why, all his behaviors did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.
His heart, like an agate with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed. (II.i.234-37)

Already love is at work, in the highest as in the lowest, sometimes beautifully and sometimes grotesquely, but always irresistibly.

This leads to the truly inspired idea in the extraordinary, not to say unlikely, happenings presumably only to be accounted for by a god's workings—that all the lovers should from the beginning have had no doubt who were to be their partners. In the masquing, the ladies switched their lords' favors in order to trick their lovers into another perjury, like Portia and Nerissa in *The Merchant of Venice*, merry in forging other chains for their slaves. So this time the lords will swear again, but to the wrong partners—as if another Puck were at work—and the ladies can mock the men until, as Berowne says, they are "dry-beaten" (V.ii.264)—the very blood leaves their faces. They are driven off, and it is no comfort to them to learn finally that they have now forsworn themselves twice. Shakespeare has had his fun with the idea of inexorable destiny in love at first sight, and he makes more fun of it still by asking another question: What is it that love sees?

Love's working and love's presence—a very god—come into full sight in Berowne's great speech, wherein the railer, at love and wisdom, himself now enslaved, mocks himself:

O, and I, forsooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip,
A very beadle to a humorous sigh,
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable,
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,
Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans

And I to be a corporal of his field! (III.i.172-81, 186)

To make it worse, he is in love with the one he says is the least beautiful of the ladies, the most wanton, the one who would escape a guardian with a hundred eyes. But he accepts his fate: "Some men must love my lady, and some Joan" (III.i.204). This time Touchstone is a gentleman, and so somewhat more love's fool. But finally he will say more in praise of love than any other will, and however light in touch his words substantiate what the others must now acknowledge:

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive.

They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.

(IV.iii.347, 349-51)

With this conclusion the play moves toward its end. The haughty must change their tactics. There is the call to arms and the embrace of battle: "Advance your standards, and upon them, lords!" (IV.iii.364). And so they dance, recapitulating in their motions the warring that has made the play, the advances and retreats, the defeats and victories, the strivings and capitulations, and the final treaties.

For the play's last words there is a song sung by allegorical personages, Spring and Winter, fantastic figures out of the world of musical entertainment and Renaissance allegory. It speaks of flowers and countrymaids and ploughmen, of love and marriage and cuckoldry, of spring and winter, of idleness and of hard work, of nature when it is kind and when it is cruel, of life by the hearth. It is a song about love making peace with life, with things as they are. It provides the most brilliant of comments on all that has been fanciful in the beauty of the play and in the ideas of these fine people. In the perfection and balance of the contrast with all that has gone before, this song sung by the personifications of time is the true culmination of the play, the marriage of sophistication and reality, of the stage and its glory and the strength of love's endurance outside it. The song celebrates the poetry of life as it is, and it is one of Shakespeare's most glorious inspirations that he has it sung by the deities of "curds and flowers," magnificently adorned, without doubt, as the Renaissance imagined gods would be.

The song follows the princess' farewell as she and the ladies leave Navarre, postponing the marriages. The lords are meanwhile to prove themselves by the most strenuous and demanding discipline, for the courtship has been

A time, methinks, too short

To make a world-without-end bargain in. (V.ii.786-87)

The words of wisdom are indeed harsh after the music of the god of poetry, as the comment that ends the play says, words that may be given to Armado. They are words

that sustain us as the play sustains us, and as the marvelous song does. And the reflection to which the last scene leads us is that love, like learning, is but a part of life, and what the whole of it is there is no one to say—there is only the testing, and good hope.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

No source for the plot of *Love's Labor's Lost* is known to exist, but it is often supposed that Shakespeare was building upon reports of historic events. The very names of Navarre and the lords,³ the matter of property disputes involving the King of France, the existence of a learned academy favored by the French nobility, and accounts of political negotiations in which certain court ladies were involved, all these point to incidents in recent French history which were reported upon at the time. So far no record has been found of any single happening that is plainly the original of the episodes of the play. It is only in the sum of the reports of similar incidents that the idea that Shakespeare is building upon historical matters comes to seem truly likely.

The play, whether meant originally for performance at a great house, or at a children's theater, exploited these historical events presumably because they treated matters in which the audience was also interested. English court circles were also drawn to the idea of learned academies and were involved in disputes centering on Platonic theories of love. Upon reflection, the treatment of certain episodes in France would have served as comment upon the life of the court in England. Quite as naturally Shakespeare could work into the main story all sorts of allusions to the life of letters and introduce subsidiary plotting to expand upon the story of the aristocratic academicians. So the play directs particular satire against specific English fashions—euphuism, for instance—as well as the universal extravagances of humanists and pedants and actors. Here, too, the references seem again and again to point to particular persons and to specific incidents, and scholars have therefore argued that Shakespeare took some of his contemporaries as models for the characters in his comic plot, and the characters that were in part borrowed from the *commedia dell'arte* from time to time present themselves in the guise of Thomas Nashe, Sir Walter Raleigh, John Florio, and perhaps others. To J. D. Wilson these matters become so important that he is convinced that the play "was written as a topical play." But G. L. Kittredge, and others after him, have thought it "merely whimsical" to identify Armado and Holofernes and the others in any such way.

On particular points it is seldom possible to resolve this dispute, most especially if the supposed allusions are studied primarily in the light of literary history. But the direction of much modern literary scholarship is to give precedence in the consideration of the elements of a work of art to a study of their relation to the work itself as an imaginative entity, and the effect of such an emphasis is to

³ The Marshal de Biron (Berowne) and Longueville were close associates of Henry, not Ferdinand, of Navarre. The Duc de Mayenne (Dumaine?) was once his enemy but later an ally. Boyet and Marcadé are the names of historical persons.

work in opposition to any theory that regards the work primarily as a historical record. In short, the impression of topical allusion is inescapable, but if one takes the play as substantially summed up by its title, the topicality seems to be absorbed in the imaginative and the fanciful, and in all the charm of the play's poetic and theatrical effects.

The historical documents that are most often cited in presenting analogues to certain incidents in the play are *The Chronicles of Enguerrand de Monstrelet, 1440-1516*; Pierre de la Primaudaye, *The French Academie*; H. C. Davila, *The History of the Civil Wars of France*; *Gesta Grayorum: or The History of the High and Mighty Prince Henry, Prince of Purpoole . . . Who Reigned and Died, A.D. 1594*. The relevant sections can be found in the first volume of Geoffrey Bullough's *Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare*. There are of course no documents that in any substantial way support the ascriptions of topicality.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

This edition is based upon the quarto of 1598, which, it is generally agreed, was printed from a manuscript in Shakespeare's own hand. The title page reads: "A/Pleasant/ Conceited Comedie/ Called, /Loues labors lost./ As it was presented before her Highnes/ this last Christmas./ Newly corrected and augmented/ By W. Shakespere./ Imprinted at London by W. W./ for Cutbert Burby./ 1598."

Although here there may be a reference to a previous printing, there is no trace of an earlier edition. "Newly corrected and augmented" probably refers to revisions in the manuscript, some of which, as it happens, may be detected in examining the printed text. (See notes to IV.iii.293 and V.ii.815-20.)

The printing of the 1623 Folio is based upon the quarto. It corrects some errors of the quarto and adds a number of its own. It provides act divisions (mistakenly heading the fifth act *Actus Quartus*), but the scene divisions as well as the list of the names of the persons in the play are the contributions of later editors.

Apart from a considerable number of misreadings the most noteworthy confusions in the quarto are in the speech headings. It is not merely that occasionally "Nathaniel" stands for "Holofernes," that the king is sometimes "Navarre" and sometimes "Ferdinand" in the early part of the second act, and that in the same part of the play Rosaline and Katherine are confused. In the next act the character previously identified as Armado becomes "Braggart," Moth, the page, becomes "Boy," Holofernes becomes "Pedant," Costard becomes "Clown." Later Sir Nathaniel becomes "Curate" and "Constable" becomes "Dull." The use of the generic names to take the place of the individual ones may be evidence of Shakespeare's revisions. In the present edition the speech headings have been made consistent, but the later substitutions are made evident by the supplementary stage directions indicating the entrances of the various characters.

The revision of the manuscript has left a couple of other obvious confusions. Berowne's speech in IV.iii contains lines that belong to an earlier version, and some of these should have been canceled. If lines 293-314 were omitted,

the speech would continue connectedly and without obvious repetitions. It also seems that the exchange between Berowne and Rosaline in V.ii.815-20 was meant to be struck out. In the present edition these passages are retained, but enclosed in square brackets.

The text of this edition is based upon the Heber-Daniel copy of the quarto in the British Museum; the spelling and punctuation have been modernized, obvious misspellings and wrong speech headings corrected, and the quotations from foreign languages regularized. Other departures from the quarto text are listed below: the adopted reading is given first in boldface, followed immediately by the quarto reading in roman.

I.i.24 three thee **31** pomp pome **62** feast fast **104** an any **114** swore sworne **127-31** [Q gives to Longaville] **127** gentility gentletie **130** public publieue **131** possibly possible **218** welkin's vicegerent welkis Vizgerent **240** preposterous propostrous **276** worst wost **288** King Ber. **307** prosperity prosperie

I.ii.14 epitheton apethaton **99** blushing blush-in **141** Dull Clo.

II.i.32 Importunes Importuous **34** visaged visage **44** parts peerelisse **88** unpeopled vnpeeled **115-26** [the lines here given to Rosaline are in Q given to Katharine] **130** half of an halfe of, of an **140** friendship faiendship **142** demand pemaund **144** On One **179** mine own my none **195** Katharine Rosalin **210** Rosaline Katherin **221** [Q gives to La.] **222-23** [Q gives to Lad.] **224** [Q gives to La.] **236** agate Agot **246** quote coate **254** [Q gives to Lad.] **255** [Q gives to Lad. 2] **256** [Q gives to Lad. 3] **257** [Q gives to Lad.] **258** [Q gives to Lad.]

III.i.14 throat as if throate, if **15-16** through the nose through: nose **18** thin-belly thinbellies **24-25** note me?—that note men that **27** penny penne **66** voluble volable **73** the mail thee male; plain pline **134** ounce ouce **137** remuneration remuration **138** One penny i.d. **174** beadle Bedell **175** critic Crietick **179** senior-junior signior Iunios **183** plackets Placcats **185** paritors Parrators **189** German clock Iermane Cloake **195** whitely whitly **203** sue shue

IV.i.6 On Ore **33** heart hart **71-72** saw . . . saw See . . . see **72** overcame couercame **77** king's King **110** suitor . . . suitor shooter . . . shooter **122** Pepin Pippen **125** Guinever Guinouer **132** hit it hit **134** mete meate **136** ne'er neare **138** pin is in **140** too to **146** to th' one ath toothen **149** o' t' other atother **150** a most most **150** s.d. Shout Shoot **151** Exit Exeunt

IV.ii.5 coelo Celo **8** epithets epythithes **30** we of taste we taste **31** indiscreet indistrell **37** Dictynna . . . Dictynna Dictisima . . . dictisima **38** Dictynna dictima **52** ignorant, I call ignorault cald **55** scurrility squirilitie **57** preyful prayfull **61** sores—o' sorel sores o sorell **66-150** [all speech prefixes of Holofernes and Nathaniel are reversed in Q, except at 107] **70** pia mater primater **72** those in whom those whom **78** ingenious ingenous **80** sapit sapis **84** pierce-one Person **87** likest liklest **94-95** Fauste . . . ruminat Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub vmbra ruminat **98-99** Venetia . . . pretia vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche **122** canzonet cangenet **136** writing written **138** Sir Nathaniel Ped. Sir Holofernes **159** ben bien

IV.iii.13 **14** melancholy mallicholie **46** King Long. **50** triumphy triumpherie **72** idolatry ydotarie **84** quoted coted **90** And I mine And mine **96** ode Odo **105** Wished Wish **109** thorn throne **127** o'erheard ore-hard **152** coaches couches **158** mote . . . mote Moth . . . Moth **177** men like you, men men like men **179** Joan lone **245** wood word **256** painting and usurping painting vsurping **257** doters dooters **310** woman's womas **313-14** [between these lines Q has: With our selues] **320** beauty's beautis **356** authors authour **358** Let us Lets vs **380** Allons! Allons! Alone alone **382** forsworn forsome

V.i.9 hominem hominum **26** insanie infamie **28** bone bene **29** Bone? Bone for bene! Priscian Bome boon for boon prescian **32** gaudeo gaudio **34** Quare Quari **48** pueritia puericia **49** silly seely **56** wave wane; Mediterranean meditaranium **57** venew vene we **66** manu vnũ **75** dunghill

dungil 76 **Dunghill** dunghel 96 **importunate** importunt
 106 **secrecy** secretie 115 **Nathaniel** Holofernes 117 **rend'red**
 rended 148 **Allons** Alone
 V.ii.13 **ne'er** neare 17 **ha' been a grandam** a bin Grandam 43
 'Ware pencils, ho! Ware pensalls, How? 53 **pearls** Pearle
 65 **hests** deuice 74 **wantonness** wantons be 80 **stabbed**
 stable 89 **sycamore** Siccamone 93 **Warily** warely 95 **over-**
heard ouer hard 96 **they** thy 122 **parley**, court parlee, to
 court 134 **too** two 148 **her** his 152 **e'er** ere 159 [Q gives to
 Berowne] 163 **ever** euen 175 **strangers** strangers 217 [Q
 gives to Rosaline] 225 **Price** Prise 243-56 [Q gives "Maria"
 for "Katharine"] 298 **vailing** varling 300 **woo** woe 310 **run**
 runs 324 **too** to 329 **ushering** hushering 342 **Construe**

Consture 353 **unsullied** vnsallied 375 **wit** wits 408 **affecta-**
tion affection 461 **on't** ant 464 **zany** saine 483 **manage**
 nuage 502 **they** thy 515 **least** best 529 **de la guerra** delaguar
 562 **this** his 582 [Q has "Exit Curat"] 596 **proved** proud 644
gilt gift 687 **Stir them on**, stir stir them, or stir 748 **whole-**
some holdsome 776 **the ambassadors** embassadours 780
this in our this our 784 **quote** cote 805 **instant** instance 810
entitled intiled 814 **hermit** herrite 816 **rank** rackt 822 **A**
wife? [included in following speech in Q] 826 **smooth-faced**
 smothfast 893-94 [these lines transposed in Q] 912 **foul** full
 924-25 **The words . . . Apollo** [printed in larger type in Q without
 any speech-heading; F adds *You that way: we this way*, and
 heading *Brag*.]



LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

[Dramatis Personae]

FERDINAND *King of Navarre*

BEROWNE

LONGAVILLE } *young lords attending on the king*

DUMAINE

BOYET *an elderly lord attending on the Princess of France*

MARCADE *a messenger*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO *a fantastical Spaniard*

SIR NATHANIEL *a curate*

DULL *a constable*

HOLOFERNES *a schoolmaster*

COSTARD *a clown*

MOTH *page to Don Armado*

A FORESTER

PRINCESS OF FRANCE

ROSALINE

MARIA } *ladies attending on the princess*

KATHARINE

JAQUENETTA *a country wench*

OFFICERS and other ATTENDANTS *on the king and princess*

Scene: Navarre]

[A C T I]

[Scene I. *The park of the King of Navarre.*]

Enter Ferdinand KING of Navarre, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE.

KING

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regist'ed upon our brazen tombs
And then grace us in the disgrace^o of death,
When, spite of cormorant^o devouring Time,
Th' endeavor of this present breath may buy
That honor which shall bate^o his scythe's keen edge
And make us heirs of all eternity.

Therefore, brave conquerors—for so you are
That war against your own affections

And the huge army of the world's desires—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;

Our court shall be a little academe,^o
Still and contemplative in living art.^o

You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longaville, 15
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,

My fellow scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here.

Your oaths are passed; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honor down 20
That violates the smallest branch herein.
If you are armed^o to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

5 LONGAVILLE

I am resolved. 'Tis but a three years' fast.

The mind shall banquet though the body pine. 25
Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrout^o quite the wits.

10 DUMAINE

My loving lord, Dumaine is mortified.^o

The grosser manner of these world's delights

He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves. 30

The decorative border above appeared on the title page of the quarto edition of Love's Labor's Lost, 1598.

I.i.3 disgrace degradation **4 cormorant** ravenous **6 bate** make dull

13 academe academy **14 Still . . . art** continually studying the art of living **22 armed** resolved **27 bankrout** bankrupt **28 mortified** dead to worldly pleasures

To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,
With all these living in philosophy.

BEROWNE

I can but say their protestation over°—
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As not to see a woman in that term—
Which I hope well is not enrollèd there;
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside—
The which I hope is not enrollèd there;
And then to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of° all the day
(When I was wont to think no harm all night
And make a dark night too of half the day)—
Which I hope well is not enrollèd there.
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

KING

Your oath is passed, to pass away from these.

BEROWNE

Let me say no, my liege, and if° you please.
I only swore to study with your grace
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

LONGAVILLE

You swore to that, Berowne, and to the rest.

BEROWNE

By yea and nay,° sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study, let me know?

KING

Why, that to know which else we should not know.

BEROWNE

Things hid and barred, you mean, from common
sense?

KING

Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

BEROWNE

Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus—to study where I well may dine
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it and not break my troth.°
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know.
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

KING

These be the stops° that hinder study quite
And train° our intellects to vain delight.

BEROWNE

Why, all delights are vain, but that most vain
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely° blind the eyesight of his look.

Light seeking light doth light of light beguile;°
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed 80

By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed°
And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun, 85

That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks.
Small have continual plodders ever won

Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers° of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixèd star 90

Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot° not what they are.

Too much to know is to know nought but fame;°
And every godfather can give a name.

KING

How well he's read to reason against reading!

DUMAINE

Proceeded° well, to stop all good proceeding! 95

LONGAVILLE

He weeds the corn,° and still lets grow the weeding.°

BEROWNE

The spring is near, when green geese° are a-breeding.

DUMAINE

How follows that?

BEROWNE

Fit in his place and time.

DUMAINE

In reason nothing.

BEROWNE

Something then in rhyme.

KING

Berowne is like an envious sneaping° frost 100

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

BEROWNE

Well, say I am! Why should proud summer boast
Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose 105

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows,

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you—to study now it is too late—

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

KING

Well, sit you out. Go home, Berowne. Adieu. 110

BEROWNE

No, my good lord, I have sworn to stay with you;

And though I have for barbarism° spoke more

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.° 115

Give me the paper, let me read the same,

And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.

KING

How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

77 **Light** . . . **beguile** eyes in seeking truth lose their sight in too much seeking 82 **heed** protector 88 **earthly godfathers** astronomers 91 **wot** know 92 **fame** report 95 **Proceeded** took a degree at the university 96 **corn** wheat; **weeding** weeds 97 **green geese** geese born the previous autumn 100 **sneaping** nipping (Berowne's "rhyme" is taken as *rime*, or frost) 112 **barbarism** philistinism 115 **each** . . . **day** each day of the three years

33 **say** . . . **over** repeat their solemn declarations 43 **wink** of close the eyes during 50 **and if** if 54 **By** . . . **nay** in all earnestness 66 **troth** faith 70 **stops** obstructions 71 **train** entice 76 **falsely** treacherously

BEROWNE [*Reads.*] "Item. That no woman shall come within a mile of my court—" Hath this been pro- 120 claimed?

LONGAVILLE Four days ago.

BEROWNE Let's see the penalty. [*Reads.*] "—on pain of losing her tongue." Who devised this penalty?

LONGAVILLE

Marry,^o that did I.

BEROWNE Sweet lord, and why? 125

LONGAVILLE

To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

BEROWNE

A dangerous law against gentility!^o

[*Reads.*] "Item. If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can 130 possibly devise."

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For well you know here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,

A maid of grace and complete majesty, 135

About surrender up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father.

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes th' admirèd princess hither.

KING

What say you, lords? Why, this was quite forgot. 140

BEROWNE

So study evermore is overshot.^o

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should;

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won as towns with fire^o—so won, so lost. 145

KING

We must of force^o dispense with this decree.

She must lie^o here on mere^o necessity.

BEROWNE

Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space:

For every man with his affects^o is born, 150

Not by might mast' red, but by special grace.

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,

I am forsworn "on mere necessity."

So to the laws at large I write my name;

[*Subscribes.*]

And he that breaks them in the least degree 155

Stands in attainder of^o eternal shame.

Suggestions^o are to other as to me,

But I believe, although I seem so loath,^o

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted? 160

KING

Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted

With a refinèd traveler of Spain,

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;

One who the music of his own vain tongue 165

Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;

A man of complements,^o whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,^o

For interim^o to our studies shall relate 170

In highborn words the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I,

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minstrelsy.^o 175

BEROWNE

Armado is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire-new^o words, fashion's own knight.

LONGAVILLE

Costard the swain^o and he shall be our sport;

And so to study three years is but short.

Enter [DULL] a constable, with COSTARD [a clown], with a letter.

DULL Which is the duke's own person? 180

BEROWNE This, fellow. What wouldst?

DULL I myself reprehend^o his own person, for I am his grace's farborough.^o But I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

BEROWNE This is he. 185

DULL Signior Arm—Arm—commends you. There's villainy abroad. This letter will tell you more.

COSTARD Sir, the contempts^o thereof are as touching me.

KING A letter from the magnificent Armado. 190

BEROWNE How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

LONGAVILLE A high hope for a low heaven. God grant us patience! 195

BEROWNE To hear, or forbear hearing?

LONGAVILLE To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

BEROWNE Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

COSTARD The matter is to me, sir, as concerning 200 Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.^o

BEROWNE In what manner?

COSTARD In manner and form following, sir—all those three: I was seen with her in the manorhouse, 205 sitting with her upon the form,^o and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form, following. Now, sir, for the manner—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman. For the form—in some form. 210

BEROWNE For the following, sir?

COSTARD As it shall follow in my correction,^o and God defend the right!

KING Will you hear this letter with attention?

BEROWNE As we would hear an oracle. 215

COSTARD Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

125 Marry By Mary (mild oath) 127 gentility good manners
141 overshot wide of the mark 145 won . . . fire destroyed
in being won 146 of force of necessity 147 lie lodge; mere
simple 150 affects passions 156 in attainder of to be
condemned to 157 Suggestions temptations 158 loath
reluctant

167 complements formal manners 169 hight is named
170 interim interruption 175 minstrelsy court entertainer
177 fire-new fresh from the mint 178 swain countryman
182 reprehend Dull means to say represent 183 farborough
petty constable 188 contempts Costard means the contents
of the letter 201-02 with the manner in the act 206 form
bench 212 correction punishment

KING [*Reads.*] "Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent,^o and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fost'ring patron—" 220

COSTARD Not a word of Costard yet.

KING "So it is—"

COSTARD It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.^o

KING Peace! 225

COSTARD Be to me and every man that dares not fight.

KING No words!

COSTARD Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

KING [*Reads.*] "So it is, besieged with sable-colored 230 melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humor^o to the most wholesome physic^o of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time When? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to 235 that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? Which, I mean, I walked upon. It is ycleped^o thy park. Then for the place Where? Where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that 240 draweth from my snow-white pen^o the ebon-colored ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or see'st. But to the place Where? It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted^o garden. There did I see that low- 245 spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth—"

COSTARD Me?

KING "that unlettered^o small-knowing soul—"

COSTARD Me?

KING "that shallow vassal^o—" 250

COSTARD Still me!

KING "which, as I remember, hight^o Costard—"

COSTARD O me!

KING "sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon,^o which 255 with—O, with—but with this I passion to say where-with—"

COSTARD With a wench.

KING "with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. 260 Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks^o me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed^o of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation."

DULL Me, an't shall please you: I am Anthony Dull. 265

KING "For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel^o called), which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury, and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice,^o bring her to trial. Thine in all

compliments of devoted and heartburning heat of 270 duty,

Don Adriano de Armado."

BEROWNE This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

KING Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah,^o what 275 say you to this?

COSTARD Sir, I confess the wench.

KING Did you hear the proclamation?

COSTARD I do confess much of the hearing it, but 280 little of the marking of it.

KING It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

COSTARD I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damsel.

KING Well, it was proclaimed "damsel." 285

COSTARD This was no damsel neither, sir, she was a virgin.

KING It is so varied^o too, for it was proclaimed "virgin."

COSTARD If it were, I deny her virginity. I was taken 290 with a maid.

KING This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

COSTARD This maid will serve my turn,^o sir.

KING Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water. 295

COSTARD I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

KING

And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Berowne, see him delivered o'er.

And go we, lords, to put in practice that 300 Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE.*]

BEROWNE

I'll lay^o my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

COSTARD I suffer for the truth, sir, for true it is I was 305 taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true^o girl. And therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then sit thee down, sorrow! *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. *The park.*]

Enter ARMADO and MOTH, o his page.

ARMADO Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

MOTH A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

ARMADO Why, sadness is one and the selfsame thing, dear imp. 5

MOTH No, no, O Lord, sir, no!

ARMADO How canst thou part^o sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?^o

275 *sirrah* term of address used to an inferior 288 *varied* distinguished 293 *turn* Costard uses the word in a bawdy sense 302 *lay* bet 306 *true* honest

I.i.s.d. *Moth* probably pronounced, and with the meaning of, *mote* or *speck* 7 *part* distinguish between 8 *juvenal* youth (it may also signify *Juvenal*, the Roman satirist, and allude to the nickname of Thomas Nashe, Elizabethan writer)

218 *welkin's vicegerent* deputy-ruler of heaven 224 *but so* not worth much 231-32 *black-oppressing humor* fluid in the body that causes melancholy 232 *physic* treatment 238 *ycleped* called 241 *snow-white pen* goose-quill 245 *curious-knotted* flower beds and paths in intricate patterns 248 *unlettered* illiterate 250 *vassal* underling 252 *hight* called 255 *continent canon* the decree restraining the members of the Academy 261 *pricks* spurs 262 *meed* reward 266 *weaker vessel* general phrase for womankind 268-69 *at . . . notice* at the slightest indication of thy concern

MOTH By a familiar demonstration of the working,
my tough signor.^o 10
ARMADO Why tough signor? Why tough signor?
MOTH Why tender juvenal? Why tender juvenal?
ARMADO I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent
epitheton^o appertaining to thy young days, which we
may nominate tender. 15
MOTH And I, tough signor, as an appertinent title to
your old time, which we may name tough.
ARMADO Pretty and apt.
MOTH How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying
apt? Or I apt and my saying pretty? 20
ARMADO Thou pretty, because little.
MOTH Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?
ARMADO And therefore apt because quick.
MOTH Speak you this in my praise, master?
ARMADO In thy condign^o praise. 25
MOTH I will praise an eel with the same praise.
ARMADO What, that an eel is ingenious?
MOTH That an eel is quick.
ARMADO I do say thou art quick in answers. Thou
heat'st my blood. 30
MOTH I am answered, sir.
ARMADO I love not to be crossed.
MOTH [*Aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary—crosses^o
love not him.
ARMADO I have promised to study three years with 35
the duke.
MOTH You may do it in an hour, sir.
ARMADO Impossible.
MOTH How many is one thrice told?
ARMADO I am ill at reck'ning—it fitteth the spirit of 40
a tapster.^o
MOTH You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.
ARMADO I confess both. They are both the varnish^o
of a complete man.
MOTH Then I am sure you know how much the gross 45
sum of deuce-ace amounts to.
ARMADO It doth amount to one more than two.
MOTH Which the base vulgar do call three.
ARMADO True.
MOTH Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now 50
here is three studied ere ye'll thrice wink; and how
easy it is to put "years" to the word "three," and
study three years in two words, the dancing horse^o
will tell you.
ARMADO A most fine figure.^o 55
MOTH [*Aside.*] To prove you a cipher.
ARMADO I will hereupon confess I am in love, and
as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with
a base wench. If drawing my sword against the
humor^o of affection would deliver me from the 60
reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner
and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-
devised cursy.^o I think scorn^o to sigh: methinks I

should outswear^o Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What
great men have been in love? 65
MOTH Hercules, master.
ARMADO Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear
boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be
men of good repute and carriage.
MOTH Samson, master—he was a man of good carriage, 70
great carriage, for he carried the town gates on his
back like a porter, and he was in love.
ARMADO O well-knit Samson, strong-jointed Sam-
son! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou
didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was 75
Samson's love, my dear Moth?
MOTH A woman, master.
ARMADO Of what complexion?^o
MOTH Of all the four,^o or the three, or the two, or
one of the four. 80
ARMADO Tell me precisely of what complexion.
MOTH Of the sea-water green, sir.
ARMADO Is that one of the four complexions?
MOTH As I have read, sir, and the best of them too.
ARMADO Green^o indeed is the color of lovers. But to 85
have a love of that color, methinks Samson had small
reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.^o
MOTH It was so, sir, for she had a green wit.
ARMADO My love is most immaculate white and red.
MOTH Most maculate^o thoughts, master, are masked 90
under such colors.
ARMADO Define, define, well-educated infant.
MOTH My father's wit, and my mother's tongue,
assist me!
ARMADO Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty 95
and pathetic.
MOTH
If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known,
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown. 100
Then if she fear or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native^o she doth owe.^o
A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of 105
white and red.
ARMADO Is there not a ballet,^o boy, of the King and
the Beggar?
MOTH The world was very guilty of such a ballet
some three ages since. But I think now 'tis not to be 110
found, or if it were, it would neither serve for the
writing nor the tune.
ARMADO I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that
I may example my digression^o by some mighty
precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I 115
took in the park with the rational hind,^o Costard.
She deserves well.
MOTH [*Aside.*] To be whipped—and yet a better love
than my master.

10 **signor** with a pun on *senior* 13–14 **congruent epitheton**
appropriate adjective 25 **condign** well-deserved 33 **crosses**
coins (so named for the crosses engraved on them) 41 **tapster**
bartender 43 **varnish** outward gloss 53 **dancing horse** a
performing horse well known for beating out numbers 55
figure figure of speech 60 **humor** innate disposition 62–63
new-devised cursy novel mannerism 63 **think scorn**
disdain

64 **outswear** forswear 78 **complexion** disposition 79 **all the**
four the four humors or fluids of the body: blood, phlegm,
bile, black bile 85 **Green** immature 87 **wit** mind 90
maculate spotted 104 **native** by nature; **owe** possess 107
ballet ballad 114 **digression** Armado means to say
transgression 116 **rational hind** intelligent yokel

ARMADO Sing, boy. My spirit grows heavy in love. 120

MOTH And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

ARMADO I say, sing.

MOTH Forbear till this company be past.

Enter [COSTARD the] clown, [DULL the] constable, and [JAQUENETTA, a] wench.

DULL Sir, the duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe, and you must suffer him to take no delight nor 125 no penance,° but 'a° must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park—she is allowed for the day-woman.° Fare you well.

ARMADO I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

JAQUENETTA Man? 130

ARMADO I will visit thee at the lodge.

JAQUENETTA That's hereby.

ARMADO I know where it is situate.

JAQUENETTA Lord, how wise you are!

ARMADO I will tell thee wonders. 135

JAQUENETTA With that face?

ARMADO I love thee.

JAQUENETTA So I heard you say.

ARMADO And so farewell.

JAQUENETTA Fair weather after you! 140

DULL Come, Jaquenetta, away!

Exeunt [DULL and JAQUENETTA].

ARMADO Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offenses ere thou be pardoned.

COSTARD Well, sir, I hope when I do it I shall do it on a full stomach.° 145

ARMADO Thou shalt be heavily punished.

COSTARD I am more bound to you than your fellows,° for they are but lightly rewarded.

ARMADO Take away this villain. Shut him up.

MOTH Come, you transgressing slave, away! 150

COSTARD Let me not be pent up, sir. I will fast, being loose.

MOTH No, sir, that were fast and loose.° Thou shalt to prison.

COSTARD Well, if ever I do see the merry days of 155 desolation that I have seen, some shall see.

MOTH What shall some see?

COSTARD Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words,° and therefore I will say nothing. I thank 160 God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit [with MOTH].*

ARMADO I do affect° the very ground (which is base) where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foot (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn 165 (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar;° Love is a devil. There is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so 170 seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft° is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too

much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause° will not serve my turn; the pasado° he respects not, the duello° he regards not. His disgrace 175 is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valor; rust, rapier; be still, drum; for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme,° for I am sure I shall turn sonnet.° Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole 180 volumes in folio. *Exit.*

[A C T I I]

[Scene I. The park.]

Enter the PRINCESS of France, with three attending ladies [MARIA, KATHARINE, ROSALINE] and three LORDS, [one named BOYET].

BOYET

Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits.°

Consider who the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor° 5

Of all perfections that a man may owe,°
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.

Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
As Nature was in making graces dear° 10
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

PRINCESS

Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish° of your praise.

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utt'ed by base sale of chapmen's tongues.° 15

I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.

But now to task the tasker:° good Boyet,
You are not ignorant all-telling fame 20

Doth noise abroad Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court.

Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates, 25

To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness,° we single you
As our best-moving° fair solicitor.

Tell him the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business, craving quick dispatch, 30

173-74 first . . . cause referring to rules governing the conduct of a duel 174 pasado forward thrust 175 duello correct way of dueling 179 extemporal . . . rhyme god of rhymes written on the spur of the moment 179-80 turn sonnet compose a sonnet

II.i.i dearest spirits best intelligence 5 inheritor possessor 6 owe own 10 graces dear beauty scarce 14 painted flourish elaborate ornament 16 utt'ed . . . tongues put up for sale by hucksters 20 task the tasker set a task to the one who sets tasks 28 Bold . . . worthiness confident of your worth 29 best-moving most persuasive

126 penance perhaps Dull means to say *pleasance*, meaning pleasure; 'a he 127-28 allowed . . . day-woman admitted as the dairy maid 145 on . . . stomach bravely 147 fellows servants 153 fast and loose not playing fairly 160 words probably with pun on *wards* = cells 163 affect love 168 familiar attendant spirit 171-72 butt-shaft unbarbed arrow

Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much while we attend
Like humble-visaged suitors his high will.

BOYET

Proud of employment, willingly I go. *Exit* BOYET. 35

PRINCESS

All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.
Who are the votaries,^o my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

LORD

Longaville is one.

PRINCESS

Know you the man?

MARIA

I know him, madam. At a marriage feast 40
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jacques Falconbridge solemnizèd
In Normandy saw I this Longaville.
A man of sovereign parts^o he is esteemed,
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms. 45
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.^o
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss—
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil—
Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will,
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills 50
It should none spare that come within his power.

PRINCESS

Some merry mocking lord, belike—is't so?

MARIA

They say so most that most his humors know.

PRINCESS

Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

KATHARINE

The young Dumaine, a well-accomplished youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved;
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill,
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit. 60
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little^o of that good I saw
Is my report to^o his great worthiness.

ROSALINE

Another of these students at that time 65
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
Berowne they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.^o
His eye begets occasion^o for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch 70
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor^o)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That agèd ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravishèd,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

PRINCESS

God bless my ladies! Are they all in love,

37 **votaries** those who have sworn a vow 44 **sovereign parts** lordly qualities 46 **Nothing . . . well** Nothing that he values is unbecoming to him 62 **much too little** far short 63 **to** compared to 68 **withal** with 69 **begets occasion** finds opportunity 72 **conceit's expositor** one who explains an ingenious notion

That every one her own hath garnishèd
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

LORD

Here comes Boyet. *Enter* BOYET.

PRINCESS

Now, what admittance,^o lord? 80

BOYET

Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors^o in oath
Were all addressed^o to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt; 85
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

[*The LADIES mask.*]

Enter [KING of] Navarre, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE,
and BEROWNE, [*with ATTENDANTS*].

Here comes Navarre.

KING Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre. 90

PRINCESS "Fair" I give you back again; and "wel-
come" I have not yet. The roof of this court is too
high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too
base to be mine.

KING

You shall be welcome, madam, to my court. 95

PRINCESS

I will be welcome, then. Conduct me thither.

KING

Hear me, dear lady—I have sworn an oath.

PRINCESS

Our Lady help my lord! He'll be forsworn. 55

KING

Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

PRINCESS

Why, will shall break it, will, and nothing else. 100

KING

Your ladyship is ignorant what it is. 60

PRINCESS

Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out housekeeping.^o

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord, 105
And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold;
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me^o in my suit. 110

70 [Gives a paper.]

KING

Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

PRINCESS

You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjured if you make me stay. 75

BEROWNE

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

ROSALINE

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once? 115

80 **admittance** permission to enter 82 **competitors** partners
83 **addressed** ready 104 **sworn out housekeeping** sworn
not to keep house or offer hospitality 110 **suddenly resolve**
me quickly give me a decision

BEROWNE

I know you did.

ROSALINE

How needless was it then

To ask the question!

BEROWNE

You must not be so quick.

ROSALINE

'Tis long° of you that spur me with such questions.

BEROWNE

Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

ROSALINE

Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

BEROWNE

What time o' day?

ROSALINE

The hour that fools should ask.

BEROWNE

Now fair befall° your mask!

ROSALINE

Fair fall the face it covers!

BEROWNE

And send you many lovers!

ROSALINE

Amen, so you be none.

BEROWNE

Nay, then will I be gone.

KING

Madam, your father here doth intimate°

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

Being but the one half of an entire sum

Disbursèd by my father in his wars.

But say that he, or we (as neither have),

Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more, in surety of the which,

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,

Although not valued to the money's worth.

If then the king your father will restore

But that one half which is unsatisfied,

We will give up our right in Aquitaine,

And hold fair friendship with his majesty.

But that, it seems, he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to have repaid

A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

To have his title live in Aquitaine;

Which we much rather had depart withal,°

And have the money by our father lent,

Than Aquitaine, so gelded° as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far

From reason's yielding, your fair self should make

A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,

And go well satisfied to France again.

PRINCESS

You do the king my father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,

In so unseeming° to confess receipt

Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

KING

I do protest I never heard of it;

And if you prove it, I'll repay it back

Or yield up Aquitaine.

PRINCESS

We arrest your word.°

Boyet, you can produce acquittances°

For such a sum from special officers

Of Charles his father.

KING

Satisfy me so.

BOYET

So please your grace, the packet° is not come

Where that and other specialties° are bound.

120

Tomorrow you shall have a sight of them.

165

KING

It shall suffice me—at which interview

All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand

As honor (without breach of honor) may

Make tender of° to thy true worthiness.

170

You may not come, fair princess, within my gates;

But here without you shall be so received

As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,

125

Though so denied fair harbor in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell.

175

Tomorrow shall we visit you again.

PRINCESS

Sweet health and fair desires consort° your grace.

KING

Thy own wish wish I thee in every place.

Exit [KING and his TRAIN].

130

BEROWNE Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

180

ROSALINE Pray you, do my commendations, I would be glad to see it.

BEROWNE I would you heard it groan.

ROSALINE Is the fool sick?

135

BEROWNE Sick at the heart.

185

ROSALINE

Alack, let it blood!°

BEROWNE

Would that do it good?

140

ROSALINE

My physic says ay.

BEROWNE

Will you prick't with your eye?

ROSALINE

145

No point,° with my knife.

190

BEROWNE

Now, God save thy life!

ROSALINE

And yours from long living!

150

BEROWNE

I cannot stay thanksgiving.°

*Exit.**Enter DUMAINE.*

DUMAINE

Sir, I pray you a word. What lady is that same?

155

BOYET

The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

195

159 arrest your word take your word as security 160 acquittances receipts 163 packet package 164 specialties particular legal documents 170 Make tender of offer 177 consort accompany 186 let it blood bleed him 190 No point not at all 193 stay thanksgiving stay long enough to give you proper thanks (for your unkind remark)

118 long because 123 fair befall good luck to 128 intimate make known 146 depart withal give up 148 gelded cut up 155 unseeming not appearing

DUMAINE

A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. *Exit.*

[Enter LONGAVILLE.]

LONGAVILLE

I beseech you a word. What is she in the white?

BOYET

A woman sometimes, and^o you saw her in the light.

LONGAVILLE

Perchance light in the light.^o I desire her name.

BOYET

She hath but one for herself. To desire that were a shame. 200

LONGAVILLE

Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

BOYET

Her mother's, I have heard.

LONGAVILLE

God's blessing on your beard!

BOYET

Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge. 205

LONGAVILLE

Nay, my choler^o is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

BOYET

Not unlike, sir; that may be. *Exit LONGAVILLE.**Enter BEROWNE.*

BEROWNE

What's her name in the cap?

BOYET

Rosaline, by good hap. 210

BEROWNE

Is she wedded or no?

BOYET

To her will, sir, or so.^o

BEROWNE

O, you are welcome, sir! Adieu.

BOYET

Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

Exit BEROWNE.

MARIA

That last is Berowne, the merry madcap lord. 215

Not a word with him but a jest.

BOYET

And every jest but a word.

PRINCESS

It was well done of you to take him at his word.

BOYET

I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

KATHARINE

Two hot sheeps, marry!

BOYET

And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips. 220

KATHARINE

You sheep, and I pasture. Shall that finish the jest?

BOYET

So you grant pasture for me. [Offers to kiss her.]

KATHARINE

Not so, gentle beast.

My lips are no common,^o though several^o they be.

198 and if 199 light . . . light wanton if rightly perceived
 206 choler wrath 212 or so something like that 223 no
 common not like pasture held in common; several two (the
 word also, in this context, signifies "private property")

BOYET

Belonging to whom?

KATHARINE

To my fortunes and me.

PRINCESS

Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree. 225

This civil war of wits were much better used

On Navarre and his book-men, for here 'tis abused.

BOYET

If my observation (which very seldom lies)

By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected. 230

PRINCESS With what?

BOYET

With that which we lovers entitle "affected."^o

PRINCESS Your reason?

BOYET

Why, all his behaviors^o did make their retireTo the court^o of his eye, peeping thorough desire. 235His heart, like an agate^o with your print impressed,^o

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed.

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,^o

Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;

All senses to that sense did make their repair, 240

To feel only looking on fairest of fair.^o

Methought all his senses were locked in his eye,

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;

Who, tend'ring^o their own worth from where they
were glassed,^oDid point^o you to buy them, along as you passed. 245

His face's own margent did quote such amazes

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.^o

I'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,

And^o you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

PRINCESS

Come to our pavilion. Boyet is disposed. 250

BOYET

But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclosed.

I only have made a mouth of his eye

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

ROSALINE

Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skillfully.

MARIA

He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him. 255

KATHARINE

Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but
grim.

BOYET

Do you hear, my mad wenches?

ROSALINE

No.

BOYET

What then? Do you see?

ROSALINE

Ay, our way to be gone.

BOYET

You are too hard for me.

Exeunt omnes.^o

232 affected impassioned 234 behaviors expression of his
 feelings 235 court watch-post 236 agate stone used for the
 engraving of images; impressed imprinted 238 His . . . see
 his tongue, vexed at having the power of speaking without
 having the power of seeing 241 To . . . fair sight is translated
 into feeling in regarding her 244 tend'ring offering; glassed
 enclosed in glass 245 point urge 246-47 His face's . . .
 gazes The amazement in Navarre's face drew attention, like
 comments in a book's margin, to the love in his eyes 249
 And if 258 s.d. omnes all (Latin)

[A C T I I I]

[Scene I. *The park.*]*Enter [ARMADO the] braggart and [MOTH,] his boy.*

ARMADO Warble, child, make passionate my sense of hearing.

MOTH [*Sings.*] Concolinel.^oARMADO Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years,^o take this key, give enlargement^o to the swain, bring him s festinately^o hither. I must employ him in a letter to my love.MOTH Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?^o

ARMADO How meanest thou? Brawling in French? 10

MOTH No, my complete master; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it^o with your feet, humor it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through 15 the nose as if you snuffed up love by smelling love, with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes, with your arms crossed^o on your thin-belly doublet^o like a rabbit on a spit, or your hands in your pocket like a man after the old painting; and keep 20 not too long in one tune, but a snip^o and away. These are complements,^o these are humors, these betray nice wenches (that would be betrayed without these), and make them men of note—do you note me?—that most are affected to^o these. 25

ARMADO How hast thou purchased this experience?

MOTH By my penny of observation.

ARMADO But O—but O—

MOTH "The hobbyhorse is forgot."^o

ARMADO Call'st thou my love "hobbyhorse"? 30

MOTH No, master. The hobbyhorse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney.^o But have you forgot your love?

ARMADO Almost I had.

MOTH Negligent student, learn her by heart. 35

ARMADO By heart, and in heart, boy.

MOTH And out of heart, master. All those three I will prove.

ARMADO What wilt thou prove?

MOTH A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, 40 upon the instant. By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her. 45

ARMADO I am all these three.

MOTH [*Aside.*] And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

ARMADO Fetch hither the swain. He must carry me a letter. 50

MOTH A message well sympathized^o—a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

ARMADO Ha, ha, what sayest thou?

MOTH Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go. 55

ARMADO The way is but short. Away!

MOTH As swift as lead, sir.

ARMADO

The meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

MOTH

Minime,^o honest master; or rather, master, no. 60

ARMADO

I say, lead is slow.

MOTH

You are too swift, sir, to say so.

Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

ARMADO

Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:

I shoot thee at the swain.

MOTH

Thump, then, and I flee. 65

[*Exit.*]

ARMADO

A most acute juvenal,^o voluble and free of grace!By thy favor, sweet welkin,^o I must sigh in thy face:Most rude melancholy, valor gives thee place.^o

My herald is returned.

Enter [MOTH the] page and [COSTARD the] clown.

MOTH

A wonder, master! Here's a costard^o broken in a shin. 70

ARMADO

Some enigma, some riddle. Come, thy l'envoy^o—begin.COSTARD No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve^o in the mail,^o sir. O, sir, plantain,^o a plain plantain. No l'envoy, no l'envoy, no salve, sir, but a plantain.ARMADO By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy 75 silly thought, my spleen;^o the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate^o take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve?

MOTH

Do the wise think them other? Is not l'envoy a salve? 80

ARMADO

No, page; it is an epilogue, or discourse to make plain Some obscure precedence^o that hath tofore been sain.^o I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humblebee

Were still at odds, being but three. 85

There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

MOTH I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

51 well sympathized in proper accord 60 Minime by no means (Latin) 66 juvenal in two senses: young fellow, satirist 67 welkin heaven 68 gives thee place gives place to you 70 costard apple, or head 71 l'envoy words ending a composition by way of leave-taking 72 salve with a pun on salve, the Latin word for salute 73 mail bag, container; plantain tree whose leaves were used for healing 76 spleen mirth 78 inconsiderate unthinking 82 precedence preceding statement; tofore been sain been said before

III.i.3 Concolinel perhaps the name of a song 4 tenderness of years affected talk for young fellow 5 enlargement freedom 6 festinately quickly 8-9 French brawl French dance 12 canary to it dance in a lively way 18 arms crossed a sign of melancholy 18-19 thin-belly doublet garment unpadded in the lower part (across your thin belly) 21 snip snatch 22 complements accompaniments 25 affected to taken with 29 The . . . forgot perhaps a phrase from an old song 31-32 hobbyhorse . . . colt . . . hackney slang words for whore

ARMADO

The fox, the ape, and the humblebee
Were still at odds, being but three.

MOTH

Until the goose came out of door, 90
And stayed the odds by adding four.^o
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with
my l'envoy.

The fox, the ape, and the humblebee
Were still at odds, being but three. 95

ARMADO

Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

MOTH A good l'envoy, ending in the goose. Would
you desire more?

COSTARD

The boy hath sold him a bargain,^o a goose—that's flat. 100
Sir, your pennyworth is good, and^o your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.^o
Let me see: a fat l'envoy—ay, that's a fat goose.

ARMADO

Come hither, come hither. How did this argument
begin?

MOTH

By saying that a costard was broken in a shin. 105
Then called you for the l'envoy.

COSTARD

True, and I for a plantain; thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

ARMADO But tell me, how was there a costard broken 110
in a shin?

MOTH I will tell you sensibly.^o

COSTARD Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth. I will
speak that l'envoy:

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within, 115
Fell over the threshold and broke my shin.

ARMADO We will talk no more of this matter.

COSTARD Till there be more matter^o in the shin.

ARMADO Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise^o thee.

COSTARD O, marry me to one Frances! I smell some 120
l'envoy, some goose, in this.

ARMADO By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at
liberty, enfreedoming thy person. Thou wert immured,
restrained, captivated, bound.

COSTARD True, true, and now you will be my 125
purgation and let me loose.

ARMADO I give thee thy liberty, set thee from
durance, and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing
but this. [*Gives a letter.*] Bear this significant^o to the
country maid Jaquenetta. [*Gives a coin.*] There is 130
remuneration; for the best ward^o of mine honor is
rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow.

MOTH

Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu.

Exit [ARMADO, followed by MOTH].

COSTARD

My sweet ounce of man's flesh, my inconvy^o Jew!

91 stayed . . . four turned them into evens by adding a fourth
100 sold . . . bargain made a fool of him 101 and if 102 fast
and loose cheating 112 sensibly with feeling 118 matter
pus 119 enfranchise set free 129 significant letter 131
ward protection 134 inconvy darling

—Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration? 135
O that's the Latin word for three farthings. Three
farthings—remuneration. "What's the price of this
inkle?"^o "One penny." "No, I'll give you a remuneration." Why, it carries it! Remuneration! Why, it
is a fairer name than French crown.^o I will never buy 140
and sell out of this word.

Enter BEROWNE.

BEROWNE O my good knave Costard, exceedingly
well met.

COSTARD Pray you, sir, how much carnation^o
ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration? 145

BEROWNE O, what is a remuneration?

COSTARD Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

BEROWNE O, why then, three-farthing-worth of silk.

COSTARD I thank your worship. God be wi' you!

BEROWNE

O stay, slave, I must employ thee. 150

As thou wilt win my favor, good my knave,

Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

COSTARD When would you have it done, sir?

BEROWNE O, this afternoon.

COSTARD Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well. 155

BEROWNE O, thou knowest not what it is.

COSTARD I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

BEROWNE Why, villain, thou must know first.

COSTARD I will come to your worship tomorrow
morning. 160

BEROWNE

It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,

And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And Rosaline they call her. Ask for her, 165

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This sealed-up counsel. [*Gives him a letter and a shilling.*]

There's thy guerdon.^o Go.

COSTARD Gardon, O sweet gardon! Better than
remuneration—a 'levenpence farthing better. Most
sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print.^o Gardon! 170
Remuneration! *Exit.*

BEROWNE

O, and I, forsooth, in love!

I, that have been love's whip,

A very beadle^o to a humorous sigh,

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable, 175

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This wimpled,^o whining, purblind,^o wayward boy,

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan^o Cupid,

Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms, 180

Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege^o of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets,^o king of codpieces,^o

138 inkle band of linen 140 French crown in two senses:
a coin, and the baldness caused by syphilis, the so-called French
disease 144 carnation flesh-colored 167 guerdon reward
170 in print most carefully 174 beadle parish constable
178 wimpled covered with a muffler; purblind completely
blind 179 Dan don, a derivation of *dominus* = lord 182
Liege lord 183 plackets slits in petticoats (vulgar term for
women); codpieces cloth covering the opening in men's
breeches

Sole imperator and great general
 Of trotting paritors^o—O my little heart!—
 And I to be a corporal of his field,^o
 And wear his colors like a tumbler's^o hoop!
 What? I love? I sue? I seek a wife?
 A woman that is like a German clock,
 Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,^o
 And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watched that it may still go right!
 Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
 And, among three, to love the worst of all,
 A whitely^o wanton with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes.
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,^o
 Though Argus^o were her eunuch and her guard!
 And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
 To pray for her! Go to, it is a plague
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan.
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*]

[A C T I V]

[Scene I. *The park.*]

Enter the PRINCESS, a FORESTER, her LADIES, and her LORDS.

PRINCESS
 Was that the king, that spurred his horse so hard
 Against the steep uprising of the hill?

FORESTER
 I know not, but I think it was not he.

PRINCESS
 Whoe'er 'a^o was, 'a showed a mounting mind.^o
 Well, lords, today we shall have our dispatch;
 On Saturday we will return to France.
 Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
 That we must stand and play the murderer in?

FORESTER
 Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice,^o
 A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

PRINCESS
 I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
 And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

FORESTER
 Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

PRINCESS
 What, what? First praise me, and again say no?

O short-lived pride! Not fair? Alack for woe! 15

185 FORESTER
 Yes, madam, fair.

PRINCESS Nay, never paint^o me now!
 Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.^o
 Here, good my glass,^o take this for telling true—
 190 [*Gives him money.*]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

FORESTER
 Nothing but fair is that which you inherit. 20

195 PRINCESS
 See, see—my beauty will be saved by merit!^o
 O heresy in fair,^o fit for these days!
 A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
 But come, the bow! Now mercy goes to kill,^o

200 And shooting well is then accounted ill. 25

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
 Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
 If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
 That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

And out of question so it is sometimes, 30

Glory^o grows guilty of detested crimes,
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
 We bend to that the working of the heart;
 As I for praise alone now seek to spill
 The poor deer's blood that my heart means no ill. 35

BOYET
 Do not curst^o wives hold that self-sovereignty
 Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
 Lords o'er their lords?

PRINCESS
 Only for praise, and praise we may afford
 To any lady that subdues a lord. 40

Enter [COSTARD the] clown.

BOYET
 Here comes a member of the commonwealth.^o
 COSTARD God dig-you-den^o all! Pray you, which is
 the head lady?

5 PRINCESS Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest
 that have no heads. 45

COSTARD Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

PRINCESS The thickest and the tallest.

COSTARD The thickest and the tallest—it is so. Truth
 is truth.

10 And^o your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit, 50
 One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
 Are not you the chief woman? You are the thickest
 here.

PRINCESS What's your will, sir? What's your will?

COSTARD I have a letter from Monsieur Berowne to
 one Lady Rosaline. 55

185 **paritors** officers of the Ecclesiastical Court who serve summonses for certain, often sexual, offenses 186 **corporal** . . . field aide to a general 187 **tumbler's** acrobat's 190 **frame** order 195 **whitely** pale 197 **do the deed** perform the act of coition 198 **Argus** ancient mythological being with a hundred eyes

IV.i.4 'a he; **mounting mind** lofty spirit (with pun on *mountain*) 9 **coppice** undergrowth of small trees

16 **paint** flatter 17 **mend the brow** make the brow more beautiful 18 **good my glass** my fine mirror 21 **saved by merit** saved by what I truly deserve 22 **heresy in fair** heresy with respect to beauty 24 **mercy** . . . kill the merciful huntsman goes forth to kill—instead of leaving the prey wounded—but such killing is not well regarded 31 **Glory** i.e., ambition for glory 36 **curst** peevish 41 **member** . . . **commonwealth** one of our group 42 **God dig-you-den** God give you good evening 50 **And** if

PRINCESS

O thy letter, thy letter! He's a good friend of mine.
Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve°—
Break up this capon.°

BOYET

I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook; it importeth° none here.
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

PRINCESS

We will read it, I swear.

60

Break the neck° of the wax, and every one give ear.

BOYET (*Reads.*) "By heaven, that thou art fair is most
infallible; true that thou art beauteous; truth itself
that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful
than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have com- 65
miseration on thy heroical vassal. The magnanimous
and most illustrate° King Cophetua set eye upon the
pernicious and indubitate° beggar Zenelophon,° and
he it was that might rightly say *veni, vidi, vici*; which
to annothanize° in the vulgar (O base and obscure 70
vulgar!) *videlicet*,° he came, saw, and overcame. He
came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came?
The king. Why did he come? To see. Why did he
see? To overcome. To whom came he? To the beggar.
What saw he? The beggar. Who overcame he? The 75
beggar. The conclusion is victory. On whose side?
The king's. The captive is enriched. On whose side?
The beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial. On whose
side? The king's. No—on both in one, or one in both.
I am the king, for so stands the comparison, thou the 80
beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I com-
mand thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I
could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou
exchange for rags? Robes. For tittles?° Titles. For
thyself? Me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my 85
lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my
heart on thy every part.

Thine in the dearest design of industry,°
Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion° roar 90
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage° will incline to play.
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture° for his den." 95

PRINCESS

What plume of feathers is he that indited° this letter?
What vane?° What weathercock?° Did you ever hear
better?

BOYET

I am much deceived but I remember the style.

PRINCESS

Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

BOYET

This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in court; 100

57 *carve* with pun on the sense "flirt" 58 *Break* . . .
capon (1) Carve this chicken (2) Open this love-letter 59
importeth concerns 61 *Break the neck* still referring to the
capon 67 *illustrate* illustrious 68 *indubitate* undoubted;
Zenelophon character in the ballad of King Cophetua and the
Beggar 70 *annothanize* anatomize or a mock-Latin word to
mean "annotate" 71 *videlicet* namely (Latin) 84 *tittles*
small jottings in ink 88 *industry* faithful service 90 *Nemean*
lion lion killed by Hercules 93 *from forage* turning away
from feeding 95 *repasture* food 96 *indited* wrote 97 *vane*
weather vane; *weathercock* ostentatious thing

A phantasime,° a Monarcho,° and one that makes sport
To the prince and his book-mates.

PRINCESS

Thou fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this letter?

COSTARD

I told you—my lord.

PRINCESS

To whom shouldst thou give it?

COSTARD

From my lord to my lady.

PRINCESS

From which lord to which lady?

105

COSTARD

From my Lord Berowne, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he called Rosaline.

PRINCESS

Thou hast mistaken° his letter. Come, lords, away.
Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exeunt* PRINCESS and TRAIN. BOYET remains.]

BOYET

Who is the suitor?° Who is the suitor?

ROSALINE

Shall I teach you to know? 110

BOYET

Ay, my continent° of beauty.

ROSALINE

Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!°

BOYET

My lady goes to kill horns, but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck if horns that year miscarry.°
Finely put on!° 115

ROSALINE

Well then, I am the shooter.

BOYET

And who is your deer?

ROSALINE

If we choose by the horns, yourself. Come not near.
Finely put on indeed!

MARIA

You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at
the brow.°

BOYET

But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now? 120

ROSALINE Shall I come upon thee with an old saying
that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little
boy, as touching the hit it?°

BOYET So I may answer thee with one as old, that
was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a 125
little wench, as touching the hit it.

ROSALINE "Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,

Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

BOYET

"And° I cannot, cannot, cannot,

And I cannot, another can." 130

Exit [ROSALINE with KATHARINE].

COSTARD

By my troth, most pleasant, how both did fit it!

MARIA

A mark marvelous well shot, for they both did hit it.

101 *phantasime* person of wild imaginings; *Monarcho* nick-
name of a crazy Italian at the court of Elizabeth 108 *mistaken*
taken to the wrong person 110 *suitors* pronounced "shooters"
111 *continent* container 112 *put off* repulsed 114 *if* . . .
miscarry if someone is not made a cuckold 115 *put on* lay
on, as a blow 119 *strikes* . . . *brow* takes careful aim (with
an allusion to the cuckold's horns) 123 *hit it* name of a dance
tune (leading to pun on the sense of *hit* = to copulate) 129
And if

BOYET

A mark! O, mark but that mark!° A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick° in't, to mete° at if it may be.

MARIA

Wide o' the bow hand!° I' faith, your hand is out. 135

COSTARD

Indeed 'a must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.°

BOYET

And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

COSTARD

Then will she get the upshoot° by cleaving the pin.°

MARIA

Come, come, you talk greasily;° your lips grow foul.

COSTARD

She's too hard for you at pricks, sir. Challenge her to bowl. 140

BOYET

I fear too much rubbing.° Good night, my good owl.
[Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.]

COSTARD

By my soul, a swain,° a most simple clown!
Lord, lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth,° most sweet jests, most incony° vulgar wit.

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely as it were, so fit! 145

Armado to th' one side—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly 'a will swear!

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit,
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit!° 150

Shout within.

Sola,° sola! [Exit.]

[Scene II. The park.]

Enter DULL, HOLOFERNES the pedant, and NATHANIEL.

NATHANIEL Very reverend sport, truly, and done in the testimony° of a good conscience.

HOLOFERNES The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood; ripe as the pomewater,° who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of coelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab° on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth. 5

NATHANIEL Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least. But sir, I assure ye it was a buck of the first head.° 10

133 mark (1) target (2) pudend 134 prick mark within the target (with additional bawdy suggestion); mete aim 135 Wide . . . hand far from the target on the bow-hand side 136 clout nail in the center of the target 138 upshoot best shot; cleaving the pin (1) striking the center of the target (2) causing emission in the male 139 greasily indecently 141 rubbing bowling balls striking each other (with sexual innuendo) 142 swain herdsman 144 O' my troth by my faith; incony fine 150 nit small thing (louse) 151 Sola a hunting cry

IV.ii.2 testimony approval 4 pomewater variety of sweet apple 6 crab crabapple 10 buck . . . head full-grown buck

HOLOFERNES Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.°

DULL 'Twas not a haud credo, 'twas a pricket.°

HOLOFERNES Most barbarous intimation!° Yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication;° facere,° as it were, replication,° or rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion—to insert again my haud credo for a deer. 20

DULL I said the deer was not a haud credo, 'twas a pricket.

HOLOFERNES

Twice-sod° simplicity, bis coctus!°

O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

NATHANIEL

Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book. 25

He hath not eat paper, as it were, he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not replenished. He is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.

And such barren plants are set before us that we thankful should be,

Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify° in us more than he. 30

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So were there a patch° set on learning, to see him in a school.

But, omne bene,° say I, being of an old father's mind, Many can brook° the weather that love not the wind.

DULL

You two are book-men. Can you tell me by your wit 35
What was a month old at Cain's birth that's not five weeks old as yet?

HOLOFERNES

Dictynna,° goodman Dull. Dictynna, goodman Dull.

DULL What is Dictynna?

NATHANIEL

A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

HOLOFERNES

The moon was a month old when Adam was no more, 40
And raught° not to five weeks when he came to fivescore.

Th' allusion holds in the exchange.°

DULL 'Tis true indeed; the collusion° holds in the exchange.

HOLOFERNES God comfort thy capacity! I say th' 45
allusion holds in the exchange.

DULL And I say the pollution holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside that 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

II haud credo I do not believe it (Latin); in the next line, Dull apparently takes the words as *old gray doe* 12 pricket two-year-old red deer 13 intimation a pedantic substitute for *insinuation* 14–15 explication explanation 15 facere to make; replication unfolding, revelation 23 Twice-sod soaked twice (again and again); bis coctus cooked twice 30 fructify bear fruit 32 patch fool 33 omne bene all is well 34 brook endure 37 Dictynna Diana, the moon 41 raught attained 42 Th' allusion . . . exchange The riddle serves for Adam as well as for Cain 43 collusion a pedantic misunderstanding

HOLOFERNES Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extem- 50
poral° epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to
humor the ignorant, I call the deer the princess killed,
a pricket.

NATHANIEL Perge,° good Master Holofernes, perge,
so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.° 55

HOLOFERNES

I will something affect the letter° for it argues facility.
The preyful° princess pierced and pricked a pretty
pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore,° but not a sore till now made sore
with shooting.
The dogs did yell. Put L° to sore, then sorel° jumps
from thicket;
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel. The people fall a hooting. 60
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores—o'
sorel.
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one
more L.

NATHANIEL A rare talent!°

DULL If a talent be a claw, look how he claws° him
with a talent. 65

HOLOFERNES This is a gift that I have, simple, simple;
a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures,
shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolu-
tions. These are begot in the ventricle° of memory,
nourished in the womb of pia mater,° and delivered 70
upon the mellowing of occasion.° But the gift is good
in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful
for it.

NATHANIEL Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may
my parishioners, for their sons are well tutored by 75
you, and their daughters profit very greatly under
you. You are a good member of the commonwealth.

HOLOFERNES Mehercle,° if their sons be ingenious,
they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be
capable, I will put it to them. But vir sapit qui pauca 80
loquitur.° A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and [COSTARD] the clown.

JAQUENETTA God give you good morrow, Master
Parson.

HOLOFERNES Master Parson, quasi° pierce-one? And
if one should be pierced, which is the one? 85

COSTARD Marry, Master Schoolmaster, he that is
likeliest to a hogshead.°

HOLOFERNES Of piercing a hogshead!° A good luster
of conceit° in a turf° of earth, fire enough for a flint,
pearl enough for a swine. 'Tis pretty; it is well. 90

JAQUENETTA Good Master Parson, be so good as
read me this letter. It was given me by Costard, and
sent me from Don Armado. I beseech you read it.

50-51 **extemporal** on the spur of the moment 54 **Perge** con-
tinue 55 **abrogate scurrility** put aside foul talk 56 **affect**
the letter alliterate 57 **preyful** killing much prey 58 **sore**
four-year-old buck 59 **L** the Roman numeral fifty; **sorel**
young buck 63 **talent** talon 64 **claws** flatters 69 **ventricle**
part of the brain containing the memory 70 **pia mater**
membrane enclosing the brain 71 **mellowing of occasion**
fit time 78 **Mehercle** By Hercules 80-81 **vir . . . loquitur**
the man is wise who speaks little 84 **quasi** as if 87
hogshead fathead 88 **piercing a hogshead** getting drunk
88-89 **luster of conceit** brilliant idea 89 **turf** clod

HOLOFERNES Fauste, precor, gelida quando pecus
omne sub umbra ruminat,° and so forth. Ah, good old 95
Mantuan. I may speak of thee as the traveler doth of
Venice:

Venetia, Venetia,

Chi non ti vede, non ti pretia.°

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! Who understandeth 100
thee not, loves thee not. Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa. Under
pardon, sir, what are the contents? Or, rather, as
Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

NATHANIEL Ay, sir, and very learned.

HOLOFERNES Let me hear a staff,° a stanze, a verse. 105
Lege, domine.°

[NATHANIEL Reads.]

"If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold if not to beauty vowed!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers
bowed. 110

Study his bias leaves° and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art would
comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice:

Well learnèd is that tongue that well can thee
commend,

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire.

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful 115
thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, O pardon love this wrong,

That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly
tongue!" 120

HOLOFERNES You find not the apostrophus,° and so
miss the accent. Let me supervise the canzonet.° Here
are only numbers ratified;° but, for the elegancy,
facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret.° Ovidius
Naso was the man; and why indeed "Naso"° but for 125
smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the
jerks of invention?° Imitari° is nothing. So doth the
hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse
his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to
you? 130

JAQUENETTA Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Berowne,
one of the strange° queen's lords.

HOLOFERNES I will overglance the superscript.° "To
the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady
Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect° of the 135
letter for the nomination° of the party writing to the
person written unto. "Your ladyship's, in all desired
employment, Berowne." Sir Nathaniel, this Berowne
is one of the votaries° with the king; and here he hath

94-95 **Fauste . . . ruminat** I pray thee, Faustus, when all the
cattle ruminate beneath the cool shade (a quotation from a
Latin poem by Mantuan, an Italian Renaissance poet) 98-99
Venetia . . . **pretia** Venice, Venice, only those who do not
see thee do not value thee (Italian) 105 **staff** stanza 106
Lege, domine Read, master 111 **Study . . . leaves** the
student leaves his favorite studies 121 **apostrophus** mark of
punctuation taking the place of a vowel 122 **canzonet** song
123 **numbers ratified** rhythm regularized 124 **caret** it is
deficient 125 **Naso** nose 127 **jerks of invention** clever
strokes of wit; **Imitari** to imitate 132 **strange** foreign 133
superscript address 135 **intellect** purport 136 **nomination**
name 139 **votaries** persons who have taken a vow

framed° a letter to a sequent° of the stranger queen's, 140
which accidentally, or by the way of progression,°
hath miscarried. Trip and go,° my sweet, deliver this
paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern
much. Stay not thy compliment;° I forgive thy duty.
Adieu. 145

JAQUENETTA Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God
save your life.

COSTARD Have with thee, my girl.

Exit [with JAQUENETTA].

NATHANIEL Sir, you have done this in the fear of
God very religiously; and as a certain father saith— 150

HOLOFERNES Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear
colorable colors.° But to return to the verses—did they
please you, Sir Nathaniel?

NATHANIEL Marvelous well for the pen.°

HOLOFERNES I do dine today at the father's of a 155
certain pupil of mine, where, if before repast it shall
please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on
my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid
child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto;° where I
will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither 160
savoring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech
your society.

NATHANIEL And thank you too, for society (saith the
text) is the happiness of life.

HOLOFERNES And, certes,° the text most infallibly 165
concludes it. [*To DULL.*] Sir, I do invite you too; you
shall not say me nay. Pauca verba.° Away! The
gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.
Exeunt.

[Scene III. *The park.*]

Enter BEROWNE with a paper in his hand, alone.

BEROWNE The king he is hunting the deer; I am
coursing° myself. They have pitched a toil;° I am
toiling in a pitch—pitch that defiles. Defile—a foul
word! Well, set thee down, sorrow, for so they say the
fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, 5
wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax:° it
kills sheep; it kills me—I a sheep. Well proved again
o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me! I' faith,
I will not. O but her eye! By this light, but for her
eye, I would not love her—yes, for her two eyes. 10
Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my
throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to
rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my
rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one
o' my sonnets already. The clown bore it, the fool 15
sent it, and the lady hath it—sweet clown, sweeter
fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care

a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with
a paper. God give him grace to groan!

He stands aside.

The KING ent'reth [with a paper].

KING Ay me! 20

BEROWNE [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet
Cupid. Thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt°
under the left pap.° In faith, secrets!

KING [*Reads.*]

“So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not

To those fresh morning drops upon the rose, 25

As thy eye-beams when their fresh rays have smote

The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows.

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright

Through the transparent bosom of the deep

As doth thy face, through tears of mine, give light. 30

Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee.

So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.

Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

And they thy glory through my grief will show. 35

But do not love thyself—then thou wilt keep

My tears for glasses° and still make me weep.

O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel

No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell!”

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper. 40

Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

Enter LONGAVILLE [with a paper]. The KING steps aside.

What, Longaville, and reading! Listen, ear.

BEROWNE

Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

LONGAVILLE

Ay me, I am forsworn.

BEROWNE

Why, he comes in like a perjure,° wearing papers.° 45

KING

In love, I hope—sweet fellowship in shame!

BEROWNE

One drunkard loves another of the name.

LONGAVILLE

Am I the first that have been perjured so?

BEROWNE

I could put thee in comfort—not by two that I know.

Thou makest the triumvir,° the corner-cap° of 50
society,

The shape of love's Tyburn,° that hangs up simplicity.

LONGAVILLE

I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

BEROWNE

O, rhymes are guards° on wanton Cupid's hose; 55
Disfigure not his shop.°

LONGAVILLE

This same shall go.

140 framed devised; sequent follower 141 by . . . progression on its way 142 Trip and go phrase used of a morris dancer 144 Stay . . . compliment do not wait on ceremony 152 colorable colors plausible excuses 154 pen penmanship, or style of writing 159 ben venuto welcome (Italian) 165 certes certainly 167 Pauca verba Few words

IV.iii.2 coursing chasing; pitched a toil set a snare 6 Ajax ancient Greek warrior who, going mad, killed sheep, believing them his enemies

22 bird-bolt arrow for shooting birds 23 pap breast 37 glasses mirrors 45 perjure perjurer; wearing papers a punishment for perjury, to wear a paper on the head as a public shame (presumably Longaville has a sonnet in his hat-band) 50 triumvir triumvirate; corner-cap cap with corners (worn by divines, judges, and scholars) 51 Tyburn place of execution (the triangular-shaped gallows bears a resemblance to a corner-cap) 55 guards ornaments 56 shop organ of generation, or codpiece

He reads the sonnet.

"Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment. 60
A woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace, being gained, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapor is; 65
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapor-vow; in thee it is.
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?" 70

BEROWNE
This is the liver-vein,^o which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose^o a goddess. Pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! We are much out o' th'
way.^o

Enter DUMAINE [with a paper].

LONGAVILLE
By whom shall I send this?—Company? Stay.
[*Steps aside.*]

BEROWNE
All hid,^o all hid—an old infant play. 75
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'ereye.
More sacks to the mill^o—O heavens, I have my wish!
Dumaine transformed! Four woodcocks^o in a dish!

DUMAINE
O most divine Kate! 80

BEROWNE
O most profane coxcomb!

DUMAINE
By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

BEROWNE
By earth, she is not, corporal.^o There you lie!

DUMAINE
Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.^o

BEROWNE
An amber-colored raven was well noted. 85

DUMAINE
As upright as the cedar.

BEROWNE
Stoop,^o I say—
Her shoulder is with child.^o

DUMAINE
As fair as day.

BEROWNE
Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

DUMAINE
O that I had my wish!

LONGAVILLE
And I had mine!

71 **liver-vein** vein coming from the liver (the place of the origin of love) 72 **green goose** goose born the previous autumn (and so, a young girl) 73 **out . . . way** on the wrong track 75 **All hid** formula from a child's game 78 **More . . . mill** more yet to do 79 **woodcocks** silly birds 83 **corporal** officer (with a pun on the word for bodily, human) 84 **Her . . . quoted** Her amber-colored hair made amber look ugly by contrast 86 **Stoop** stooped 87 **with child** rounded

KING

And I mine too, good Lord! 90

BEROWNE

Amen, so I had mine! Is not that a good word?

DUMAINE

I would forget her, but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will rememb' red be.

BEROWNE

A fever in your blood? Why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers. Sweet misprision!^o 95

DUMAINE

Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

BEROWNE

Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

DUMAINE *reads his sonnet.*

DUMAINE "On a day—alack the day!—
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair 100
Playing in the wanton air.
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wished himself the heaven's breath. 105
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn. 110
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop^o were, 115
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."

This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.^o
O, would the king, Berowne, and Longaville 120
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note,^o
For none offend where all alike do dote.

LONGAVILLE [*Advancing.*]

Dumaine, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society. 125
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

KING [*Advancing.*]

Come, sir, you blush! As his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much. 130
You do not love Maria! Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathèd arms athwart
His loving bosom to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And marked you both, and for you both did blush. 135
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek^o from you, noted well your passion.

95 **misprision** mistake 115 **Ethiop** black person 119 **fasting pain** pain caused by deprivation 121–22 **Ill . . . note** wickedness, not liking to make itself an example, would remove from me the papers I bear as the punishment for perjury 137 **reek** exhale

"Ay me!" says one; "O Jove!" the other cries.
One, her hairs were gold; crystal, the other's eyes.

[To LONGAVILLE.]

You would for paradise break faith and troth,

[To DUMAINE.]

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
What will Berowne say when that he shall hear
Faith infringèd, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn, how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.^o

BEROWNE [*Advancing.*]

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches;^o in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears.
You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing.
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
But are you not ashamed? Nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?^o
You found his mote, the king your mote did see;
But I a beam^o do find in each of three.
O what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!^o
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformèd to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,^o
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor^o play at push-pin^o with the boys,
And critic Timon^o laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief? O, tell me, good Dumaine.
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? All about the breast.
A caudle,^o ho!

KING Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betrayed thus to thy overview?

BEROWNE

Not you by me, but I betrayed to you;
I that am honest, I that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engagèd in,
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men like you, men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? Or spend a minute's time
In pruning^o me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb—

KING Soft!^o Whither away so fast?

A true^o man or a thief, that gallops so?

147 **by me** concerning me 152 **coaches** for love to ride in (as in line 32) 157 **o'ershot** wide of the mark 158–59 **mote** . . . **beam** the contrast is between small and large faults (see Matthew 7:3–5; Luke 6:41–42) 161 **teen** grief 164 **gig** top 166 **Nestor** ancient Greek sage; **push-pin** child's game 167 **critic Timon** Greek misanthrope 171 **caudle** healing drink for an invalid 180 **pruning** preening 183 **Soft** Wait a minute! (an exclamation) 184 **true** honest

BEROWNE

I post^o from love. Good lover, let me go.

185

Enter JAQUENETTA and [COSTARD the] clown.

140 JAQUENETTA

God bless the king!

KING

What present hast thou there?

COSTARD

Some certain treason.

KING

What makes^o treason here?

COSTARD

145 Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

KING

If it mar nothing neither,

The treason and you go in peace away together.

JAQUENETTA

I beseech your grace let this letter be read.

190

Our parson misdoubts^o it; 'twas treason, he said.

150 KING Berowne, read it over.

He [BEROWNE] reads the letter.

Where hadst thou it?

JAQUENETTA Of Costard.

155 KING Where hadst thou it?

195

COSTARD Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

[BEROWNE *tears the letter.*]

KING

160 How now, what is in you? Why dost thou tear it?

BEROWNE

A toy, my liege, a toy. Your grace needs not fear it.

LONGAVILLE

It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

165 DUMAINE [*Gathering up the pieces.*]

It is Berowne's writing, and here is his name.

200

BEROWNE [*To COSTARD.*]

Ah, you whoreson loggerhead,^o you were born to do me shame!

170 Guilty, my lord, guilty. I confess, I confess.

KING What?

BEROWNE

That you three fools lacked me fool to make up the mess.^o

He, he, and you—and you, my liege, and I,

205

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

175 O dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

DUMAINE

Now the number is even.

BEROWNE

True, true, we are four.

Will these turtles^o be gone?

180 KING

Hence, sirs, away!

COSTARD

Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

210

[*Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.*]

BEROWNE

Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!

As true we are as flesh and blood can be.

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

185 **post** ride in haste 187 **makes** does 191 **misdoubts** mistrusts 201 **whoreson loggerhead** rascally blockhead 204 **mess** party of four at table 209 **turtles** turtledoves, lovers

We cannot cross° the cause why we were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

KING

What, did these rent° lines show some love of thine?

BEROWNE

Did they? quoth you. Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde
At the first op'ning of the gorgeous East,
Bows not his vassal head and, strooken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast!
What peremptory° eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow
That is not blinded by her majesty?

KING

What zeal, what fury, hath inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

BEROWNE

My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berowne.
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the culled sovereignty°
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies° make one dignity,
Where nothing wants° that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish° of all gentle tongues—
Fie, painted rhetoric!° O, she needs it not!
To things of sale° a seller's praise belongs:
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A withered hermit, fivescore winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye.
Beauty doth varnish° age as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

KING

By heaven, thy love is black as ebony!

BEROWNE

Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? Where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack
If that she learn not of her eye to look.
No face is fair that is not full so black.

KING

O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the school of night;°
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.°

BEROWNE

Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be decked,
It mourns that painting and usurping° hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;°
And therefore is she born to make black fair.

215

Her favor° turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood° is counted painting now;
And therefore red that would avoid dispraise
Paints itself black to imitate her brow.

260

DUMAINE

To look like her are chimney sweepers black.

LONGAVILLE

220

And since her time are colliers° counted bright.

KING

And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.°

265

DUMAINE

Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

225

BEROWNE

Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colors should be washed away.

KING

'Twere good yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not washed today.

270

BEROWNE

230

I'll prove her fair or talk till doomsday here.

KING

No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

DUMAINE

I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

235

LONGAVILLE

Look, here's thy love; [*showing his shoe*] my foot° and
her face see.

BEROWNE

240

O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

275

DUMAINE

O vile! Then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walked overhead.

KING

But what of this? Are we not all in love?

BEROWNE

245

O, nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.

280

KING

Then leave this chat, and, good Berowne, now prove
Our loving lawful and our faith not torn.

DUMAINE

250

Ay marry, there, some flattery for this evil!

LONGAVILLE

O, some authority how to proceed!
Some tricks, some quilllets,° how to cheat the devil!

285

DUMAINE

Some salve for perjury.

BEROWNE

255

O, 'tis more than need!

Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms!°
Consider what you first did swear unto.

To fast, to study, and to see no woman—
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

290

Say, can you fast? Your stomachs are too young,

And abstinence engenders maladies.

[And where that° you have vowed to study, lords,

215 cross thwart 217 rent damaged 223 peremptory
resolute 231 culled sovereignty chosen as the best 233
worthies good qualities 234 wants lacks 235 flourish
adornment 236 painted rhetoric extravagant speech 237
of sale for sale 241 varnish lend freshness 252 school
of night some editors emend "school" to "suit" or to
"shade," but perhaps the term means a place for learning
dark things 253 beauty's . . . well true beauty, which is
bright, is heavenly, but if blackness is taken as the sign of
beauty, it would be ironic to link beauty with heaven, which
is the source of light 256 usurping false 257 aspect
appearance

259 favor complexion 260 native blood naturally red
complexion 264 colliers coalmen 265 crack boast 274 my
foot he is wearing black shoes 285 quilllets subtleties 287
affection's men-at-arms love's warriors 293 where that
whereas (after writing lines 293–314, here bracketed, Shake-
speare apparently decided he could do better, and rewrote the
passage in the ensuing lines, but the printer mistakenly printed
both versions)

In that each of you have forsworn his book,
 Can you still dream and pore and thereon look? 295
 For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
 Have found the ground of study's excellence
 Without the beauty of a woman's face?
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
 They are the ground, the books, the academes,^o 300
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.^o
 Why, universal plodding poisons^o up
 The nimble spirits in the arteries,
 As motion and long-during^o action tires
 The sinewy vigor of the traveler. 305
 Now for not looking on a woman's face,
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
 And study too, the causer of your vow;
 For where is any author in the world
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
 And where we are our learning likewise is.
 Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
 Do we not likewise see our learning there?]
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
 In leaden contemplation have found out
 Such fiery numbers^o as the prompting eyes
 Of beauty's tutors have enriched you with?
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,
 And therefore, finding barren practisers,
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;
 But love, first learnèd in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immurèd in the brain, 325
 But with the motion of all elements,^o
 Courses as swift as thought in every power,
 And gives to every power a double power
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye:
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of theft^o is stopped.
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
 Than are the tender horns of cockled^o snails. 335
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
 For valor, is not love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?^o
 Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair. 340
 And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write
 Until his ink were temp'red with love's sighs.
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive.
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,

That show, contain, and nourish all the world; 350
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
 Then fools you were these women to forswear,
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men, 355
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men—
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
 It is religion to be thus forsworn, 360
 For charity itself fulfills the law,^o
 And who can sever love from charity?

KING

Saint Cupid then! And, soldiers, to the field!

BEROWNE

Advance your standards, and upon them, lords!
 Pell-mell, down with them! But be first advised, 365
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.^o

LONGAVILLE

Now to plain-dealing. Lay these glozes^o by.
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France? 315

KING

And win them too! Therefore let us devise
 Some entertainment for them in their tents. 370

BEROWNE

First from the park let us conduct them thither;
 Then homeward every man attach the hand
 Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape; 375
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours
 Forerun fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

KING

Away, away! No time shall be omitted
 That will be time,^o and may by us be fitted.

330 BEROWNE

Allons!^o Allons! Sowed cockle reaped no corn,^o 380
 And justice always whirls in equal measure.
 Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
 If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [Exeunt.]

[A C T V]

[Scene I. The park.]

Enter [HOLOFERNES] the pedant, [NATHANIEL] the
 curate, and DULL [the constable].

345 HOLOFERNES Satis quid sufficit.^o

NATHANIEL I praise God for you, sir. Your reasons^o
 at dinner have been sharp and sententious,^o pleasant
 without scurrility, witty without affection,^o audacious

300 academes academies 301 Promethean fire fire stolen
 from heaven by Prometheus 302 poisons some editors
 emend to "prisons" 304 long-during long-lasting 319 fiery
 numbers passionate verses 326 with . . . elements with the
 force of all the components of the universe 333 the . . .
 theft a thief's hearing, suspicious of every sound 335
 cockled in shells 338 Hesperides garden where Hercules
 picked the golden apples

361 charity . . . law Romans 13:8, "He that loveth another
 hath fulfilled the law" 366 get . . . them approach when the
 sun is in their eyes 367 glozes trivial comments 379 be
 time come to pass 380 Allons Let's go! (French); Sowed
 . . . corn if weeds are sown, wheat is not reaped
 V.i.1 Satis quid sufficit Enough is as good as a feast 2
 reasons discourses 3 sententious full of meaning 4 affec-
 tion affectation

without impudency, learned without opinion,^o and ⁵
strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam^o
day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled,
nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

HOLOFERNES Novi hominem tanquam te.^o His
humor is lofty, his discourse peremptory,^o his tongue ¹⁰
filed,^o his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his
general behavior vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.^o
He is too picked,^o too spruce, too affected, too odd,
as it were, too peregrinate,^o as I may call it.

NATHANIEL A most singular and choice epithet. ¹⁵

Draws out his table-book.^o

HOLOFERNES He draweth out the thread of his
verbosity finer than the staple^o of his argument. I
abhor such fanatical phantasies,^o such insociable^o
and point-devise^o companions; such rackers^o of
orthography as to speak "dout" fine when he should ²⁰
say "doubt," "det" when he should pronounce
"debt"—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t. He clepeth^o a calf
"cauf," half "hauf," neighbor vocatur^o "nebor,"
neigh abbreviated "ne." This is abominable, which
he would call "abominable." It insinuateth me of ²⁵
insanie.^o Ne intelligis, domine?^o To make frantic,
lunatic.

NATHANIEL Laus Deo bone intelligo.^o

HOLOFERNES Bone?^o Bone for bene! Priscian^o a little
scratched;^o 'twill serve. ³⁰

*Enter [ARMADO the] braggart, [MOTH, his] boy, [and
COSTARD the clown].*

NATHANIEL Videsne quis venit?^o

HOLOFERNES Video, et gaudeo.^o

ARMADO [To MOTH.] Chirrah!^o

HOLOFERNES Quare^o "chirrah," not "sirrah"?

ARMADO Men of peace, well encount' red. ³⁵

HOLOFERNES Most military sir, salutation.

MOTH [Aside to COSTARD.] They have been at a great
feast of languages and stol'n the scraps.

COSTARD O, they have lived long on the alms-
basket^o of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten ⁴⁰
thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head
as honorificabilitudinitatibus.^o Thou art easier swal-
lowed than a flapdragon.^o

MOTH Peace! The peal^o begins.

ARMADO Monsieur, are you not lett' red?^o ⁴⁵

opinion dogmatism **6 quondam** former **9 Novi . . . te**
I know the man as well as I know you **10 peremptory**
decisive **11 filed** polished **12 thrasonical** boastful
13 picked refined **14 peregrinate** foreign in manner
15 s.d. table-book tablet (stage directions are often, as here,
in the imperative) **17 staple** fiber **18 phantasies** wild
imagers; **insociable** impossible to associate with **19 point-**
devise perfectly correct; **rackers** torturers **22 clepeth** calls
23 vocatur is called **25-26 insinuateth . . . insanie** suggests
insanity to me **26 Ne intelligis, domine** Do you not under-
stand, sir? **28 Laus . . . intelligo** Praise be to God, I well
understand **29 Bone** probably a mixture of Latin *bene* and
French *bon*; **Priscian** Latin grammarian of sixth century
A.D. **30 scratched** damaged **31 Videsne quis venit** Do
you see who is coming? **32 Video, et gaudeo** I see, and I
rejoice **33 Chirrah** dialect form for *sirrah* **34 Quare** why
39-40 alms-basket basket used at feasts to collect scraps from
the table for the poor **42 honorificabilitudinitatibus** Latin
tongue twister, thought to be the longest word known **43**
flapdragon burning raisin or plum floating in liquor, and so
drunk **44 peal** of bells **45 lett' red** man of letters

MOTH Yes, yes! He teaches boys the hornbook.^o What
is a, b, spelled backward with the horn on his head?

HOLOFERNES Ba, pueritia,^o with a horn added.

MOTH Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his
learning. ⁵⁰

HOLOFERNES Quis,^o quis, thou consonant?

MOTH The last of the five vowels, if you repeat
them; or the fifth, if I.

HOLOFERNES I will repeat them: a, e, i—

MOTH The sheep. The other two concludes it—o, u. ⁵⁵

ARMADO Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean,
a sweet touch, a quick renew^o of wit! Snip, snap,

quick and home! It rejoiceth my intellect. True wit!
MOTH Offered by a child to an old man—which is
wit-old.^o ⁶⁰

HOLOFERNES What is the figure?^o What is the figure?

MOTH Horns.

HOLOFERNES Thou disputes like an infant. Go whip
thy gig.^o

MOTH Lend me your horn to make one, and I will ⁶⁵
whip about your infamy manu cita.^o A gig of a
cuckold's horn.

COSTARD And^o I had but one penny in the world,
thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread. Hold,
there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, ⁷⁰
thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of
discretion. O, and the heavens were so pleased that
thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father
wouldest thou make me! Go to, thou hast it ad
dunghill,^o at the fingers' ends, as they say. ⁷⁵

HOLOFERNES O, I smell false Latin! "Dunghill" for
unguem.

ARMADO Arts-man,^o preambulate.^o We will be
singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth
at the charge-house^o on the top of the mountain? ⁸⁰

HOLOFERNES Or mons, the hill.

ARMADO At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

HOLOFERNES I do, sans question.

ARMADO Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and
affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion ⁸⁵
in the posteriors^o of this day, which the rude multitude
call the afternoon.

HOLOFERNES The posterior of the day, most generous
sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable^o for the
afternoon. The word is well culled, chose, sweet and ⁹⁰
apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

ARMADO Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my
familiar,^o I do assure ye, very good friend. For what
is inward^o between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee,
remember thy courtesy.^o I beseech thee apparel thy ⁹⁵
head. And among other importunate and most

46 hornbook parchment with alphabet and numbers, covered
with transparent horn, for teaching spelling and counting
48 pueritia childishness **51 Quis** who **57 renew** thrust
60 wit-old mentally feeble (with pun on *wittol* = cuckold)
61 figure figure of speech **64 gig** top **66 manu cita** with a
swift hand **68 And** if **74-75 ad dunghill** perhaps a school-
boy's corruption of the proverb *ad unguem* = to the fingernail,
meaning "precisely" **78 Arts-man** learned man; **preambu-**
late walk forth **80 charge-house** school (perhaps an allusion
to a specific school on a hill, mentioned by Erasmus) **86**
posteriors hind parts **89 liable, congruent, measurable**
all synonyms for *suitable* **93 familiar** close friend **94 inward**
private **95 remember thy courtesy** possibly, remove your
hat when the king's name is mentioned

serious designs, and of great import indeed, too—
 but let that pass; for I must tell thee, it will please his
 grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor
 shoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with
 my excrement,^o with my mustachio—but, sweet
 heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable!
 Some certain special honors it pleaseth his greatness to
 impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath
 seen the world—but let that pass. The very all of all
 is (but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy) that the
 king would have me present the princess (sweet
 chuck) with some delightful ostentation, or show,
 or pageant, or antic,^o or firework. Now, under-
 standing that the curate and your sweet self are good
 at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth,
 as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to
 crave your assistance.

HOLOFERNES Sir, you shall present before her the
 Nine Worthies.^o Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some
 entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of
 this day, to be rend'red by our assistance, the king's
 command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and
 learned gentleman, before the princess—I say, none so
 fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

NATHANIEL Where will you find men worthy
 enough to present them?

HOLOFERNES Joshua, yourself; myself; and this
 gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabaeus; this swain,
 because of his great limb or joint, shall pass^o Pompey
 the Great; the page, Hercules—

ARMADO Pardon, sir—error! He is not quantity
 enough for that Worthy's thumb; he is not so big as
 the end of his club.

HOLOFERNES Shall I have audience?^o He shall present
 Hercules in minority.^o His enter and exit shall be
 strangling a snake; and I will have an apology^o for
 that purpose.

MOTH An excellent device! So if any of the audience
 hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! Now thou
 crushest the snake!" That is the way to make an
 offense gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

ARMADO For the rest of the Worthies?

HOLOFERNES I will play three myself.

MOTH Thrice-worthy gentleman!

ARMADO Shall I tell you a thing?

HOLOFERNES We attend.

ARMADO We will have, if this fadge^o not, an antic.
 I beseech you, follow.

HOLOFERNES Via,^o goodman Dull! Thou hast
 spoken no word all this while.

DULL Nor understood none neither, sir.

HOLOFERNES Allons, we will employ thee.

DULL I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on
 the tabor^o to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.^o

HOLOFERNES Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport,
 away! *Exeunt.*

101 excrement that which grows out (such as hair, nails,
 feathers) **109 antic** fanciful pageant **115 Nine Worthies**
 traditionally, Hector, Caesar, Joshua, David, Judas Maccabaeus,
 Alexander, King Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Boulogne;
 here Hercules and Pompey are included **125 pass** represent
130 have audience be heard **131 minority** early youth
132 apology justification **143 fadge** succeed **145 Via** come on
 (Italian) **150 tabor** small drum; **hay** country dance

[Scene II. *The park.*]

*Enter the ladies [the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSA-
 LINE, and MARIA].*

PRINCESS

Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart
 If fairings^o come thus plentifully in.
 A lady walled about with diamonds!
 Look you what I have from the loving king.

ROSALINE

Madam, came nothing else along with that?

PRINCESS

Nothing but this? Yes, as much love in rhyme
 As would be crammed up in a sheet of paper,
 Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent^o and all,
 That he was fain^o to seal on Cupid's name.

ROSALINE

That was the way to make his godhead wax,^o
 For he hath been five thousand year a boy.

KATHARINE

Ay, and a shrowd^o unhappy gallows^o too.

ROSALINE

You'll ne'er be friends with him: 'a killed your sister.

KATHARINE

He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
 And so she died. Had she been light, like you,
 Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
 She might ha' been a grandam ere she died.
 And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

ROSALINE

What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

KATHARINE

A light condition in a beauty dark.

ROSALINE

We need more light to find your meaning out.

KATHARINE

You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;^o
 Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

ROSALINE

Look what^o you do, you do it still i' th' dark.

KATHARINE

So do not you, for you are a light wench.

ROSALINE

Indeed I weigh^o not you, and therefore light.

KATHARINE

You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me!

ROSALINE

Great reason, for past care is still past cure.

PRINCESS

Well bandied^o both! A set of wit well played.
 But Rosaline, you have a favor too—
 Who sent it? And what is it?

ROSALINE

I would you knew.
 And if my face were but as fair as yours,
 My favor were as great. Be witness this.
 Nay, I have verses too, I thank Berowne;
 The numbers^o true, and, were the numb'ring^o too,

V.ii.2 fairings presents **8 margent** margin **9 fain** eager
10 wax grow (and with a pun on *sealing wax*) **12 shrowd**
 accursed; **gallows** one fit to be hanged **22 taking . . . snuff**
 being annoyed **24 Look what** whatever **26 weigh** value at
 a certain rate **29 bandied** hit back and forth (figure from
 tennis) **35 numbers** meter; **numb'ring** estimate

I were the fairest goddess on the ground.
 I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.^o
 O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
 PRINCESS Anything like?
 ROSALINE Much in the letters, nothing in the praise. 40
 PRINCESS Beauteous as ink—a good conclusion.
 KATHARINE Fair as a text B in a copybook.
 ROSALINE
 'Ware^o pencils, ho! Let me not die your debtor,
 My red dominical,^o my golden letter.
 O, that your face were not so full of O's!^o 45
 PRINCESS
 A pox of^o that jest, and I beshrow all shrows!^o
 But Katharine, what was sent to you from fair
 Dumaine?
 KATHARINE
 Madam, this glove.
 PRINCESS Did he not send you twain?
 KATHARINE
 Yes, madam; and moreover,
 Some thousand verses of a faithful lover. 50
 A huge translation of hypocrisy,
 Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.^o
 MARIA
 This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville.
 The letter is too long by half a mile.
 PRINCESS
 I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart 55
 The chain were longer and the letter short?
 MARIA
 Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
 PRINCESS
 We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
 ROSALINE
 They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
 That same Berowne I'll torture ere I go. 60
 O that I knew he were but in by th' week!^o
 How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
 And wait the season, and observe the times,
 And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
 And shape his service wholly to my hests,^o 65
 And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
 So pertauntlike^o would I o'ersway his state^o
 That he should be my fool, and I his fate.
 PRINCESS
 None are so surely caught, when they are caught,
 As wit turned fool. Folly, in wisdom hatched, 70
 Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school
 And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
 ROSALINE
 The blood of youth burns not with such excess
 As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
 MARIA
 Folly in fools bears not so strong a note 75
 As fool'ry in the wise when wit doth dote;
 Since all the power thereof it doth apply
 To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

37 fairs beautiful women 43 'Ware beware 44 red dominical red S (for Sunday, the Lord's Day) 45 O's smallpox scars 46 A pox of may a plague strike; beshrow all shrows curse all shrews 52 simplicity simple-mindedness 61 in . . . week trapped 65 hests commands 67 pertauntlike like a winning hand (*Pair-taunt*) in a certain card game; o'ersway his state overrule his power

Enter BOYET.

PRINCESS

Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

BOYET

O, I am stabbed with laughter! Where's her grace? 80

PRINCESS

Thy news, Boyet?

BOYET

Prepare, madam, prepare!
 Arm, wenches, arm! Encounters mounted are
 Against your peace. Love doth approach disguised,
 Armèd in arguments; you'll be surprised.
 Muster your wits; stand in your own defense, 85
 Or hide your heads like cowards and fly hence.

PRINCESS

Saint Denis^o to Saint Cupid! What are they
 That charge their breath against us? Say, scout, say.

BOYET

Under the cool shade of a sycamore
 I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour, 90
 When, lo, to interrupt my purposed rest,
 Toward that shade I might behold addrest^o
 The king and his companions! Warily
 I stole into a neighbor thicket by,
 And overheard what you shall overhear— 95
 That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
 Their herald is a pretty knavish page
 That well by heart hath conned his embassy.^o
 Action and accent did they teach him there:
 "Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear." 100
 And ever and anon they made a doubt^o
 Presence majestical would put him out;
 "For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see,
 Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
 The boy replied, "An angel is not evil; 105
 I should have feared her had she been a devil."
 With that all laughed and clapped him on the shoulder,
 Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
 One rubbed his elbow thus, and fleered,^o and swore
 A better speech was never spoke before. 110
 Another, with his finger and his thumb,
 Cried, "Via, we will do't, come what will come!"
 The third he capered and cried, "All goes well!"
 The fourth turned on the toe,^o and down he fell.
 With that they all did tumble on the ground 115
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen^o ridiculous appears,
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

PRINCESS

But what, but what? Come they to visit us?

BOYET

They do, they do, and are apparelled thus— 120
 Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
 Their purpose is to parley,^o court, and dance,
 And every one his love-feat^o will advance
 Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
 By favors several which they did bestow. 125

87 Saint Denis patron saint of France 92 addrest approaching 98 conned his embassy learned his commission 101 made a doubt expressed a fear 109 fleered grinned 114 turned . . . toe danced for happiness 117 spleen excess of mirth 122 parley hold a conference 123 love-feat exploit prompted by love

PRINCESS

And will they so? The gallants shall be tasked;^o
 For, ladies, we will every one be masked,
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,
 Despite of suit,^o to see a lady's face.
 Hold, Rosaline, this favor thou shalt wear,
 And then the king will court thee for his dear.
 Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;
 So shall Berowne take me for Rosaline.
 And change you favors too; so shall your loves
 Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.^o

ROSALINE

Come on, then; wear the favors most in sight.^o

KATHARINE

But in this changing what is your intent?

PRINCESS

The effect of my intent is to cross^o theirs.
 They do it but in mockery merriment,
 And mock for mock is only my intent.
 Their several counsels they unbosom^o shall
 To loves mistook and so be mocked withal
 Upon the next occasion that we meet,
 With visages displayed, to talk and greet.

ROSALINE

But shall we dance if they desire us to't?

PRINCESS

No, to the death^o we will not move a foot,
 Nor to their penned speech render we no grace,
 But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.

BOYET

Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
 And quite divorce his memory from his part.

PRINCESS

Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt
 The rest will e'er come in if he be out.
 There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own.
 So shall we stay, mocking intended game,^o
 And they, well mocked, depart away with shame.

Sound trumpet.

BOYET

The trumpet sounds. Be masked—the maskers come.
[The LADIES mask.]

*Enter BLACKAMOORS with music; [MOTH] the boy,
 with a speech, and [the KING, BEROWNE, and] the rest
 of the LORDS [in Russian dress and] disguised.*

MOTH

"All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!"

BOYET

Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

MOTH

"A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

The LADIES turn their backs to him.

That ever turned their backs to mortal views!"

BEROWNE "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes"!

MOTH

"That ever turned their eyes to mortal views!
 Out—"

BOYET True. "Out" indeed!

165

MOTH

130 "Out of your favors, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
 Not to behold"—

BEROWNE "Once to behold," rogue!

MOTH

135 "Once to behold with your sunbeamèd eyes,
 —with your sunbeamèd eyes"— 170

BOYET

They will not answer to that epithet.

You were best call it "daughter-beamèd eyes."

MOTH

They do not mark me, and that brings^o me out.

BEROWNE

Is this your perfectness? Be gone, you rogue!

140 *[Exit MOTH.]*

ROSALINE

What would these strangers? Know their minds,
 Boyet. 175

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
 That some plain man recount their purposes.

145 Know what they would.

BOYET

What would you with the princess?

BEROWNE

Nothing but peace and gentle visitation. 180

ROSALINE

What would they, say they?

150 BOYET

Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

ROSALINE

Why, that they have, and bid them so be gone.

BOYET

She says you have it and you may be gone.

155 KING

Say to her, we have measured many miles,
 To tread a measure^o with her on this grass. 185

BOYET

They say that they have measured many a mile,
 To tread a measure with you on this grass.

ROSALINE

It is not so. Ask them how many inches
 Is in one mile. If they have measured many,
 The measure then of one is eas'ly told. 190

BOYET

If to come hither you have measured miles,
 And many miles, the princess bids you tell
 How many inches doth fill up one mile.

BEROWNE

Tell her we measure them by weary steps. 195

160 BOYET

She hears herself.

ROSALINE

How many weary steps,
 Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
 Are numb'ed in the travel of one mile?

BEROWNE

We number nothing that we spend for you.
 Our duty is so rich, so infinite, 200

173 brings puts 186 measure stately dance

126 tasked tested 129 Despite of suit in spite of his pleading
 135 removes changes 136 most in sight conspicuously
 138 cross thwart 141 unbosom confide 146 to the
 death as long as we live 155 game sport

That we may do it still without accompt.^o
 Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
 That we like savages may worship it.

ROSALINE

My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

KING

Blessèd are clouds, to do as such clouds do. 205
 Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
 (Those clouds removed) upon our watery eyne.^o

ROSALINE

O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter!
 Thou now requests but moonshine in the water.^o

KING

Then in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.^o 210
 Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.^o

ROSALINE

Play, music then. Nay, you must do it soon.

[*The MUSICIANS play.*]

Not yet? No dance! Thus change I like the moon.

KING

Will you not dance? How come you thus estrangèd?

ROSALINE

You took the moon at full, but now she's changèd. 215

KING

Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
 The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

ROSALINE

Our ears vouchsafe it.

KING

But your legs should do it.

ROSALINE

Since you are strangers and come here by chance,
 We'll not be nice.^o Take hands. We will not dance. 220

KING

Why take we hands then?

ROSALINE

Only to part friends.

Curtsy, sweet hearts. And so the measure ends.

KING

More measure of this measure! Be not nice.

ROSALINE

We can afford no more at such a price.

KING

Price you yourselves. What buys your company? 225

ROSALINE

Your absence only.

KING

That can never be.

ROSALINE

Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu—
 Twice to your visor,^o and half once to you.

KING

If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

ROSALINE

In private then.

KING

I am best pleased with that. 230

[*They converse apart.*]

BEROWNE

White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

PRINCESS

Honey, and milk, and sugar—there is three.

BEROWNE

Nay then, two treys,^o an if^o you grow so nice,
 Metheglin,^o wort,^o and malmsey.^o Well run, dice!
 There's half a dozen sweets.

PRINCESS

Seventh sweet, adieu. 235

Since you can cog,^o I'll play no more with you.

BEROWNE

One word in secret.

PRINCESS

Let it not be sweet.

BEROWNE

Thou grievest my gall.^o

PRINCESS

Gall! Bitter.

BEROWNE

Therefore meet.^o

[*They converse apart.*]

DUMAINE

Will you vouchsafe with me to change^o a word?

MARIA

Name it.

DUMAINE Fair lady—

MARIA

Say you so? Fair lord. 240

Take that for your "fair lady."

DUMAINE

Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

KATHARINE

What, was your vizard^o made without a tongue?

LONGAVILLE

I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

KATHARINE

O for your reason! Quickly, sir, I long. 245

LONGAVILLE

You have a double tongue^o within your mask
 And would afford my speechless vizard half.

KATHARINE

"Veal,"^o quoth the Dutchman. Is not "veal" a calf?

LONGAVILLE

A calf, fair lady?

KATHARINE

No, a fair lord calf.

LONGAVILLE

Let's part the word.

KATHARINE

No, I'll not be your half. 250

Take all and wean it, it may prove an ox.

LONGAVILLE

Look how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks.
 Will you give horns,^o chaste lady? Do not so.

KATHARINE

Then die a calf before your horns do grow.

LONGAVILLE

One word in private with you ere I die. 255

KATHARINE

Bleat softly then. The butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

201 accompt reckoning 207 eyne eyes 209 moonshine
 . . . water a mere nothing 210 change round of dancing
 211 not strange not unsuitably foreign 220 nice fastidious
 228 visor mask

233 treys threes (at dice); an if if 234 Metheglin drink
 mixed with honey; wort unfermented beer; malmsey a
 Mediterranean wine 236 cog cheat 238 gall sore spot;
 meet fitting 239 change exchange 243 vizard mask 246
 double tongue an inner projection or tongue held in the
 mouth to keep the mask in place 248 Veal Dutch or German
 pronunciation of well 253 give horns prove unfaithful

BOYET

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
 As is the razor's edge invisible,
 Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,
 Above the sense^o of sense; so sensible 260
 Seemeth their conference,^o their conceits^o have wings
 Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
 things.

ROSALINE

Not one word more, my maids, break off, break off.

BEROWNE

By heaven, all dry-beaten^o with pure scoff!

KING

Farewell, mad wenches. You have simple wits. 265
Exeunt [KING, LORDS, and BLACKAMOORS].

PRINCESS

Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.
 Are these the breed of wits so wondered at?

BOYET

Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puffed out.

ROSALINE

Well-liking^o wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

PRINCESS

O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!^o 270
 Will they not, think you, hang themselves tonight?
 Or ever but in vizards show their faces?
 This pert Berowne was out of count'nance quite.

ROSALINE

They were all in lamentable cases.^o
 The king was weeping-ripe^o for a good word. 275

PRINCESS

Berowne did swear himself out of all suit.^o

MARIA

Dumaine was at my service, and his sword.
 "No point,"^o quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

KATHARINE

Lord Longaville said I came o'er his heart;
 And trow^o you what he called me?

PRINCESS

Qualm,^o perhaps. 280

KATHARINE

Yes, in good faith.

PRINCESS

Go, sickness as thou art!

ROSALINE

Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.^o
 But will you hear? The king is my love sworn.

PRINCESS

And quick Berowne hath plighted faith to me.

KATHARINE

And Longaville was for my service born. 285

MARIA

Dumaine is mine as sure as bark on tree.

BOYET

Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear.
 Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes, for it can never be
 They will digest this harsh indignity. 290

PRINCESS

Will they return?

BOYET

They will, they will, God knows,
 And leap for joy though they are lame with blows.
 Therefore change^o favors, and when they repair,^o
 Blow^o like sweet roses in this summer air.

PRINCESS

How blow? How blow? Speak to be understood. 295

BOYET

Fair ladies masked are roses in their bud;
 Dismasked, their damask^o sweet commixture shown,
 Are angels vailing^o clouds, or roses blown.

PRINCESS

Avaunt, perplexity!^o What shall we do
 If they return in their own shapes to woo? 300

ROSALINE

Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,
 Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised.
 Let us complain to them what fools were here,
 Disguised like Muscovites in shapeless gear;^o 305
 And wonder what they were, and to what end
 Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penned,
 And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
 Should be presented at our tent to us.

BOYET

Ladies, withdraw. The gallants are at hand.

PRINCESS

Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land. 310
Exeunt [PRINCESS and LADIES].

*Enter the KING and the rest [BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE,
 and DUMAINE, all in their proper habits].*

KING

Fair sir, God save you. Where's the princess?

BOYET

Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty
 Command me any service to her thither?

KING

That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

BOYET

I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. *Exit.* 315

BEROWNE

This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,
 And utters it again when God doth please.
 He is wit's peddler, and retails his wares
 At wakes^o and wassails,^o meetings, markets, fairs;
 And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know, 320
 Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
 This gallant pins the wenches^o on his sleeve.
 Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
 'A can carve^o too, and lisp. Why, this is he
 That kissed his hand away in courtesy. 325
 This is the ape of form,^o Monsieur the Nice,^o
 That, when he plays at tables,^o chides the dice

260 Above the sense above the reach 261 conference
 conferring; conceits witticisms 264 dry-beaten beaten with
 blood being drawn 269 Well-liking plump, sleek 270
 kingly-poor flout a poor jest for a king 274 cases with pun
 on the sense "masks" or "costumes" 275 weeping-ripe
 about to weep 276 out . . . suit beyond all reasonableness
 278 No point not at all 280 trow know; Qualm sudden
 sickness 282 statute-caps caps apprentices were required to
 wear

293 change exchange; repair come again 294 Blow blossom
 297 damask red and white (like the Damascus rose) 298
 vailing letting fall 299 Avaunt, perplexity Away, confusion!
 304 gear outfit 319 wakes vigils and feastings; wassails
 revelry 322 pins the wenches wears maidens' favors 324
 carve make gestures of courtship 326 form etiquette; Nice
 exquisite 327 at tables backgammon

In honorable terms. Nay, he can sing
 A mean^o most meanly; and in ushering
 Mend^o him who can. The ladies call him sweet. 330
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
 This is the flow'r that smiles on every one,
 To show his teeth as white as whalès-bone;
 And consciences that will not die in debt
 Pay him the due of "honey-tongued Boyet." 335

KING

A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
 That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter [the PRINCESS and] the LADIES [with BOYET].

BEROWNE

See where it comes! Behavior, what wert thou
 Till this madman showed thee, and what art thou
 now?

KING

All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day. 340

PRINCESS

"Fair" in "all hail"^o is foul, as I conceive.

KING

Construe my speeches better, if you may.

PRINCESS

Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

KING

We came to visit you, and purpose now
 To lead you to our court. Vouchsafe it then. 345

PRINCESS

This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow.
 Nor God nor I delights in perjured men.

KING

Rebuke me not for that which you provoke.
 The virtue^o of your eye must break my oath.

PRINCESS

You nickname^o virtue. "Vice" you should have spoke; 350
 For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
 Now, by my maiden honor, yet as pure
 As the unsullied lily, I protest,
 A world of torments though I should endure,
 I would not yield to be your house's guest, 355
 So much I hate a breaking cause^o to be
 Of heavenly oaths, vowed with integrity.

KING

O, you have lived in desolation here,
 Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

PRINCESS

Not so, my lord. It is not so, I swear. 360
 We have had pastimes here and pleasant game.
 A mess^o of Russians left us but of late.

KING

How, madam? Russians?

PRINCESS

Ay, in truth, my lord;
 Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

ROSALINE

Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord. 365
 My lady, to the manner of the days,^o
 In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four indeed confronted were with four
 In Russian habit.^o Here they stayed an hour
 And talked apace; and in that hour, my lord, 370
 They did not bless us with one happy^o word.
 I dare not call them fools, but this I think,
 When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

BEROWNE

This jest is dry to me. Gentle sweet,
 Your wit makes wise things foolish. When we greet 375
 With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,^o
 By light we lose light. Your capacity
 Is of that nature that to your huge store
 Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.

ROSALINE

This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye— 380

BEROWNE

I am a fool, and full of poverty.

ROSALINE

But that you take what doth to you belong,
 It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

BEROWNE

O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

ROSALINE

All the fool mine?

BEROWNE

I cannot give you less. 385

ROSALINE

Which of the vizards was it that you wore?

BEROWNE

Where, when, what vizard? Why demand you this?

ROSALINE

There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case^o
 That hid the worse, and showed the better face.

KING

We were descried. They'll mock us now downright. 390

DUMAINE

Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

PRINCESS

Amazed, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

ROSALINE

Help! Hold his brows! He'll sound.^o Why look you
 pale?

Seasick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

BEROWNE

Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury. 395
 Can any face of brass^o hold longer out?

Here stand I, lady, dart thy skill at me.

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout,

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance,

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit,^o 400

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O, never will I trust to speeches penned,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,

Nor never come in vizard to my friend, 405

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!

Taffeta phrases,^o silken terms precise,

Three-piled^o hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures^o pedantical—these summer flies

329 mean intermediate part 330 Mend surpass 341 hail
 with a pun on the meaning "sleet" 349 virtue power 350
 nickname name by mistake 356 breaking cause cause for
 breaking off 362 mess group of four 366 to . . . days
 according to the fashion of the time

369 habit dress 371 happy appropriate 376 heaven's
 fiery eye the sun 388 case covering 393 sound swoon
 396 face of brass brazen manner 400 conceit imagination
 407 Taffeta phrases fine speech 408 Three-piled the finest
 weight velvet 409 Figures figures of speech

Have blown^o me full of maggot ostentation.
 I do forswear them; and I here protest
 By this white glove (how white the hand, God knows!)
 Henceforth my wooing mind shall be expressed
 In russet^o yeas and honest kersey^o noes.
 And to begin, wench—so God help me, law!—
 My love to thee is sound, sans^o crack or flaw.

ROSALINE

Sans “sans,” I pray you.

BEROWNE

Yet I have a trick^o

Of the old rage. Bear with me, I am sick.

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see—

Write “Lord have mercy on us”^o on those three.

They are infected, in their hearts it lies;

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes.

These lords are visited;^o you are not free,^o

For the Lord's tokens^o on you do I see.

PRINCESS

No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

BEROWNE

Our states^o are forfeit. Seek not to undo us.

ROSALINE

It is not so, for how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

BEROWNE

Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

ROSALINE

Nor shall not if I do as I intend.

BEROWNE

Speak for yourselves. My wit is at an end.

KING

Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression

Some fair excuse.

PRINCESS

The fairest is confession.

Were not you here but even now disguised?

KING

Madam, I was.

PRINCESS

And were you well advised?

KING

I was, fair madam.

PRINCESS

When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

KING

That more than all the world I did respect her.

PRINCESS

When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

KING

Upon mine honor, no.

PRINCESS

Peace, peace, forbear!

Your oath once broke, you force not^o to forswear.

KING

Despise me when I break this oath of mine.

PRINCESS

I will, and therefore keep it. Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

ROSALINE

Madame, he swore that he did hold me dear

410

As precious eyesight, and did value me
 Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
 That he would wed me or else die my lover.

PRINCESS

God give thee joy of him. The noble lord

415

Most honorably doth uphold his word.

450

KING

What mean you, madam? By my life, my troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

ROSALINE

By heaven you did! And to confirm it plain,

You gave me this, but take it, sir, again.

420

KING

My faith and this the princess I did give.

455

I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

PRINCESS

Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear,

And Lord Berowne, I thank him, is my dear.

425

What! Will you have me, or your pearl again?

BEROWNE

Neither of either, I remit both twain.

460

I see the trick on't. Here was a consent,

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To dash^o it like a Christmas comedy.

Some carry-tale, some please-man,^o some slight zany,^o

Some mumble-news,^o some trencher-knight,^o some

Dick^o

465

430

That smiles his cheek in years,^o and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,

Told our intents before; which once disclosed,

The ladies did change favors, and then we,

Following the signs, wooed but the sign of she.

470

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn, in will and error.

Much upon this 'tis.^o [*To BOYET.*] And might not you

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squier,^o

475

435

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?^o

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher,^o jesting merrily?

You put our page out.^o Go, you are allowed.^o

Die when you will, a smock^o shall be your shroud.

480

You leer upon me, do you? There's an eye

Wounds like a leaden sword.

BOYET

Full merrily

Hath this brave manage,^o this career,^o been run.

BEROWNE

Lo, he is tilting straight.^o Peace! I have done.

440

Enter [COSTARD the] clown.

Welcome, pure wit! Thou part'st a fair fray.

485

COSTARD

O Lord, sir, they would know

Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

463 dash ridicule 464 please-man toady; zany buffoon 465

mumble-news prattler; trencher-knight brave man at the

table; Dick fellow 466 smiles . . . years laughs his face into

wrinkles 473 Much . . . 'tis It is very much like this 475 by

th' squier by the rule (i.e., have her measure) 476 laugh . . .

eye laugh, looking closely into her eyes 478 trencher

wooden plate 479 put . . . out take him out of his part;

allowed permitted (licensed, like a court fool) 480 smock

woman's garment 483 manage display of horsemanship;

career charge 484 tilting straight already jousting

410 blown filled 414 russet characteristic red-brown color
 of peasants' clothes; kersey plain wool cloth 416 sans
 without 417 trick trace 420 Lord . . . us inscription posted
 on the doors of houses harboring the plague 423 visited
 attacked by plague; free free of infection 424 the Lord's
 tokens plague spots 426 states estates 441 force not do
 not think it wrong

BEROWNE

What, are there but three?

COSTARD

No, sir, but it is vara° fine,

For every one pursents° three.

BEROWNE

And three times thrice is nine.

COSTARD

Not so, sir, under correction, sir, I hope, it is not so. 490

You cannot beg us,° sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know.

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir—

BEROWNE

Is not nine?

COSTARD

Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

BEROWNE

By Jove, I always took three threes for 495 nine.

COSTARD

O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reck'ning, sir.

BEROWNE

How much is it?

COSTARD

O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the 500 actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount. For mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect° one man in one poor man—Pompion° the Great, sir.

BEROWNE

Art thou one of the Worthies?

COSTARD

It pleased them to think me worthy of 505 Pompey the Great. For mine own part, I know not the degree° of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

BEROWNE

Go, bid them prepare.

COSTARD

We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. *Exit.*

KING

Berowne, they will shame us. Let them not approach. 510

BEROWNE

We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy° To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

KING

I say they shall not come.

PRINCESS

Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now.

That sport best pleases that doth least know how, 515

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

Dies in the zeal of that which it presents.°

Their form confounded makes most form in mirth°

When great things laboring perish in their birth.

BEROWNE

A right description of our sport, my lord. 520

Enter [ARMADO the] braggart.

ARMADO Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace° of words.

[Converses apart with the KING, and delivers a paper to him.]

PRINCESS Doth this man serve God?

BEROWNE Why ask you?

PRINCESS 'A speaks not like a man of God his making. 525

ARMADO That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too-too vain, too-too vain; but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra.° I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement!° *Exit.* 530

KING Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies.

He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the

Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page,

Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabaeus:

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive, 535

These four will change habits° and present the other five.

BEROWNE There is five in the first show.

KING You are deceived, 'tis not so.

BEROWNE

The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest,° the fool, and the boy—

Abate throw at novum,° and the whole world again 540

Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.°

KING

The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.°

Enter [COSTARD, for] Pompey.

COSTARD

"I Pompey am—"

BEROWNE

You lie, you are not he!

COSTARD

"I Pompey am—"

BOYET

With libbard's head° on knee.

BEROWNE

Well said, old mocker. I must needs be friends with thee. 545

COSTARD

"I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big—"

DUMAINE

The "Great."

COSTARD

It is "Great," sir—"Pompey surnamed the Great,

That oft in field, with targe° and shield, did make my foe to sweat,

And traveling along this coast I here am come by chance, 550

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France."

If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.

PRINCESS Great thanks, great Pompey.

COSTARD 'Tis not so much worth, but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in "Great." 555

BEROWNE My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter [NATHANIEL the] curate, for Alexander.

NATHANIEL

"When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;

488 vara northern pronunciation of very 489 pursents represents 491 beg us prove us fools 502 perfect play the part of 503 Pompion pumpkin (for Pompey) 507 degree rank 511 policy crafty device 516-17 contents . . . presents the substance is destroyed by the excessive zeal in presenting it 518 Their . . . mirth art that is confused is most laughable entertainment 522 brace pair

529 fortuna . . . guerra fortune of war (Italian) 530 couplement pair 536 habits costumes 539 hedge-priest unlearned priest 540 Abate . . . novum except for the throw at nine (in a game of dice) 541 vein characteristic way 542 amain swiftly 544 libbard's head heraldic painting of leopard 549 targe shield

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering
might;

My scutcheon^o plain declares that I am Alisander—" 560

BOYET

Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.^o

BEROWNE

Your nose smells "no" in this, most tender-smelling
knight.

PRINCESS

The conqueror is dismayed. Proceed, good Alexander.

NATHANIEL

"When in the world I lived, I was the world's com-
mander—"

BOYET Most true, 'tis right—you were so, Alisander. 565

BEROWNE Pompey the Great—

COSTARD Your servant, and Costard.

BEROWNE Take away the conqueror, take away
Alisander.

COSTARD [*To NATHANIEL.*] O, sir, you have over- 570

thrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped
out of the painted cloth^o for this. Your lion that holds

his pole-ax^o sitting on a close-stool^o will be given to
Ajax.^o He will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror,

and afeard to speak? Run away for shame, Alisander. 575

[*NATHANIEL stands aside.*] There, an't^o shall please
you, a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you,

and soon dashed. He is a marvelous good neighbor,
faith, and a very good bowler; but for Alisander—

alas! you see how 'tis—a little o'erparted.^o But there 580

are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some
other sort.

PRINCESS Stand aside, good Pompey.

[*COSTARD stands aside.*]

Enter [*HOLOFERNES the*] *pedant, for Judas, and* [*MOTH*]
the boy, for Hercules.

HOLOFERNES

"Great Hercules is presented by this imp,^o

Whose club killed Cerberus, that three-headed canus;^o 585

And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.^o

Quoniam^o he seemeth in minority,^o

Ergo^o I come with this apology."

Keep some state^o in thy exit, and vanish. 590

Exit [*MOTH the*] *boy* [*to one side*].

"Judas I am—"

DUMAINE A Judas?

HOLOFERNES Not Iscariot, sir.

"Judas I am, ycleped^o Maccabaeus."^o

DUMAINE Judas Maccabaeus clipt^o is plain Judas. 595

BEROWNE A kissing traitor. How, art thou proved
Judas?

HOLOFERNES

"Judas I am—"

DUMAINE The more shame for you, Judas.

HOLOFERNES What mean you, sir? 600

BOYET To make Judas hang himself.

HOLOFERNES Begin, sir; you are my elder.

BEROWNE Well followed: Judas was hanged on an
elder.^o

HOLOFERNES I will not be put out of countenance. 605

BEROWNE Because thou hast no face.

HOLOFERNES What is this?

BOYET A cittern-head.^o

DUMAINE The head of a bodkin.^o

BEROWNE A death's face in a ring.^o 610

LONGAVILLE The face of an old Roman coin, scarce
seen.

BOYET The pommel of Caesar's falchion.^o

DUMAINE The carved-bone face on a flask.

BEROWNE Saint George's half-cheek^o in a brooch. 615

DUMAINE Ay, and in a brooch of lead.^o

BEROWNE

Ay, and worn in the cap of a toothdrawer.

And now forward, for we have put thee in counte-
nance.

HOLOFERNES You have put me out of countenance.^o

BEROWNE False. We have given thee faces. 620

HOLOFERNES But you have outfaced them all.

BEROWNE And^o thou wert a lion, we would do so.

BOYET

Therefore as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude. Nay, why dost thou stay?

DUMAINE For the latter end of his name. 625

BEROWNE

For the ass to the Jude? Give it him. Jud-as, away!

HOLOFERNES

This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

BOYET

A light for Monsieur Judas! It grows dark, he may
stumble.

[*HOLOFERNES stands aside.*]

PRINCESS

Alas, poor Maccabaeus, how hath he been baited!^o

Enter [*ARMADO the*] *braggart, [for Hector].*

BEROWNE Hide thy head, Achilles! Here comes 630

Hector^o in arms.

DUMAINE Though my mocks come home by me, I
will now be merry.

KING Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

BOYET But is this Hector? 635

KING I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.^o

LONGAVILLE His leg is too big for Hector's.

DUMAINE More calf, certain.

BOYET No; he is best indued in the small.^o

BEROWNE This cannot be Hector. 640

DUMAINE He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

560 scutcheon coat of arms 561 right straight (Alexander's
neck was a little awry) 572 painted cloth wall-hanging

573 pole-ax battle-ax (and penis); close-stool commode

574 Ajax Greek warrior (with a pun on *jakes* = privy)

576 an't if it 580 o'erparted having too difficult a part

584 imp child 585 canus dog (from Latin *canis*) 587 manus

hand 588 Quoniam since; in minority under age 589

Ergo therefore 590 state dignity 594 ycleped called;

Maccabaeus Hebrew warrior 595 clipt (1) cut (2) embraced

604 elder a kind of tree 608 cittern-head head of a stringed

musical instrument 609 bodkin long hairpin 610 death's

. . . ring finger ring with the carving of a skull 613 falchion

sword 615 half-cheek profile 616 brooch of lead orna-

ment worn in a cap as badge of dentist's trade 619 out of

countenance disconcerted 622 And if 629 baited tormented

630-31 Achilles . . . Hector the Greek and Trojan champions

636 clean-timbered clean-limbed 639 small lower part of

the leg

ARMADO

"The armipotent^o Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift—"

DUMAINE A gilt nutmeg.^o

BEROWNE A lemon.

LONGAVILLE Stuck with cloves.

DUMAINE No, cloven.

ARMADO Peace!

"The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breathed^o that certain he would fight, yea
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.^o
I am that flower—"

DUMAINE That mint.

LONGAVILLE That columbine.

ARMADO Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

LONGAVILLE I must rather give it the rein, for it runs
against Hector.

DUMAINE Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

ARMADO The sweet war-man is dead and rotten.
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried. When
he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with
my device. [*To the PRINCESS.*] Sweet royalty, bestow
on me the sense of hearing.

BEROWNE *steps forth [to whisper to COSTARD].*

PRINCESS Speak, brave Hector; we are much de-
lighted.

ARMADO I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

BOYET [*Aside to DUMAINE.*] Loves her by the foot.DUMAINE [*Aside to BOYET.*] He may not by the yard.^o

ARMADO

"This Hector far surmounted Hannibal—"

The party is gone.^o

COSTARD Fellow Hector, she is gone.^o She is two
months on her way.

ARMADO What meanest thou?

COSTARD Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan,
the poor wench is cast away. She's quick;^o the child
brags in her belly already. 'Tis yours.

ARMADO Dost thou infamonize^o me among poten-
tates? Thou shalt die.

COSTARD Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaque-
netta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey
that is dead by him.

DUMAINE Most rare Pompey!

BOYET Renowned Pompey!

BEROWNE Greater than great. Great, great, great
Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

DUMAINE Hector trembles.

BEROWNE Pompey is moved. More Ates,^o more Ates!
Stir them on, stir them on!

DUMAINE Hector will challenge him.

BEROWNE Ay, if 'a have no more man's blood in his
belly than will sup a flea.

ARMADO By the North Pole, I do challenge thee.

COSTARD I will not fight with a pole, like a northern

man. I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you,
let me borrow my arms again.

DUMAINE Room for the incensed Worthies!

COSTARD I'll do it in my shirt.

DUMAINE Most resolute Pompey!

MOTH Master, let me take you a buttonhole lower.^o

Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing^o for the combat?

What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

ARMADO Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me. I will
not combat in my shirt.

DUMAINE You may not deny it. Pompey hath made
the challenge.

ARMADO Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

BEROWNE What reason have you for't?

ARMADO The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt. I go
woolward^o for penance.

BOYET True, and it was enjoined^o him in Rome for
want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn he wore none
but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that 'a wears next
his heart for a favor.

Enter a messenger, Monsieur MARCADE.

MARCADÉ

God save you, madam.

PRINCESS

Welcome, Marcade,

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

MARCADÉ

I am sorry, madam, for the news I bring

Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

PRINCESS

Dead, for my life!

MARCADÉ

Even so. My tale is told.

BEROWNE

Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud.

ARMADO For mine own part, I breathe free breath.
I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole
of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

Exeunt WORTHIES.

KING

How fares your majesty?

PRINCESS

Boyet, prepare. I will away tonight.

KING

Madam, not so. I do beseech you, stay.

PRINCESS

Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavors, and entreat

Out of a new-sad soul that you vouchsafe

In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide

The liberal opposition of our spirits,

If overboldly we have borne ourselves

In the converse of breath.^o Your gentleness

Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord.

A heavy heart bears not a humble^o tongue.

Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks

For my great suit so easily obtained.

642 armipotent powerful in arms 644 gilt nutmeg with
special icing 651 breathed well-exercised 652 pavilion
tent for a champion at a tournament 667 yard slang word for
male organ 669 The . . . gone Armado is referring to Hector
670 she is gone she is pregnant 674 quick pregnant 676
infamonize defame 686 Ates goddess of mischief

698 take . . . lower take you down a peg 699 uncasing
removing his coat 707-08 go woolward wearing wool next
to the skin 709 enjoined commanded 733 converse of
breath conversation 735 humble civil, tactful

KING

The extreme parts of time extremely forms
 All causes to the purpose of his speed,^o
 And often at his very loose^o decides 740
 That which long process could not arbitrate.
 And though the mourning brow of progeny^o
 Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
 The holy suit which fain it would convince,^o
 Yet, since love's argument was first on foot, 745
 Let not the cloud of sorrow jostle it
 From what it purposed; since to wail friends lost
 Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

PRINCESS

I understand you not. My griefs are double. 750

BEROWNE

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
 And by these badges^o understand the king.
 For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
 Played foul play with our oaths. Your beauty, ladies,
 Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humors 755
 Even to the opposèd end of our intents;
 And what in us hath seemed ridiculous—
 As love is full of unbefitting strains,
 All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,
 Formed by the eye and therefore, like the eye, 760
 Full of straying shapes, of habits and of forms,
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
 To every varied object in his glance;
 Which parti-coated^o presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes, 765
 Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,
 Those heavenly eyes that look into these faults
 Suggested^o us to make. Therefore, ladies,
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours. We to ourselves prove false, 770
 By being once false forever to be true
 To those that make us both—fair ladies, you.
 And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
 Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.

PRINCESS

We have received your letters, full of love;
 Your favors, the ambassadors of love;
 And in our maiden council rated^o them
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
 As bombast^o and as lining to the time.
 But more devout than this in our respects
 Have we not been, and therefore met your loves
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.

DUMAINE

Our letters, madam, showed much more than jest.

LONGAVILLE

So did our looks.

ROSALINE We did not quote^o them so.

KING

Now, at the latest minute of the hour 785
 Grant us your loves.

PRINCESS

A time, methinks, too short
 To make a world-without-end bargain in.
 No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
 Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this—
 If for my love (as there is no such cause) 790
 You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
 Your oath I will not trust, but go with speed
 To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
 There stay until the twelve celestial signs^o 795
 Have brought about the annual reckoning.
 If this austere insociable life
 Change not your offer made in heat of blood—
 If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds,^o
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love, 800
 But that it bear this trial, and last love—
 Then, at the expiration of the year,
 Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
 And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
 I will be thine; and till that instant, shut 805
 My woeful self up in a mourning house,
 Raining the tears of lamentation
 For the remembrance of my father's death.
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
 Neither entitled in the other's heart. 810

KING

If this, or more than this, I would deny,
 To flatter up^o these powers of mine with rest,
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
 Hence hermit then—my heart is in thy breast.

765

[BEROWNE

And what to me, my love? and what to me? 815

ROSALINE

You must be purgèd, too, your sins are rank,
 You are attaint^o with faults and perjury;
 Therefore, if you my favor mean to get,
 A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest, 820
 But seek the weary beds of people sick.]^o

DUMAINE

But what to me, my love? But what to me?
 A wife?

775

KATHARINE A beard, fair health, and honesty;
 With threefold love I wish you all these three.

DUMAINE

O, shall I say "I thank you, gentle wife"?

KATHARINE

780

Not so, my lord. A twelvemonth and a day 825
 I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say.
 Come when the king doth to my lady come;
 Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

DUMAINE

I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

KATHARINE

Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again. 830

LONGAVILLE

785

What says Maria?

MARIA

At the twelvemonth's end
 I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

738–39 The . . . speed time, as it runs out, directs everything toward its conclusion 740 at . . . loose in the act of letting go 742 progeny descendants 744 convince prove 752 badges tokens 764 parti-coated fool's motley 768 Suggested tempted 777 rated valued 779 bombast padding 784 quote regard

795 twelve celestial signs of the Zodiac 799 weeds garments 812 flatter up pamper 817 attaint charged 815–20 lines 821–32 duplicate this passage in an expanded form; probably Shakespeare failed to indicate clearly that these six lines had been superseded

LONGAVILLE

I'll stay with patience, but the time is long.

MARIA

The liker° you! Few taller are so young.

BEROWNE

Studies my lady? Mistress, look on me.

Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,

What humble suit attends thy answer there.

Impose some service on me for thy love.

ROSALINE

Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Berowne,

Before I saw you, and the world's large tongue

Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,

Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,°

Which you on all estates° will execute

That lie within the mercy of your wit.

To weed this wormwood° from your fruitful° brain, 845

And therewithal to win me, if you please,

Without the which I am not to be won,

You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day

Visit the speechless sick, and still° converse

With groaning wretches; and your task shall be

With all the fierce endeavor of your wit

To enforce the painèd impotent to smile.

BEROWNE

To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible;

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

ROSALINE

Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace

Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear

Of him that hears it, never in the tongue

Of him that makes it. Then, if sickly ears,

Deafed with the clamors of their own dear groans,

Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,

And I will have you and that fault withal;

But if they will not, throw away that spirit,

And I shall find you empty of that fault,

Right joyful of your reformation.

BEROWNE

A twelvemonth? Well, befall what will befall,

I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

PRINCESS [To the KING.]

Ay, sweet my lord, and so I take my leave.

KING

No, madam, we will bring you on your way.

BEROWNE

Our wooing doth not end like an old play;

Jack hath not Jill. These ladies' courtesy

Might well have made our sport a comedy.

KING

Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,

And then 'twill end.

BEROWNE

That's too long for a play.

Enter [ARMADO the] braggart.

ARMADO Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me—

PRINCESS Was not that Hector?

834 liker more like 842 wounding flouts painful jokes 843
all estates men of all kinds 845 wormwood bitterness;
fruitful fruitful 849 still always

DUMAINE The worthy knight of Troy.

ARMADO I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. 880

I am a votary;° I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold

the plough for her sweet love three year. But, most

esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that

the two learned men have compiled in praise of the

owl and the cuckoo? It should have followed in the 885

end of our show.

KING Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

ARMADO Holla! Approach.

Enter all.

This side is Hiems, Winter; this Ver, the Spring; the

one maintained by the owl, th' other by the cuckoo. 890

Ver, begin.

The Song.

[SPRING] When daisies pied° and violets blue

And lady-smocks° all silver-white

And cuckoo-buds° of yellow hue

Do paint the meadows with delight, 895

The cuckoo then, on every tree,

Mocks married men; for thus sings he,

"Cuckoo!"

Cuckoo, cuckoo!" O word of fear,

Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws, 900

And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,

When turtles tread,° and rooks, and daws,

And maidens bleach their summer smocks,

The cuckoo then, on every tree,

Mocks married men; for thus sings he, 905

"Cuckoo!"

Cuckoo, cuckoo!" O word of fear,

Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER When icicles hang by the wall,

And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,°

And Tom bears logs into the hall, 910

And milk comes frozen home in pail,

When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,

Then nightly sings the staring owl, "Tu-whit,

Tu-who!" a merry note,

While greasy Joan doth keel° the pot. 915

When all aloud the wind doth blow,

And coughing drowns the parson's saw,°

And birds sit brooding in the snow,

And Marian's nose looks red and raw, 920

When roasted crabs° hiss in the bowl,

Then nightly sings the staring owl, "Tu-whit,

Tu-who!" a merry note,

While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

[ARMADO] The words of Mercury are harsh after the
songs of Apollo.° [You that way, we this way. 925

Exeunt omnes.]

881 votary sworn follower 892 pied parti-colored 893 lady-
smocks watercresses, or cuckoo flowers 894 cuckoo-buds
crowfoot, or buttercup 902 turtles tread turtledoves mate
909 blows his nail blows on his fingernails to warm them
(and so, waiting patiently) 915 keel cool, by stirring or
skimming 917 saw wise saying 920 crabs crabapples
924-25 The . . . Apollo Let us end with the songs, because
clever words of the god Mercury would come harshly after
the songs of Apollo, the god of poetry

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND

EDITED BY KENNETH MUIR

Introduction

Richard II, at least in its present form, was written and performed in 1595, after the publication of Samuel Daniel's *Civil Wars* (which was registered in October 1594) and before December 9, when there was a private performance before Sir Edward Hoby and his friends. The play was a popular one. According to Elizabeth I, by 1601 it had been played "forty" times; but when the Essex conspirators asked Shakespeare's company to put on a special performance on the eve of the rebellion, because they thought that the deposition of Richard would be good propaganda, the players protested that it was "so old and so long out of use" that it would attract only a small audience. The conspirators therefore subsidized the performance.

Shakespeare had already dealt with the remote effects of Bolingbroke's usurpation in *Henry VI* and *Richard III*, and his obvious model in the present play was *Edward II*, a play in which Christopher Marlowe had brilliantly dramatized the deposition and murder of Richard of Bordeaux's great-grandfather. There were already at least two plays on the reign of Richard II, *Jack Straw* and *Woodstock*, and it has been argued by Professor John Dover Wilson (in his edition of *Richard II*) that Shakespeare's tragedy was based on a lost play by the author of *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, the source of Shakespeare's *King John*. The main arguments that have been advanced in support of this theory are (1) the presence of various details in the play that presuppose knowledge on the part of the audience; (2) the presence of "fossil" rhymes in blank verse speeches, which seem to indicate that the speeches were originally in rhymed verse; (3) the badness of certain scenes (for example, V.iii) which, it is supposed, Shakespeare borrowed from the source play; (4) the use by Shakespeare, either directly or indirectly, of facts available only in two or three French chronicles that were still in manuscript. The last of these points is discussed in A Note on the Sources (p. 441). On the other three, I agree with most scholars that the existence of the source play has not been proved. I can see no resemblance between the style of *The Troublesome Reign* and that of the suspected scenes of *Richard II*; Shakespeare himself may have revised his own play, turning some rhymed verse into blank verse; the obscurities, which in any case are unnoticed in performance, may be explained by sheer care-

lessness in introducing facts that Shakespeare remembered from his reading; and it is not positively necessary to find a scapegoat for the feeble passages of rhymed verse in Act V. It will be remembered that in the other plays written about this time—*A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Romeo and Juliet*—there is a considerable amount of rhyme, more than there had been in previous plays. These three plays have another characteristic in common—they are the first in which Shakespeare uses patterns of imagery for dramatic purposes.¹ The reasons for the rhymed verse are not far to seek. Shakespeare completed his second narrative poem in 1594, and he was still writing sonnets in 1595. Blank verse, moreover, was still a comparatively new medium for drama. Marlowe had led his audiences away from "jigging veins of rhyming mother wits" only seven years previously. The academic dramatists—Daniel and Greville—still used rhyme in their plays. Peele had used it in some scenes of *The Arraignment of Paris* and Kyd, though he had used blank verse for *The Spanish Tragedy*, reverted to rhyme in his *Cornelia*. The Countess of Pembroke was known to favor it. Apart from Marlowe's, very little good blank verse had been written, and the best nondramatic poets—Spenser, Sidney, Daniel, Drayton—all stuck to rhyme. Looking back, we can see that Wilton, where the countess lived, was the home of lost causes; but to Shakespeare, to whom rhyme came easily, the matter was not so obvious. After all, his early blank verse was comparatively artificial and certainly rhetorical. He did not suffer from Mr. Eliot's fear that the audience would realize that it was listening to poetry. The acting, too, in these early years, had a strong element of formality: the delivery of the verse was more important than the realistic portrayal of character. Shakespeare was only just beginning to portray character by varying the verse. He did this brilliantly with Juliet's Nurse and in the contrast between Richard and Bolingbroke in the abdication scene. But his touch was still uncertain. The Gardener scene (III.iv) was admirably conceived as a commentary by the common man on the state of England, and as a parabolic statement, which links up with Gaunt's

¹ See Richard D. Altick's analysis of the play and the works by Van Doren, Clemen, and Stirling listed in the Suggested References.

description of England as "this other Eden." But the execution of the scene falls far short of the conception. The Gardener, speaking in formal blank verse, indistinguishable from that used by royal and aristocratic characters, never really emerges from his role as a chorus. It would have been better, perhaps, to have written the scene in prose; but, for some reason, Shakespeare avoided prose altogether. Perhaps he was trying to please his new aristocratic friends.

Whatever the reasons, Shakespeare introduced a considerable amount of rhymed verse into *Richard II*. Some of it is successful, as in Bolingbroke's couplets in the third scene of the play (I.iii.144-47). But one scene (V.iii.73-135) is so bad that critics would like to believe that Shakespeare did not write it; or that, if he wrote it at all, it must belong to a much earlier version of the play, left inadvertently or ill-advisedly unrevised. As we have seen, however, Shakespeare hardly used rhyme at all in some of his early plays, so that the scene was probably written at the same period as the rest of the play. Swinburne, in *A Study of Shakespeare*, called the scene "the last hysterical struggle of rhyme to maintain its place in tragedy." The situation is farcical, with York, the Duchess, and Aumerle on their knees at once, and York actually urging the execution of his son. Shakespeare must have been aware of the absurdity, but he seems to have miscalculated the effect of the scene.

Richard II can be regarded either as a history play, the first of the tetralogy that includes the two parts of *Henry IV* and *Henry V*, or as a tragedy complete in itself. There are several indications in the play that Shakespeare had already planned to continue the story—for example, the Bishop of Carlisle's prophecy, Richard's own prophecy about Northumberland, the references to Prince Hal and Glendower, and the introduction of Hotspur—but when the play was first printed it was entitled *The Tragedy of Richard II*. Although it is a political tragedy, since we are as much concerned with the fate of England as with the fate of the hero, Richard has a more central role than Henry VI in three earlier histories or Henry IV in the next two histories.

The critics have been very much divided on the amount of sympathy we should extend to Richard. Some find him wholly admirable, and others regard him as wholly contemptible. To Kreyssig,

he affords us the shocking spectacle of an absolute bankruptcy, mental and spiritual no less than in the world of outward affairs, caused by one condition only: that nature has given him the character of a Dilettante, and called him to a position which, more than any other, demands the Artist.²

To Walter Pater, writing a few years later, Richard seemed to be "an exquisite poet." Swinburne, in *Three Plays of Shakespeare*, declared that the third scene

reveals the protagonist of the play as so pitifully mean and cruel a weakling that no future action or suffering can lift him above the level which divides and purifies pity from contempt.

² Quoted by A. P. Rossiter, "*Angel with Horns*" and *Other Shakespeare Lectures*, ed. Graham Storey (1961), p. 39.

Later in his essay, Swinburne accused Richard of "callous cruelty" and "heartless hypocrisy," remarking that "the histrionic young tyrant" was removed

once for all beyond reach of manly sympathy or compassion unqualified by scorn. If we can ever be sorry for anything that befalls so vile a sample of royalty, our sorrow must be so diluted and adulterated by recollection of his wickedness and baseness that the tribute could hardly be acceptable to any but the most pitiable example or exception of mankind.

Walter Raleigh, however, remarked in *Shakespeare* that "It is difficult to condemn Richard without taking sides against poetry"; and two recent poets have sprung to Richard's defense, as they would have defended a minor poet of our own day, whose life had been a failure in the eyes of the world. W. B. Yeats, in *Ideas of Good and Evil*, passed lightly over the king's faults, and declared that Shakespeare

made his king fail, a little because he lacked some qualities that were doubtless common among his scullions, but more because he had certain qualities that are uncommon in all ages. To suppose that Shakespeare preferred the man who deposed his king is to suppose that Shakespeare judged men with the eyes of a Municipal Councilor weighing the merits of a Town Clerk; and that had he been by when Verlaine cried out from his bed, "Sir, you have been made by the stroke of a pen, but I have been made by the breath of God," he would have thought the Hospital Superintendent the better man.

John Masefield, obviously much influenced by Yeats' essay, declares in *William Shakespeare* that Richard fails because he is not common:

The tragedy of the sensitive soul, always acute, becomes terrible when that soul is made king here by one of the accidents of life.

John Bailey, irritated by Yeats and Masefield, retorted tartly in *The Continuity of Letters*:

Fools such critics are. . . . For their own choice Mr. Yeats and Mr. Masefield are free. Only they must not father it upon Shakespeare. No man has ever known the theater better than he; and if he had meant us to admire Richard and despise Henry [Henry V, not Henry IV] we should most assuredly not have escaped doing it; but there is no audience from his day to ours which has not instantly and instinctively worshiped Henry and pitied Richard.

We may note in passing that many good critics have had reservations about Henry V, and modern audiences (except in time of war) have been less enthusiastic about him than Bailey appears to be, and more sympathetic to Richard, especially when the part was played by Sir John Gielgud. But the debate continues. A. P. Rossiter, to give a last example, unkindly suggests that there is "something in Richard which calls out the latent homosexuality of critics"; and to Pater's claim that Richard's nature is "that of a poet," he replies: "If so, surely a very *bad* poet."

Some of Richard's sympathetic critics seem to forget that he is depicted as a murderer; and those who find no redeeming features in his character ignore or misinterpret the changes brought about by suffering. Shakespeare's model for his play (as we have seen) was *Edward II*. Marlowe's method was to concentrate on Edward's misgovernment in the opening acts of the play and to arouse sympathy for him after his deposition, partly by stressing the unscrupulousness of his opponents, partly by showing that Edward was beloved by his favorites, and partly by a detailed presentation of his sufferings. Shakespeare's method is similar. In the first two acts he gives a vivid portrayal of Richard's misgovernment, which is brought home to us particularly by the patriotic indignation of Gaunt's dying speeches. In the later acts, although we are shown again and again Richard's weaknesses of character, Shakespeare arouses sympathy for him by the poetic beauty of his long arias, by his tragic isolation, by the pathos of his leave-taking from his queen, by the account of his entry into London, and by the episode of the loyal groom. Yet Shakespeare's method differs in several respects from Marlowe's. Richard's initial guilt is greater than Edward's, his suffering is mental rather than physical, and his character is purged by it. Although some critics believe that his scene with the queen and his soliloquy in prison reveal that he is still an incorrigible sentimentalist, turning everything, like Ophelia, to favor and to prettiness, there are signs that he has acquired a greater self-awareness and a recognition of his faults: "I wasted time, and now doth Time waste me" (V.v.49). But the greatest difference between the attitudes of the two dramatists is that Marlowe never mentions, while Shakespeare continually stresses, the divine right of kings. We are warned over and over again that Richard's deposition is a sin which will be punished by the horrors of civil war. It was to stress this point that Shakespeare deviated from his sources in giving the Bishop of Carlisle his eloquent prophecy just before the deposition scene.

Professor J. Dover Wilson has called *Richard II* "a Tudor passion play," a description which fits in with the frequent references to Scripture by which Shakespeare achieves its particular tone and atmosphere. Some of Richard's speeches are lamentations on the fall of princes, a recognition of the mortality of man and of the peculiar vulnerability of those called to high estate, which read like transmutations of Lydgate's *Fall of Princes* or of *A Mirror for Magistrates*. These link up with the medieval conception of tragedy as a fall from greatness into misery. But the scriptural references are mainly designed to emphasize the sin of rebellion against an anointed king, and they show that Shakespeare was steeped in the teaching of the *Homilies*, with whatever reservations he may have had about it. Richard compares his treacherous friends to Judas and those who show an outward pity at his fall to Pilate. He imagines that Bolingbroke will tremble at his sin; he boasts that the deputy elected by the Lord cannot be deposed by the breath of worldly men, that angels will fight on his side, and that the unborn children of the rebels will be struck by pestilence. Bolingbroke, for having broken his oath of allegiance, is damned in the book of heaven. England, rent by civil war, will be called Golgotha. The Bishop of Carlisle warns Bolingbroke not to set house against house; and Bolingbroke himself compares Richard's

murderer to Cain. In prison Richard meditates on two Gospel texts.

Richard's own biblical references are an appeal for Christian compassion. It is possible, indeed, that Shakespeare had in mind the whole problem of charity and pity; but Professor Peter Alexander, who makes this suggestion in *Shakespeare's Life and Art*, goes on to complain that

the fallen king's insistence on his own position . . . is incompatible with the self-forgetfulness which is as essential to the tragic as to the Christian hero. For this is not the waking as from a dream of some disinterested heart to the self-seeking of society, but the long lament of one who gave short shrift to a dying Gaunt; and this contrast between Richard's indifference to others and exquisite sensibility for himself makes tragedy impossible.

Even if we could believe in the self-forgetfulness of Hamlet, Lear, or Othello, we may well feel that Professor Alexander does not make allowances for the development of Richard's character in the course of the play, nor for the Elizabethan convention by which a character comments on his own situation. When Lear talks of his own pitiful state, or when Othello or Antony makes his final apologia, these characters are not meant to be indulging in self-pity or vanity: they are used by the dramatist to guide the feelings of the audience. In the mature tragedies, it is true, we do not get the self-comparison of a character to Christ; but the method is largely justified in Richard's case by the central importance in the play of the concept of divine right. The same consideration justifies the strong element of ritual in the play.

We are presented throughout the play with the contrast between Richard and his successor. Richard, the anointed king, is unfit to rule, in spite of his good qualities, and in spite of his belated acquisition of self-knowledge. Henry Bolingbroke is a born ruler, but his reign is doomed to misery because he is a usurper. The contrast is brought out in other ways. Richard is frivolous, witty, eloquent, and poetic, a man of words who wears his heart upon his sleeve, one who is continually playing a part, to whom, as John Palmer says in *Political Characters*, "nothing has interest or significance but what concerns himself." He loses his crown not because he stops the duel at Coventry—an action which he takes with the approval of his council, and which can hardly be regarded as an example of his love of play-acting—but because of his murder of Gloucester before the beginning of the play, because of his confiscation of Gaunt's estates, because his return from Ireland is delayed by contrary winds, and because he despairs on his arrival in England. This last point, which is usually taken as a prime example of his refusal to face realities, could as plausibly be used to prove that he was more realistic than his supporters. He is brought to his ruin, as all Shakespeare's tragic heroes are, by a combination of fate and faults of character.

Henry is a contrast in every respect. He is generally taciturn, although he can turn on his charm like a tap, as is apparent from the way even Northumberland is captivated by it. The account given in I.iv of his triumphant journey into exile, although put into the mouth of an enemy, is corroborated by what he himself admits in *I Henry IV*:

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dressed myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crownèd king. (III.ii.50-54)

The same calculated behavior is described in Hotspur's account of their first meeting. Bolingbroke, like Claudius, is a "king of smiles," a "fawning greyhound" who proffered Hotspur "a candy deal of courtesy." We do not see Henry in any personal relationship, except with his father in the first act, and in his complaints about his son in the last. We see him as a politician (in the Elizabethan sense of the term, "unscrupulous self-seeker") who subordinates everything to his ambition. He obtains the crown, as he confesses on his deathbed, by "bypaths and indirect crook'd ways." Shakespeare presents the character with a masterly ambiguity. As John Palmer points out:

Bolingbroke gives no sign of his purpose—and for an excellent reason. He is that most dangerous of climbing politicians, the man who will go further than his rivals because he never allows himself to know where he is going. Every step in his progress toward the throne is dictated by circumstances, and he never permits himself to have a purpose till it is more than half fulfilled.

The same point is made by Brents Stirling:

Three times—at the end of III.iii, at the end of the deposition scene, and in the Exton scenes at the end of the play—Henry has taken, if it may be so called, a decisive step. Each time the move he has made has been embodied in a terse statement, and each time someone else has either evoked it from him or stated its implications for him.

The characterization, apart from that of Richard and Bolingbroke, is less effective than that of the minor characters in *Richard III*. But it is not so bad as is sometimes pretended. Swinburne, with customary exaggeration, attacked what he regarded as Shakespeare's incompetence:

The poet was not yet dramatist enough to feel for each of his characters an equal or proportionate regard; to divide and disperse his interest among the various crowd of figures which claim each in its place . . . a fair and adequate share of their creator's attention and sympathy. His present interest was wholly concentrated on the single figure of Richard; . . . the subordinate figures became to him but heavy and vexatious encumbrances, to be shifted on and off the stage with as much haste and as little of labor as might be possible to an impatient and uncertain hand. . . . Even after a lifelong study of this as of all other plays of Shakespeare, it is for me at least impossible to determine what I doubt the poet could himself have clearly defined—the main principle, the motive and the meaning of such characters as York, Norfolk, and Aumerle. The Gaveston and the Mortimer of Marlowe are far more solid and definite figures than these; yet none after Richard is more important to the scheme of Shakespeare. They are fitful, shifting, vaporous; their outlines change, withdraw, dissolve, and leave not a rack behind.

Swinburne's views were influenced by his assumption that the play was one of Shakespeare's earliest. If he had realized that the poet was not a novice when he wrote it, but the author of nine or ten other plays, he might have been less anxious to complain of its immaturity. Even in Shakespeare's greatest plays, the minor characters are little more than sketches; and it must be said that York, Mowbray, and Aumerle are not really as important to the scheme of the play as Gaveston and Mortimer are in *Edward II*. The three characters, moreover, are not really as indeterminate and vague as Swinburne pretends. York, for example, whom Swinburne described as

an incomparable, an incredible, an unintelligible and a monstrous nullity . . . a living and driveling picture of hysterical impotence on the downward grade to dotage and distraction,

is, in fact, a perfectly credible portrait of a man torn between conflicting loyalties. He deplors Richard's behavior but he is chosen to be Lord Governor because the king realizes that his criticisms were disinterested: "For he is just, and always loved us well" (II.i.221). York tried to be faithful to his trust; but it is clear from II.ii that he is muddled, incompetent, and powerless. Both here, and in later scenes, Shakespeare extracts some humor from York's bumbling inefficiency. In II.iii his loyalty to the king, his sympathy with Bolingbroke's wrongs, and his shortage of troops combine to paralyze him. He begins by calling Bolingbroke a traitor; before long he admits, "I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs" (II.iii.140). He confesses that his forces are too weak for him to arrest the traitor, and follows a declaration of neutrality by extending an invitation to the rebels to spend the night in the castle. Before the end of the scene he has half agreed to go with the rebels to Bristol, where Bolingbroke intends to execute the king's favorites. York has become a traitor almost without knowing it. Far from being incredible, the character is very shrewdly drawn.

Once Richard's downfall is assured, York becomes a wholehearted supporter of the new regime. Characteristically, York is full of pity for Richard; he remonstrates with Northumberland for leaving out his title (III.iii.8), and, although he is chosen to escort the king to his deposition, he movingly describes the entrance of Bolingbroke and Richard into London. His new loyalty is soon tested. When he finds that Aumerle has plotted to kill Bolingbroke, it never enters his head to be ashamed of his own coat-turning: he rushes off to Windsor to beg for his son's death. This is partly prudence—he has agreed to be pledge for Aumerle's "lasting fealty to the new-made king"—but partly the genuine zeal of a convert. The scene in which he goes on his knees to Bolingbroke, absurd as it is, is not out of character.

A similar defense could be made of Aumerle, who is deeply attached to Richard and loyal to him after his fall. He submits to Bolingbroke only when his carelessness has put his life in danger. Shakespeare tells us enough about him for the purposes of the play—his dislike of Bolingbroke revealed in his account of his leave-taking and in the accusations leveled against him in IV.i, his love for Richard shown by his tears in III.iii, and by his conspiracy against the usurper. There are some indications of irresponsibility

in his character, but Shakespeare deliberately leaves unsettled whether or not he was implicated in Gloucester's murder. The scene at the beginning of Act IV where he is accused was described by Swinburne as "a morally chaotic introduction of incongruous causes, inexplicable plaintiffs, and incomprehensible defendants." But the question of which side is telling the truth is irrelevant to the effect which Shakespeare wishes to give. Aumerle has to be attacked, not because of his guilt, but because he is an opponent of the usurper.

The third character of whom Swinburne complains, Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, appears only in two scenes of the first act. Shakespeare could rely on most of his audience knowing that Richard himself was ultimately responsible for Gloucester's murder—and those who did not know were plainly informed by Gaunt in the second scene—and they would therefore appreciate that Bolingbroke's attack on Mowbray was aimed at the king, or at least at his favorites. Richard can only banish Bolingbroke if he consents to the perpetual banishment of Mowbray. If these facts are understood, Mowbray's conduct becomes intelligible. He tries to defend himself without betraying Richard, and he is bitterly surprised at his sentence of banishment. Some critics have thought that a character with such a doubtful past should not have been given the sympathetic lines in which he expresses his patriotism, and that he should not have been given so fine an epitaph as Carlisle's speech (IV.i.91 ff.). But there are no black and no white characters in *Richard II*. We need be no more surprised at Mowbray fighting "For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field" (IV.i.93) than that Bolingbroke should intend to expiate his responsibility for Richard's death by making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Sometimes, it must be admitted, Shakespeare does not fully succeed in making his characters live. In the second scene of the play, for example, he tries to give reality to the portrait of the Duchess of Gloucester by making her forget what she was going to say:

Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.
Lo! this is all: nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go.
I shall remember more. Bid him—Ah! what?
With all good speed at Plashy visit me. (I.ii.62–66)

Here the effect is blurred by the rigidity of the verse and the intrusive rhyme.

It has been necessary to defend the reality of the minor characters in the play because the conflict between Richard and Bolingbroke does not take place in a dramatic and political vacuum. The background is filled in economically and well: and the patriotism of Gaunt, the loyalty of Aumerle, the oscillation of York, the prophetic fervor of the Bishop of Carlisle are all essential to the effect of the tragedy.

In *Titus Andronicus* and *Richard III* Shakespeare had submerged tragedy in melodrama; in *Romeo and Juliet* the tragedy is brought about by accident rather than by defect of character; in *Richard II* the tragedy is firmly based on character and, as in *King Lear*, the character of the hero acquires greater depth as his fortunes decline. It may therefore be said that, in spite of its obvious weaknesses, and in spite of its inferiority in some respects to

Richard III—it contains finer poetry and greater complexity but is usually less effective in the theater—it is closer to mature Shakespearean tragedy than any of the previous plays had been.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

The following have been suggested as possible sources of the play:

1. *The Chronicles* of Raphael Holinshed (1587), pp. 493–540.
2. *The Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke* by Edward Hall (1548).
3. *The Cronycles of Englande* by Sir John Froissart, translated by Lord Berners (1525).
4. J. Créton's *Histoire du Roy d'Angleterre*.
5. *Chronicque de la Traïson et Mort de Richart Deux*.
6. Le Beau's *Chronique de Richard II depuis l'an 1377 jusques à l'an 1399*.
(Numbers 4, 5, and 6 were in manuscript until the nineteenth century.)
7. *Thomas of Woodstock* (anonymous play).
8. *The First Fowre Bookes of the Civile Wars* by Samuel Daniel (1595).
9. *A Myrroure for Magistrates* (1559).
10. A lost play.

As we have seen, Professor J. Dover Wilson believed that the main source was this lost play, the author of which used numbers 1–6 of the works listed above. The theory presupposes that this unknown dramatist displayed a historical erudition beyond Shakespeare's customary range, although there are few signs of erudition in his companion piece, *The Troublesome Reign of King John*. As it is known that Shakespeare did in other plays combine several different sources, it is easier to believe that he followed the same practice in *Richard II* than that some unknown hack writer went to the same trouble.

If, then, we are skeptical of the existence of the lost play we can examine briefly the evidence for Shakespeare's use of the remaining nine hypothetical sources. There is no doubt that he had read parts of Holinshed, Hall, and *A Mirror for Magistrates*; almost certainly he knew Berners' Froissart and Daniel's poem; and there are enough apparent echoes of *Woodstock* to make it highly probable that he knew it, probably in the theater. Whether he had read the three French manuscripts or not is much more dubious.

It is significant that Shakespeare begins his play with the quarrel between Mowbray and Bolingbroke, for this is the point at which Hall begins his story; but, apart from this, the influence of Hall is apparently very slight.

It has been argued by Professor J. Dover Wilson (following Paul Reyher) that Shakespeare's characterization of John of Gaunt was suggested by Froissart, who, in his chapter on "How the Duke of Lancaster Died," speaks of his grief at his son's banishment, and at the king's misgovernment:

For he saw well that if he long persevered and were suffered to continue, the realm was likely to be utterly lost. With these imaginations and other, the Duke fell sick, whereon he died.

Froissart also mentions Richard's joy at Gaunt's death, and in an earlier passage he makes Gaunt say:

Our nephew, the King of England, will shame all ere he cease. He believeth too lightly evil counsel who shall destroy him; and simply, if he live long, he will lose his realm, and that hath been gotten with much cost and travail by our predecessors and by us.

Froissart, too, but not Holinshed, mentions the rumor that Richard was not the son of the Black Prince. This is found also in *Traïson*.

Mr. A. P. Rossiter, however, thought that the character of Gaunt could have been derived from *Woodstock*, Stow, and Hall. There is no doubt that Shakespeare was acquainted with *Woodstock*, for he echoes it in a number of places. For example, compare Gaunt's accusation that Richard had become England's landlord (II.i.57-60, 113) with the following lines from *Woodstock*:

Rent out our kingdom like a pelting farm
 . . .
 And thou no king, but landlord now become.

It is not possible to prove that Shakespeare read the three French manuscript chronicles, but they were not entirely inaccessible. Holinshed, Hall, and Daniel all used Créton's poem, and Holinshed refers to *Traïson* as "an old French pamphlet belonging to Jōhn Stow." If Shakespeare had wished to follow up Holinshed's references, the chances are that he could have done so, although the evidence that he actually did so has not convinced many scholars.

A messenger in Créton's poem describes the way people of all ages flocked to Bolingbroke's standard:

Then might you have beheld young and old, the feeble and the strong, make a clamor, and regarding neither right nor wrong stir themselves up with one accord . . . they began to flee towards the Duke . . . he brings young and old under subjection.

So Scroop (III.ii.112 ff.), after describing the whitebeards and boys who have joined Bolingbroke, adds "both young and old rebel." In the same scene, Richard's appeals to heaven, the use of Salisbury as a messenger of evil tidings, and the account of successive disasters—

you may be sure he was not fain to smile, for, on all sides, one after another, came pouring in upon him mischief and trouble—

are all to be found in the corresponding scene of the play. The most striking parallel, however, is the comparison of Richard's betrayal and suffering to that of Christ. In the prose section of Créton's account, he compares the rejection of Richard by the people to the rejection of Christ by the Jews:

Then spake Duke Henry quite aloud to the commons of the said city. "Fair sirs, behold your king! consider what you will do with him!" And they made answer with a loud voice, "We will have him taken to Westminster." And so he delivered him unto them. At this hour did he remind me of Pilate, who caused our Lord Jesus Christ to be scourged

at the stake, and afterwards had him brought before the multitude of the Jews, saying, "Fair Sirs, behold your king!" who replied, "let him be crucified!" Then Pilate washed his hands of it, saying, "I am innocent of the just blood." And so he delivered our Lord unto them. Much in the like manner did Duke Henry, when he gave up his rightful lord to the rabble of London, in order that, if they should put him to death, he might say, "I am innocent of this deed."

In *Traïson* there are several similar passages. The author compares Northumberland to Judas; and a few pages later Richard compares himself to Christ, who was likewise "undeservedly sold and given into the hands of his enemies." Although Holinshed refers to a prelate as a Pilate, and although Shakespeare elsewhere associates treachery with Judas, the emphasis on the Christ parallel is to be found only in Créton, *Traïson*, and Shakespeare. There are a few minor parallels with *Traïson*. "Daring-hardy" (I.iii.43) may translate *hardie* in precisely the same context, and "base court" (III.iii.175) may likewise translate *basse cour*. There seems, therefore, to be a slight balance of probability that Shakespeare had read both Créton's poem and *Traïson*, but there is less probability that he had read Le Beau's chronicle.

About seventy parallels have been listed with Daniel's *Civil Wars*. Some of these, however, are not peculiar to Daniel's poem, and others may be explained by the fact that both poets amplified their sources independently. But enough parallels remain to convince all recent editors (Dover Wilson, Black, Ure) that Shakespeare was influenced by Daniel, especially in II.i, IV.i, V.i, and V.ii. Shakespeare and Daniel both altered the age of the queen, making her a woman instead of a child; Shakespeare was clearly indebted to Daniel for the account of the entry of Richard and Bolingbroke into London; and Gaunt's speech on England (II.i.31-68) clearly echoes the following lines from Daniel's *Civil Wars*:

Why Neptune hast thou made us stand alone
 Divided from the world, for this say they?

A place there is where proudly raised there stands
 A huge aspiring rock neighboring the skies
 Whose surly brow imperiously commands
 The sea his bounds that at his proud feet lies:
 And spurns the waves that in rebellious bands
 Assault his empire and against him rise:

With what contagion France didst thou infect
 The land by thee made proud to disagree?

Although we have argued that Shakespeare consulted a number of different sources, there is little doubt that the great bulk of his material came from Holinshed. The only scenes that did not largely derive from the *Chronicles* are the following:

- I.ii. No direct source has been discovered
- II.i.1-152. Partly based on Froissart and Daniel
- II.ii. Largely invention
- III.iv. No source
- V.i. Possibly suggested by Daniel
- V.ii.1-40. Probably suggested by Daniel

It should be noted that Shakespeare sometimes combines widely separated facts for a single scene, that he telescopes events, and that on occasion he rearranges the order of historical happenings.

Of telescoping perhaps the best example is II.i. Bolingbroke had been banished in September 1398; his father died in the following February; Richard left for Ireland in May; and Bolingbroke landed at Ravenspurgh in July. But in Shakespeare's scene Gaunt is dying immediately after his son's banishment—in I.iv we have a description of Bolingbroke's leave-taking and of Gaunt's illness—but before the end of the scene we are told that Bolingbroke has already sailed from Brittany. A period of nine months elapses in the course of the scene. By this telescoping Shakespeare is able to link the death of Gaunt with the banishment of Bolingbroke, to link the confiscation of his estates with the necessities of the Irish campaign, and to link the support Bolingbroke receives with Richard's conduct and with the patriotic admonitions of Gaunt. The scene is dramatically effective on the stage, in spite of the impossibilities revealed in the study; and the fact that Bolingbroke is returning to England before he can have heard of the confiscation of his estates, and yet pretends later that this was his motive for returning from exile, is an example of the deliberate ambiguity with which the character is presented.

The fourth act provides a good example of Shakespeare's rearrangement of historical facts, although there is no essential distortion of historical truth. Bagot's accusation of Aumerle took place on October 16, Fitzwater's accusation two days later; Carlisle's speech (which was not, as in the play, associated with Bolingbroke's claim of the crown) was a week later, on October 23; the abdication took place in the Tower (not in Westminster Hall) on September 29; and the Abbot of Westminster's entertainment of the conspirators was not until December 17. Although Swinburne complained that the quarrel at the beginning of the scene was "a morally chaotic introduction of incongruous causes, inexplicable plaintiffs, and incomprehensible defendants," it reminds us, just before the abdication, of Gloucester's death, its ultimate cause; and it provides Aumerle with a motive for rebellion. Carlisle's speech, one of the most significant moments in the whole tetralogy, is much more dramatic in its place as a warning to the characters in the play and to us of the results of Bolingbroke's usurpation at the moment of its happening. It is obviously more dramatic for Richard to go through the ritual of his abdication in public than before the commissioners in the Tower; and the Abbot's plot is properly introduced at a moment when our sympathies have been fully aroused for Richard, especially when we realize that the plot to restore him to the throne is the direct cause of his murder. Some details of the scene may have been suggested by other sources—Froissart, Hall, Daniel, *A Mirror for Magistrates*, the *Homilies*, and even *Traïson*.

Finally, an example may be given of Shakespeare's omissions. In Holinshed's account, Northumberland persuades Richard to leave Conway Castle, ambushing him on the way to Flint, and conveying him to Flint Castle as a prisoner. Shakespeare omits this incident, following Froissart, who merely says that Richard rode to Flint, and prepared to defend the castle there.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

Richard II was first published in 1597, after August 29, when it was registered. The first quarto (Q1) appeared with the following title page: "THE/Tragedie of King Ri-/chard the se-/cond./As it hath beene publikely acted/by the right Honourable the/Lorde Chamberlaine his Ser-/uants./ LONDON/Printed by Valentine Simmes for Androw Wise, and/are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at/the signe of the Angel./1597."

The play is thought to have been printed from a transcript of Shakespeare's manuscript, but it may preserve some of his spelling and punctuation. Some critics (Cairncross, Brooks, Ure) think that the text is memorially contaminated in a few places (that is, the transcriber introduced mistakes through his memory of other lines of the play and also of *Richard III*). The first quarto forms the basis of the present edition, except for the abdication scene, which was omitted from the first three quartos and included in the fourth (1608). The play was included in the First Folio (1623), probably from a corrected text of Q5 (1615). The Folio text (F) enables us to correct Q1 in a number of places, and it provides the best text of the abdication scene; but many of its readings are "sophistications"—unnecessary alterations—for which Shakespeare was not responsible.

The present edition modernizes spelling and punctuation, amplifies abbreviations and regularizes speech prefixes, corrects obvious typographical errors, adjusts the position of stage directions, and in a few cases alters the lineation. Q1 is not divided into acts or scenes; the present edition uses the divisions established by the Globe editors, who used those of F but who added one at V.iv. F indicates the divisions in Latin; they are translated here. Other deviations from Q1 (and for the abdication scene from F) are listed below. The adopted reading is given in boldface; if it is not taken from F a note in a bracket explains that it is taken (for example) from Q5 or (again, for example) from an editor's emendation—indicated by [ed.]. Next is given the original reading in roman.

I.i.118 my scepter's scepters 139 But Ah but 152 gentlemen Gentleman 162 When . . . when When Harry? when obedience bids 192 parle parlee

I.ii.47 sit set 58 it is

I.iii.26 demand of [ed.] ask 33 comest [Q5] comes 84 innocency [ed.] innocence 172 then but but 180 you owe y'owe 221 night nightes 238 had it [ed.] had't

I.iv.1 s.d. Bagot [ed.] Bushie 20 cousin, cousin Coosens Coosin 23 Bagot . . . Green [Q6] [Q1] omits; F has "heere Bagot and Greene" 53 Bushy, what news? [Q1 omits, but prints the s.d. "Enter Bushie with newes"] 65 All [ed.; Q and F omit]

II.i.18 fond [ed.] found [the emendation to "fond" is plausible; but it is possible that "found" was an error caused by the similar endings of adjacent lines—"soundes" and "sound"—or that a line was omitted by mistake] 48 as a as 102 incagèd intraged 113 not [ed.] not, not 124 brother [Q2] brothers 156 kernes kerne 177 the a 232 that that [ed.] that 257 king's King 280 The . . . Arundel [ed.; Q and F omit] 283 Thomas Ramston [Holinshed] Iohn Ramston 284 Quoint Coines

II.ii.16 eye eyes 25 more's more is 31 though thought 53 Henry H 88 cold [ed.] they are cold 112 Th' one Tone 137 The . . . will [ed.] Will the hateful commons

II.iii.36 Hereford Herefords 98 the lord lord

III.ii.32 succor [ed.] succors 38 and [ed.] that 40 boldly [ed.] bouldy 72 O'erthrows Ouerthrowes

III.iii.13 with you to to 17 mis-take [ed.] mistake 30 lord Lords 59 waters—on [ed.] water's on 118 prince and [ed.] princesse

III.iv.11 joy [ed.] grieve 21 good. good? 26 pins pines 57
 We at [ed.] at 80 Cam'st Canst
 IV.i.22 him them 54 As [ed.] As it 55 sun to sun [ed.] sinne to
 sinne 76 my bond bond 154-319 [for this passage, here printed
 from F, Q1 has only "Let it be so, and loe on wednesday next,/We
 solemnly proclaime our Coronation,/Lords be ready all"] 182
 and on [Q4] on; yours [Q4] thine 250 and [Q4] a 254
 Nor [Q4] No, nor 275 the [Q4] that 284 Was [Q5] Is; that
 [Q4] which 285 And [Q4] That 288 a [Q4] an 295 manners
 [Q4] manner 332 I will [ed.] Ile
 V.i.25 stricken throwne

V.ii.55 prevent me [ed.] preuent 78 life, my [ed.] life, by my
 116 And An
 V.iii.10 While [ed.] Which 20 but yet [ed.] yet 35 that I that
 67 And an 110 Bolingbroke Yorke 134-35 With . . . him
 [ed.] I pardon him with al my heart 143 cousin, too [Q6]
 cousin
 V.iv.1 s.d. Enter Manet
 V.v.27 sit set 79 bestrid bestride
 V.vi.8 Salisbury . . . Blunt Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt 12 s.d.
 Fitzwater [Q6] Fitzwaters 43 thorough [ed.] through [Q]
 through the [F]



THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND

[Dramatis Personae]

KING RICHARD THE SECOND
EDMUND *Duke of York*
JOHN OF GAUNT *Duke of Lancaster* } *his uncles*
HENRY BOLINGBROKE *Gaunt's son*
DUKE OF AUMERLE *York's son*
THOMAS MOWBRAY *Duke of Norfolk*
EARL OF SALISBURY
EARL OF BERKELEY
SIR JOHN BUSHY
SIR WILLIAM BAGOT } *Richard's favorites*
SIR HENRY GREEN
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND
HARRY PERCY *his son*
LORD ROSS
LORD WILLOUGHBY

BISHOP OF CARLISLE
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP
LORD FITZWATER
DUKE OF SURREY
ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER
SIR PIERCE OF EXTON
LORD MARSHAL
WELSH CAPTAIN
QUEEN ISABEL *Richard's second wife*
DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *Gaunt's sister-in-law*
DUCHESS OF YORK
LADIES *attending on the Queen*
GARDENERS A KEEPER A GROOM
LORDS HERALDS OFFICERS SOLDIERS
ATTENDANTS SERVANTS

Scene: England and Wales]

[A C T I]

[Scene I. Windsor Castle.]

Enter King RICHARD, John of GAUNT, with other NOBLES and ATTENDANTS.

RICHARD

Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy oath and band°
Brought hither Henry Hereford,° thy bold son,
Here to make good the boist'rous late appeal,°
Which then our° leisure would not let us hear, 5
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

GAUNT

I have, my liege.

RICHARD

Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal° the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily,° as a good subject should, 10
On some known ground of treachery in him?

GAUNT

As near as I could sift° him on that argument,°
On some apparent° danger seen in him
Aimed at your highness, no inveterate malice.

RICHARD

Then call them to our presence: face to face, 15
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak.
High-stomached° are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE and MOWBRAY.

The decorative border above appeared on the first page of Richard II in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.

I.i.2 band bond **3 Hereford** pronounced "Herford" **4 appeal** accusation of treason **5 our** the royal plural

9 appeal accuse **10 worthily** according to desert **12 sift** examine thoroughly; **argument** subject **13 apparent** obvious **18 High-stomached** high-spirited

BOLINGBROKE^o

Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

MOWBRAY

Each day still better other's happiness,
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

RICHARD

We thank you both; yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely to appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

BOLINGBROKE

First—heaven be the record of my speech!—
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tend'ring^o the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant^o to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting^o well: for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,^o
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,^o
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat,
And wish—so please my sovereign—ere I move,
What my tongue speaks my right-drawn^o sword may
prove.

MOWBRAY

Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:^o
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamor of two eager^o tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cooled for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hushed, and naught at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of^o your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
Which else would post^o until it had returned
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be^o no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him were I tied^o to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,^o
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime, let this^o defend my loyalty:
By all my hopes^o most falsely doth he lie.

20 **Bolingbroke** pronounced and spelled "Bullingbrooke" in Shakespeare's time 32 **Tend'ring** cherishing 34 **appellant** accuser 36 **greeting** address 39 **miscreant** unbeliever, villain 43 **note** reproach 46 **right-drawn** drawn to defend the right 47 **accuse my zeal** make me seem unzealous 49 **eager** sharp 54 **fair reverence of** respect due to 56 **post** speed 59 **let him be** suppose him to be 63 **tied** obliged 65 **inhabitable** uninhabitable 67 **this** his sword 68 **hopes** i.e., of heaven

BOLINGBROKE

20 Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king,^o 70
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.^o
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honor's pawn,^o then stoop.
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else, 75
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

MOWBRAY

I take it up; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree^o 80
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,^o
If I be traitor or unjustly fight.

RICHARD

What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great that can inherit us^o 85
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

BOLINGBROKE

Look what^o I speak, my life shall prove it true:
That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles^o
In name of lendings^o for your highness' soldiers, 90
The which he hath detained for lewd^o employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,
Or^o here, or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was surveyed by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years 95
Complotted and contrived in this land
Fetch^o from false Mowbray, their first head and spring.
Further, I say and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's^o death, 100
Suggest^o his soon-believing adversaries,
And, consequently,^o like a traitor coward,
Sluced out his innocent soul through streams of
blood;
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries 105
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth
To me for justice and rough chastisement:
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or^o this life be spent.

RICHARD

60 How high a pitch^o his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this? 110

MOWBRAY

O! let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood 65
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

70 **Disclaiming** . . . **king** referring to Mowbray's words, lines 58–59 72 **except** use as excuse 74 **pawn** pledge (this glove or hood, which he throws down) 80 **degree** manner 82 **light** dismount 85 **inherit us** make us have 87 **what** whatever 88 **nobles** gold coins 89 **lendings** money on trust 90 **lewd** base 93 **Or** either 97 **Fetch** derive 100 **Gloucester** Thomas of Woodstock, who had been murdered at Richard's orders 101 **Suggest** incite 102 **consequently** afterward 108 **or** before 109 **pitch** peak of a falcon's flight (the king is uneasy that his own guilt will come to light)

RICHARD

Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears.
 Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
 As he is but my father's brother's son,
 Now by my scepter's awe I make a vow,
 Such neighbor nearness to our sacred blood
 Should nothing privilege him nor partialize°
 The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
 He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou:
 Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

MOWBRAY

Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
 Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
 Three parts of that receipt I had° for Calais
 Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers;
 The other part reserved I by consent,
 For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
 Upon remainder of a dear account,°
 Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
 Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,
 I slew him not; but, to my own disgrace,
 Neglected my sworn duty° in that case.
 For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
 The honorable father of my foe,
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
 A trespass that doth vex my grievèd soul;
 But, ere I last received the sacrament,
 I did confess it, and exactly begged
 Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
 This is my fault: as for the rest appealed,
 It issues from the rancor of a villain,
 A recreant° and most degenerate traitor;
 Which in myself I boldly will defend,
 And interchangeably° hurl down my gage
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman
 Even in the best blood chambered in his bosom.
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

RICHARD

Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me.
 Let's purge this choler° without letting blood:°
 This we prescribe, though no physician;
 Deep malice makes too deep incision;
 Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed;
 Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun:
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

GAUNT

To be a make-peace shall become my age:
 Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

RICHARD

And Norfolk, throw down his.

GAUNT

When,° Harry, when?

Obedience bids I should not bid again.

RICHARD

Norfolk, throw down; we bid—there is no boot.°

120 partialize make partial **126 that . . . had** what I received **130 dear account** private or expensive debt **134 duty** either to kill Gloucester, or to reveal the murder **144 recreant** renegade **146 interchangeably** in exchange **153 choler** anger; **letting blood** pun on bleeding medicinally and bloodshed **162 When** exclamation of impatience **164 boot** remedy

MOWBRAY

115 Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot. **165**
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
 The one my duty owes; but my fair name
 Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
 To dark dishonor's use thou shalt not have.
120 I am disgraced, impeached,° and baffled° here, **170**
 Pierced to the soul with slander's venomèd spear,
 The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
 Which breathed this poison.

RICHARD

Rage must be withstood.

Give me his gage; lions make leopards tame.°

125 MOWBRAY

Yea, but not change his spots.° Take but my shame, **175**
 And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
 The purest treasure mortal times afford
 Is spotless reputation—that away,
130 Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
 A jewel in a ten-times-barred-up chest **180**
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast;
 Mine honor is my life, both grow in one;
 Take honor from me, and my life is done;
135 Then, dear my liege, mine honor let me try;
 In that I live, and for that will I die. **185**

RICHARD

Cousin, throw up° your gage; do you begin.

BOLINGBROKE

140 O, God defend my soul from such deep sin!
 Shall I seem crestfallen in my father's sight?
 Or with pale beggar-fear° impeach my height°
 Before this outdared dastard? Ere my tongue **190**
 Shall wound my honor with such feeble wrong,°
145 Or sound so base a parle,° my teeth shall tear
 The slavish motive° of recanting fear,
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
 Where shame doth harbor, even in Mowbray's face. **195**
 [Exit GAUNT.°]

150 RICHARD

We were not born to sue, but to command:
 Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
 Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
 At Coventry upon Saint Lambert's Day.°
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate **200**
155 The swelling difference of your settled hate:
 Since we cannot atone° you, we shall see
 Justice design the victor's chivalry.°
 Lord Marshal, command our officers-at-arms
 Be ready to direct these home alarms. **205**

Exit [RICHARD with others].

170 impeached accused; **baffled** treated with infamy **174 lions . . . tame** alluding to the rampant lion in the king's royal arms and the standing beast in Mowbray's **175 spots** alluding to the proverb and punning on the meaning "stains" **186 throw up** perhaps to the upper stage on which Richard sits **189 beggar-fear** appropriate to a beggar; **height** rank **191 feeble wrong** a wrong so grave that the man who submits to it exhibits himself as feeble **192 parle** parley, truce **193 motive** moving organ (i.e., tongue) **195 s.d. Exit Gaunt** Gaunt begins Scene II, and therefore according to stage convention must leave the stage before the end of Scene I **199 Saint Lambert's Day** September 17 **202 atone** reconcile **203 design . . . chivalry** indicate whose prowess will win the victory (i.e., the victor will be vindicated)

[Scene II. London. Gaunt's house.]

Enter John of GAUNT with the DUCHESS of Gloucester.

GAUNT

Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's° blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclams°
To stir against the butchers of his life;
But since correction lieth in those hands°
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven,
Who, when they° see the hours° ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

DUCHESS

Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root.
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is cracked, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hacked down, and his summer leaves all faded
By envy's hand and murder's bloody ax.
Ah! Gaunt, his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal,° that self° mold that fashioned thee,
Made him a man: and though thou livest and breathest,
Yet art thou slain in him; thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou see'st thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model° of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suff'ring° thus thy brother to be slaught' red,
Thou showest the naked pathway° to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? To safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

GAUNT

God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy° anointed in His sight,
Hath caused his death, the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.

DUCHESS

Where, then, alas, may I complain myself?°

GAUNT

To God, the widow's champion and defense.

DUCHESS

Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt,
Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin° Hereford and fell° Mowbray fight.

I.ii.1 Woodstock Gloucester, Gaunt's brother 2 exclaims
outcries 4 those hands the king's 7 they God and his
angels; hours disyllabic 23 metal stuff; self same 28 model
copy 30 suff'ring allowing 31 naked pathway open road
(for his murderers) 38 deputy the idea that the king, however
unworthy, is God's deputy is stressed throughout the play 42
Where . . . myself To whom shall I complain? 46 cousin
kinsman; fell ruthless

O! sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast;
Or if misfortune° miss the first career,°
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant° to my cousin Hereford.
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes° brother's wife
With her companion, grief, must end her life.

GAUNT

Sister, farewell, I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee, as go with me.

DUCHESS

Yet one word more: grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight.°
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.°
Lo! this is all: nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go.
I shall remember more. Bid him—Ah! what?
With all good speed at Plashy° visit me.
Alack! and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,
Unpeopled offices,° untrodden stones,
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
Desolate, desolate will I hence and die!
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*

[Scene III. The lists at Coventry.]

Enter Lord MARSHAL and the Duke AUMERLE.

MARSHAL

My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford armed?

AUMERLE

Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

MARSHAL

The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly° and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

AUMERLE

Why, then, the champions are prepared, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

The trumpets sound, and the king [RICHARD] enters with
his NOBLES [including GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT,
GREEN]. When they are set, enter [MOWBRAY] the
Duke of Norfolk, in arms, defendant, [and a HERALD].

RICHARD

Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms;
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

MARSHAL

In God's name and the king's, say who thou art

49 misfortune disaster (to Mowbray); career encounter 53
caitiff recreant captive coward 54 sometimes sometime,
former 58–59 grief . . . weight my grief returns because it
is heavy, not like a ball 62 York Duke of York 66 Plashy
in Essex 69 offices kitchens, servants' quarters, etc.
I.iii.3 sprightly full of spirit

And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms,
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.
Speak truly on thy knighthood and thy oath,
As so defend thee heaven and thy valor.

MOWBRAY

My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither come engagèd by my oath—
Which God defend° a knight should violate!
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals° me;
And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him in defending of myself
A traitor to my God, my king, and me;
And as I truly° fight, defend me, heaven!

The trumpets sound. Enter [BOLINGBROKE] Duke of Hereford, appellant, in armor.

RICHARD

Marshal, demand of yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated° in habiliments of war,
And formally, according to our law,
Depose° him in the justice of his cause.

MARSHAL

What is thy name? And wherefore com'st thou hither
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? And what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven.

BOLINGBROKE

Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby
Am I, who ready here do stand in arms
To prove by God's grace, and my body's valor
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard and to me:
And as I truly fight, defend me, heaven!

MARSHAL

On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy° as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

BOLINGBROKE

Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty;
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage:
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.

MARSHAL

The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

RICHARD

We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if today thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

BOLINGBROKE

O, let no noble eye profane a tear

18 defend forbid 21 appeals accuses 25 truly with truth
on my side 28 plated in plate armor 30 Depose examine on
oath 43 daring-hardy reckless

For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear:

As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.

My loving lord, I take my leave of you;

Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle,

Not sick, although I have to do with death,

But lusty, young, and cheerly° drawing breath.

Lo! as at English feasts, so I regret°

The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,

Whose youthful spirit in me regenerate°

Doth with a twofold vigor lift me up

To reach at victory above my head,

Add proof° unto mine armor with thy prayers,

And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,

That it may enter Mowbray's waxen° coat

And furbish new the name of John a° Gaunt

Even in the lusty havior° of his son.

GAUNT

God in thy good cause make thee prosperous;

Be swift like lightning in the execution,

And let thy blows doubly redoubled

Fall like amazing° thunder on the casque

Of thy adverse° pernicious enemy:

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

BOLINGBROKE

Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!

MOWBRAY

However God or fortune cast my lot,

There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.

Never did captive with a freer heart

Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace

His golden, uncontrolled enfranchisement°

More than my dancing soul doth celebrate

This feast of battle with mine adversary.

Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,

Take from my mouth the wish of happy years;

As gentle and as jocund as to jest°

Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

RICHARD

Farewell, my lord; securely° I espy

Virtue with valor couchèd° in thine eye.

Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

MARSHAL

Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,

Receive thy lance, and God defend the right.

BOLINGBROKE

Strong as a tower in hope,° I cry Amen.

MARSHAL

Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

FIRST HERALD

Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,

On pain to be° found false and recreant,

To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,

66 cheerly cheerfully 67 regret greet 70 regenerate
reborn 73 proof invulnerability 75 waxen soft 76 a of
77 havior behavior 81 amazing stupefying 82 adverse
placed opposite 90 enfranchisement liberation 95 jest
sport 97 securely confidently 98 couchèd lying hidden
102 Strong . . . hope cf. Psalms 61:3 106 On . . . be at
the risk of being

A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

SECOND HERALD

Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, 110
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve°
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal,
Courageously and with a free desire 115
Attending but the signal to begin.

MARSHAL

Sound trumpets; and set forward combatants!

[*A charge sounded.*]

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder° down.

RICHARD

Let them lay by their helmets and their spears
And both return back to their chairs° again. 120
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.

[*A long flourish.*°]

Draw near,
And list° what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soiled 125
With that dear blood which it hath fosterèd;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plowed up with neighbor's sword,
And for we think the eagle-wingèd pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts
With rival-hating envy set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep,
Which so roused up with boist'rous untuned drums,
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray, 135
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;
Therefore we banish you our territories:
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enriched our fields,
Shall not regret° our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger° paths of banishment.

BOLINGBROKE

Your will be done: this must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me,
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

RICHARD

Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The sly slow hours shall not determinate° 150
The dateless° limit of thy dear° exile;
The hopeless word° of "Never to return"
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

MOWBRAY

A heavy sentence,° my most sovereign liege,

And all unlooked for from your highness' mouth: 155

A dearer merit,° not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air
Have I deserved at your highness' hands!
The language I have learnt these forty years,
My native English, now I must forgo, 160
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringèd viol or a harp,
Or like a cunning° instrument cased up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony. 165
Within my mouth you have enjailed my tongue,
Doubly portcullised° with my teeth and lips,
And dull unfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my jailer to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse, 170
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

RICHARD

It boots° thee not to be compassionate:°
After our sentence, plaining comes too late. 175

MOWBRAY

Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[*Turns to go.*]

RICHARD

Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banished hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God— 180
Our part therein we banish with yourselves°—
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall—so help you truth and God!—
Embrace each other's love in banishment,
Nor never look upon each other's face, 185
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This luring tempest of your homebred hate,
Nor never by advisèd° purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot° any ill 190
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

BOLINGBROKE

I swear.

MOWBRAY And I, to keep all this.

BOLINGBROKE

Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy— 145
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wandered in the air,
Banished this frail sepulcher° of our flesh, 195
As now our flesh is banished from this land:
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

MOWBRAY

No, Bolingbroke, if ever I were traitor, 200
My name be blotted from the book of life,

112 approve prove 118 warder truncheon (a signal to stop the combat) 120 chairs on which the combatants sat before mounting 122 s.d. flourish trumpet call 124 list hear 142 regret greet again 143 stranger foreign 150 determinate put a limit to 151 dateless endless; dear severe 152 word utterance 154 sentence punning on "word" in line 152

156 dearer merit better reward 163 cunning ingenious and requiring skill in the playing 167 portcullised a portcullis was a grating which could be let down in the gateway of a castle to block it 174 boots avails; compassionate expressing passionate feeling 181 Our . . . yourselves we absolve you from allegiance to us 188 advisèd deliberate 189 complot plot with others 195 sepulcher here accented on second syllable

And I from heaven banished as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege, now no way can I stray:
Save back to England all the world's my way. *Exit.*

RICHARD

Uncle, even in the glasses^o of thine eyes
I see thy grievèd heart: thy sad aspect^o
Hath from the number of his banished years
Plucked four away. [*To BOLINGBROKE.*] Six frozen
winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

BOLINGBROKE

How long a time lies in one little word.
Four lagging winters and four wanton^o springs
End in a word—such is the breath of kings.

GAUNT

I thank my liege that in regard to me
He shortens four years of my son's exile,
But little vantage^o shall I reap thereby:
For ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times^o about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death^o not let me see my son.

RICHARD

Why! uncle, thou hast many years to live.

GAUNT

But not a minute, king, that thou canst give;
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is current^o with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

RICHARD

Thy son is banished upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict^o gave:
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?

GAUNT

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urged me as a judge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander^o sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroyed.
Alas! I looked when some of you should say
I was too strict to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

RICHARD

Cousin, farewell, and uncle, bid him so;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
[*Flourish.*] *Exit* [King RICHARD, with his TRAIN].

207 glasses eyes were thought to reflect the heart 208 aspect
accent on second syllable 213 wanton luxuriant 217
vantage advantage 219 times seasons 223 blindfold
death death is thought of as eyeless, like a skull, and also as
Atropos, Milton's "blind fury with the abhorred shears,"
cutting short human lives 230 current valid 233 party-
verdict one person's share of a joint verdict 240 partial
slander imputation of partiality

AUMERLE

Cousin, farewell; what presence must not know,^o
From where you do remain let paper show.

MARSHAL

My lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As far as land will let me by your side. 250

GAUNT

O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?

BOLINGBROKE

I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal^o
To breathe the abundant dolor of the heart. 255

GAUNT

Thy grief^o is but thy absence for a time.

BOLINGBROKE

Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

GAUNT

What is six winters? They are quickly gone.

BOLINGBROKE

To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten. 260

GAUNT

Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

BOLINGBROKE

My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

GAUNT

The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem as foil^o wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return. 265

BOLINGBROKE

Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember^o me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.

GAUNT

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages,^o and in the end,
Having my freedom,^o boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman^o to grief?^o 270

GAUNT

All places that the eye of heaven^o visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus: 275

There is no virtue^o like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly^o borne. 280

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honor,
And not the king exiled thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

Look what^o thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou goest, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds musicians, 285

248 what . . . know perhaps "as I cannot have your news from you in person," or "what you cannot say in present company" (Aumerle is anxious to know Bolingbroke's intentions)
255 prodigal lavish 257 grief (1) grievance (2) sorrow 265 foil setting (metal leaf serving as a background) 268 remember remind 271 passages experiences 272 Having my freedom at the end of his apprenticeship and of his exile 273 journeyman (1) artisan (2) traveler; journeyman to grief employee of grief (instead of his own master) 274 eye of heaven sun (as in Ovid) 277 virtue efficacy 280 faintly faintheartedly 285 Look what whatever

The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strewed,^o
 The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
 Than a delightful measure or a dance;
 For gnarling^o sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

BOLINGBROKE

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 By bare imagination of a feast?
 Or wallow naked in December snow
 By thinking on fantastic^o summer's heat?
 O, no! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.
 Fell^o sorrow's tooth doth never rankle^o more
 Than when he bites, but lanceth^o not the sore.

GAUNT

Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way.
 Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.^o

BOLINGBROKE

Then England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;
 My mother and my nurse that bears^o me yet!
 Where'er I wander, boast of this I can:
 Though banished, yet a true-born Englishman.

Exeunt.

[Scene IV. *The Court.*]

*Enter the king [RICHARD] with BAGOT, [GREEN], &c.
 at one door, and the Lord AUMERLE at another.*

RICHARD

We did observe.^o Cousin Aumerle,
 How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

AUMERLE

I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
 But to the next high way, and there I left him.

RICHARD

And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

AUMERLE

Faith, none for me,^o except the northeast wind,
 Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
 Awaked the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
 Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

RICHARD

What said our cousin when you parted with him?

AUMERLE

"Farewell."

And for my heart disdainèd that my tongue
 Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
 To counterfeit oppression of such grief
 That words seemed buried in my sorrow's grave.
 Marry, would the word "Farewell" have length'nèd
 hours
 And added years to his short banishment,

288 **presence strewed** royal presence chamber strewn with
 rushes 291 **gnarling** snarling (with perhaps a suggestion of
 the twisting effects of sorrow) 298 **fantastic** imaginary 301
Fell fierce; **rankle** fester 302 **lanceth** cuts with a surgeon's
 knife 304 **I . . . stay** i.e., away from England 306 **bears**
 (1) gives birth to (2) supports me; for a discussion of these
 speeches see K. Muir, *Review of English Studies*, X (1959),
 283-86

I.iv.1 **We did observe** continuing a conversation 6 **for me**
 for my part

He should have had a volume of farewells;
 But since it would not, he had none of me.

290 RICHARD

He is our cousin,^o cousin, but 'tis doubt,
 When time shall call him home from banishment,
 Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
 Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green,
 Observed his courtship to the common people,
 How he did seem to dive into their hearts
 With humble and familiar courtesy,
 What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
 Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
 And patient underbearing of his fortune,
 As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
 A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,
 With "Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends";
 As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

GREEN

Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts.
 Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland;
 Expedient manage^o must be made, my liege,
 Ere further leisure yield them further means
 For their advantage and your highness' loss.

RICHARD

We will ourself in person to this war,
 And for our coffers with too great a court
 And liberal largess are grown somewhat light,
 We are enforced to farm^o our royal realm,
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;^o
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
 And send them after to supply our wants,
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

BUSHY

Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
 Sudden taken, and hath sent posthaste
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.

RICHARD

Where lies he?

BUSHY

At Ely House.

RICHARD

Now put it, God, in the physician's mind
 To help him to his grave immediately!
 The lining^o of his coffers shall make coats
 To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him;
 Pray God we may make haste and come too late!

ALL

Amen!

Exeunt. 65

20 **cousin** Richard, Aumerle, and Bolingbroke were cousins
 39 **manage** management 45 **farm** lease (Richard leased the
 crown lands and customs dues to his favorites for £7000 a
 month) 48 **blank charters** documents given to Richard's
 agents, with power to insert what sums they pleased for the
 rich to pay 61 **lining** contents (with pun on "coats")

[A C T I I]

[Scene I. London. Ely House.]

Enter John of GAUNT, sick, with the Duke of YORK, [the Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND, ATTENDANTS], &c.

GAUNT

Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaïd° youth?

YORK

Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath,
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

GAUNT

O, but they say the tongues of dying men 5
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain;
He that no more must say is listened more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;° 10
More are men's ends marked than their lives before;
The setting sun, and music at the close,°
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest last,°
Writ in remembrance more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear, 15
My death's sad tale° may yet undeaf his ear.

YORK

No, it is stopped with other flattering sounds:
As praises—of whose taste the wise° are fond—
Lascivious meters, to whose venom° sound 20
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy
Whose manners still° our tardy-apish° nation
Limps after in base imitation.°
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—
So it be new, there's no respect how vile— 25
That is not quickly buzzed into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will° doth mutiny with wit's regard.°
Direct not him whose way himself will choose:
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose. 30

GAUNT

Methinks I am a prophet new inspired,
And thus expiring° do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot° cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves.
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short; 35
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;°
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder.
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,°
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scept' red isle, 40
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,

This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection° and the hand of war,
This happy breed° of men, this little world,° 45
This precious stone set in the silver sea
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England, 50
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service° and true chivalry,
As is the sepulcher in stubborn° Jewry 55
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land—
Dear for her reputation through the world—
Is now leased out—I die pronouncing it—
Like to a tenement° or pelting° farm.° 60
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege°
Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquer others 65
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King [RICHARD] and QUEEN, &c. [AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY].

YORK

The king is come; deal mildly with his youth,
For young hot colts being raged° do rage the more. 70

QUEEN

How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

RICHARD

What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

GAUNT

O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old!
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast; 75
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watched:
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast°—I mean my children's looks— 80
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt;
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave°
Whose hollow womb inherits° naught but bones.

RICHARD

Can sick men play so nicely° with their names?

GAUNT

No, misery makes sport to mock itself: 85
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,°
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

II.i.2 unstaïd unrestrained 10 glose utter pleasing words
12 close conclusion of a musical phrase 13 last because it
comes last 16 My . . . tale my solemn dying words 18 the
wise even the wise (see A Note on the Text, p. 443) 19
venom venomous 22 still always; tardy-apish imitative,
but behind the fashion 23 imitation five syllables; com-
plaints of the aping of foreign fashions were common in
Elizabethan England (for this speech and the next see K. Muir,
Review of English Studies, X (1959), 286–89 28 will desire;
wit's regard what intelligence ought to regard 31–32
inspired . . . expiring pun 33 riot profligacy 36 betimes
(1) soon (2) early 38 cormorant glutton (from the bird)

44 infection moral infection 45 happy breed fortunate
race; little world a world by itself 54 Christian service the
Crusades 55 stubborn because they rejected Christ 40–60
This . . . farm the verb comes in line 59 60 tenement
leased land or property; pelting paltry 62 siege perhaps a
partial pun on surge 70 raged enraged 80 Is . . . fast I must
go without 73–82 name . . . grave Coleridge defended the
psychological truth of these puns 83 inherits the grave will
get only bones because Gaunt is wasted away 84 nicely subtly
and prettily 86 kill . . . me i.e., by banishing my son and heir

RICHARD

Should dying men flatter with those that live?

GAUNT

No, no, men living flatter those that die.

RICHARD

Thou, now a-dying, sayest thou flatterest me.

GAUNT

O no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.

RICHARD

I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

GAUNT

Now He that made me knows I see thee ill;
 Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.^o
 Thy deathbed is no lesser than thy land,
 Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
 And thou, too careless patient^o as thou art,
 Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
 Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
 A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
 Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,
 And yet incaged in so small a verge^o
 The waste^o is no whit lesser than thy land.
 O, had thy grandsire^o with a prophet's eye
 Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,^o
 From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
 Deposing thee before thou wert possessed,
 Which art possessed^o now to depose thyself.
 Why, cousin,^o wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this land by lease;
 But for thy world^o enjoying but this land
 Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
 Landlord of England art thou now, not king;
 Thy state of law^o is bondsman to the law,
 And thou—

RICHARD [*Interrupting.*]

A lunatic, lean-witted fool,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Darest with thy frozen^o admonition
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
 With fury from his native residence.^o
 Now, by my seat's^o right-royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly^o in thy head
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

GAUNT

O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son,
 That blood already like the pelican^o
 Hast thou tapped out and drunkenly caroused:
 My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul—
 Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!—

94 **ill** . . . **ill** (1) bad eyesight (2) evil 97 **careless patient**
 one who does not take proper steps to cure himself
 102 **verge** limit (and possibly area within a radius of twelve
 miles around the court) 103 **waste** (1) destruction of landlord's
 property by tenant (2) useless expense (3) wide space 104
grandsire Edward III 105 **sons** Gloucester and Gaunt
 107–08 **possessed** . . . **possessed** (1) possessed of the crown
 (2) possessed with devils 109 **cousin** kinsman 111 **world**
 cf. line 45 114 **state of law** legal status 117 **frozen** (1)
 frigid in style (2) prompted by ague (3) cold, and so cooling me
 119 **residence** his cheek 120 **seat's** throne's 122 **roundly**
 bluntly 126 **pelican** thought to wound its breast to feed its
 young with its blood—a symbol both of parental self-sacrifice
 and filial ingratitude

May be a precedent and witness good 130
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.
 Join with the present sickness that I have,
 And thy unkindness be like crooked^o age
 To crop at once a too-long-withered flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee; 135
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be.
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave;
 Love they to live that love and honor have.

Exit [GAUNT, borne by ATTENDANTS,
 and NORTHUMBERLAND].

RICHARD

And let them die that age and sullens^o have,
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave. 140

YORK

I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
 To wayward sickliness and age in him:
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
 As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here. 100

RICHARD

Right, you say true, as Hereford's love, so his, 145
 As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.^o

[*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.]

105

NORTHUMBERLAND

My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

RICHARD

What says he?

110

NORTHUMBERLAND Nay, nothing, all is said;
 His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent. 150

YORK

Be York the next that must be bankrout^o so!
 Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

RICHARD

115

The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be;
 So much for that.^o Now for our Irish wars. 155
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed kernes^o
 Which live like venom, where no venom^o else,
 But only they, have privilege to live.
 And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
 Towards our assistance we do seize to us 160
 The plate, coin, revenues, and movables
 Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.

YORK

125

How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
 Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
 Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment, 165
 Nor Gaunt's rebukes,^o nor England's private
 wrongs,^o
 Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke^o

133 **crooked** bent (and suggesting Time with a scythe; cf. line
 134) 139 **sullens** sulks 146 **and** . . . **is** let what will be, be
 151 **bankrout** bankrupt 153–55 **The** . . . **that** cf. Boling-
 broke's equally callous reception of Mowbray's death,
 IV.i.103–04; he also changes the subject in the middle of a
 line 156 **rug-headed kernes** shag-haired light-armed Irish
 foot soldiers 157 **venom** reptiles (alluding to the tradition
 that Saint Patrick expelled snakes from Ireland) 166 **Gaunt's**
rebukes rebukes suffered by Gaunt; **private wrongs** wrongs
 suffered by private citizens 167 **prevention** . . . **Boling-**
broke Richard prevented Bolingbroke's marriage in exile to
 the French king's cousin

About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,^o
 Have ever made me sour^o my patient cheek,
 Or bend one wrinkle^o on my sovereign's face.
 I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
 Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first:
 In war was never lion raged more fierce,
 In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
 Than was that young and princely gentleman.
 His face thou hast, for even so looked he,
 Accomplished with the number of thy hours;^o
 But when he frowned it was against the French,
 And not against his friends; his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won;
 His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
 O, Richard, York is too far gone with grief,
 Or else he never would compare between—

RICHARD

Why, uncle, what's the matter?

YORK

O my liege,
 Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleased
 Not to be pardoned, am content withal.
 Seek you to seize and gripe^o into your hands
 The royalties^o and rights of banished Hereford?
 Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
 Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
 Take^o Hereford's rights away, and take from Time
 His charters and his customary rights,
 Let not tomorrow then ensue^o today;
 Be not thyself. For how art thou a king
 But by fair sequence and succession?^o
 Now afore God—God forbid I say true—
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
 Call in the letters patents that he hath
 By his attorneys-general to sue
 His livery,^o and deny^o his off'red homage,
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
 Which honor and allegiance cannot think.

RICHARD

Think what you will, we seize into our hands
 His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

YORK

I'll not be by^o the while. My liege, farewell.
 What will ensue hereof there's none can tell:
 But by^o bad courses may be understood
 That their events^o can never fall out good. *Exit.*

RICHARD

Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire^o straight;

168 my own disgrace unexplained; possibly we should accept the equally difficult original reading of Q1, "his own disgrace," corrected in all copies save one **169 sour** make sour **170 wrinkle** frown **177 Accomplished . . . hours** when he was your age **189 gripe** clutch **190 royalties** gifts from the king **195 Take** if you take **197 ensue** follow upon **199 succession** four syllables **202–04 Call . . . livery** if you revoke the royal letters patent that enable his attorneys to obtain for him his father's lands **204 deny** refuse **211 by** near **213 by** concerning **214 events** outcomes **215 Wiltshire** William le Scrope, treasurer of England

170

175

180

185

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235

Bid him repair to us to Ely House,
 To see this business. Tomorrow next
 We will for Ireland—and 'tis time, I trow;
 And we create in absence of ourself
 Our uncle York Lord Governor of England,
 For he is just, and always loved us well.^o
 Come on, our queen, tomorrow must we part;
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish.*] *Exeunt King* [RICHARD] *and* QUEEN.
Manet^o NORTHUMBERLAND [*with* WILLOUGHBY
and ROSS].

NORTHUMBERLAND

Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

ROSS

And living too, for now his son is duke.

WILLOUGHBY

Barely in title, not in revenues.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Richly in both, if justice had her right.

ROSS

My heart is great, but it must break with silence
 Ere't be disburdened with a liberal^o tongue.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Nay, speak thy mind, and let him ne'er speak more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm.

WILLOUGHBY

Tends that that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of
 Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

ROSS

No good at all that I can do for him,

Unless you call it good to pity him,

Bereft, and gelded of his patrimony.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne

In him a royal prince and many moe^o

Of noble blood in this declining land!

The king is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers; and what they will inform

Merely in hate 'gainst any of us all,

That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

ROSS

The commons hath he pilled^o with grievous taxes

And quite lost their hearts. The nobles hath he fined

For ancient quarrels and quite lost their hearts.

WILLOUGHBY

And daily new exactions are devised,

As blanks,^o benevolences,^o and I wot not what:

But what, a^o God's name, doth become of this?

NORTHUMBERLAND

Wars hath not wasted it, for warred he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise

That which his noble ancestors achieved with blows:

More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

ROSS

The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

221 For . . . well in spite of York's criticisms of his conduct, Richard apparently appreciates his honesty **223 s.d. Manet** remains **229 liberal** free **239 moe** more **246 pilled** plundered **250 blanks** cf. I.iv.48; **benevolences** forced loans (an anachronism, as they were introduced in 1473) **251 a in**

WILLOUGHBY

The king's grown bankrout like a broken man.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

ROSS

He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banished duke.

NORTHUMBERLAND

His noble kinsman—most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike° not, but securely perish.

ROSS

We see the very wrack° that we must suffer,
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wrack.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering, but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

WILLOUGHBY

Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

ROSS

Be confident to speak, Northumberland;
We three are but thyself, and speaking so
Thy words are but as thoughts: therefore be bold.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Then thus: I have from le Port Blanc, a bay
In Brittain°, received intelligence
That Harry, Duke of Hereford, Rainold, Lord
Cobham,

[The son of Richard, Earl of Arundel,°]
That late broke° from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop, late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Thomas Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis
Quoint—

All these well furnished by the Duke of Brittain°
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,°
Are making hither with all due expedience,°
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out° our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn° the blemished
crown,

Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,°
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post° to Ravenspurgh;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

266 **strike** a pun on striking sails and striking blows 267 **wrack** wreck 278 **Brittain** Brittany 280 **The . . . Arundel** some such line, necessary for the sense, is lacking, possibly because an Earl of Arundel was executed in October 1595 281 **broke** escaped 286 **men of war** soldiers 287 **expedience** speed 292 **Imp out** engraft new feathers 293 **broking pawn** lending money upon pawns, which was fraudulent (cf. II.i.113) 294 **gilt** pun on *guilt* 296 **in post** with speed, with relays of horses

ROSS

To horse, to horse, urge doubts to them that fear.

WILLOUGHBY

Hold out my horse,° and I will first be there. *Exeunt.* 300

[Scene II. Windsor Castle.]

Enter the QUEEN, BUSHY, BAGOT.

BUSHY

Madam, your majesty is too much sad.
You promised, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

QUEEN

To please the king I did: to please myself
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet again methinks
Some unborn sorrow ripe in Fortune's womb
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles—at something it grieves
More than with parting from my lord the king.

BUSHY

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,°
Which shows like grief itself, but is not so;
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects,
Like perspectives° which, rightly gazed upon,
Show nothing but confusion; eyed awry,
Distinguish form. So your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Find° shapes of grief more than himself to wail,°
Which looked on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not; then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not: more's not
seen,
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps° things imaginary.

QUEEN

It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise. Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad—so heavy sad,
As, though on thinking on no thought I think,°
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

BUSHY

'Tis nothing but conceit,° my gracious lady.

QUEEN

'Tis nothing less:° conceit is still derived
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:°

300 **Hold . . . horse** if my horse holds out

II.ii.14 shadows illusory griefs **18 perspectives** pictures constructed so that they look distorted when viewed directly ("rightly"), and intelligible when viewed from the side ("awry") **22 Find** the subject "you" is understood from "majesty"; **wail** bewail **27 weeps** weeps for **31 though . . . think** though I try to think about nothing **33 conceit** fancy **34 'Tis nothing less** it's anything except mere fancy **37 something . . . grieve** the nothing that I grieve hath something in it

'Tis in reversion that I do possess,^o
But what it is that is not yet known what,
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe I wot.^o

[Enter GREEN.]

GREEN

God save your majesty! and well met, gentlemen.
I hope the king is not yet shipped for Ireland.

QUEEN

Why hopest thou so? 'Tis better hope he is,
For his designs crave^o haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipped?

GREEN

That he our hope might have retired his power
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly^o hath set footing in this land:
The banished Bolingbroke repeals^o himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
At Ravenspurgh.

QUEEN

Now God in heaven forbid!

GREEN

Ah, madam! 'tis too true; and that^o is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son, young Henry
Percy,^o

The Lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends are fled to him.

BUSHY

Why have you not proclaimed Northumberland
And all the rest^o revolted faction, traitors?

GREEN

We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester^o
Hath broken his staff, resigned his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

QUEEN

So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke, my sorrow's dismal heir;^o
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,^o
And I, a gasping, new-delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow, joined.

BUSHY

Despair not, madam.

QUEEN

Who shall hinder me?

I will despair and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands^o of life
Which false hope lingers^o in extremity.

[Enter the Duke of YORK.]

GREEN

Here comes the Duke of York.

QUEEN

With signs of war^o about his aged neck.

38 'Tis . . . possess I am heir to it, and I shall know what it is
when I experience it 40 wot know 44 crave demand 48
strongly with a strong force 49 repeals recalls 52 that
what 53 young Henry Percy these words are repeated in
the next scene, and either "Henry" or "his son" may be spurious
here 57 rest remaining 58 Worcester Northumberland's
brother, and the Lord Steward of the king's household 63
heir offspring 64 prodigy monster 71 dissolve the
bands unloose the bonds 72 lingers causes to linger 74
signs of war York is wearing throat armor

O, full of careful business^o are his looks!
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable^o words.

75

40 YORK

Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts.
Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home.
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit^o made;
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

80

85

[Enter SERVINGMAN.]

SERVINGMAN

My lord, your son was gone before I came.

YORK

He was? Why so, go all which way it will.
The nobles, they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy to my sister^o Gloucester;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.
Hold, take my ring.

90

SERVINGMAN

My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
Today as I came by I callèd there—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

95

YORK

What is't, knave?

SERVINGMAN

An hour before I came the duchess died.^o

YORK

God for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once.
I know not what to do. I would to God—
So my untruth^o had not provoked him to it—
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
What! are there no posts dispatched for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come, sister—cousin, I would say—pray pardon me.
Go fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,
And bring away the armor that is there.

100

105

[Exit SERVINGMAN.]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how or which way to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen.
Th' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; t' other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wronged,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin,
I'll dispose of^o you. Gentlemen, go muster up your
men,
And meet me presently at Berkeley.
I should to Plashy too,

110

115

75 careful business anxious preoccupation 76 comfortable
comforting (the phrase "comfortable words" is used in the
Anglican communion service) 84 surfeit overindulgence
90 sister sister-in-law 97 died in fact she died later; but
Shakespeare wishes to give the effect of a succession of woes
101 untruth disloyalty 117 dispose of make arrangements
for

But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And everything is left at six and seven.^o

*Exeunt Duke [of YORK], QUEEN. Manent
BUSHY, [BAGOT,] GREEN.*

BUSHY

The wind sits^o fair for news to go for Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable^o to the enemy
Is all impossible.

GREEN

Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

BAGOT

And that is the wavering commons, for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

BUSHY

Wherein the king stands generally condemned.

BAGOT

If judgment lie in^o them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

GREEN

Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristow^o Castle.
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

BUSHY

Thither will I with you, for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.
Will you go along with us?

BAGOT

No, I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell; if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

BUSHY

That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

GREEN

Alas, poor duke, the task he undertakes
Is numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

BUSHY

Well, we may meet again.

BAGOT

I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene III. In Gloucestershire.]

*Enter [BOLINGBROKE Duke of] Hereford, [and]
NORTHUMBERLAND [with SOLDIERS].*

BOLINGBROKE

How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?

NORTHUMBERLAND

Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draws out our miles and makes them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.^o
But I bethink me what a weary way

120

From Ravenspurgh to Cotshall^o will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which I protest hath very much beguiled
The tediousness and process^o of my travel:
But theirs is sweet'ned with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy is little less in joy
Than hope enjoyed. By this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short as mine hath done,
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

125

BOLINGBROKE

Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry PERCY.

130

NORTHUMBERLAND

It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester whencesoever.^o
Harry, how fares your uncle?

PERCY

I had thought, my lord, to have learned his health of
you.

NORTHUMBERLAND

135

Why, is he not with the queen?

PERCY

No, my good lord, he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispersed
The household of the king.

NORTHUMBERLAND

What was his reason?

He was not so resolved when last we spake together.

140

PERCY

Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor;
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Berkeley to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there,
Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.

145

NORTHUMBERLAND

Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

PERCY

No, my good lord, for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember. To my knowledge
I never in my life did look on him.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Then learn to know him now—this is the duke.

PERCY

My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approvèd service and desert.

BOLINGBROKE

I thank thee, gentle Percy, and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

NORTHUMBERLAND

How far is it to Berkeley, and what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

121 six and seven i.e., in confusion 122 sits blows 124

Proportionable proportional 132 lie in depends on 134

Bristow old form of Bristol

II.iii.7 delectable accents on first and third syllables

9 Cotshall Cotswold 12 tediousness and process tedious
process 22 whencesoever from wherever he is

PERCY

There stands the castle by yon tuft of trees,
Manned with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and
Seymour, 55
None else of name and noble estimate.

[Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.]

NORTHUMBERLAND

Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste.

BOLINGBROKE

Welcome, my lords, I wot your love pursues
A banished traitor. All my treasury 60
Is yet but unfelt° thanks, which more enriched
Shall be your love° and labor's recompense.

ROSS

Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

WILLOUGHBY

And far surmounts our labor to attain it.

BOLINGBROKE

Evermore thank's the exchequer of the poor, 65
Which till my infant° fortune comes to years
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

[Enter BERKELEY.]

NORTHUMBERLAND

It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

BERKELEY

My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

BOLINGBROKE

My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;° 70
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue
Before I make reply to aught you say.

BERKELEY

Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning 75
To race one title° of your honor out.
To you, my lord, I come—what lord you will—
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,°
And fright our native peace with self-borne° arms? 80

[Enter YORK, attended.]

BOLINGBROKE

I shall not need transport my words by you:
Here comes his grace in person. My noble uncle!

[Kneels.]

YORK

Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable° and false.

BOLINGBROKE

My gracious uncle— 85

YORK

Tut, tut! Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle;

I am no traitor's uncle, and that word "grace"
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banished and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground? 90
But then, more "why?" Why have they dared to
march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her palefaced villages with war,
And ostentation of despised° arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence? 95
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men, 100
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

BOLINGBROKE

My gracious uncle, let me know my fault: 105
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

YORK

Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason.
Thou art a banished man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time, 110
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

BOLINGBROKE

As I was banished, I was banished Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent° eye. 115
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive. O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemned,
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Plucked from my arms perforce, and given away 120
To upstart unthrifths?° Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King in England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin:
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down, 125
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.°
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave.
My father's goods are all distrained and sold, 130
And these, and all, are all amiss employed.
What would you have me do? I am a subject;
And° I challenge law, attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent. 135

NORTHUMBERLAND

The noble duke hath been too much abused.

ROSS

It stands your grace upon° to do him right.

WILLOUGHBY

Base men by his endowments are made great.

94 despised despicable 115 indifferent impartial 121
unthrifths prodigals 127 bay quarry's last stand 133 And if
137 It . . . upon it behooves your grace

61 unfelt intangible 62 love love's 66 infant and so unable
to possess property 70 to Lancaster Bolingbroke is about
to reply, but in the middle of the sentence he changes his
mind, to say that he will answer only in the name of Lancaster
75 race one title erase one title (with pun on "tittle") 79 absent
time time of the king's absence 80 self-borne borne for
one's own cause 84 deceivable deceptive

YORK

My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labored all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come in braving arms,
Be his own carver,^o and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong—it may not be:
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

NORTHUMBERLAND

The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid:
And let him never see joy that breaks that oath.

YORK

Well, well, I see the issue of these arms.
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left:^o
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach^o you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king.
But since I cannot, be it known unto you
I do remain as neuter.^o So fare you well—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

BOLINGBROKE

An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristow Castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,^o
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,^o
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

YORK

It may be I will go with you, but yet I'll pause,
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are.
Things past redress are now with me past care.

Exeunt.

[Scene IV. In Wales.]

Enter Earl of SALISBURY, and a Welsh CAPTAIN.^o

CAPTAIN

My Lord of Salisbury, we have stayed ten days
And hardly keep our countrymen together,
And yet^o we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves. Farewell.

SALISBURY

Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;
The king reposes all his confidence in thee.

CAPTAIN

'Tis thought the king is dead: we will not stay.
The bay trees in our country are all withered,
And meteors fright the fixèd stars of heaven,
The palefaced moon looks bloody on the earth,

143 **Be . . . carver** be a law to himself 153 **ill left** left inadequate (?) left in disorder (?) 155 **attach** arrest 158 **neuter** neutral 164 **complices** accomplices 165 **The . . . commonwealth** common Elizabethan expression, ultimately biblical, for those who preyed on society

II.iv.s.d. **Captain** possibly Owen Glendower, mentioned in III.i.43 3 **yet** so far

And lean-looked^o prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,^o
The other to enjoy by rage^o and war.
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their king is dead. *[Exit.]*

145 SALISBURY

Ah, Richard! With the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament;
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest;^o
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly^o to thy good all fortune goes. *[Exit.]*

[A C T I I I]

[Scene I. Bristol. Before the castle.]

160 *Enter [BOLINGBROKE] Duke of Hereford, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, [other LORDS, SOLDIERS,] BUSHY and GREEN prisoners.*

BOLINGBROKE

Bring forth these men.
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls,
Since presently^o your souls must part^o your bodies,
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy^o gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean;
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce^o betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stained the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears, drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.^o
Myself a prince, by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stooped my neck under your injuries,
And sighed my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,^o
Disparked^o my parks, and felled my forest woods,
From my own windows torn my household coat,^o

11 **lean-looked** lean-looking 13 **enjoy** possess 14 **enjoy by rage** in hope of enjoying by violent action 21–22 **sun . . . unrest** Richard's badge was a sun obscured by or breaking from clouds 24 **crossly** adversely

III.i.3 **presently** immediately; **part** part from 9 **happy** fortunate 11–12 **in . . . divorce** you have made a kind of divorce 11–15 **You . . . wrongs** there is no suggestion elsewhere in the play that Richard was estranged from his queen, though Holinshed does refer to his adultery (if the accusation is one of homosexuality, it may echo Marlowe's *Edward II*; and in *Woodstock* Queen Ann complains of Richard's favorites; but Bolingbroke is making a propaganda speech) 22 **signories** estates 23 **Disparked** thrown upon 24 **From . . . coat** broke the coat of arms in stained glass

Raced out my impresse,^o leaving me no sign, 25
 Save men's opinions and my living blood,
 To show the world I am a gentleman.^o
 This and much more, much more than twice all this,
 Condemns you to the death. See them delivered over
 To execution and the hand of death. 30

BUSHY

More welcome is the stroke of death to me
 Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

GREEN

My comfort is that heaven will take our souls
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

BOLINGBROKE

My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatched.^o 35
 [*Exit NORTHUMBERLAND, with BUSHY and GREEN.*]
 Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
 For God's sake, fairly let her be intreated.^o
 Tell her I send to her my kind commends;^o
 Take special care my greetings be delivered.

YORK

A gentleman of mine I have dispatched 40
 With letters of your love to her at large.^o

BOLINGBROKE

Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away
 To fight with Glendower^o and his complices;
 A while to work, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. *The coast of Wales, near Barkloughly Castle.*]

*Enter the king [RICHARD], AUMERLE, [the Bishop of]
 CARLISLE, &c. [Drum, flourish, and colors.]*

RICHARD

Barkloughly Castle call they this at hand?

AUMERLE

Yea, my lord. How brooks^o your grace the air
 After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

RICHARD

Needs must I like it well. I weep for joy
 To stand upon my kingdom once again. 5
 Dear earth, I do salute^o thee with my hand,
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs.
 As a long-parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
 So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth, 10
 And do thee favors with my royal hands.
 Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
 But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
 And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way, 15
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee;
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
 And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder 20

Whose double tongue may with a mortal^o touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
 Mock not my senseless^o conjuration, lords:
 This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king 25
 Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

CARLISLE

Fear not, my lord; that power that made you king
 Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
 The means that heavens yield must be embraced
 And not neglected. Else heaven would, 30
 And we will not:^o heaven's offer we refuse,
 The proffered means of succor and redress.

AUMERLE

He means, my lord, that we are too remiss,
 Whilst Bolingbroke through our security
 Grows strong and great in substance and in power. 35

RICHARD

Discomfortable^o cousin, know'st thou not
 That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
 Behind the globe^o and lights the lower world,^o
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
 In murders and in outrage boldly here: 40
 But when from under this terrestrial ball
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
 The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs, 45
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
 So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
 Who all this while hath reveled in the night
 Whilst we were wand'ring with the Antipodes,
 Shall see us rising in our throne, the east, 50
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
 Not able to endure the sight of day,
 But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
 Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm^o off from an anointed king; 55
 The breath of worldly^o men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord.
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed^o
 To lift shrewd^o steel against our golden crown,
 God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay 60
 A glorious angel;^o then, if angels fight,
 Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?^o

SALISBURY

Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
 Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue, 65
 And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
 One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
 O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men. 70

25 Raced . . . impresse erased my impresa (emblem) 16-27
 Myself . . . gentleman Bolingbroke's real complaint (he
 does not mention the forced loans and the farming of the
 land) 35 dispatched executed 37 intreated treated 38
 commends commendations, greetings 41 at large in full
 43 Glendower cf. note to II.iv.s.d.; perhaps Bolingbroke does
 not know that the Welsh army has disbanded
 III.ii.2 brooks enjoys 6 salute greet with a gesture

21 mortal deadly 23 senseless addressed to senseless things
 30-31 Else . . . not otherwise we go against the will of
 heaven 36 Discomfortable discomforting 38 globe earth;
 lower world Antipodes 55 balm cf. IV.i.206 56 worldly
 earthly 58 pressed conscripted 59 shrewd sharp 59-61
 crown . . . angel possibly a pun on these two coins 63 power
 army

Today, today, unhappy day too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.

AUMERLE

Comfort, my liege, why looks your grace so pale? 75

RICHARD

But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side,
For Time hath set a blot upon my pride.

AUMERLE

Comfort, my liege, remember who you are.

RICHARD

I had forgot myself: am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majesty! Thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names? 85
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favorites of a king, are we not high?
High^o be our thoughts. I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes
here? 90

Enter SCROOP.

SCROOP

More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tuned^o tongue deliver him.

RICHARD

Mine ear is open, and my heart prepared;
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? Why, 'twas my care, 95
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve Him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mend: 100
They break their faith to God as well as us.
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, and decay:
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

SCROOP

Glad am I that your highness is so armed
To bear the tidings of calamity. 105
Like an unseasonable stormy day
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores
As if the world were all dissolved to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land 110
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.
White beards have armed their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys with women's voices
Strive to speak big,^o and clap their female^o joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown; 115
Thy very beadsmen^o learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal^o yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage^o rusty bills^o

89 **High** high in name and place 92 **care-tuned** tuned to the key of sorrow 114 **speak big** assume men's voices; **female** weak, effeminate 116 **beadsmen** pensioners who pray for their benefactors 117 **double-fatal** the berry is poisonous and the wood used for bows 118 **manage** wield; **bills** wooden shafts with spiked blades

Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell. 120

RICHARD

Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? Where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? Where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful^o steps? 125
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have^o made peace with Bolingbroke.

SCROOP

Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

RICHARD

O, villains, vipers, damned without redemption!
Dogs easily won to fawn on any man! 130
Snakes in my heart-blood warmed that sting my
heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? Terrible hell
Make war upon their spotted^o souls for this!

SCROOP

Sweet love, I see, changing his property,^o 135
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncure their souls: their peace is made
With heads and not with hands; those whom you
curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground. 140

AUMERLE

Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

SCROOP

Ay, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

AUMERLE

Where is the duke, my father, with his power?^o 95

RICHARD

No matter where—of comfort no man speak.
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs, 145
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors and talk of wills:
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
Save our deposèd bodies to the ground? 150
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death
And that small model^o of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover^o to our bones. 155
For God's sake let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed,
All murdered—for within the hollow^o crown 160
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic^o sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize,^o be feared, and kill with looks, 165

125 **peaceful** unopposed 127 **they have** pronounced "they've"
134 **spotted** sinful 135 **property** distinctive quality 143
power army 153 **model** variously explained as mold, grave
mound, and microcosm 154 **paste and cover** an image
taken from pie crust, since this was sometimes called a coffin
160 **hollow** empty circle, vain, transitory 162 **antic** clown
165 **monarchize** play the monarch

Infusing him with self and vain conceit,^o
 As if this flesh which walls about our life
 Were brass impregnable; and, humored^o thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores thorough^o his castle wall, and farewell king! 170
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
 For you have but mistook me all this while:
 I live with bread like you, feel want,
 Taste grief, need friends—subjected^o thus,
 How can you say to me, I am a king?

CARLISLE

My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
 But presently^o prevent the ways to wail.
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe;
 And so your follies fight against yourself.
 Fear and be slain, no worse can come to fight,^o
 And fight and die is death destroying death,
 Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.^o

AUMERLE

My father hath a power; inquire of him,
 And learn to make a body of a limb.^o

RICHARD

Thou chid'st me well. Proud Bolingbroke, I come
 To change^o blows with thee for our day of doom.
 This ague fit of fear is overblown;^o
 An easy task it is to win our own.
 Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?^o
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

SCROOP

Men judge by the complexion of the sky
 The state and inclination of the day;
 So may you by my dull and heavy eye.
 My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
 I play the torturer by small and small^o
 To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
 Your uncle York is joined with Bolingbroke,
 And all your northern castles yielded up,
 And all your southern gentlemen in arms
 Upon his party.^o

RICHARD

Thou hast said enough.
 Beshrew thee,^o cousin, which^o didst lead me forth
 Of that sweet way^o I was in to despair.
 What say you now? What comfort have we now?
 By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
 That bids me be of comfort any more.
 Go to Flint Castle: there I'll pine away;
 A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
 That power I have, discharge, and let them go
 To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,^o
 For I have none. Let no man speak again
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

166 self . . . conceit empty estimate of self 168 humored
 perhaps "Death thus amused" or "the king thus indulged"
 170 thorough through 176 subjected made a subject and
 subject to the ordinary needs of man 179 presently immedi-
 ately 183 to fight by fighting 185 pays . . . breath makes
 us slaves to death 187 body . . . limb make a whole out
 of a part 189 change exchange 190 overblown blown
 over 192 power army 198 small and small little by little
 203 Upon his party on his side 204 Beshrew thee ill befall
 you; which who 205 way path, habit 212 To . . . grow
 to cultivate the fertile ground (i.e., desert to Bolingbroke)

AUMERLE

My liege, one word.

RICHARD

He does me double wrong 215
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
 Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
 From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.
 [Exeunt.]

175

[Scene III. Wales. Before Flint Castle.]

Enter [with drum and colors] BOLINGBROKE, YORK,
 NORTHUMBERLAND, [ATTENDANTS, and
 SOLDIERS].

180

BOLINGBROKE

So that by this intelligence we learn
 The Welshmen are dispersed, and Salisbury
 Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
 With some few private friends upon this coast.

185

NORTHUMBERLAND

The news is very fair and good, my lord;
 Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

5

YORK

It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
 To say "King Richard." Alack, the heavy day
 When such a sacred king should hide his head.

190

NORTHUMBERLAND

Your grace mistakes; only to be brief
 Left I his title out.

10

YORK

The time hath been
 Would you have been so brief^o with him, he would
 Have been so brief with you to shorten you,
 For taking so the head,^o your whole head's length.

195

BOLINGBROKE

Mistake^o not, uncle, further than you should.

15

YORK

Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
 Lest you mis-take:^o the heavens are over our heads.

200

BOLINGBROKE

I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself
 Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

205

PERCY

Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle yield? 20

PERCY

The castle royally is manned, my lord,
 Against thy entrance.

BOLINGBROKE

Royally!

210

PERCY

Why, it contains no king?
 Yes, my good lord,
 It doth contain a king: King Richard lies
 Within the limits of yon lime and stone;
 And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
 Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
 Of holy reverence—who, I cannot learn.

25

NORTHUMBERLAND

O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

III.iii.11–12 The . . . brief there was a time when if you had
 been so curt 14 taking . . . head (1) chopping off the title
 (2) acting without restraint 15 Mistake take amiss 17 mis-
 take transgress, take what is not yours (i.e., the crown)

BOLINGBROKE

Noble lord, 30
 Go to the rude ribs° of that ancient castle,
 Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley
 Into his ruined ears, and thus deliver:
 Henry Bolingbroke
 On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand, 35
 And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
 To his most royal person; hither come
 Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
 Provided that my banishment repealed,
 And lands restored again be freely granted; 40
 If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
 And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
 Rained from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen—
 The which,° how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
 It is such crimson tempest should bedrench 45
 The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
 My stooping duty tenderly° shall show.
 Go, signify as much, while here we march
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
 Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum, 50
 That from this castle's tattered° battlements
 Our fair appointments° may be well perused.
 Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
 With no less terror than the elements
 Of fire and water,° when their thund'ring shock 55
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;
 The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain°
 My waters—on the earth, and not on him.
 March on, and mark King Richard how he looks. 60

The trumpets sound [parle without, and answer within; then a flourish]. RICHARD appeareth on the walls [with the Bishop of CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY].

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
 As doth the blushing discontented sun
 From out the fiery portal of the East,
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
 To dim his glory, and to stain the track 65
 Of his bright passage to the Occident.

YORK

Yet looks he like a king: behold his eye,
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth°
 Controlling majesty. Alack, alack for woe,
 That any harm should stain so fair a show. 70

RICHARD [To NORTHUMBERLAND.]

We are amazed, and thus long have we stood
 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
 To pay their awful° duty to our presence? 75
 If we be not, show us the hand of God
 That hath dismissed us from our stewardship;
 For well we know no hand of blood and bone
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,

Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp; 80
 And though you think that all, as you have done,
 Have torn their souls by turning° them from us,
 And we are barren and bereft of friends,
 Yet know, my master, God omnipotent, 85
 Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
 Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike
 Your children yet unborn and unbegot
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.
 Tell Bolingbroke—for yon methinks he stands— 90
 That every stride he makes upon my land
 Is dangerous treason. He is come to open
 The purple testament of bleeding war;
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace
 Ten thousand bloody crowns° of mothers' sons 95
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew
 Her pastor's° grass with faithful English blood.

NORTHUMBERLAND

The King of Heaven forbid our lord the king 100
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms
 Be rushed upon. Thy thrice-noble cousin,
 Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand,
 And by the honorable tomb he swears
 That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones, 105
 And by the royalties of both your bloods—
 Currents that spring from one most gracious
 head—
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
 And by the worth and honor of himself,
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said, 110
 His coming hither hath no further scope°
 Than for his lineal royalties,° and to beg
 Infranchisement° immediate on his knees;
 Which on thy royal party° granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust, 115
 His barbèd° steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty.
 This swears he, as he is a prince and just;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

RICHARD

Northumberland, say thus the king returns,° 120
 His noble cousin is right welcome hither,
 And all the number of his fair demands
 Shall be accomplished without contradiction.
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.° 125

[To AUMERLE.]

We° do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not,
 To look so poorly° and to speak so fair?
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
 Defiance to the traitor and so die?

31 ribs protecting walls 44 The which as to which 47 tenderly solicitously 51 tattered crenelated, dilapidated 52 appointments arms and equipment 55 fire and water lightning and rain clouds 58 rain pun on reign 68 lightens forth flashes 75 awful reverential

82 torn . . . turning pun 95 crowns punning on "crown" in line 94 99 pastor's the king was the shepherd of his kingdom 111 scope aim 112 lineal royalties hereditary rights 113 Infranchisement recall from banishment and restitution of his lands 114 party side 116 barbèd armored 120 returns answers 125 commends greetings 126 We the speech prefix is repeated in the quarto, perhaps because a line of Northumberland's has dropped out 127 poorly abjectly

AUMERLE

No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words, 130
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

RICHARD

O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth!° O, that I were as great 135
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!°
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me. 140

AUMERLE

Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

RICHARD

What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? a° God's name, let it go. 145
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;°
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown;
My figured° goblets for a dish of wood;
My scepter for a palmer's° walking-staff;
My subjects for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little, little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade,° where subjects' feet 155
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live,
And buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin:
We'll make foul weather with despoiled tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge° the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land:
Or shall we play the wantons° with our woes
And make some pretty match with shedding tears,
As thus, to drop them still° upon one place, 165
Till they have fretted° us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid, "there lies
Two kinsmen digged their graves with weeping eyes":
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you laugh at me. 170
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? Will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg,° and Bolingbroke says "Ay."

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord, in the base court° he doth attend 175
To speak with you; may it please you to come down?

RICHARD

Down, down I come, like glist'ring Phaethon,°
Wanting the manage° of unruly jades.

In the base court! Base court where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace: 180
In the base court, come down: down court, down king,
For night owls shriek where mounting larks should
sing.

BOLINGBROKE

What says his majesty?

135 NORTHUMBERLAND Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly° like a frantic man;
Yet he is come.

[Enter King RICHARD and ATTENDANTS, below.]

140 BOLINGBROKE Stand all apart, 185
And show fair duty to his majesty.

He kneels down.

My gracious lord.

RICHARD

Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it. 145
Me rather° had my heart might feel your love, 190
Than my displeased eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up, your heart is up, I know,
Thus high° at least, although your knee be low.

150 BOLINGBROKE
My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

RICHARD

Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all. 195

BOLINGBROKE

155 So far be mine, my most redoubted° lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

RICHARD

Well you deserve: they well deserve to have
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
160 Uncle, give me your hands; nay, dry your eyes; 200
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.°
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too,
165 For do we must what force will have us do. 205
Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?

BOLINGBROKE

Yea, my good lord.

RICHARD

170 Then I must not say no.
[Flourish. Exeunt.]

[Scene IV. The Duke of York's garden.]

175 Enter the QUEEN with [two LADIES,] her attendants.

QUEEN

What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

LADY

Madame,° we'll play at bowls.

135 sooth flattery 136 name i.e., king 145 a in 146 set of
beads rosary 149 figured ornamented 150 palmer's pilgrim's
155 trade coming and going 161 lodge beat down 163
play the wantons be unrestrained 165 still always 166
fretted worn 174 make a leg curtsy 175 base court basse
cour, the lower and outer courtyard 177 Phaethon he drove
the sun chariot of his father, Apollo, and was struck by Zeus'
thunderbolt 178 manage art of managing horses

184 fondly foolishly 190 Me rather I would sooner 193
Thus high pointing to his crown 196 redoubted dreaded
201 want their remedies cannot provide a cure for themselves
or for the grief which causes them

III.iv.3 Madame spelled thus in the quarto, possibly to
suggest that the ladies came with the queen from France

QUEEN

'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,^o
And that my fortune runs against the bias.^o

LADY

Madame, we'll dance.

QUEEN

My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure^o keeps in grief:
Therefore no dancing, girl; some other sport.

LADY

Madame, we'll tell tales.

QUEEN

Of sorrow, or of joy?

LADY

Of either, madame.

QUEEN

Of neither, girl.

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember^o me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have I need not to repeat,
And what I want it boots^o not to complain.

LADY

Madame, I'll sing.

QUEEN

'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.

LADY

I could weep, madame, would it do you good.

QUEEN

And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter GARDENERS [one the master, the other two his men].

But stay, here come the gardeners.
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They will talk of state,^o for every one doth so
Against a change;^o woe is forerun with woe.

GARDENER [To one SERVANT.]

Go, bind thou up young dangling apricocks,^o
Which like unruly children make their sire
Stoop with oppression^o of their prodigal^o weight;
Give some supportance^o to the bending twigs.

[To the other SERVANT.]

Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.
You thus employed, I will go root away
The noisome weeds which without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

MAN

Why should we, in the compass of a pale,^o
Keep law and form and due proportion,

Showing, as in a model,^o our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,
Her knots^o disordered, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?^o

GARDENER

Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffered this disordered spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds which his broad spreading leaves did
shelter,
That seemed in eating him to hold him up,
Are plucked up root and all by Bolingbroke—
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

MAN

What, are they dead?

GARDENER

They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful king. O, what pity is it
That he had not so trimmed and dressed^o his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees,
Lest being overproud in sap and blood
With too much riches it confound itself;
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

MAN

What, think you the king shall be deposed?

GARDENER

Depressed^o he is already, and deposed
'Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

QUEEN

O, I am pressed to death
Through want of speaking!^o

[Comes forward.]

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this displeasing
news?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested^o thee
To make a second fall of cursèd man?

Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?

Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by this ill tidings? Speak, thou wretch.

GARDENER

Pardon me, madam; little joy have I
To breathe this news, yet what I say is true:
King Richard he is in the mighty hold^o
Of Bolingbroke. Their fortunes both are weighed:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke
Besides himself are all the English peers,

4 rubs obstacles by which bowls were diverted from their proper course 5 bias the form of the bowl which imparts an oblique motion 7-8 measure . . . measure (1) time to music (2) a stately dance (3) moderation 14 remember remind 18 boots avails 27 state the realm 28 Against a change when a change is expected 29 apricocks apricots 31 oppression weighing down; prodigal wasteful 32 supportance support 40 pale fenced-in land

42 as in a model in miniature 46 knots laid-out flower beds 47 caterpillars cf. II.iii.165 56 dressed tended 68 Depressed lowered in fortune 71-72 O . . . speaking referring to the torture of pressing to death administered to prisoners who refused to speak 75 suggested tempted 83 hold custody

And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you will find it so;
I speak no more than everyone doth know.

QUEEN

Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou thinkest
To serve me last that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast! Come, ladies, go
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gard'ner, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God, the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
Exit [with LADIES].

GARDENER

Poor queen, so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;
Rue even for ruth° here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. *Exeunt.*

[A C T I V]

[Scene I. Westminster Hall.]

Enter BOLINGBROKE, with the Lords [AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, SURREY, the Bishop of CARLISLE, the ABBOT of Westminster, another LORD, HERALD, and OFFICERS] to parliament.

BOLINGBROKE

Call forth Bagot.

Enter BAGOT [with OFFICERS].

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,
Who wrought it with° the king, and who performed
The bloody office of his timeless° end.

BAGOT

Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

BOLINGBROKE

Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

BAGOT

My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath delivered.
In that dead time° when Gloucester's death was
plotted,
I heard you say, "Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Callice° to mine uncle's head?"
Amongst much other talk that very time
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;

106 ruth pity

IV.i.4 wrought it with persuaded 5 timeless untimely (or everlasting) 10 dead time variously interpreted: past time, deadly time, midnight hour 13 Callice Calais

Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

AUMERLE

Princes and noble lords,

What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonor my fair stars
On equal terms° to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honor soiled
With the attainder° of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, the manual° seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper° of my knightly sword.

BOLINGBROKE

Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

AUMERLE

Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath moved me so.°

FITZWATER

If that thy valor stand on sympathy,°
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage° to thine;
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.
If thou deniest it twenty times, thou liest,
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forgèd, with my rapier's point.

AUMERLE

Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

FITZWATER

Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour!

AUMERLE

Fitzwater, thou art damned to hell for this.

PERCY

Aumerle, thou liest, his honor is as true
In this appeal as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing;° seize it if thou dar'st.

AUMERLE

And if° I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe.

ANOTHER LORD

I task the earth to the like,° forsworn Aumerle,
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be hollowed° in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun:° there is my honor's pawn;
Engage° it to the trial if thou darest.

AUMERLE

Who sets me else?° By heaven, I'll throw° at all!

22 On equal terms Aumerle was Bagot's superior and could therefore refuse to fight with him 24 attainder accusation 25 manual by my own hand (punning on a seal fixed to a document and his glove) 29 temper i.e., excellence 31-32 Excepting . . . so I wish I had been angered by the highest in rank present, except Bolingbroke 33 stand on sympathy depends on correspondence of rank 34 in gage in pledge 47-48 extremest . . . breathing to the death 49 And if if indeed 52 task . . . like lay on the earth the task of bearing another gage 54 hollowed shouted 55 sun to sun sunrise to sunset 56 Engage pun on gage and engage 57 Who . . . else Who else puts up a stake against me?; throw metaphor from dicing

I have a thousand spirits in one breast
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

SURREY

My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

FITZWATER

'Tis very true; you were in presence^o then,
And you can witness with me this is true.

SURREY

As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true!

FITZWATER

Surrey, thou liest.

SURREY

Dishonorable boy,
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou, the lie-giver, and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honor's pawn;
Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st.

FITZWATER

How fondly^o dost thou spur a forward^o horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.^o
As I intend to thrive in this new world,^o
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Besides, I heard the banished Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at Callice.

AUMERLE

Some honest Christian trust me with a gage.^o
That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,
If he may be repealed to try his honor.

BOLINGBROKE

These differences shall all rest under gage^o
Till Norfolk be repealed; repealed he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his lands and signories.^o When he is
returned,
Against Aumerle we will inforce his trial.

CARLISLE

That honorable day shall never be seen.
Many a time hath banished Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming^o the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And, toiled^o with works of war, retired himself
To Italy, and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long.

BOLINGBROKE

Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

CARLISLE

As surely as I live, my lord.

62 in presence present (or in attendance at court) 72 fondly foolishly; forward willing 77 correction punishment 78 new world of the new reign 83 Some . . . gage he has used both his own gloves 86 under gage prorogued 89 signories estates 94 Streaming flying 96 toiled exhausted with toil

BOLINGBROKE

Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!^o Lords appellants,^o
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK.

YORK

Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-plucked^o Richard, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long live Henry, fourth of that name!

BOLINGBROKE

In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

CARLISLE

Marry,^o God forbid!
Worst^o in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard. Then true noblesse would
Learn^o him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent^o guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure^o of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,^o
Anointed, crownèd, planted many years,
Be judged by subject^o and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forfend^o it, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refined^o
Should show so heinous, black, obscene^o a deed!
I speak to subjects and a subject speaks,
Stirred up by God thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with^o kin, and kind^o with kind, confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
The field of Golgotha^o and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,^o
It will the woofullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursèd earth!^o
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you woe.

104 Abraham cf. Luke 16:22; appellants those who are appealing or accusing each other 108 plume-plucked humbled 114 Marry a light oath (from "By the Virgin Mary") 115 Worst least in rank or competence 120 Learn teach 124 apparent manifest 125 figure image 126 elect chosen 128 subject of a subject 129 forfend avert 130 refined purified by the Christian environment 131 obscene offensive 141 with by means of; kind race 144 Golgotha cf. Mark 15:22, "a place of dead men's skulls" (Bishops' Bible) 145 O . . . house cf. Mark 3:25 147 cursèd earth earth cursed by civil war

NORTHUMBERLAND

Well have you argued, sir; and for your pains
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?°

BOLINGBROKE

Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

YORK I will be his conduct.° *Exit.*

BOLINGBROKE

Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
Little are we beholding to your love,
And little looked for at your helping hands.

Enter RICHARD and YORK.

RICHARD

Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned
To insinuate,° flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give Sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favors° of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry "All hail!" to me?
So Judas° did to Christ: but he in twelve°
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand,
none.

God save the king! Will no man say "Amen"?
Am I both priest and clerk?° Well, then, amen.
God save the king, although I be not he;
And yet amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent hither?

YORK

To do that office° of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer:
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

RICHARD Give me the crown.

Here, cousin, seize the crown. Here, cousin,
On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes° two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water.
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

BOLINGBROKE

I thought you had been willing to resign.

RICHARD

My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

BOLINGBROKE

Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

RICHARD

Your cares° set up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won.°
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They 'tend° the crown, yet still with me they stay.

BOLINGBROKE

Are you contented to resign the crown?

RICHARD

Ay, no; no, ay: for I must nothing be.
Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee.
Now, mark me how I will undo° myself.
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,°
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths;
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues,° I forgo;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me,
God keep all vows unbroke are° made to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved.
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit.
God save King Henry, unkinged Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days.
What more remains?

NORTHUMBERLAND No more, but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land:
That by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily° deposed.

RICHARD

Must I do so? and must I ravel out°
My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offenses were upon record,°
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,°
To read a lecture of them?° If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Marked with a blot, damned in the book of heaven.
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate,° wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity: yet you Pilates
Have here delivered me to my sour° cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

194 cares the word is used in several different senses in lines 194-97—sorrows, responsibilities, diligence or carefulness, anxiety **195-96 My . . . won** My sorrow is loss of responsibility by failing to take pains; your anxiety is gain of responsibility won by your new carefulness **198 'tend** attend on **202 undo** (1) strip (2) ruin **206 balm** anointing ointment used at coronation **211 revenues** accent on second syllable **214 are** that are **226 worthily** deservedly **227 ravel out** unweave **229 record** accent on second syllable **230 troop** assembly **231 read . . . them** read them aloud **238 Pilate** cf. Matthew 27:24 **240 sour** bitter

154 suit that the charges against the king should be published
157 conduct conductor **165 insinuate** progress by devious ways
168 favors (1) faces (2) benefits **170 Judas** cf. Matthew 26:49;
twelve the apostles **173 clerk** employed to utter responses to the priest's prayers
177 office York corrects Richard's "service" **184 owes** owns

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord, dispatch,^o read o'er these articles.

RICHARD

Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort^o of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
T' undeck the pompous^o body of a king;
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord—

RICHARD

No lord of thine, thou haught,^o insulting man,
Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font
But 'tis usurped.^o Alack, the heavy day!
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself.
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water drops!
Good king, great king—and yet not greatly good—
And if my word be sterling^o yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrout^o of his majesty.

BOLINGBROKE

Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.
[Exit ATTENDANT.]

NORTHUMBERLAND

Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

RICHARD

Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to hell.

BOLINGBROKE

Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

NORTHUMBERLAND

The commons will not then be satisfied.

RICHARD

They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed,
Where all my sins are writ,^o and that's myself.

Enter one with a glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath Sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? O, flatt'ring glass!
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face
That every day under this household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That, like the sun,^o did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced^o so many follies,
And was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?

A brittle glory shineth in this face,
As brittle as the glory is the face,

[Throws glass down.]

For there it is, cracked in a hundred shivers.

245 Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport:
How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

290

BOLINGBROKE

The shadow^o of your sorrow hath destroyed
The shadow^o of your face.

250 RICHARD Say that again.

"The shadow of my sorrow"? Ha, let's see.

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within,

And these external manners of laments

295

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief

That swells with silence in the tortured soul.^o

There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,

255 For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st

Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way

300

How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,

And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtain it?

260 BOLINGBROKE Name it, fair cousin.

RICHARD

Fair cousin? I am greater than a king:

For when I was a king, my flatterers

305

Were then but subjects; being now a subject,

265 I have a king here to^o my flatterer.

Being so great, I have no need to beg.

BOLINGBROKE

Yet ask.

RICHARD

And shall I have?

310

BOLINGBROKE

You shall.

RICHARD

Then give me leave to go.

270 BOLINGBROKE

Whither?

RICHARD

Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

BOLINGBROKE

Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

315

RICHARD

O, good! "Convey"! Conveyers^o are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

275 [Exeunt RICHARD, some LORDS, and GUARDS.]

BOLINGBROKE

On Wednesday next we solemnly set down^o

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

280 Exeunt. Manent [the ABBOT of] Westminster,
[the Bishop of] CARLISLE, AUMERLE.

ABBOT

A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

320

CARLISLE

The woe's to come; the children yet unborn

285 Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

242 dispatch hurry up 245 sort group, pack 249 pompous splendid 253 haught haughty 255-56 No . . . usurped Richard was rumored to be a bastard 263 sterling current 266 bankrout bankrupt 273-74 book . . . writ cf. Psalms 139:16 283 sun cf. III.ii.50 284 faced brazened out, countenanced

291 shadow outward show 292 shadow reflection 294-97 my . . . soul Bolingbroke had implied that Richard was putting on an act; Richard replies that his visible grief is a reflection of a deeper grief he is feeling 307 to for 316 Conveyers thieves (convey was a euphemism for "steal") 318 set down appoint

AUMERLE

You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

ABBOT

My lord, 325
Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents,^o but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent, 330
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to supper: I will lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

[A C T V]

[Scene I. London. A street.]

Enter the QUEEN with her ATTENDANTS.

QUEEN

This way the king will come, this is the way
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected Tower,^o
To whose flint bosom my condemnèd lord
Is doomed a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter RICHARD [and GUARD].

But soft, but see, or rather do not see
My fair rose wither; yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with truelove tears. 10
Ah, thou the model where old Troy did stand!^o
Thou map of honor, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard, thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favored grief be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse^o guest? 15

RICHARD

Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden; learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream,
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet, 20
To grim necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:^o
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.^o 25

QUEEN

What! is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transformed and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Deposed thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?

The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage 30
To be o'erpow' red, and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take the correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and the king of beasts?

RICHARD

A king of beasts indeed: if aught but beasts, 35
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometimes^o queen, prepare thee hence for France.
Think I am dead, and that even here thou takest
As from my deathbed thy last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire 40
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;^o
And ere thou bid good night, to quite their griefs^o
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds. 45
For why,^o the senseless brands will sympathize^o
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out:
And some^o will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king. 50

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed:
You must to Pomfret,^o not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order ta'en^o for you:
With all swift speed you must away to France.

RICHARD

Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal 55
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,^o
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think, 60
Though he divide the realm and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him^o to all;
He shall think that thou which knowest the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know^o again,
Being ne'er so little urged another way,
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne. 65
The love of wicked men converts^o to fear,
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy^o danger and deserved death.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My guilt be on my head, and there an end.^o
Take leave and part, for you must part^o forthwith. 70

RICHARD

Doubly divorced! Bad men, you violate
A twofold marriage: 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me—
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made. 75
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,

328 bury mine intents conceal my plans

V.i.2 Tower the Tower of London was built, according to legend, by Julius Caesar ("ill-erected" because it was used as a prison) 11 model . . . stand outline of the walls where Troy once stood (i.e., ruined majesty—suggested by London's old name of Trinovantum, New Troy) 15 alehouse Bolingbroke (contrasted with Richard, the "beauteous inn") 23 religious house convent 25 our . . . down our careless lives have endangered our hopes of heaven

37 sometimes sometime, former 42 betid happened 43 quite their griefs requite, or cap, their tragic stories 46 For why because of this; sympathize correspond to 49 some of the brands 52 Pomfret Pontefract Castle, in Yorkshire 53 there . . . ta'en arrangements have been made 58 gathering head metaphor from a boil 61 helping him seeing that you helped him 63 know know how 66 converts changes 68 worthy deserved 69 there an end that's all I have to say 70 part . . . part part from your queen, for you must depart

Where shivering cold and sickness pines° the clime;
My wife to France, from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adornèd hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas,° or short'st of day.° 80

QUEEN

And must we be divided? Must we part?

RICHARD

Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

QUEEN

Banish us both, and send the king with me.

RICHARD

That were some love, but little policy.

QUEEN

Then whither he goes, thither let me go. 85

RICHARD

So two together weeping make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than, near, be ne'er the near.°
Go count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.

QUEEN

So longest way shall have the longest moans. 90

RICHARD

Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out° with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow, let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.°
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part: 95
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

QUEEN

Give me mine own again, 'twere no good part
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.
So now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan. 100

RICHARD

We make woe wanton° with this fond delay:
Once more adieu, the rest let sorrow say.
Exeunt [different ways].

[Scene II. The Duke of York's palace.]

Enter Duke of YORK and the DUCHESS.

DUCHESS

My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins' coming into London.

YORK

Where did I leave?

DUCHESS

At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgoverned° hands from windows' tops 5
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

YORK

Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,°
With slow but stately pace kept on his course, 10

Whilst all tongues cried, "God save thee, Bolingbroke!"

You would have thought the very windows spake:
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls 15
With painted imagery° had said at once,
"Jesu preserve thee! Welcome, Bolingbroke!"
Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke them thus: "I thank you, countrymen." 20
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

DUCHESS

Alack, poor Richard! Where rode he the whilst?

YORK

As in a theater the eyes of men,
After a well-graced° actor leaves the stage,
Are idly° bent on him that enters next, 25
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried, "God
save him!"
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home,
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head; 30
Which with such gentle° sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges° of his grief and patience,
That had not God for some strong purpose steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce° have melted, 35
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.°
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honor I for aye° allow. 40

[Enter AUMERLE.]

DUCHESS

Here comes my son, Aumerle.

YORK

Aumerle that was,
But that is lost for being Richard's friend;
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.
I am in parliament pledge for his truth°
And lasting fealty to the new-made king. 45

DUCHESS

Welcome, my son; who are the violets° now
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

AUMERLE

Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not.
God knows I had as lief° be none as one.

YORK

Well, bear you well in this new spring of time, 50
Lest you be cropped before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford?° Do these jousts and
triumphs hold?°

AUMERLE

For aught I know, my lord, they do.

77 pines causes to pine 80 Hallowmas November 1;
short'st of day December 22 88 ne'er the near never the
nearer (proverbial) 92 piece . . . out lengthen (with possible
pun on pace) 94 Since . . . grief We are wedded to sorrow
till death and shall have plenty of time to grieve 101 wanton
unrestrained (with secondary sense of promiscuous)
V.ii.5 rude misgoverned uncivilized and wrongly directed
9 rider . . . know seemed to know his rider

16 painted imagery painted cloths, resembling tapestry
24 well-graced accomplished 25 idly without interest 31
gentle noble 33 badges signs 35 perforce inevitably 38
bound . . . contents limit our wishes to calm content 40 aye
ever 44 truth loyalty 46 violets favorites in the new court
49 had as lief would find it as pleasant 52 Oxford cf. line
99; Aumerle would give a start; Do . . . hold Will these
tournaments and triumphal celebrations be held?

YORK

You will be there, I know.

AUMERLE

If God prevent me not, I purpose so.

YORK

What seal^o is that that hangs without thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the writing.

AUMERLE

My lord, 'tis nothing.

YORK

No matter, then, who see it.

I will be satisfied: let me see the writing.

AUMERLE

I do beseech your grace to pardon me:

It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

YORK

Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear—

DUCHESS

What should you fear?

'Tis nothing but some band^o that he is ent' red intoFor gay apparel 'gainst^o the triumph day.

YORK

Bound to himself? What doth he with a bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.

Boy, let me see the writing.

AUMERLE

I do beseech you, pardon me. I may not show it.

YORK

I will be satisfied. Let me see it, I say!

He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it.

Treason, foul treason, villain, traitor, slave!

DUCHESS

What is the matter, my lord?

YORK

Ho, who is within there? Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy!^o What treachery is here!

DUCHESS

Why, what is it, my lord?

YORK

Give me my boots, I say! Saddle my horse!

Now, by mine honor, by my life, my troth,

I will appeach^o the villain.

DUCHESS

What is the matter?

YORK

Peace, foolish woman.

DUCHESS

I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle?

AUMERLE

Good mother, be content; it is no more

Than my poor life must answer.

DUCHESS

Thy life answer?

YORK

Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.

His MAN enters with his boots.

DUCHESS

Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amazed.^o

Hence, villain, never more come in my sight.

YORK

Give me my boots, I say.

DUCHESS

55 Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? Or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date^o drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age?

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own?

YORK

Thou fond,^o mad woman,

60 Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament

And interchangeably^o set down their hands.

To kill the king at Oxford.

DUCHESS

He shall be none;

We'll keep him here. Then what is that to him?

YORK

65 Away, fond woman, were he twenty times my son,

I would appeach him.

DUCHESS

Hadst thou groaned for him

As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son:

70 Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind;

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not like to me, or any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

YORK

Make way, unruly woman. *Exit.* 110

DUCHESS

After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his horse;

Spur, post,^o and get before him to the king,

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

I'll not be long behind; though I be old,

75 I doubt not but to ride as fast as York;

And never will I rise up from the ground

Till Bolingbroke have pardoned thee. Away! Be
gone! *[Exeunt.]* 115

[Scene III. Windsor Castle.]

Enter [BOLINGBROKE, now] the king, with his NOBLES
[PERCY and others]. 80

BOLINGBROKE

Can no man tell me of my unthrifty^o son?^o

'Tis full three months since I did see him last.

If any plague^o hang over us, 'tis he.

I would to God, my lords, he might be found:

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent

With unrestrained loose companions,

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,

And beat our watch^o and rob our passengers;^oWhile he, young wanton and effeminate^o boy,91 teeming date time of childbearing 95 fond foolish 98
interchangeably reciprocally 112 post hastenV.iii.i unthrifty prodigal; son Prince Hal of Henry IV 3
plague he is thinking of the prophecies of Richard and Carlisle
9 watch watchmen; passengers wayfarers 10 effeminate
voluptuous56 seal which would be hanging from the document on an
attached strip of parchment 65 band bond 66 'gainst in
preparation for 75 God . . . mercy Lord have mercy upon
us 79 appeach peach, inform against 85 amazed dazed

Takes on the point of honor° to support
So dissolute a crew.

PERCY

My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

BOLINGBROKE

And what said the gallant?

PERCY

His answer was, he would unto the stews,°
And from the commonest creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favor, and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

BOLINGBROKE

As dissolute as desperate; but yet
Through both° I see some sparks of better hope,
Which elder years may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, amazed.

AUMERLE

Where is the king?

BOLINGBROKE

What means

Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

AUMERLE

God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty
To have some conference° with your grace alone.

BOLINGBROKE

Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

[Exeunt PERCY and LORDS.]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

AUMERLE

For ever may my knees grow to the earth,

[Kneels.]

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon° ere I rise or speak.

BOLINGBROKE

Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first,° how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

AUMERLE

Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

BOLINGBROKE

Have thy desire.

[AUMERLE locks the door.] The Duke of YORK knocks at the door and crieth.

YORK *[Within.]*

My liege, beware, look to thyself:
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

BOLINGBROKE

Villain, I'll make thee safe.°

[Draws his sword.]

AUMERLE

Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.

YORK

Open the door, secure,° foolhardy king!

Shall I for love speak treason° to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[BOLINGBROKE opens. Enter YORK.]

BOLINGBROKE

What is the matter, uncle? Speak.

15

[He relocks door.]

Recover breath. Tell us, how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

YORK

Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids° me show.

20

AUMERLE

Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise passed.°
I do repent me, read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

45

50

YORK

It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king:
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.
Forget° to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

55

25

BOLINGBROKE

O heinous, strong,° and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer immaculate and silver fountain,
From whence this stream, through muddy passages,
Hath held his° current, and defiled himself,°
Thy overflow of good converts° to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing° son.

60

65

YORK

So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honor with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping° fathers' gold.
Mine honor lives when his dishonor dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonor lies.
Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath;
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

70

35

DUCHESS *[Within.]*

What ho! My liege, for God's sake, let me in!

BOLINGBROKE

What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?

DUCHESS

A woman, and thy aunt, great king—'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs that never begged before.

75

BOLINGBROKE

Our scene is alt' red from a serious thing,
And now changed to "The Beggar and the King."°
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know she is come to pray for your foul sin.

80

[AUMERLE unlocks door during York's speech.]

YORK

If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,°

II Takes . . . honor undertakes as a point of honor 16
stews brothels 21 both dissoluteness and desperateness 26
conference conversation 31 Unless a pardon unless I have
a pardon 33 on the first of the former kind 40 safe harm-
less (by killing him) 42 secure overconfident

43 treason by calling him a fool 49 haste forbids because
he is out of breath 50 passed given 56 Forget forget your
promise 58 strong dangerous 62 his its; himself itself 63
converts changes 65 digressing transgressing 68 scraping
parsimonious 79 The . . . King referring to the title, but not
to the contents, of the ballad about King Cophetua and the
Beggar Maid 82 whosoever pray whoever prays

More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.

[Enter DUCHESS.]

This fest' red joint cut off, the rest rest° sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.

85

DUCHESS

O king, believe not this hardhearted man:
Love loving not itself, none other can.°

YORK

Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?°

DUCHESS

Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege.

90

[Kneels.]

BOLINGBROKE

Rise up, good aunt.

DUCHESS

Not yet, I thee beseech.

For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy—until thou bid me joy—
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

95

AUMERLE

Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.

[Kneels.]

YORK

Against them both my true joints bended be;

[Kneels.]

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace.

DUCHESS

Pleads he in earnest? Look upon his face.

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

100

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast;

He prays but faintly, and would be denied;

We pray with heart and soul, and all beside;

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;

Our knees still kneel till to the ground they grow;

105

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy,

Ours of true zeal and deep integrity;

Our prayers do outpray his—then let them have

That mercy which true prayer ought to have.

BOLINGBROKE

Good aunt, stand up.

DUCHESS

Nay, do not say "Stand up";

110

Say "Pardon" first, and afterwards "Stand up";

And if I were thy nurse thy tongue to teach,

"Pardon" should be the first word of thy speech.

I never longed to hear a word till now.

Say "Pardon," king; let pity teach thee how.

115

The word is short, but not so short as sweet:

No word like "pardon" for kings' mouths so meet.

YORK

Speak it in French, king; say "Pardonne moy."°

DUCHESS

Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?

Ah, my sour husband, my hardhearted lord!

120

That sets the word itself against the word.

Speak "Pardon" as 'tis current in our land:

The chopping° French we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak; set thy tongue there,

Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,

125

That hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee "Pardon" to rehearse.°

BOLINGBROKE

Good aunt, stand up.

DUCHESS

I do not sue to stand.

Pardon is all the suit° I have in hand.

BOLINGBROKE

I pardon him as God shall pardon me.

130

DUCHESS

O, happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet° am I sick for fear; speak it again.

Twice saying "Pardon" doth not pardon twain,°

But makes one pardon strong.

BOLINGBROKE

With all my heart

I pardon him.

DUCHESS [Standing.] A god on earth° thou art.

135

[YORK and AUMERLE rise.]

BOLINGBROKE

But for our trusty° brother-in-law,° and the abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,

Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

Good uncle, help to order several powers

To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are;

140

They shall not live within this world, I swear,

But I will have them if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell, and cousin, too, adieu.

Your mother well hath prayed, and prove you true.°

DUCHESS

Come, my old° son, I pray God make thee new.

145

Exeunt.

[Scene IV. Windsor Castle.]

Enter Sir Pierce EXTON and [a MAN].

EXTON

Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"

Was it not so?

MAN

These were his very words.

EXTON

"Have I no friend?" quoth he: he spake it twice,

And urged it twice together, did he not?

5

MAN

He did.

EXTON

And speaking it, he wishtly° looked on me,

123 chopping changing the meaning of words **127 rehearse** repeat (a perfect rhyme with *pierce* in the sixteenth century)

129 suit (1) suit of cards (2) petition **132 Yet** still **133 twain**

(1) two people (2) divide **135 god on earth** the *Homilies*

taught this; and, as Portia says, "earthly power doth then show

likest God's/When mercy seasons justice" **136 trusty** ironical;

brother-in-law Duke of Exeter, Richard's half-brother, who

had married Bolingbroke's sister **144 true** loyal **145 old**

unregenerate

V.iv.7 wishtly probably "wishfully," with an undertone of

"wistly" (i.e., intently)

84 rest rest those that remain stay **87 Love . . . can** If he does not love his son he cannot love anyone, even you **89 rear** raise him to life (with a pun on the usual sense) **118 Pardonne moy** pray excuse me (i.e., "no"); "moy" rhymes with *destroy*

As who should say, "I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart"—
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go: 10
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene V. Pomfret Castle.]

Enter RICHARD alone.

RICHARD

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it. Yet I'll hammer it out: 5
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father, and these two beget
A generation° of still-breeding° thoughts;
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humors° like the people of this world, 10
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine are intermixed
With scruples,° and do set the word itself
Against the word;° as thus: "Come, little ones";°
And then again, 15
"It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's° eye."°
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage thorough the flinty ribs 20
Of this hard world, my ragged° prison walls;
And, for° they cannot, die in their own pride.°
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last, like seely° beggars 25
Who sitting in the stocks refuge° their shame,
That many have, and others must, sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endured the like. 30
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented; sometimes am I king,
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king. 35
Then am I kinged again and, by and by,
Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. But whate'er I be,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased 40
With being nothing.° *The music plays.*

Music do I hear.

Ha—ha! Keep time! How sour sweet music is
When time is broke, and no proportion° kept;
So is it in the music of men's lives:

V.v.8 **generation** offspring; **still-breeding** constantly breeding 10 **humors** psychological characteristics 13 **scruples** doubts 14 **word** passage of Scripture; **Come, little ones** Matthew 19:14 ff. 17 **needle's** monosyllabic 16–17 **It . . . eye** Matthew 19:24 ff. 21 **ragged** rugged 22 **for** because; **pride** prime 25 **seely** (silly) simple-minded 26 **refuge** protect themselves from 39–41 **nor any . . . being nothing** man is never content until he is no more 43 **proportion** musical time

And here have I the daintiness of ear 45
To check° time broke in a disordered° string,
But for the concord of my state and time,°
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time,° and now doth Time° waste me:
For now hath Time made me his numb'ring° clock; 50
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar°
Their watches° on unto mine eyes, the outward watch°
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,°
Is pointing still,° in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour it is 55
Are clamorous groans which strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell. So sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his jack-of-the-clock.° 60
This music mads me: let it sound no more.
For though it have help° madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me, 65
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch° in this all-hating world.

Enter a GROOM of the stable.

15 GROOM

Hail, royal prince!

RICHARD Thanks, noble° peer!

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou? And how comest thou hither,

20 Where no man never comes, but that sad dog 70

That brings me food to make misfortune live?°

GROOM

I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,

When thou wert king, who, traveling towards York,

25 With much ado at length have gotten leave

To look upon my sometimes° royal master's face. 75

O, how it ernald° my heart, when I beheld

In London streets, that coronation day,

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,°

30 That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,

That horse that I so carefully have dressed.° 80

RICHARD

Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle° friend,

How went he under him?

35 GROOM

So proudly as if he disdained the ground.

RICHARD

So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand; 85

46 **check** rebuke; **disordered** out of its place, a bar wrong
47 **time** the times 49 **time** measured duration; **Time** Father
Time 50 **numb'ring** counting hours and minutes 51 **jar**
tick (of a clock), making a discord 52 **watches** intervals
of time; **outward watch** dial (with pun on a man keeping
watch) 53 **dial's point** hand of clock 54 **still** continually
60 **jack-of-the-clock** mannikin to strike the hours 62 **help**
helped 66 **strange brooch** rare jewel 67 **royal . . . noble**
a royal was worth ten shillings; a noble, six shillings and eight-
pence; a groat, fourpence (Richard is saying that to call him
"royal" now is to price him too high, since he is now the peer,
the equal, of the groom) 71 **make misfortune live** per-
petuate my unfortunate life 75 **sometimes** former 76
ernald grieved 78 **Barbary** here the name of the horse, as
well as the breed 80 **dressed** groomed 81 **gentle** implying
groom is of gentle birth

This hand hath made him proud with clapping° him.
 Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
 Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
 Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
 Forgiveness, horse! Why do I rail on thee,
 Since thou created to be awed by man
 Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse,
 And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
 Spurred, galled,° and tired by jauncing° Bolingbroke.

Enter one [a KEEPER] to RICHARD with meat.

KEEPER
 Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

RICHARD
 If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

GROOM
 What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.
Exit GROOM.

KEEPER
 My lord, wilt please you to fall to?°

RICHARD
 Taste° of it first, as thou art wont to do.

KEEPER
 My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton
 Who lately came from the king, commands the con-
 trary.

RICHARD
 The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
 Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

KEEPER Help, help, help!

The murderers [EXTON and SERVANTS] rush in.

RICHARD
 How now! What means death in this rude assault?°
 Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatches a weapon and kills one.]

Go thou, and fill another room° in hell!

[He kills another.] Here EXTON strikes him down.

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
 That staggers° thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
 Hath with the king's blood stained the king's own land.
 Mount, mount, my soul; thy seat is up on high,
 Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die.
[Dies.]

EXTON
 As full of valor as of royal blood!
 Both have I spilled. O, would the deed were good!
 For now the devil that told me I did well
 Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
 This dead king to the living king I'll bear.
 Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[Exeunt with the bodies.]

[Scene VI. Windsor Castle.]

[Flourish.] Enter BOLINGBROKE with the Duke of YORK [and other LORDS and ATTENDANTS].

90 BOLINGBROKE
 Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
 Is that the rebels have consumed with fire
 Our town of Ciceter° in Gloucestershire,
 But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

5
 95 WELCOME, my lord; what is the news?
 NORTHUMBERLAND

First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness;
 The next° news is, I have to London sent
 The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.°
 The manner of their taking may appear
 At large discoursèd in this paper here. 10

BOLINGBROKE
 We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
 And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.°

Enter Lord FITZWATER.

100 FITZWATER
 My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
 The heads of Brocas° and Sir Bennet Seely,
 Two of the dangerous consorted° traitors 15
 That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

BOLINGBROKE
 Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot:
 Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

Enter Henry PERCY [and the Bishop of CARLISLE].

105 PERCY
 The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
 With clog of conscience and sour melancholy, 20
 Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
 But here is Carlisle living, to abide
 Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

BOLINGBROKE
 Carlisle, this is your doom:
 Choose out some secret place, some reverend room° 25
 More than thou hast,° and with it joy° thy life.
 So° as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife;
 For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
 High sparks of honor in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON with [ATTENDANTS bearing] the coffin.

115 EXTON
 Great king, within this coffin I present 30
 Thy buried fear:° herein all breathless lies
 The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
 Richard of Bordeaux,° by me hither brought.

BOLINGBROKE
 Exton, I thank thee not, for thou hast wrought

V.vi.3 Ciceter Cirencester 7 next most important 8
 Spencer . . . Kent Lord Spencer, formerly Earl of Gloucester;
 Sir Thomas Blunt; Earl of Kent 12 right worthy gains
 well-deserved reward 14 Brocas Sir Leonard (or Bernard)
 Brocas 15 consorted associated 25 reverend room place
 of religious retirement 26 More . . . hast more religious and
 less political; joy enjoy 27 So provided that 31 buried fear
 cf. "living fear," V.iv.2 33 Bordeaux Richard's birthplace

86 clapping patting 94 galled made sore; jauncing making
 the horse prance (and perhaps himself prancing and triumphant)
 98 fall to start eating 99 Taste he suspects poison 105 What
 . . . assault What does death mean by assaulting me so
 violently? 107 room place 109 staggers makes to stagger

A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land.

EXTON

From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

BOLINGBROKE

They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murderèd.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,
But neither my good word, nor princely favor.
With Cain go wander thorough shades of night,

35 And never show thy head by day nor light.
[Exit EXTON.]

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe, 45

That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow.

Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,

And put on sullen black incontinent.^o

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,

40 To wash this blood off from my guilty hand. 50

March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [Exeunt.]

48 incontinent forthwith

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

EDITED BY J. A. BRYANT, JR.

Introduction

Romeo and Juliet, even in the mutilated versions that Restoration and eighteenth-century audiences knew, has always been one of Shakespeare's most popular plays. Since 1845, when Charlotte and Susan Cushman finally brought a version approaching Shakespeare's original back to the stage, it has been a coveted vehicle among actors and actresses alike, on both sides of the Atlantic; and some of the theater's greatest names have been associated with it. In recent years audiences have also been enjoying it in film versions and on television. Among professional scholars the play has sparked less enthusiasm. In this quarter one hears praise for the ingenuity of the language, for the brilliance of the characterizations, and for the portrayal of young love; but such praise is frequently qualified by the uneasy admission that *Romeo and Juliet* resists measurement by the rules conventionally applied to Shakespeare's later tragedies. More than one scholarly critic has expressed misgivings about the emphasis on pathos, the absence of ethical purpose, and what appears to be a capricious shifting of tone, particularly between the first two acts and the last three.

Such misgivings among modern readers are understandable, but one may question whether the Elizabethans would have felt or even understood them. Apparently most of Shakespeare's contemporaries still considered an ending in death the principal requirement for tragedy; and since *Romeo and Juliet* offered six deaths, five of them on stage and two of them the deaths of protagonists, audiences in those days probably thought it more tragic than many plays so labeled. Elizabethan audiences would have found equally strange the objection that the play lacks ethical purpose. They knew by training what to think of impetuous young lovers who deceived their parents and sought advice from friars. Arthur Brooke, whose *Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet* (1562) was most likely Shakespeare's only source, had spelled it all out as follows:

To this ende (good Reader) is this tragicall matter written, to describe unto thee a coople of unfortunate lovers, thralling themselves to unhonest desire, neglecting the authoritie and advise of parents and frendes, conferring their principall counsels with dronken gossyppes, and

superstitious friers (the naturally fitte instrumentes of unchastitie) attemptyng all adventures of peryll, for that-taynyng of their wished lust, usying auriculer confession (the kay of whoredome, and treason) for furtheraunce of theyre purpose, abusyng the honorable name of lawefull mariage, the cloke the shame of stolne contractes, finallye, by all means of unhonest lyfe, hastyng to most unhappy deathe.

In addition, Elizabethans also knew that suicide was the devil's business and usually meant damnation; in their view, therefore, *Romeo and Juliet* must have had automatically an abundance of ethical import. Shakespeare probably should be given some kind of credit for not challenging these deep-seated convictions of his contemporary auditors and readers; for, ironically, the modern feeling that his play is ethically deficient stems partly from the modern ability to see that Shakespeare has really approved the love of Romeo and Juliet, condoned their deceptions, and laid the blame for their deaths, even though by suicide, upon their elders.

A better explanation for the modern reader's uneasiness about ranking *Romeo and Juliet* with the so-called major tragedies lies in the widespread assumption that Shakespeare meant the play to be deterministic. Shakespeare seems to invite such a view when he promises in the Prologue to show the "misadventured piteous overthrows" of "a pair of star-crossed lovers" and thereafter lets the principals make references to fate and the stars and has them express various kinds of premonition. Romeo, for example, says in Act I that his "mind misgives/Some consequence yet hanging in the stars" (I.iv.106-07); Friar Lawrence tries to reassure himself with uneasy prayers but soon observes that "violent delights have violent ends" (II.vi.9); and Juliet, on taking leave of her husband, cries, "O Fortune, Fortune! All men call thee fickle" (III.v.60). These and other references make it easy to argue that the characters are, as they themselves sometimes imply, little better than puppets, pitiful perhaps but ethically uninteresting and scarcely due the fearful respect that one gives to the heroes of Shakespeare's later tragedies. Actually, the text as a whole gives little justification for such a view. It is true

that Romeo says, as he is about to enter the Capulets' great hall,

my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels and expire the term
Of a despised life, closed in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death. (I.iv.106-11)

But he immediately adds, "he that hath the steerage of my course/Direct my sail!" The first part of this quotation is typical of what we find—and find not so often as some imagine—in *Romeo and Juliet*: premonitions, prayers, misgivings, references to Fortune, all uttered much as we ourselves utter such things, without necessarily implying real belief in astral influence. Sometimes the character's premonition is confirmed by later events; sometimes not, as is true of the auspicious part of Romeo's dream on the night before his suicide. The second part of the quotation is typical, too; for almost as often as these characters speak of fate they speak of a superior Providence, mysteriously directing but never absolutely determining human destiny. Moreover, accident-prone as *Romeo and Juliet* may occasionally seem, they are really no more so than *Hamlet*, who also has his share of premonitions; and their actions are no more clearly determined by supernatural influence than those of *Macbeth*. Like its successors, *Romeo and Juliet* takes place in a universe where there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow and where what will be, assuredly will be. All that is asked of the inhabitants of this Shakespearean world of tragedy is that they achieve readiness or ripeness for what is to come, and in this tragedy as in the others they are allowed and expected to do that much for themselves. The things to consider are whether or not the protagonists have succeeded in meeting this requirement and, if it appears they have failed, whether one had any right to suppose they would do otherwise.

A final source of uneasiness for contemporary readers of *Romeo and Juliet* is the impression, got mainly from the first two acts, that Verona is really a part of the world of comedy. Many things contribute to this impression. An amusing street fight and a masked ball in the first act, a lovers' meeting in the orchard in the second, a doting young man carrying courtly conventions to laughable excess, parents who would be custom-bound to interfere if they only knew of the affair going on under their noses, an affected troublemaker bent on vindicating honor to the letter in duels conducted with precious precision, a bawdy nurse and an even bawdier friend—such things as these in an Elizabethan play ordinarily lead to the triumph of young love and a marriage or two, with forgiveness and feasting all around. In this play, however, the familiar dream of courtly comedy shatters when Mercutio is slain, and from that point on the lightness quickly dissolves. Romeo is banished, the "comfortable" Friar falls back on desperate remedies, old Capulet grows testy and intolerant, Lady Capulet calls for blood, the amusing Nurse suggests bigamy as a practical course, and Juliet, who has scarcely known life, prepares to be familiar with death. Even the weather adapts itself to the shift in tone: it suddenly gets hot in Act III, and in Act IV it rains; the sky is still overcast as the play comes to an end.

The contrast that Shakespeare gets here between the tone of the first two acts and that of the remaining three is probably intentional and, in any case, more apparent than real. Unless a reader is genuinely sophisticated, his response to literature is always at least partly a matter of habit; he laughs and shudders on signal. Thus there will always be those who find the first two acts of *Romeo and Juliet* mainly laughable, just as there will always be some who consider *Othello* the tragedy of a handkerchief, a farce with unfortunate consequences. Shakespeare must not be held responsible for responses of this kind. The first two acts of *Romeo and Juliet* will appear to be consistently comic only if we read them in the limited light of other, very different things—second-rate farces, dramatic and nondramatic, hack work generally, certain comic strips, even—in which the same conventions have been used. The corrective is to pay attention, for Shakespeare allows us to carry any initial impression of comedy we may have got only so far as the climax of the street brawl in I.i. At that point, while the servants are still battling, Tybalt still fighting with Benvolio, Capulet yelling for a long sword, and his wife telling him to call for a crutch instead, he brings us up sharply with the Prince's words:

What, ho! You men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins!
(I.i.86-88)

Comedy can thrive indefinitely on beasts that pass for men, but it cannot long tolerate a reminder of original sin such as lurks in "pernicious rage" or a reminder of royal humanity's self-destructiveness like "purple fountains"; and it is with these in our ears that we pass on to the rest of the Prince's dignified rebuke and thence to the speeches of Benvolio and the Montagues which express their human concern for a youthful friend and son, the absent Romeo. When Romeo himself appears, later in the same scene, juggling words in a fashionable euphuistic manner and complaining of the contradictions of love, we are more cautious with our laughter. Laugh as we may, Romeo clearly lives in a world where folly can have serious and irrevocable consequences; and we are no longer confident that the conventions of comedy will save him from those consequences or spare us the pain of seeing him destroyed.

The remaining scenes in Acts I and II contain much that confirms our uneasiness. For example, Capulet, who has been very funny calling for his long sword, says tenderly of his daughter in I.ii:

too soon marred are those so early made.
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;
She is the hopeful lady of my earth. (I.ii.13-15)

These three lines are enough to establish him as a dramatic figure who will probably invite our sympathy as readily as he has provoked our ridicule. They also prepare us for Juliet, who never has much of the comic about her and least of all when she disturbs us with a prophetic "My grave is like to be my wedding bed" (I.v.137). Mercutio's bawdiness is perhaps the best argument for taking these two acts as comic, but an attentive listener will receive it all with the long Queen Mab speech still in mind, see that

Mercutio's bawdiness and fancy are simply complementary aspects of a single creative and remarkably perceptive imagination, and be prepared to recognize that Verona's one hope of restoration without tragedy has vanished when he dies.

In any case, a feeling that the play represents relatively mature work has disposed most scholars to seek a late date for it. The latest that can reasonably be given is 1596, since the first edition appeared early in 1597 and described the play as having been performed by "Lord Hunsdon's servants," a title that Shakespeare's company held only from July 1596 until the following March. The preferred date seems to be 1595, which is also the preferred date for *Richard II* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The reason usually given for putting these plays in the same year is that the same intense lyricism characterizes all three, but it has also been suggested that *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in its special concern with the difficulties of young love, reveals itself to be a product of the same mood or preoccupation that caused Shakespeare to write *Romeo and Juliet*. Some interesting parallels have been noted. For example, in the first scene of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Lysander says:

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion. (I.i.145-49)

To this Hermia replies, "If then true lovers have been ever crossed,/It stands as an edict in destiny." This exchange has been related plausibly both to Juliet's "too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;/Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be/Ere one can say it lightens" (II.ii.118-20) and to the "star-crossed lovers" of the Prologue. But beyond the realm of the plausible in this matter we cannot go. Those who regard the play as immature usually prefer an earlier date, insisting that the Nurse's "'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years" (I.iii.23), by which she remembers the time of Juliet's weaning, refers to a famous earthquake which struck England in 1580 and that Shakespeare meant to date his play 1591 by having the Nurse mention something that everyone in the audience could date precisely. Against this view one might argue that there were two other earthquakes in England during the 1580's and at least one on the Continent; Shakespeare could easily have referred to one of these or just as easily to no earthquake at all. Moreover, while it is certainly reasonable to suppose that in mentioning an earthquake he would have thought of some earthquake he knew, it is hardly reasonable to think he would have bothered to fix as contemporary the date of a play that apparently had nothing to gain by being considered topical. Everything taken into account, the play seems to come after plays like *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Love's Labor's Lost* and before *The Merchant of Venice* and the Henry IV plays. The most likely date, therefore, is still 1595.

Whatever the date, the style of *Romeo and Juliet* places it at a point which marks the poet's achievement of self-awareness and confidence in his mastery over the medium. The play is rich in set pieces and memorable scenes, so much so in fact that insensitive producers have sometimes

turned it into a collection of dramatic recitals. Yet Shakespeare's virtuosity, intrinsically interesting as it is whenever we choose to isolate some specimen of it, never fails to function as a part of the general action of the play; and that is as true in this work, where he seems to be rejoicing openly in his creative power, as it is in the later tragedies, where the power is felt rather than seen. Nothing in *Romeo and Juliet* really stands alone, not even a startling passage like the Queen Mab speech, which almost immediately proves to be an indispensable part of Mercutio's complex personality, just as Mercutio with all his complexity ultimately proves indispensable to the meaning of the play. The creativity displayed in this passage is Shakespeare's, to be sure, but his greatest achievement is in making it credibly Mercutio's. Equally remarkable is the much-admired lyrical quality of the next scene, in which Romeo meets Juliet for the first time; but this scene is remarkable for another reason. Here we have two young people who presumably have had no opportunity to develop any special gift for language. Juliet's talk up to this point has commanded no particular attention; and Romeo's, best displayed perhaps in his first exchange with Benvolio (I.i), has been characterized by extravagant paradoxes and an occasional fortuitous couplet. Suddenly, with Juliet in sight, he begins to make something like poetry:

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear—
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! (I.v.46-49)

Capulet and Tybalt briefly obscure the young man from view, but as these move aside, we see that he has not only taken Juliet by the hand but has begun spinning sonnets with her; and even before the Nurse interrupts, we have sensed the rightness of this unexpected attachment and its potential for permanence. We are thus prepared for the orchard, or balcony, scene of Act II and for the lovely *aubade* that the two perform at the parting in Act III—both among the memorable scenes in Shakespeare because without any formal patterning they achieve a unity all their own and still serve the larger function of suggesting the integrity that love can confer briefly upon two young people who, apart from each other, will remain children to the end.

In characterization Shakespeare had always been able to make language work for him, but with *Romeo and Juliet* he mastered it so completely that the play almost became a gallery of individuals. The language of the extremes in the social scale must have been easiest to catch, with the banter of servingmen at one end and the formal periods of Prince Escalus at the other; but in between the extremes we get the Nurse's peasant speech, most noticeably of peasant origin when she tries to imitate her betters, beautifully contrasted with the self-assured and warmly healthy country-gentry talk of old Capulet; Mercutio's mature command of language at all levels and Tybalt's narrow range of sharp insolence; Friar Lawrence's moralizing, formal and sententious but never tedious, and the tiny voice of the complaisant Apothecary. Some of these characters change attitude as external circumstances require, but in general their personalities simply unfold in the

language that establishes them. This is also true of Benvolio, Paris, and Lady Capulet. Romeo and Juliet, however, undergo development, and he undergoes more than she. From her first appearance the younger Juliet is more mature than her lover. Romeo is fertile in figures and can occasionally invent fresh things like "Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day/Standst tiptoe on the misty mountaintops" (III.v.9-10); but it is always Juliet who leads the talk in their two great scenes together, and it is also she who knows what language cannot do:

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth. (II.vi.30-34)

Her best lines are those in which she draws upon language to invent for her the images of death which she must confront before Romeo can be permanently hers (IV.iii.14-58); yet when she wakes to find Romeo lifeless, she can muster no language capable of helping her in such an extremity and quickly joins her lover in death. By contrast, Romeo's best speech is perhaps the one he delivers in the tomb; with it he gives dignity, meaning, and finality to the one act he plans and executes, however unwisely, without the help of friends, Friar, or Juliet. His language here, like the deed, is his own, as the courtly conventions and fashionable euphuism of many of his earlier scenes were not. His paradoxes, his puns, even his lamentations in the Friar's cell, are borrowed things, as his mature friends know; yet Romeo's "misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms" is catalyzed into inchoate poetry whenever Juliet comes upon the scene, and in the end he achieves in her presence a man's power to act if not a man's gift of discretion.

If *Romeo and Juliet* fails to achieve the highest rank of tragedy, the reason for that failure must be sought in the protagonists themselves and not in some extraterrestrial power or agency. The reason Romeo and Juliet do not stand out clearly as protagonists in a great tragedy is simply that Shakespeare created them to be protagonists in a different kind of play, one which has many of the circumstances that we find in the other tragedies but which lacks at the center a figure capable of achieving the terrible but satisfying perception of man's involvement in the mystery of creation. "Failure" is an inappropriate word for such an achievement. The notable thing about Romeo and Juliet is not that they fail to reach a Hamlet's degree of awareness but that as very young people they behave better and mature more rapidly in that direction than we have any right to expect them to. They learn that Verona is flawed, but they do not dream that the whole world is flawed in the same way. They discover that some actions are good and some bad, but never achieve the Friar's catholic view that only will can make an action bad and only grace can redeem it. They confront imperfection courageously; they fail to see in it an image of themselves. Death overtakes them in their innocence and their unknowing; and we remember them not as we remember tragic heroes, in pity and fear, but in admiration for their loveliness, as we remember dead children.

All things considered, the Verona which serves as their

testing ground is not a bad place. The Prologue refers darkly to "the continuance of their parents' rage,/Which, but their children's end, naught could remove"; but as H. B. Charlton has observed, the old people in the play seem to have little interest in continuing a quarrel. Apart from the ancient rift, one might describe the city as a reservoir of high spirits and good will, full of attractive people like the witty Mercutio, Benvolio and Paris, the wise and tolerant Friar, and the young ladies who brighten the evenings in Capulet's great hall. Yet the Prologue is right. The rift created by the old people's almost forgotten rage is still there, wide enough for irresponsible young servingmen to see and make a game of and wide enough, too, for irresponsible young noblemen, like Tybalt, to aggravate into a civic crisis. One might say of it, as Mercutio says of his death wound, "'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve.'" In the end it has served as a conduit for some of the best blood in the city, including Mercutio's own, and for the tears of all the rest.

Apart from the two protagonists, the people of Verona, or rather those that Shakespeare has presented to us, may be arranged in two groups. The first of these, by far the larger, includes all the supernumeraries, such minor characters as Peter and the Apothecary, and a few relatively important figures like Tybalt, the Capulets, the Nurse, Paris, and Benvolio. These are the static or "flat" characters, who are "by nature" what they are; and their functions are to present the limited range of values they embody and to make the plot go. Tybalt, for example, is by nature choleric and determined to pick quarrels; Benvolio, by nature the opposite, is equally determined to avoid them. There are no surprises in either, even when Tybalt precipitates the climactic crisis of the play, just as there are no surprises in Paris and should be none in the Nurse. The latter is interesting to us precisely because Shakespeare's detailed unfolding of her reveals a consistent personality, yet she too is static. From the beginning, she is garrulous, corruptible, and insensitive; and as long as nothing requires her to be otherwise, she can also be amusing. At her crisis, when Juliet asks her to be wise, the Nurse can only suggest bigamy, a course quite in keeping with the values she herself is made of. Here the Nurse is no longer funny, but she has not changed. It is Juliet who has done that. The other characters in this group do not change either. They may be said to represent the abiding conditions of human intercourse in any representative community; and a lesser playwright, assembling a similar collection, would probably have included the same kind of servants and dignitaries, a Nurse or someone like her, Tybalt and Benvolio, all performing essentially the same functions as Shakespeare's and exhibiting many of the same qualities. The unique excellence of the static characters in *Romeo and Juliet* comes from Shakespeare's having particularized them so deftly that, like the protagonists in the play, we hopefully take them at first for people of larger dimensions. Their vitality tempts us to expect them to be more than they are and to give more than they have any capacity for giving. Thus when Tybalt fails to respond to Romeo's generous appeal and Lady Capulet proves blind to her daughter's need for sympathy, we feel the disappointment as sharply as if we were discovering for ourselves the limitations of common humanity.

The second group consists of three characters who give a doubly strong impression of life because they include among their qualities some degree of perception or understanding. Prince Escalus, slight as he is, is one of these, and Friar Lawrence another. Normally we should expect a magistrate to belong to the group of static or flat characters, but Shakespeare has given his magistrate a conscience and a growing presentiment of what must happen to everyone in Verona if the wound in the civil body cannot be healed. Others want to keep the peace, too, but mainly because they have a perfunctory sense of duty or perhaps because they dislike fighting. Escalus knows from the beginning that keeping the peace here is a matter of life or death, and in the end he readily takes his share of responsibility for the bloody sacrifice he has failed to avert:

Capulet, Montague,

See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punished.

(V.iii.292-96)

The Friar is included in this "all"; and the Friar, moreover, has preceded the Prince in accepting blame:

if aught in this

Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before his time
Unto the rigor of severest law.

(V.iii.267-70)

Like the Prince, the Friar has had from the start a clear perception of the danger latent in the old quarrel, and like the Prince he has taken steps appropriate to his position to mend the differences and restore order. Yet whereas the Prince by nature has moved openly and erred in not moving vigorously enough, Friar Lawrence by nature works in secret and his secrecy does him in. Actually his much-criticized plan for ending the quarrel is sound enough in principle. Any faithful son of the church, accustomed to cementing alliances with the sacrament of matrimony, would naturally have considered the young people's sudden affection for each other an opportunity sent by heaven. Friar Lawrence's error lies all in the execution of the thing, in letting a heaven-made marriage remain an affair of secret messages, rope ladders, and unorthodox sleeping potions, a clandestine remedy doomed to miscarriage long before the thwarted message determines the shape of the inevitable catastrophe. What was desperately needed in this case was a combination of virtues, the forthrightness of the Prince and the vigor and ingenuity of the Friar; and these virtues were combined only in Mercutio, who fell victim to the deficiencies of both in that he confronted a needlessly active Tybalt at a disadvantage caused in part by bumbling Romeo's adherence to the Friar's secret plot.

Mercutio, who is the third member of this more perceptive group, stands next to Romeo and Juliet in importance in the play. In fact, some critics who consider him more interesting than the two protagonists have suggested that Shakespeare finished him off in Act III out of necessity. This is almost as absurd as the view that Shakespeare wrote

Falstaff out of *Henry V* because the fat man had become unmanageable. Others have found Mercutio's wit embarrassing and tried to relieve Shakespeare of the responsibility for some parts of it, but this is absurd too. An edited Mercutio becomes either sentimental or obscene; he also becomes meaningless, and without him the play as a whole reverts to the condition of melodrama that it had in Shakespeare's source. Consider for a moment the climax of the play, which is almost solely Shakespeare's invention. In Brooke the matter is relatively simple: Tybalt provokes Romeo, and Romeo slays him. Shakespeare has it that Tybalt deliberately sought to murder Romeo and Romeo so badly underestimated his challenger that he declined to defend himself; whereupon Mercutio, in defense of both Romeo's honor and his person, picked up the challenge and would have killed Tybalt but for Romeo's intervention. Tybalt then killed Mercutio, and Romeo killed Tybalt in revenge. But, one should ask, what if Romeo had not intervened? Tybalt would have been slain, surely, and Mercutio would have survived to receive the Prince's rebuke; at most, however, he would have been punished only slightly, for Mercutio was of the Prince's line and not of the feuding families. The feud thus would have died with Tybalt, and in time Capulet and Montague might have been reconciled openly, as Friar Lawrence hoped. In short, Mercutio was on the point of bringing to pass what neither civil authority nor well-intentioned but misplaced ingenuity had been able to accomplish, and Romeo with a single sentimental action ("I thought all for the best," he says) destroyed his only hope of averting tragedy long enough to achieve the maturity he needed in order to avoid it altogether.

Many critics have commented on the breathless pace of this play, and no wonder. Shakespeare has made it the story of a race against time. What Romeo needs most of all is a teacher, and the only one capable of giving him instruction worth having and giving it quickly is Mercutio. All the rest are unavailable, or ineffectual, like Benvolio, or unapt for dealing practically with human relations. Mercutio, however, for all his superficial show of irresponsibility, is made in the image of his creator; he is a poet, who gives equal value to flesh and spirit, sees them as inseparable aspects of total being, and accepts each as the necessary mode of the other. His first line in the play, discharged at a young fool who is playing the ascetic for love, is revealing: "Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance" (I.iv.13). And when gentle Romeo persists in day-dreaming, he says, "Be rough with love," declares that love is a mire and that dreamers are often liars. The long fairy speech which follows dignifies idle dreams by marrying them to earth; its intent is to compel Romeo to acknowledge his senses and to bring him to an honest and healthy confession of what he is really looking for, but Romeo is too wrapped up in self-deception to listen. In Act II Mercutio tries harder, speaks more plainly, but prompts from his pupil only the fatuous "He jests at scars that never felt a wound." Later still, in the battle of wits (II.iv), Mercutio imagines briefly that he has succeeded: "Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature" (II.iv.91-94). There are no wiser words in the whole play, and none more ironic; for Romeo even here has not found his identity and

is never really to find it except for those fleeting moments when Juliet is there to lead him by the hand.

Time runs out for both principals in this play, but it is Juliet who makes the race exciting. Her five-day maturation is a miracle which only a Shakespeare could have made credible; yet at the end she is still a fourteen-year-old girl, and she succumbs to an adolescent's despair. Mercutio might have helped had he been available, but Mercutio is dead. All the others have deserted her—parents, Nurse, the Friar, who takes fright at the crucial moment, and Romeo, who lies dead at her feet. She simply has not lived long enough in her wisdom to stand entirely alone. This is really the source of pathos in *Romeo and Juliet*. One hears much about the portrayal of young love here, about the immortality of the lovers and the eternality of their love; but such talk runs toward vapid sentimentality and does an injustice to Shakespeare. No one has more poignantly described the beauty of young love than he, and no one has portrayed more honestly than he the destructiveness of any love which ignores the mortality of those who make it. Romeo struggled toward full understanding but fell far short of achievement, leaving a trail of victims behind him. Juliet came much closer than we had any right to expect, but she too failed. Both have a legitimate claim to our respect, she more than he; and the youth of both relieves them of our ultimate censure, which falls not on the stars but on all those whose thoughtlessness denied them the time they so desperately needed.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

The story of Romeo and Juliet was popular in Elizabethan times, and Shakespeare could have got his working outline of it from a number of places. Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques* had a version, as did William Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*; and there had apparently been a play on the subject. Arthur Brooke, in an address "To the Reader" prefaced to his long narrative poem *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, mentioned seeing "the same argument lately set forth on stage"; but there is no evidence that Shakespeare worked from an older play or even that he consulted Belleforest or Painter, though he undoubtedly knew their works. All the evidence indicates that he worked directly from Brooke's poem, which Richard Tottell had printed in 1562 and Robert Robinson had reissued in 1587, shortly before the time that Shakespeare must have begun writing for the London stage.

Actually the story was popular, on the Continent at least, well before Elizabeth's time. Leaving out of account such obvious but distant analogues as the stories of Hero and Leander, Aeneas and Dido, Pyramus and Thisbe, and Troilus and Cressida, the first version of the story was one that appeared in Masuccio Salernitano's *Il Novellino* in 1476. This version had the clandestine lovers, the accommodating friar, the killing that led to the young man's banishment, the rival suitor, sleeping potion, thwarted messenger, and unhappy conclusion, but no suicides. It might have passed into oblivion had it not been for Luigi da Porto's *Istoria novellamente ritrovata di due Nobili Amanti* (published about 1530), which laid the scene in Verona and identified the feuding families as Montecchi

and Capelletti and the lovers as Romeo and Giulietta. Da Porto's story also named the friar Lorenzo and the slain man Thebaldo Capelletti and introduced the ball, the balcony scene, and the double suicide at the tomb. It was da Porto, moreover, who first named a minor character Marcuccio and gave him the icy hands that subsequent tellers of the tale regularly mentioned until Shakespeare discarded the detail and replaced it with a distinctive personality. Da Porto is also remembered for having Giulietta commit suicide by holding her breath—a detail which fortunately no one bothered to perpetuate.

Da Porto's tale was widely imitated both in Italy and in France, but the version of most importance to readers of Shakespeare was that of Matteo Bandello, who put the story into his *Novelle* (1554). Of all the versions before Shakespeare's, Bandello's is generally considered the best. It is a plain, straightforward narrative, unmarred by the sentimentality and moralizing that characterized the work of some of his adapters. In Bandello's story the masking appears; Peter is there (but as Romeo's servant), the Nurse has a significant part in the plot, and the rope ladder comes into play. Almost as important is the version of Pierre Boaistuau (1559), adapted from Bandello, which was included in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*. Boaistuau made Romeo go to the ball in the hope of seeing his indifferent lady (the Rosaline of Shakespeare's play), worked out the business of the Capulets' restraint at discovering Romeo's presence, and developed the dilemma that Juliet finds herself in when she first hears of Tybalt's death; he also developed the character of the Apothecary. All these things went into Painter's version (1567), which was a translation of Boaistuau, and into Brooke's, which was based on Boaistuau. The line of transmission from Masuccio to Shakespeare thus includes da Porto, Bandello, Boaistuau, and Brooke, in that order, with Painter standing unconsulted to one side. Shakespeare, however, used only Brooke directly and thus derived from the tradition only as much as Brooke passed on to him; but he borrowed freely from the great wealth of detail that Brooke himself had added.

Anyone interested in consulting Brooke's version for himself will find it in the first volume of Geoffrey Bullough's *Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare* (1957). In spite of the tedious poulter's measure (iambic couplets in which the first line has twelve syllables and the second fourteen) the poem is not entirely dull; and no other single source gave Shakespeare so much that was immediately useful. Readers should recognize at once the character and function of Benvolio (though Brooke neglected to give him a name), the Capulet that stormed at what he took to be his daughter's willful disobedience and threatened her with incarceration and endless misery, the garrulous, amoral Nurse and her conversations with the young lovers, and the needy Apothecary. They will even find the clue to Mercutio's character (which Brooke did not develop) in the lines "Even as a Lyon would emong the lambes be bolde,/Such was emong the bashfull maydes, Mercutio to beholde." Numerous such hints, together with bits of business, suggestions for metaphors, and passages of dialogue, catch the eye as one scans Brooke's lines, not so much because they are arresting in themselves but because they call to mind the use Shakespeare has made of them. And if one gets safely past Brooke's "Address to the

Reader," with its heavy-handed condemnation of lust, disobedience, and superstitious friars, one finds that Brooke too treated the lovers with sympathy and allowed his friar the best of intentions. In fact, Brooke, having discharged himself of his Protestant moralizing in the "Address," tended to make Fortune responsible for most things in the story; and Shakespeare, as we know, took Brooke's Fortune along with all the rest.

What Shakespeare did with Brooke's clean but relatively inert story was to add complication and focus, intensify it by drastic compression, and establish the intricate relationship of part to part in a texture of language that functions admirably as dialogue even as it creates the unity of a dramatic poem. In this transformation he made it possible for us to tolerate the Nurse, love Capulet, and pity the Apothecary. He relieved the Friar of the tedium that Brooke had encumbered him with, and he changed Escalus into a man who genuinely suffers and commands sympathy. In bringing Tybalt to the ball and making him the discoverer of Romeo's presence there, he gave real point to the disastrous street fight in Act III; he also enlarged Paris' part in the story and ennobled his character, and he created Mercutio. More important, he made all three of these serve as foils to a Romeo who develops and matures in response to the challenges they present and who, before the end, has ironically become responsible for the deaths of all three. Shakespeare's real miracle, however, was Juliet, transformed from an adolescent arrogantly eager to outdo her elders to an appealing child-woman, barely fourteen, who learns to mix courage with her innocence, yet falls victim to a world that only briefly and unintentionally but fatally treats her as a plaything.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The first quarto (Q1) of *Romeo and Juliet* was printed in 1597 without previous entry in the Stationers' Register. It bore the following title page: "An/EXCELLENT/conceited Tragedie/OF/Romeo and Iuliet./As it hath been often (with great applause)/plaid publicquely, by the right Ho-/nourable the L. of Hunsdon/his Seruants./LONDON,/Printed by Iohn Danter./1597." Until the present century, editors frequently assumed that this text, curtailed and manifestly corrupt, represented an early draft of the play. Most now agree that Q1, like the other "bad" Shakespeare quartos, is a memorial reconstruction; that is, a version which some of the actors (accusing fingers have been pointed at those who played Romeo and Peter) put together from memory and gave to the printer. The second quarto (Q2) was printed in 1599 with the following title page: "THE/MOST/EX-/cellent and lamentable/Tragedie, of Romeo/and Iuliet./Newly corrected, augmented, and/amended: As it hath bene sundry times publicquely acted, by the/right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine/his Seruants./London/Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to/be sold at his shop neare the Exchange./1599." Apparently Q2 derives directly from the same acting version that is imperfectly reflected in the memorially reconstructed Q1, but it is based on a written script of the play rather than on actors' memories. Q2, however, is the product of careless or hasty printing and does not

inspire complete confidence. Lines that the author doubtless had canceled are sometimes printed along with the lines intended to replace them, and occasionally notes about staging appear which are probably the prompter's, or possibly Shakespeare's. Vexing matters like these, together with the fact that some speeches in Q2 are clearly based on Q1 (possibly the manuscript that provided the copy for most of Q2 was illegible in places), have caused editors to make at least limited use of Q1. The other texts of *Romeo and Juliet* have no claim to authority. The second quarto provided the basis for a third quarto (1609), which in turn served as copy for an undated fourth quarto and for the text in the Folio of 1623. A fifth quarto, based on the fourth, appeared in 1637.

None of these texts—including the second quarto, upon which the present edition is based—makes any real division of the play into acts and scenes. (The last third of Q1 does have a rough indication of scene division in the form of strips of ornamental border across the page, and the Folio has at the beginning *Actus Primus. Scena Prima*, but nothing further.) The division used here, like that in most modern texts, derives from the Globe edition, as do the *dramatis personae* and the various indications of place. Spelling and punctuation have been modernized, a number of stage directions have been added (in square brackets), and speech prefixes have been regularized. This last change will be regretted by those who feel, perhaps rightly, that at least some of the speech prefixes of Q2 show how Shakespeare thought of the character at each moment of the dialogue. Lady Capulet, for example, is variously designated in the speech prefixes of Q2 as "Wife," "Lady," and sometimes "Mother"; Capulet is occasionally referred to as "Father," and Balthasar as "Peter"; the First Musician of the present text (IV.v) is once called "Fidler" in Q2 and several times "Minstrel" or "Minstrels." Other deviations (apart from obvious typographical errors) from Q2 are listed in the textual notes below. There the adopted reading is given first, in boldface, followed by a note in square brackets if the source of the reading is Q1; this is followed by the rejected reading in roman. Absence of a note in square brackets indicates that the adopted reading has been taken from some other source and represents guesswork at best. Apparently the editors of F as well as of Q3 and Q4 had no access to any authentic document.

In dealing with the troublesome stage direction at the end of I.iv, I have followed the solution adopted by H. R. Hoppe in his Crofts Classics edition (1947); and I have adopted the reading of "eyes' shot" for the customary "eyes shut" at III.ii.49 from the Pelican edition of John E. Hankins (1960), which presents a good argument for retaining the reading of Q2 with the addition of an apostrophe.

I.i.29 in sense [Q1] sense 34 comes two [Q1] comes 65 swashing washing 123 drave driue 150 his is 156 sun same 182 well-seeming [Q1] welseeing 205 Bid a sick [Q1] A sicke; make [Q1] makes 206 Ah [Q1] A
I.ii.32 on one 64-72 Signior . . . Helena [prose in Qq and F] 91 fires fier
I.iii.2-76 [Q2 prints Nurse's speeches in prose] 66, 67 honor [Q1] heure 99 make it [Q1] make
I.iv.7-8 Nor . . . entrance [added from Q1] 23 Mercutio Horatio 39 done [Q1] dum 42 Of this sir-reverence [Q1] or saue you reuerence 45 like lights 47 five fine 53-91 O . . . bodes [verse from Q1; Q2 has prose] 57 atomies ottamie

63 film Philome 66 maid [Q1] man 113 sail [Q1] sute 114 s.d. They . . . and [Q2 combines with s.d. used here at beginning of I.v]

I.v.s.d. [Q2 adds "Enter Romeo"] 1, 4, 7, 12 First Servingman . . . Second Servingman . . . First Servingman . . . Second Servingman [Q2 has "Ser.," "I.," "Ser.," and "Ser."] 97 ready [Q1] did readie 144 What's this? What's this? Whats tis? whats tis

II.i.9 one [Q1] on 10 pronounce [Q1] prouaunt; dove [Q1] day 12 heir [Q1] her 38 et cetera [Q1] or

II.ii.16 do to 20 eyes eye 45 were wene 83 washed washeth 99 havior [Q1] behaiur 101 more cunning [Q1] coying 163 than mine then 168 sweet Neece 187 Romeo [Q1] Iu. 188-89 [between these lines Q2 has "The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,/Checking the Easterne Clouds with streaks of light,/And darknesse fleckted like a drunkard reeles,/From forth daies pathway, made by Tytans wheeles," lines nearly identical with those given to the Friar at II.iii.1-4; presumably Shakespeare first wrote the lines for Romeo, then decided to use them in Friar Lawrence's next speech, but neglected to delete the first version, and the printer mistakenly printed it]

II.iii.2 Check'ring Checking 3 fleckèd [Q1] fleckeld 74 ring yet [Q1] yet ringing

II.iv.19 Benvolio [Q1] Ro. 30 fantasticoes [Q1] phantacies 213 Ah A

II.v.11 three there

II.vi.27 music's musicke

III.i.2 are [Q1; Q2 omits] 91 s.d. Tybalt . . . flies [Q1; Q2 has "Away Tybalt"] 110 soundly too. Your soundly, to your 124 Alive [Q1] He gan 126 eyed [Q1] end 168 agile [Q1] aged 190 hate's [Q1] hearts 194 I It

III.ii.51 determine of determine 60 one on 72-73 [Q2 gives line 72 to Juliet, line 73 to Nurse] 76 Dove-feathered Rauenous doue-featherd 79 damnèd dimme

III.iii.s.d. Enter Friar [Q1] Enter Frier and Romeo 40 But . . . banishèd [in Q2 this line is preceded by one line, "This may flyes do, when I from this must flie," which is substantially the same as line 41, and by line 43, which is probably misplaced] 52 Thou [Q1] Then 61 madmen [Q1] mad man 73 s.d. Knock They knocke 75 s.d. Knock Slud knock 108 s.d. He . . . away [Q1; Q2 omits] 117 lives lies 143 misbehaved mishaued

162 s.d. Nurse . . . again [Q1; Q2 omits] 168 disguised disguise

III.v.13 exhales [Q1] exhale 36 s.d. Enter Nurse [Q1] Enter Madame and Nurse 42 s.d. He goeth down [Q1; Q2 omits]

54 Juliet Ro. 83 pardon him padon 140 gives giue 182 trained [Q1] liand

IV.i.7 talked talke 72 slay [Q1] stay 83 chapless chapels 85 his shroud his 98 breath [Q1] breast 100 wanny many 110 In Is [after this line Q2 has "Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue"; presumably as soon as Shakespeare wrote these words he decided he could do better, and expressed the gist of the idea in the next two lines, but the canceled line was erroneously printed] 111 shalt shall 116 waking walking

IV.iii.49 wake walke 58 Romeo, I drink [after "Romeo" Q2 has "heeres drinke," which is probably a stage direction printed in error] 58 s.d. She . . . curtains [Q1; Q2 omits]

IV.iv.21 faith [Q1] father

IV.v.65 cure care 82 fond some 95 s.d. casting . . . curtains [Q1; Q2 omits] 99 by [Q1] my; amended amended. Exit omnes 99 s.d. Peter [Q2 has "Will Kemp," the name of the actor playing the role] 126 grief [Q1] griefes 127 And . . . oppress [Q1; Q2 omits] 133, 136 Pretty [Q1] prates

V.i.11 s.d. booted [detail from Q1] 15 fares my [Q1] doth my Lady 24 e'en [Q1 "euen"] in; defy [Q1] denie 50 And An 76 pay [Q1] pray

V.iii.s.d. with . . . water [Q1; Q2 omits] 3 yew [Q1] young 21 s.d. and Balthasar . . . iron [Q1; Q2 has "Enter Romeo and Peter," and gives lines 40 and 43 to Peter instead of to Balthasar] 48 s.d. Romeo . . . tomb [Q1; Q2 omits] 68 conjurations [Q1] commiration 71 Page [Q2 omits this speech prefix] 102 fair [Q2 follows with "I will beleue," presumably words that Shakespeare wrote, then rewrote in the next line, but neglected to delete] 108 again. Here [between these words Q2 has the following material, which Shakespeare apparently neglected to delete: "come lye thou in my arme,/Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in./O true Appothecarie/Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die./Depart againe"] 137 yew yong 188 too too too 190 s.d. Enter . . . wife [Q2 places after line 202, with "Enter Capels" at line 190] 191 shrieked [Q1] shrike 200 slaughtered Slaughter 210 more early [Q1] now earling



THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

[Dramatis Personae]

CHORUS

ESCALUS *Prince of Verona*

PARIS *a young count, kinsman to the Prince*

MONTAGUE

CAPULET

AN OLD MAN *of the Capulet family*

ROMEO *son to Montague*

MERCUTIO *kinsman to the Prince and friend to
Romeo*

BENVOLIO *nephew to Montague and friend to
Romeo*

TYBALT *nephew to Lady Capulet*

FRIAR LAWRENCE } *Franciscans*

FRIAR JOHN

BALTHASAR *servant to Romeo*

SAMPSON } *servants to Capulet*

GREGORY

PETER *servant to Juliet's Nurse*

ABRAM *servant to Montague*

AN APOTHECARY

THREE MUSICIANS

AN OFFICER

LADY MONTAGUE *wife to Montague*

LADY CAPULET *wife to Capulet*

JULIET *daughter to Capulet*

NURSE *to Juliet*

CITIZENS of Verona GENTLEMEN and

GENTLEWOMEN of both houses MASKERS

TORCHBEARERS PAGES GUARDS

WATCHMEN SERVANTS ATTENDANTS

Scene: Verona; Mantua]

THE PROLOGUE

[Enter CHORUS.]

CHORUS

Two households, both alike in dignity,^o

In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,

From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,^o

Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes

A pair of star-crossed^o lovers take their life;

Whose misadventured piteous overthrows

Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-marked love,

And the continuance of their parents' rage,

5

10

Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;^o
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

[Exit.]

[A C T I]

[Scene I. Verona. A public place.]

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, with swords and
bucklers,^o of the house of Capulet.

SAMPSON Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry
coals.^o

12 two . . . stage the business of our play

I.i.s.d. bucklers small shields 1-2 carry coals endure insults

The decorative border above appeared on the title page of the 1597 quarto of Romeo and Juliet.

Pro.1 dignity rank 3 mutiny violence 6 star-crossed
fated to disaster

GREGORY No, for then we should be colliers.^o

SAMPSON I mean, and^o we be in choler, we'll draw.^o

GREGORY Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of s collar.

SAMPSON I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to 10 stand. Therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

SAMPSON A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall^o of any man or maid of Montague's.

GREGORY That shows thee a weak slave; for the 15 weakest goes to the wall.^o

SAMPSON 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall.^o Therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall. 20

GREGORY The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

SAMPSON 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids—I will cut off their heads. 25

GREGORY The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON Ay, the heads of the maids or their maiden-heads. Take it in what sense thou wilt.

GREGORY They must take it in sense that feel it.

SAMPSON Me they shall feel while I am able to stand; 30 and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GREGORY 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John.^o Draw thy tool!^o Here comes two of the house of Montagues.

Enter two other servingmen [ABRAM and BALTHASAR].

SAMPSON My naked weapon is out. Quarrel! I will 35 back thee.

GREGORY How? Turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON Fear me not.

GREGORY No, marry.^o I fear thee!

SAMPSON Let us take the law of our sides;^o let them 40 begin.

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

SAMPSON Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb^o at them, which is disgrace to them if they bear it. 45

ABRAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON [*Aside to GREGORY.*] Is the law of our side 50 if I say ay?

GREGORY [*Aside to SAMPSON.*] No.

SAMPSON No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

GREGORY Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAM Quarrel, sir? No, sir. 55

3 colliers coal venders (this leads to puns on *choler* = anger, and *collar* = hangman's noose) **4 and if; draw** draw swords **13 take the wall** take the preferred place on the walk **16 goes** . . . wall is pushed to the rear **18 thrust** . . . wall assaulted against the wall **33 Poor John** hake salted and dried (poor man's fare); **tool** weapon (with bawdy innuendo) **39 marry** an interjection (from "By the Virgin Mary") **40 take** . . . **sides** keep ourselves in the right **44 bite my thumb** make a gesture of contempt

SAMPSON But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you.

ABRAM No better.

SAMPSON Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO.

GREGORY Say "better." Here comes one of my 60 master's kinsmen.

SAMPSON Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM You lie.

SAMPSON Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing^o blow. 65

They fight.

BENVOLIO

Part, fools!

Put up your swords. You know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT.

TYBALT

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?^o

Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword, 70

Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT

What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward!

[*They fight.*]

Enter [an OFFICER, and] three or four CITIZENS with clubs or partisans.

OFFICER Clubs, bills, and partisans!^o Strike! Beat them 75 down! Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

Enter old CAPULET in his gown, and his wife [LADY CAPULET].

CAPULET

What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

LADY CAPULET

A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

CAPULET

My sword, I say! Old Montague is come 80

And flourishes his blade in spite^o of me.

Enter old MONTAGUE and his wife [LADY MONTAGUE].

MONTAGUE

Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE Escalus, with his TRAIN.

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel— 85

Will they not hear? What, ho! You men, you beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

65 swashing slashing **68 heartless hinds** cowardly rustics **75 bills, and partisans** varieties of halberd, a combination spear and battle-ax **81 spite** defiance

With purple fountains issuing from your veins!
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mistempered^o weapons to the ground 90
 And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.
 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
 Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets
 And made Verona's ancient citizens 95
 Cast by their grave beseeching^o ornaments
 To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
 Cank' red with peace, to part your cank' red^o hate.
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. 100
 For this time all the rest depart away.
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our farther pleasure in this case,
 To old Freetown, our common judgment place. 105
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*Exeunt [all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE,
 and BENVOLIO].*

MONTAGUE

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?^o
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BENVOLIO

Here were the servants of your adversary
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach. 110
 I drew to part them. In the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;
 Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal,^o hissed him in scorn. 115
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,^o
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?
 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO

Madam, an hour before the worshiped sun
 Peered forth the golden window of the East,
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
 Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
 That westward rooteth from this city side, 125
 So early walking did I see your son.
 Towards him I made, but he was ware^o of me
 And stole into the covert of the wood.
 I, measuring his affections by my own,
 Which then most sought where most might not be
 found,^o 130
 Being one too many by my weary self,
 Pursued my humor not pursuing his,^o
 And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, 135

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should in the farthest East begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's^o bed, 140
 Away from light steals home my heavy^o son
 And private in his chamber pens himself,
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
 And makes himself an artificial night.
 Black and portentous must this humor^o prove 145
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE

Both by myself and many other friends;
 But he, his own affections' counselor, 150
 Is to himself—I will not say how true—
 But to himself so secret and so close,
 So far from sounding^o and discovery,
 As is the bud bit with an envious^o worm
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air 155
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO.

BENVOLIO

See, where he comes. So please you step aside;
 I'll know his grievance, or be much denied. 160

MONTAGUE

I would thou wert so happy^o by thy stay
 To hear true shrift.^o Come, madam, let's away.

Exeunt [MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE].

BENVOLIO

Good morrow,^o cousin. 120

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

Ay me! Sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast? 165

BENVOLIO

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

Not having that which having makes them short.

BENVOLIO In love?

ROMEO Out—

BENVOLIO Of love? 170

ROMEO

Out of her favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas that love, so gentle in his view,^o
 Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO

Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,^o

139 Aurora's Aurora was the goddess of the dawn 140 heavy melancholy, moody 144 humor mood 153 So . . . sounding so far from measuring the depth of his mood 154 envious malign 161 happy lucky 162 true shrift Romeo's confession of the truth 163 morrow morning 172 gentle . . . view mild in appearance 174 muffled still always blindfolded

90 mistempered (1) ill-made (2) used with ill will 96 grave beseeching dignified and appropriate 98 Cank' red . . . cank' red rusted . . . malignant 107 new abroach newly open 115 withal thereby 117 on part and part some on one side, some on another 127 ware aware 130 most sought . . . found wanted most to be alone 132 Pursued . . . his followed my own inclination by not inquiring into his mood

Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
 Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
 Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
 Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.^o
 Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
 O anything, of nothing first created!^o
 O heavy lightness, serious vanity,
 Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO No, coz,^o I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO

Why, such is love's transgression.
 Grievings of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest^o
 With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
 Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
 Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears.
 What is it else? A madness most discreet,^o
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
 Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO Soft!^o I will go along.

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

ROMEO

Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here;
 This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

BENVOLIO

Tell me in sadness,^o who is that you love?

ROMEO

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO

Groan? Why, no;

But sadly^o tell me who.

ROMEO

Bid a sick man in sadness^o make his will.
 Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!
 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO

A right good markman. And she's fair I love.

BENVOLIO

A right fair mark,^o fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROMEO

Well, in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit
 With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit,^o
 And, in strong proof^o of chastity well armed,

175 From Love's weak childish bow she lives uncharmed.
 She will not stay^o the siege of loving terms,
 Nor bide^o th' encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
 O, she is rich in beauty; only poor
 180 That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.^o

BENVOLIO

Then she hath sworn that she will still^o live chaste?

ROMEO

185 She hath, and in that sparing make huge waste;
 For beauty, starved with her severity,
 Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
 She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
 To merit bliss^o by making me despair.
 She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
 Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO

Be ruled by me; forget to think of her.

ROMEO

190 O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes.
 Examine other beauties.

ROMEO

195 'Tis the way
 To call hers, exquisite, in question^o more.
 These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
 Being black puts us in mind they hide the fair.
 He that is stricken blind cannot forget
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair:
 What doth her beauty serve but as a note^o
 200 Where I may read who passed that passing fair?
 Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.^o *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. A street.]

Enter CAPULET, County PARIS, and the clown [his SERVANT].

205

CAPULET

But Montague is bound^o as well as I,
 In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PARIS

Of honorable reckoning^o are you both,
 And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
 210 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAPULET

But saying o'er what I have said before:
 My child is yet a stranger in the world,
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
 Let two more summers wither in their pride
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

215 stay submit to 216 bide abide (put up with) 219 with
 . . . store she will leave no progeny to perpetuate her beauty
 220 still always 225 merit bliss win heavenly bliss 232
 To . . . question to keep bringing her beauty to mind 238
 note written reminder 241 I'll . . . debt I will teach you
 or else die trying

I.ii.i bound under bond 4 reckoning reputation

178 more with love i.e., the combatants enjoyed their fighting
 180 O . . . created Romeo here relates his own succession
 of witty paradoxes to the dogma that God created everything
 out of nothing 186 coz cousin (relative) 190 Which . . .
 prest which griefs you will increase by burdening my breast
 196 discreet discriminating 198 Soft hold on 199 And if
 if 202 in sadness in all seriousness 204 sadly seriously
 205 in sadness (1) in seriousness (2) in unhappiness at the prospect
 of death 210 fair mark target easily seen 212 Dian's
 wit the cunning of Diana, huntress and goddess of chastity
 213 proof tested power

CAPULET

And too soon marred are those so early made.
 Earth hath swallowèd all my hopes° but she;
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth.
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
 My will to her consent is but a part.
 And she agreed,° within her scope of choice°
 Lies my consent and fair according° voice.
 This night I hold an old accustomed° feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love; and you among the store,
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
 At my poor house look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars° that make dark heaven light.
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
 When well-appareled April on the heel
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh fennel° buds shall you this night
 Inherit° at my house. Hear all, all see,
 And like her most whose merit most shall be;
 Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number,° though in reck'ning none.
 Come, go with me.

[To SERVANT, giving him a paper.]

Go, sirrah,° trudge about
 Through fair Verona; find those persons out
 Whose names are written there, and to them say
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.°

Exit [with PARIS].

SERVANT Find them out whose names are written
 here? It is written that the shoemaker should meddle
 with his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with
 his pencil and the painter with his nets;° but I am sent
 to find those persons whose names are here writ, and
 can never find° what names the writing person hath
 here writ. I must to the learned. In good time!°

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

BENVOLIO

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning;
 One pain is less'ned by another's anguish;°
 Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;°
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish.
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROMEO

Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO

For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO

For your broken° shin.

BENVOLIO

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO

15 Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
 Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
 Whipped and tormented and—God-den,° good fellow.

SERVANT God gi' go-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO

20 Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERVANT Perhaps you have learned it without book.

But, I pray, can you read anything you see? 60

ROMEO

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

SERVANT Ye say honestly. Rest you merry.°

ROMEO Stay, fellow; I can read.

He reads the letter.

“Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
 30 County Anselm and his beauteous sisters;
 The lady widow of Vitruvio;
 Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces;
 Mercutio and his brother Valentine;
 Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters;
 My fair niece Rosaline; Livia;
 Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt;
 Lucio and the lively Helena.” 70

A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

SERVANT Up.

ROMEO Whither? To supper? 75

SERVANT To our house.

ROMEO Whose house?

SERVANT My master's.

ROMEO

Indeed I should have asked you that before.

SERVANT Now I'll tell you without asking. My 80
 master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of
 the house of Montagues, I pray come and crush a cup°
 of wine. Rest you merry. *[Exit.]*

BENVOLIO

At this same ancient° feast of Capulet's
 45 Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves;
 With all the admirèd beauties of Verona.
 Go thither, and with unattainted° eye
 Compare her face with some that I shall show,
 And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

50 ROMEO

When the devout religion of mine eye 90

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;

And these, who, often drowned, could never die,

Transparent° heretics, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun

Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun. 95

BENVOLIO

Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,

Herself poised° with herself in either eye;

But in that crystal scales° let there be weighed

Your lady's love against some other maid

56 God-den good evening (good afternoon) 61 if . . .
 language if I already know what the writing says 62 Rest
 you merry May God keep you merry 82 crush a cup have
 a drink 84 ancient established by custom 87 unattainted
 impartial 93 Transparent obvious 97 poised balanced 98
 crystal scales Romeo's eyes

14 hopes children 18 And she agreed if she agrees; within
 . . . choice among those she favors 19 according agreeing
 20 accustomed established by custom 25 Earth-treading
 stars young girls 29 fennel flowering herb 30 Inherit have
 33 stand in number constitute one of the crowd; in reck'-
 ning none not worth special consideration 34 sirrah a term
 of familiar address 37 stay wait 39-41 shoemaker . . .
 nets one should stick to what one knows how to do (but
 the servant, being illiterate, reverses the proverbial expressions)
 43 find understand 44 In good time i.e., here come some
 learned ones 46 another's anguish the pain of another 47
 be . . . turning be helped by turning in the opposite direction
 52 broken scratched

That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant° show well that now seems best.

ROMEO

I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.° [Exeunt.]

[Scene III. A room in Capulet's house.]

Enter Capulet's wife [LADY CAPULET], and NURSE.

LADY CAPULET

Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

NURSE

Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,
I bade her come. What,° lamb! What, ladybird!
God forbid, where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

JULIET

How now? Who calls?

NURSE

Your mother.

JULIET

Madam, I am here. 5

What is your will?

LADY CAPULET

This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile;
We must talk in secret. Nurse, come back again.
I have rememb' red me; thou's° hear our counsel.
Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age. 10

NURSE

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET

She's not fourteen.

NURSE

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth—

And yet, to my teen° be it spoken, I have but four—
She's not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammastide?°

LADY CAPULET A fortnight and odd days. 15

NURSE

Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls!)
Were of an age.° Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake° now eleven years;
And she was weaned (I never shall forget it),
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall.
My lord and you were then at Mantua.
Nay, I do bear a brain.° But, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy° and fall out with the dug!
Shake, quoth the dovehouse!° 'Twas no need, I trow,°

101 scant scarcely 103 splendor . . . own my own lady's
splendor

I.iii.3 What an impatient call 9 thou's thou shalt 13 teen
sorrow 15 Lammastide August 1 19 of an age the same
age 23 earthquake see Introduction, p. 481 29 I . . . brain
my mind is still good 32 tetchy irritable 33 Shake . . .
dovehouse the dovehouse (which the Nurse personifies) began
to tremble; trow believe

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years,
For then she could stand high-lone;° nay, by th'
rood,°

She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow;
And then my husband (God be with his soul!

'A° was a merry man) took up the child. 40

"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holidam,°

The pretty wretch left crying and said, "Ay."

To see now how a jest shall come about! 45

I warrant, and I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth
he,

And, pretty fool, it stinted° and said, "Ay."

LADY CAPULET

Enough of this. I pray thee hold thy peace.

NURSE

Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh
To think it should leave crying and say, "Ay."

And yet, I warrant, it had upon it° brow 50

A bump as big as a young cock' rel's stone;

A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly.

"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face? 55

Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age,

Wilt thou not, Jule?" It stinted and said, "Ay."

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed. 60

And I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET

Marry,° that "marry" is the very theme

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married? 65

JULIET

It is an honor that I dream not of.

NURSE

An honor? Were not I thine only nurse,

I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, 70

Are made already mothers. By my count,

I was your mother much upon these years°

That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE

A man, young lady! Lady, such a man 75

As all the world.—Why, he's a man of wax.°

LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE

Nay, he's a flower, in faith—a very flower.

36 high-lone alone; rood cross 40 'A he 43 holidam holy
thing, relic 48 stinted stopped 52 it its 63 Marry indeed
72 much . . . years the same length of time 76 man of wax
man of perfect figure

LADY CAPULET

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?
 This night you shall behold him at our feast.
 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
 Examine every married lineament,^o
 And see how one another lends content;^o
 And what obscured in this fair volume lies
 Find written in the margent^o of his eyes.
 This precious book of love, this unbound^o lover,
 To beautify him only lacks a cover.^o
 The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
 For fair without the fair within to hide.^o
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,
 By having him making yourself no less.

NURSE

No less? Nay, bigger! Women grow by men.

LADY CAPULET

Speak briefly, can you like of^o Paris' love?

JULIET

I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter SERVINGMAN.

SERVINGMAN Madam, the guests are come, supper
 served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the
 nurse cursed^o in the pantry, and everything in ex-
 tremity. I must hence to wait.^o I beseech you follow
 straight.^o [*Exit.*]

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee. Juliet, the county stays.^o

NURSE

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV. A street.]

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or
 six other MASKERS; TORCHBEARERS.*

ROMEO

What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?^o
 Or shall we on without apology?

BENVOLIO

The date is out of such prolixity.^o
 We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked^o with a scarf,
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
 Scaring the ladies like a crowkeeper;^o

83 married lineament harmonious feature 84 one . . .
 content all enhance one another 86 margent marginal
 commentary 87 unbound (1) without cover (2) uncaught
 88 only . . . cover only a wife is lacking 89-90 The . . .
 hide The fair sea is made even fairer by hiding fair fish
 within it 96 like of be favorable to 101-02 the nurse cursed
 i.e., because she is not helping 103 to wait to serve 104
 straight straightway 105 the county stays the count is
 waiting

I.iv.1 shall . . . excuse shall we introduce ourselves with the
 customary prepared speech 3 date . . . prolixity such
 wordiness is out of fashion 4 hoodwinked blindfolded 6
 crowkeeper boy set to scare crows away

Nor no without-book prologue,^o faintly spoke
 After the prompter, for our entrance;
 But, let them measure^o us by what they will,
 We'll measure them a measure^o and be gone.

ROMEO

Give me a torch. I am not for this ambling.
 Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

85 MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes
 With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead
 So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

MERCUTIO

You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings
 And soar with them above a common bound.^o

ROMEO

I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
 To soar with his light feathers; and so bound
 I cannot bound a pitch^o above dull woe.
 Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
 Too rude, too boist'rous, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
 Prick love for pricking,^o and you beat love down.
 Give me a case to put my visage in.

A visor for a visor! What care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities?^o
 Here are the beetle brows^o shall blush^o for me.

BENVOLIO

Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in
 But every man betake him to his legs.^o

ROMEO

A torch for me! Let wantons light of heart
 Tickle the senseless rushes^o with their heels;
 For I am proverbied with a grandsire phrase,^o
 I'll be a candleholder^o and look on;
 The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.^o

MERCUTIO

Tut! Dun's the mouse, the constable's own
 word!^o

If thou art Dun,^o we'll draw thee from the mire

7 without-book prologue memorized speech 9 measure
 judge 10 measure . . . measure dance one dance with them
 18 bound (1) leap (2) limit 21 pitch height (as in a falcon's
 soaring) 28 Prick . . . pricking give love the spur in return
 29-31 Give . . . deformities Give me a bag for my mask. A
 mask for a mask. What do I care who notices my ugliness?
 32 beetle brows bushy eyebrows (?); blush be red (i.e., be
 grotesque) 34 betake . . . legs begin dancing 36 rushes
 used for floor covering 37 grandsire phrase old saying 38
 candleholder attendant 39 The . . . done I'll give up
 dancing, now that I have enjoyed it as much as I ever shall
 40 Dun's . . . word Mercutio puns on Romeo's last clause,
 saying in effect "You are not done (i.e., *dun* = dark, by ex-
 tension, silent) but the mouse is, and it's time to be quiet"
 41 Dun a common name for a horse, used in an old game,
 "Dun is in the mire," in which the players try to haul a heavy
 log

Of this sir-reverence^o love, wherein thou stickest
Upon to the ears. Come, we burn daylight,^o ho!

ROMEO

Nay, that's not so.

MERCUTIO I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights^o in vain, like lights by day.

45

Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits

Five times in that^o ere once in our five wits.

ROMEO

And we mean well in going to this masque,

But 'tis no wit^o to go.

MERCUTIO

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

I dreamt a dream tonight.^o

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

50

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

O, then I see Queen Mab^o hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate stone

55

On the forefinger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies^o

Over men's noses as they lie asleep;

Her wagon spokes made of long spinners'^o legs,

60

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

Her traces, of the smallest spider web;

Her collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;^o

Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,

65

Not half so big as a round little worm

Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;^o

Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,^o

Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.

And in this state^o she gallops night by night

70

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;

On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,

75

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breath with sweetmeats tainted are.

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;^o

And sometime comes she with a tithe pig's^o tail

80

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,

Then he dreams of another benefice.^o

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,

85

Of healths^o five fathom deep; and then anon

Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,

And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab

That plats the manes of horses in the night

90

And bakes the elflocks^o in foul sluttish hairs,

Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.

This is the hag,^o when maids lie on their backs,

That presses them and learns them first to bear,

Making them women of good carriage.^o

This is she—

ROMEO Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!

95

Thou talk'st of nothing.

MERCUTIO

True, I talk of dreams;

Which are the children of an idle brain,

Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;^o

Which is as thin of substance as the air,

And more inconstant than the wind, who woos

100

Even now the frozen bosom of the North

And, being angered, puffs away from thence,

Turning his side to the dewdropping South.

BENVOLIO

This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves.

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

105

ROMEO

I fear, too early; for my mind misgives

Some consequence^o yet hanging in the stars

60

Shall bitterly begin his fearful date^o

With this night's revels and expire the term

Of a despised life, closed in my breast,

110

By some vile forfeit of untimely death.^o

But he that hath the steerage of my course

Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen!

BENVOLIO Strike, drum.

They march about the stage, and [retire to one side].

[Scene V. A hall in Capulet's house.]

SERVINGMEN *come forth with napkins.*^o

FIRST SERVINGMAN Where's Potpan, that he helps
not to take away? He shift a trencher!^o He scrape a
trencher!

75

SECOND SERVINGMAN When good manners shall lie
all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too,
'tis a foul thing.

FIRST SERVINGMAN Away with the join-stools,^o
remove the court cupboard,^o look to the plate. Good
thou, save me a piece of marchpane,^o and, as thou

80

42 **sir-reverence** save your reverence (an apologetic expression, used to introduce indelicate expressions; here used humorously with the word "love") 43 **burn daylight** delay 45 **lights** (1) torches (2) mental faculties 47 **that** our good meaning 49 **'tis no wit** it shows no discretion 50 **tonight** last night 53 **Queen Mab** Fairy Queen (Celtic) 57 **atomies** tiny creatures 59 **spinners'** spiders' 63 **film** fine filament of some kind 65–66 **worm** . . . **maid** lazy maids were said to have worms breeding in their fingers 68 **joiner** . . . **grub** both woodworkers and adept at hollowing out nuts 70 **state** stately array 78 **suit** i.e., a petitioner, who may be induced to pay for the courtier's influence 79 **tithe pig's** tenth pig's (considered part of the parson's tithe) 81 **benefice** income, living

85 **healths** toasts 90 **elflocks** hair tangled by elves 92 **hag** nightmare or incubus 94 **carriage** (1) posture (2) capacity for carrying children 98 **fantasy** fancy 107 **consequence** future event 108 **date** duration (of the consequence or event) 109–11 **expire** . . . **death** the event is personified here as one who deliberately lends in expectation that the borrower will have to forfeit at great loss

I.v.s.d. although for reference purposes this edition employs the conventional post-Elizabethan divisions into scenes, the reader is reminded that they are merely editorial; in the quarto this stage direction is part of the preceding one 2 **trencher** wooden plate 7 **join-stools** stools fitted together by a joiner 8 **court cupboard** sideboard, displaying plate 9 **marchpane** marzipan, a confection made of sugar and almonds

loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and 10
 Nell. Anthony, and Potpan!

SECOND SERVINGMAN Ay, boy, ready.

FIRST SERVINGMAN You are looked for and called
 for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

THIRD SERVINGMAN We cannot be here and there 15
 too. Cheerly, boys! Be brisk awhile, and the longer
 liver take all. *Exeunt.*

*Enter [CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, JULIET, TYBALT,
 NURSE, and] all the GUESTS and GENTLEWOMEN to
 the MASKERS.*

CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes
 Unplagued with corns will walk a bout° with you.
 Ah, my mistresses, which of you all 20
 Will now deny° to dance? She that makes dainty,°
 She I'll swear hath corns. Am I come near ye now?
 Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
 That I have worn a visor and could tell
 A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, 25
 Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
 You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.

Music plays, and they dance.

A hall,° a hall! Give room! And foot it, girls.
 More light, you knaves, and turn the tables up,
 And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot. 30
 Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport° comes well.
 Nay, sit; nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
 For you and I are past our dancing days.
 How long is't now since last yourself and I
 Were in a mask?

SECOND CAPULET By'r Lady, thirty years. 35

CAPULET

What, man? 'Tis not so much, 'tis not so much;
 'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
 Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
 Some five-and-twenty years, and then we masked.

SECOND CAPULET

'Tis more, 'tis more. His son is elder, sir; 40
 His son is thirty.

CAPULET Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward° two years ago.

ROMEO [*To a SERVINGMAN.*]

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

SERVINGMAN I know not, sir. 45

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
 It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
 As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear—
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows 50
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand
 And, touching hers, make blessed my rude° hand.
 Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!
 For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night. 55

19 walk a bout dance a turn 21 deny refuse; makes dainty
 seems to hesitate 28 A hall clear the floor 31 unlooked-for
 sport they had not expected maskers 42 ward minor 53
 rude rough

TYBALT

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
 Fetch me my rapier, boy. What! Dares the slave
 Come hither, covered with an antic face,°
 To flier° and scorn at our solemnity?
 Now, by the stock and honor of my kin, 60
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET

Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
 A villain, that is hither come in spite° 65
 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone.
 'A bears him like a portly° gentleman,
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him 70
 To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.
 I would not for the wealth of all this town
 Here in my house do him disparagement.
 Therefore be patient; take no note of him.
 It is my will, the which if thou respect,
 Show a fair presence and put off these frowns, 75
 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT

It fits when such a villain is a guest.
 I'll not endure him.

CAPULET

He shall be endured.

What, goodman° boy! I say he shall. Go to!°
 Am I the master here, or you? Go to! 80
 You'll not endure him, God shall mend my soul!°
 You'll make a mutiny° among my guests!
 You will set cock-a-hoop.° You'll be the man!

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET

Go to, go to!

You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed? 85
 This trick may chance to scathe° you. I know what.
 You must contrary me! Marry, 'tis time—
 Well said, my hearts!—You are a princex°—go!
 Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!
 I'll make you quiet. What!—Cheerly, my hearts! 90

TYBALT

Patience perforce° with willful choler° meeting
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
 I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
 Now seeming sweet, onvert to bitt' rest gall. *Exit.*

ROMEO

If° I profane with my unworthiest hand 95
 This holy shrine,° the gentle sin is this:°

58 antic face fantastic mask 59 flier jeer 64 in spite
 insultingly 68 portly of good deportment 79 goodman a
 term applied to someone below the rank of gentleman; Go
 to impatient exclamation 81 God . . . soul roughly
 equivalent to our "Indeed" 82 mutiny disturbance 83 set
 cock-a-hoop be cock of the walk 86 scathe hurt, harm
 88 princex impertinent youngster 91 Patience perforce
 enforced self-control; choler anger 95 If here begins an
 English, or Shakespearean, sonnet 96 shrine i.e., Juliet's hand;
 gentle . . . this this is the sin of well-bred people

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers'° kiss.

ROMEO

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO

O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do!
They pray; grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JULIET

Saints do not move,° though grant for prayers' sake.

ROMEO

Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purged.

[Kisses her.]

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again. [Kisses her.]

JULIET

You kiss by th' book.°

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROMEO

What is her mother?

NURSE

Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nursed her daughter that you talked withal.°
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.°

ROMEO

Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! My life is my foe's debt.°

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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

CAPULET

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.°
Is it e'en so?° Why then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night.
More torches here! Come on then; let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay,° it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE.]

JULIET

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET

What's he that now is going out of door?

NURSE

Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

100

JULIET

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

NURSE I know not.

135

JULIET

Go ask his name.—If he is married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE

His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

105

JULIET

My only love, sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious° birth of love it is to me
That I must love a loathed enemy.

140

NURSE

What's this? What's this?

JULIET

A rhyme I learnt even now

Of one I danced withal.

145

110

One calls within, "Juliet."

NURSE

Anon,° anon!

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. *Exeunt.*

[A C T I I]

[P R O L O G U E]

[Enter] CHORUS.

120

CHORUS

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes° to be his heir;
That fair° for which love groaned for and would die,
With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Alike bewitchèd° by the charm of looks;
But to his foe supposed he must complain,°
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to° swear,
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new belovèd anywhere;
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.° [Exit.]

5

10

130

102 *palmers'* religious pilgrims' (the term originally signified one who carried a palm branch; here it is used as a pun meaning one who holds another's hand) 107 *do not move* (1) do not initiate action (2) stand still 112 *You . . . book* You take my words literally to get more kisses 117 *withal* with 119 *the chinks* plenty of money 120 *My life . . . debt* My foe now owns my life 124 *towards* in preparation 125 *Is . . . so* the maskers insist on leaving 128 *fay* faith

142 *Prodigious* (1) monstrous (2) of evil portent 146 *Anon* at once

II.Pro.2 *young affection gapes* the new love is eager 3 *That fair* Rosaline 6 *Alike bewitchèd* both are bewitched 7 *complain* address his lover's suit 10 *use to* customarily 14 *Temp'ring . . . sweet* softening difficulties with extraordinary delights

[Scene I. Near Capulet's orchard.]

Enter ROMEO alone.

ROMEO

Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.°

Enter BENVOLIO with MERCUTIO. [ROMEO retires.]

BENVOLIO

Romeo! My cousin Romeo! Romeo!

MERCUTIO

He is wise

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

BENVOLIO

He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall.

Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO

Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh;

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied!

Cry but "Ay me!" pronounce but "love" and "dove"; 10

Speak to my gossip° Venus one fair word,

One nickname for her purblind° son and heir,

Young Abraham Cupid,° he that shot so true

When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid!°

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not; 15

The ape is dead,° and I must conjure him.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes° that there adjacent lie, 20

That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle°

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand 25

Till she had laid it and conjured it down.

That were some spite;° my invocation

Is fair and honest:° in his mistress' name,

I conjure only but to raise up him.

BENVOLIO

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees 30

To be consorted° with the humorous° night.

Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree

And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit 35

As maids call medlars° when they laugh alone.

O, Romeo, that she were, O that she were
An open et cetera, thou a pop'rin pear!
Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle bed;°
This field bed is too cold for me to sleep. 40
Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO

Go then, for 'tis in vain

To seek him here that means not to be found.

Exit [with others].

[Scene II. Capulet's orchard.]

ROMEO [Coming forward.]

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[Enter JULIET at a window.]

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?

It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief 5

That thou her maid° art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid, since she is envious.

Her vestal livery° is but sick and green,°

And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.

It is my lady! O, it is my love! 10

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, 15

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres° till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven 20

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks. 25

O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a wingèd messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturnèd wond'ring eyes

Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him 30

When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, 35

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO [Aside.]

Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

39 I'll . . . bed I'll go to my trundle bed, or baby bed (i.e., I'm innocent in affairs of this kind)

II.ii.6 her maid the moon is here thought of as Diana, goddess and patroness of virgins 8 vestal livery virginity; sick and green sickly, bearing the characteristics of greensickness, the virgin's malady 17 spheres orbits

II.i.1-2 Can . . . out Romeo refuses to pass Capulet's house, commanding his body, or "earth" to stop and join its proper soul, or "center" (i.e., Juliet) 11 gossip crony 12 purblind quite blind 13 Abraham Cupid the phrase may mean "ancient youth" or, since *abram man* was slang for *trickster*, "rascally Cupid" 14 King . . . maid reference to an old familiar ballad 16 ape is dead Romeo plays dead, like a performing ape 20 demesnes domains 22 And if if 24 circle conjurers worked within a magic circle, but there is also a bawdy innuendo, as in "stand," "laid," "down," and "raise" in lines 25-29 27 spite vexation 28 fair and honest respectable 31 consorted associated; humorous (1) damp (2) moody 36 medlars applelike fruit, eaten when decayed (like "pop'rin" in line 38, the word was often used to refer to sexual organs)

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.
 Thou art thyself, though not^o a Montague.
 What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face. O, be some other name
 Belonging to a man.
 What's in a name? That which we call a rose
 By any other word would smell as sweet.
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes^o
 Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;
 And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

ROMEO I take thee at thy word.
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

What man art thou, that, thus bescreened in night,
 So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am.
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself
 Because it is an enemy to thee.
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET

My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
 Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.^o

JULIET

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
 The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I o'erperch^o these walls;
 For stony limits cannot hold love out,
 And what love can do, that dares love attempt.
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
 Than twenty of their swords! Look thou but sweet,
 And I am proof^o against their enmity.

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
 And but^o thou love me, let them find me here.
 My life were better ended by their hate
 Than death proroguèd,^o wanting of thy love.

JULIET

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO

By Love, that first did prompt me to inquire.
 He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
 I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,
 I should adventure^o for such merchandise.

JULIET

40 Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face;
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
 For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
 Fain would I dwell on form—fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!^o
 45 Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay";
 And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries,
 They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
 Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly won,
 50 I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,^o
 And therefore thou mayst think my havior^o light;
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.^o
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 55 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love passion. Therefore pardon me,
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discoverèd.^o

ROMEO

60 Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I vow,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

JULIET

O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
 That monthly changes in her circle orb,
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

65 JULIET Do not swear at all;
 Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love—

JULIET

70 Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract tonight.
 It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
 Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night!
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flow'r when next we meet.
 Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

75 ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO

Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love? 130

39 **though not** even if you were not 46 **owes** owns 61
dislike displeases 66 **o'erperch** fly over 73 **proof** protected
 76 **but** if only 78 **proroguèd** deferred

84 **adventure** risk the journey 89 **compliment** formal
 courtesy 98 **fond** (1) affectionate (2) foolishly tender 99
havior behavior 101 **strange** aloof 106 **discoverèd** revealed

JULIET
But to be frank^o and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty^o is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!
[NURSE calls within.]
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.]
ROMEO
O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.
[Enter JULIET again.]
JULIET
Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent^o of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
[NURSE Within.] Madam!
JULIET
I come anon.—But if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee—
[NURSE Within.]
Madam!
JULIET By and by^o I come.—
To cease thy strife^o and leave me to my grief.
Tomorrow will I send.
ROMEO So thrive my soul—
JULIET
A thousand times good night! [Exit.] 155
ROMEO
A thousand times the worse, to want thy light!
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their
books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
Enter JULIET again.
JULIET
Hist! Romeo, hist! O for a falc'ner's voice
To lure this tassel gentle^o back again!
Bondage is hoarse^o and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of "My Romeo!"
ROMEO
It is my soul that calls upon my name.
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending^o ears!
JULIET
Romeo!
ROMEO My sweet?

JULIET What o'clock tomorrow
Shall I send to thee?
ROMEO By the hour of nine.
JULIET
I will not fail. 'Tis twenty years till then. 170
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
ROMEO
Let me stand here till thou remember it.
JULIET
I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
ROMEO
And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget, 175
Forgetting any other home but this.
JULIET
'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone—
And yet no farther than a wanton's^o bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,^o 180
And with a silken thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
ROMEO
I would I were thy bird.
JULIET Sweet, so would I.
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow 185
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.^o [Exit.]
ROMEO
Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!^o
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's^o close cell,
His help to crave and my dear hap^o to tell. Exit. 190

[Scene III. Friar Lawrence's cell.]

Enter FRIAR [Lawrence] alone, with a basket.

FRIAR
The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And fleckèd^o darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's burning wheels.^o 5
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must upfill this osier cage^o of ours
With baleful^o weeds and precious-juicèd flowers. 160
The earth that's Nature's mother is her tomb.
What is her burying grave, that is her womb; 10
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.

178 wanton's capricious child's 180 gyves fetters 186 morrow morning 188 rest the four lines that follow in the quarto are here deleted because they are virtually identical with the first four lines of the next scene (see A Note on the Text, p. 486); apparently Shakespeare wrote them and then decided to use them at the start of the next scene but forgot to delete their first occurrence 189 ghostly friar's spiritual father's (i.e., confessor's) 190 dear hap good fortune II.iii.3 fleckèd spotted 4 Titan's burning wheels wheels of the sun's chariot 7 osier cage willow basket 8 baleful (1) evil (2) poisonous

131 frank generous 133 bounty capacity for giving 143 bent aim 152 By and by at once 153 strife efforts 160 tassel gentle tercel gentle, male falcon 161 Bondage is hoarse being surrounded by "protectors," I cannot cry loudly 167 attending attentive

O, mickle° is the powerful grace that lies
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities;
 For naught so vile that on the earth doth live
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good but, strained° from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth,° stumbling on abuse.
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
 And vice sometime by action dignified.°

Enter ROMEO.°

Within the infant rind° of this weak flower
 Poison hath residence and medicine° power;
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;°
 Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposèd kings encamp them still°
 In man as well as herbs—grace and rude will;
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker° death eats up that plant.

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR

Benedicite!°

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
 Young son, it argues a distemperèd head°
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuffed° brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
 Thou art uproused with some distemp'rature;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

ROMEO

That last is true. The sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR

God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO

With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No.
 I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

FRIAR

That's my good son! But where hast thou been then?

ROMEO

I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
 I have been feasting with mine enemy,
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me
 That's by me wounded. Both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic° lies.
 I bear no hatred, blessèd man, for, lo,
 My intercession° likewise steads° my foe.

FRIAR

Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.°
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.°

15 mickle much 19 strained diverted 20 Revolts . . .
 birth falls away from its real purpose 22 dignified made
 worthy 22 s.d. Enter Romeo the entry of Romeo at this
 point, unseen by the Friar, emphasizes the appropriateness
 of the remaining eight lines of the Friar's speech, not only to
 the flower but to Romeo 23 infant rind tender bark, skin
 24 medicine medicinal 25 For . . . part being smelled,
 this flower stimulates every part of the body 27 still always
 30 canker cankerworm, larva that feeds on leaves 31
 Benedicite Bless you! 33 distemperèd head troubled mind
 37 unstuffed untroubled 52 physic medicine 54 inter-
 cession entreaty; steads helps 55 homely . . . drift plain
 in your talk 56 shrift absolution

15

ROMEO

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet;
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
 And all combined,° save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage. When and where and how
 We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us today.

60

FRIAR

Holy Saint Francis! What a change is here!
 Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
 Jesu Maria! What a deal of brine
 Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
 How much salt water thrown away in waste
 To season° love, that of it doth not taste!
 The sun not yet thy signs from heaven clears,
 Thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears.
 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
 Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.
 If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
 And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence then:
 Women may fall° when there's no strength° in men.

65

70

75

80

ROMEO

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

And bad'st me bury love.

FRIAR

Not in a grave

To lay one in, another out to have.

ROMEO

I pray thee chide me not. Her I love now
 Doth grace° for grace and love for love allow.
 The other did not so.

85

FRIAR

O, she knew well

Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell.°
 But come, young waverer, come go with me.
 In one respect° I'll thy assistant be;
 For this alliance may so happy prove
 To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

90

50

ROMEO

O, let us hence! I stand on° sudden haste.

FRIAR

Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast. *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV. A street.]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

MERCUTIO

Where the devil should this Romeo be?
 Came he not home tonight?

BENVOLIO

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

60 combined (1) brought into unity (2) settled 72 season (1)
 preserve (2) flavor 80 may fall may be expected to be fickle;
 strength constancy 86 grace favor 88 did . . . spell said
 words without understanding them 90 In one respect with
 respect to one particular 93 stand on insist on

MERCUTIO

Why, that same pale hardhearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so that he will sure run mad. 5

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO Any man that can write may answer a 10
letter.BENVOLIO Nay, he will answer the letter's master,
how he dares, being dared.MERCUTIO Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead:
stabbed with a white wench's black eye; run through 15
the ear with a love song; the very pin° of his heart cleft
with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft;° and is he a man
to encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO More than Prince of Cats.° O, he's the 20
courageous captain of compliments.° He fights as you
sing pricksong°—keeps time, distance, and proportion;
he rests his minim rests,° one, two, and the third in
your bosom! The very butcher of a silk button,° a
duelist, a duelist! A gentleman of the very first house,° 25
of the first and second cause.° Ah, the immortal
passado!° The punto reverso!° The hay!°

BENVOLIO The what?

MERCUTIO The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting
fantasticoes°—these new tuners of accent! “By Jesu, 30
a very good blade! A very tall° man! A very good
whore!” Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsir,
that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies,
these fashionmongers, these pardon-me's,° who stand
so much on the new form° that they cannot sit at ease 35
on the old bench? O, their bones,° their bones!

Enter ROMEO.

BENVOLIO Here comes Romeo! Here comes Romeo!

MERCUTIO Without his roe,° like a dried herring. O
flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the
numbers° that Petrarch flowed in. Laura,° to his 40
lady, was a kitchen wench (marry, she had a better
love to berhyme her), Dido° a dowdy,° Cleopatra a
gypsy,° Helen and Hero° hildings° and harlots, Thisbe°

II.iv.16 pin center (of a target) 17 blind bow-boy's butt-shaft Cupid's blunt arrow 20 Prince of Cats Tybalt's name, or some variant of it, was given to the cat in medieval stories of Reynard the Fox 21 compliments formal courtesies 22 sing pricksong (1) sing from a text (2) sing with attention to accuracy 23 he . . . rests he scrupulously observes every formality (literally, “he observes even the shortest rests in the notation”) 24 button on his opponent's shirt 25 first house first rank 26 first . . . cause dueling terms, meaning formal grounds for taking offense and giving a challenge 27 pasado lunge; punto reverso backhanded stroke; hay home thrust (Italian *hai*) 30 fantasticoes fops 31 tall brave 34 pardon-me's persons who affect foreign phrases (cf. Italian *perdona mi*) 35 form (1) fashion (2) bench 36 bones pun on French *bon* 38 Without his roe (1) emaciated like a fish that has spawned or (2) stripped of “Ro,” leaving only “me-o” (a sigh) 40 numbers verses; Laura Petrarch's beloved 42 Dido Queen of Carthage, enamored of Aeneas; dowdy a drab woman 43 gypsy a deceitful woman (gypsies were commonly believed to be Egyptians); Helen and Hero beloved respectively of Paris and Leander; hildings good-for-nothings; Thisbe beloved of Pyramus in a story analogous to that of Romeo and Juliet

a gray eye° or so, but not to the purpose. Signior
Romeo, bonjour! There's a French salutation to your
French slop.° You gave us the counterfeit fairly last
night. 45

ROMEO Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit
did I give you?MERCUTIO The slip,° sir, the slip. Can you not con- 50
ceive?ROMEO Pardon, good Mercutio. My business was
great, and in such a case as mine a man may strain
courtesy.MERCUTIO That's as much as to say, such a case° as 55
yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROMEO Meaning, to curtsy.

MERCUTIO Thou hast most kindly hit° it.

ROMEO A most courteous exposition.

MERCUTIO Nay, I am the very pink° of courtesy. 60

ROMEO Pink for flower.

MERCUTIO Right.

ROMEO Why, then is my pump° well-flowered.°

MERCUTIO Sure wit, follow me this jest now till thou
hast worn out thy pump, that, when the single sole 65
of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing,
solely singular.°ROMEO O single-soled jest, solely singular for the
singleness!MERCUTIO Come between us, good Benvolio! My 70
wits faint.ROMEO Swits° and spurs, swits and spurs; or I'll cry
a match.°MERCUTIO Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose
chase,° I am done; for thou hast more of the wild 75
goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my
whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?°ROMEO Thou wast never with me for anything when
thou wast not there for the goose.°

MERCUTIO I will bite thee by the ear for that jest. 80

ROMEO Nay, good goose, bite not!°

MERCUTIO Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;° it is a
most sharp sauce.ROMEO And is it not, then, well served in to a sweet
goose?° 85MERCUTIO O, here's a wit of cheveril,° that stretches
from an inch narrow to an ell broad!°ROMEO I stretch it out for that word “broad,” which,
added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad°
goose. 90

MERCUTIO Why, is not this better now than groaning

44 gray eye gleam in the eye 46 slop loose breeches 50 slip (1) escape (2) counterfeit coin 55 case (1) situation (2) physical condition 58 most kindly hit most politely interpreted 60 pink perfection; but Romeo proceeds to exploit two other meanings: (1) flower (2) punches in an ornamental design 63 pump shoe; well-flowered ornamented with pinking (with pun on *floored*) 67 solely singular (1) single-soled (i.e., weak) (2) uniquely remarkable (literally, “uniquely unique”) 72 Swits switches 72–73 cry a match claim a victory 74–75 wild-goose chase cross-country game of “follow the leader” on horseback 77 goose end of the chase (i.e., end of the punning match) 79 goose prostitute 81 good . . . not proverbial for “Spare me!” 82 bitter sweeting tart kind of apple 84–85 sweet goose tender goose (here probably referring to Mercutio; but the expression “Sour sauce for sweet meat” was proverbial) 86 cheveril kid leather, easily stretched 87 ell broad forty-five inches wide 89 broad indecent (?)

for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature. For this driveling love is like a great natural^o that runs lolling^o up and down to hide his 95 bauble^o in a hole.

BENVOLIO Stop there, stop there!

MERCUTIO Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.^o

BENVOLIO Thou wouldst else have made thy tale 100 large.^o

MERCUTIO O, thou art deceived! I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument^o no longer. 105

ROMEO Here's goodly gear!^o

Enter NURSE and her man [PETER].

A sail, a sail!

MERCUTIO Two, two! A shirt and a smock.^o

NURSE Peter!

PETER Anon. 110

NURSE My fan, Peter.

MERCUTIO Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

NURSE God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO God ye good-den,^o fair gentlewoman. 115

NURSE Is it good-den?

MERCUTIO 'Tis no less, I tell ye; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick^o of noon.

NURSE Out upon you! What a man are you!

ROMEO One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, 120 himself to mar.

NURSE By my troth, it is well said. "For himself to mar," quoth 'a?^o Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

ROMEO I can tell you; but young Romeo will be 125 older when you have found him than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.^o

NURSE You say well.

MERCUTIO Yea, is the worst well? Very well took,^o 130 i' faith! Wisely, wisely.

NURSE If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence^o with you.

BENVOLIO She will endite^o him to some supper.

MERCUTIO A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!^o 135

ROMEO What hast thou found?

MERCUTIO No hare,^o sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie,^o that is something stale and hoar^o ere it be spent.

[He walks by them and sings.]

An old hare hoar, 140
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent;
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score
When it hoars ere it be spent. 145

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

ROMEO I will follow you.

MERCUTIO Farewell, ancient lady. Farewell, *[singing]* 150
"Lady, lady, lady."^o *Exeunt [MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO].*

NURSE I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?^o

ROMEO A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month. 155

NURSE And 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, and 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills;^o I am none of his skainsmates.^o And thou must stand by too, and 160 suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!

PETER I saw no man use you at his pleasure. If I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side. 165

NURSE Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word; and, as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out. What she bid me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead 170 her in a fool's paradise,^o as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be off' red to any gentlewoman, and very weak^o dealing. 175

ROMEO Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

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

ROMEO What wilt thou tell her, nurse? Thou dost not 180 mark me.

NURSE I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

ROMEO

Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon; 185
And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

NURSE No, truly, sir; not a penny.

ROMEO Go to! I say you shall.

NURSE This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there. 190

ROMEO

And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall.
Within this hour my man shall be with thee
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,^o

95 natural idiot; lolling with tongue hanging out 96 bauble trinket (with ribald innuendo) 99 against the hair against my inclination 101 large indecent 104 occupy the argument discuss the matter 106 gear stuff 108 shirt . . . smock a man and a woman 115 good-den good evening (i.e., afternoon) 118 prick point on the dial of a clock (with bawdy innuendo) 123 quoth 'a indeed (literally, "said he") 127-28 for . . . worse mock-modestly parodying "for want of a better" 130 took understood 132 confidence conference (possibly a malapropism) 134 endite invite (Benvolio's intentional malapropism?) 135 So ho cry on sighting a quarry 137 hare prostitute 138 lenten pie rabbit pie (eaten sparingly and hence stale); hoar grayhaired, moldy (wordplay on hare and whore)

150 Lady, lady, lady ballad refrain from "Chaste Susanna" 152 ropery rascally talk 159 flirt-gills flirting wenches 160 skainsmates harlots (?) daggers' mates (i.e., outlaws' mates) 171 fool's paradise seduction 175 weak unmanly, unscrupulous 193 tackled stair rope ladder

Which to the high topgallant° of my joy
Must be my convoy° in the secret night.
Farewell. Be trusty, and I'll quit° thy pains.
Farewell. Commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE

Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

ROMEO

What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

NURSE

Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

ROMEO

Warrant thee my man's as true as steel.

NURSE Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady.

Lord, Lord! When 'twas a little prating thing—O,
there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain 205
lay knife aboard;° but she, good soul, had as lieve° see
a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes,
and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but I'll
warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any
clout° in the versal world.° Doth not rosemary and 210
Romeo begin both with a letter?

ROMEO Ay, nurse; what of that? Both with an R.

NURSE Ah, mocker! That's the dog's name.° R is for
the—no; I know it begins with some other letter; and
she hath the prettiest sententious° of it, of you and 215
rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

ROMEO Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE Ay, a thousand times. [Exit ROMEO.] Peter!

PETER Anon.

NURSE Before, and apace. Exit [after PETER]. 220

[Scene V. Capulet's orchard.]

Enter JULIET.

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.

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

O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams 5
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills.

Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves° draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve 10
Is three long hours; yet she is not come.

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her° to my sweet love,
And his to me. 15

But old folks, many feign as they were dead°—
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE [and PETER].

194 topgallant summit (mast above the topmast) 195
convoy conveyance 196 quit reward 206 lay knife aboard
take a slice; had as lieve would rather 210 clout cloth;
versal world universe 213 dog's name the R sound suggests
a dog's growl 215 sententious sentences, pithy sayings

II.v.7 nimble-pinioned doves swift-winged doves (sacred to
Venus) 14 bandy her speed her 16 old . . . dead many old
people move about as if they were almost dead

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?

195 Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE

Peter, stay at the gate.

[Exit PETER.] 20

JULIET

Now, good sweet nurse—O Lord, why lookest thou
sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news

200 By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE

I am aweary, give me leave awhile. 25

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce° have I!

JULIET

I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee speak. Good, good nurse,
speak.

NURSE

Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay° awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath? 30

JULIET

How art thou out of breath when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that. 35

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.°

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

NURSE Well, you have made a simple° choice; you

know not how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not

he. Though his face be better than any man's, yet 40

his leg excels all men's; and for a hand and a foot,

and a body, though they be not to be talked on,

yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of

courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.

Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you 45

dined at home?

JULIET

No, no. But all this did I know before.

What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. 50

My back a° t' other side—ah, my back, my back!

Beshrew° your heart for sending me about

To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

10

JULIET

I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my
love? 55

NURSE Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and

a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I

warrant, a virtuous—where is your mother?

JULIET

Where is my mother? Why, she is within.

Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest! 60

“Your love says, like an honest gentleman,

“Where is your mother?” ”

NURSE

O God's Lady dear!

26 jaunce jaunt, fatiguing walk 29 stay wait 36 stay the
circumstance wait for the details 38 simple foolish 51 a on
52 Beshrew curse (in the sense of “shame on”)

Are you so hot?° Marry come up, I trow.°
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET
Here's such a coil!° Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE
Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET
I have.

NURSE
Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks:
They'll be in scarlet straight° at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

JULIET
Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell. *Exeunt.*

[Scene VI. Friar Lawrence's cell.]

Enter FRIAR [Lawrence] and ROMEO.

FRIAR
So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That afterhours with sorrow chide us not!

ROMEO
Amen, amen! But come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail° the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare—
It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRIAR
These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds° the appetite.
Therefore love moderately: long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.°
A lover may bestride the gossamers°
That idles in the wanton° summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.°

JULIET
Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR
Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

63 hot angry; Marry . . . trow Indeed, come now, by the Virgin 66 coil disturbance 72 straight straightway II.vi.4 countervail equal 13 confounds destroys 17 Will . . . flint Juliet's feet are lighter than waterdrops, which are proverbially said to wear away stones 18 gossamers spiders' webs 19 wanton capricious 20 vanity a transitory thing (an earthly lover and his love)

JULIET
As much to him,° else is his thanks too much.

65 ROMEO
Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more 25
To blazon it,° then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JULIET
Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, 30
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament.°
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

FRIAR
Come, come with me, and we will make short work; 35
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

[A C T I I I]

[Scene I. A public place.]

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and MEN.

BENVOLIO
I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire.
The day is hot, the Capels are abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl,
5 For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MERCUTIO Thou art like one of these fellows that, 5
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his
sword upon the table and says, "God send me no
need of thee!" and by the operation of the second cup
draws him on the drawer,° when indeed there is no
10 need. 10

BENVOLIO Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody,°
and as soon moody to be moved.°

15 BENVOLIO And what to? 15

MERCUTIO Nay, and there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.
Thou! Why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath
a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast.
Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, 20
having no other reason but because thou hast hazel
eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy out such
a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is
full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as
addle as an egg for quarreling. Thou hast quarreled 25
with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath
wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun.

23 As . . . him the same greeting to Romeo 25-26 thy . . .
it you are better able to, set it forth 30-31 Conceit . . .
ornament True understanding is its own proud manifestation
and does not need words

III.i.9 draws . . . drawer draws his sword on the waiter 13
moody angry 14 moody . . . moved quick-tempered

Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet° before Easter? With another for tying his new shoes with old riband?° And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling!

BENVOLIO And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple° of my life for an hour and a quarter.°

MERCUTIO The fee simple? O simple!° 35

Enter TYBALT, PETRUCHIO,° and others.

BENVOLIO By my head, here comes the Capulets.

MERCUTIO By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, good-den.° A word with one of you.

MERCUTIO And but one word with one of us? 40

Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

TYBALT You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, and you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO Could you not take some occasion without giving? 45

TYBALT Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

MERCUTIO Consort?° What, dost thou make us minstrels? And thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick;° here's that shall make you dance. Zounds,° consort! 50

BENVOLIO We talk here in the public haunt of men.
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.

MERCUTIO Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze. 55
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

TYBALT Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.°

MERCUTIO But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.°
Marry, go before to field,° he'll be your follower!
Your worship in that sense may call him man. 60

TYBALT Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: thou art a villain.°

ROMEO Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining° rage
To such a greeting. Villain am I none. 65
Therefore farewell. I see thou knowest me not.

TYBALT Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

29 doublet jacket 30 riband ribbon 33 fee simple absolute possession 33-34 for . . . quarter i.e., the life expectancy of one with Mercutio's penchant for quarreling 35 O simple O stupid 35 s.d. Petruchio in I.v he is one of Capulet's guests, but has no lines 39 good-den good evening (i.e., afternoon) 47 Consort (1) to keep company with (2) company of musicians 49 fiddlestick sword 50 Zounds by God's wounds 57 man Mercutio takes this to mean "manservant" 58 livery servant's uniform 59 field dueling field 62 villain low fellow 64 appertaining appropriate

ROMEO

I do protest I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise° 70
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love;
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender°
As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata° carries it away. 75

[*Draws.*]

Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?°

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives. That I mean to make bold withal,° and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat° the rest of 80 the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher° by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

TYBALT I am for you.

[*Draws.*]

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up. 85

MERCUTIO Come, sir, your passado!°

[*They fight.*]

ROMEO

Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame! Forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying° in Verona streets. 90
Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

[*TYBALT under Romeo's arm thrusts
MERCUTIO in, and flies.*]

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.

A plague a° both houses! I am sped.°
Is he gone and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough. 95
Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[*Exit PAGE.*]

ROMEO

Courage, man. The hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave° 100 man. I am peppered,° I warrant, for this world. A plague a both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!° Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm. 105

70 devise imagine 72 tender value 75 Alla stoccata a term in fencing ("at the thrust") which Mercutio uses contemptuously as a nickname for Tybalt 76 walk step aside 79 make bold withal make bold with; take 80 dry-beat thrash 82 pilcher scabbard 86 passado lunge 90 bandying brawling 92 a on; sped wounded 99 grave (1) extremely serious (2) ready for the grave 100 am peppered have been given a deathblow 103 by . . . arithmetic by formal rules

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague a both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me. I have it,^o
And soundly too. Your houses!

110

Exit [MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO].

ROMEO

This gentleman, the prince's near ally,^o
My very^o friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf—my reputation stained
With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin. O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soft'ned valor's steel!^o

Enter BENVOLIO.

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired^o the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

120

ROMEO

This day's black fate on moe^o days doth depend;^o
This but begins the woe others must end.

[Enter TYBALT.]

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

Alive in triumph, and Mercutio slain?
Away to heaven respective lenity,^o
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct^o now!
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company.
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

125

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

This shall determine that.

They fight. TYBALT falls.

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed. The prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

135

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool!^o

BENVOLIO

Why dost thou stay?

*Exit ROMEO.**Enter CITIZENS.*

CITIZEN

Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

140

BENVOLIO

There lies that Tybalt.

CITIZEN

Up, sir, go with me.

I charge thee in the prince's name obey.

*Enter PRINCE, old MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their
WIVES, and all.*

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO

O noble prince, I can discover^o all
The unlucky manage^o of this fatal brawl.
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

145

115

LADY CAPULET

Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince! O cousin! Husband! O, the blood is spilled
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!

150

PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

120

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice^o the quarrel was, and urged^o withal
Your high displeasure. All this—utterèd
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen^o
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts^o
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! Friends, part!" and swifter than his
tongue,

155

160

165

130

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious^o thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained^o revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

170

175

LADY CAPULET

He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give.
Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.

180

PRINCE

Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio.

Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

185

CAPULET

Not Romeo, prince; he was Mercutio's friend;

144 discover reveal 145 manage course 156 nice trivial;
urged mentioned 159 spleen ill nature 160 tilts thrusts 170
envious full of enmity 173 entertained contemplated

109 I have it I have received my deathblow 111 ally relative
112 very true 117 in . . . steel softened the valorous part
of my character 119 aspired climbed to 121 moe more;
depend hang over 125 respective lenity discriminating
mercifulness 126 conduct guide 138 fool plaything, dupe

His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

PRINCE And for that offense
Immediately we do exile him hence.
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood^o for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I'll amerce^o you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will.^o
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
Exit [with others].

[Scene II. Capulet's orchard.]

Enter JULIET alone.

JULIET
Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,^o
Towards Phoebus' lodging!^o Such a wagoner
As Phaëthon^o would whip you to the west
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways^o eyes may wink,^o and Romeo
Leap to these arms untalked of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites,
And by their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood^o my unmanned^o blood, bating^o in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle till strange^o love grow bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in
night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-browed
night;
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possessed it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter NURSE, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there, the
cords

190 That Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE Ay, ay, the cords. 35

JULIET

Ay me! What news? Why dost thou wring thy
hands?

195 NURSE

Ah, weraday!^o He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day! He's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE

Romeo can, 40
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

JULIET

What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roared in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but "Ay," 45

And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.^o

I am not I, if there be such an "Ay,"^o

5 Or those eyes' shot^o that makes thee answer "Ay."

If he be slain, say "Ay"; or if not, "No." 50

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

NURSE

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
(God save the mark!^o) here on his manly breast.

10 A piteous corse,^o a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,

All in gore-blood. I sounded^o at the sight. 55

JULIET

O, break, my heart! Poor bankrout,^o break at once!

To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth,^o to earth resign;^o end motion here,

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 60

NURSE

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

O courteous Tybalt! Honest gentleman!

20 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JULIET

What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaught' red, and is Tybalt dead? 65

My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?

25 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!^o

For who is living, if those two are gone?

NURSE

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishèd;

Romeo that killed him, he is banishèd. 70

30 JULIET

O God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

NURSE

It did, it did! Alas the day, it did!

191 My blood Mercutio was the Prince's relative 192 amerce
punish by fine 198 attend our will respect my decision
III.ii.1 fiery-footed steeds horses of the sun god, Phoebus
2 Towards Phoebus' lodging beneath the horizon 3
Phaëthon Phoebus' son, who mismanaged the horses and
let them run away 6 runaways' of the horses (?); wink shut
14 Hood cover with a hood, as in falconry; unmanned (1)
untamed (2) unmated; bating fluttering 15 strange unfamiliar

37 weraday welladay, alas 47 cockatrice basilisk (a serpent
fabled to have a killing glance) 48 Ay (1) I (2) eye 49 eyes'
shot the Nurse's glance 53 God . . . mark God avert the
bad omen 54 corse corpse 56 sounded swooned 57
bankrout bankrupt 59 Vile earth referring to her own
body; resign return 67 dreadful . . . doom sound the
trumpet of doomsday

JULIET

O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
 Beautiful tyrant! Fiend angelical!
 Dove-feathered raven! Wolvish-ravens lamb!
 Despisèd substance of divinest show!
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st—
 A damnèd saint, an honorable villain!
 O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
 Was ever book containing such vile matter
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE

There's no trust,
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
 Ah, where's my man? Give me some aqua vitae.^o
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
 Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET

Blistered be thy tongue
 For such a wish! He was not born to shame.
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
 For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

NURSE

Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

JULIET

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
 name
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
 But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
 That villain cousin would have killed my husband.
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!
 Your tributary^o drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
 All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
 Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
 That murd'ered me. I would forget it fain;
 But O, it presses to my memory
 Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds!
 "Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banishèd."
 That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd,"
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there;
 Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
 And needly will be ranked with^o other griefs,
 Why followed not, when she said "Tybalt's dead,"
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern^o lamentation might have moved?
 But with a rearward^o following Tybalt's death,
 "Romeo is banishèd"—to speak that word
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banishèd"—
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
 Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

NURSE

75 Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JULIET

Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent, 130
 When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 80 Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguiled,
 Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.
 He made you for a highway to my bed;
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowèd. 135
 Come, cords; come, nurse. I'll to my wedding bed;
 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE

Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo
 To comfort you. I wot^o well where he is.
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night. 140
 I'll to him; he is hid at Lawrence's cell.

JULIET

90 O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight
 And bid him come to take his last farewell.
Exit [with NURSE].

95

[Scene III. Friar Lawrence's cell.]

Enter FRIAR [Lawrence].

FRIAR

Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful^o man.
 Affliction is enamored of thy parts,^o
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

100

[Enter ROMEO.]

ROMEO

Father, what news? What is the prince's doom?^o
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand 5
 That I yet know not?

105

FRIAR

Too familiar
 Is my dear son with such sour company.
 I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

ROMEO

What less than doomsday^o is the prince's doom?

110

FRIAR

A gentler judgment vanished^o from his lips— 10
 Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO

115

Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say "death";
 For exile hath more terror in his look,
 Much more than death. Do not say "banishment."

FRIAR

Here from Verona art thou banishèd. 15
 Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

120

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls,
 But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
 Hence banishèd is banished from the world,
 And world's exile is death. Then "banishèd" 20
 Is death misnamed. Calling death "banishèd,"

125

139 wot know

88 aqua vitae spirits 103 tributary contributed 117 needly
 . . . with must be accompanied by 120 modern ordinary
 21 rearward rear guard

III.iii.1 fearful frightened 2 Affliction . . . parts affliction
 is in love with your attractive qualities 4 doom final decision
 9 doomsday my death 10 vanished escaped

Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rushed[°] aside the law,
And turned that black word "death" to "banishment."
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

ROMEO

'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not. More validity,[°]
More honorable state, more courtship[°] lives
In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal[°] modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;[°]
But Romeo may not, he is banishèd.
Flies may do this but I from this must fly;
They are freemen, but I am banishèd.
And sayest thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,[°]
But "banishèd" to kill me—"banishèd"?
O friar, the damnèd use that word in hell;
Howling attends it! How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word "banishèd"?

FRIAR

Thou fond[°] mad man, hear me a little speak.

ROMEO

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR

I'll give thee armor to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banishèd.

ROMEO

Yet[°] "banishèd"? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.

FRIAR

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO

How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR

Let me dispute[°] with thee of thy estate.[°]

ROMEO

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murderèd,
Doting like me, and like me banishèd,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy
hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure[°] of an unmade grave.

70

Enter NURSE and knock.

FRIAR

Arise, one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO

Not I; unless the breath of heartsick groans
Mistlike infold me from the search of eyes.

30

[*Knock.*]

FRIAR

Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile!—Stand up;

75

35

[*Knock.*]

Run to my study.—By and by![°]—God's will,
What simpleness[°] is this.—I come, I come!

Knock.

40

Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's
your will?

Enter NURSE.

NURSE

Let me come in, and you shall know my errand.
I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR

Welcome then.

80

NURSE

O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

50

FRIAR

There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

NURSE

O, he is even in my mistress' case,[°]
Just in her case! O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubb'ring.
Stand up, stand up! Stand, and you be a man.
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand!
Why should you fall into so deep an O?[°]

85

55

90

ROMEO [*Rises.*] Nurse—

NURSE

Ah sir, ah sir! Death's the end of all.

60

ROMEO

Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Doth not she think me an old murderer,
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? And how doth she! And what says
My concealed lady to our canceled[°] love?

95

NURSE

O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

100

65

ROMEO

As if that name,

70 **Taking the measure** measuring by my outstretched body
76 **By and by** in a moment (said to the person knocking) 77
simpleness silly behavior (Romeo refuses to rise) 84 **case**
with bawdy innuendo complementing "stand," "rise," etc., in
lines 85–90; but the Nurse is unaware of this possible inter-
pretation 90 **so . . . O** such a fit of moaning 98 **canceled**
invalidated

26 **rushed** pushed 33 **validity** value 34 **courtship** oppor-
tunity for courting 38 **vestal** virgin 39 **their . . . sin** sin,
when they touch each other 45 **mean . . . mean** method
. . . lowly 52 **fond** foolish 57 **Yet** still 63 **dispute** discuss;
estate situation

Shot from the deadly level° of a gun,
 Did murder her; as that name's cursèd hand
 Murdered her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me, 105
 In what vile part of this anatomy
 Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack°
 The hateful mansion.

[*He offers to stab himself, and NURSE snatches the dagger away.*]

FRIAR Hold thy desperate hand.
 Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art;
 Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote 110
 The unreasonable° fury of a beast.
 Unseemly° woman in a seeming man!
 And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
 Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better tempered. 115
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?
 And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
 By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?
 Why railest thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
 Since birth and heaven and earth,° all three do meet 120
 In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.°
 Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit,°
 Which,° like a usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed
 Which should bedeck° thy shape, thy love, thy wit. 125
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valor of a man;°
 Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish;
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, 130
 Misshapen in the conduct° of them both,
 Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,°
 Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismemb' red with thine own defense.°
 What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive, 135
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead.°
 There art thou happy.° Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slewest Tybalt. There art thou happy.
 The law, that threat'ned death, becomes thy friend
 And turns it to exile. There art thou happy.
 A pack of blessings light upon thy back;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;
 But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
 Thou puts up thy fortune and thy love.
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. 145
 Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her.
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
 Where thou shalt live till we can find a time 150
 To blaze° your marriage, reconcile your friends,

103 level aim 107 sack plunder 111 unreasonable irrational
 112 Unseemly indecorous 113 ill-beseeming . . . both
 inappropriate even to a beast in being both man and woman
 120 birth . . . earth family origin, soul, and body 121 lose
 abandon 122 wit intellect 123 Which who 125 bedeck
 do honor to 127 valor . . . man his manly qualities 131
 conduct management 132 flask powder flask 134 dis-
 memb' red . . . defense your intellect, properly the defender
 of shape and love, is set off independently and destroys all 136
 dead declaring yourself dead 137 happy fortunate 151 blaze
 announce publicly

Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse. Commend me to thy lady, 155
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
 Romeo is coming.

NURSE

O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night
 To hear good counsel. O, what learning is! 160
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROMEO

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

[*NURSE offers to go in and turns again.*]

NURSE

Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [Exit.] 165

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this! 165

FRIAR

Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:°
 Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguised from hence.
 Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time 170
 Every good hap to you that chances here.
 Give me thy hand. 'Tis late. Farewell; good night.

ROMEO

But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief so brief to part with thee.
 Farewell. Exeunt. 175

[Scene IV. A room in Capulet's house.]

135 Enter old CAPULET, his wife [LADY CAPULET], and
 PARIS.

CAPULET

Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily
 That we have had no time to move° our daughter.
 Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
 And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
 'Tis very late; she'll not come down tonight. 5
 I promise° you, but for your company,
 I would have been abed an hour ago.

PARIS

These times of woe afford no times to woo.
 Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter.

LADY [CAPULET]

I will, and know her mind early tomorrow; 10
 Tonight she's mewed up to her heaviness.°

CAPULET

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender°
 Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled
 In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed; 15
 Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love

166 here . . . state this is your situation

III.iv.2 move discuss the matter with 6 promise assure 11
 mewed . . . heaviness shut up with her grief 12 make . . .
 tender risk an offer

And bid her (mark you me?) on Wednesday next—
But soft! What day is this?

PARIS Monday, my lord.

CAPULET

Monday! Ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon.
A° Thursday let it be—a Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado—a friend or two;
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS

My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET

Well, get you gone. A Thursday be it then.
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed;
Prepare her, wife, against° this wedding day.
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me,° it is so very late
That we may call it early by and by.°
Good night. *Exeunt.*

[Scene V. Capulet's orchard.]

Enter ROMEO and JULIET aloft.

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful° hollow of thine ear.
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn;
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountaintops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET

Yond light is not daylight; I know it, I.
It is some meteor that the sun exhales°
To be to thee this night a torchbearer
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death.
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;°
Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? Let's talk; it is not day.

JULIET

It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;°
This doth not so, for she divideth us.
Some say the lark and loathèd toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had changed voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,°
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up° to the day.
O, now be gone! More light and light it grows.

ROMEO

More light and light—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE Madam!

JULIET Nurse?

30

NURSE

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.
The day is broke; be wary, look about. *[Exit.]*

JULIET

Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

35

ROMEO

Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend.

[He goeth down.]

JULIET

Art thou gone so, love-lord, ay husband-friend?°
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days.
O, for this count I shall be much in years°
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

ROMEO

Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

5

JULIET

O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO

I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our times to come.

10

JULIET

O God, I have an ill-divining° soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.
Either my eyesight fails, or thou lookest pale.

55

ROMEO

And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.
Dry° sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! *Exit.*

15

JULIET

O Fortune, Fortune! All men call thee fickle.
If thou art fickle, what dost thou° with him
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, Fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long
But send him back.

20

Enter mother [LADY CAPULET].

29 division melody (i.e., a division of notes) 33 affray
frighten 34 hunt's-up morning song (for hunters) 43
husband-friend husband-lover 46 much in years much
older 54 ill-divining foreseeing evil 59 Dry thirsty (as grief
was thought to be) 61 what dost thou what business have
you

20 A on 32 against in preparation for 34 Afore me indeed
(a light oath) 35 by and by soon

III.v.3 fearful fearing 13 exhales gives out 20 reflex . . .
brow reflection of the edge of the moon

LADY CAPULET

Ho, daughter! Are you

JULIET

Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother.

Is she not down so late,^o or up so early?

What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.

Therefore have done. Some grief shows much of love;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.^o

LADY CAPULET

So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

JULIET

Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LADY CAPULET

Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death

As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

JULIET

What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET

That same villain Romeo.

JULIET [*Aside.*]

Villain and he be many miles asunder—

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAPULET

That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET

Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

LADY CAPULET

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,

Where that same banished runagate^o doth live,

Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;

And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

Indeed I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo till I behold him—dead^o—

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed.

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper^o it;

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors

To hear him named and cannot come to him,

To wreak^o the love I bore my cousin

Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!

LADY CAPULET

Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JULIET

65

And joy comes well in such a needy time.

What are they, beseech your ladyship?

LADY CAPULET

Well, well, thou hast a careful^o father, child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,

Hath sorted out^o a sudden day of joy

That thou expects not nor I looked not for.

110

JULIET

Madam, in happy time!^o What day is that?

LADY CAPULET

Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,

The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

115

JULIET

75

Now by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride!

I wonder at this haste, that I must wed

Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.

I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,

I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,

Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

120

LADY CAPULET

80

Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

125

Enter CAPULET and NURSE.

CAPULET

When the sun sets the earth doth drizzle dew,

But for the sunset of my brother's son

It rains downright.

85

How now? A conduit,^o girl? What, still in tears?

Evermore show'ring? In one little body

Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs,

Who, raging with thy tears and they with them,

Without a sudden^o calm will overset

Thy tempest-tossèd body. How now, wife?

Have you delivered to her our decree?

130

135

LADY CAPULET

Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.^o

I would the fool were married to her grave!

140

95

CAPULET

Soft! Take me with you,^o take me with you, wife.

How? Will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought^o

So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?

145

100

JULIET

Not proud^o you have, but thankful that you have.

Proud can I never be of what I hate,

But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

CAPULET

105

How, how, how, how, chopped-logic?^o What is this? 150

67 not . . . late so late getting to bed 75 feeling loss loss to be felt 90 runagate renegade 95 dead Lady Capulet takes this to refer to "him"; Juliet takes it to refer to "heart" 98 temper (1) mix (2) weaken 102 wreak (1) avenge (2) give expression to

108 careful solicitous 110 sorted out selected 112 in happy time most opportunely 130 conduit water pipe 137 sudden unanticipated, immediate 140 she . . . thanks she'll have none of it, thank you 142 Soft . . . you Wait! Help me to understand you 145 wrought arranged 147 proud highly pleased 150 chopped-logic chop logic, sophistry

"Proud"—and "I thank you"—and "I thank you not"—

And yet "not proud"? Mistress minion^o you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But fettle^o your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle^o thither.
Out, you greensickness^o carrion! Out, you baggage!^o
You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET Fie, fie! What, are you mad?

JULIET

Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

CAPULET

Hang thee, young baggage! Disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what—get thee to church a Thursday
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me!
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding!^o

NURSE God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate^o her so.

CAPULET

And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good Prudence. Smatter with your gossips,^o go!

NURSE

I speak no treason.

CAPULET O, God-i-god-en!^o

NURSE

May not one speak?

CAPULET Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

LADY CAPULET You are too hot.

CAPULET

God's bread!^o It makes me mad.

Day, night; hour, tide, time; work, play;

Alone, in company; still my care hath been

To have her matched; and having now provided

A gentleman of noble parentage,

Of fair demesnes,^o youthful, and nobly trained,

Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,

Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man—

And then to have a wretched puling^o fool,

A whining mammet,^o in her fortune's tender,^o

To answer "I'll not wed, I cannot love;

I am too young, I pray you pardon me!"

But, and you will not wed, I'll pardon you!^o

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.

Look to't, think on't; I do not use to jest.^o

152 minion minx 154 fettle make ready 156 hurdle sledge

on which traitors were taken to execution 157 greensickness

anemic, after the fashion of young girls; baggage strumpet

169 hilding worthless person 170 rate scold 172 Smatter

. . . gossips save your chatter for your cronies 173 God-i-

god-en God give you good even! (here equivalent to "Get on

with you!") 177 God's bread By the sacred host! 182

demesnes domains 185 puling whining 186 mammet

puppet; in . . . tender (1) on good fortune's offer (2) subject

to fortuitous circumstance (?) 189 I'll pardon you i.e., in a

way you don't expect 191 do . . . jest am not in the habit

of joking

Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:^o

And you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;

And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.

Trust to't. Bethink you. I'll not be forsworn.

Exit.

JULIET

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds

That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O sweet my mother, cast me not away!

Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or if you do not, make the bridal bed

In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET

Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Exit. 205

JULIET

O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven.^o

How shall that faith return again to earth

Unless that husband send it me from heaven

By leaving earth?^o Comfort me, counsel me.

Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!

What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE

Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banished; and all the world to nothing^o

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;

Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the county.

O, he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo's a dishclout^o to him. An eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew^o my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first; or if it did not,

Your first is dead—or 'twere as good he were

As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET

Speak'st thou from thy heart?

NURSE

And from my soul too; else beshrew them both.

JULIET Amen!

NURSE What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeased my father, to Lawrence' cell,

To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[Exit.]

JULIET

Ancient damnation!^o O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,^o

192 advise consider 207 my . . . heaven my vow is recorded
in heaven 210 By leaving earth by dying 215 all . . .
nothing the Nurse advises a safe bet 221 dishclout dishcloth
223 Beshrew curse (used in light oaths) 237 Ancient dam-
nation (1) damned old woman (2) ancient devil (note the
term "wicked fiend" immediately following) 238 forsworn
guilty of breaking a vow

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare 240
So many thousand times? Go, counselor!
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.^o
I'll to the friar to know his remedy.
If all else fail, myself have power to die. *Exit.*

[A C T I V]

[Scene I. Friar Lawrence's cell.]

Enter FRIAR [Lawrence] and County PARIS.

FRIAR
On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS
My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.^o

FRIAR
You say you do not know the lady's mind.
Uneven^o is the course; I like it not.

PARIS
Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talked of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she do give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears,
Which, too much minded^o by herself alone,^o
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR [*Aside.*]
I would I knew not why it should be slowed,—
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter JULIET.

PARIS
Happily met, my lady and my wife!

JULIET
That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PARIS
That "may be" must be, love, on Thursday next.

JULIET
What must be shall be.

FRIAR That's a certain text.

PARIS
Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET
To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS
Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET
I will confess to you that I love him.

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

242 **Thou . . . twain** You shall henceforth be separated from my trust

IV.i.3 **I . . . haste** I shall not check his haste by being slow myself 5 **Uneven** irregular 13 **minded** thought about; by herself alone when she is alone

JULIET
If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

PARIS
Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JULIET
The tears have got small victory by that, 30
For it was bad enough before their spite.^o

PARIS
Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

JULIET
That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

PARIS
Thy face is mine, and thou hast sland'ered it. 35

JULIET
It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?^o

FRIAR
My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now. 40
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.^o

PARIS
God shield^o I should disturb devotion! 5
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye.
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. *Exit.*

JULIET
O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so, 10
Come weep with me—past hope, past care, past help! 45

FRIAR
O Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue^o it,
On Thursday next be married to this county. 15

JULIET
Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest of this, 50
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise
And with this knife I'll help it presently.^o
God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands; 55
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's sealed,
Shall be the label^o to another deed,^o
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both. 60
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission^o of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honor bring. 65
Be not so long to speak. I long to die
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR
Hold, daughter. I do spy a kind of hope, 25
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent. 70

31 **before their spite** before they marred it 38 **evening mass** evening mass was still said occasionally in Shakespeare's time
40 **entreat . . . alone** ask to have this time to ourselves
41 **God shield** God forbid 48 **prorogue** delay 54 **presently** at once 57 **label** bearer of the seal; **deed** (1) act (2) legal document 64 **commission** authority

If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st° with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of any tower,
Or walk in thievish° ways, or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,
Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,°
O'ercovered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky° shanks and yellow chapless° skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud—
Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble—
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR

Hold, then. Go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.
Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not the nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilling° liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor;° for no pulse
Shall keep his native° progress, but surcease;°
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To wanny° ashes, thy eyes' windows° fall
Like death when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,°
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death;
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncovered on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, against° thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;°
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy° nor womanish fear
Abate thy valor in the acting it.

JULIET

Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

FRIAR

Hold! Get you gone, be strong and prosperous

75 cop'st negotiates 79 thievish infested with thieves 81
charnel house vault for old bones 83 reeky damp; chapless
jawless 94 distilling infusing 96 humor fluid 97 native
natural; surcease stop 100 wanny pale; windows lids 102
supple government faculty for maintaining motion 113
against before 114 drift purpose 119 inconstant toy
whim

In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

JULIET

Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford. 125
Farewell, dear father. Exit [with FRIAR].

[Scene II. Hall in Capulet's house.]

Enter father CAPULET, mother [LADY CAPULET],
NURSE, and SERVINGMEN, two or three.

CAPULET

So many guests invite as here are writ.

[Exit a SERVINGMAN.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning° cooks.

85 SERVINGMAN You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try°
if they can lick their fingers.

CAPULET

How canst thou try them so?

5

SERVINGMAN Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot
lick his own fingers.° Therefore he that cannot lick
his fingers goes not with me.

90 CAPULET Go, begone. [Exit SERVINGMAN.]

We shall be much unfurnished° for this time.

10

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

NURSE

Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET

95 Well, he may chance to do some good on her.
A peevish self-willed harlotry it is.°

Enter JULIET.

NURSE

100 See where she comes from shrift with merry look. 15

CAPULET

How now, my headstrong? Where have you been
gadding?

JULIET

105 Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoined
By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here 20
To beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!
110 Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

CAPULET

Send for the county. Go tell him of this.

I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning.

JULIET

115 I met the youthful lord at Lawrence's cell 25
And gave him what becomèd° love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAPULET

Why, I am glad on't. This is well. Stand up.

120 This is as't should be. Let me see the county.

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.

30

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,

All our whole city is much bound to him.

JULIET

Nurse, will you go with me into my closet°

IV.ii.2 cunning skillful 3 try test 6-7 cannot . . . fingers
cannot taste his own cooking 10 unfurnished unprovisioned
14 A . . . is She's a silly good-for-nothing 26 becomèd
proper 33 closet private chamber

To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET

No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

CAPULET

Go, nurse, go with her. We'll to church tomorrow.

Exeunt [JULIET and NURSE].

LADY CAPULET

We shall be short in our provision.

'Tis now near night.

CAPULET

Tush, I will stir about,

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her.

I'll not to bed tonight; let me alone.

I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!

They are all forth; well, I will walk myself

To County Paris, to prepare up him

Against^o tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

Exit [with LADY CAPULET].

[Scene III. Juliet's chamber.]

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

JULIET

Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse,

I pray thee leave me to myself tonight;

For I have need of many orisons^o

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,^o

Which, well thou knowest, is cross^o and full of sin.

Enter mother [LADY CAPULET].

LADY CAPULET

What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

JULIET

No, madam; we have culled such necessities

As are behoveful^o for our state^o tomorrow.

So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the nurse this night sit up with you;

For I am sure you have your hands full all

In this so sudden business.

LADY CAPULET

Good night.

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

Exeunt [LADY CAPULET and NURSE].

JULIET

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint^o cold fear thrills through my veins

That almost freezes up the heat of life.

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?

No, no! This shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

[Lays down a dagger.]

What if it be a poison which the friar

Subtly hath minist^ored^o to have me dead,

46 Against in anticipation of

IV.iii.3 orisons prayers 4 state condition 5 cross perverse

8 behoveful expedient; state pomp 15 faint causing faint-

ness 25 minist^ored provided

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is; and yet methinks it should not,

For he hath still^o been tried^o a holy man.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like

The horrible conceit^o of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle

Where for this many hundred years the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are packed;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,^o

Lies fest^oring in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort—

Alack, alack, is it not like that I,

So early waking—what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes^o torn out of the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—

I, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,^o

Environed with all these hideous fears,

And madly play with my forefathers' joints,

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone

As with a club dash out my desp^orate brains?

O, look! Methinks I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, I drink to thee.

[She falls upon her bed within the curtains.]

[Scene IV. Hall in Capulet's house.]

10 *Enter lady of the house [LADY CAPULET] and NURSE.*

LADY CAPULET

Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices, nurse.

NURSE

They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.^o

Enter old CAPULET.

CAPULET

15 Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crowed,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.

Look to the baked meats,^o good Angelica;^o

Spare not for cost.

NURSE

Go, you cotquean,^o go,

20 Get you to bed! Faith, you'll be sick tomorrow

For this night's watching.^o

CAPULET

No, not a whit. What, I have watched ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

29 still always; tried proved 37 conceit thought 42 green
in earth newly entombed 47 mandrakes plant with forked
root, resembling the human body (supposed to shriek when
uprooted and drive the hearer mad) 49 distraught driven mad
IV.iv.2 pastry pastrycook's room 5 baked meats meat pies;
Angelica the Nurse's name 6 cotquean man who does
woman's work 8 watching staying awake

LADY CAPULET

Ay, you have been a mouse hunt° in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

CAPULET

A jealous hood,° a jealous hood!

Enter three or four [FELLOWS] with spits and logs and baskets.

Now, fellow,

What is there?

FIRST FELLOW

Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what. 15

CAPULET

Make haste, make haste. [*Exit FIRST FELLOW.*]

Sirrah, fetch drier logs.

Call Peter; he will show thee where they are.

SECOND FELLOW

I have a head, sir, that will find out logs°

And never trouble Peter for the matter.

CAPULET

Mass,° and well said; a merry whoreson,° ha! 20

Thou shalt be loggerhead.°

[Exit SECOND FELLOW, with the others.]

Good faith, 'tis day.

The county will be here with music straight,

For so he said he would. *Play music.*

I hear him near.

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Enter NURSE.

Go waken Juliet; go and trim her up. 25

I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,

Make haste! The bridegroom he is come already:

Make haste, I say. [*Exit.*]

[Scene V. Juliet's chamber.]

NURSE°

Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet! Fast,° I warrant her,
she.

Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slugabed.°

Why, love, I say! Madam; sweetheart! Why, bride!

What, not a word? You take your pennyworths° now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant, 5

The County Paris hath set up his rest°

That you shall rest but little. God forgive me!

Marry, and amen. How sound is she asleep!

I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be? 10

[*Draws aside the curtains.*]

11 mouse hunt night prowler, woman chaser **13 A jealous**

hood you wear the cap of a jealous person **18 will . . .**

logs has an affinity for logs (i.e., is wooden also) **20 Mass**

by the Mass; **whoreson** rascal **21 loggerhead** blockhead

IV.v.1 Nurse at the conclusion of the last scene the Nurse

presumably did not go off stage but remained on the forestage,

and after Capulet's departure she now walks to the rear to open

the curtains, revealing Juliet; **Fast** fast asleep **2 slugabed**

sleepyhead **4 pennyworths** small portions (i.e., short naps)

6 set . . . rest firmly resolved (with bawdy suggestion of

having a lance in readiness)

What, dressed, and in your clothes, and down° again?

I must needs wake you. Lady! Lady! Lady!

Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!

O weraday° that ever I was born! 15

Some aqua vitae,° ho! My lord! My lady!

[*Enter LADY CAPULET.*]

LADY CAPULET

What noise is here?

NURSE

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

What is the matter?

NURSE

Look, look! O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET

O me, O me! My child, my only life!

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! 20

Help, help! Call help.

Enter father [CAPULET].

CAPULET

For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

NURSE

She's dead, deceased; she's dead, alack the day!

LADY CAPULET

Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

CAPULET

Ha! Let me see her. Out alas! She's cold, 25

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;

Life and these lips have long been separated.

Death lies on her like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

O woeful time! 30

CAPULET

Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,

Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR [Lawrence] and the County [PARIS, with MUSICIANS].

FRIAR

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET

Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before thy wedding day 35

Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowerèd by him.

Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;

My daughter he hath wedded. I will die

And leave him all. Life, living, all is Death's. 40

PARIS

Have I thought, love, to see this morning's face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

LADY CAPULET

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw

In lasting labor of his pilgrimage! 45

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel Death hath caught it from my sight.

NURSE

O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!

12 down gone back to bed **15 weraday** welladay, alas **16**

aqua vitae spirits

Most lamentable day, most woeful day
That ever ever I did yet behold!
O day, O day, O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this.
O woeful day! O woeful day!

PARIS

Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!
Most detestable Death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown.
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

CAPULET

Despised, distressèd, hated, martyred, killed!
Uncomfortable^o time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child, O child! My soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou—alack, my child is dead,
And with my child my joys are buried!

FRIAR

Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid—now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.^o
She's not well married that lives married long,
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears and stick your rosemary^o
On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,
And in her best array bear her to church;
For though fond nature^o bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAPULET

All things that we ordained festival
Turn from their office to black funeral—
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse;
And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR

Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris. Everyone prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do low'r^o upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

*Exeunt [casting rosemary on her and shutting the
curtains]. Manet^o [the NURSE and MUSICIANS].*

FIRST MUSICIAN

Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

NURSE

Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up!
For well you know this is a pitiful case.^o

[Exit.]

60 Uncomfortable discomfoting 76 well in blessed condition, in heaven 79 rosemary an evergreen, signifying remembrance 82 fond nature foolish human nature 94 low'r frown 95 s.d. Manet remains (Latin) 98 case (1) situation (2) instrument case

50 FIRST MUSICIAN

Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter [PETER].

PETER Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease," 100
"Heart's ease"! O, and you will have me live, play
"Heart's ease."

55

FIRST MUSICIAN Why "Heart's ease"?

PETER O, musicians, because my heart itself plays
"My heart is full." O, play me some merry dump^o to 105
comfort me.

60

FIRST MUSICIAN Not a dump we! 'Tis no time to play now.

PETER You will not then?

FIRST MUSICIAN No. 110

PETER I will then give it you soundly.

FIRST MUSICIAN What will you give us?

65

PETER No money, on my faith, but the gleeck.^o I will give you^o the minstrel.FIRST MUSICIAN Then will I give you the serving- 15
creature.

70

PETER Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry^o no crotchets.^o I'll re you, I'll fa^o you. Do you note^o me?FIRST MUSICIAN And you re us and fa us, you note 120
us.^oSECOND MUSICIAN Pray you put up your dagger, and put out^o your wit. Then have at you with my wit!

75

PETER I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men. 125

"When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound"^o—

80

Why "silver sound"? Why "music with her silver sound"? What say you, Simon Catling?^o 130

FIRST MUSICIAN Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PETER Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?^o

85

SECOND MUSICIAN I say "silver sound" because musicians sound for silver. 135

PETER Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?^o

THIRD MUSICIAN Faith, I know not what to say.

90

PETER O, I cry you mercy,^o you are the singer. I will say for you. It is "music with her silver sound" because musicians have no gold for sounding. 140

"Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress." Exit.

FIRST MUSICIAN What a pestilent knave is this same!

SECOND MUSICIAN Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll 145
in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

Exit [with others].

105 dump sad tune 113 gleeck gibe 114 give you call you 118 carry endure; crotchets (1) whims (2) quarter notes 118-19 re . . . fa musical notes, but used perhaps with puns on ray, or bewray = befoul, and fay = polish (see H. Kökeritz, *Shakespeare's Pronunciation*, pp. 105-06) 119 note understand 120-21 note us set us to music 123 put out set out, display 126-28 When . . . sound the song is from Richard Edwards' "In Commendation of Music," in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (1576) 130 Catling catgut, a lute string 133 Rebeck a three-stringed fiddle 136 Soundpost peg that gives internal support to a violin 138 cry you mercy beg your pardon

[A C T V]

[Scene I. Mantua. A street.]

Enter ROMEO.

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering^o truth of sleep,
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
 My bosom's lord^o sits lightly in his throne,
 And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. 5
 I dreamt my lady came and found me dead
 (Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think!)
 And breathed such life with kisses in my lips
 That I revived and was an emperor.
 Ah me! How sweet is love itself possessed,
 When but love's shadows^o are so rich in joy!

Enter Romeo's MAN [Balthasar, booted].

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar?
 Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
 How doth my lady? Is my father well?
 How fares my Juliet? That I ask again,
 For nothing can be ill if she be well.

MAN

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
 Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,^o
 And her immortal part with angels lives.
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault
 And presently took post^o to tell it you.
 O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my office,^o sir.

ROMEO

Is it e'en so? Then I defy you, stars!
 Thou knowest my lodging. Get me ink and paper 25
 And hire post horses. I will hence tonight.

MAN

I do beseech you, sir, have patience.
 Your looks are pale and wild and do import^o
 Some misadventure.

ROMEO

Tush, thou art deceived.
 Leave me and do the thing I bid thee do. 30
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

MAN

No, my good lord.

ROMEO

No matter. Get thee gone.
 And hire those horses. I'll be with thee straight.

Exit [MAN].

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.
 Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift 35
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
 I do remember an apothecary,
 And hereabouts 'a dwells, which late I noted
 In tatt'red weeds,^o with overwhelming^o brows,
 Culling of simples.^o Meager were his looks, 40
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuffed, and other skins

Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account^o of empty boxes, 45
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses^o
 Were thinly scatterèd, to make up a show.
 Noting this penury, to myself I said,
 "And if a man did need a poison now 50
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff^o wretch would sell it him."
 O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house. 55
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
 What, ho! Apothecary!

[*Enter* APOTHECARY.]

APOTHECARY

Who calls so loud?

ROMEO

Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.
 Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have
 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear^o 60
 As will disperse itself through all the veins
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
 And that the trunk^o may be discharged of breath
 As violently as hasty powder fired
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb. 65

APOTHECARY

Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
 Is death to any he that utters^o them.

ROMEO

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness
 And fearest to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression starveth^o in thy eyes, 70
 Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back:
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
 The world affords no law to make thee rich;
 Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

APOTHECARY

My poverty but not my will consents. 75

ROMEO

I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

APOTHECARY

Put this in any liquid thing you will
 And drink it off, and if you had the strength
 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO

There is thy gold—worse poison to men's souls, 80
 Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
 I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
 Farewell. Buy food and get thyself in flesh.
 Come, cordial^o and not poison, go with me 85
 To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. Friar Lawrence's cell.]

Enter Friar JOHN to Friar LAWRENCE.

JOHN

Holy Franciscan friar, brother, ho!

45 account number 47 cakes of roses pressed rose petals
 (for perfume) 52 caitiff miserable 60 soon-speeding gear
 fast-working stuff 63 trunk body 67 utters dispenses 70
 starveth stand starving 85 cordial restorative

V.i.i flattering illusory 3 bosom's lord heart 11 shadows
 dreams 18 monument tomb 21 post post horses 23 office
 duty 28 import suggest 39 weeds clothes; overwhelming
 overhanging 40 Culling of simples collecting medicinal
 herbs

Enter [Friar] LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE

This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua. What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

JOHN

Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate^o me
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers^o of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Sealed up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

LAWRENCE

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

JOHN

I could not send it—here it is again—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

LAWRENCE

Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,^o
The letter was not nice,^o but full of charge,^o
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,
Get me an iron crow^o and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

JOHN Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. *Exit.*

LAWRENCE

Now must I to the monument alone.
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
She will beshrew^o me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;^o
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come—
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb! *Exit.*

[Scene III. A churchyard; in it a monument
belonging to the Capulets.]

Enter PARIS and his PAGE [with flowers and sweet water].

PARIS

Give me thy torch, boy. Hence, and stand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew trees lay thee all along,^o
Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground.
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hearest something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE [Aside.]

I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.^o

[Retires.]

V.ii.6 **associate** accompany 8 **searchers** health officers
17 **brotherhood** religious order 18 **nice** trivial; **charge**
importance 21 **crow** crowbar 25 **beshrew** blame 26
accidents happenings

V.iii.3 **lay . . . along** lie at full length 11 **adventure** risk it

PARIS

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew
(O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones)
Which with sweet^o water nightly I will dew;
Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by moans. 15
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

Whistle BOY.

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursèd foot wanders this way tonight
To cross^o my obsequies and true love's rite? 20
What, with a torch? Muffle^o me, night, awhile.
[Retires.]

Enter ROMEO [and BALTHASAR with a torch, a mattock,
and a crow of iron].

ROMEO

Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron. 15
Hold, take this letter. Early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee, 25
Whate'er thou hearest or see'st, stand all aloof
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is partly to behold my lady's face,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger 30
A precious ring—a ring that I must use
In dear employment.^o Therefore hence, be gone.
But if thou, jealous,^o dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint 35
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

BALTHASAR

I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye. 40

ROMEO

So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that.
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

BALTHASAR [Aside.]

For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.^o [Retires.]

ROMEO

Thou detestable maw,^o thou womb of death, 45
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And in despite^o I'll cram thee with more food.
[ROMEO opens the tomb.]

PARIS

This is that banished haughty Montague
That murd'ed my love's cousin—with which grief 50
It is supposed the fair creature died—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallowèd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death? 55

14 **sweet** perfumed 20 **cross** interrupt 21 **Muffle** hide 32
dear employment important business 33 **jealous** curious
44 **doubt** suspect 45 **maw** stomach 48 **in despite** to spite
you

Condemnèd villain, I do apprehend thee.
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

ROMEO

I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man.
Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these gone; 60
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury. O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither armed against myself. 65
Stay not, be gone. Live, and hereafter say
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

PARIS

I do defy thy conjurations.^o
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO

Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy! 70
[*They fight.*]

PAGE

O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.
[*Exit. PARIS falls.*]

PARIS

O, I am slain! If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.]

ROMEO

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris! 75
What said my man when my betossèd soul
Did not attend^o him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so, or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.
A grave? O, no, a lanthorn,^o slaught' red youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence^o full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.

[*Lays him in the tomb.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! Which their keepers^o call
A lightning before death. O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love, my wife!
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign^o yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favor can I do to thee
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,

And that the lean abhorrèd monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour? 105
For fear of that I still will stay with thee
And never from this pallet of dim night
Depart again. Here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! And, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless^o bargain to engrossing^o death! 115
Come, bitter conduct;^o come, unsavory guide!
Thou desperate pilot,^o now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark!
Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. 120

[*Falls.*]

Enter FRIAR [Lawrence], with lanthorn, crow, and spade.

FRIAR

Saint Francis be my speed!^o How oft tonight
Have my old feet stumbled^o at graves! Who's there?

BALTHASAR

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

FRIAR

Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light 125
To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

BALTHASAR

It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

FRIAR

Who is it?

BALTHASAR

Romeo.

FRIAR

How long hath he been there?

BALTHASAR

Full half an hour. 130

FRIAR

Go with me to the vault.

BALTHASAR

I dare not, sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death
If I did stay to look on his intents.

FRIAR

Stay then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me. 135
O, much I fear some ill unthrifty^o thing.

BALTHASAR

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

FRIAR

Romeo!

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulcher? 140
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolored by this place of peace?

[*Enters the tomb.*]

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too?

68 **conjurations** solemn charges 77 **attend** give attention to
84 **lanthorn** lantern (a windowed erection on the top of a
dome or room to admit light) 86 **feasting presence** festive
presence chamber 89 **keepers** jailers 94 **ensign** banner

115 **dateless** eternal; **engrossing** all-buying, all-encompassing
116 **conduct** guide 117 **desperate pilot** himself 121 **speed**
help 122 **stumbled** a bad omen 136 **unthrifty** unlucky

And steeped in blood? Ah, what an unkind^o hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs.

[JULIET rises.]

JULIET

O comfortable^o friar! Where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

FRIAR

I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.
Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.

JULIET

Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. *Exit* [FRIAR]. 160
What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless^o end.
O churl!^o Drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips.
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them 165
To make me die with a restorative.

[Kisses him.]

Thy lips are warm!

CHIEF WATCHMAN [Within.] Lead, boy. Which way?

JULIET

Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy^o dagger! 170

[Snatches Romeo's dagger.]

This is thy sheath; there rust, and let me die.

[She stabs herself and falls.]

Enter [Paris'] BOY and WATCH.

BOY

This is the place. There, where the torch doth burn.

CHIEF WATCHMAN

The ground is bloody. Search about the churchyard.
Go, some of you; whoe'er you find attach.

[Exeunt some of the WATCH.]

Pitiful sight! Here lies the county slain;
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain this two days buried. 175

Go, tell the prince; run to the Capulets;
Raise up the Montagues; some others search.

[Exeunt others of the WATCH.]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,
But the true ground^o of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance^o descry. 180

Enter [some of the WATCH, with] Romeo's man
[BALTHASAR].

145 SECOND WATCHMAN

Here's Romeo's man. We found him in the church-
yard.

CHIEF WATCHMAN

Hold him in safety till the prince come hither.

Enter FRIAR [Lawrence] and another WATCHMAN.

THIRD WATCHMAN

150 Here is a friar that trembles, sighs, and weeps. 185
We took this mattock and this spade from him
As he was coming from this churchyard's side.

CHIEF WATCHMAN

A great suspicion! Stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE [and ATTENDANTS].

155

PRINCE

What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest? 190

Enter CAPULET and his wife [LADY CAPULET, with others].

CAPULET

What should it be, that is so shrieked abroad?

LADY CAPULET

165 O, the people in the street cry "Romeo,"
Some "Juliet," and some "Paris"; and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

PRINCE

What fear is this which startles in your ears? 195

CHIEF WATCHMAN

Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new killed.

PRINCE

Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

CHIEF WATCHMAN

Here is a friar, and slaughtered Romeo's man, 200
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

CAPULET

O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo, his house^o
Is empty on the back of Montague, 205
And it missheathèd in my daughter's bosom!

LADY CAPULET

O me, this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter MONTAGUE [and others].

PRINCE

Come, Montague; for thou art early up
To see thy son and heir more early down. 210

MONTAGUE

Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight!
Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

PRINCE

Look, and thou shalt see.

MONTAGUE

O thou untaught! What manners is in this, 215
To press before thy father to a grave?

204 his house its sheath

145 unkind unnatural 148 comfortable comforting 162
timeless untimely 163 churl rude fellow 170 happy
opportune 181 ground cause 182 circumstance details

PRINCE

Seal up the mouth of outrage^o for a while,
 Till we can clear these ambiguities
 And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
 And then will I be general of your woes^o
 And lead you even to death. Meantime forbear,
 And let mischance be slave to patience.
 Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

FRIAR

I am the greatest, able to do least,
 Yet most suspected, as the time and place
 Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
 And here I stand, both to impeach and purge^o
 Myself condemnèd and myself excused.

PRINCE

Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR

I will be brief, for my short date of breath^o
 Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
 Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
 And she, there dead, that's Romeo's faithful wife.
 I married them; and their stol'n marriage day
 Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
 Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city;
 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
 You, to remove that siege òf grief from her,
 Betrothed and would have married her perforce
 To County Paris. Then comes she to me
 And with wild looks bid me devise some mean
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
 Then gave I her (so tutored by my art)
 A sleeping potion; which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo
 That he should hither come as^o this dire night
 To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
 Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
 Returned my letter back. Then all alone
 At the prefixèd hour of her waking
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
 Meaning to keep her closely^o at my cell
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
 But when I came, some minute ere the time
 Of her awakening, here untimely lay
 The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
 She wakes; and I entreated her come forth
 And bear this work of heaven with patience;
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
 All this I know, and to the marriage

Her nurse is privy;^o and if aught in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrificed some hour before his time
 Unto the rigor of severest law.

270

220 PRINCE

We still^o have known thee for a holy man.
 Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?

BALTHASAR

I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
 And then in post he came from Mantua
 To this same place, to this same monument.
 This letter he early bid me give his father,
 And threat'ned me with death, going in the vault,
 If I departed not and left him there.

275

PRINCE

Give me the letter. I will look on it.
 Where is the county's page that raised the watch?
 Sirrah, what made your master^o in this place?

280

BOY

He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.
 Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
 And by and by^o my master drew on him;
 And then I ran away to call the watch.

285

PRINCE

This letter doth make good the friar's words,
 Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
 And here he writes that he did buy a poison
 Of a poor pothecary and therewithal^o
 Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.
 Where be these enemies? Capulet, Montague,
 See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
 That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
 And I, for winking at^o your discords too,
 Have lost a brace^o of kinsmen. All are punished.

290

295

CAPULET

O brother Montague, give me thy hand.
 This is my daughter's jointure,^o for no more
 Can I demand.

MONTAGUE But I can give thee more;
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
 That whiles Verona by that name is known,
 There shall no figure at such rate^o be set
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

300

CAPULET

As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie—
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

305

260 PRINCE

A glooming^o peace this morning with it brings.
 The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
 Some shall be pardoned, and some punished;
 For never was a story of more woe
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

310

217 the . . . outrage these violent cries 220 general . . .
 woes leader in your sorrowing 227 impeach and purge
 make charges and exonerate 230 date of breath term of life
 248 as on 256 closely hidden

267 privy accessory 271 still always 281 made your master
 was your master doing 285 by and by soon 290 therewithal
 therewith 295 winking at closing eyes to 296 brace pair
 (i.e., Mercutio and Paris) 298 jointure marriage settlement
 302 rate value 306 glooming cloudy

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

EDITED BY WOLFGANG CLEMEN

Introduction

A study of Shakespeare's development as a dramatic artist shows that one of his supreme achievements during his "middle period" consists in combining heterogeneous elements in a single play. The dramas of Shakespeare's predecessors all exist on a smaller scale, mostly adhering to one particular type and keeping within more limited resources of style and subject matter. However, even in his very first comedies, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *Love's Labor's Lost*, we see Shakespeare widening the scope of the dramatic genre to which these plays belong and introducing new elements taken over from other sections of the literary tradition of the past. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, then, which must have been written about 1595, combines for the first time totally disparate worlds into one unified whole; the sharp contrasts brought together there would have destroyed the play's balance in the hands of any lesser playwright. For, indeed, it required Shakespeare's genius to bring together Bottom and Puck, the crude realism of the artisans and the exquisite delicacy of the fairy world, the stylized and pointed repartee of the Athenian lovers and the dignified manner of Theseus and Hippolyta. What we find are contrasts on many levels, exemplified by diversified means. Yet Shakespeare strikes an equilibrium between these contrasts, reconciling and fusing the discordant factors within the organic body of his comedy. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, therefore, not only exhibits bold contrasts and divergent elements of plot, atmosphere, and character; it also illustrates the unifying power of the spirit of comedy and the poetic imagination. We further find that the play's unity is reinforced by a subtle technique of counterpoint and juxtaposition, a skillful contrasting of different strands of plot, and the creation of an atmosphere full of illusion, wonder, and strangeness, all of which facilitate the many transitions occurring during the course of the play.

Some facts about its origin and title may help us better to understand the particular nature of the play. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is clearly related to the practices of midsummer night, the night before June 24, which was the date of Saint John the Baptist's festival and hence connected with merrymaking, various superstitions and folk customs, dances, pageants, and revels. More than any

other night in the year, midsummer night suggested enchantment and witchcraft, something which Shakespeare has superbly embodied in his fairy world. To an Elizabethan audience, moreover, the play's title would have immediately called to mind the so-called midsummer madness, which was a state of mind marked by a heightened readiness to believe in the delusions of the imagination that were thought to befall the minds of men after days of great summer heat. Thus, by means of his highly suggestive title, Shakespeare has firmly planted the dreamlike action of his drama in the popular beliefs and customs of his time. Furthermore the title gives theatergoers and readers a clue as to how the work should be understood—namely, as an unrealistic creation of the imagination, a series of dream images containing all the contradictions and inconsistencies that dreams normally possess, but containing too their symbolic content. Indeed, the dreamlike character of what takes place is repeatedly alluded to. In Puck's Epilogue, for instance, the audience themselves are explicitly addressed:

And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.

(V.i.426–28)

In short, the play's title makes significant allusion to the nature and meaning of the work, though it makes no reference to the period of time during which the events of the drama occur. In fact, the action takes place between April 29 and May 1, the latter date, being that of May Day, demanding of course particular celebrations, and for that reason it is perhaps a suitable day for the marriage of Theseus and Hippolyta.

Now the wedding of the princely pair is not only the destination of the action; it is also the occasion for which the play itself was written. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was undoubtedly intended as a dramatic epithalamium to celebrate the marriage of some aristocratic couple. (The attempts made to fix on a definite historical marriage, however, must remain conjectural.) Plays written for such festive occasions addressed themselves to an aristocratic audience. They were mostly performed on private stages

rather than in public theaters and revealed an entirely different style of performance from the popular dramas. The relationship of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to the court masque—something which V.i.40 draws attention to—also comes in here. The masques formed a central part of the entertainments that were always given at court celebrations, and several noticeable features in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* clearly relate to the genre of the court masque. The music and dances, the appearance of fairylike creatures possessed of supernatural qualities, the employment of motifs involving magic and metamorphosis, and the vigorous stylization and symmetrical structure of some parts do indeed remind one of the court masque. Finally, the scenes with Bottom, Quince, and company may be compared to the antimasque, which formed the burlesque and realistic counterpart performed together with the masque itself.

In referring to the masque, one is only pointing out a single aspect of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. We must also remember that Shakespeare has similarly taken over stylistic and formal elements from his own early comedies, popular drama, the romantic play, and the mythological dream plays of John Lyly. Shakespeare has tapped many sources, but he has nevertheless been able to create an original and independent form of drama that includes skillful organization of plot—involving the manipulation of three subplots that run parallel to one another—as well as a rich suffusion of the whole by both the atmosphere of nature and that of magic. Between a descriptive and retrospective kind of dramatic method and one that makes us see the process of things in action Shakespeare has struck a perfect sense of balance.

A study of the interrelation of the four plots reveals how their contrasts, juxtapositions, and dovetailing help to disclose the meaning of the drama. The play begins with a scene between Theseus and Hippolyta, who do not appear again until Act IV. In Act V their wedding is celebrated. The plot involving Theseus and Hippolyta can therefore be styled an “enveloping action” that provides the play with a definite framework and a firmly established temporal scaffolding; it stands outside the world of dream, enchantment, and love entanglements, suggesting the sphere of everyday reality out of which the events of the drama first develop and to which they then ultimately return. The section in I.i with Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius relates the Theseus-Hippolyta plot to that of the lovers, for Theseus himself appears as arbitrator in the love dispute and it will be on his wedding day that the harsh verdict he passes on Hermia is to take effect, should she not have changed her mind by that date. This verdict is the cause of Hermia and Lysander's decision to flee into the wood near Athens, so that with this the events of the second and third acts have already been determined. The comic subplot, moreover, beginning in I.ii with the gathering of the artisans to prepare themselves for rehearsal, is also announced in I.i, insofar as we learn of the entertainments to be presented on Theseus' wedding day. Theseus' promise to woo Hippolyta “With pomp, with triumph, and with reveling” can also be understood as an allusion to the dramatic entertainments that are to come later. From the very beginning, then, our expectations are raised in connection with the wedding day, which is to bring with it the artisans' play, the decision regarding the love

dispute between the Athenian couples, and the festive marriage of Theseus and Hippolyta.

If this were all that Shakespeare had given us, we would have had a comedy little different from his early ones. The plot connected with the fairies, however, with Oberon and Titania at its center, not only brings considerable complications into the course of the above-mentioned matters, but also adds to the whole drama a new feature that Shakespeare had never employed before. For the supernatural, which intervenes in the activities of the characters, turns their intentions upside down, and directs their actions. It is the fairies who are responsible for the confusion, and also for the final reconciliation, thus substituting enchantment and arbitrariness for the lovers' own responsibility and power of will. Yet these influences also have repercussions on the fairies themselves, because Titania thereby falls in love with the ass-headed Bottom. Thus the world of the fairies is linked with that of the artisans, and we get those incomparably comic situations that are themselves the outcome of the fairies' intervention. Finally, a link between the plots dealing with the fairies and Theseus emerges in the conversation between Oberon and Titania in which the fairy rulers' earlier connections with Theseus and Hippolyta are recalled; and this is a moment that accelerates the pair's mutual jealousy and estrangement.

Since the fairies remain always invisible to the other members of the *dramatis personae* (only Bottom is ironically allowed the privilege of seeing Titania), and their deeds are accomplished without the knowledge of the other characters, Shakespeare has been able to achieve a highly dramatic effect of “double awareness.” We as audience are aware of Puck's magic juice and therefore look forward with pleasure to what might develop. We know even more than the usually omniscient Oberon, who does not realize till some time later the confusion that Puck has caused by mistake. This error on Puck's part bears deeper significance, for it shows that even the fairies can err and that the influences they exert as supernatural agents in the play do not in the least answer to anything providential, but rather contain filaments of arbitrariness, self-deception, and folly.

An insight into the peculiar nature of the fairy world in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* helps us to understand the entire play, for although the fairies certainly possess supernatural qualities, they are nevertheless closely linked to the world of mankind and have their share of human frailties. Their origin in the realm of the elemental and their partly instinctive, partly playful nature, together with their capriciousness and irrationality, indicate which forces and qualities Shakespeare wanted us to see as conditioning and influencing human love relationships; for the haphazard and arbitrary game that love plays with the two Athenian couples appears as a projection of the irrationality, irresponsibility, and playfulness characterizing the nature of the fairies themselves. However, the fairies not only make other people behave in a way that corresponds, as it were, to their own fairy natures; they also strengthen and reinforce people's latent tendencies. Previous to the fairies' intervention, we learn from Demetrius that he has loved Helena before bestowing his affections on Hermia (I.i.106-07, 242-43); it is not for nothing that he is termed “spotted and inconstant man” (I.i.110).

Shakespeare has interspersed his text with numerous illuminating hints referring to the fairies' peculiar traits of character and sphere of existence, so that we are able to get a vivid picture of the type of creatures they are. Although the world of the fairies exhibits several characteristics common to popular belief and folklore tradition, it is to a considerable extent a new creation of Shakespeare's own. This is particularly true when we think of Puck, whose descent from Robin Goodfellow or Hobgoblin, as he is called by one of the fairies when he first appears (II.i.34, 40), only accounts for one aspect of his being. If one examines the numerous statements that Puck utters about himself and that the other characters utter about him, one immediately realizes that Shakespeare has created a complex dramatic figure to whom is assigned a key position within the fabric of the play. Not only is Puck the comically rough and earthbound goblin with his mischievous pranks, blunt speech, and intervention in day-to-day affairs; he is also a spirit closely linked with the elements, having command over supernatural powers and capable of moving at incredible speed. As "Oberon's jester" he is close to the fools of Shakespeare's later comedies, enjoying his own jests and possessing the gift of sharp, critical observation. Keeping this last point in mind, we see that Shakespeare has assigned him the role of spectator several times during the course of the play, and as such he comments on the action and aptly characterizes the people taking part. Hence it is he who, in view of the confusion he has caused among the lovers, cries out:

Shall we their fond pageant see?

Lord, what fools these mortals be! (III.ii.114-15)

Thus Puck becomes the interpreter of the play's dramatic situations and intermediary between stage and audience as he places himself at a distance from events that have depended on and been influenced by him, and to which in the Epilogue, significantly spoken by him, he is able to look back, as from a higher vantage point. Indeed, it is remarkable how many motives determining the play's action derive from Puck, how many invisible wires he holds in his hand. Yet his interventions in the development of the plot are as much the result of a casual mood or mischievous whim as they are the result of premeditated instructions from his master, Oberon. This is shown, for instance, in the case of Bottom's transformation in the first scene of Act III. It is a paradox of the dramatic action that Oberon's well-meaning intention is turned into its opposite through Puck's mistake (Lysander, instead of Demetrius, is anointed with the magic herb), so that the activity of the supernatural forces seems to be largely conditioned by error and coincidence. Still, it is precisely this fickleness and inconstancy of fate that Puck acknowledges in his laconic answer to Oberon when the latter reproves him for the mistake: "Then fate o'errules. . . ." With these words Puck gives utterance to a basic motif in the drama.

It has often been stressed that in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Shakespeare wanted to portray the irrational nature of love, the shifting and unstable "fancy" that continually falls prey to illusion, regards itself as being playful and short-lived, and is accompanied by a certain irresponsibility; whereas in *Romeo and Juliet*, written

during the same period, love appears in quite a different shape, as a fateful and all-consuming force making claims to absolute authority and demanding that the whole of the self be yielded up to it.

But Shakespeare makes clear to us in several ways that the love between the Athenian couples is not rooted in actuality. Puck's magic juice, operating as a supernatural medium, is of course only one of the means by which Shakespeare places the relationships of the four Athenian lovers outside of reality. The love entanglements occur during a night full of dreams and enchantment, of which only an imprecise picture afterward remains in the memory of those concerned. Furthermore, it is undoubtedly the poet's deliberate intention (contrary to his practice in other plays of the same period) that the lovers should be so weakly characterized that it is impossible for us to retain them in our memory as real and differentiated human beings. We may likewise take it for granted that their symmetrical grouping and their appearance in pairs is the result of conscious stylization on Shakespeare's part. And if the style of their dialogues, together with the handling of the verse, often seems to be flat, trite, and frankly silly, this neither signifies Shakespeare's lack of skill nor justifies the contention that passages have been left in from an earlier version of the same play. Rather it gives evidence that Shakespeare intended the four lovers to be just what they are, puppets and not fully realized characters. Even the spectator to those scenes of confusion in the wood soon has no idea where he is or who precisely is in love with whom.

Above all, however, the dreamlike atmosphere of such scenes accentuates our feeling that the four lovers appear to be quite removed from any criteria applicable to reality. "The willing suspension of disbelief" that Coleridge designated as one of the poet's chief aims Shakespeare achieves by creating a world of illusion that manifests itself from the first scene onward. Dream world and reality merge imperceptibly, so that the persons concerned are not sure themselves in which sphere they move, nor whether what they have experienced has been imagination or truth. The idea that what has happened has been a dream, illusion, or "vision" is often expressed from various standpoints by the characters themselves. *Dream* is a key word in the drama, and the idea that everything is based on imagination is given frequent and subtle variation. The art with which Shakespeare shifts from the dream world to reality is unique. This is evident in the first scene of Act IV, where both the lovers and Bottom are depicted as awaking out of their dreams—a scene in which all four plots are brought together for the first time, whereby the mind of the spectator is made to see the boundaries separating them as being simultaneously non-existent and yet firmly fixed. Finally, as if in a series of flashbacks, the incidents that have occurred during the night of dreams are lit up once again from a distance by means of Theseus' famous speech describing "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet" as being "of imagination all compact." These words refer once more to that faculty which lies behind not only dreams, but the poet's own creations as well and under whose spell we, as spectators, have been kept during the whole course of the play; for we too have been enchanted, responding eagerly to the call of the poetry and accepting the play as an organism that

conforms to its own rules, a world where strange and real things mingle in a curious way.

The illusion of a dream sequence scurrying past is also enhanced by a sense of the forward surge of time. Not only is the passing of night into morning given expression through the shifting movement of light and dark within a series of superb images and subtle allusions: the impatience and longing with which the different characters look forward to the future are perceptible from the very start, thus making time flow in an anticipatory way. Again, the language of the play is rich in images and expressions indicating quick movement, lightness, and transitoriness, thereby contributing to the overall atmospheric impression. How delicately and accurately the play's particular atmosphere, together with its theme and leitmotifs, is rendered from the very beginning, an examination of the first scene of the play alone would show, although we can permit ourselves only a few observations here.

The very first exchange between Theseus and Hippolyta conveys to us a twofold awareness of time, from the standpoint of which we contemplate a time span that culminates in the wedding day, the date of which is fixed immediately at the outset. This emerges when Hippolyta's "Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;/Four nights will quickly dream away the time" (I.i.7-8) is contrasted with Theseus' "but, O, methinks, how slow/This old moon wanes!" (I.i.3-4). During this initial dialogue Shakespeare skillfully puts us in tune with the moonlit scenes that follow by means of Theseus' comparison of the "old moon" with "a stepdame, or a dowager,/Long withering out a young man's revenue" (I.i.5-6). In this scene alone "moon" and "night" each occur five times, "dream" three times. The lines just quoted also suggest the aristocratic world of the court, where a part of the action is to take place. A further element is introduced when, immediately following, we read these instructions to Philostrate:

Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth. (I.i.12-13)

Yet the entry of Egeus immediately afterward, leading in his daughter Hermia and, "full of vexation," bringing accusations against Lysander because the latter "hath bewitched the bosom of [his] child," ushers in the radically contrasting note of discord, deception, and trickery, something that is never missing in any Shakespearean comedy and is always present as an undercurrent in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; for the final state of harmony reached at the end of the play both in the world of the fairies and that of the court turns out to be a resolution of previously opposed forces, a reconciliation attained after former estrangement, and "the concord of this discord" (V.i.60).

The main theme of the drama—namely, the transitoriness and inconstancy of love—is also anticipated in this first scene when Lysander describes love as

momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion. (I.i.143-49)

This passage is illuminating because it shows how Shakespeare not only bodies forth the themes and motifs of his drama in terms of action, but also gives them expression through imagery. In no other play by Shakespeare's middle period do we find so much poetry and verse melody, or indeed nature imagery, with its references to plants, animals, and other natural phenomena; nature itself even enters the drama as a participating agent alongside the characters. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* should therefore be apprehended as poetry and music, and not only be absorbed and endorsed by the eye and intellect as a connected series of actions. For the play's language, by means of its images, its subtle allusions and suggestions, its verbal repetitions and rhythmic patterns, has built up a complex and finely varied tissue of ideas, impressions, and associations that constantly act on our powers of imagination and stimulate them to participate. The great range and delicacy of impact that poetic drama possesses, as opposed to prose drama, can be perfectly witnessed in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The degree to which the language, with its proliferation of allusions, ironies, and ambiguities, creates the overall dramatic effect is made clear by those prose scenes with the artisans, where the lyrical and poetic are completely lacking. Apart from suggesting a wealth of gestures, the language used by Bottom and company is rich in implications and evokes delightful misunderstandings; it gives expression to the artisans' ludicrous ambition for higher things as well as to their rustic limitations. All this gives rise to that constant incongruity which is the prerequisite for great comedy—the incongruity existing between the basic natures of the characters and their pretensions. The scenes with Bottom, Quince, and company provide a comic and realistic contrast to the poetry of the fairies and the artificial and stylized love scenes of the Athenians. Thus the delicacy, polished bearing, and lightness inherent in all other sections of the play are counterbalanced by the uncouthness, the heavy solidity of everyday life, and a naive roughness that the artisans bring into the magical fairy world of the moonlit scenes. Puck, the shrewd onlooker, at one stage justly calls them "hempen home-spuns." But Shakespeare has made far more out of this antimasque than a merely amusing subplot filled with clownlike figures; during the course of the play one of them has come to be the most unforgettable character in the entire drama. For the lack of vitality and pronounced individuality noticeable in the other personages we are fully recompensed in Bottom, who has justly been described as the greatest comic creation in the dramatist's early work. Abundantly endowed with remarkable qualities, Bottom is continually putting himself in a comic light. There are no features of his character that at one point or another do not lead to some ridiculous situation, some unforgettable moment of contrast or unintentionally provoked comparison. Bottom's supreme satisfaction with himself and his sense of ease remain with him even in his transformed state, while his stage ambitions (he wants to play the part of the lion as well as that of Pyramus, Thisby, and the tyrant) parody the profession of acting and yet at the same time form a characteristic trait that fits him remarkably well. That his ambitions are fulfilled even before the Pyramus and Thisby drama takes place, insofar as Bottom has to play the parts of both ass and lover, is significant, just as is the

marked irony that Bottom alone, out of all the persons in the play, is permitted to come into contact with the fairies—though this encounter does not impress him in the least or signify for him any unusual experience. In Titania's presence he discards nothing at all of his own personality; the ass's head, which with other people would have resulted in monstrous caricature, in his case is something that illuminates for us his real nature.

If the story of the craftsmen forms a satirical counterbalance to the plot of the lovers, then it is also true to say that the drama of Pyramus and Thisby initiates a twofold, even threefold kind of awareness. For what we get in this parody of the love tragedy is an exaggerated depiction of the four lovers' sentimentality, their high-flown protestations of love, and their pseudo-solemnity—a depiction in the form of a flashback that they themselves are now able to contemplate as spectators, serenely calm and reconciled with one another. The lovers' own relationships have likewise been a play that the fairies have found highly amusing, and these entanglements parallel the quarrel between Oberon and Titania, the quarrel from which the confusion among the lovers originated.

The play-within-the-play, superbly worked out by Shakespeare, makes us particularly aware that the entire drama has indeed been a "play," summoned into life by the dramatist's magic wand and just as easily made to vanish. When Puck refers in the first line of his Epilogue ("If we shadows have offended") not merely to the fairies, previously termed "shadows," but also to all the actors who have taken part, we realize that Shakespeare is once more making it clear to us that we have been watching a "magic-lantern show," something where appearance, not reality, is the operative factor.

It is peculiarly ironic that Bottom, Quince, and company perform the tragedy of Pyramus and Thisby as an auspicious offering on behalf of the newly established love union, thereby, one might say, presenting the material of *Romeo and Juliet* in a comic and grotesque manner. Thus an exaggerated form of tragedy is employed so that the preceding scenes may be parodied as comedy. The play of Pyramus and Thisby parodies not only the torments of love, which the Athenian lovers can now look back on with serene calmness, but also the Senecan style of Elizabethan tragedy with its melodrama and ponderous conventions. Shakespeare parodies these conventions here by means of exaggeration or clumsy and grotesque usage—the too explicit Prologue, for instance; the verbose self-explanation and commentaries; the stereotyped phrases for expressing grief; and the excessive use of such rhetorical devices as apostrophe, alliteration, hyperbole, and rhetorical question.

Even the elements of comedy and parody in the Pyramus and Thisby performance appear in a twofold light. Though they themselves are being mocked, the lovers smile at these awkward efforts on the part of the craftsmen, and Theseus even adds a highly suggestive commentary.

In the craftsmen's play, Shakespeare is also parodying the whole life of the theater. He calmly takes the shortcomings of all theatrical production and acting, drives them to absurd lengths, and holds them up for inspection. The lantern, which is supposed to represent the moon, makes us conscious of how equally inadequate Pyramus and Thisby are in their roles and suggests that such in-

adequacy may time and again have made its appearance on the Elizabethan stage. For those Elizabethan playgoers who viewed a play superficially, without using their own powers of imagination, much in Shakespearean drama must have remained completely unintelligible. It is at such narrow-minded theatergoers as these that Shakespeare is indirectly poking fun. And he enables us to see the limitations of his own stage, which had to portray a large world and create atmosphere without the elaborate scenery and technical equipment that we have today.

But the very inadequacy of the artisans' production gives emphasis to the true art of dramatic illusion and magic, as we have witnessed it in the preceding scenes, in which the evocative power of Shakespeare's language, assisted by our imagination, enables us to experience moonlight and nighttime in the woods. Theseus himself makes this point when, in answer to Hippolyta's remark, "This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard," he says: "The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them" (V.i.211-13).¹

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

A Midsummer Night's Dream is, together with *Love's Labor's Lost* and *The Tempest*, one of those few plays for which no specific source appears to exist. The plot, with its skillful interplay of four different actions, is of Shakespeare's own making, although single incidents and motives as well as some names and details come from widely different origins.

Thus, the enveloping action of Theseus and Hippolyta derives in part from Chaucer's *The Knight's Tale*. This tale begins, as our play does, with Theseus' victorious return from war with Hippolyta and also ends with a celebration at court. Moreover, the story of Palamon and Arcite in *The Knight's Tale* is linked with the Theseus story in a similar way and also illustrates how friendship is broken by love. But Shakespeare has modified this motif in a characteristic way, replacing the two men by two young women and adding a fourth lover, thereby not only establishing symmetry but also providing for those multiple combinations and varying relationships between Lysander, Hermia, Demetrius, and Helena that constitute the *comedy of errors* of the night in the forest. Shakespeare's portrait of Theseus may have been further influenced by the figure of Theseus in Plutarch's *Lives*, which Shakespeare read in Sir Thomas North's translation. Theseus' function as a wise judge as well as his tolerance and benevolence toward the craftsmen are features that find a parallel in Plutarch.

Oberon as the fairy king with a kingdom in the East had been made familiar through the French romance *Huon of Bordeaux*, while the name of Titania for the fairy queen in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* may have been suggested by the epithet given to Diana in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (III.173). Diana, however, occurs as the "lady of the fairies" in Reginald Scot's *The Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584), which supplied Shakespeare with much information about witches, fairies, and transformations

¹ The editor wishes to express his thanks to Dr. Dieter Mehl for assistance in the compilation of the notes.

and contends at the same time that belief in Robin Good-fellow was declining, and that all those stories about fairies were untrue. Bottom's "assification" may also have been suggested by Scot's account of the spells exercised by the witches but has another parallel in Apuleius' *The Golden Ass*, which had been translated in 1566. For the magic juice, several analogues have been pointed out, the closest being in Montemayor's prose pastoral *Diana Enamorada* (1542).

The story of Pyramus and Thisby existed in Elizabethan times in many poetical versions, some of them exhibiting those sentimental and melodramatic exaggerations that must have prompted Shakespeare to his subtle and complex parody. It is significant that George Pettie in his *Pettie his Pleasure* (1576) sees in this story a parallel with the account of *Romeo and Juliet*. Shakespeare in his play-within-the-play obviously creates an ironic and comic parallel to his own tragedy—no matter whether *Romeo and Juliet* was already in existence then or soon to appear. Geoffrey Bullough, in the second volume of his *Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare*, reprints eleven pieces from which Shakespeare may have drawn.

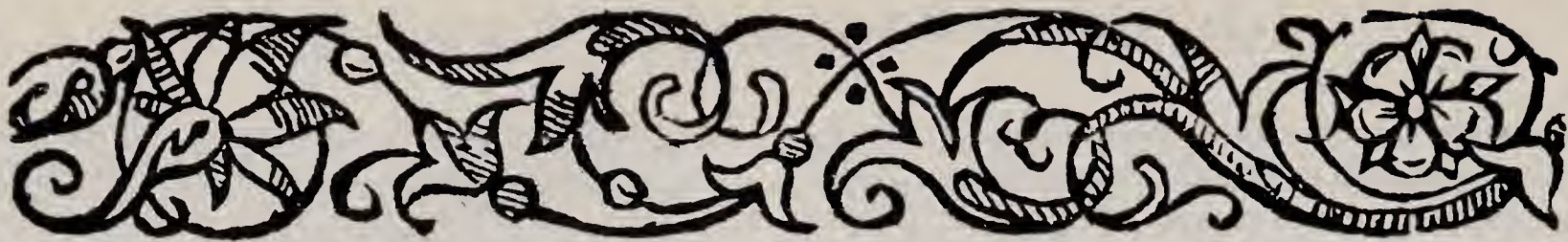
The most interesting of our play's sources are, however, the unwritten ones. For the fairy world that is presented by so many graphic details and concrete features owes much to folklore and the living tradition of the Warwickshire countryside. Shakespeare must have been intensely alive to the mass of popular superstition, legend, and folk custom still to be found in his own times. He took what he could use from these sources, adding, however, many details of his own invention and modifying several traditional traits. The fairy world which thus emerges is—if we consider its dramatic function—a new creation of Shakespeare's own poetic imagination, which has at each stage transmuted the source material "into something rich and strange."

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The chief authority for the text of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is the first quarto of 1600 (Q1), possibly printed from Shakespeare's own manuscript. The second quarto of

1619 (Q2), fraudulently dated 1600, and the First Folio of 1623 (F) correct a few obvious mistakes of Q1 and add some new ones. The Folio introduces division into acts. The present text follows Q1 as closely as possible, but modernizes punctuation and spelling (and prints "and" as "an" when it means "if"), occasionally alters the lineation (for example, prints as prose some lines that were mistakenly set as verse), expands and regularizes the speech prefixes, slightly alters the position of stage directions where necessary, and corrects obvious typographical errors. Other departures from Q1 are listed below, the adopted reading first in boldface, and then Q1's reading in roman. If the adopted reading is derived from Q2 or from F, the fact is noted in a bracket following the reading.

I.i.4 wanes [Q2] waues **10 New-bent** Now bent **19 s.d.**
Lysander [F] Lysander and Helena **24 Stand forth, Demetrius**
 [printed as s.d. in Q1, Q2, F] **26 Stand forth, Lysander** [printed
 as s.d. in Q1, Q2, F] **102 Demetrius'** Demetrius **136 low** loue
187 Yours would Your words **191 I'd ile** **216 sweet** sweld
219 stranger companies strange companions
II.i.69 steep [Q2] steppe **79 Aegles** Eagles **109 thin** chinne
158 the west [F] west **190 slay . . . slayeth** stay . . . stayeth
201 not nor [F] not not
II.ii.9, 13, 24 [speech prefixes added by editor] **39 Be't** Bet it
47 is [Q2] it
III.i.12 By'r lakin Berlakin **28-29 yourselves** [F] your selfe
55 Bottom [Q2] Cet **68 and let** or let **82 Odors, odors** [F]
 odours, odorous **87 Puck** [F] Quin **162-63 Peaseblossom . . .**
All [Q1, Q2, and F print as a single speech, attributed to "Fairies"]
175-78 Peaseblossom . . . Mustardseed. Hail [Q1, Q2, and F
 print thus: 1 Fai. Haile mortall, haile./2. Fai. Haile./3. Fai. Haile]
195 you of you
III.ii.19 mimic [F] Minnick **80 part I so** part I **85 sleep** slippe
213 first, like first life **220 passionate words** [F] words **250**
prayers praise **299 gentlemen** [Q2] gentleman **323 she's**
 [Q2] she is **406 Speak! In some bush?** Speake in some bush
426 shalt [Q2] shat **451 To your eye** your eye
IV.i.74 o'er or **83 sleep of all these five** sleepe: of all these, fine
118 Seemed seeme **129 this is my** [Q2] this my **173 saw** see
200 let us [Q2] lets **208 to expound** [Q2] expound **210 a**
patched [F] patcht a
IV.ii.3 Starveling [F] Flute
V.i.34 our [F] or **156 Snout** [F] Flute **191 up in thee** [F] now
 againe **272 gleams** beams **317 mote** moth **350 Bottom** [F]
 Lion **370 lion** Lyons **371 behowls** beholds **418-19 And the**
owner . . . rest [these two lines are transposed in Q1, Q2, and F]



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

[Dramatis Personae]

THESEUS *Duke of Athens*
EGEUS *father to Hermia*
LYSANDER } *in love with Hermia*
DEMETRIUS }
PHILOSTRATE *Master of the Revels to Theseus*
PETER QUINCE *a carpenter; Prologue in the play*
SNUG *a joiner; Lion in the play*
NICK BOTTOM *a weaver; Pyramus in the play*
FRANCIS FLUTE *a bellows mender; Thisby in the play*
TOM SNOOT *a tinker; Wall in the play*
ROBIN STARVELING *a tailor; Moonshine in the play*

HIPPOLYTA *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus*
HERMIA *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander*
HELENA *in love with Demetrius*
OBERON *King of the Fairies*
TITANIA *Queen of the Fairies*
PUCK *or Robin Goodfellow*
PEASEBLOSSOM } *fairies*
COBWEB }
MOTH }
MUSTARDSEED }
OTHER FAIRIES *attending their king and queen*
ATTENDANTS *on Theseus and Hippolyta*

Scene: Athens, and a wood near it]

A C T I

[Scene I. *The palace of Theseus.*]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, [PHILOSTRATE,] with others.

THESEUS

Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace. Four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! She lingers^o my desires,
Like a stepdame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.^o

HIPPOLYTA

Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;

The decorative border above appeared on the title page of the second quarto edition of A Midsummer Night's Dream, 1619.

I.i.4 lingers makes to linger, delays **6 Long . . . revenue** diminishing the young man's money (because she must be supported by him)

Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

THESEUS

Go, Philostrate,

Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert^o and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion^o is not for our pomp.^o

[Exit PHILOSTRATE.]

Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword,^o
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with reveling.

Enter EGEUS and his daughter HERMIA, and LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

13 pert lively **15 companion** fellow (contemptuous); **pomp** festive procession **16 I . . . sword** Theseus had captured Hippolyta when he conquered the Amazons

EGEUS

Happy be Theseus, our renownèd duke!

20

THESEUS

Thanks, good Egeus.° What's the news with thee?

EGEUS

Full of vexation come I, with complaint

Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,

This man hath my consent to marry her.

25

Stand forth, Lysander. And, my gracious duke,

This man hath bewitched the bosom of my child.

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,

And interchanged love tokens with my child.

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,

30

With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,

And stol'n the impression of her fantasy°

With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,

Knacks,° trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth.

35

With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart,

Turned her obedience, which is due to me,

To stubborn harshness. And, my gracious duke,

Be it so she will not here before your grace

Consent to marry with Demetrius,

40

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens:

As she is mine, I may dispōse of her,

Which shall be either to this gentleman

Or to her death, according to our law

Immediately° provided in that case.

45

THESEUS

What say you, Hermia? Be advised, fair maid.

To you your father should be as a god,

One that composed your beauties; yea, and one

To whom you are but as a form in wax

By him imprinted and within his power

50

To leave the figure or disfigure it.

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HERMIA

So is Lysander.

THESEUS In himself he is;

But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,°

The other must be held the worthier.

55

HERMIA

I would my father looked but with my eyes.

THESEUS

Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

HERMIA

I do entreat your grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,

Nor how it may concern my modesty,

60

In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;

But I beseech your grace that I may know

The worst that may befall me in this case,

If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

THESEUS

Either to die the death, or to abjure

65

Forever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;

Know of° your youth, examine well your blood,°

Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,

You can endure the livery of a nun,

70

For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,°

To live a barren sister all your life,

Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.°

Thrice-blessèd they that master so their blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;

75

But earthlier happy is the rose distilled,°

Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,

Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

HERMIA

So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,

Ere I will yield my virgin patent° up

80

Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke

My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

THESEUS

Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon—

The sealing day betwixt my love and me,

For everlasting bond of fellowship—

85

Upon that day either prepare to die

For disobedience to your father's will,

Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,

Or on Diana's altar to protest

For aye austerity and single life.

90

DEMETRIUS

Relent, sweet Hermia: and, Lysander, yield

Thy crazèd title° to my certain right.

45

LYSANDER

You have her father's love, Demetrius;

Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

EGEUS

Scornful Lysander! True, he hath my love,

95

And what is mine my love shall render him.

And she is mine, and all my right of her

I do estate unto° Demetrius.

50

LYSANDER

I am, my lord, as well derived as he,

As well possessed;° my love is more than his;

100

My fortunes every way as fairly ranked

(If not with vantage°) as Demetrius';

And, which is more than all these boasts can be,

I am beloved of beauteous Hermia.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

105

Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,°

Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,

And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,

Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,

Upon this spotted° and inconstant man.

110

THESEUS

I must confess that I have heard so much,

And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;

But, being overfull of self-affairs,

My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;

And come, Egeus. You shall go with me;

115

I have some private schooling for you both.

21 Egeus pronounced "E-gé-us" 32 stol'n . . . fantasy fraudulently impressed your image upon her imagination 33-34 gauds, conceits, Knacks trinkets, cleverly devised tokens, knickknacks 45 Immediately expressly 54 But . . . voice but in this particular respect, lacking your father's approval

68 Know of ascertain from; blood passions 71 mewed caged 73 moon Diana, goddess of chastity 76 distilled made into perfumes 80 patent privilege 92 crazèd title flawed claim 98 estate unto settle upon 100 As well possessed as rich 102 If . . . vantage if not better 106 to his head in his teeth 110 spotted morally stained

For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
 To fit your fancies to your father's will;
 Or else the law of Athens yields you up—
 Which by no means we may extenuate—
 To death, or to a vow of single life.
 Come, my Hippolyta. What cheer, my love?
 Demetrius and Egeus, go along.
 I must employ you in some business
 Against^o our nuptial, and confer with you
 Of something nearly^o that concerns yourselves.

EGEUS

With duty and desire we follow you.

Exeunt [all but LYSANDER and HERMIA].

LYSANDER

How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?
 How chance^o the roses there do fade so fast?

HERMIA

Belike^o for want of rain, which I could well
 Beteem^o them from the tempest of my eyes.

LYSANDER

Ay me! For aught that I could ever read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth;
 But, either it was different in blood—

HERMIA

O cross! Too high to be enthralled to low!

LYSANDER

Or else misgraffèd^o in respect of years—

HERMIA

O spite! Too old to be engaged to young!

LYSANDER

Or else it stood upon the choice of friends—

HERMIA

O hell! To choose love by another's eyes!

LYSANDER

Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
 Making it momentany^o as a sound,
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
 Brief as the lightning in the collied^o night,
 That, in a spleen,^o unfolds both heaven and earth,
 And ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
 So quick bright things come to confusion.

HERMIA

If then true lovers have been ever crossed,
 It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then let us teach our trial patience,^o

Because it is a customary cross,

As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
 Wishes and tears, poor Fancy's^o followers.

LYSANDER

A good persuasion.^o Therefore, hear me, Hermia.
 I have a widow aunt, a dowager
 Of great revenue, and she hath no child.
 From Athens is her house remote seven leagues,

And she respects me as her only son.

160

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,

And to that place the sharp Athenian law

Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me, then,

Steal forth thy father's house tomorrow night;

And in the wood, a league without the town,

165

Where I did meet thee once with Helena,

To do observance to a morn of May,

There will I stay for thee.

HERMIA

My good Lysander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,

By his best arrow with the golden head,^o

170

By the simplicity of Venus' doves,

By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,

And by that fire which burned the Carthage queen,^o

When the false Trojan under sail was seen,

By all the vows that ever men have broke,

175

In number more than ever women spoke,

In that same place thou hast appointed me,

Tomorrow truly will I meet with thee.

LYSANDER

Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

135

Enter HELENA.

HERMIA

God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

180

HELENA

Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair.^o O happy fair!

Your eyes are lodestars,^o and your tongue's sweet air^o

More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,

When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

185

Sickness is catching. O, were favor^o so,

Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,^o

190

The rest I'd give to be to you translated.^o

O, teach me how you look, and with what art

You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

HERMIA

I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

HELENA

O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

195

HERMIA

I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

HELENA

O that my prayers could such affection move!

HERMIA

The more I hate, the more he follows me.

155

HELENA

The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HERMIA

His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

200

HELENA

None, but your beauty: would that fault were
 mine!

125 **Against** in preparation for 126 **nearly** closely 129
How chance how does it come that 130 **Belike** perhaps
 131 **Beteem** allow, afford 137 **misgraffèd** ill matched,
 misgrafted 143 **momentany** momentary, passing 145 **collied**
 blackened 146 **spleen** sudden fit of passion 152 **teach** . . .
patience teach ourselves to be patient 155 **Fancy's** Love's
 156 **persuasion** principle

170 **arrow** . . . **head** Cupid's gold-headed arrows caused love,
 the leaden ones dislike 173 **Carthage queen** Dido (who
 burned herself on a funeral pyre when the Trojan Aeneas left
 her) 182 **fair** beauty 183 **lodestars** guiding stars; **air** music
 186 **favor** looks 190 **bated** excepted 191 **translated**
 transformed

HERMIA

Take comfort. He no more shall see my face;
 Lysander and myself will fly this place.
 Before the time I did Lysander see,
 Seemed Athens as a paradise to me.
 O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
 That he hath turned a heaven unto a hell!

LYSANDER

Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
 Tomorrow night, when Phoebe^o doth behold
 Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
 Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
 A time that lovers' flights doth still^o conceal,
 Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

HERMIA

And in the wood, where often you and I
 Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
 Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
 There my Lysander and myself shall meet,
 And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
 To seek new friends and stranger companies.^o
 Farewell, sweet playfellow. Pray thou for us;
 And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
 Keep word, Lysander. We must starve our sight
 From lovers' food till tomorrow deep midnight.

LYSANDER

I will, my Hermia. *Exit* HERMIA. Helena, adieu.
 As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

Exit LYSANDER.

HELENA

How happy some o'er other some^o can be!
 Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
 But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
 He will not know what all but he do know.
 And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
 So I, admiring of his qualities.
 Things base and vile, holding no quantity,^o
 Love can transpose to form and dignity.
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
 And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
 Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
 Wings, and no eyes, figure^o unheedy haste:
 And therefore is Love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
 As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
 So the boy Love is perjured everywhere.
 For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,^o
 He hailed down oaths that he was only mine;
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolved, and show'rs of oaths did melt.
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight.
 Then to the wood will he tomorrow night
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence^o
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:^o
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither and back again.

Exit.

209 Phoebe the moon 212 still always 219 stranger companies the company of strangers 226 some . . . some some in comparison with others 232 holding no quantity having no proportion (therefore unattractive) 237 figure symbolize 242 eyne eyes 248 intelligence piece of news 249 dear expense (1) expense gladly incurred (2) heavy cost (in Demetrius' opinion)

[Scene II. Quince's house.]

Enter QUINCE the carpenter, and SNUG the joiner, and BOTTOM the weaver, and FLUTE the bellows mender, and SNOOT the tinker, and STARVELING the tailor.^o

205

QUINCE Is all our company here?

BOTTOM You were best to call them generally,^o man by man, according to the scrip.

210

QUINCE Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude^o before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding day at night.

BOTTOM First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

10

215

QUINCE Marry,^o our play is, "The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby."

BOTTOM A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

15

220

QUINCE Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOTTOM Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

20

QUINCE You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

225

BOTTOM What is Pyramus? A lover, or a tyrant?

QUINCE A lover that kills himself, most gallant, for love.

25

230

BOTTOM That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes. I will move storms, I will condole^o in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humor^o is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles^o rarely, or a part to tear a cat in,^o to make all split.

30

The raging rocks
 And shivering shocks
 Shall break the locks
 Of prison gates;
 And Phibbus' car^o
 Shall shine from far,
 And make and mar
 The foolish Fates.

35

235

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players.
 This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein. A lover is more condoling.

40

245

QUINCE Francis Flute, the bellows mender.

FLUTE Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

45

FLUTE What is Thisby? A wand'ring knight?

QUINCE It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

250

I.ii.s.d. the names of the clowns suggest their trades: Bottom object on which the yarn is wound; Quince quines, blocks of wood used for building; Snug close-fitting; Flute suggesting fluted bellows (for church organs); Snout spout of a kettle; Starveling an allusion to the proverbial thinness of tailors 2 generally Bottom means individually 6 interlude dramatic entertainment 11 Marry an interjection (originally an oath, "By the Virgin Mary") 28 condole lament 29 humor disposition 30 Ercles Hercules (a part notorious for ranting) 30-31 part . . . in railing part 36 Phibbus' car mispronunciation for Phoebus' car, or chariot (i.e., the sun)

FLUTE Nay, faith, let not me play a woman. I have a beard coming.

QUINCE That's all one.^o You shall play it in a mask, 50 and you may speak as small^o as you will.

BOTTOM An^o I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, "Thisne,^o Thisne!" "Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! Thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!" 55

QUINCE No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby.

BOTTOM Well, proceed.

QUINCE Robin Starveling, the tailor.

STARVELING Here, Peter Quince. 60

QUINCE Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father: Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part. And I 65 hope here is a play fitted.

SNUG Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow to study.

QUINCE You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring. 70

BOTTOM Let me play the lion too. I will roar that^o I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

QUINCE An you should do it too terribly, you would 75 fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOTTOM I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more 80 discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate^o my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere^o any nightingale.

QUINCE You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper^o man as one 85 shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOTTOM Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

QUINCE Why, what you will. 90

BOTTOM I will discharge it in either your straw-color beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain^o beard, or your French-crown-color^o beard, your perfit^o yellow.

QUINCE Some of your French crowns^o have no hair 95 at all, and then you will play barefaced.^o But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con^o them by tomorrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight. There will we rehearse, 100 for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices^o known. In the meantime

50 That's all one It makes no difference 51 small softly 52 An if 53 Thisne perhaps Shakespeare wrote "thisne," meaning "in this manner" 71 that so that 81 aggravate Bottom means moderate 83 an 'twere as if it were 85 proper handsome 92-93 purple-in-grain dyed with a fast purple 93 French-crown-color color of French gold coin 94 perfit perfect 95 crowns (1) gold coins (2) heads bald from the French disease (syphilis) 96 barefaced (1) bald (2) brazen 98 con study 102 devices plans

I will draw a bill of properties,^o such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

BOTTOM We will meet; and there we may rehearse 105 most obscenely^o and courageously. Take pains; be perfit: adieu.

QUINCE At the Duke's Oak we meet.

BOTTOM Enough; hold or cut bowstrings.^o Exeunt.

[A C T I I]

[Scene I. A wood near Athens.]

Enter a FAIRY at one door, and Robin Goodfellow [PUCK] at another.

PUCK

How now, spirit! Wither wander you?

FAIRY

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,^o
Thorough flood, thorough fire, 5
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;^o
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs^o upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners^o be: 10
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,^o
In those freckles live their savors.^o

I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. 15
Farewell, thou lob^o of spirits; I'll be gone.
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

PUCK

The king doth keep his revels here tonight.
Take heed the queen come not within his sight.
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,^o 20
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling.^o
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace^o the forests wild. 25
But she perforce withholds the lovèd boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,^o
But they do square,^o that all their elves for fear 30
Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

103 bill of properties list of stage furnishings 106 obscenely Bottom means seemly 109 hold . . . bowstrings keep your word or give it up (?)

II.i.4 pale enclosed land, park 7 moon's sphere according to the Ptolemaic system, the moon was fixed in a hollow sphere that surrounded and revolved about the earth 9 orbs fairy rings (i.e., circles of darker grass) 10 pensioners bodyguards (referring to Elizabeth I's bodyguard of fifty splendid young noblemen) 12 favors gifts 13 savors perfumes 16 lob lubber, clumsy fellow 20 passing . . . wrath very fierce and angry 23 changeling usually a child left behind by fairies in exchange for one stolen, but here applied to the stolen child 25 trace traverse 29 starlight sheen brightly shining starlight 30 square clash, quarrel

FAIRY

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
 Called Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he
 That frights the maidens of the villagery,[°] 35
 Skim milk, and sometimes labor in the quern,[°]
 And bootless[°] make the breathless housewife churn,
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,[°]
 Mislead night wanderers, laughing at their harm?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck, 40
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
 Are not you he?

PUCK

Thou speakest aright;

I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile, 45
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's[°] bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab;[°]
 And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
 And on her withered dewlap[°] pour the ale. 50
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest[°] tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And "tailor"[°] cries, and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire[°] hold their hips and laugh, 55
 And waxen[°] in their mirth, and neeze,[°] and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted[°] there.
 But, room, fairy! Here comes Oberon.

FAIRY

And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter [OBERON,] the King of Fairies, at one door, with his TRAIN; and [TITANIA,] the Queen, at another, with hers.

OBERON

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania. 60

TITANIA

What, jealous Oberon! Fairy, skip hence.
 I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBERON

Tarry, rash wanton;[°] am not I thy lord?

TITANIA

Then I must be thy lady: but I know
 When thou hast stolen away from fairy land 65
 And in the shape of Corin[°] sat all day,
 Playing on pipes of corn,[°] and versing love
 To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
 Come from the farthest steep of India?
 But that, forsooth, the bouncing[°] Amazon,
 Your buskined[°] mistress and your warrior love,
 To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
 To give their bed joy and prosperity.

35 **villagery** villagers 36 **quern** hand mill for grinding grain 37 **bootless** in vain 38 **barm** yeast, froth 47 **gossip's** old woman's 48 **crab** crabapple 50 **dewlap** fold of skin on the throat 51 **saddest** most serious 54 **tailor** suggesting the posture of a tailor squatting; or a term of abuse (Middle English *taillard* = thief) 55 **quire** company, choir 56 **waxen** increase; **neeze** sneeze 57 **wasted** passed 63 **rash wanton** hasty willful creature 66 **Corin** like "Phillida," line 68, a traditional name for a lover in pastoral poetry 67 **pipes of corn** musical instruments made of grain stalks 70 **bouncing** swaggering 71 **buskined** wearing a hunter's boot (buskin)

OBERON

How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
 Glance at my credit with Hippolyta, 75
 Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
 Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering
 night
 From Perigenia, whom he ravishèd?
 And make him with fair Aegles break his faith,
 With Ariadne and Antiopa?[°] 80

TITANIA

These are the forgeries of jealousy:
 And never, since the middle summer's spring,[°]
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
 By pavèd[°] fountain or by rushy brook, 85
 Or in the beachèd margent[°] of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have sucked up from the sea 90
 Contagious[°] fogs; which, falling in the land,
 Hath every pelting[°] river made so proud,
 That they have overborne their continents.[°]
 The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
 The plowman lost his sweat, and the green corn[°]
 Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard; 95
 The fold stands empty in the drownèd field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;[°]
 The nine men's morris[°] is filled up with mud;
 And the quaint mazes[°] in the wanton green,[°]
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable. 100
 The human mortals want their winter here;
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest.
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound. 105
 And thorough this distemperature[°] we see
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
 And on old Hiems'[°] thin and icy crown
 An odorous chaplet[°] of sweet summer buds 110
 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
 The childing[°] autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries;[°] and the mazèd[°] world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which.
 And this same progeny of evils comes 115
 From our debate,[°] from our dissension;
 We are their parents and original.

OBERON

Do you amend it, then; it lies in you:
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon? 70

78-80 **Perigenia . . . Antiopa** girls Theseus loved and deserted 82 **middle summer's spring** beginning of mid-summer 84 **pavèd** with pebbly bottom 85 **margent** margin, shore 90 **Contagious** generating pestilence 91 **pelting** petty 92 **continents** containers (i.e., banks) 94 **corn** grain 97 **murrion flock** flock dead of cattle disease (murrain) 98 **nine men's morris** square cut in the turf (for a game in which each player has nine counters, or "men") 99 **quaint mazes** intricate meandering paths on the grass (kept fresh by running along them); **wanton green** grass growing without check 106 **distemperature** disturbance in nature 109 **old Hiems'** the winter's 110 **chaplet** wreath 112 **childing** breeding, fruitful 113 **wonted liveries** accustomed apparel; **mazèd** bewildered 116 **debate** quarrel

I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.°

TITANIA Set your heart at rest.
The fairy land buys not° the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress° of my order,
And, in the spicèd Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossiped by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th' embarkèd traders on the flood;
When we have laughed to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following—her womb then rich with my young
squire—
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

OBERON
How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITANIA
Perchance till after Theseus' wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,°
And see our moonlight revels, go with us.
If not, shun me, and I will spare° your haunts.

OBERON
Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

TITANIA
Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
Exeunt [TITANIA and her TRAIN].

OBERON
Well, go thy way. Thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememb'rest
Since° once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil° at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea maid's music.

PUCK I remember.

OBERON
That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed. A certain aim he took
At a fair vestal° thronèd by the west,
And loosed his love shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should° pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
But I might° see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial vot'ress passèd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.°
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell.

120 It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.°
Fetch me that flow'r; the herb I showed thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman° madly dote
125 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan° can swim a league.

PUCK
I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. *[Exit.]* 175

OBERON Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
180 On meddling monkey, or on busy° ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me. 185
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will overhear their conference.

140 *Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.*

DEMETRIUS
I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me. 190
Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto this wood;
And here am I, and wood° within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more!

HELENA
You draw me, you hardhearted adamant;° 195
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

DEMETRIUS
Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?°
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not nor I cannot love you? 200

HELENA
And even for that do I love you the more.
155 I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love—
And yet a place of high respect with me—
Than to be usèd as you use your dog? 210

DEMETRIUS
Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

HELENA
And I am sick when I look not on you.

121 henchman page 122 The . . . not even your whole domain could not buy 123 vot'ress woman who has taken a vow 140 round circular dance 142 spare keep away from 149 Since when 152 civil well behaved 158 vestal virgin (possibly an allusion to Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen) 160 As it should as if it would 161 might could 164 fancy-free free from the power of love

168 love-in-idleness pansy 171 or man or woman either man or woman 174 leviathan sea monster, whale 181 busy meddling 192 wood out of my mind (with perhaps an additional pun on wooed) 195 adamant (1) very hard gem (2) lodestone; magnet 199 speak you fair speak kindly to you

DEMETRIUS

You do impeach^o your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert^o place
With the rich worth of your virginity.

HELENA

Your virtue is my privilege.^o For that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect^o are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

DEMETRIUS

I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,^o
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HELENA

The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne^o holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin;^o the mild hind^o
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues, and valor flies.

DEMETRIUS

I will not stay^o thy questions. Let me go!
O, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HELENA

Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be wooed, and were not made to woo.
[Exit DEMETRIUS.]

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon^o the hand I love so well. [Exit.]

OBERON

Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

PUCK

Ay, there it is.

OBERON

I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine.
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws^o her enameled skin,
Weed^o wide enough to wrap a fairy in.
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,

And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.

215

A sweet Athenian lady is in love

260

With a disdainful youth. Anoint his eyes;

But do it when the next thing he espies

May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man

By the Athenian garments he hath on.

Effect it with some care that he may prove

265

220

More fond on her^o than she upon her love:

And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

PUCK

Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. *Exeunt.*

225

[Scene II. Another part of the wood.]

Enter TITANIA, Queen of Fairies, with her TRAIN.

TITANIA

Come, now a roundel^o and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with reremice^o for their leathern wings
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint^o spirits. Sing me now asleep.
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

230

5

235

FAIRIES *sing.*

FIRST FAIRY

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blindworms,^o do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.

10

240

CHORUS

Philomele,^o with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

15

FIRST FAIRY

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offense.

20

CHORUS

Philomele, with melody, &c.

250

SECOND FAIRY

Hence, away! Now all is well.
One aloof stand sentinel.

25

[*Exeunt FAIRIES. TITANIA sleeps.*]

255

Enter OBERON [and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids].

OBERON

What thou see'st when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy truelove take;
Love and languish for his sake.

266 fond on her foolishly in love with her

II.ii.I roundel dance in a ring 4 reremice bats 7 quaint dainty 11 blindworms small snakes 13 Philomele nightingale

214 impeach expose to reproach 218 desert deserted, uninhabited 220 Your . . . privilege Your inherent power is my warrant 224 in my respect in my opinion 227 brakes thickets 231 Daphne a nymph who fled from Apollo (at her prayer she was changed into a laurel tree) 232 griffin fabulous monster with an eagle's head and a lion's body; hind doe 235 stay wait for 244 To die upon dying by 255 throws casts off 256 Weed garment

Be it ounce,^o or cat, or bear,
 Pard,^o or boar with bristled hair,
 In thy eye that shall appear
 When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
 Wake when some vile thing is near. [Exit.]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

LYSANDER
 Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood;
 And to speak troth,^o I have forgot our way.
 We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
 And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HERMIA
 Be't so, Lysander. Find you out a bed;
 For I upon this bank will rest my head.

LYSANDER
 One turf shall serve as pillow for us both,
 One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

HERMIA
 Nay, good Lysander. For my sake, my dear,
 Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

LYSANDER
 O, take the sense,^o sweet, of my innocence!
 Love takes the meaning^o in love's conference.
 I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
 So that but one heart we can make of it:
 Two bosoms interchainèd with an oath;
 So then two bosoms and a single troth.^o
 Then by your side no bed-room me deny,
 For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.^o

HERMIA
 Lysander riddles very prettily.
 Now much beshrew^o my manners and my pride,
 If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
 But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
 Lie further off, in human modesty.
 Such separation as may well be said
 Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
 So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend.
 Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

LYSANDER
 Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I,
 And then end life when I end loyalty!
 Here is my bed. Sleep give thee all his rest!

HERMIA
 With half that wish the wisher's eyes be pressed!
 [They sleep.]

Enter PUCK.

PUCK
 Through the forest have I gone,
 But Athenian found I none,
 On whose eyes I might approve^o
 This flower's force in stirring love.
 Night and silence.—Who is here?
 Weeds^o of Athens he doth wear:
 This is he, my master said,

30 ounce lynx 31 Pard leopard 36 troth truth 45 take
 the sense understand the true meaning 46 Love . . . mean-
 ing lovers understand the true meaning of what they say to each
 other 50 troth faithful love 52 lie be untrue 54 beshrew
 curse (but commonly, as here, in a light sense) 68 approve
 try 71 Weeds garments

Despisèd the Athenian maid;
 And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 Pretty soul! She durst not lie
 Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
 Churl,^o upon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charm doth owe.^o
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
 So awake when I am gone,
 For I must now to Oberon. Exit.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

HELENA
 Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS
 I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HELENA
 O, wilt thou darkling^o leave me? Do not so.

DEMETRIUS
 Stay, on thy peril! I alone will go. [Exit.]

HELENA
 O, I am out of breath in this fond^o chase!
 The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
 Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,
 For she hath blessèd and attractive eyes.
 How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears.
 If so, my eyes are oft'ner washed than hers.
 No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
 For beasts that meet me run away for fear.
 Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
 Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
 Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?^o
 But who is here? Lysander! On the ground!
 Dead? Or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
 Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

LYSANDER [Awaking.]
 And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
 Transparent^o Helena! Nature shows art,
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
 Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
 Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

HELENA
 Do not say so, Lysander, say not so.
 What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what
 though?
 Yet Hermia still loves you. Then be content.

LYSANDER
 Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
 The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
 Not Hermia but Helena I love:
 Who will not change a raven for a dove?
 The will^o of man is by his reason swayed
 And reason says you are the worthier maid.
 Things growing are not ripe until their season:
 So I, being young, till now ripe not^o to reason.
 And touching now the point of human skill,^o

78 Churl boorish fellow 79 owe possess 86 darkling in
 the dark 88 fond (1) doting (2) foolish 99 sphery eyne
 starry eyes 104 Transparent bright 115 will desire 118
 ripe not have not ripened 119 touching . . . skill now
 reaching the fullness of human reason

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

HELENA

Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout° my insufficiency?
Good troth,° you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well. Perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.°
O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused!

Exit.

LYSANDER

She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there,
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive,
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address° your love and might
To honor Helen and to be her knight!

Exit.

HERMIA [*Awaking.*]

Help me, Lysander, help me! Do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! What a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear.
Methought a serpent eat° my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.°
Lysander! What, removed? Lysander! Lord!
What, out of hearing? Gone? No sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? Speak, an if° you hear;
Speak, of° all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh.
Either death or you I'll find immediately.

Exit.

[A C T I I I]

[Scene I. *The wood.* TITANIA *lying asleep.*]

Enter the clowns [QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE,
SNOUT, and STARVELING].

BOTTOM Are we all met?

QUINCE Pat,° pat; and here's a marvail's° convenient
place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our
stage, this hawthorn brake° our tiring house,° and we
will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

BOTTOM Peter Quince?

120 QUINCE What sayest thou, bully° Bottom?

BOTTOM There are things in this comedy of Pyramus
and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must
draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot 10
abide. How answer you that?

SNOUT By'r lakin,° a parlous° fear.

125 STARVELING I believe we must leave the killing out,
when all is done.

BOTTOM Not a whit. I have a device to make all well. 15
Write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to
say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that
Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more
better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not
Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put 20
them out of fear.

QUINCE Well, we will have such a prologue, and it
shall be written in eight and six.°

135 BOTTOM No, make it two more; let it be written in
eight and eight.

SNOUT Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STARVELING I fear it, I promise you.

140 BOTTOM Masters, you ought to consider with your-
selves. To bring in—God shield us!—a lion among
ladies, is a most dreadful thing. For there is not a 30
more fearful wild fowl than your lion living; and
we ought to look to't.

SNOUT Therefore another prologue must tell he is
not a lion.

145 BOTTOM Nay, you must name his name, and half his 35
face must be seen through the lion's neck, and he
himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the
same defect—"Ladies"—or, "Fair ladies—I would
wish you"—or, "I would request you"—or, "I
would entreat you—not to fear, not to tremble: my 40
life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion,
it were pity of my life.° No, I am no such thing. I am
a man as other men are." And there indeed let him
name his name, and tell them plainly, he is Snug the
joiner. 45

QUINCE Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard
things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber;
for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-
light.

SNOUT Doth the moon shine that night we play our 50
play?

BOTTOM A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac;
find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

QUINCE Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOTTOM Why, then may you leave a casement of the 55
great chamber window, where we play, open, and
the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUINCE Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of
thorns° and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure,°
or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there 60
is another thing: we must have a wall in the great
chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did
talk through the chink of a wall.

128 flout jeer at 129 Good troth indeed (an expletive, like
"Good sooth") 132 gentleness noble character 143 address
apply 149 eat ate (pronounced "et") 150 prey act of preying
153 an if if 154 of for the sake of
III.i.2 Pat exactly, on the dot; marvail's Quince means *mar-*
velous 4 brake thicket; tiring house attiring house, dressing
room

7 bully good fellow 12 By'r lakin by Our Lady (ladykin
= little lady); parlous perilous, terrible 23 in . . . six in
alternate lines of eight and six syllables (ballad stanza) 42 pity
. . . life a bad thing for me 58–59 bush of thorns legend
held that the man in the moon had been placed there for
gathering firewood on Sunday 59 disfigure Quince means
figure, "represent"

SNOUT You can never bring in a wall. What say you,
Bottom? 65

BOTTOM Some man or other must present Wall:
and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some
roughcast^o about him, to signify Wall; and let him
hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall
Pyramus and Thisby whisper. 70

QUINCE If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit
down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts.
Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your
speech, enter into that brake; and so everyone ac-
cording to his cue. 75

Enter Robin [PUCK].

PUCK
What hempen homespuns^o have we swagg'ring here,
So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen?

What, a play toward!^o I'll be an auditor;

An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

QUINCE Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth. 80

PYRAMUS [BOTTOM]

Thisby, the flowers of odious savors sweet—

QUINCE Odors, odors.

PYRAMUS —odors savors sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile, 85

And by and by^o I will to thee appear. *Exit.*

PUCK

A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here! *[Exit.]*

THISBY [FLUTE] Must I speak now?

QUINCE Ay, marry, must you. For you must under-
stand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to 90
come again.

THISBY

Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisky juvenal,^o and eke^o most lovely Jew,^o

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire, 95
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's^o tomb.

QUINCE "Ninus' tomb," man. Why, you must not
speak that yet. That you answer to Pyramus. You
speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus,
enter. Your cue is past; it is "never tire." 100

THISBY

O—as true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

[Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.]

PYRAMUS

If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

QUINCE O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted.

Pray, masters! Fly, masters! Help!

[Exeunt all the CLOWNS but BOTTOM.]

PUCK

I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,^o 105

Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier.

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. *Exit.* 110

BOTTOM Why do they run away? This is a knavery of
them to make me afeard.

Enter SNOUT.

SNOUT O Bottom, thou art changed! What do I see
on thee?

BOTTOM What do you see? You see an ass head of 115
your own, do you? *[Exit SNOUT.]*

Enter QUINCE.

QUINCE Bless thee, Bottom! Bless thee! Thou art
translated.^o *Exit.*

BOTTOM I see their knavery. This is to make an ass
of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir 120
from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and
down here, and will sing, that they shall hear I am not
afraid.

[Sings.]

The woosel^o cock so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill, 125

The throstle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill—^o

TITANIA *[Awaking.]*

What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

BOTTOM *[Sings.]*

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo^o gray, 130

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer nay—

for, indeed, who would set his wit^o to so foolish a
bird? Who would give a bird the lie,^o though he cry
"cuckoo" never so?^o 135

TITANIA

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:

Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me

On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee. 140

BOTTOM Methinks, mistress, you should have little
reason for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and
love keep little company together nowadays; the
more the pity, that some honest neighbors will
not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek^o upon 145
occasion.

TITANIA

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOTTOM Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to
get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine
own turn. 150

TITANIA

Out of this wood do not desire to go.

68 roughcast lime mixed with gravel to plaster outside walls
76 hempen homespuns coarse fellows (clad in homespun
cloth of hemp) 78 toward in preparation 86 by and by
shortly 94 juvenal youth; eke also; Jew probably added for
its jingle with "juvenal" 96 Ninny's blunder for Ninus'
(Ninus was the legendary founder of Nineveh) 105 about a
round roundabout

118 translated transformed 124 woosel ouzel, blackbird
127 quill literally, "reed pipe"; here, "piping voice" 130 the
plain-song cuckoo the cuckoo, who sings a simple song 133
set his wit use his intelligence to answer 134 give . . . lie
contradict a bird (the cuckoo's song supposedly tells a man he
is a cuckold) 135 never so ever so often 145 gleek make a
satirical jest

Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate.^o

The summer still doth tend^o upon my state;

And I do love thee. Therefore, go with me.

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing, while thou on pressèd flowers dost sleep:

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth!^o And Mustardseed!

Enter four fairies [PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED].

PEASEBLOSSOM Ready.

COBWEB

And I.

MOTH And I.

MUSTARDSEED And I.

ALL Where shall we go?

TITANIA

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;

Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,^o

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

The honey bags steal from the humblebees,^o

And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,

And light them at the fiery glowworm's eyes,

To have my love to bed and to arise;

And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,

To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

PEASEBLOSSOM Hail, mortal!

COBWEB Hail!

MOTH Hail!

MUSTARDSEED Hail!

BOTTOM I cry your worships mercy,^o heartily: I beseech your worship's name.

COBWEB Cobweb.

BOTTOM I shall desire you of more acquaintance,^o good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger,^o I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

PEASEBLOSSOM Peaseblossom.

BOTTOM I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash,^o your mother, and to Master Peascod,^o your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

MUSTARDSEED Mustardseed.

BOTTOM Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well. That same cowardly, giantlike ox-beef hath devoured^o many a gentleman of your house. I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

TITANIA

Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon methinks looks with a wat'ry eye;

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforcèd^o chastity.

Tie up my lover's tongue, bring him silently.

Exit [TITANIA, with BOTTOM and FAIRIES].

[Scene II. Another part of the wood.]

Enter [OBERON,] King of Fairies, and Robin Goodfellow [PUCK].

OBERON

I wonder if Titania be awaked;

Then, what it was that next came in her eye,

Which she must dote on in extremity.^o

Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit!

What night-rule^o now about this haunted grove?

PUCK

My mistress with a monster is in love.

Near to her close^o and consecrated bower,

While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,

A crew of patches,^o rude mechanicals,^o

That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,

Were met together to rehearse a play,

Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.

The shallowest thickskin of that barren sort,^o

Who Pyramus presented in their sport,

Forsook his scene, and entered in a brake.

When I did him at this advantage take,

An ass's nole^o I fixèd on his head.

Anon^o his Thisby must be answerèd,

And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,

Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,^o

Rising and cawing at the gun's report,

Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,

So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;

And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;

He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.

Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;

For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;

Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,

And left sweet Pyramus translated there:

When in that moment, so it came to pass,

Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.

OBERON

This falls out better than I could devise.

But hast thou yet latched^o the Athenian's eyes

With the love juice, as I did bid thee do?

PUCK

I took him sleeping—that is finished too—

200 enforcèd violated

III.ii.3 in extremity to the extreme 5 night-rule happenings during the night 7 close private, secret 9 patches fools, clowns; rude mechanicals uneducated workingmen 13 barren sort stupid group 17 nole "noodle," head 18 Anon presently 21 russet-pated . . . sort gray-headed jackdaws, many in a flock 36 latched fastened (or possibly "moistened")

153 rate rank 154 still doth tend always waits upon 161 Moth pronounced "mote," and probably a speck rather than an insect is denoted 166 apricocks and dewberries apricots and blackberries 168 humblebees bumblebees 179 I . . . mercy I beg pardon of your honors 182 I . . . acquaintance I shall want to be better acquainted with you 183 if . . . finger cobweb was used for stanching blood 186 Squash unripe peapod 187 Peascod contrary to squash, a ripe peapod 193 devoured because beef is often eaten with mustard

And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force^o she must be eyed. 40

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

OBERON

Stand close:^o this is the same Athenian.

PUCK

This is the woman, but not this the man.

DEMETRIUS

O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

HERMIA

Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse, 45
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day 50
As he to me. Would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole^o earth may be bored, and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so displease
Her brother's^o noontide with th' Antipodes.^o 55
It cannot be but thou hast murd' red him.
So should a murderer look, so dead,^o so grim.

DEMETRIUS

So should the murdered look; and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty.
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear, 60
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

HERMIA

What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

DEMETRIUS

I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

HERMIA

Out, dog! Out, cur! Thou driv'st me past the bounds 65
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never numb' red among men!
O, once tell true! Tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have looked upon him being awake?
And hast thou killed him sleeping? O brave touch!^o 70
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

DEMETRIUS

You spend your passion on a misprised mood:^o
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood; 75
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

HERMIA

I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

DEMETRIUS

An if I could, what should I get therefore?^o

HERMIA

A privilege, never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so. 80
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*

DEMETRIUS

There is no following her in this fierce vein.
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow 85
For debt that bankrout sleep doth sorrow owe;^o
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender^o here I make some stay.

Lie down [and sleep].

OBERON

What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love juice on some truelove's sight. 90
Of thy misprision^o must perforce ensue
Some true love turned, and not a false turned true.

PUCK

Then fate o'errules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.^o

OBERON

About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find. 95
All fancy-sick^o she is and pale of cheer,^o
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood
dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here.
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.^o

PUCK

I go, I go; look how I go, 100
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. *[Exit.]*

OBERON

Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye. 105
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter PUCK.

PUCK

Captain of our fairyband, 110
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant^o see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be! 115

OBERON

Stand aside. The noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

PUCK

Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;^o
And those things do best please me 120
That befall prepost' rously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

40 of force by necessity 41 close concealed 53 whole solid
55 Her brother's the sun's; Antipodes the inhabitants of the
other side of the earth 57 dead deadly pale 70 brave touch
splendid exploit (ironic) 74 misprised mood mistaken anger
78 therefore in return

85 For . . . owe because of the debt that bankrupt sleep owes
to sorrow 87 tender offer 90 misprision mistake 93
confounding . . . oath breaking oath after oath 96 fancy-
sick lovesick; cheer face 99 against . . . appear in prepara-
tion for her appearance 114 fond pageant foolish exhibition
119 alone unique, supreme

LYSANDER

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:

Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,

In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,

Bearing the badge of faith,^o to prove them true?

HELENA

You do advance^o your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

LYSANDER

I had no judgment when to her I swore.

HELENA

Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

LYSANDER

Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

DEMETRIUS [*Awaking.*]

O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show^o

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealèd white, high Taurus^o snow,

Fanned with the eastern wind, turns to a crow

When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

HELENA

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent

To set against me for your merriment:

If you were civil^o and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join in souls to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle^o lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,^o

When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;

And now both rivals to mock Helena:

A trim^o exploit, a manly enterprise,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

With your derision! None of noble sort

Would so offend a virgin, and extort^o

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

LYSANDER

You are unkind, Demetrius. Be not so;

For you love Hermia; this you know I know.

And here, with all good will, with all my heart,

In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;

And yours of Helena to me bequeath,

Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

HELENA

Never did mockers waste more idle^o breath.

DEMETRIUS

Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none.

If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.

My heart to her but as guestwise sojourned,

And now to Helen is it home returned,

There to remain.

LYSANDER

Helen, it is not so.

DEMETRIUS

Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,

Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.^o

Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

HERMIA

Dark night, that from the eye his^o function takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes;

Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,

It pays the hearing double recompense.

Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYSANDER

Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

HERMIA

What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYSANDER

Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night

Than all yon fiery oes^o and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,

The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

HERMIA

You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

HELENA

Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoined all three

To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.

Injurious^o Hermia! Most ungrateful maid!

Have you conspired, have you with these contrived

To bait^o me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,

The sister's vows, the hours that we have spent,

When we have chid the hasty-footed time

For parting us—O, is all forgot?

All school days friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial^o gods,

Have with our needles created both one flower,

Both on one sampler,^o sitting on one cushion,

Both warbling of one song, both in one key;

As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,

Had been incorporate.^o So we grew together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,

But yet an union in partition;

Two lovely berries molded on one stem;

So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;

Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,

Due but to one, and crownèd with one crest.^o

175 aby it dear pay dearly for it 177 his its (the eye's) 188 oes orbs 195 Injurious insulting 196–97 contrived To bait plotted to assail 203 artificial skilled in art 205 sampler work of embroidery 208 incorporate one body 213–14 Two . . . crest Helena apparently envisages a shield on which the coat of arms appears twice but which has a single crest; Helena and Hermia have two bodies but a single heart

127 badge of faith Lysander means his tears 128 advance exhibit, display 139 show appearance 141 Taurus' of the Taurus Mountains (in Turkey) 147 civil civilized 152 gentle well-born 153 parts qualities 157 trim splendid (ironical) 160 extort wear out by torturing 168 idle vain, futile

And will you rent^o our ancient love asunder, 215
 To join with men in scorning your poor
 friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

HERMIA

I am amazèd at your passionate words. 220
 I scorn you not. It seems that you scorn me.

HELENA

Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
 To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
 And made your other love, Demetrius
 (Who even but now did spurn me with his
 foot), 225
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
 Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
 To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander
 Deny your love,^o so rich within his soul,
 And tender me (forsooth) affection,
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
 What though I be not so in grace^o as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
 But miserable most, to love unloved?
 This you should pity rather than despise. 235

HERMIA

I understand not what you mean by this.

HELENA

Ay, do! Persever,^o counterfeit sad^o looks,
 Make mouths^o upon me when I turn my back;
 Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up.
 This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled. 240
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
 You would not make me such an argument.^o
 But fare ye well. 'Tis partly my own fault,
 Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

LYSANDER

Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
 My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

HELENA

O excellent!

HERMIA Sweet, do not scorn her so.

DEMETRIUS

If she cannot entreat,^o I can compel.

LYSANDER

Thou canst compel no more than she entreat.
 Thy threats have no more strength than her weak
 prayers. 250

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do!

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
 To prove him false that says I love thee not.

DEMETRIUS

I say I love thee more than he can do.

LYSANDER

If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too. 255

DEMETRIUS

Quick, come!

HERMIA Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYSANDER

Away, you Ethiope!^o

DEMETRIUS

No, no; he'll
 Seem to break loose; take on as^o you would follow,
 But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

LYSANDER

Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! Vile thing, let loose, 260
 Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

HERMIA

Why are you grown so rude! What change is this,
 Sweet love?

LYSANDER Thy love! Out, tawny Tartar, out!
 Out, loathèd med'cine! O hated potion, hence!

HERMIA

Do you not jest? 225

HELENA

Yes, sooth;^o and so do you. 265

LYSANDER

Demetrius, I will keep my word^o with thee.

DEMETRIUS

I would I had your bond, for I perceive
 A weak bond holds you. I'll not trust your word. 230

LYSANDER

What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
 Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. 270

HERMIA

What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
 Hate me! Wherefore? O me! What news, my love!
 Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
 I am as fair now as I was erewhile.^o
 Since night^o you loved me; yet since night you left me. 275
 Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—
 In earnest, shall I say? 240

LYSANDER

Ay, by my life!
 And never did desire to see thee more.
 Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
 Be certain, nothing truer. 'Tis no jest 280
 That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

HERMIA

O me! You juggler! You canker blossom!^o
 You thief of love! What, have you come by night
 And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HELENA

Fine, i' faith!
 Have you no modesty, no maiden shame, 285
 No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
 Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
 Fie, fie! You counterfeit, you puppet, you!

HERMIA

Puppet? Why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
 Now I perceive that she hath made compare^o 290
 Between our statures; she hath urged her height,
 And with her personage, her tall personage,
 Her height, forsooth, she hath prevailed with him.
 And are you grown so high in his esteem,
 Because I am so dwarfish and so low? 295
 How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak!
 How low am I? I am not yet so low
 But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

215 rent rend, tear 229 your love his love for you 232 in
 grace in favor 237 Persever persevere (but accented on
 second syllable); sad grave 238 Make mouths make mocking
 faces 242 argument subject (of scorn) 248 entreat prevail
 by entreating

257 Ethiope blackamoor (brunette) 258 take on as make a
 fuss as if 265 sooth truly 266 my word my promise to fight
 with you 274 erewhile a little while ago 275 Since night
 since the beginning of this night 282 canker blossom dog
 rose (or possibly worm that cankers the blossom) 290 com-
 pare comparison

HELENA

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me. I was never curst;^o
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid^o for my cowardice.
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

HERMIA Lower! Hark, again!

HELENA

Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wronged
you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you; for love I followed him.
But he hath chid me hence, and threatened me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too.
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple and how fond^o I am.

HERMIA

Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders you?

HELENA

A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

HERMIA

What, with Lysander?

HELENA

With Demetrius.

LYSANDER

Be not afraid. She shall not harm thee, Helena.

DEMETRIUS

No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

HELENA

O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!^o
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

HERMIA

"Little" again! Nothing but "low" and "little"!
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

LYSANDER

Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus,^o of hind'ring knotgrass^o made;
You bead, you acorn!

DEMETRIUS

You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone. Speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend^o
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby^o it.

LYSANDER

Now she holds me not.
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

DEMETRIUS

Follow! Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

[*Exeunt* LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS.]

HERMIA

You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:^o
Nay, go not back.

HELENA

I will not trust you, I, 340
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away.

HERMIA

I am amazed,^o and know not what to say.

Exeunt [HELENA and HERMIA].

OBERON

This is thy negligence. Still thou mistak'st, 345
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willfully.

PUCK

Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise, 350
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,^o
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

OBERON

Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight.
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night. 355

The starry welkin^o cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;^o
And lead these testy^o rivals so astray,
As^o one come not within another's way.

Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue, 360
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;^o
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius.

And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty^o wings doth creep. 365

Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous^o property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight. 370

When they next wake, all this derision^o
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision,
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date^o till death shall never end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ, 375
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmèd eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

PUCK

My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;^o 380

At whose approach, ghosts, wand'ring here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damnèd spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone.

For fear lest day should look their shames upon, 385
They willfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-browed night.

339 all . . . you all this turmoil is brought about by you 344
amazed in confusion 352 sort turn out 356 welkin sky
357 Acheron one of the rivers of the underworld 358 testy
excited, angry 359 As that 361 wrong insult 365 batty
bat-like 367 virtuous potent 370 derision ludicrous de-
lusion 373 With . . . date in union whose term 380
Aurora's harbinger dawn's herald (i.e., the morning star)

300 curst quarrelsome 302 right maid true young woman
317 fond foolish 323 keen and shrewd sharp-tongued and
shrewish 329 minimus smallest thing; knotgrass a weed
that allegedly stunted one's growth 333 intend give sign,
direct (or possibly "pretend") 335 aby pay for

OBERON

But we are spirits of another sort.
 I with the morning's love^o have oft made sport;
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread, 390
 Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessèd beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
 But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay.
 We may effect this business yet ere day. [Exit.] 395

PUCK

Up and down, up and down,
 I will lead them up and down:
 I am feared in field and town:
 Goblin,^o lead them up and down.
 Here comes one. 400

Enter LYSANDER.

LYSANDER

Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.

PUCK

Here, villain; drawn^o and ready. Where art thou?

LYSANDER

I will be with thee straight.

PUCK

Follow me, then,
 To plainer^o ground. [Exit LYSANDER.]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS

Lysander! Speak again!
 Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled? 405
 Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

PUCK

Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
 Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
 And wilt not come? Come, recreant! Come, thou
 child!
 I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defiled 410
 That draws a sword on thee.

DEMETRIUS

Yea, art thou there?

PUCK

Follow my voice. We'll try no manhood^o here.
Exeunt.

[Enter LYSANDER.]

LYSANDER

He goes before me and still dares me on:
 When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
 The villain is much lighter-heeled than I. 415
 I followed fast, but faster he did fly,
 That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
 And here will rest me. [Lies down.] Come, thou gentle
 day!
 For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
 I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. 420
 [Sleeps.]

[Enter] Robin [PUCK] and DEMETRIUS.

PUCK

Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

DEMETRIUS

Abide me,^o if thou dar'st; for well I wot^o
 Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
 And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
 Where art thou now?

PUCK

Come hither. I am here. 425

DEMETRIUS

Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,^o
 If ever I thy face by daylight see.
 Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
 To measure out my length on this cold bed.
 By day's approach look to be visited.^o 430
 [Lies down and sleeps.]

Enter HELENA.

HELENA

O weary night, O long and tedious night,
 Abate^o thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
 That I may back to Athens by daylight,
 From these that my poor company detest:
 And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye, 435
 Steal me awhile from mine own company.
 Sleep.

PUCK

Yet but three? Come one more.
 Two of both kinds makes up four.
 Here she comes, curst^o and sad:
 Cupid is a knavish lad, 440
 Thus to make poor females mad.

[Enter HERMIA.]

HERMIA

Never so weary, never so in woe;
 Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
 I can no further crawl, no further go;
 My legs can keep no pace with my desires. 445
 Here will I rest me till the break of day.
 Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
 [Lies down and sleeps.]

PUCK

On the ground
 Sleep sound:
 I'll apply 450
 To your eye,
 Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.]

When thou wak'st,
 Thou tak'st
 True delight 455
 In the sight
 Of thy former lady's eye:
 And the country proverb known,
 That every man should take his own,
 In your waking shall be shown. 460
 Jack shall have Jill;
 Nought shall go ill;
 The man shall have his mare again;
 and all shall be well. [Exit.]

389 the morning's love Aurora (or possibly her lover Cephalus) 399 Goblin Hobgoblin (one of Puck's names)
 402 drawn with drawn sword 404 plainer more level
 412 try no manhood have no test of valor

422 Abide me wait for me; wot know 426 buy this dear
 pay dearly for this 430 look . . . visited be sure to be sought
 out 432 Abate make shorter 439 curst cross

[A C T I V]

[Scene I. *The wood.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS,
HELENA, and HERMIA, *lying asleep.*]

Enter [TITANIA,] *Queen of Fairies, and* [BOTTOM *the*
clown, and FAIRIES; *and* [OBERON,] *the King, behind*
them.

TITANIA

Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,^o
And stick musk roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOTTOM Where's Peaseblossom? 5

PEASEBLOSSOM Ready.

BOTTOM Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's
Monsieur Cobweb?

COBWEB Ready.

BOTTOM Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get 10
you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-
hipped humblebee on the top of a thistle; and, good
monsieur, bring me the honey bag. Do not fret
yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and,
good monsieur, have a care the honey bag break 15
not; I would be loath to have you overflown with
a honey bag, signior. Where's Monsieur Mustard-
seed?

MUSTARDSEED Ready.

BOTTOM Give me your neaf,^o Monsieur Mustard- 20
seed. Pray you, leave your curtsy,^o good monsieur.

MUSTARDSEED What's your will?

BOTTOM Nothing, good monsieur, but to help
Cavalery^o Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's,
monsieur; for methinks I am marvail's^o hairy about 25
the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but
tickle me, I must scratch.

TITANIA

What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

BOTTOM I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's 30
have the tongs and the bones.^o

TITANIA

Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

BOTTOM Truly, a peck of provender. I could munch
your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire
to a bottle^o of hay. Good hay, sweet hay, hath no
fellow.^o 35

TITANIA

I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

BOTTOM I had rather have a handful or two of dried
peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me:
I have an exposition of^o sleep come upon me. 40

TITANIA

Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways^o away.

[*Exeunt* FAIRIES.]

IV.i.2 While . . . coy while I caress your lovely cheeks
20 neaf fist, hand 21 leave your curtsy stop bowing, leave
your hat on (a curtsy was any gesture of respect) 24
Cavalery Cavalier 25 marvail's Bottom means *marvelous*
30 tongs . . . bones rustic music, made by tongs struck with
metal and by bone clappers held between the fingers 34
bottle bundle 35 fellow equal 40 exposition of Bottom
means *disposition for* 42 all ways in every direction

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy^o so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm. 45
O, how I love thee! How I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

Enter Robin Goodfellow [PUCK].

OBERON [*Advancing.*]

Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity:

For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favors^o for this hateful fool, 50
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.

For she his hairy temples then had rounded

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;

And that same dew, which sometime^o on the buds
Was wont^o to swell, like round and orient^o pearls, 55

Stood now within the pretty flouriets'^o eyes,

Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had at my pleasure taunted her,

And she in mild terms begged my patience,

I then did ask of her her changeling child; 60

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent

To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo

This hateful imperfection of her eyes:

And, gentle Puck, take this transformèd scalp 65

From off the head of this Athenian swain,

That, he awaking when the other^o do,

May all to Athens back again repair,

And think no more of this night's accidents,^o

But as the fierce vexation of a dream. 70

But first I will release the Fairy Queen.

Be as thou wast wont to be;

See as thou wast wont to see.

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessèd power. 75

Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.

TITANIA

My Oberon, what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamored of an ass.

OBERON

There lies your love.

TITANIA

How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now! 80

OBERON

Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.

Titania, music call; and strike more dead

Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

TITANIA

Music, ho, music! Such as charmeth sleep!

PUCK

Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes
peep. 85

OBERON

Sound, music! [*Music.*] Come, my queen, take hands
with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

[*Dance.*]

44 female ivy called female because it clings to the elm and
is supported by it 50 favors love tokens (probably flowers)
54 sometime formerly 55 Was wont used to; orient
lustrous 56 flouriets' flowerets' 67 other others 69
accidents happenings

Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will tomorrow midnight solemnly°
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,°
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

PUCK

Fairy King, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

OBERON

Then, my queen, in silence sad,°
Trip we after night's shade.
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

TITANIA

Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground. *Exeunt.*

*Wind horn. Enter THESEUS, and all his TRAIN;
[HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS].*

THESEUS

Go, one of you, find out the forester,
For now our observation° is performed;
And since we have the vaward° of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go.
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

[Exit an ATTENDANT.]

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIPPOLYTA

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed° the bear
With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seemed all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THESEUS

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flewed, so sanded;° and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each.° A cry° more tunable
Was never holloed to, nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.
Judge when you hear. But, soft!° What nymphs are
these?

EGEUS

My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

89 solemnly ceremoniously 90 triumphantly in festive procession 96 sad serious, solemn 105 observation observation of the rite of May (cf. I.i.167) 106 vaward vanguard (i.e., morning) 114 bayed brought to bay 121 So . . . sanded like Spartan hounds, with hanging cheeks and of sandy color 125 Each under each of different tone (like the chime of bells); cry pack of hounds 128 soft stop

THESEUS

No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.°
But speak, Egeus. Is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

EGEUS

It is, my lord.

THESEUS

Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their
horns.

Shout within. They all start up. Wind horns.

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood birds but to couple now?°

LYSANDER

Pardon, my lord.

THESEUS

I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,°
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

LYSANDER

My lord, I shall reply amazedly,°
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here.
But, as I think—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is—
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without° the peril of the Athenian law—

EGEUS

Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough.
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated° you and me,
You of your wife and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

DEMETRIUS

My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,°
Of this their purpose hither to this wood,
And I in fury hither followed them,
Fair Helena in fancy° following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power—
But by some power it is—my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,°
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue° of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I saw Hermia:
But, like a sickness,° did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

135 in . . . solemnity in honor of our festival 141 Begin . . . now it was supposed that birds began to mate on February 14, Saint Valentine's Day 145 jealousy suspicion 147 amazedly confusedly 154 Without outside of 158 defeated deprived by fraud 161 stealth stealthy flight 164 in fancy in love, doting 168 idle gaud worthless trinket 170 virtue power 174 like a sickness like one who is sick

THESEUS

Fair lovers, you are fortunately met.
 Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
 Egeus, I will overbear your will,
 For in the temple, by and by,^o with us
 These couples shall eternally be knit;
 And, for the morning now is something worn,^o
 Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
 Away with us to Athens! Three and three,
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
 Come, Hippolyta. [*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA,
 EGEUS, and TRAIN.]

DEMETRIUS

These things seem small and undistinguishable,
 Like far-off mountains turnèd into clouds.

HERMIA

Methinks I see these things with parted eye,^o
 When everything seems double.

HELENA

So methinks:
 And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
 Mine own, and not mine own.

DEMETRIUS

Are you sure
 That we are awake? It seems to me
 That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
 The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

HERMIA

Yea, and my father.

HELENA

And Hippolyta.

LYSANDER

And he did bid us follow to the temple.

DEMETRIUS

Why, then, we are awake. Let's follow him,
 And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*] 200
 BOTTOM [*Awaking.*] When my cue comes, call me,
 and I will answer. My next is, "Most fair Pyramus."
 Heigh-ho! Peter Quince? Flute, the bellows mender?
 Snout, the tinker? Starveling? God's my life,^o stol'n
 hence, and left me asleep? I have had a most rare
 vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say
 what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he go about^o
 to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no
 man can tell what. Methought I was—and methought
 I had—but man is but a patched^o fool if he will offer 210
 to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath
 not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is
 not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart
 to report,^o what my dream was. I will get Peter
 Quince to write a ballet^o of this dream. It shall be 215
 called "Bottom's Dream," because it hath no bottom;
 and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the
 duke. Peradventure to make it the more gracious, I
 shall sing it at her death.^o [*Exit.*]

[Scene II. Athens. Quince's house.]

180 Enter QUINCE, FLUTE,^o THISBY, and the rabble
 [SNOUT, STARVELING].

QUINCE Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he
 come home yet?

STARVELING He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he
 is transported.^o

185 FLUTE If he come not, then the play is marred. It 5
 goes not forward, doth it?

QUINCE It is not possible. You have not a man in all
 Athens able to discharge^o Pyramus but he.

FLUTE No, he hath simply the best wit of any handi-
 craft man in Athens. 10

QUINCE Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very
 paramour for a sweet voice.

190 FLUTE You must say "paragon." A paramour is, God
 bless us, a thing of nought.^o

Enter SNUG the joiner.

SNUG Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, 15
 and there is two or three lords and ladies more married.
 If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made
 men.^o

195 FLUTE O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost
 sixpence a day^o during his life. He could not have 20
 scaped sixpence a day. An the duke had not given him
 sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged.
 He would have deserved it. Sixpence a day in Pyramus,
 or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

BOTTOM Where are these lads? Where are these 25
 hearts?

QUINCE Bottom! O most courageous^o day! O most
 happy hour!

BOTTOM Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask
 me not what; for if I tell you, I am not true Athenian. 30
 I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

QUINCE Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

BOTTOM Not a word of me.^o All that I will tell you
 is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together,
 good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your 35
 pumps; meet presently^o at the palace; every man look
 o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is
 preferred.^o In any case, let Thisby have clean linen;
 and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for
 they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most 40
 dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter
 sweet breath,^o and I do not doubt but to hear them say
 it is a sweet comedy. No more words. Away! Go,
 away! [*Exeunt.*]

181 by and by shortly 183 something worn somewhat spent
 190 with parted eye with the eyes out of focus 204 God's
 my life an oath (possibly from "God bless my life")
 207 go about endeavor 210 patched referring to the patch-
 work dress of jesters 211-14 The . . . report compare
 I Corinthians, 2:9 ff.: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,
 neither have entered into the heart of man the things which
 God hath prepared for them that love Him" 215 ballet
 ballad 219 her death Thisby's death in the play

IV.ii.s.d. Flute Shakespeare seems to have forgotten that Flute
 and Thisby are the same person 4 transported carried off (by
 the fairies) 8 discharge play 14 thing of nought wicked
 thing 17-18 made men men whose fortunes are made
 20 sixpence a day a pension 27 courageous brave, splendid
 33 of me from me 36 presently immediately 38 preferred
 put forward, recommended 42 breath (1) exhalation (2)
 words

[A C T V]

[Scene I. Athens. The palace of Theseus.]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, and PHILOSTRATE,
[LORDS, and ATTENDANTS].

HIPPOLYTA

'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

THESEUS

More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique° fables, nor these fairy toys.°
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies,° that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.°
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.°
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven;

And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;°
Or in the night, imagining some fear,°
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

HIPPOLYTA

But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;°
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.°

Enter lovers: LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and
HELENA.

THESEUS

Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends! Joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

LYSANDER

More than to us

Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

THESEUS

Come now, what masques,° what dances shall we
have,
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our aftersupper° and bedtime?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

PHILOSTRATE Here, mighty Theseus.

V.i.3 antique (1) ancient (2) grotesque (antic); **fairy toys**
trifles about fairies **5 fantasies** imagination **8 compact**
composed **11 brow of Egypt** face of a gypsy **20 It . . .**
joy it includes an imagined bringer of the joy **21 fear** object
of fear **26 constancy** consistency (and reality) **27 admirable**
wonderful **32 masques** courtly entertainments with masked
dancers **34 aftersupper** refreshment served after early supper

THESEUS

Say, what abridgment° have you for this evening?
What masque? What music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight? 40

PHILOSTRATE

There is a brief° how many sports are ripe:°
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.]

THESEUS

"The battle with the centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp." 45
We'll none of that. That have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer° in their rage."
That is an old device;° and it was played 50
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceased in beggary."
That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with° a nuptial ceremony. 55
"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisby; very tragical mirth."
Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord? 60

PHILOSTRATE

A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted. 65
And tragical, my noble lord, it is,
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion° of loud laughter never shed. 70

THESEUS

What are they that do play it?

PHILOSTRATE

Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labored in their minds till now;
And now have toiled their unbreathed° memories
With this same play, against° your nuptial. 75

THESEUS

And we will hear it.

PHILOSTRATE

No, my noble lord;
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretched and conned with cruel pain, 80
To do you service.

THESEUS

I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[Exit PHILOSTRATE.]

39 abridgment entertainment (to abridge or shorten the time)
42 brief written list; **ripe** ready to be presented **49 Thracian**
singer Orpheus **50 device** show **55 sorting with** suited to
70 passion strong emotion **74 unbreathed** unexercised **75**
against in preparation for

HIPPOLYTA

I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,^o
And duty in his service perishing.

85

THESEUS

Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

HIPPOLYTA

He says they can do nothing in this kind.^o

THESEUS

The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might,^o not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks^o have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiced accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I picked a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.^o

90

95

100

105

[Enter PHILOSTRATE.]

PHILOSTRATE

So please your grace, the Prologue is addressed.^o

THESEUS

Let him approach.

[Flourish trumpets.] Enter the PROLOGUE [Quince].

PROLOGUE

If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.^o

110

Consider, then, we come but in despite.

We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,^o

115

You shall know all, that you are like to know.

THESEUS This fellow doth not stand upon points.^o

LYSANDER He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt;
he knows not the stop.^o A good moral, my lord: it is
not enough to speak, but to speak true.

120

HIPPOLYTA Indeed he hath played on this prologue
like a child on a recorder;^o a sound, but not in govern-
ment.^o

THESEUS His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing
impaired, but all disordered. Who is next? 125

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBY and WALL and MOON-
SHINE and LION [as in dumb show].

PROLOGUE

Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.

130

This man, with line and roughcast, doth present

Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

135

Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,

By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

This grisly beast, which Lion hight^o by name,

The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

140

Did scare away, or rather did affright;

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,^o

Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.

Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,^o

And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:

145

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

He bravely broached^o his boiling bloody breast;

And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,

His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain

150

At large^o discourse, while here they do remain.

THESEUS I wonder if the lion be to speak.

DEMETRIUS No wonder, my lord. One lion may,
when many asses do.

Exit LION, THISBY, and MOONSHINE.

WALL

In this same interlude it doth befall

155

That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;

And such a wall, as I would have you think,

That had in it a crannied hole or chink,

Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,

Did whisper often very secretly.

160

This loam, this roughcast, and this stone, doth show

That I am that same wall; the truth is so;

And this the cranny is, right and sinister,^o

Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

THESEUS Would you desire lime and hair to speak
better? 165

DEMETRIUS It is the wittiest partition^o that ever I
heard discourse, my lord.

THESEUS Pyramus draws near the wall. Silence!

PYRAMUS

O grim-looking night! O night with hue so black!

170

O night, which ever art when day is not!

O night, O night! Alack, alack, alack,

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!

And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

That stand'st between her father's ground and mine! 175

139 hight is called 142 fall let fall 144 tall brave 147
bravely broached gallantly stabbed 151 At large at length
163 right and sinister running right and left, horizontal 167
wittiest partition most intelligent wall (with a pun on
partition, a section of a book or of an oration)

85 wretchedness o'ercharged lowly people overburdened
88 in this kind in this kind of thing (i.e., acting) 92 Takes
. . . might considers the ability and the effort made 93
clerks scholars 105 to my capacity according to my
understanding 106 addressed ready 111 end aim 116
show probably referring to a kind of pantomime—"dumb
show"—that was to follow, in which the action of the play was
acted without words while the Prologue gave his account
118 stand upon points (1) care about punctuation (2) worry
about niceties 120 stop (1) technical term for the checking of
a horse (2) mark of punctuation 123 recorder flutelike instru-
ment 123-24 government control

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine
eyne!

[WALL holds up his fingers.]

Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!

180

Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

THESEUS The wall, methinks, being sensible,^o should
curse again.^o

PYRAMUS No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving
me" is Thisby's cue. She is to enter now, and I am to
spy her through the wall. You shall see it will fall pat^o
as I told you. Yonder she comes.

185

Enter THISBY.

THISBY

O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

190

PYRAMUS

I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

THISBY My love thou art, my love I think.

PYRAMUS

Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;^o
And, like Limander,^o am I trusty still.

195

THISBY

And I like Helen,^o till the Fates me kill.

PYRAMUS

Not Shafalus to Procrus^o was so true.

THISBY

As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

PYRAMUS

O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

200

THISBY

I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

PYRAMUS

Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

THISBY

'Tide life, 'tide death,^o I come without delay.

[Exeunt PYRAMUS and THISBY.]

WALL

Thus have I, Wall, my part dischargèd so;

And, being done, thus wall away doth go. [Exit.] 205

THESEUS Now is the moon used^o between the two
neighbors.

DEMETRIUS No remedy, my lord, when walls are so
willful to hear without warning.^o

HIPPOLYTA This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard. 210

THESEUS The best in this kind^o are but shadows; and
the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

HIPPOLYTA It must be your imagination then, and
not theirs.

THESEUS If we imagine no worse of them than they 215
of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here
come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

LION

You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here, 220

When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, as Snug the joiner, am

A lion fell,^o nor else no lion's dam;

For, if I should as lion come in strife

Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.^o 225

THESEUS A very gentle^o beast, and of a good con-
science.

DEMETRIUS The very best at a beast, my lord, that
e'er I saw.

LYSANDER This lion is a very fox for his valor. 230

THESEUS True; and a goose for his discretion.

DEMETRIUS Not so, my lord; for his valor cannot
carry^o his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

THESEUS His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his
valor; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well. 235

Leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

MOONSHINE

This lanthorn^o doth the hornèd moon present—

DEMETRIUS He should have worn the horns on his
head.^o

THESEUS He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible 240
within the circumference.

MOONSHINE

This lanthorn doth the hornèd moon present,

Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be.

THESEUS This is the greatest error of all the rest. The
man should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else 245
the man i' th' moon?

DEMETRIUS He dares not come there for the candle;
for, you see, it is already in snuff.^o

HIPPOLYTA I am aweary of this moon. Would he
would change! 250

THESEUS It appears, by his small light of discretion,
that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all
reason, we must stay the time.

LYSANDER Proceed, Moon.

MOONSHINE All that I have to say is to tell you that 255
the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man i' th' moon; this
thorn bush, my thorn bush; and this dog, my dog.

DEMETRIUS Why, all these should be in the lanthorn;
for all these are in the moon. But, silence! Here
comes Thisby. 260

Enter THISBY.

182 sensible conscious 183 again in return 186 pat exactly
195 thy lover's grace thy gracious lover 196 Limander
Bottom means Leander, but blends him with Alexander 197
Helen Hero, beloved of Leander, is probably meant 198
Shafalus to Procrus Cephalus and Procris are meant, legendary
lovers 203 'Tide . . . death come (betide) life or death 206
moon used the quartos read thus, the Folio reads *morall*
downe; among suggested emendations are "mural down" and
"moon to see" 208-09 when . . . warning when walls are
so eager to listen without warning the parents (?)

211 in this kind of this sort, i.e., plays (or players?) 223 lion
fell fierce lion (perhaps with a pun on *fell* = skin) 225
pity . . . life a dangerous thing for me 226 gentle
gentlemanly, courteous 233 carry carry away 237 lant-
horn so spelled, and perhaps pronounced "lant-horn," because
lanterns were commonly made of horn 238-39 horns . . .
head cuckolds were said to have horns 248 in snuff (1) in
need of snuffing (2) resentful

THISBY

This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

LION Oh—

[The LION roars. THISBY runs off.]

DEMETRIUS Well roared, Lion.

THESEUS Well run, Thisby.

HIPPOLYTA Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon 265
shines with a good grace.

[The LION shakes Thisby's mantle, and exit.]

THESEUS Well moused,° Lion.

DEMETRIUS And then came Pyramus.

LYSANDER And so the lion vanished.

Enter PYRAMUS.

PYRAMUS

Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams; 270

I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,

I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite!°

But mark, poor knight, 275

What dreadful dole° is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good, 280

What, stained with blood!

Approach, ye Furies fell!°

O Fates, come, come,

Cut thread and thrum;°

Quail,° crush, conclude, and quell!° 285

THESEUS This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
would go near to make a man look sad.

HIPPOLYTA Beshrew° my heart, but I pity the man.

PYRAMUS

O wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?

Since lion vile hath here deflow'ed my dear: 290

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame

That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked with
cheer.°

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus; 295

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop.

[Stabs himself.]

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled; 300

My soul is in the sky.

Tongue, lose thy light;

Moon, take thy flight.

[Exit MOONSHINE.]

Now die, die, die, die, die. [Dies.]

DEMETRIUS No die, but an ace,° for him; for he is 305
but one.LYSANDER Less than an ace, man; for he is dead, he is
nothing.THESEUS With the help of a surgeon he might yet
recover, and yet prove an ass. 310HIPPOLYTA How chance° Moonshine is gone before
Thisby comes back and finds her lover?THESEUS She will find him by starlight. Here she
comes; and her passion° ends the play.

[Enter THISBY.]

HIPPOLYTA Methinks she should not use a long one 315
for such a Pyramus. I hope she will be brief.DEMETRIUS A mote will turn the balance, which
Pyramus, which Thisby, is the better; he for a man,
God warr'nt us; she for a woman, God bless us!LYSANDER She hath spied him already with those 320
sweet eyes.

DEMETRIUS And thus she means,° videlicet:

THISBY

Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise! 325

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,

This cherry nose, 330

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone.

Lovers, make moan.

His eyes were green as leeks.

O Sisters Three,° 335

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk;

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore°

With shears his thread of silk. 340

Tongue, not a word.

Come, trusty sword,

Come, blade, my breast imbrue!°

[Stabs herself.]

And, farewell, friends.

Thus Thisby ends. 345

Adieu, adieu, adieu. [Dies.]

THESEUS Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the
dead.

DEMETRIUS Ay, and Wall too.

BOTTOM [Starting up.] No, I assure you; the wall is 350
down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to
see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance°
between two of our company?THESEUS No epilogue, I pray you; for your play
needs no excuse. Never excuse, for when the players 355
are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if

267 moused shaken (like a mouse) 274 spite vexation 276
dole sorrowful thing 282 fell fierce 284 thread and thrum
i.e., everything ("thrum" = the end of the warp thread) 285
Quail destroy; quell kill 288 Beshrew curse (but a mild
word) 292 cheer countenance

305 No . . . ace not a die (singular of dice), but a one-spot on
a die 311 How chance how does it come that 314 passion
passionate speech 322 means laments 335 Sisters Three
the three Fates 339 shore shorn 343 imbrue stain with
blood 352 Bergomask dance rustic dance

he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisby's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergomask. Let your 360 epilogue alone.

[*A dance.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told° twelve.
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatched. 365
This palpable-gross° play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity. *Exeunt.*

Enter PUCK [*with a broom*].

PUCK
Now the hungry lion roars, 370
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy plowman snores,
All with weary task fordone.°
Now the wasted° brands do glow, 375
Whilst the screech owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite, 380
In the churchway paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,°
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream, 385
Now are frolic.° Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.°

Enter [OBERON and TITANIA,] *King and Queen of Fairies, with all their* TRAIN.

OBERON
Through the house give glimmering light, 390
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly. 395

362 **told** counted, tolled 366 **palpable-gross** obviously grotesque 373 **fordone** worn out 374 **wasted** used-up 383 **triple Hecate's team** i.e., because she had three names: Phoebe in heaven, Diana on earth, Hecate in Hades (like her chariot—drawn by black horses or dragons—the elves were abroad only at night; but III.ii.388–93 says differently) 386 **frolic** frolicsome 389 **behind the door** from behind the door (Puck traditionally helped with household chores)

TITANIA

First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[*Song and dance.*]

OBERON

Now, until the break of day, 400
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create°
Ever shall be fortunate. 405
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand. 410
Never mole, harelip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious,° such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,° 415
And each several° chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace,
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest. 420
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

Exeunt [*all but* PUCK].

PUCK

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended:
That you have but slumb' red here, 425
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle° theme,
No more yielding but° a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend. 430
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearnèd luck
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,°
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call: 435
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands,° if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.° [*Exit.*]

404 **create** created 411 **mark prodigious** ominous birthmark 415 **take his gait** proceed 416 **several** individual 426 **idle** foolish 427 **No . . . but** yielding no more than 432 **to . . . tongue** to escape hisses from the audience 436 **Give . . . hands** applaud 437 **restore amends** make amends

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

EDITED BY WILLIAM H. MATCHETT

Introduction¹

The Life and Death of King John was probably not Shakespeare's title. The editors of the 1623 Folio harmonized the plays they grouped as "Histories" by giving them titles as nearly alike as possible. *Richard II*, for example, is also "The Life and Death of . . ." in the Folio, though prior to 1623 it had appeared as "The Tragedy of . . ." The Folio titles are designed to fit the plays into a general pattern.

This point is worth attention only because so many readers assume, on the basis of the title, that John must be the hero of the play. He is not. He is no more the hero of the play bearing his name than Henry IV is the hero of either of the plays bearing his name or, for that matter, Julius Caesar of the play bearing his. Each of Shakespeare's plays is best considered an individual experiment in dramatic structure; too often they are distorted for the sake of fitting them into some generic theory, understood in terms designed to make them conform to a definition. In the plays based on English history, Shakespeare is less involved with the exploits of kings, or indeed with the actual history of the period, than he is with exploring situations that test moral or political theory against complex psychological reality. Only in *Richard III* does the king dominate the stage: *Richard II* balances its verbose king against the silent Bolingbroke as the wronger becomes the wronged, the wronged the wronger; and the primary balance of moral positions in *Henry IV, Part One*, is triple—Hal played off against Hotspur and Falstaff, each in his own way both attractive and reprehensible. *King John* is also built upon a triple balance. To attain it, Shakespeare has mingled freely reordered historical material with pure fiction; just as he invented Falstaff and took years from Hotspur for the sake of that dramatic structure, so he invented the Bastard and took years from Arthur for the sake of this. His is a drama of ideas and not just a chronicle history.

A second stumbling block to appreciating Shakespeare's accomplishment in *King John* has been the general assumption that his play is based on another, *The Troublesome Reign of John, King of England*, which can thus be used to

"explain" Shakespeare's departures from history (the Bastard, the ignoring of the Magna Carta, and so on). We are told that we may not blame these on—or credit them to—Shakespeare, who "merely took them over from his source." The Note on the Sources (p. 561) gives a brief account of my reasons for thinking that *King John* is not dependent on *The Troublesome Reign* but that the dependence is the other way around. (Indeed, *The Troublesome Reign of King John* is more likely to have been Shakespeare's original title, taken over by the imitation, than is the title given it by the editors of the Folio.) It is sufficient here to say that, even if I were wrong, even if Shakespeare *had* based his play on the other, we would still have to consider the result as a finished play deserving independent judgment. John is the rightful king at the beginning of *The Troublesome Reign*; the Bastard is but a shadow of Shakespeare's character.

The King John of history came to the throne legitimately, the heir named by his dying brother, Richard I. True, their nephew Arthur was the son of a brother older than John, and some supported his claim, but John's was in fact the better. Primogeniture was not the only legal route to a crown. John enters Shakespeare's play, however, as an acknowledged usurper. Unlike his mother, he offers no objection to Chatillion's reference to his "borrowed majesty" (I.i.4), and even Queen Elinor's objection is a political gesture, not an assertion of principle, as is clear as soon as Chatillion has left the stage. By thus transforming history, Shakespeare is able to play John's "possession" against Arthur's "right," the *de facto* king against the king *de jure*, and by that means to pose a political and moral question. By adding the Bastard to this balance, he further divides the claims to the throne and makes the questions more significant. Richard's illegitimate son, with neither possession of, nor right to, the crown, has yet inherited his father's personal qualities—"The very spirit of Plantagenet!" (I.i.167)—which would make him a better king than either John or Arthur. It is this division of qualifications that the playwright both invents and explores.

The memory of Richard *Coeur de Lion* haunts this play as the mythically heightened image of a good and heroic

¹ Portions of this introduction have been recast from passages of my article "Richard's Divided Heritage in *King John*," *Essays in Criticism*, XII (1962), 231-53, by permission of the editors.

king. He triumphantly combined the royal right, possession, and character which the first act distinguishes as having been divided among his nephew, the child Arthur, his brother, the man John, and his son, the youthful Bastard. The division is an imbalance demanding resolution: which—right, possession, or character—is the essential ingredient for a king? As we are introduced to the abstract issues in the early lines of the play, we are prone to the easy assumption that the throne obviously *ought* to go to Arthur, to whom by right it belongs. This point, so clear in the first act before we have seen Arthur, becomes more ambiguous in the second; we meet Arthur in circumstances which overshadow his right. While his immaturity and weakness attract some personal sympathy, sympathy for his cause is dissipated as we observe the company he keeps. King Richard's rightful heir is first seen agreeing to "Embrace . . . love . . . welcome" and "forgive" (II.i.11-12) Austria, the man who killed King Richard. He is a pawn moved by an ambitious mother and surrounded by an unscrupulous, self-seeking, foreign league. Were he to gain his right and become king, the results would presumably be disastrous for England.

With the death of Arthur, the failure and eventual collapse of John, and, through the course of the play, the Bastard's increasing perception of the distinction between self-interest and true honor, it would appear that the Bastard is being groomed to take over as king, as the most deserving of that position. And, indeed, so he is. In order to lead our expectations more firmly in that direction, Shakespeare has let us think the Bastard will be the only one left, withholding the historical fact of the existence of another heir; only in the final scenes of his play does he first mention John's son, Prince Henry. Bringing him in defeats these expectations, but it does not subvert the issue; it shifts the emphasis from the original questions to a deeper consideration of the requirements of honor. The very qualities that constitute the Bastard's fitness for the throne lead to his repudiation of personal ambition and his kneeling to Prince Henry. True honor, a matter not of prestige and power but of duty, is decided on the basis of what is best for England. The Bastard, in kneeling, renounces his recently established claim to the throne and thus prevents further civil war. True honor makes the Bastard the best of subjects in a unified England, and this, in the logic of the play, is more important than the character of the king.

Insofar as the play has a hero, then, it is the Bastard, and, indeed, a large part of the first act is devoted to introducing him to us. He repeats the national situation on a domestic scale. He also is in possession of an estate to which another, his half brother Robert, is the rightful heir. Our sympathies, like John's, are of course with the "good blunt fellow" (I.i.71); under the influence of those sympathies, however, both "right" and "honor" begin to twist in our hands. Robert's assumed moral right to his inheritance is denied by John in the name of another right, the legal fiction of the Bastard's legitimacy. Everyone knows that Robert, for lack of sufficient proof, like Arthur, for lack of sufficient power, is being "legally" cheated.

But the Bastard, unlike John, is not permitted to enjoy his dishonorably held possessions. To save him for his later role in the play, he is presented with a choice between "honor" and possessions. He chooses "honor" (here merely

"reputation"), and his ambitious choice immediately pays off, for John knights him. There is in his response an impetuous decisiveness, uncalculating, heedless of consequences, a little naive. He is not one to ask, like John, "What follows if we disallow of this?" (I.i.16), but says at once, "I'll take my chance" (I.i.151).

Many have been bothered by the contradiction between the self-sufficient character of the Bastard and his pursuit here of an honor that is merely reputation. They try to explain it away, just as they tell us he "does not really mean what he says" in his "commodity" speech at the end of II.i. The contradiction exists. The Bastard's discovery and handling of it is a primary development in the play. But the reputation he chooses in Act I is one to which he has, in fact, a right; gambling on future "chance," he trades his spurious respectability for an honest reputation as a royal bastard. He makes the right choice for the wrong reason; he has yet to add insight to the character which is intrinsic—"I am I, howe'er I was begot" (I.i.175). It is safe to say that the first act leaves the audience more interested in what will happen to him than in the immediate challenge to John.

The second act, however, is concerned almost entirely with the dynastic struggle, and the Bastard, though he attempts once, unsuccessfully, to control the action, serves primarily as an observant commentator. His presence as an observer needs to be stressed since, in the shade of his lively comments, one might overlook its importance: his political education is beginning and he has much to learn. By the end of the act the once naive young man has found the proper name for the political motivation he observes.

Tracing this view of the main structure of the play unfortunately involves slighting many of its subsidiary felicities, as well as some of its weaknesses. John, Elinor, and Pandulph would each repay closer attention than can be given them here, but earlier generations would be particularly incensed at such neglect of Constance, whose laments for her son in this act made her, for actresses and audiences alike, the most attractive character in the play. This is a view I cannot share, though she is indeed forceful in her claims for sympathy. I find it noteworthy that many actresses, in creating their conception of her suffering motherhood, found it necessary to omit some of her more violent speeches, especially in her screeching exchanges with Elinor. Constance *is* a suffering mother, there is no doubt, but she is also an ambitious one, a strident, domineering tigress. No one would think of applying to her Lear's praise of Cordelia's voice, "ever soft,/Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman" (V.iii.274-75). Friend and enemy alike fail in their continuous attempts to silence her. John is brutal—"Bedlam, have done" (II.i.183)—while Austria (line 134) and King Philip (line 195) are merely trying to reconcile her to the etiquette of political duplicity, but even Arthur joins the chorus—"Good my mother, peace!" (line 163)—to no avail. She is equally uncontrollable in her appearances in the next act and is ultimately reported to have died "in a frenzy" (IV.ii.122). She is wronged, indeed, but she is one of the reasons that Arthur would be such a disastrous king for England.

In direct contrast with Arthur, the Bastard shows an immediate antipathy to Austria, motivated of course by the lionskin Richard's killer is wearing. (Shakespeare is already thinking in terms of total dramatic effect on a

stage, not just in terms of lines.) Whatever the moral masquerades of the political schemers, the Bastard, as Richard's son, has a personal loyalty which he will not deny. If this personal warmth is in contrast with the calculated zeal of the other opponents, it is in even greater contrast with the dispassionately calculated neutrality of Hubert.

Given the opposed armies at his gates, Hubert's position has all the appearance of eminent sense: "we are the King of England's subjects . . . he that proves the king,/To him will we prove loyal" (II.i.267-71). But, however appealing the arguments on the virtues of neutrality, Hubert's position is unacceptable in *King John*. This is not the moral superiority of "A plague a both your houses!" with which Mercutio, "the prince's near ally," rejects the parochial quarrel that has caused his death (*Romeo and Juliet*, III.i.108-10); this is the willingness of common citizens to accept either of two contradictory national loyalties. It has the sound sense of self-preservation—and perhaps today that seems enough—but it is meant to have little else: as comes increasingly clear in Hubert's progressive responses, it is not a moral position at all, but a refusal to face the issue. (That the issue is not resolvable in the terms in which it has been set does not, apparently, excuse a man from involvement.)

Hubert's response sounds fine until probed: "he that proves the king,/To him will we prove loyal." What kind of loyalty is this? Like "honor" in the first act, it is not the real article, but a calculated substitute; what ought to be the warm and total response of a committed man is here the small change of a self-indulgent apathy. What "proves the king"—the issue itself—is precisely what Hubert avoids, and his restatements, the "worthiest" or "greatest" (II.i.281, 332), are equally hollow, assuming only that might makes right. Hubert abdicates the citizen's duty to act according to his best moral lights and, selfishly holding himself aloof, leaves the decision to naked force.

Though superior to Hubert here in his loyalty and his freedom from selfish calculation, the Bastard is not himself facing any moral issues. His response is warm and total, but it is not yet what one would call perceptive. He, no less than Hubert, leaves the decision to naked force; the difference is his willingness to involve himself on the side to which he is loyal. This involvement leads to his first venture in political strategy, his "wild" (II.i.395) suggestion that the kings join forces against Angiers before turning back to their own quarrel. His "Smacks it not something of the policy?" (II.i.396) shows his naive pride in what he is pleased to consider his approach to political wisdom, but what is the rash response of naive loyalty in the Bastard becomes insane ruthlessness when it is accepted and given royal sanction by John.

It is from Blanch, however, that the Bastard learns the most. Though her role in the play is brief, it is crucial. Hubert's suggestion that she be married to the Dauphin disgusts the Bastard, but both kings see in the suggestion a way of saving face while abandoning their sterile enmity. Lewis, too, plays the game with a will, and his ability to switch rapidly from enemy to lover, patently insincere, gilding his political opportunism with the language of a sonneteer, is in sharp contrast not only with the Bastard's disgusted and less flexible sincerity, but with the honesty of his bride-to-be. Blanch is as much a political pawn as Arthur, but, without loss of dignity or feminine propriety,

she is hardly less plain-spoken—when called upon to speak—than the Bastard: "Further I will not flatter you, my lord,/That all I see in you is worthy love . . ." (II.i.516-17). When John asks for her formal assent, she pronounces herself "bound in honor still to do/What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say" (II.i.522-23). This is the only use of the word "honor" in the second act (it had been used—misused—eight times before) and its first appearance in the play as a high-minded sense of personal obligation, a trait of character rather than a mere claim for public approval. Blanch is controlled by her honor, whatever the personal consequences. The Bastard is silent, but his education has now truly begun, as comes clear when he is left alone at the end of the scene.

In his well-known soliloquy—"Mad world! Mad kings! Mad composition!" (II.i.561)—with new insight he gives the name, missing so far in the play, to the primary motivating force behind what we have seen: "commodity," the unprincipled self-interest which perverts "all indifferency, . . . direction, purpose, course, intent" (lines 579-80), and brings the noblest-sounding resolutions to the most ignominious results. Having named it, he formally adopts it, for the Bastard's final words are "Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee!" (line 598). Many of the difficulties commentators have with this speech arise from their attempts to make of it a summation of the Bastard's character, a final position rather than a stage in his development. He is not static, and it is enough in the second act that he has begun to consider where he is. What was blind loyalty now sees madness on both sides. For the first time he is critical of John. Though he is wrong in his estimate of King Philip's original motive, accepting the public declaration for the fact, the important point is that he is beginning to judge for himself and no longer just following chance. The word "honorable" in the Bastard's mouth now, though we may demur from "honorable war" (line 585), is not what it was in the first act, but what he has learned from Blanch.

After this insight into the kings, there is surely a hesitation (between lines 586 and 587) when, in his honesty, the Bastard recognizes the application to himself: "And why rail I on this commodity?/But for because he hath not wooed me yet" (lines 587-88). Must we demand conversion at the very incipience of self-knowledge? The Bastard, realizing that he has been living in the same spirit he has condemned in the kings, concludes most humanly by reversing his complaint and turning their conduct into a rationalization for his own. But he has found a name for such conduct; he has seen commodity and its opposite. Never again can he remain unconscious in following chance. It is enough for now. It is a place to end a scene but not a play.

The Bastard is not the only one who is educated during the course of this play. Hubert, the man who thought he could hold himself aloof from commitment, is caught between the claims of political allegiance and those of simple compassion. The warmth of John's fawning—"O my gentle Hubert,/We owe thee much!" (III.ii.29-30)—has a multiple motivation. John is not merely flattering Hubert in order to bring him to murder Arthur, but indeed owes Hubert much, just as he says: he may owe him the very capture of Arthur, as the entry would seem to imply, and he presumably owes him Angiers, Hubert apparently

having made his choice after France broke the league. John is promising a reward already due and hinting for just one further service. Whatever the circumstances that determined him, Hubert is no longer in a position to maintain his neutrality; he has made, or has been forced to make, his choice, and the loyalty once so coldly promised to the stronger must now be delivered. After a number of false starts, John finally manages the most pointed of commissions, as though his will were less tainted for showing naked so briefly:

KING JOHN

Death.

HUBERT My lord.

KING JOHN A grave.

HUBERT He shall not live.

KING JOHN Enough.

(III.ii.76)

John leaves the promised reward unspecified, but the more significant ambiguity lies in the sinister irony of his final statement to Arthur that Hubert will attend on him "With all true duty" (III.ii.83). True to whom? to what? in what sense? The nature of "true duty"—whether Hubert's, John's, the Bastard's, Blanch's, King Philip's, Pandulph's, Lady Faulconbridge's, Robert Faulconbridge's, the English nobles', or Melun's—is precisely what is at issue in this play, whether we call it that, or "loyalty," or "honor."

However unexpected, and even illogical, the shift in intent from murder to blinding—or, more likely, to murder as an "accident" during blinding—the resultant stage business is an image of the moral situation, an image that is echoed and re-echoed in the lines. It is Hubert's "duty" that is iron; human sympathy is the living eye that he must put out. Hubert, with his hot irons and concealed accomplices, is brute power; the child Arthur is powerless innocence, wronged right. In the difficulty of putting innocent goodness on the stage, Shakespeare makes of Arthur, as he does of Blanch at the end of III.i, a formal image of victimized virtue—Arthur the image of suffering innocence, Blanch of suffering integrity. Perhaps the ultimate horror in the viciousness of "this iron age" (IV.i.60) is the recognition by innocence that its own appearance must be suspect: "Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,/And call it cunning" (IV.i.53–54).

The choice between theory and humanity forced upon Hubert is rather like the choice facing the Duke of York in the final act of *Richard II*, but that old man, pursuing an abstraction (as he does with consistently high-minded inefficacy throughout the play), becomes ridiculous in his prosecution of his son, while Hubert, choosing humane mercy over political theory, grows toward probity. His decision to spare Arthur, his choice of a higher duty over a lower, creates no moral millennium, however; only the most naive faith would expect such a result. He is immediately involved in duplicity—he must lie to John—and in "Much danger" (IV.i.133).

Hubert and the Bastard discover each other, as it were, over the body of Arthur. The Bastard is sent to England in III.ii, so that he is off the stage when John gives his charge to Hubert, which, for the sake of later developments, Shakespeare could not permit him to witness. The Bastard and Hubert are also kept apart from each other

during IV.ii, sharing the stage only as the Bastard reports on his travels "through the land" (line 143) and on the prophecy of Peter of Pomfret. Thus the Bastard observes neither the effect of Hubert's false announcement of Arthur's death nor John's later struggle to shift the responsibility and Hubert's revelation of his disobedient innocence. Hubert, in turn, has little chance to recognize the new maturity of the Bastard: he hears the Bastard's annoyance with John—"But if you be afeard to hear the worst,/Then let the worst unheard fall on your head" (IV.ii.135–36)—but not the Bastard's invitation for the denial which John does not make—"I met [the English lords]/. . . going to seek the grave/Of Arthur, whom they say is killed to-night/On your suggestion" (IV.ii.162–66). The Bastard is no less open, no less loyal, but he approaches decisions more slowly, suspending judgment without concealing his suspicion.

The scene in which these two, the Bastard and Hubert, recognize each other's worth is superbly constructed. Arthur's body lies unfound while the English lords reveal that they have already been in treasonable correspondence with Pandulph; their claim to outraged principles has been but an act, a pretext for saving their skins during the expected French invasion. In contrast, though he shares their suspicions that John has killed Arthur, the Bastard puts his duty to England first. Discovery of Arthur's body should confirm all suspicions, and the audience waits in suspense for the Bastard's response while the lords indulge in self-justifying superlatives of horror. "Sir Richard, what think you?" Salisbury asks (IV.iii.41), but he and Pembroke both favor the Bastard with their own I-told-you-so's before—following surely a lengthy pause—he answers simply and directly: "It is a damnèd and a bloody work,/The graceless action of a heavy hand,/If that it be the work of any hand" (IV.iii.57–59). His conditional conclusion, which can only strike the eager lords as pusillanimous, is a sign of his increasing wisdom, undergirded for the audience by our knowledge that the death was in fact accidental.

Hubert's untimely message that Arthur lives can hardly be expected to convince anyone, and the Bastard is forced to defend him from the lords' wrath, though his "If" is still unresolved. Shown Arthur's body, Hubert weeps, which the hypocrites naturally take for hypocrisy but, held off by the Bastard, they cannot attack him, and they leave to join the Dauphin. Though willing to defend Hubert from attack while the facts are unclear, the Bastard has not abandoned his own strong suspicions. Hubert, in spite of his choice of a higher duty, is entangled in circumstantial evidence. The Bastard demands a direct answer ("Knew you of this fair work?" [IV.iii.116]), and indicates both his stand if the answer is *yes* ("There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell/As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child" [lines 123–24]) and his honest opinion ("I do suspect thee very grievously" [line 134]). This is the new, more thoughtful, less hotheaded but no less forthright man that the Bastard has grown to be, a far cry from the unthinking enthusiast he was in the first act. And he need only listen to the quality of Hubert's brief denial to accept it without further question. In a world of commodity, the two who have abandoned it look into each other's hearts and recognize what they have found.

Having accepted Hubert's innocence, however, the

Bastard is left with his suspicions of John. The issues surrounding Arthur's death are more complex, more muddled and human than many have been willing to allow. The moral responsibility naturally depends on whether one emphasizes the accident or the justified fear of John which forced Arthur to take the chance. What John wanted was Arthur's death without the responsibility for it. The consequences of the alleged death have no sooner forced him to welcome the news that Arthur is still alive than fate gives him exactly what he had wanted. But it is too late, and the thing he wanted becomes its own opposite: though, as it turned out, he lacked the power, he is left with the responsibility—or at least the apparent responsibility, which does equal harm. The Bastard knows less of this than we, and his response is the appropriate one for any conscientious man: "I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way/Among the thorns and dangers of this world" (IV. iii.140-41). The moral life is rarely, for a perceptive man, a simple choice between well-marked paths, but life in a maze. The ambiguity of the Bastard's ensuing soliloquy reflects the ambiguity of the issues themselves, and his conclusion the necessity to act in spite of it. He recognizes both Arthur's right to the throne and the fact that the very question is no longer relevant; that "England," the rightful king, is dead, but that England, the country, remains to suffer, "and vast confusion waits,/As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,/The imminent decay of wrested pomp" (lines 152-54). This is what commodity has cost. Though he recognizes now that John's pomp was wrested, the Bastard sees no honorable choice for one who would serve England but continuing loyalty: "I'll to the king" (line 157).

Arriving with his bad news, he is again closely observing John and controlling his disgust only with difficulty. The conclusion of his report—"And wild amazement hurries up and down/The little number of your doubtful friends" (V.i.35-36)—is not only general but pointedly personal ("I am amazed"); though others may be "doubtful friends" because they are both fearful and untrusting, he is a trustworthy and fearless friend tormented by doubt. John's assumption that Arthur yet lives sounds to the Bastard like the sheerest evasion and almost leads to a break. Given the Bastard's suspicions, "some damned hand" (line 41) is dangerously blunt, backing down not at all from the firm position already taken when Arthur's body was found. There is a crescendo of excitement when John, in horror and guilt, attempts again to place the blame on Hubert, and the Bastard, convinced of Hubert's innocence, responds with a direct insinuation of John's responsibility for murder:

KING JOHN

That villain Hubert told me he did live.

BASTARD

So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew. (V.i.42-43)

The final pronoun, clearing Hubert, accuses John. This exchange, in which tempers have risen on both sides, must be followed by a long, electric silence, while John cringes and the Bastard cools to consider what he is doing. England must again be uppermost in his thoughts, for he stops his attack in midstream and turns to rallying John's spirits for the battle with the invaders. This self-control, this ability

to quell his passionate outrage in order to undertake what is required by a higher loyalty, demonstrates the maturity the Bastard has reached. His moral superiority to John is obvious; it is one of his glorious moments and prepares us to accept what follows.

Though the Bastard has, technically, misjudged the details of Arthur's death, he has not in fact misjudged John. He pleads now only that the man act with the outer semblance of a king in order to inspire his followers. But John has just abandoned his authority to Pandulph and, pleased merely to have retained his throne, considers it a "happy peace" (V.i.63). Such peace with an invading army horrifies the Bastard—"O inglorious league!" (line 65)—and leads to so overwhelming a remonstrance that John, having yielded to Pandulph, yields his authority again, this time to the Bastard: "Have thou the ordering of this present time" (line 77). John, though a vigorous usurper, and swift to defend Angiers in the first act, has not been able to maintain his grasp. Once he has given way to the temptation to order Arthur's death, his fortunes decline: his nobles abandon him; the French invade England; his mother dies; he capitulates to Pandulph. He has proven a king incapable of kingship and now is finally replaced in action by the man most capable of it.

The Bastard has in fact become the king. Though he speaks to Pandulph and Lewis of "the scope/And warrant limited unto my tongue" (V.ii.122-23), we know that his warrant has not in fact been limited. Such a pose is but a way of keeping his own counsel, of postponing decision until he learns how things stand; once he knows the situation, he assumes full authority: "Now hear our English king,/For thus his royalty doth speak in me" (lines 128-29). The king of and for whom he speaks—who "is prepared" (line 130), who "doth smile" (line 134) at the invasion, "the gallant monarch" (line 148), "warlike John" (line 176)—is of course not the man John but a verbal image of the king England needs. The image is not a fiction, however, for it is personified in the Bastard himself. As though to ensure this distinction between the image and the fact, the brief third scene shows us, in direct contrast to "warlike John," the utter impotence of the man beneath the public image. Ill with fever, he is ordered from the field by the Bastard, lest he confuse and dishearten the soldiers. The kingly role has been entirely transferred. Richard's son has become "Richard" (V.iii.12); "That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,/In spite of spite, alone upholds the day" (V.iv.4-5).

It is against the quality of this man that Shakespeare displays the formalizations of allegiance, the hollow rites which political practice substitutes for such living loyalty: Arthur's "embracing" of Austria; Lewis' marriage to Blanch and the treaty it attests; the "king's oath" (II.ii.10) which Constance has from Philip; the casuistry of Pandulph's "falsehood falsehood cures" (III.i.203); John's second coronation, enforcing new oaths of allegiance after excommunication has freed his followers from their former oaths; excommunication itself, not here a spiritual issue but merely the weapon of another power politician; the show of outrage with which the nobles cover their desertion; John's yielding his crown to, and accepting it back from, Pandulph, again with no religious significance but simply as a political bargain—"Now keep your holy word: go meet the French" (V.i.5). The fourth scene of Act V

twists the ironic complications of meaningless oaths and meaningful loyalty about as far as they can be wrung. The dying Melun, breaking an oath (his to the Dauphin) which broke an oath (the Dauphin's and his to the English nobles) which broke an oath (the nobles' to John), reveals to the nobles that the Dauphin intends to execute them as soon as his battle is won. Abandoning their "holy vow" (IV.iii.67), they hasten to return to John. Who is to disentangle true honor from such a web as this? But Melun, saving their lives, says that he does so for the love of "one Hubert" (V.iv.40-41), and because he himself had an English grandfather. This personal loyalty stands out above the meaningless oaths as a return to sanity and honor. The men thus saved by his love for Hubert are, however, the very men who most misjudged and misused Hubert for their selfish ends. They are saved by love for the man they scorned, a cutting of the web which carries distinct overtones of Christian forgiveness.

The two who have lifted themselves above commodity come together in another key scene when Hubert brings the Bastard the news that John is dying. No time is wasted in the play on the mechanics of John's death—poisoning by a monk is supplied by history as Shakespeare knew it; his attention, however, is not on John but on the effect of the approaching death on the Bastard. As they meet in the night, Hubert's "Who art thou?" (V.vi.9) is precisely the question that remains to be settled, and the Bastard's "Who thou wilt" in answer, coupled with the reminder of his Plantagenet blood, stresses the possibility toward which the play has apparently been aiming. We have seen Hubert grow from his attempt at a coldly rational avoidance of the problem of choice between loyalties to a realization that a man is forced to commit himself and can only try to do so honorably. We have seen the Bastard grow from a naive enthusiast following chance to a man of mature insight and ability. What Hubert brings the Bastard now is, in effect, an invitation to take the throne, to assume the role he has in fact been filling and for which the character he inherited from his father has proven so eminently fitted. Arthur is dead; John is dying; he is the obvious successor. It is all understated, but the implications are clear: "I left him almost speechless, and broke out/To acquaint you with this evil, that you might/The better arm you to the sudden time" (V.vi.24-26). Hubert foresees a struggle, and he wants the Bastard to have the throne—as do we. A struggle with whom? "The lords are all come back" (line 33). Clearly they must not gain control. But then the surprising new complication is introduced: "And brought Prince Henry in their company" (line 34). This is the first mention in the play that John has a son and heir; dramatically it is startling news.

Nor is the structure of the play affected by whether or not the audience "knows all the time" that John must, historically, be followed on the throne by his son Henry. The "structure of expectation" may be affected—Henry's arrival could, in fact, fulfill a historical expectation—but an audience expecting Henry should still see his arrival as cutting across the prior course of the action, upsetting a suggested balance. For, whether or not the audience is surprised by the conclusion, the fact remains that the play, in its original division of claimants to the throne and its eventual elimination of two of them, appears to be moving toward the coronation of the third claimant, and

only alters that appearance at the last minute by introducing the hitherto unmentioned heir. Not only has Henry been unmentioned, but Shakespeare has not even acknowledged that John had a wife (two, in fact). Suppressing Isabell, as he suppressed Constance's third husband, allows him to develop the relationship between John and his mother without dramatic confusion; it also serves to keep Henry better hidden.

Prince Henry is apparently, like Arthur, a young successor surrounded by a self-seeking league. The Bastard is in the situation that faced John upon the death of Richard, and the question is, will he, like John, usurp the throne? However self-seeking such a move might appear, it could well be considered, given the Bastard's kingly character and Prince Henry's companions, the best hope for England. The Bastard's immediate response is a prayer, as much for England as for himself: "Withhold thine indignation, mighty God,/And tempt us not to bear above our power!" (V.vi.37-38). It is not a decision, but it is surely an aspiration to withstand the temptations of commodity. He is, in fact, not even willing at the moment to entertain the possibility of usurpation. His immediate revelation that he has lost "half my power this night" (line 39) has been taken to mean that he is forced to his dynastic decision only by his inability to muster sufficient strength to seize the throne from the combined forces of the returning noblemen. It is rather the explanation to Hubert of his prayer that God withhold His indignation. His worry is, as always, for England, facing the invaders now with decimated forces. The invasion, not the succession, is his business at the moment. And the question is doubly untimely, for John is still "the king" (line 43).

But we know, as the Bastard does not, that Lewis has also suffered grievous losses. Structurally, it remains only for John to die and the Bastard to reach his decision. Shakespeare first shows us Prince Henry, however, though the lines give no clue as to how the author may have advised his fellow actor to play the part. The prince's few speeches leave him sounding a sensitive enough young man facing the death of his father, but it would be equally possible to play him as a weakling reminiscent of Arthur or as a young man of promising strength of character, reminiscent of the Bastard. And the effect he creates will naturally cast its light on the Bastard's decision. If he is Arthur all over again, surrounded by the returning nobles, the Bastard's kneeling to him will flood the end of the play with a dreadful irony; if he has a suggestion of the royal character as well as the royal right, the Bastard's homage, acknowledging his possession of the throne, will create a triumphant rejoining of the qualifications divided at the beginning of the play.

The director and the actor, I would suggest, are called upon to attempt a compromise: Henry must be kept young enough to underline the similarity between the Bastard's choice and that which originally faced John; at the same time, he must show vitality and promise, for a suggestion of his complete dominance by the former traitors would be out of key with the generally hopeful conclusion of the play. This ambiguity in the prince's role is in part indicative of the fact that our attention no longer remains solely on the question of what qualifies a king, but has shifted over to that of how, given this situation, the Bastard ought to act.

John, who commenced the play as a successful usurper, dies miserably as he listens to the Bastard's news of England's losses. Even as John lies dying, his faithful follower pays him the compliment of not tempering the truth. And, though "God He knows how we shall answer" Lewis (V.vii.60), John is no sooner dead than the Bastard turns to rallying the defense. But defense is not necessary, for the others know that Lewis has already sued for peace. There remains then but the single question, and it is quickly settled: the Bastard turns and kneels to Prince Henry. Whether the prince combines the true kingly character with the possession and the right here acknowledged, the lines give us little chance of knowing. It is going to be up to the director. That, however, is no longer the main point. The very strength of character which made the Bastard the most worthy of Richard's heirs leads him to relinquish any divisive personal ambitions and to acknowledge a true duty to support the new king. This is the heir who alone remains of those who were established in the first act as having a share in Richard's heritage; this is the young man who once said, "Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee!"; this is the efficient commander who, as John failed, has actually been wielding the royal power, filling the role of England's king. In spite of all these indications of a contrary denouement, he kneels to Prince Henry, acknowledging him King Henry. In a world of self-seekers, his conception of honor has grown until he is capable of this self-denying loyalty to England. It is, of course, one of the tragic ironies of politics that a man may be cut off from authority by the very act which best demonstrates his worthiness to wield it.

Though it has taken a paragraph to sketch the implications of the Bastard's kneeling—and more could be said—he is not to be seen as one who has thought it all through. He is as impulsive at the close as he was at the beginning, but his impulses are those of one whose original promise has come to maturity. His closing speech, with its ringing final couplet, has sometimes been dismissed as a platitudinous set piece, as "Armada rhetoric." But Armada rhetoric can be moving if one has just survived the threat of the Armada, and the Bastard's speech is platitudinous only when lifted out of its historical and textual context, only when we fail to see that the play has demonstrated most effectively the moral complexity of the problem of loyalty, while the Bastard has shown us (as, in his lesser role, has Hubert) the self-denying acceptance of a higher duty which true loyalty demands from the man of honor.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

In 1591, one Sampson Clarke published in London an anonymous two-part play, the lengthy title of which begins *The Troublesome Reign of John, King of England . . .*; many, indeed most, editors and scholars assume this to be the source of Shakespeare's play.² The plots are in fact so

similar that, in spite of continual, line-by-line differences,³ there are only three logically possible relationships between them: either *King John* (KJ) is based on *The Troublesome Reign* (TR), or TR is based on KJ, or each is based on some third play, now missing. Missing sources are tantalizing but rarely of any use; though always logically possible, no such third play need be posited to explain the similarities between the two we have. It is sufficient to assume that one is based upon the other.

But which upon which? TR is a play of little verbal distinction with a firm anti-Roman-Catholic bias. It is commonly said that Shakespeare improved the verse and cut down on the anti-Catholicism. At the same time he is said to have been careless with his handling of the plot, so that one must read TR to understand KJ. For example, the Bastard's annoyance at the marriage of Blanch and Lewis is said to be understandable only when we know that in TR Elinor had already promised Blanch to the Bastard. One may, however, reverse such an argument and say that, based upon KJ, TR supplies the crudest of (misleading) motivation for what is more meaningful thematically in Shakespeare's play. In KJ, the Bastard's annoyance is with the blatant political expediency of the marriage; to reduce this to personal jealousy is to confuse the issue and cheapen the play. (It is noteworthy that Elinor's promise is first, and last, mentioned only when the political marriage has been suggested [TR, I.828–30]; the author of TR may well be scraping up a motive for something he has failed to understand.) What is taken as "better plotting" in TR can be consistently explained as an expansion and cheapening of Shakespeare's implications.⁴

One may, in addition, indicate many scenes in which TR muddles issues, or reproduces the outline of an action while missing the thematic point. The following are examples:

1. Blanch asks Lewis not to forsake his bride on his wedding day, but says nothing of her divided loyalty.
2. Pandulph and Lewis have their private conference after the departure of King Philip and Constance, but little reason for it remains. Pandulph's Machiavellian exposition of the complex political necessities (KJ, III.iii.107–83) is reduced to two lines in an eleven-line

³ Two lines alone appear unchanged in both plays (*King John*, II.i.528 and V.iv.42 are identical with *The Troublesome Reign*, I.862 and II.793), but there are other lines which are within a word or phrase of exact repetition—for example, *King John*: "With them a bastard of the king's deceased" (II.i.65); *The Troublesome Reign*: "Next them a bastard of the king's (deceased)" (I.512). Though divided into two parts, each with its own title page, *The Troublesome Reign* is in fact only a few hundred lines longer than *King John*.

⁴ Major examples would of course be the TR scene (written largely in Skeltonics and thus unlike anything else in the play) during which the Bastard, raiding the monasteries, finds a nun hidden in the abbot's chest and a friar in the nun's, and the attention paid to the monk who poisons John, which diverts attention from the Bastard's choice. This scene of the monk and the abbot (supplying a motivation not taken from Holinshed) takes the place, in fact, of the night meeting of Hubert and the Bastard, which does not occur in TR. Similarly, though some find TR "more effective" because the Bastard chases Austria and captures Richard's lionskin, here again TR may simply bring into the lines what is implied in KJ: if the Bastard enters wearing the lionskin as well as carrying Austria's head, the point is visual and requires no speeches. His complaint of the heat as he enters is a thoroughly effective reference to what he is wearing. To say more is to detract.

² *The Troublesome Reign* has frequently been reprinted, most recently in *Six Early Plays Related to the Shakespeare Canon*, edited by E. B. Everitt, *Anglistica*, XIV (1965), 143–93; this reprint is the basis for the line references in this note.

- scene: "Arthur is safe, let John alone with him!/Thy title next is fair'st to England's crown" (*TR*, I.1232-33).
3. The Bastard comes on stage, bringing Peter of Pomfret to John, *before*—and remains on stage during—John's decision, openly announced to the nobles, to kill Arthur, which announcement itself precedes Hubert's entry with the (mis)information that Arthur is dead. The Bastard is still on stage when Hubert tells John that Arthur is in fact alive. This removes from the Bastard any necessity of making up his mind about either John or Hubert and thus drains most of its meaning from the scene in which he is tested by the finding of Arthur's body.
 4. In that scene, the nobles find Arthur's body the moment they come on stage, which—along with their having heard John's announcement—supplies them with a sufficient motive for a treachery which in *KJ* is based upon a tangled skein of suspicion and hypocritical self-seeking, rendering doubly ironic Salisbury's reference to "our pure honors" (*KJ*, IV.iii.25). *TR* is elementary; *KJ* is morally complex and interesting.
 5. The Bastard himself boasts that "King Richard's fortune hangs/Upon the plume of warlike Philip's [that is, his own] helm" (II.759-60), but John and the Bastard fight alongside each other against Lewis, without John's structurally important conferring of royal power upon the Bastard ("Have thou the ordering of this present time" [*KJ*, V.i.77]).
 6. The dying Melun has two reasons for revealing Lewis' plot to the English nobles, but only one is common to both plays ("For that my grandsire was an Englishman"—the second of the two identical lines). In *TR*, the other reason is his dramatically trite (however relevant) desire to save his soul, "to leave this mansion free of guilt" (II.791); in *KJ* it is the thematic and ironic complexity of "Commend me to one Hubert, with your king:/The love of him . . ./Awakes my conscience to confess all this (V.iv.40-43). Thus *TR* lacks the entire irony of the nobles' being saved for love of the man they have most scorned.
 7. John, at his death, asks for "the frozen Alps,/To tumble on, and cool this inward heat" (II.1089-90), without any of the development which, throughout *KJ*, ties heat and cold, fever and cool zeal, blood and eyes into a web of thematic images.

At each of these points, and many others, it is possible to argue that Shakespeare has improved on a *TR* source; but it is equally possible to argue that *TR* has missed the point of the *KJ* scene upon which it is based. It is possible that Shakespeare omitted scenes from *TR* and developed others; it would seem more likely that the author of *TR*, working not from the text of *KJ* but from his memory of performances, invented material to fill out what he considered opportunities too inviting to be missed, and reproduced some actions and stage groupings of which the meaning in *KJ* had quite escaped him. Apart from *KJ*, it is difficult to see why some of these incidents occur in *TR*; drained of their dramatic meaning, they are fragments, implying, like fossils, that they are remnants of a living organism, not that they are random protoplasm which might be blown into future viability.

And yet, if the author of *TR* was remembering performances of *KJ*—if, however he may have misunderstood it, he is reproducing the action as well as he is—how is it possible that he remembered so few of its words, and those few so flat, so peripheral? Why are there no traces of the metaphors or of the forceful lines which strike us as the most obviously Shakespearean element in *KJ*? The absence of all trace of Shakespeare's characteristic language is surely the strongest of arguments against *TR*'s having been based upon *KJ*. To counter it, one is forced to invent a man with no ear for poetry, no memory for lines, who has at the same time a surprisingly good memory for the scene-by-scene progress of the plot. It is possible to conceive such a man, working perhaps some weeks later from a plot outline made immediately after a performance, but he is an unlikely combination, and it is on the basis of this difficulty that one must say that the source question remains open.

For, in terms of plot development, the evidence seems, to me at least, to go strongly the other way. Consider one final relationship in which *TR* is clearer than *KJ*: the question of John's orders to Hubert. The situation is definitely confusing in Shakespeare's play: John hints to Hubert, first obliquely and then directly, to kill Arthur (III.ii.69-77). We therefore assume, when we see Hubert preparing instruments with the help of an unspecified number of brutes (labeled, indeed, *Executioners* by the entries and the speech-headings), that he is about to carry out John's wish. However, it turns out that he is going to blind Arthur instead, and he shows the boy written orders to that effect (IV.i.33-39). This is the first surprise; the second comes when, having reported Arthur dead, Hubert is defending himself against John's unjustified anger. Nothing is said of blinding in this scene, and Hubert's "Here is your hand and seal for what I did" (IV.ii.215) apparently refers to written orders to kill Arthur. Whether we are to assume two differing written orders, or a confusion about the contents of one order, is not clear.

This is another situation in which we are told that we must go to *TR* if we are to understand what is happening. There, John puts Arthur into Hubert's custody, saying:

Hubert, keep him safe,
For on his life doth hang thy sovereign's crown,
But in his death consists thy sovereign's bliss.
Then, Hubert, as thou shortly hear'st from me,
So use the prisoner I have given in charge. (I.1176-80)

John clearly has conflicting motives, but he gives no such direct hint as we have in Shakespeare. We cannot be sure what the further orders will be. The scene between Hubert and Arthur keeps us in suspense. (The entry calls for "*Hubert de Burgh with three men*," and the single speech-heading labels them *Attendants*.) Hubert is about to commit some form of violence against Arthur, and we expect that he may be going to kill him, but this is first denied in favor of something worse (I.1425-29), and then Hubert reads the words of the order—"put out the eyes of Arthur Plantagenet" (line 1443). This settles our doubts, and the scene proceeds to Hubert's ultimate decision not to carry out the order. When Hubert returns to John, the king has just informed the nobles that "The brat shall

die" (line 1737), but this is presumably a new decision, and Hubert brings the (false) news that "According to your Highness' strict command/Young Arthur's eyes are blinded and extinct" (lines 1744-45), adding that he died of the "extreme pain" (line 1747). This twist is in accordance with Hubert's plan (lines 1520-21) and is presumably a way of covering his failure to obey orders. Whether he is intending to help Arthur escape or merely to keep him hidden, is not mentioned. Finally, however, when John curses Hubert—"Furies haunt thee still/For killing him whom all the world laments" (lines 1797-98)—Hubert's reply, "Why here's—my lord—your Highness' hand and seal,/Charging on life's regard to do the deed!" (lines 1799-1800), would seem, as in *KJ*, to refer to an order for Arthur's death and not to the document shown to Arthur at the time. Here is the same confusion; without comparing the scene with *KJ*, however, one might be willing to take "the deed" as blinding.

At any rate, apart from this final detail, the development is logical in *TR*, while it is confused in its major outline in *KJ*, and the argument goes that this is further evidence that *TR* was the original. If so, we have the curious Shakespeare of certain textual scholars, the man who grew toward mastery of his craft through carelessness in handling a perfectly clear source. That Shakespeare was sometimes careless—that he was careless here—there is no doubt; but his carelessness is of a differing kind if he is not following a source which has already solved the problem he then creates. Which is more likely: that an author finding confusion in his source would attempt to straighten it out? or that an author finding clarity would muddle it? It would appear, *prima facie*, more likely that *TR* followed *KJ* than that *KJ* followed *TR*. *TR*'s improvement at this point is of a piece with its supplying of motivation for the Bastard's resentment of Blanch's marriage, its supplying of a scene in the monastery and a scene dealing with John's poisoner; the author of *TR* was developing what appeared to him faulty or insufficient. The difference is that in the orders to Hubert there was a genuine confusion which, indeed, he only partially resolved.

How then, if I am arguing for the general superiority of Shakespeare's text and the superficiality of *TR*'s "improvements," how then do I account for the confusion of Shakespeare's handling of these scenes? First, it must be clear that any "inferiority" is in the single matter of inconsistent orders; the scenes are vastly superior in every other respect. Only the presence of the inconsistency needs explanation.

It would be difficult to account for the inconsistency if *KJ* were in fact based upon *TR*. However, the contradiction comes right out of Holinshed:

True it is that great suit was made to have Arthur set at liberty, as well by the French king as by William de Riches, a valiant baron of Poictou, and divers other noblemen of Brittany, who, when they could not prevail in their suit, banded themselves together and, joining in confederacy with Robert, Earl of Alençon, the Viscount Beaumont, William de Fulgiers, and others, they began to levy sharp wars against King John in divers places, insomuch (as it was thought) that so long as Arthur lived there would be no quiet in those parts; whereupon it was reported that King John, through persuasion of his

counselors, appointed certain persons to go to Falais, where Arthur was kept in prison, under the charge of Hubert de Burgh, and there to put out the young gentleman's eyes.

The point is that the move from "so long as Arthur lived" to the order to "put out the young gentleman's eyes" is not logical in Holinshed, which thus provides a basis for the lack of logic in *KJ*. Furthermore, it is clear that Shakespeare's attention has been caught less by the illogicality, which he reproduces, than by the dramatic possibilities, especially the possibilities for thematic development of both stage and verse imagery in the attack by the "hot irons" of brute power upon the helpless eyes of suffering innocence. Shakespeare would not then be seen as a playwright who carelessly muddled a structure that was clear, as a botcher of someone else's play, but as an artist creating drama from the raw material of the chronicle. The structure he gave *KJ*, the structure indicated in my introduction, is his own; it is not in Holinshed, and it is mangled by *TR*. If he has taken over this one illogicality from his source, it is because his attention at that point was focused so firmly on the poetic possibilities. He was attempting to write a new kind of play, a play with a dramatic structure, not just a chronicle history; the man who tried to reproduce it in *TR* quite missed Shakespeare's point. He thought he was dealing with another play like one of the parts of *Henry VI*, and indeed the same man may have been responsible for all three quartos.

For *TR* may be seen as having the same relationship to *KJ* as *The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster* and *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke* have to 2 and 3 *Henry VI*. Long considered to have been the sources of Shakespeare's plays, these are now generally acknowledged to have been "bad quartos," versions of Shakespeare's plays concocted on the basis of some familiarity with performances of them. *TR* may well be a bad quarto of similar origin; it need not be Shakespeare's source.

That Holinshed is Shakespeare's source, or one of his sources, is further attested (to give one or two of a multitude of examples) by the page in the chronicle at which we last looked. The succeeding paragraph concludes:

Howbeit, to satisfy his mind for the time and to stay the rage of the Britains [men of Brittany], he [Hubert de Burgh] caused it to be bruited abroad through the country that the King's commandment was fulfilled, and that Arthur also, through sorrow and grief, was departed out of this life. For the space of fifteen days this rumor incessantly ran through both the realms of England and France, and there was ringing for him through the towns and villages as [though] it had been for his funeral.

Two pages earlier in Holinshed is the account of the spectacle of the five moons, but it is given no interpretation. Shakespeare brings these two items together in Hubert's report:

KING JOHN

Five moons?

HUBERT Old men and beldams in the streets

Do prophesy upon it dangerously;

Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths.

(IV.ii.185-87)

And the Bastard has already reported: "I find the people strangely fantasied,/Possessed with rumors . . ." (IV.ii. 144-45). There is nothing of these rumors in *TR*; had that been Shakespeare's source, he would still have to be seen as having gone also to Holinshed. Similarly, Holinshed probably accounts for Shakespeare's use of the word "commodity." The Bastard has no commodity soliloquy in *TR*. Just after Holinshed's mention of the fall of Angiers, however, we find:

The French king all this while conceiving another exploit in his head, more commodious to him than as yet to attempt war against the Englishmen upon so light an occasion, dissembled the matter. . . .

It is in this coupling of "commodious" with dissembling that I would see the origin of Shakespeare's use of "commodity." Again, if he were using *TR*, he would still have to be seen as going to Holinshed. That is the position to which some scholars have in fact now arrived. If Shakespeare used Holinshed, however, he had no need of *TR*, while *TR* is difficult to explain on the basis of Holinshed without *KJ*—though its author did refer to some chronicle or other for a few details that Shakespeare had not used (the full name Hubert de Burgh, Chester and Beauchamp as the names of additional barons, and so on). Though neither case has yet been proved, I join Professors Alexander and Honigsmann in thinking that the conflicting evidence tends to converge upon Holinshed as Shakespeare's major source and *TR* as a bad quarto.

Here for once we do not need to decide between Holinshed's chronicle and Hall's, for Hall does not deal with the reign of John. However, in inventing the character of the Bastard, based on a brief mention in Holinshed, it is clear that Shakespeare recalled an incident in Hall which he already knew in connection with his writing of *1 Henry VI*. He may have associated the name Faulconbridge with a bastard on the basis of another passage in Hall which he had used in *3 Henry VI*. There he has Margaret say, "Stern Faulconbridge commands the Narrow Seas" (I.i.239); in Hall, this man is identified as "one Thomas Nevel, bastard son to Thomas, Lord Faulconbridge, the valiant captain, a man of no less courage than audacity (who for [in spite of] his evil conditions was such an apt person that a more meet could not be chosen to set all the world in a broil, and to put the estate of the realm on an ill hazard), had of new begun a great commotion. This bastard was before this time appointed by the Earl of Warwick to be Vice-Admiral of the sea. . . ." Hall describes a foolhardy rebel against Edward IV; in Margaret's speech he is, of course, a faithful partisan of Henry VI. Since we know Shakespeare to have been working with this chronicle material for his preceding plays, we have here additional weight for the argument that he is the one who invented the Bastard of *KJ* as the blunt and dauntless Englishman. (This association in turn probably accounts for his giving the name Faulconbridge to Portia's English suitor, "a proper man's picture" but untaught in other languages, in *The Merchant of Venice*, I.ii. Shakespeare used the name elsewhere but with no strikingly obvious reason for the choice. Longaville's Maria is "an heir of Faulconbridge" in *Love's Labor's Lost* [II.i.205]. In the quarto text of *2 Henry IV* there is an entry for "Fauconbridge" among the

rebels [I.iii]; since he has no speeches, most editors drop him.) Though there are possibly other sources from which Shakespeare picked up a detail or two (Bullough reproduces several, as well as *TR*, in *Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare*, IV), they are not central to the play.

Though the source question remains unsettled, and a serious investigator must naturally study *TR* also, I consider Holinshed's *Chronicles* to have been the point of departure for Shakespeare's creative imagination in *KJ*. These are now most conveniently studied in *Shakespeare's Holinshed*, a selection edited by Richard Hosley (1968). In comparing the play with the chronicles, as in comparing any of his plays with their literary sources—as in comparing the earlier history plays or the later *Macbeth* with other portions of the same chronicles—the point is in seeing not simply the source itself as a literary curiosity but what Shakespeare used, omitted, modified, or invented. It is in understanding his selective approach to a source that we can perhaps come closest to understanding how that creative imagination quickened raw substance into a work of art.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

Though mentioned by Francis Meres in 1598, *King John* was not printed until 1623, in the Folio. It has usually been thought that it must have been written between 1591, the publication date of *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, upon which many consider Shakespeare's play to have been based, and 1598, when Meres mentioned it. Since, as the Note on the Sources indicates, I am convinced that it preceded *The Troublesome Reign*, I naturally date Shakespeare's play before 1591, somewhere, probably, between 1588 and 1590. I would think that the writing of *1, 2, and 3 Henry VI*, certainly, and of *Richard III*, probably, preceded it, and thus I would differ on the dates of composition for all of these plays from those given in the table in the General Introduction (p. 5). *King John* should be seen as belonging with these early plays but, in its conception, a long step forward from them.

To see *The Troublesome Reign* as based upon Shakespeare's play is not to make it a trustworthy quarto. Its author imitates Shakespeare's plot but has little memory for his lines. The Folio remains the only substantive text.

Such inconsistencies as the Folio text contains suggest that the play was printed from author's manuscript and not from a theatrical promptbook. The chief of these inconsistencies is the Act II entry of "a Citizen upon the walls" of Angiers, followed by the speech-heading *Cit.* for his first four speeches, after which, in midscene, he becomes *Hubert* for one speech, and then *Hub.* Presumably this change represents the author's decision, while writing, to develop the anonymous Citizen into a character of importance to the plot, and such confusion of speech-heading would have been removed from the promptbook. To the detriment of the play, most editors have carried the unnamed Citizen through the act, thus introducing Hubert as a new character in III.ii. Hubert's development as a man forced to take a stand is only clear when we recognize his attempt to avoid involvement during Act II.

The errors in act and scene headings were presumably made by the compositor. His repetition of *Actus Quartus*

where he needed *Actus Quintus* may have been carried over from his copy, but a less obvious confusion would seem most simply explained on the basis of his having misunderstood what he found. *Actus Primus*, *Scaena Prima* is followed by a *Scaena Secunda* covering more than four double-column pages, to be followed in turn by an *Actus Secundus* covering little more than half of one page, which makes for a total first act of more than seven pages, and a second act of less than one. Editors, following Theobald, have generally turned the *Scaena Secunda* into Act II, and *Actus Secundus* into III.i, which necessitates considering the Folio's *Actus Tertius*, *Scaena Prima* a further error. Since Constance throws herself to the ground at the conclusion of *Actus Secundus* and is apparently still there at the opening of *Actus Tertius* (in spite of her being listed as entering with the others), editors have felt justified in making those scenes continuous in spite of the indicated division.

It is much more likely, as Honigmann suggests in the Arden edition, that the compositor mistook a simple manuscript *two* (or 2, or II), meaning Act II, as indicating Scene II, reversing the process when he came to the next *two* (or 2, or II) and labeling an intended second scene of Act II as though it were the whole act. This edition therefore follows Honigmann and differs from other editors by including a II.ii and thus beginning III.i in accordance with the Folio. Given the continuous action of an Elizabethan production, the presence of Constance seated on stage from one act to the next is not a serious challenge to following the Folio at that point.

Several scholars have noted that, at III.i.81, the Folio prints "heaven" where the context clearly demands the word "God," and they have suggested that censorship intervened at some point between the original manuscript and the Folio. But editors have not considered the implications of this argument.

In only one other history play, *Henry VIII*, does "heaven" appear more frequently than "God" ("heaven" 44 times, "God" 21); in 1 *Henry VI* and 3 *Henry VI* they appear an equal number of times (16 times each in the first, 20 times each in the second); in the other five history plays "heaven" appears 115 times to "God's" 270, with the greatest discrepancy in *Richard III* (29 to 79). In all these plays, the lowest frequency of appearance of the word "God" is the 16 times it appears in 1 *Henry VI*, and the highest frequency of the word "heaven" is the 44 times in *Henry VIII*. Compare with these figures the fact that "heaven" appears 51 times in the Folio text of *King John*, while "God" appears only 5 times, and the suggestion of censorship is greatly strengthened.

Such being likely, each appearance of the word "heaven" in this play becomes suspect. V.vii.60 is, as clearly as III.i.81, an instance in which "God" was the original

word. In phrases like "heaven and earth" (II.i.173), "clouds of heaven" (II.i.252), or "heaven or hell" (II.i.407), it is obvious that no change should be made. But this leaves a large group of doubtful instances. On the basis of context (verbal, rhythmic, and dramatic) I have made the change from "heaven" to "God" eight times where it seems thoroughly justified, as noted below. Eleven places where I would also prefer to make the change but, in line with the conservative textual policy of this edition, have not done so are I.i.83, 84, 256; II.i.373; III.i.162, 168, 192 (twice); IV.i.55; IV.iii.82; and V.i.29. Eighteen other places where the change would be possible but where, for contextual reasons (with which others might disagree), I would not make it are I.i.70; II.i.35, 86, 170, 171; III.i.22, 33, 34, 62; III.ii.37, 68; III.iii.48; IV.i.23, 91, 109; and IV.iii.10, 145, 159. (In addition to the three instances mentioned previously, I consider "heaven" obviously correct in II.i.174; III.ii.44; III.iii.77, 87, 158; IV.ii.15, 216; V.ii.52; V.v.1; and V.vii.72.)

Speech-headings in this edition are regularized by spelling them out in full. Spelling and punctuation have been modernized (conservatively), and obvious typographical errors have been corrected. I have changed to "Dauphin" and "Melun" in stage directions, but have left the old spellings, "Dolphin" and "Meloone," in the speeches for the sake of pronunciation. Other than these changes, departures from the Folio text are listed below, the adopted reading first, in boldface, followed by the original, in roman.

I.i.1 s.d. with Chatillion with the Chattylyon **43 God** heauen
62 God heauen **147 I would** It would **203 Pyrenean** Perennean
208 smack smoake **237 Could he get me** Could get me
II.i. ACT II Scaena Secunda s.d. King Philip . . . Austria and his Attendants Philip King of France, Lewis, Daulphin, Austria, Constance, Arthur **1 King Philip** Lewis [the text several times confuses the French king's name] **18 Ah, noble boy** A noble boy
63 Ate Ace **127 Than thou and John in manners, being as like** Then thou and Iohn, in manners being as like **149 Philip** Lewis
150 King Philip Lew. **152 Anjou** Angiers **201 s.d. Hubert** a Citizen [not identified as Hubert until the speech-heading at line 325] **215 Confronts your** Comfort yours **259 roundure** rounder **368 Hubert** Fra[nce]. **487 Anjou** Angiers [the error—see also II.i.152—is probably not the author's, for Angiers is the city excepted in line 489; cf. also line 528, where Folio has "Aniow"]
II.ii. Scene II Actus Secundus
III.i.36 day daies **74 task** tast **81 God** heauen **238 God** heauen
III.iii.64 friends fiends
IV.i.77 God's heauen **91 mote** moth
IV.ii.1 again crowned against crowned **42 when** then **73 Does** Do
IV.iii.33 man mans
V. ACT V Actus Quartus
V.ii.26 Were Was **43 hast thou fought** hast fought **66 God** heauen **133 unhaired** vn-heard
V.v.3 measured measure
V.vi.37 God heauen
V.vii.17 mind winde **21 cygnet** Symet **42 strait** straight **60 God** heauen



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

[Dramatis Personae]

KING JOHN

PRINCE HENRY *son to the king*

ARTHUR *Duke of Brittany, nephew to the king*

BIGOT

ESSEX

PEMBROKE

SALISBURY

} *English lords*

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE *son to Sir Robert
Faulconbridge*

PHILIP THE BASTARD *his half brother*

HUBERT *a citizen of Angiers*

JAMES GURNEY *servant to Lady Faulconbridge*

PETER OF POMFRET *a prophet*

PHILIP *King of France*

LEWIS *the Dauphin (Dolphin)*

LYMOGES *Duke of Austria*

CARDINAL PANDULPH *the pope's legate*

COUNT MELUN (*Meloone*) *a French lord*

CHATILLION *ambassador from France*

QUEEN ELINOR *mother to King John*

CONSTANCE *mother to Arthur*

BLANCH OF SPAIN *niece to King John*

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE *widow to Sir Robert
Faulconbridge*

LORDS SHERIFF HERALDS OFFICERS

SOLDIERS EXECUTIONERS MESSENGERS

OTHER ATTENDANTS

Scene: England and France]

A C T I

Scene I. [*England. King John's court.*]

Enter KING JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE,
ESSEX, and SALISBURY, with CHATILLION of France.

KING JOHN

Now say, Chatillion, what would France with us?

CHATILLION

Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France

In my behavior^o to the majesty,

The borrowed^o majesty, of England here.

ELINOR

A strange beginning: "borrowed majesty"! 5

KING JOHN

Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

CHATILLION

Philip of France, in right and true behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,

Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

To this fair island and the territories: 10

To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword

Which sways usurpingly these several titles,

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,

Thy nephew and right royal sovereign. 15

KING JOHN

What follows if we disallow of^o this?

CHATILLION

The proud control^o of fierce and bloody war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

KING JOHN

Here have we war for war and blood for blood,

Controlment^o for controlment: so answer France. 20

*The decorative border shown above appeared on the first page of
King John in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.*

I.i.3 In my behavior through me 4 borrowed usurped

16 disallow of deny 17 proud control resolute compulsion
20 Controlment compulsion

CHATILLION

Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of° my embassy.

KING JOHN

Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France,
For, ere thou canst report,° I will be there: 25
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet° of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.°
An honorable conduct° let him have:
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillion. 30

Exit CHATILLION and PEMBROKE.

ELINOR

What now, my son! Have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole 35
With very easy arguments of love,°
Which now the manage° of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

KING JOHN

Our strong possession and our right for us.

ELINOR

Your strong possession much more than your right, 40
Or else it must go wrong with you and me;
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but God, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter a SHERIFF.

ESSEX

My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judged by you, 45
That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men?

KING JOHN

Let them approach.
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expeditious charge.°

Enter ROBERT Faulconbridge, and Philip [his BASTARD brother].

What men° are you?

BASTARD

Your faithful subject, I, a gentleman, 50
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honor-giving hand
Of Cordelion° knighted in the field.

KING JOHN

What art thou? 55

ROBERT

The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

KING JOHN

Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

22 **farthest limit** of most extreme measure permitted by
25 **report** (1) give an account (2) make a noise like a gun (cf. "thunder," line 26) 27 **trumpet** herald 28 **sullen presage**
. . . **decay** gloomy foreteller of your own destruction 29
conduct escort 36 **arguments of love** (1) expressions of
love (2) friendly discussions (?) 37 **manage** government(s)
49 **expeditious charge** (1) sudden expense (2) speedy attack;
What men who (of what name) 54 **Cordelion** *Coeur de*
Lion (Lionhearted), i.e., King Richard I, John's older brother

BASTARD

Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known; and, as I think, one father: 60
But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er° to God and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

ELINOR

Out on thee, rude man! Thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this diffidence.° 65

BASTARD

I, madam? No, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a° pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honor and my land! 70

KING JOHN

A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

BASTARD

I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slandered me with bastardy.
But whe'r° I be as true begot or no, 75
That still I lay upon my mother's head;°
But that I am as well begot, my liege—
Fair fall° the bones that took the pains for me—
Compare our faces and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both, 80
And were our father, and this son like him,
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

KING JOHN

Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

ELINOR

He hath a trick° of Cordelion's face; 85
The accent of his tongue affecteth° him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition° of this man?

KING JOHN

Mine eye hath well examinèd his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak, 90
What doth move you° to claim your brother's land?

BASTARD

Because he hath a half-face° like my father!
With half that face° would he have all my land—
A half-faced groat° five hundred pound a year!

ROBERT

My gracious liege, when that my father lived, 95
Your brother did employ my father much—

BASTARD

Well sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be how he employed my mother.

ROBERT

And once dispatched° him in an embassy

62 **put you o'er** refer you 65 **diffidence** mistrust 68 'a he
75 **whe'r** whether 76 **lay** . . . **head** leave up to my mother
78 **Fair fall** may good befall 85 **trick** distinctive trait 86
affecteth tends toward, resembles 88 **large composition**
(1) large size (2) general features 91 **you** Robert (John shows
his partiality for the Bastard by the shift of pronoun—cf. line
55—and by his use of the slightly contemptuous "Sirrah")
92 **half-face** (1) profile (2) imperfect or emaciated face 93
With . . . **face** (1) with a face like that (2) with such impudence
94 **half-faced groat** (1) small silver coin with a profile stamped
on it (2) imperfect or clipped coin 99 **dispatched** (1) sent
(2) disposed of

To Germany, there with the emperor
 To treat of high affairs touching that time.
 Th' advantage of his absence took the king,
 And in the meantime sojourned at my father's,
 Where how he did prevail I shame to speak—
 But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
 Between my father and my mother lay,
 As I have heard my father speak himself,
 When this same lusty° gentleman was got.
 Upon his deathbed he by will bequeathed
 His lands to me, and took it on his death°
 That this my mother's son was none of his;
 And if° he were, he came into the world
 Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
 Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
 My father's land, as was my father's will.

KING JOHN

Sirrah, your brother is legitimate.
 Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
 And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
 Which fault lies on° the hazards of all husbands
 That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
 Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
 Had of your father claimed this son for his?
 In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
 This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
 In sooth he might; then, if he were my brother's,
 My brother might not claim him, nor your father,
 Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes.
 My mother's son did get your father's heir;
 Your father's heir must have your father's land.

ROBERT

Shall then my father's will be of no force
 To dispossess that child which is not his?

BASTARD

Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
 Than was his will to get me, as I think.

ELINOR

Whether hadst thou° rather be, a Faulconbridge,
 And like thy brother,° to enjoy thy land,
 Or the reputed son of Cordelion,
 Lord of thy presence° and no land beside?

BASTARD

Madam, and if my brother had my shape
 And I had his, Sir Robert's his,° like him,
 And if my legs were two such riding-rods,°
 My arms such eelskins stuffed, my face so thin
 That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
 Lest men should say, "Look, where three-farthings°
 goes!"

And, to° his shape, were heir to all this land,
 Would I might never stir from off this place,

100 I would give it every foot to have this face:
 I would not be Sir Nob° in any case.°

ELINOR

I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
 Bequeath° thy land to him, and follow me?

105 I am a soldier and now bound to France. 150

BASTARD

Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.
 Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
 Yet sell your face for fivepence and 'tis dear.
 110 Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

ELINOR

Nay, I would have you go before me thither. 155

BASTARD

Our country manners give our betters way.

115 KING JOHN

What is thy name?

BASTARD

Philip, my liege, so is my name begun—
 Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

KING JOHN

120 From henceforth bear his name whose form thou
 bearest: 160

Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great,
 Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.°

BASTARD

125 Brother by th' mother's side, give me your hand:
 My father gave me honor, yours gave land.
 Now blessed be the hour,° by night or day, 165
 When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

ELINOR

The very spirit of Plantagenet!

130 I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

BASTARD

Madam, by chance but not by truth;° what though?
 Something about,° a little from the right, 170
 In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
 Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
 And have is have, however men do catch.
 135 Near or far off, well won is still well shot,°
 And I am I, howe'er I was begot. 175

KING JOHN

Go, Faulconbridge. Now hast thou thy desire:
 A landless knight makes° thee a landed squire.
 Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed
 140 For France, for France, for it is more than need.

BASTARD

Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee! 180
 For thou wast got i' th' way of honesty.

Exeunt all but BASTARD.

145 A foot of honor better than I was,
 But many a many foot of land the worse.
 Well, now can I make any Joan° a lady.

108 lusty merry; got conceived 110 took . . . death swore
 at the peril of his soul 112 And if if (a frequent Elizabethan
 usage) 119 lies on is among 127 concludes is decisive 134
 Whether hadst thou which would you 135 like thy
 brother resembling Robert (in physique and character) 137
 Lord . . . presence master of your own physique and
 character 139 Sir Robert's his Sir Robert's (a double
 genitive) 140 riding-rods switches for horses 143 three-
 farthings the smallest of a number of coins which were dis-
 tinguished from coins of similar sizes by the presence of a
 rose behind the ear in Queen Elizabeth's portrait 144 to in
 addition to

147 Nob nickname for Robert (?)—perhaps with puns on
 head and knob, continuing mockery of his brother's appearance;
 in any case (1) under any circumstances (2) in any cover-
 ing (clothing, body) 149 Bequeath legally transfer (immedi-
 ately; his death is not implied) 162 Plantagenet surname of
 the royal family 165 hour (1) hour (2) whore (then
 identically pronounced) 169 truth virtue 170 Something
 about a bit off course 171-74 In . . . shot all proverbial
 expressions 177 A landless knight makes (1) the Bastard
 makes (2) making the Bastard landless makes 184 Joan
 common girl

"Good den, Sir Richard!"—"God-amercy,° fellow"°—

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter,
For new-made honor doth forget men's names:

'Tis too respective and too sociable

For your conversion.° Now your traveler,

He and his toothpick° at my worship's mess,°

And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,

Why then I suck my teeth° and catechize

My pickèd° man of countries: "My dear sir"—

Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin—

"I shall beseech you"—that is Question now;

And then comes Answer like an Absey-book:°

"O, sir," says Answer, "at your best command,

At your employment, at your service, sir";

"No, sir," says Question, "I, sweet sir, at yours";

And so, ere Answer knows what Question would,

Saving in dialogue of compliment,

And talking of the Alps and Apennines,

The Pyrenean and the river Po,

It draws toward supper in conclusion so.

But this is worshipful society,

And fits the mounting spirit like myself;

For he is but a bastard to the time°

That doth not smack of observation.°

And so am I, whether I smack or no:

And not alone in habit and device,°

Exterior form, outward accoutrement,

But from the inward motion° to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison° for the age's tooth,

Which, though I will not practice to deceive,

Yet, to avoid deceit,° I mean to learn;

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.°

But who comes in such haste in riding-robcs?

What woman-post° is this? Hath she no husband

That will take pains to blow a horn before her?°

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and James GURNEY.

O me! 'Tis my mother. How now, good lady!

What brings you here to court so hastily?

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

Where is that slave, thy brother? Where is he,

That holds in chase° mine honor up and down?

185 Good den . . . God-amercy usual greetings (elisions of "God give you good evening" and "God have mercy on you"); **fellow** used for one of lower rank **188-89 'Tis . . . conversion** It (remembering names) is too respectful and too amiable for my change in rank ("your" is general and vague: any conversion) **190 toothpick** an un-English affectation; **mess** dinner table **192 suck my teeth** scorning a toothpick **193 pickèd** (1) affected (2) with his teeth picked **196 Absey-book** ABC book, a child's question-and-answer primer **207 but . . . time** not a true child of his time **208 observation** (1) paying attention (2) obsequiousness **210 habit and device** dress and emblem (the heraldic symbol on his shield will be crossed by a black band, the "bar sinister" denoting a bastard) **212 motion** incitement, intention **213 sweet poison** flattery **215 deceit** deception (i.e., being deceived) **216 it . . . rising** flattery will be thrown before me as I rise just as flowers are thrown to welcome a great man **218 woman-post** female messenger **219 blow . . . her** (1) clear the way for her (as a herald announced an important arrival, or as the speeding post blew his post horn) (2) announce her adultery (the cuckold was said to wear horns) **223 holds in chase** pursues (as a huntsman)

BASTARD

185 My brother Robert? Old Sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant,° that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

225

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

190 Sir Robert's son? Aye, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son! Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

BASTARD

James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile? 230

GURNEY

195 Good leave,° good Philip.

BASTARD

Philip, sparrow!° James,
There's toys° abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

Exit James [GURNEY].

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son.

200 Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good Friday and ne'er broke his fast: 235

Sir Robert could do well—marry, to confess°—

Could he get me! Sir Robert could not do it.

205 We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholding for these limbs?

Sir Robert never holp° to make this leg.° 240

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honor?

210 What means this scorn, thou most untoward° knave?

BASTARD

Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.°

What! I am dubbed; I have it on my shoulder. 245

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;

215 I have disclaimed Sir Robert and my land;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone.

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper° man I hope: who was it, mother? 250

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

BASTARD

220 As faithfully as I deny the devil.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

King Richard Cordelion was thy father.

By long and vehement suit I was seduced

To make room for him in my husband's bed. 255

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge,

That art° the issue of my dear offense,

Which was so strongly urged past my defense.

BASTARD

Now, by this light, were I to get° again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father. 260

Some sins do bear their privilege° on earth,

And so doth yours: your fault was not your folly.

225 Colbrand the giant Guy of Warwick's final opponent in the popular old romances **231 Good leave** willingly; **Philip, sparrow** Philip, a common name for a pet sparrow, is too paltry for the newly knighted Bastard **232 toys** trifling gifts (i.e., knighthoods) or rumors (?) **236 marry, to confess** indeed, to speak the truth **240 holp** helped; **to . . . leg** (1) to form a leg like mine (2) to give me courtly manners like this (*to make a leg* = to bow; the Bastard must bow, perhaps ironically, as he requests her answer) **243 untoward** perverse, ill-mannered **244 Basilisco-like** Basilisco was a bragging knight in an earlier play, *Soliman and Perseda* **250 proper** handsome, respectable **257 That art** thou that art **259 get** be conceived **261 bear their privilege** carry their immunity (because of their good results?)

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
 Subjected tribute° to commanding love;
 Against whose fury and unmatched force 265
 The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
 Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.°
 He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
 May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father!° 270
 Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
 Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin,
 And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin. 275
 Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not!° *Exeunt.*

A C T I I

[Scene I. *France.*]

Enter before [the gate of] Angiers, KING PHILIP of France, LEWIS the Dauphin, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and their ATTENDANTS and, from the other side, AUSTRIA and his ATTENDANTS.

KING PHILIP

Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.
 Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,°
 Richard, that robbed the lion of his heart
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke° came early to his grave; 5
 And for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance° hither is he come
 To spread his colors,° boy, in thy behalf,
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John: 10
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

ARTHUR

God shall forgive you Cordelion's death
 The rather that you give his offspring life,
 Shadowing° their right under your wings of war.
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand, 15
 But with a heart full of unstained love:
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

LEWIS

Ah, noble boy, who would not do thee right?

AUSTRIA

Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture° of my love: 20
 That to my home I will no more return
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,

Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,°
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
 And coops° from other lands her islanders, 25
 Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still° secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Even till that utmost corner of the west
 Salute thee for her king; till then, fair boy, 30
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

CONSTANCE

O take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
 To make a more requital to° your love.

AUSTRIA

The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords 35
 In such a just and charitable war.

KING PHILIP

Well then, to work: our cannon shall be bent°
 Against the brows of this resisting town.
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,°
 To cull the plots of best advantages.° 40
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
 Wade to the marketplace in Frenchmen's blood:
 But we will make it subject to this boy.

CONSTANCE

Stay for an answer to your embassy,
 Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood. 45
 My Lord Chatillion may from England bring
 That right in peace which here we urge in war,
 And then we shall repent each drop of blood
 That hot rash haste so indirectly° shed.

Enter CHATILLION.

KING PHILIP

A wonder, lady! Lo, upon thy wish, 50
 Our messenger Chatillion is arrived!
 What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
 We coldly pause for thee; Chatillion, speak.

CHATILLION

Then turn your forces from this paltry siege
 And stir them up against a mightier task: 55
 England, impatient of your just demands,
 Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
 Whose leisure I have stayed, have given him time
 To land his legions all as soon as I;
 His marches are expedient° to this town, 60
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
 With him along is come the mother-queen,
 An Ate,° stirring him to blood and strife;
 With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
 With them a bastard of the king's deceased;° 65
 And all th' unsettled humors° of the land,
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,°

264 **Subjected tribute** tribute required of a vassal 266–67 **The . . . hand** the legend was that Richard's epithet came from his having eaten the heart he tore out by reaching, barehanded, down the throat of a living lion 270 **for my father** (1) on behalf of my father (2) for the father you have given me 276 **not** (1) not (2) naught, i.e., nothing (3) naught, i.e., wickedness (sexual immorality; cf. *Richard III*, I.i.97–100) II.i.2 **forerunner . . . blood** predecessor in your line (Arthur was Richard's nephew) 5 **this brave duke** Austria (that Austria killed Richard is not historical, but see note to III.i.40) 7 **importance** importunity 8 **spread his colors** unfurl his battle flags 14 **Shadowing** sheltering 20 **indenture** sealed agreement

23 **that pale, that white-faced shore** reference to the chalk cliffs on England's southern coast (a pale is also a limited territory) 25 **coops** encloses for protection 27 **still** always 34 **more requital to** larger recompense for 37 **bent** aimed (as is a bow) 39 **discipline** military training 40 **To . . . advantages** to choose the best location (for the cannons) 49 **indirectly** wrongly 60 **expedient** speedy 63 **Ate** goddess of vengeance 65 **of . . . deceased** of the deceased king 66 **unsettled humors** unsteady rabble (humors were bodily fluids, the balance of which supposedly determined a man's disposition) 67 **voluntaries** volunteers

With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,^o
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,^o 70
 To make a hazard of^o new fortunes here.
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
 Than now the English bottoms^o have waft o'er
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offense and scathe in Christendom. 75

Drum beats.

The interruption of their churlish drums
 Cuts off more circumstance:^o they are at hand,
 To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.

KING PHILIP

How much unlooked for is this expedition!^o

AUSTRIA

By how much unexpected, by so much 80
 We must awake endeavor for defense,
 For courage mounteth with occasion:
 Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

Enter KING [JOHN] of England, BASTARD, Queen [ELINOR], BLANCH, PEMBROKE, and others.

KING JOHN

Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
 Our just and lineal^o entrance to our own; 85
 If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
 Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct^o
 Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.

KING PHILIP

Peace be to England, if that war return
 From France to England, there to live in peace. 90
 England we love, and for that England's sake
 With burden of our armor here we sweat.
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine,
 But thou from loving England art so far
 That thou hast underwrought^o his lawful king, 95
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 Outfacèd infant state,^o and done a rape
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
 Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face:
 These eyes, these brows, were molded out of his; 100
 This little abstract^o doth contain that large
 Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
 That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right 105
 And this^o is Geoffrey's in the name of God.
 How comes it then that thou art called a king,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which owe^o the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

KING JOHN

From whom hast thou this great commission, France, 110
 To draw my answer from thy articles?^o

KING PHILIP

From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts
 In any beast of strong authority
 To look into the blots and stains of right;
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy, 115
 Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong
 And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

KING JOHN

Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

KING PHILIP

Excuse it is to beat usurping down.

ELINOR

Who is it thou dost call usurper, France? 120

CONSTANCE

Let me make answer: thy usurping son.

ELINOR

Out, insolent! Thy bastard shall be king
 That thou mayst be a queen^o and check the world!

CONSTANCE

My bed was ever to thy son as true
 As thine was to thy husband, and this boy 125
 Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey
 Than thou and John in manners, being as like
 As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
 My boy a bastard! By my soul I think
 His father never was so true begot: 130
 It cannot be and if thou wert his mother.

ELINOR

There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

CONSTANCE

There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

AUSTRIA

Peace!

BASTARD Hear the crier.^o

AUSTRIA

What the devil art thou?

BASTARD

One that will play the devil, sir, with you, 135
 And 'a^o may catch your hide^o and you alone:
 You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
 Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard.
 I'll smoke^o your skin-coat, and I catch you right; 140
 Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

BLANCH

O well did he become that lion's robe,
 That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

BASTARD

It lies as sightly^o on the back of him
 As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass.^o
 But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back, 145
 Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

AUSTRIA

What cracker^o is this same that deafs our ears
 With this abundance of superfluous breath?
 King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

68 **spleens** the spleen was considered the location of the emotions 70 **Bearing . . . backs** having invested their patrimonies in armor 71 **make . . . of** take a chance on winning 73 **bottoms** ships 77 **circumstance** detailed information 79 **expedition** speed 85 **lineal** inherited 87 **correct** chastise 95 **underwrought** undermined 97 **Outfacèd infant state** arrogantly defied the child king 101 **abstract** summary, abridgment (cf. "brief" and "volume" in line 103) 106 **this** possibly the English crown, which John is wearing, the city of Angiers, or Arthur himself 109 **owe** own 111 **To . . . articles** to compel me to answer your accusations

123 **queen** (1) queen (2) *quean* = whore (3) queen in chess (cf. "check" later in line) 134 **crier** law-court official who called for silence 136 **And 'a** if he; **hide** Richard's lionskin, which Austria is wearing 139 **smoke** (1) disinfect (2) beat 143 **sightly** handsomely 144 **Alcides' . . . ass** (1) Hercules' shoes (proverbial) on an ass (2) Hercules appears (Folio's "shoes" may also mean shows) mounted on an ass (3) Hercules' lionskin (he wore the skin of the Nemean lion which he had killed) appears on an ass 147 **cracker** (1) braggart (2) firecracker

KING PHILIP

Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum of all:
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

KING JOHN

My life as soon! I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Britain,° yield thee to my hand,
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win;
Submit thee, boy.

ELINOR

Come to thy grandam, child.

CONSTANCE

Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig;
There's a good grandam.°

ARTHUR

Good my mother, peace!

I would that I were low laid in my grave.
I am not worth this coil° that's made for me.

ELINOR

His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

CONSTANCE

Now shame upon you, whe'r she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws° those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of° a fee:
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed°
To do him justice and revenge on you.

ELINOR

Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

CONSTANCE

Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations,° royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eldest son's son,°
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited° in this poor child;
The canon of the law° is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removèd from thy sin-conceiving womb.

KING JOHN

Bedlam,° have done.

CONSTANCE

I have but this to say,

That he is not only plaguèd for her sin,
But God hath made her sin° and her the plague°
On this removèd issue,° plagued for her
And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle° to her sin,
All punished in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!

ELINOR

150 Thou unadvisèd scold, I can produce
A will° that bars the title of thy son.

CONSTANCE

Aye, who doubts that? A will! A wicked will;
A woman's will;° a cankered grandam's will!

KING PHILIP

155 Peace, lady! Pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence° to cry aim
To° these ill-tunèd repetitions.
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers. Let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

195

200

*Trumpet sounds.*160 *Enter HUBERT upon the walls.*

HUBERT

Who is it that hath warnèd° us to the walls?

KING PHILIP

'Tis France, for England.

KING JOHN

England for itself.

165 You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects—

KING PHILIP

You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet called you to this gentle parle°—

205

KING JOHN

For our advantage; therefore hear us first:
These flags of France, that are advancèd° here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither marched to your endamage-
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
175 Confronts your city's eyes, your winking° gates,
And but for our approach those sleeping stones,
That as a waist° doth girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance°
By this time from their fixèd beds of lime
180 Had been dishabited,° and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratched your city's threatened cheeks,
Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead° of bullets wrapped in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error° in your ears;
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labored° spirits,
Forwearied° in this action of swift speed,
Craves harborage within your city walls.

210

215

220

225

230

156 Britain Brittany 160–63 Do . . . grandam baby talk
165 coil fuss 169 Draws draw (it is not unusual for a plural
subject to have a verb in -s) 170 in nature of in place of, as
though it were 171 with . . . bribed these crystal beads—
pearls, tears—will bribe heaven both as precious gems and as
prayer beads 176 dominations dominions 177 eldest son's
son oldest grandson (not oldest-son's son) 179 visited punished
180 canon . . . law Exodus 20:5 183 Bedlam lunatic 185
her sin John (?); the plague the great plagues were com-
monly explained as punishment for a sinful nation—Elinor is
both the cause of Arthur's punishment and that punishment
itself 186 this removèd issue this remote descendant (i.e.,
Arthur) 188 beadle parish official who whipped sinners

192 A will Richard's will named John his heir; Shakespeare
plays this down to present John as a usurper 194 A woman's
will Constance suggests that Elinor wrote the will, and
women's wills were not legal 196 presence royal assembly
196–97 cry aim To encourage 201 warned summoned 205
parle parley 207 advancèd raised 215 winking able to
open and shut (the gates are like eyelids) 217 waist belt or
sash 218 ordinance cannons 220 dishabited disinhabited,
dislodged 230 faithless error treacherous lie 232 labored
overworked 233 Forwearied tired out

KING PHILIP

When I have said,° make answer to us both.
 Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vowed upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:
 For this downtrodden equity° we tread
 In warlike march these greens before your town,
 Being no further enemy to you
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal°
 In the relief of this oppressèd child
 Religiously provokes. Be pleasèd then
 To pay that duty which you truly owe
 To him that owes° it, namely this young prince;
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
 Save in aspect, hath° all offense sealed up:
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven,
 And with a blessèd and unvexed retire,°
 With unhacked swords and helmets all unbruised,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again
 Which here we came to spout against your town,
 And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
 But if you fondly pass° our proffered offer,
 'Tis not the roundure° of your old-faced walls°
 Can hide you from our messengers of war,
 Though all these English and their discipline
 Were harbored in their rude circumference.
 Then tell us, shall your city call us° lord,
 In that behalf which° we have challenged it?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage
 And stalk in blood to our possession?

HUBERT

In brief, we are the King of England's subjects:
 For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

KING JOHN

Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

HUBERT

That can we not; but he that proves° the king,
 To him will we prove loyal: till that time
 Have we rammed up° our gates against the world.

KING JOHN

Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
 And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed—

BASTARD

Bastards, and else.°

KING JOHN

To verify our title with their lives.

KING PHILIP

As many and as wellborn bloods° as those—

BASTARD

Some bastards, too.

235 said finished speaking 241 equity right 244 the . . . zeal
 the obligations of generous resolution 248 owes owns 250
 hath will have 253 unvexed retire orderly departure 258
 fondly pass foolishly disregard 259 roundure roundness;
 old-faced walls walls so well built they had not required
 refacing 263 us King Philip (England, with Arthur as king,
 would be subordinate to France) 264 In . . . which on be-
 half of him for whom 270 proves proves to be 272 ram-
 med up barricaded 276 else others 278 bloods (1) men of
 courage (2) men of good family

KING PHILIP

Stand in his face to contradict his claim. 280

HUBERT

Till you compound° whose right is worthiest,
 We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

KING JOHN

Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
 That to their everlasting residence,
 Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,° 285
 In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

KING PHILIP

Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! To arms!

BASTARD

Saint George, that swinged° the dragon, and e'er since
 Sits on's horseback at mine hostess' door,°
 Teach us some fence!° [To AUSTRIA.] Sirrah, were I
 at home 290
 At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
 I would set an ox head to your lion's hide,
 And make a monster° of you.

AUSTRIA

Peace! No more.

255 BASTARD

O tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

KING JOHN

Up higher to the plain, where we'll set forth 295
 In best appointment all our regiments.

260 BASTARD

Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

KING PHILIP

It shall be so; and at the other hill
 Command the rest to stand. God, and our right!
 Exeunt.

Here, after excursions,° enter the HERALD OF FRANCE
 with trumpets, to the gates.

FRENCH HERALD

You men of Angiers, open wide your gates, 300
 And let young Arthur, Duke of Britain, in,
 Who by the hand of France this day hath made
 Much work for tears in many an English mother,
 Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground:
 Many a widow's husband groveling lies, 305
 Coldly embracing the discolored earth,
 And victory with little loss doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French,
 Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,°
 To enter conquerors and to proclaim 310
 Arthur of Britain England's king, and yours.

Enter ENGLISH HERALD, with trumpet.

ENGLISH HERALD

Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:
 King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot malicious day.
 Their armors, that marched hence so silver-bright, 315
 Hither return all gilt° with Frenchmen's blood;

281 compound settle 285 fleet pass away, fly 288
 swinged beat 289 Sits . . . door painted on an inn sign
 290 fence skill with the sword 293 monster (1) ox-headed
 lion (2) cuckold 299 s.d. excursions sallies, raids (in the
 theater, stage-crossings and clashes to represent a battle) 309
 displayed spread out (for a parade, not for a battle) 316 gilt
 gilded, i.e., reddened (gold was considered red as in "his
 golden blood," *Macbeth*, II.iii.114)

There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removèd by a staff° of France.
Our colors do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first marched forth, 320
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter° of their foes.
Open your gates and give the victors way.

HUBERT

Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold, 325
From first to last, the onset and retire°
Of both your armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censurèd.
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answered
blows,
Strength matched with strength, and power confronted
power. 330
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.
*Enter the two KINGS, with their POWERS, at several°
doors.*

KING JOHN

France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right roam on? 335
Whose passage, vexed with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell,
With course disturbed, even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean. 340

KING PHILIP

England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood
In this hot trial more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms, 345
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we
bear,
Or add a royal number° to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.°

BASTARD

Ha, majesty! How high thy glory tow'rs° 350
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O now doth Death line his dead chaps° with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing° the flesh of men
In undetermined differences° of kings. 355
Why stand these royal fronts° amazèd thus?
Cry "Havoc!"° kings; back to the stained field,
You equal potents,° fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion° of one part° confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death! 360

318 staff spear, lance 323 Dyed . . . slaughter hunters customarily dipped their hands in the deer's blood (cf. *Julius Caesar*, III.i.106 ff.) 326 retire withdrawal 328 censurèd judged 333 s.d. several separate 347 royal number king's name as one item in the list 349 With . . . kings with a king slaughtered as well as slaughtering 350 tow'rs soars (hawking jargon) 352 chaps jaws 354 mousing tearing, biting 355 undetermined differences unsettled disputes 356 fronts foreheads 357 Havoc the call for general slaughter with no taking of prisoners 358 potents potentates, powers 359 confusion defeat; part party

KING JOHN

Whose party do the townsmen yet° admit?

KING PHILIP

Speak, citizens, for England: who's your king?

HUBERT

The King of England, when we know the king.

KING PHILIP

Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

KING JOHN

In us, that are our own great deputy, 365
And bear possession of our person° here,
Lord of our presence,° Angiers, and of you.

HUBERT

A greater pow'r than we denies all this,
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barred gates, 370
Kings of our fear,° until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

BASTARD

By heaven, these scroyles° of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements
As in a theater, whence they gape and point 375
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me:
Do like the mutines° of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town. 380
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon chargèd to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing° clamors have brawled down°
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
I'd play incessantly upon° these jades,° 385
Even till unfencèd° desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar° air.
That done, dis sever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colors once again;
Turn face to face and bloody point to point. 390
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull° forth
Out of one side her happy minion,°
To whom in favor she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?° 395
Smacks it not something of the policy?°

KING JOHN

Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our pow'rs
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then after fight who shall be king of it? 400

BASTARD

And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wronged as we are by this peevish town,

361 yet now 366 bear . . . person owe no allegiance to anyone else (unlike Arthur, who has apparently done homage to Philip —cf. line 263) 367 presence person 371 Kings . . . fear kings as a result of our fear (forced by our fears to be our own kings) 373 scroyles scoundrels 378 mutines mutineers (factions fighting each other in Jerusalem in 70 A.D. united to fight the Romans) 383 soul-fearing causing the soul to fear; brawled down noisily laid waste 385 play . . . upon (1) play guns upon (2) make sport of; jades wretches (a jade is a worn-out horse or a wanton woman) 386 unfencèd unfortified 387 vulgar common 391 cull (1) choose (2) fondle, hug 392 minion darling, favorite 395 states kings 396 the policy political skill, perhaps specifically Machiavellian political cunning

Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dashed them to the ground, 405
Why then defy each other, and, pell-mell,^o
Make work^o upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.^o

KING PHILIP

Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?

KING JOHN

We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

AUSTRIA

I from the north.

KING PHILIP Our thunder^o from the south

Shall rain their drift^o of bullets on this town.

BASTARD [*Aside.*]

O prudent discipline! From north to south
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.
I'll stir them to it: come, away, away!

HUBERT

Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league,
Win you this city without stroke or wound,
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field.
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

KING JOHN

Speak on with favor; we are bent^o to hear.

HUBERT

That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is near to England:^o look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dolphin^o and that lovely maid. 425
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous^o love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love, ambitious, sought a match of birth, 430
Whose veins bound^o richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dolphin every way complete;^o
If not complete of,^o say he is not she,
And she again wants^o nothing, to name want,^o 435
If want it be not^o that she is not he.
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finishèd by such as she,
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fullness of perfection lies in him. 440
O, two such silver currents when they join
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores, to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.^o 445
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closèd gates: for at this match,^o

With swifter spleen^o than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance. But without this match, 450
The sea enragèd is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,^o
As we to keep this city.

BASTARD

Here's a stay^o

455

That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs. 460
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke, and bounce;^o
He gives the bastinado^o with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgeled; not a word of his 415
But buffets better than a fist of France. 465
Zounds!^o I was never so bethumped with words
Since I first called my brother's father dad.

ELINOR

Son, list to this conjunction,^o make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough, 420
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie 470
Thy now unsured assurance^o to the crown
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France:
Mark how they whisper. Urge them while their souls 475
Are capable of this ambition,^o
Lest zeal,^o now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

HUBERT

Why answer not the double majesties 480
This friendly treaty^o of our threatened town?

KING PHILIP

Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?

435 KING JOHN

If that the Dolphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read "I love," 485
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea^o—
Except this city now by us besieged—
Find liable^o to our crown and dignity, 490
Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich
In titles, honors, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with^o any princess of the world.

KING PHILIP

What say'st thou, boy? Look in the lady's face. 495

406 pell-mell headlong, tumultuously 407 Make work work
havoc; for . . . hell to the death 411 thunder cannons
412 drift shower 422 bent determined 424 near to England
closely related to King John (she was the daughter of John's
sister and of the King of Castile) 425 Dolphin Dauphin 428
zealous sanctified 431 bound hold 433 complete fully
endowed 434 of therein 435 wants lacks; to name want
to speak of defects 436 If . . . be not if it is not a deficiency
(the verbal quibbling of these lines is more to the Elizabethan
taste than to ours, but it marks also the impersonal formality
of Hubert's proposal) 445 if . . . them i.e., to each other
447 match (1) marriage (2) wick for igniting powder

448 spleen impetuosity 454 peremptory resolute 455 stay
check, hindrance 462 bounce explosive noise 463 bastinado
cudgeling 466 Zounds By God's wounds! 468 list . . .
conjunction listen to (accept) this union 471 unsured
assurance uncertain title 476 capable . . . ambition ready
to accept this desire for alliance 477 zeal King Philip's eager-
ness to support Arthur 481 treaty proposal 488 sea the
English Channel 490 liable subject 494 Holds hand with
is the equal of

LEWIS

I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow° of myself formed in her eye,
 Which, being but the shadow of your son,
 Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow: 500
 I do protest I never loved myself
 Till now infixèd I beheld myself,
 Drawn in the flattering table° of her eye.

Whispers with BLANCH.

BASTARD

Drawn° in the flattering table of her eye!
 Hanged in the frowning wrinkle of her brow! 505
 And quartered° in her heart! He doth espy
 Himself love's traitor; this is pity now,
 That, hanged and drawn and quartered, there should
 be

In such a love so vile a lout as he.

BLANCH [*To* LEWIS.]

My uncle's will in this respect is mine: 510
 If he see aught in you that makes him like,
 That anything he sees which moves his liking,
 I can with ease translate it to my will;°
 Or, if you will, to speak more properly,
 I will enforce it eas'ly to my love. 515
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy love,
 Than this: that nothing do I see in you,
 Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your
 judge,
 That I can find should merit any hate. 520

KING JOHN

What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

BLANCH

That she is bound in honor still° to do
 What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

KING JOHN

Speak then, Prince Dolphin: can you love this lady?

LEWIS

Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love, 525
 For I do love her most unfeignèdly.

KING JOHN

Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
 Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
 With her to thee; and this addition more,
 Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. 530
 Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
 Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

KING PHILIP

It likes us° well. Young princes, close your hands.

AUSTRIA

And your lips too, for I am well assured
 That I did so when I was first assured.° 535

498 **shadow** image 503 **Drawn** . . . **table** portrayed on the flattering surface (the whole of the Dauphin's speech—"eye," "sun," "son," "shadow"—is conventional; he simply says what is expected of him) 504 **Drawn** (1) portrayed (2) disemboweled 506 **quartered** (1) lodged (2) cut or torn in four parts (traitors were hanged, drawn and quartered) 513 **translate** . . . **will** I can bend my will to my uncle's desires (Blanch is much less conventional, and much more honest, than Lewis) 522 **still** always 533 **It likes us** we like it 535 **assured** engaged to be married

KING PHILIP

Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates;
 Let in that amity which you have made,
 For at Saint Mary's Chapel presently
 The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.
 Is not the Lady Constance in this troop? 540
 I know she is not, for this match made up
 Her presence would have interrupted much.
 Where is she and her son? Tell me, who knows.

LEWIS

She is sad and passionate° at your highness' tent.

KING PHILIP

And, by my faith, this league that we have made 545
 Will give her sadness very little cure.
 Brother of England, how may we content
 This widow lady? In her right we came,
 Which we, God knows, have turned another way,
 To our own vantage.

KING JOHN

We will heal up all, 550
 For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Britain
 And Earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town
 We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance.
 Some speedy messenger bid her repair
 To our solemnity.° I trust we shall, 555
 If not fill up the measure of her will,
 Yet in some measure satisfy her so
 That we shall stop her exclamation.°
 Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
 To this unlooked for, unprepared pomp.° 560

Exeunt [all but the BASTARD].

BASTARD

Mad world! Mad kings! Mad composition!°
 John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
 Hath willingly departed with° a part,
 And France, whose armor conscience buckled on,
 Whom zeal and charity brought to the field 565
 As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
 With° that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
 That broker° that still breaks the pate of faith,
 That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids, 570
 Who,° having no external thing to lose
 But the word "maid," cheats the poor maid of that,
 That smooth-faced° gentleman, tickling° commodity,
 Commodity, the bias° of the world,
 The world, who of itself is peisèd° well, 575
 Made to run even upon even ground,
 Till this advantage, this vile drawing° bias,
 This sway° of motion,° this commodity,

544 **passionate** enraged 555 **solemnity** ceremony (the wedding and the granting of titles to Arthur) 558 **stop her exclamation** silence her complaining 560 **pomp** ceremony 561 **composition** compromise 563 **departed with** given away 566-67 **rounded** . . . **With** whispered to by 568 **broker** pander 571 **Who** elliptical; begins by referring to "maids," ends, as the subject of "cheats," by referring to "commodity," the subject of this whole series of appositions 573 **smooth-faced** ingratiating, deceitful; **tickling** (1) teasing—the maids (2) flattering—anyone; **commodity** self-interest 574 **bias** oblique course (in bowling, the bowl went on an oblique course because of the weight built into one side; *bias* was the word for either the course or the weight itself) 575 **peisèd** weighted 577 **vile drawing** two adjectives, but also "vile-drawing," drawing to evil 578 **sway** that which sways; diverter, corrupter; **motion** (1) movement (2) intention

Makes it take head° from all indifferency,^o
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent. 580
 And this same bias, this commodity,
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
 Clapped on the outward eye° of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
 From a resolved° and honorable war, 585
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
 And why rail I on this commodity?
 But for because° he hath not wooed me yet:
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,^o
 When his fair angels° would salute my palm, 590
 But for my hand, as unattempted° yet,
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
 And say there is no sin but to be rich;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be 595
 To say there is no vice but beggary.
 Since kings break faith upon° commodity,
 Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee! *Exit.*

Scene II. [*King Philip's tent.*]

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

CONSTANCE

Gone to be married! Gone to swear a peace!
 False blood to false blood joined! Gone to be friends!
 Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
 It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
 Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again. 5
 It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so.
 I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man;
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man:
 I have a king's oath to the contrary. 10
 Thou shalt be punished for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick and capable of fears,
 Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears,
 A widow, husbandless,^o subject to fears,
 A woman naturally born to fears; 15
 And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
 With my vexed spirits I cannot take a truce,^o
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? 20
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,^o
 Like a proud river peering o'er° his bounds?

579 take head run; **indifferency** impartiality, disinterestedness
583 outward eye (1) physical vision, as opposed to moral vision or conscience (2) in bowling, the bowl had an "eye" which received the weight, the bias **585 resolved** the decision to undertake it having been made **588 But for because** only because **589 clutch my hand** refuse the bribe **590 angels** (1) commodity's agents, the fallen angels (2) gold coins called angels because they carried a picture of the archangel Michael killing a dragon **591 unattempted** untested, untempted **597 upon** as a result of

II.ii.14 A widow, husbandless not necessarily a tautology: the historical Constance, though Geoffrey's widow, was at this time married to her third husband; his presence would, however, be a dramatic confusion, and Shakespeare simplifies to increase her isolation **17 take a truce** make peace **22 that lamentable rheum** those sorrowful tears **23 peering o'er** overflowing

Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
 Then speak again, not all thy former tale, 25
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

SALISBURY

As true as I believe you think them false
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

585 CONSTANCE

O if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die! 30
 And let belief and life encounter so
 As doth the fury of two desperate men
 Which in the very meeting fall and die.
 Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
 France friend with England, what becomes of me? 35
 Fellow, be gone! I cannot brook thy sight.
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

595 SALISBURY

What other harm have I, good lady, done,
 But spoke the harm that is by others done?

CONSTANCE

Which harm within itself so heinous is 40
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

ARTHUR

I do beseech you, madam, be content.^o

CONSTANCE

If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
 Ugly and sland'rous° to thy mother's womb,
 Full of unpleasing blots° and sightless° stains, 45
 Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,^o
 Patched with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
 I would not care, I then would be content,
 For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown. 50
 But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
 Nature and Fortune joined to make thee great.
 Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
 And with the half-blown° rose. But Fortune, O,
 She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee; 55
 Sh' adulterates hourly° with thine uncle John,
 And with her golden hand° hath plucked on° France
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
 France is a bawd to Fortune and King John, 60
 That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
 Envenom° him with words, or get thee gone
 And leave those woes alone which I alone
 Am bound to underbear.^o

SALISBURY

Pardon me, madam, 65

I may not go without you to the kings.

CONSTANCE

Thou mayst; thou shalt: I will not go with thee.
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,^o
 For grief is proud° and makes his owner stoop.^o

42 content calm, satisfied **44 sland'rous** a disgrace, giving cause for slander **45 blots** spots, disfigurements; **sightless** unsightly **46 prodigious** deformed, hence a prodigy or bad omen **54 half-blown** half-opened **56 hourly** (1) every hour (2) like a whore (cf. I.i.165) **57 golden hand** hand which dispenses gold; **plucked on** drawn along **63 Envenom** (1) poison (2) curse **65 underbear** endure, suffer **68, 69 proud** (1) proud (2) prou'd = proved = tested **69 stoop** bow down (Constance is made to bow down under her grief, but she will also make the kings bow down to it)

To me and to the state° of my great grief
Let kings assemble, for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it.

[Seats herself on the ground. Exeunt
SALISBURY and ARTHUR.°]

A C T I I I

Scene I. [King Philip's tent.]

Enter KING JOHN, [KING PHILIP of] France, [LEWIS the] Dauphin, BLANCH, ELINOR, Philip [the BASTARD], AUSTRIA, [and ATTENDANTS, to] CONSTANCE, [seated on the ground°].

KING PHILIP

'Tis true, fair daughter, and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:°
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold.
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holy day.

CONSTANCE [Rising.]

A wicked day, and not a holy day!
What hath this day deserved? What hath it done
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides° in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or, if it must stand still,° let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crossed:°
But° on this day let seamen fear no wrack;°
No bargains° break that are not this day made;
This day all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

KING PHILIP

By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawned to you my majesty?°

CONSTANCE

You have beguiled me with a counterfeit°
Resembling majesty, which, being touched and tried,°
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn!

70 **state** (1) condition (2) high rank (3) government (4) throne
74 **s.d. Exeunt** . . . **Arthur** it is not clear whether Salisbury should lead Arthur off or they should go in opposite directions; it is only clear that they are not present during the next scene and that Arthur next appears, in III.ii, as John's prisoner
III.i.s.d. **seated** . . . **ground** the action is of course continuous from the end of the second act 2 **festival** as a holiday 12 **high tides** principal anniversaries 15 **stand still** always remain 17 **prodigiously be crossed** be denied by the birth of a deformed child 18 **But** except; **wrack** disaster (here, of course, shipwreck) 19 **bargains** agreements 24 **pawned** . . . **majesty** pledged you my word as a king 25 **counterfeit** false coin 26 **touched and tried** its gold tested on a touchstone

70 You came in arms° to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now, in arms,° you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigor and rough frown of war 30
Is cold in amity and painted peace,°
And our oppression° hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day 35
Wear out° the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me! O, hear me!

AUSTRIA

Lady Constance, peace!

CONSTANCE

War! War! No peace! Peace is to me a war.
O, Lymoges!° O, Austria! Thou dost shame 40
That bloody spoil:° thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous° ladyship is by 45
To teach thee safety! Thou art perjured too,
And sooth'st up° greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping° fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party!° Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side? 50
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over° to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,
And hang a calfskin° on those recreant° limbs. 55

10

AUSTRIA

O that a man should speak those words to me!

BASTARD

And hang a calfskin on those recreant limbs.

AUSTRIA

15

Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life!

BASTARD

And hang a calfskin on those recreant limbs.

KING JOHN

20

We like not this; thou dost forget thyself. 60

Enter PANDULPH.

KING PHILIP

Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

PANDULPH

Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!

To thee, King John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,

And from Pope Innocent the legate here, 65

Do in his name religiously demand

28-29 **in arms** . . . **in arms** armed . . . embracing 31 **Is** . . . **peace** lies dead in your friendship and false peace 32 **our oppression** your oppression of us 36 **Wear out** last through 40 **Lymoges** Limoges and Austria were, historically, two men, but are here combined; Richard *Coeur de Lion* was actually killed, not by Austria, but while besieging Limoges 41 **bloody spoil** the lionskin 45 **humorous** full of humors, capricious 47 **sooth'st up** flatterest 48 **ramping** (1) raging (2) threatening—chiefly said of lions (3) standing on the hind legs, like a heraldic lion 49 **Upon my party** as one of my supporters 53 **fall over** go over 55 **calfskin** (1) indicating a calf, or meek, cowardly fellow, in sharpest contrast with a lion (2) traditional coat (?) for a household fool or idiot kept for amusement; **recreant** cowardly

Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So willfully dost spurn;° and force perforce°
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see:
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

KING JOHN

What earthy name to interrogatories°
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?°
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer,° as the pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll° in our dominions;
But as we, under God, are supreme head,
So under Him that great supremacy
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurped authority.

KING PHILIP

Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

KING JOHN

Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly° by this meddling priest,°
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,°
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself:°
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,°
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

PANDULPH

Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst and excommunicate:
And blessèd shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be called,
Canonized and worshiped as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

CONSTANCE

O lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome° to curse awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou "Amen"
To my keen curses, for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

PANDULPH

There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

CONSTANCE

And for mine too: when law can do no right,

70

Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong!
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

115

PANDULPH

75

Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head,°
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

120

ELINOR

Look'st thou pale, France? Do not let go thy hand.

CONSTANCE

80

Look to that, Devil, lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

AUSTRIA

King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

BASTARD

85

And hang a calfskin on his recreant limbs.

125

AUSTRIA

Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

BASTARD Your breeches best may carry them.

KING JOHN

Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

CONSTANCE

90

What should he say, but as the cardinal?

LEWIS

95

Bethink you, father, for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forgo the easier.°

130

BLANCH

That's the curse of Rome.

CONSTANCE

100

O Lewis, stand fast! The devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmèd° bride.

135

BLANCH

The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.°

CONSTANCE

105

O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer° this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need.
O then tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

140

KING JOHN

The king is moved, and answers not to this.

CONSTANCE

110

O be removed from him, and answer well!

AUSTRIA

Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

145

BASTARD

Hang nothing but a calfskin, most sweet lout.

KING PHILIP

I am perplexed, and know not what to say.

PANDULPH

What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

68 **spurn** kick contemptuously; **force perforce** by violent means 73 **interrogatories** questions asked formally in a law court 73-74 **What . . . king** What mortal can force a king to answer charges? 77 **charge . . . answer** command an answer from me 80 **tithe or toll** collect church revenues 89 **grossly** (1) stupidly (2) materially—as opposed to spiritually; **this meddling priest** the pope 90 **buy out** remove 93 **sells . . . himself** (1) i.e., not from God (2) loses his own pardon through the transaction 95 **This . . . cherish** cling to, and nourish financially, this deceptive wickedness 106 **room with Rome** the words were presumably homonyms

119 **upon his head** against him 133 **the easier** the lighter, the less oppressive 135 **untrimmèd** still possessing her maidenhead 136-37 **speaks . . . need** is interested not in truth but in advancing her cause 139 **infer** imply

KING PHILIP

Good reverend father, make my person yours,^o 150
 And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
 This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
 And the conjunction of our inward souls
 Married in league, coupled and linked together 155
 With all religious strength of sacred vows;
 The latest breath that gave the sound of words
 Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
 Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;
 And even before this truce, but new^o before,
 No longer than we well could wash our hands 160
 To clap this royal bargain up of peace,^o
 Heaven knows, they were besmeared and overstained
 With slaughter's pencil,^o where revenge did paint
 The fearful difference^o of incensèd kings:
 And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood, 165
 So newly joined in love, so strong in both,^o
 Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?^o
 Play fast and loose^o with faith? so jest with heaven,
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm,^o 170
 Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity? O holy sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so! 175
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order, and then we shall be blessed
 To do your pleasure and continue friends.

PANDULPH

All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.
 Therefore to arms! Be champion of our church,
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
 France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A casèd^o lion by the mortal^o paw,
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

KING PHILIP

I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

PANDULPH

So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,^o
 And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow,
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven performed,
 That is, to be the champion of our church.
 What since thou swor'st^o is sworn against thyself
 And may not be performèd by thyself, 195
 For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss

Is not amiss when it is truly done;^o
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it.
 The better act of purposes mistook 200
 Is to mistake again; though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
 Within the scorched veins of one new burned.
 It is religion that doth make vows kept, 205
 But thou hast sworn against religion
 (By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st^o)
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 (Against an oath the truth^o); thou art unsure
 To swear^o—swears only not to be forsworn,^o 210
 Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn,
 And most forsworn, to keep^o what thou dost swear;
 Therefore thy later vows against thy first
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself: 215
 And better conquest never canst thou make
 Than arm^o thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against these giddy loose suggestions;^o
 Upon which better part^o our prayers come in,
 If thou vouchsafe^o them. But if not, then know 220
 The peril of our curses light on thee
 So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
 But in despair die under their black weight.

AUSTRIA

Rebellion, flat rebellion!

BASTARD

Will't not be?^o

Will not a calfskin stop that mouth of thine? 225

LEWIS

Father, to arms!

BLANCH

Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered
 men?

185 Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
 Clamors of hell, be measures^o to our pomp?
 O husband, hear me! Ay, alack, how new
 Is "husband" in my mouth! Even for that name,
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
 Against mine uncle. 230

190 CONSTANCE O, upon my knee, 235
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

150 make . . . yours put yourself in my place 159 new just
 161 clap . . . peace shake hands on this agreement, this royal
 peace treaty 163 pencil paintbrush 164 difference dissension
 166 so . . . both (1) hands so strong in both blood and
 love (2) love so strong in both kings (?) 167 Unyoke . . .
 regret release their clasp and friendly counterclasp 168 Play
 . . . loose cheat 170 palm (1) hand (2) symbol of peace
 185 casèd caged (?) wearing its own hide (i.e., living) (?);
 mortal deadly 189 So . . . faith thus you make your
 loyalty to your oath to John an enemy to your loyalty to the
 true faith, the church 194 What . . . swor'st what you have
 sworn at any time after your original vow to the church

197 truly done done as it ought to be done, rather than done
 in accordance with your unsound oath (this argument for swear-
 ing one thing and doing another is the so-called doctrine of
 equivocation for which Elizabethan Protestants particularly
 hated and feared the Jesuits) 207 By . . . swear'st by your
 oath to John against your religion 209 Against . . . truth
 the truth itself (religion) stands against the oath (to John)
 which you make the basis of your loyalty 209-10 thou . . .
 swear you are untrustworthy in your oaths 210 swears . . .
 forsworn one swears in the first place to ensure that one will
 not later swear the opposite (the complex, parenthetical style
 of Pandulph's argument creates a dramatic effect of quibbling
 ingenuity as opposed to an effect of plain-spoken truth) 213
 And . . . keep and you would be most forsworn if you were
 to keep 217 arm to arm 218 giddy loose suggestions
 inconstant, unrestrained temptations 219 Upon . . . part in
 behalf of which preferable party or faction 220 vouchsafe
 permit 224 Will't not be Will this not cease? 230 measures
 melodies

Thou virtuous Dolphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by God!°

BLANCH

Now shall I see thy love: what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife? 240

CONSTANCE

That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honor: O thine honor, Lewis, thine honor!

LEWIS

I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects° do pull you on!

PANDULPH

I will denounce° a curse upon his head. 245

KING PHILIP

Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall from° thee.

CONSTANCE

O fair return of banished majesty!

ELINOR

O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

KING JOHN

France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

BASTARD

Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton° Time, 250
Is it as he will?° Well then, France shall rue.

BLANCH

The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both, 255
They whirl asunder and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father,° I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive: 260
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss before the match be played.

LEWIS

Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

BLANCH

There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

KING JOHN

Cousin,° go draw our puissance° together. 265
[Exit BASTARD.]

France, I am burned up with inflaming wrath,
A rage whose heat hath this condition,°
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

KING PHILIP

Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn 270
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire!
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

KING JOHN

No more than he that threats. To arms let's hie!
Exeunt.

Scene II. [Battlefield near Angiers.]

Alarums,° excursions. Enter BASTARD, with Austria's head.°

BASTARD

Now, by my life, this day° grows wondrous hot.
Some airy devil hovers in the sky
And pours down mischief.° Austria's head lie there,

Enter [KING] JOHN, ARTHUR, HUBERT.

While Philip breathes.°

245 KING JOHN

Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up:° 5
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

BASTARD

My lord, I rescued her;°
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege, for very little pains
Will bring this labor to an happy end. *Exit [all].°* 10

Alarums, excursions, retreat. [Re-]enter [KING] JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, BASTARD, HUBERT, [and] LORDS.

KING JOHN [To ELINOR.]

So shall it be: your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded. [To ARTHUR.] Cousin, look not
sad:

255

Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

ARTHUR

O this will make my mother die with grief! 15

KING JOHN [To the BASTARD.]

260

Cousin, away for England! Haste before,°
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags°
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels°
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon! 20
Use our commission in his° utmost force.

BASTARD

Bell, book, and candle° shall not drive me back
When gold and silver becks° me to come on.
I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy) 25
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

ELINOR

Farewell, gentle cousin.

KING JOHN

Coz,° farewell.

[Exit BASTARD.]

III.ii.s.d. *Alarums* trumpets, battle cries; **with Austria's head** though there is no mention of the lionskin, the Bastard should presumably wear it in this scene and perhaps from now on; his complaint of the heat may be in part a comic reference to this addition to his costume **1 this day** (1) the day itself (2) the battle **2-3 Some . . . mischief** some invisible devil has made the day so hot, or the battle so fierce **4 breathes** catches his breath **5 make up** advance, press on **7 I rescued her** Shakespeare gives the Bastard credit for a rescue historically effected by John **10 s.d. Exit [all]** because the stage is cleared, many editors begin a new scene here **16 before** ahead of us **17 shake the bags** empty the moneybags ("Shak[e]bag" is a "desperate ruffi[a]n" in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592) **18 angels** coins (cf. II.i.590) **21 his** its **22 Bell . . . candle** excommunication **23 becks** beckons **27 Coz** cousin, kinsman

237-38 alter . . . God don't interfere with divine intervention
244 respects inducements 245 denounce pronounce 246
fall from desert 250 sexton gravedigger and bell-ringer
251 Is . . . will is that the way he wants it 259 Father
father-in-law (King Philip) 265 Cousin kinsman (com-
monly, as here, nephew); puissance army 267 condition
characteristic

ELINOR

Come hither, little kinsman. Hark, a word.

[*She takes ARTHUR aside.*]

KING JOHN

Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
 We owe thee much!° Within this wall of flesh
 There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
 And with advantage° means to pay° thy love;
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherishèd.
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
 But I will fit it with some better tune.°
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
 To say what good respect° I have of thee.

HUBERT

I am much bounden° to your majesty.

KING JOHN

Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
 But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say, but let it go.
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton and too full of gauds
 To give me audience.° If the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound on into the drowsy race° of night;
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
 And thou possessèd with a thousand wrongs;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had baked thy blood and made it heavy, thick,
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep° men's eyes
 And strain° their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes;
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit° alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 Then, in despite of brooded° watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
 But, ah, I will not; yet I love thee well,
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

HUBERT

So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to° my act,
 By heaven, I would do it.

KING JOHN

Do not I know thou wouldst?

30 **We . . . much** perhaps the entry after line 3 indicates that Hubert is responsible for the capture of Arthur; at any rate, Hubert is now clearly loyal to John, not to France
 32 **advantage** interest; **pay** recompense, repay 36 **fit . . . tune** (1) set it to more appropriate music (2) render it in a better style (i.e., reward you with more than words)
 38 **good respect** high regard 39 **bounden** bound, indebted
 46-47 **too full . . . audience** (1) the mind of the day is too full of trinkets to listen to me (2) the day is too full of florid beauties for you to pay proper attention to my harsh meaning
 49 **race** course, progress (many editors substitute "ear" for "race," but this destroys the oxymoron "drowsy race") 55 **keep** employ for its own purposes 56 **strain** constrain, limit
 60 **conceit** imagination, understanding 62 **brooded** brooding
 67 **adjunct to** an essential constituent of

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy; I'll tell thee what, my friend, 70
 He is a very serpent in my way,
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread
 He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

30

HUBERT And I'll keep him so
 That he shall not offend your majesty. 75

KING JOHN

Death.

HUBERT My lord.

35

KING JOHN A grave.

HUBERT He shall not live.

KING JOHN

Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee.

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:

Remember. Madam, fare you well.

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty. 80

40

ELINOR

My blessing go with thee!

KING JOHN

For England, cousin, go.

Hubert shall be your man,° attend on you

With all true duty. On toward Calais,° ho! *Exeunt.*

45

Scene III. [*King Philip's tent.*]

50

Enter [KING PHILIP of] France, [LEWIS the] Dauphin,
 PANDULPH, ATTENDANTS.

KING PHILIP

So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,°
 A whole armado° of convicted° sail
 Is scattered and disjoined from fellowship.

55

PANDULPH

Courage and comfort! All shall yet go well.

KING PHILIP

60

What can go well, when we have run° so ill? 5
 Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
 Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers° dear friends slain?
 And bloody England into England gone,
 O'erbearing interruption, spite of° France?

65

LEWIS

What he hath won, that hath he fortified. 10
 So hot a speed with such advice disposed,°
 Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
 Doth want example:° who hath read or heard
 Of any kindred action like to this?

KING PHILIP

Well could I bear that England had this praise, 15
 So° we could find some pattern° of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul,
 Holding th' eternal spirit, against her will,

82 **man** servant 83 **Calais** pronounced to rhyme with *palace*
 III.iii.1 **flood** sea 2 **armado** armada, fleet of armed ships;
convicted doomed 5 **run** (1) proceeded (2) run away 7
divers various 9 **spite of** in spite of 11 **with . . . disposed**
 carried out with such determination 13 **Doth want example**
 is without parallel 16 **So if; pattern** example, parallel

In the vile prison of afflicted breath.^o

I prithee, lady, go away with me.

CONSTANCE

Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

KING PHILIP

Patience, good lady! Comfort, gentle Constance!

CONSTANCE

No, I defy^o all counsel, all redress,

But that which ends all counsel, true redress:

Death, Death, O, amiable, lovely Death!

Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,^o

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones,

And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty^o brows,

And ring these fingers with thy household worms,

And stop this gap of breath^o with fulsome^o dust,

And be a carrion monster like thyself:

Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st

And buss^o thee as thy wife! Misery's love,

O, come to me!

KING PHILIP O fair affliction,^o peace!

CONSTANCE

No, no, I will not, having breath to cry!

O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!

Then with a passion would I shake the world,

And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy^o

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,

Which scorns a modern invocation.^o

PANDULPH

Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

CONSTANCE

Thou art holy to belie me so!^o

I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;

My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!

I am not mad: I would to heaven I were,

For then 'tis like^o I should forget myself!

O, if I could, what grief should I forget!

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal.

For, being not mad but sensible of^o grief,

My reasonable part produces reason

How^o I may be delivered of^o these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself:

If I were mad, I should forget my son,

Or madly think a babe of clouts^o were he.

I am not mad: too well, too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity.

KING PHILIP

Bind up those tresses! O, what love I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!

19 afflicted breath tormented life 23 defy reject 27 couch . . . night lair of eternal night (i.e., hell) 30 vaulty (1) arched (2) tomblike 32 stop . . . breath stop up this mouth; fulsome loathsome 35 buss kiss 36 affliction (1) afflicted one (2) one who now afflicts us 40 fell anatomy cruel skeleton (i.e. Death) 42 modern invocation common or ordinary entreaty 44 Thou . . . so as it stands, the line must be sarcastic; it is short a syllable, and many editors follow the fourth edition of the Folio (1685) in supplying "not" before "holy" 49 like likely 53 sensible of capable of feeling 54-55 reason How the idea of a way in which 55 be delivered of (1) give birth to (2) be delivered from 58 babe of clouts rag doll

Where but by chance a silver drop^o hath fall'n,

20 Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends^o

Do glue^o themselves in sociable grief,

Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,

Sticking together in calamity.

CONSTANCE

To England, if you will.^o

KING PHILIP

Bind up your hairs.

CONSTANCE

25 Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud,

"O that these hands could so redeem my son,

As they have given these hairs their liberty!"

But now I envy at^o their liberty,

30 And will again commit them to their bonds,

Because my poor child is a prisoner.

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say

That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again,

35 For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,

To him that did but yesterday suspire,

There was not such a gracious^o creature born.

But now will canker-sorrow^o eat my bud

And chase the native beauty from his cheek,

And he will look as hollow as a ghost,

As dim and meager as an ague's fit,

40 And so he'll die; and rising so again,

When I shall meet him in the court of heaven

I shall not know him: therefore never, never

Must I^o behold my pretty Arthur more.

PANDULPH

You hold too heinous a respect^o of grief.

CONSTANCE

45 He talks to me that never had a son.

KING PHILIP

You are as fond of^o grief as of your child.

CONSTANCE

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

50 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

Remembers^o me of all his gracious parts,

Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;

Then have I reason to be fond of grief!

55 Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,

I could give better comfort than you do.

I will not keep this form^o upon my head,

When there is such disorder in my wit!^o

O Lord! My boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

60 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! Exit. 105

KING PHILIP

I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

Exit.

63 drop tear 64 wiry friends hairs ("wiry" was a common, and not pejorative, epithet for hair) 65 glue sympathetically attach 68 To . . . will Constance here responds to King Philip's invitation at line 20; the separation is often taken as evidence that her "mad scene" is an interpolation, though the leap back to an earlier subject may simply be another symptom of her agitation 73 envy at am envious of 81 gracious (1) attractive, pleasing (2) holy, expressing and meriting divine grace 82 canker-sorrow sorrow as a canker-worm 89 Must I can I 90 heinous a respect atrocious a conception 92 fond of foolishly enamored with 96 Remembers reminds 101 form order (she had bound up her hair at lines 69-75, and now unbinds it again) 102 wit mind

LEWIS

There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man,
And bitter shame hath spoiled the sweet words' taste,^o 110
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

PANDULPH

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair^o and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil. 115
What have you lost by losing of this day?^o

LEWIS

All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

PANDULPH

If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye: 120
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won—
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

LEWIS

As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

PANDULPH

Your mind is all as youthful as your blood. 125
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit,
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust,^o each straw, each little rub,^o
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne. And therefore mark: 130
John hath seized Arthur, and it cannot be
That, while warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced^o John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A scepter snatched with an unruly hand 135
Must be as boisterously^o maintained as gained,
And he that stands upon a slipp'ry place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:^o
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so. 140

LEWIS

But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

PANDULPH

You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

LEWIS

And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

PANDULPH

How green you are and fresh in this old world! 145
John lays you plots;^o the times conspire with you,
For he that steeps his safety in true blood^o

110 **sweet words' taste** the words of the tale, sweet on first telling, are bitter on second telling; many editors follow Pope in emending the Folio's "words" to "world's" 113 **repair** recovery 116 **losing** . . . **day** losing today's battle 128 **dust** particle of dust; **rub** obstacle (from bowling, a roughness in the path of the bowl) 133 **misplaced** out of his proper place (i.e., usurping) 136 **boisterously** violently 138 **Makes** . . . **up** is not fastidious about his means of holding himself up 146 **lays you plots** prepares the course for you to follow 147 **steeps** . . . **blood** saturates his own security in loyal, or legitimate, blood (the specific aim of Pandulph's generalization is, of course, John's inevitable need to murder the true king, Arthur)

Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.

This act so evilly borne^o shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal, 150
That none so small advantage^o shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation^o in the sky,
No scope of nature,^o no distempered^o day, 155
No common wind, no customèd event,
But they will pluck away his^o natural cause
And call them meteors,^o prodigies, and signs,
Abortives,^o presages, and tongues of heaven, 115
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

LEWIS

May be he will not touch young Arthur's life, 160
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

PANDULPH

O sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already, 120
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him 165
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,^o
And pick strong matter^o of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly^o all on foot;^o
And, O, what better matter breeds^o for you 170
Than I have named! The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England ransacking the church,
Offending charity:^o if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call^o
To train^o ten thousand English to their side, 175
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon^o becomes a mountain. O noble Dolphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offense.^o 180
For England go; I will whet on^o the king.

LEWIS

Strong reasons makes^o strange actions! Let us go:
If you say aye, the king will not say no. *Exeunt.*

A C T I V

Scene I. [*England. A room in a castle.*]

Enter HUBERT *and* EXECUTIONERS.

HUBERT

Heat me these irons hot, and look thou stand
Within the arras.^o When I strike my foot

149 **borne** (1) born (2) carried out 151 **none** . . . **advantage** no opportunity, however small 153 **exhalation** meteor 154 **scope of nature** event at the limit of natural possibility; **distempered** stormy 156 **his** its 157 **meteors** supernatural omens (opposed to the "natural exhalation" of line 153) 158 **Abortives** misshaped creations (also considered omens) 166 **kiss** . . . **change** amorously welcome any alteration 167 **matter** (1) reason, cause (2) corrupt matter, pus 169 **hurly** turmoil; **on foot** under way 170 **breeds** is being prepared 173 **charity** right feeling among Christians 174 **call** decoy 175 **train** entice 177 **Anon** at once 180 **topful of offense** (1) filled to the brim with John's offenses (2) thoroughly offended 181 **whet on** urge 182 **makes** make (the verb form may imply "having strong reasons")
IV.i.2 **Within the arras** behind the curtain

Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair. Be heedful. Hence, and watch.

EXECUTIONER

I hope your warrant will bear out° the deed.

HUBERT

Uncleanly° scruples! Fear not you! Look to't.
[EXECUTIONERS *hide.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with° you.

Enter ARTHUR.

ARTHUR

Good morrow, Hubert.

HUBERT

Good morrow, little prince.

ARTHUR

As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be.° You are sad.

HUBERT

Indeed, I have been merrier.

ARTHUR

Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I:

Yet I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness.° By my Christendom,°

So° I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should be as merry as the day is long;

And so I would be here, but that I doubt°

My uncle practices° more harm to me.

He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

HUBERT [*Aside.*]

If I talk to him, with his innocent prate°

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:

Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.°

ARTHUR

Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale today.

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night and watch with you.

I warrant I love you more than you do me.

HUBERT [*Aside.*]

His words do take possession of my bosom.

[*To ARTHUR.*]

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]

[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum!°

Turning dispiteous torture° out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.

[*To ARTHUR.*]

Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?°

6 bear out vindicate, give authority for **7 Uncleanly** improper **8 to say with** something to say to **10-11 As . . . may be** considering my title (king) to be even greater, I am presently as little prince as may be **16 wantonness** whim; **By my Christendom** as I am a Christian (perhaps literally "by my baptism") **17 So** if only **19 doubt** fear **20 practices** schemes **25 prate** prattle **27 dispatch** finish the job quickly **33 rheum** (1) tears (2) room (in his bosom, Arthur's words threatening to displace the torture there) **34 dispiteous torture** merciless torture (1) threatened to Arthur (2) now tormenting Hubert **37 fair writ** written clearly

ARTHUR

Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:°

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

HUBERT

Young boy, I must.

ARTHUR

And will you?

HUBERT

And I will.

ARTHUR

Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,

I knit my handkercher about your brows

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me°—

And I did never ask it you° again)

And with my hand at midnight held your head,

And like the watchful minutes to the hour,°

Still and anon° cheered up the heavy time,

Saying, "What lack you?" and "Where lies your
grief?"

Or "What good love° may I perform for you?"

Many a poor man's son would have lien° still,

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;

But you at your sick service had° a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty° love,

And call it cunning. Do and if you will.

If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,

Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes that never did nor never shall

So much as frown on you?

HUBERT

I have sworn to do it,

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTHUR

Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!

The iron of itself, though heat° red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears

And quench this fiery indignation

Even in the matter° of mine innocence!

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for° containing fire to harm mine eye!

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?

And if an angel should have come to me

And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believed him—no tongue but
Hubert's.

HUBERT [*Stamps.*]

Come forth.

[EXECUTIONERS *come forth with a cord, irons, etc.*]

Do as I bid you do.

ARTHUR

O save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

HUBERT

Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

ARTHUR

Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?

I will not struggle; I will stand stone still!

For God's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

38 effect purpose **43 wrought it me** worked (embroidered) it for me **44 ask it you** ask you for it **46 like . . . hour** as frequently as there are observable minutes in an hour (?) **47 Still and anon** continually **49 love** labor of love **50 lien** (disyllabic) lain **52 you . . . had** you, sick, had at your service **53 crafty** feigned **61 heat** heated **64 matter** substance (i.e., tears) **66 But for** merely as a result of

Nay, hear me, Hubert! Drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not stir, nor winch,^o nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUBERT

Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

EXECUTIONER

I am best pleased to be from^o such a deed. 85
[*Exeunt* EXECUTIONERS.]

ARTHUR

Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

HUBERT Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTHUR

Is there no remedy?

HUBERT None, but to lose your eyes. 90

ARTHUR

O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense:
Then feeling what small things are boisterous^o there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible. 95

HUBERT

Is this your promise? Go to,^o hold your tongue.

ARTHUR

Hubert, the utterance of a brace^o of tongues
Must needs want^o pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue! let me not,^o Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So^o I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not^o harm me.

HUBERT I can heat it, boy.

ARTHUR

No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create^o for comfort, to be used^o
In undeserved extremes.^o See else^o yourself.
There is no malice in this burning coal.
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out
And strewed repentant ashes on his head. 110

HUBERT

But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTHUR

And if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in^o your eyes,
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.^o
All things that you should use to do me wrong

80 **winch** wince 85 **from** away from 94 **boisterous** painful
96 **Go to** disapproving exclamation, equivalent, perhaps, to
"come, come" 97 **brace** pair 98 **want** be insufficient 99
let me not (1) repeating the previous plea (2) hinder me not
101 **So** if thereby 104 **would not** (1) would not be able
to (2) does not wish to 106 **create** created; **to be used** at
the prospect of being used 107 **In undeserved extremes**
for undeserved cruelties (with pun on Latin *in extremis*, in the
final agonies of dying); **else** further 114 **sparkle in** throw
sparks into 116 **tarre him on** incite him

Deny their office:^o only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,^o
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.^o 120

HUBERT

Well, see to live: I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes;^o
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTHUR

O, now you look like Hubert! All this while 125
You were disguisèd.

HUBERT

Peace! No more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but^o you are dead.
I'll fill these doggèd^o spies with false reports;
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure^o
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world, 130
Will not offend thee.

ARTHUR

O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

HUBERT

Silence! No more! Go closely^o in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. [*King John's court.*]

Enter [KING] JOHN, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and
other LORDS.

KING JOHN

Here once again we sit, once again crowned,^o
And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

PEMBROKE

This "once again," but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous:^o you were crowned before, 5
And that high royalty was ne'er plucked off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation^o troubled not the land
With any longed-for change or better state.^o

SALISBURY

Therefore, to be possessed with double pomp,^o
To guard^o a title that was rich before, 10
To gild refinèd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,^o 15
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.^o

PEMBROKE

But that your royal pleasure must be done,

118 **Deny their office** contradict their customary functions

119 **extends** extend, grant 120 **Creatures** . . . **uses** creatures

(i.e., fire and iron) famous for cruel uses 122 **owes** owns

127 **but** anything but that 128 **doggèd** surly 129 **doubtless**

and secure certain and assured 132 **closely** secretly

IV.ii.1 **once again crowned** John has just had a second

coronation, enforcing new oaths of allegiance to counteract the

excommunication, which freed his followers from their original

oaths (see III.i.100-01) 4 **once superfluous** one time more

than necessary 7 **Fresh expectation** (1) eager anticipation

(2) anticipation of something new 8 **state** (1) government

(2) condition 9 **pomp** ceremony (i.e., coronation) 10 **guard**

(1) ornament (2) defend 14-15 **with** . . . **garnish** to seek to

embellish the sun's beauty with a candle 16 **excess** extrava-

gance ("excess" may also refer to usury—see *Merchant of*

Venice, I.iii.59—and may here connote Salisbury's sense that

John is extorting too much money from his subjects)

This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urgèd at a time unseasonable.

SALISBURY

In this the antique and well-noted° face
Of plain old form° is much disfigurèd,
And like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,°
Startles and frights consideration,°
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashioned robe.°

PEMBROKE

When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound° their skill in covetousness,°
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by th' excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach°
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patched.

SALISBURY

To this effect, before you were new crowned,
We breathed° our counsel: but it pleased your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleased,°
Since all and every part of what we would°
Doth make a stand at° what your highness will.°

KING JOHN

Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possessed you with,° and think them strong;
And more, more strong, when lesser is my fear,
I shall indue° you with. Meantime but ask
What you would have reformed that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

PEMBROKE

Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes° of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them—but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which, myself and them°
Bend their best studies°—heartily request
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur, whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument:
If what in rest° you have, in right you hold,
Why then° your fears, which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?°

20

25

30

35

40

45

50

55

60

That the time's enemies° may not have this
To grace occasions,° let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty,°
Which for our goods° we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal,° on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

65

Enter HUBERT.

KING JOHN

Let it be so:° I do commit his youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?

[Takes him aside.]

PEMBROKE

This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He showed his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect° of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast,
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so feared he had a charge to do.

70

75

SALISBURY

The color of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles° set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

PEMBROKE

And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption° of a sweet child's death.

80

KING JOHN

We cannot hold° mortality's strong hand.
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead.
He tells us Arthur is deceased tonight.

85

SALISBURY

Indeed we feared his sickness was past cure.

PEMBROKE

Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answered either here or hence.°

KING JOHN

Why do you bend such solemn brows° on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?°
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

90

SALISBURY

It is apparent foul play, and 'tis shame

21 well-noted well-known 22 old form customary methods
24 fetch about (nautical) take a new tack 25 frights con-
sideration frightens contemplation (raising the whole question
of his right to the crown) 27 so . . . robe (1) a robe so newly
made, as opposed to John's original coronation robe (2) a robe
of such new style (as opposed to "plain old form," line 22)
29 confound disrupt, destroy; covetousness (1) desire to do
better (2) greed 32 breach tear in a garment, perhaps with a
pun on the garment itself 36 breathed uttered quietly or
hesitantly 37 we . . . pleased it is becoming increasingly
clear that they are not in the least pleased 38 would would do,
wish 39 Doth . . . at stops at (the limits of); will wishes
to do 41 possessed you with given you 43 indue endow,
supply 48 sound the purposes give sound to the intentions
50 them they (themselves?) 51 Bend . . . studies exert
their (our?) hardest efforts 55 rest peace 56 Why then
why, then, is it that 60 exercise education in those qualities
befitting a gentleman

61 the time's enemies those opposed to present arrange-
ments 62 grace occasions embellish their excuses or
opportunities (for rebellion) 63 That . . . liberty as punc-
tuated here—and in the Folio—Pembroke asks that it be given
out that John encouraged them to ask for Arthur's liberty;
many editors, following Rowe, place a comma after "ask" to
mean "let his liberty be the suit you have offered to grant us"
64 our goods our own good 65 whereupon our weal in so
far as our own well-being 67 Let . . . so John, seeing
Hubert, grants their request on the supposition that Arthur is
already dead; many editors, following Dr. Johnson, have
destroyed this detail by moving the entry to the middle of
line 68 72 close aspect severe appearance, guarded look
78 battles armies drawn up for battle 81 corruption pus
82 hold restrain 89 This . . . hence amends must be
made for this either in this world or the next 90 bend . . .
brows scowl 91 shears of destiny with which Atropos,
one of the three Fates, cuts the thread of life

That greatness should so grossly offer it:°
So thrive it in your game!° and so, farewell.

PEMBROKE

Stay yet, Lord Salisbury. I'll go with thee
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forcèd° grave.
That blood which owed° the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!° 100
This must not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.°

Exeunt [LORDS].

KING JOHN

They burn in indignation. I repent.

Enter MESSENGER.

There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death. 105
A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm;
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?

MESSENGER

From France to England; never such a pow'r 110
For any foreign preparation°
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learned by them:°
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

KING JOHN

O, where hath our intelligence° been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France
And she not hear of it?

MESSENGER

My liege, her ear
Is stopped with dust: the first of April died
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days° before—but this from rumor's tongue
I idly° heard; if true or false I know not.

KING JOHN

Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!° 125
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers. What! Mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those pow'rs of France
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here? 130

MESSENGER

Under the Dolphin.

Enter BASTARD and PETER of Pomfret.

KING JOHN Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. [*To BASTARD.*] Now, what says
the world

To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

BASTARD

But if you be afeard to hear the worst, 135
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

KING JOHN

Bear with me, cousin, for I was amazed°
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft° the flood, and can give audience 140
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

BASTARD

How I have sped° among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travailed° hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied,° 145
Possessed with rumors, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret,° whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels,
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes, 150
That ere the next Ascension Day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

KING JOHN

Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

PETER

Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

115

KING JOHN

Hubert, away with him: imprison him, 155
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hanged.
Deliver him to safety° and return,
For I must use thee. [*Exit HUBERT, with PETER.*]

O my gentle° cousin,

120

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived? 160

BASTARD

The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it—
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is killed tonight 165
On your suggestion.

KING JOHN

Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

130

BASTARD

I will seek them out.

KING JOHN

Nay, but make haste: the better foot before!° 170
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury,° set feathers to thy heels,
And fly, like thought, from them to me again. 175

BASTARD

The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. *Exit.*

94 so grossly offer it present (such foul play) so flagrantly
95 So . . . game May your schemes come to the same end!
98 forcèd enforced, violently brought about 99 blood which
owed life which owned 100 the while during the time
this can be true 102 doubt fear 111 foreign preparation
force for foreign invasion 113 The . . . them they have
learned to copy your speed 116 intelligence spy service
123 Three days Shakespeare compresses three years to three
days 124 idly carelessly, without paying attention 125
occasion course of events

137 amazed in a maze, bewildered 139 Aloft on top of 141
sped fared 143 travailed (1) labored (2) traveled (the words
had not yet been separated) 144 strangely fantasied filled
with strange fancies 148 Pomfret Pontefract, in the West
Riding of Yorkshire 158 safety close custody 159 gentle
noble, wellborn 170 better foot before as fast as you can
174 Mercury messenger of the gods, who wore winged sandals

KING JOHN

Spoke like a sprightly^o noble gentleman.
Go after him, for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,
And be thou he.

MESSENGER With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*] 180

KING JOHN

My mother dead!

Enter HUBERT.

HUBERT

My lord, they say five moons were seen tonight:
Four fixèd, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

KING JOHN

Five moons?

HUBERT Old men and beldams^o in the streets 185

Do prophesy upon it^o dangerously;
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,
And, when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear,

And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist, 190

Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,

The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,

With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news, 195

Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,

Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,

Told of a many thousand warlike French,

That were embattailèd^o and ranked in Kent. 200

Another lean unwashed artificer

Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

KING JOHN

Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

Thy hand hath murdered him: I had a mighty cause 205

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

HUBERT

No had,^o my lord? Why, did you not provoke^o me?

KING JOHN

It is the curse of kings to be attended

By slaves that take their humors^o for a warrant

To break within the bloody house of life, 210

And on the winking of authority

To understand a law,^o to know the meaning

Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns

More upon humor than advised respect.^o

HUBERT

Here is your hand and seal for what I did. 215

KING JOHN

O, when the last accompt^o twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal

Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds

Make deeds ill done!^o Hadst not thou been by, 220

A fellow by the hand of nature marked,

Quoted^o and signed^o to do a deed of shame,

This murder had not come into my mind;

But taking note of thy abhorred aspect,

Finding thee fit for bloody villainy, 225

Apt, liable^o to be employed in danger,

I faintly broke with thee of^o Arthur's death;

And thou, to be endearèd to a king,

Made it no conscience to destroy^o a prince.

HUBERT

My lord— 230

KING JOHN

Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause

When I spake darkly^o what I purposèd,

Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,

As^o bid me tell my tale in express words,

Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off, 235

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.

But thou didst understand me by my signs

And didst in signs again parley with sin;^o

Yea, without stop,^o didst let thy heart consent,

And consequently thy rude hand to act 240

The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more!

My nobles leave me, and my state is braved,^o

Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs; 245

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,^o

This kingdom, this confine^o of blood and breath,

Hostility and civil tumult reigns

Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

HUBERT

Arm you against your other enemies:

I'll make a peace between your soul and you. 250

Young Arthur is alive! This hand of mine

Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,

Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.

Within this bosom never entered yet

The dreadful motion^o of a murderous thought, 255

And you have slandered nature in my form,^o

Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,

Is yet the cover of a fairer mind

Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

KING JOHN

Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers! 260

Throw this report on their incensèd rage,

And make them tame to their obedience.^o

Forgive the comment that my passion made

Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind,

And foul imaginary eyes of blood^o 265

Presented thee more hideous than thou art.

220 deeds ill done (1) evil deeds done (2) deeds done badly

222 Quoted (1) marked, as with a line in the margin of a book

(2) noted, recorded; **signed** (1) marked with some distinguish-

ing characteristic, such as the sign of Cain (2) assigned, appointed

226 liable suitable **227 broke . . . of** disclosed to thee my

desire for **229 Made . . . destroy** had no scruples about

destroying **232 darkly** obscurely **234 As** as to **238 sin** (1)

sin (2) sign **239 stop** hesitation **243 braved** challenged **245**

the . . . land my own body (conceived as a microcosm)

246 confine limited territory **255 motion** impulse, inclination

256 form features **262 tame . . . obedience** subject to their

oaths **265 imaginary . . . blood** (1) John's eyes, imagining

bloodshed (2) Hubert's eyes, imagined bloodthirsty (3)

Arthur's eyes, imagined as empty sockets

177 sprightly full of spirit **185 beldams** grandmothers

186 prophesy upon it expound its meaning **200 embat-**

tailèd marshaled for battle **207 No had** had I not; **provoke**

urge; order (?) **209 humors** moods, whims **211-12 on**

. . . law take as law the mere hints (or oversights) of

one in authority **214 advised respect** deliberate consideration

216 accompt account

O, answer not, but to my closet^o bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure^o thee but slowly: run more fast. *Exeunt.*

Scene III. [*Before a castle.*]

Enter ARTHUR, on the walls.

ARTHUR
The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it. 5
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts^o to get away.
As good to die and go, as die and stay.
[*Leaps down.*]

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones!
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! 10
Dies.

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

SALISBURY
Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury.^o
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

PEMBROKE
Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

SALISBURY
The Count Meloone, a noble lord of France, 15
Whose private with^o me of the Dolphin's love
Is much more general^o than these lines import.

BIGOT
Tomorrow morning let us meet him then.

SALISBURY
Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be 20
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere^o we meet.
Enter BASTARD.

BASTARD
Once more today well met, distempered^o lords!
The king by me requests your presence straight.^o

SALISBURY
The king hath dispossessed himself of us;
We will not line his thin bestainèd cloak 25
With our pure honors, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

BASTARD
Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

SALISBURY
Our griefs, and not our manners, reason^o now.

BASTARD
But there is little reason in your grief! 30
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

PEMBROKE
Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

267 closet private council-chamber 269 conjure entreat
IV.iii.7 shifts tricks 11 Saint Edmundsbury Bury Saint
Edmunds, in Suffolk 16 private with private message to
17 general comprehensive 20 or ere before 21 distempered
peevish 22 straight immediately 29 reason control our
conduct

BASTARD
'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.

SALISBURY
This is the prison. [*Sees ARTHUR.*] What is he lies here?

PEMBROKE
O Death, made proud with pure and princely beauty! 35
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

SALISBURY
Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

BIGOT
Or when he doomed this beauty to a grave, 40
Found it too precious princely for a grave.^o

SALISBURY
Sir Richard, what think you? You have beheld:
Or have you^o read or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That^o you do see? Could thought, without this object, 45
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms:^o this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever walleyed^o wrath or staring rage^o
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.^o 50

PEMBROKE
All murders past do stand excused in this:
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times,^o
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest, 55
Exemplified by^o this heinous spectacle.

BASTARD
It is a damnèd and a bloody work,
The graceless^o action of a heavy^o hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

SALISBURY
If that it be the work of any hand! 60
We had a kind of light^o what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand,
The practice^o and the purpose of the king—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life, 65
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,^o
Nor conversant with ease and idleness, 70
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.^o

40 too . . . grave the bodies of royalty were not buried but
placed in monuments 42 Or have you have you either 44
That that which 47 arms (1) heraldic insignia (2) power
49 walleyed glaring; rage insanity 50 remorse pity 54
times future times 56 Exemplified by in comparison with
58 graceless lacking divine sanction, damned; heavy op-
pressive, evil 61 light intimation (perhaps with the sar-
castic connotation of "divinely inspired," following the
Bastard's "damnèd" and "graceless") 63 practice plot 69
infected with delight given these circumstances, delight
would be unhealthy 71-72 set . . . revenge put a halo
around Arthur's hand (as opposed to Hubert's, in line 62) by
showing my veneration through revenge (he will make Arthur
a saint by worshiping him as one); some editors would read
"this hand" as Salisbury's own, but that causes difficulties with
the religious imagery

PEMBROKE, BIGOT

Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

HUBERT

Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

SALISBURY

O, he is bold and blushes not at death.
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

HUBERT

I am no villain.

SALISBURY [*Drawing his sword.*] Must I rob the law?

BASTARD

Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

SALISBURY

Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

HUBERT

Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say!
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt° the danger of my true defense,
Lest I, by marking of° your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

BIGOT

Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave° a nobleman?

HUBERT

Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

SALISBURY

Thou art a murderer.

HUBERT

Do not prove me so:°

Yet° I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

PEMBROKE

Cut him to pieces!°

BASTARD

Keep the peace, I say.

SALISBURY

Stand by,° or I shall gall° you, Faulconbridge.

BASTARD

Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury.
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen° to do me shame,°
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,°
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

BIGOT

What wilt thou do, renownèd Faulconbridge?
Second a villain and a murderer?

HUBERT

Lord Bigot, I am none.

BIGOT

Who killed this prince?

HUBERT

'Tis not an hour since I left him well:

I honored him, I loved him, and will weep
My date° of life out for his sweet life's loss.

SALISBURY

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum,
And he, long traded° in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
Th' uncleanly savors of a slaughterhouse,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

BIGOT

Away toward Bury, to the Dolphin there!

PEMBROKE

There tell the king he may inquire us out.

Exeunt LORDS.

BASTARD

Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damned, Hubert.

HUBERT

Do but hear me, sir—

85

BASTARD

Ha! I'll tell thee what:

120

Thou'rt damned as black—nay, nothing is so black—
Thou art more deep damned than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

HUBERT

Upon my soul—

BASTARD

If thou didst but consent

125

90

To this most cruel act, do but despair,°
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee! A rush will be a beam
To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain° up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

130

HUBERT

95

If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

135

100

BASTARD

Go, bear him in thine arms.

140

I am amazed,° methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England° up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven, and England now is left
To tug and scramble° and to part by th' teeth°
The unowed interest° of proud swelling state.

145

84 tempt test 85 marking of (1) observing (2) striking at
87 brave challenge 90 Do . . . so by forcing me to kill you
91 Yet up to now. 93 Cut . . . pieces Hubert, as a mere
citizen, is not considered worthy of the dueling code; the lords'
honor demands that they kill him for calling them liars, but
they will not bother to kill him as a gentleman 94 by aside;
gall wound 97 spleen ill temper; do me shame treat me
contemptuously (as you have Hubert) 98 betime soon,
before it is too late

106 date period 109 traded practiced 126 do but despair
do nothing other than commit suicide (you are damned al-
ready; it is your only choice) 133 such a villain apparently,
the greater the villain, the easier suicide 140 amazed in a
maze, bewildered 142 all England in calling Arthur "Eng-
land," the Bastard acknowledges his right to the throne 146
scamble scramble; part . . . teeth tear apart as would a
pack of dogs or wolves 147 unowed interest (1) unowned
title (2) the interest (duty, obedience) not owed to any king

Now for the bare-picked bone of majesty
 Doth doggèd° war bristle his angry crest
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace: 150
 Now powers from home and discontents at home
 Meet in one line,° and vast confusion waits,
 As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.°
 Now happy he whose cloak and center° can 155
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
 And follow me with speed: I'll to the king.
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,°
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.
Exit [both].

A C T V

Scene I. [*King John's court.*]

Enter KING JOHN and PANDULPH [with] ATTENDANTS.

[*KING JOHN gives PANDULPH his crown.*]

KING JOHN

Thus have I yielded up into your hand
 The circle of my glory.

PANDULPH [*Returning him the crown.*] Take again
 From this my hand, as holding of° the pope,
 Your sovereign greatness and authority.

KING JOHN

Now keep your holy word: go meet the French, 5
 And from his holiness use all your power
 To stop their marches 'fore we are enflamed.
 Our discontented counties° do revolt;
 Our people quarrel with obedience,
 Swearing allegiance and the love of soul° 10
 To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
 This inundation of mistempered humor
 Rests by you only to be qualified.°
 Then pause not, for the present time's so sick
 That present med'cine must be ministered, 15
 Or overthrow incurable ensues.

PANDULPH

It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
 Upon° your stubborn usage of the pope,

149 **doggèd** cruel 151–52 **powers** . . . line a confusing image: it may mean either that English deserters fight face to face with English defenders who are themselves discontented, or that foreign invaders—powers away from their homes—are allied in a single army with English rebels; both senses are apt, and the complexity is an appropriate preparation for the “vast confusion” which impends 154 **wrested pomp** (1) the royal magnificence John usurped from Arthur (2) the position which his enemies threaten to wrest from John 155 **center** cincture, belt 158 **brief in hand** immediately demanded (“brief,” used here in some apparently unique adjectival sense, is perhaps related to the noun meaning “a royal mandate” or “a summary statement”)

V.i.3 as **holding of** as a leasehold from 8 **counties** shires; nobles (?) 10 **love of soul** soul's love, loyalty 12–13 **This** . . . **qualified** Only you can moderate this flooding of the body (of the state) with turbulent humor (in medieval physiology, health and disposition were considered dependent upon the balance maintained among four bodily fluids, called humors) 18 **Upon** as a result of

But since you are a gentle convertite,°
 My tongue shall hush again this storm of war 20
 And make fair weather in your blust'ring land.
 On this Ascension Day, remember well,
 Upon your oath of service to the pope,
 Go I to make the French lay down their arms. *Exit.*

KING JOHN

Is this Ascension Day? Did not the prophet 25
 Say that before Ascension Day at noon
 My crown I should give off?° Even so I have!
 I did suppose it should be on constraint,
 But, heaven be thanked, it is but voluntary.

Enter BASTARD.

BASTARD

All Kent hath yielded—nothing there holds out 30
 But Dover Castle—London hath received,
 Like a kind host, the Dolphin and his powers.
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy;
 And wild amazement° hurries up and down 35
 The little number of your doubtful° friends.°

KING JOHN

Would not my lords return to me again
 After they heard young Arthur was alive?

BASTARD

They found him dead and cast into the streets,
 An empty casket, where the jewel of life 40
 By some damned hand was robbed and ta'en away.

KING JOHN

That villain Hubert told me he did live.

BASTARD

So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
 But wherefore do you droop? Why look you sad?
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought; 45
 Let not the world see fear and sad distrust°
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye;
 Be stirring° as the time; be fire with fire.
 Threaten the threat'ner, and outface° the brow
 Of bragging° horror: so shall inferior eyes, 50
 That borrow their behaviors from the great,
 Grow great by your example and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.
 Away, and glister like the god of war
 When he intendeth to become° the field: 55
 Show boldness and aspiring confidence!
 What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
 And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
 O, let it not be said! Forage,° and run
 To meet displeasure farther from the doors, 60
 And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

KING JOHN

The legate of the pope hath been with me,
 And I have made a happy° peace with him,

19 **convertite** convert 27 **give off** relinquish 35 **amazement** confusion, uncertainty 36 **doubtful** (1) fearful (2) untrustworthy 35–36 **hurries** . . . **friends** either “hurries them up and down” or “hurries among them” 46 **sad distrust** sorrowful lack of self-confidence 48 **stirring** energetic 49 **outface** defy, stare down 50 **bragging** threatening 55 **become** grace 59 **Forage** sally forth 63 **happy** blessed, favorable

And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dolphin.

BASTARD O inglorious league! 65
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,^o
Send fair-play orders^o and make compromise,
Insinuation,^o parley, and base truce
To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
A cockered^o silken wanton,^o brave^o our fields 70
And flesh^o his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colors idly^o spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms!
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said 75
They saw we had a purpose of defense.

KING JOHN

Have thou the ordering of this present time.

BASTARD
Away then, with good courage! Yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder^o foe. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. [*Bury Saint Edmunds. The Dauphin's camp.*]

*Enter, in arms, [LEWIS the] Dauphin, SALISBURY,
MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, [and] SOLDIERS.*

LEWIS

My Lord Meloone, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance;
Return the precedent^o to those lords again,
That, having our fair order^o written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes, 5
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

SALISBURY

Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dolphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith 10
To your proceedings, yet believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster^o by contemned^o revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker^o of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul 15
That I must draw this metal^o from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honorable rescue^o and defense
Cries out upon^o the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time 20
That, for the health and physic^o of our right,
We cannot deal^o but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confusèd wrong.
And is't not pity, O my grievèd friends,

66 upon . . . land based upon our native land 67 fair-play orders challenges and injunctions following the rules of chivalry 68 Insinuation ingratiating actions 70 cockered pampered; wanton spoiled child; brave (1) defy (2) display his splendid outfit in 71 flesh initiate 72 idly (1) carelessly (2) uselessly (if they meet no defense) 79 prouder (1) more powerful (2) more splendid (a last scoff at the Dauphin) V.ii.3 precedent original (the "this" of line 1) 4 fair order reasonable terms of agreement 13 plaster medical dressing; contemned despised 14 inveterate canker persistent ulcer 16 metal (1) sword (2) mettle, courage 18 Where honorable rescue England, where (the need for) honorable rescue (or, where noblemen needing rescue) 19 Cries out upon appeal to 21 physic medical treatment 22 deal contend

That we, the sons and children of this isle, 25
Were born to see so sad an hour as this
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks—I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot^o of this enforcèd cause— 30
To grace^o the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colors^o here?
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!^o
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth^o thee about,
Would bear^o thee from the knowledge of thyself, 35
And cripple^o thee, unto a pagan shore
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein^o of league,
And not to spend it so unneighborly!^o

LEWIS

A noble temper dost thou show in this, 40
And great affections^o wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!^o
Let me wipe off this honorable dew, 45
That silverly doth progress^o on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation,
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This show'r, blown up by tempest of the soul, 50
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with^o burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renownèd Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm. 55
Commend^o these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant-world^o enraged,
Nor met with fortune, other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood,^o of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep 60
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH.

And even there, methinks, an angel^o spake.

30 Upon the spot (1) on the location (2) because of the disgrace 31 grace (1) embellish (2) be gracious to, welcome, honor 32 unacquainted colors foreign flags 33 remove go somewhere else 34 clippeth embraces 35 bear (1) carry (2) bare, strip 36 cripple disable (playing upon the sound-echo of "clippeth" in line 34) 38 vein (1) blood vessel (2) inclination 39 unneighborly meiosis, or understatement for rhetorical effect—Salisbury has created the image of a brutal rape by Neptune which would be preferable to the present "unneighborly" prospect 41 affections passions (perhaps "affection's" to make "wrestling" the subject of "Doth") 44 Between . . . respect between what you were compelled to do and a courageous (or ostentatious?) consideration (or carefulness) 46 progress make a ceremonious journey 53 Figured . . . with with a complete pattern of 56 Commend entrust, deliver to the keeping of 57 giant-world (1) the baby's world of giants (2) the large world beyond the baby's perception 59 Full . . . blood fully warmed with human feeling 64 angel various possibilities: (1) Lewis himself, punning on angel as a coin (following "purse" and "nobles" in lines 61 and 62, a noble also being a coin) and attesting his sincerity (2) Pandulph, who has just arrived with, Lewis thinks, heavenly assistance (3) a trumpet, which has just announced Pandulph's arrival

Look where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of God,
And on our actions set° the name of right
With holy breath.

PANDULPH Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this: King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,°
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome.
Therefore thy threat'ning colors now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion fostered up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

LEWIS
Your grace shall° pardon me, I will not back:°
I am too high-born to be propertied,°
To be a secondary at control,°
Or useful servingman and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter° that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it!
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest° to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honor of my marriage bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine,
And, now it is half-conquered, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne?
What men provided? what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is't not I
That undergo this charge?° Who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,°
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
"Vive le roi!" as I have banked° their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game
To win this easy match played for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?°
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

PANDULPH
You look but on the outside of this work.

LEWIS
Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,°
And culled° these fiery spirits from the world,

65 To outlook° conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

[Trumpet sounds.]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter BASTARD.

70

BASTARD

According to the fair-play° of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:
My holy Lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him,
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.°

120

PANDULPH

The Dolphin is too willful-opposite,°
And will not temporize° with my entreaties:
80 He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

125

BASTARD

By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well. Now hear our English king,
For thus his royalty doth speak in me:
He is prepared, and reason to he should°—
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harnessed masque and unadvised revel,°
This unhaired° sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at, and is well prepared
90 To whip this dwarfish war, this° pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,°
To dive like buckets in concealèd wells,
95 To crouch in litter° of your stable planks,
To lie like pawns,° locked up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,°
100 Thinking this voice an armèd Englishman—
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No! Know the gallant monarch is in arms
And, like an eagle, o'er his aerie tow'rs,°
105 To souse° annoyance° that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,°
You bloody Neroes,° ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids,

130

135

140

145

150

110 115 outlook stare down 118 fair-play accepted rules for battle 122-23 as . . . tongue depending upon your answer, I know what I am authorized to say 124 willful-opposite obstinately quarrelsome 125 temporize make terms 130 reason . . . should there is reason also (too) that he should be prepared (?) reason to be prepared he indeed has (?) he should also debate, or give his reasons (?) 132 harnessed . . . revel masque performed in armor and misguided entertainment 133 unhaired beardless 135 this these 138 take the hatch jump over the bottom of a half-door without pausing to open it (cf. I.i.171) 140 litter bedding 141 pawns articles pawned 144 crow cock (the Frenchmen were frightened, so the Bastard claims, by the crowing of the very Gallic cock which symbolizes France) 149 tow'rs (hawking term) mounts up, soars 150 souse (1) dive, swoop down on (2) beat severely; annoyance any threat 151 ingrate revolts ungrateful rebels 152 Neroes among his other crimes, Nero, the Roman emperor, was said not only to have murdered his mother but to have torn open her womb

67 set place, as an official seal 70 is come in has submitted 78 shall must; back go back 79 propertied treated as a property, made a means to some other end 80 secondary at control subordinate under the control of another 85 matter (1) fuel (2) arguments 89 interest title 100 charge burden, expense 101 liable subject 104 banked coasted past (?) built military embankments around (?) (with *Vive le roi* this is also part of the card-playing metaphor) 107 set contest 113 drew . . . war assembled this gallant army 114 culled selected

Like Amazons, come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armèd gauntlets change,
Their needles° to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

LEWIS

There end thy brave,° and turn thy face in peace.
We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabblers°.

PANDULPH

Give me leave to speak.

BASTARD

No, I will speak.

LEWIS

We will attend to neither.

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

BASTARD

Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamor of thy drum,
And, even at hand, a drum is ready braced°
That shall reverberate° all, as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouthed thunder: for at hand—
Not trusting to this halting° legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need—
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribbed Death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

LEWIS

Strike up our drums to find this danger out.

BASTARD

And thou shalt find it, Dolphin, do not doubt.

*Exeunt.*Scene III. [*A battlefield.*]*Alarums. Enter [KING] JOHN and HUBERT.*

KING JOHN

How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

HUBERT

Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

KING JOHN

This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me: O, my heart is sick!

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.

KING JOHN

Tell him, toward Swinstead,° to the abbey there.

MESSENGER

Be of good comfort, for the great supply°
That was expected by the Dolphin here,

155

Are wracked three nights ago on Goodwin sands.°
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly and retire themselves.

KING JOHN

Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.

15

160

Set on toward Swinstead; to my litter straight:
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

*Exeunt.*Scene IV. [*Elsewhere on the field.*]*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, and BIGOT.*

SALISBURY

165

I did not think the king so stored with friends.

PEMBROKE

Up once again: put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

SALISBURY

170

That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite,° alone upholds the day.

5

PEMBROKE

They say King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN wounded.

175

MELUN

Lead me to the revolts of England here.

SALISBURY

When we were happy, we had other names.

PEMBROKE

It is the Count Meloone.

SALISBURY

Wounded to death.

180

MELUN

Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;°
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,°
And welcome home again discarded° faith.
Seek out King John and fall before his feet:
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He° means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads! Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many moe° with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury,
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

10

15

20

SALISBURY

May this be possible? May this be true?

MELUN

Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity° of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax°
Resolveth from his figure° 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use° of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true

25

10

11 Goodwin sands shoals in the Straits of Dover
V.iv.5 In spite of spite despite any opposition **10 bought**
and sold duped **11 Unthread . . . rebellion** rebellion as a
needle into which they have threaded themselves **12 dis-**
carded (1) cast off (2) badly carded (their faith as ill-made
thread) **15 He** Lewis **17 moe** more **23 quantity** fragment
24 form of wax wax image (such, perhaps, as might be
used by a witch to represent her victim) **25 Resolveth . . .**
figure relaxes its form, melts **27 use** advantage

157 needles monosyllabic, pronounced "neels" **159 brave**
bravado, defiant boasting **162 brabblers** brawler **169 braced**
stretched taut (the drumhead) **170 reverberate** drive back
(both the army and the echo) **174 halting** imperfect, shifting
V.iii.8 Swinstead a mistake, historically, for Swineshead Abbey
in Lincolnshire **9 supply** of men

That I must die here, and live hence, by Truth?^o
 I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
 He is forsworn^o if e'er those eyes of yours
 Behold another day break in the east:
 But even this night, whose black contagious breath
 Already smokes^o about the burning crest
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
 Paying the fine^o of rated^o treachery
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
 If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
 Commend me to one Hubert, with your king:
 The love of him, and this respect^o besides,
 For that^o my grandsire was an Englishman,
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof,^o I pray you bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumor^o of the field,
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires.

SALISBURY

We do believe thee, and beshrew^o my soul
 But I do^o love the favor and the form^o
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread^o the steps of damnèd flight,
 And like a bated^o and retirèd flood,
 Leaving our rankness^o and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlooked,^o 55
 And calmly run on in obedience
 Even to our ocean, to our great King John.
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right^o in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight, 60
 And happy newness,^o that intends old right.
Exeunt [assisting MELUN].

Scene V. [*The Dauphin's camp.*]*Enter [LEWIS the] Dauphin, and his TRAIN.*

LEWIS

The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,
 But stayed and made the western welkin blush,
 When English measured backward their own ground
 In faint retire!^o O, bravely came we off,^o
 When with a volley of our needless shot, 5
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night
 And wound our tott'ring colors clearly up,^o

29 die . . . Truth only if he dies undissembling and serving God can he hope for eternal life in heaven 31 is forsworn will be perjured 34 smokes spreads like smoke 37 fine penalty (but in the next line "fine" = end); rated (1) evaluated (2) chided 41 respect consideration 42 For that because 44 lieu whereof exchange for which 45 rumor tumult 49 beshrew a curse upon 50 But I do if I do not; favor . . . form appearance 52 untread retrace 53 bated subsided 54 rankness (1) excessive size (2) impetuous violence (3) offensive odor 55 Stoop . . . o'erlooked (1) contract within those banks we have overflowed (2) kneel to accept those obligations we have disregarded 60 Right clearly 61 happy newness appropriate and favorable change

V.v.4 faint retire cowardly retreat; bravely . . . off (1) fearlessly and (2) worthily we left the field 7 wound . . . up rolled up our (1) tattered (2) flapping banners without interference

Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Where is my prince, the Dolphin?

LEWIS

Here. What news?

MESSENGER

The Count Meloone is slain; the English lords
 By his persuasion are again fall'n off, 10
 And your supply, which you have wished so long,
 Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin sands.

LEWIS

Ah, foul, shrewd^o news! Beshrew thy very heart!
 I did not think to be so sad tonight 15
 As this hath made me. Who was he that said
 King John did fly an hour or two before
 The stumbling^o night did part our weary pow'rs?

MESSENGER

Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

LEWIS

Well!^o keep good quarter and good care tonight: 20
 The day shall not be up so soon as I
 To try the fair adventure of tomorrow. *Exeunt.*

Scene VI. [*Near Swinstead.*]*Enter BASTARD and HUBERT, severally.^o*

HUBERT

Who's there? Speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

BASTARD

A friend. What art thou?

HUBERT

Of the part^o of England.

BASTARD

Whither dost thou go?

HUBERT

What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
 Of thine affairs as well as thou of mine? 5

BASTARD

Hubert, I think?

HUBERT

Thou hast a perfect^o thought.
 I will upon all hazards well believe
 Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
 Who art thou?^o

BASTARD

Who thou wilt: and if thou please, 10
 Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
 I come one way of the Plantagenets.

HUBERT

Unkind remembrance!^o thou and endless night
 Have done me shame.^o Brave soldier, pardon me,
 That any accent breaking from thy tongue
 Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear. 15

BASTARD

Come, come! sans compliment,^o what news abroad?

14 shrewd grievous, cursed 18 stumbling stumbling-causing
 20 Well Good!

V.vi.s.d. severally from opposite sides 2 Of the part on the side 6 perfect correct 9 Who art thou given John's weakness and Arthur's death, this is now a key question 12 remembrance (1) reminder (2) memory 12-13 thou . . . shame the Bastard, by recognizing Hubert's voice though Hubert did not recognize his; the night, by concealing his features 16 sans compliment without courtly flattery

HUBERT

Why, here walk I, in the black brow^o of night,
To find you out.

BASTARD Brief, then; and what's the news?

HUBERT

O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible. 20

BASTARD

Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman; I'll not swoond^o at it.

HUBERT

The king, I fear, is poisoned by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out^o
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might 25
The better arm you to the sudden time^o
Than if you had at leisure^o known of this.

BASTARD

How did he take it? Who did taste to^o him?

HUBERT

A monk, I tell you, a resolvèd^o villain
Whose bowels suddenly burst out.^o The king 30
Yet speaks, and peradventure^o may recover.

BASTARD

Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

HUBERT

Why, know you not? The lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry^o in their company,
At whose request the king hath pardoned them, 35
And they are all about his majesty.

BASTARD

Withhold thine indignation, mighty God,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!^o
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power^o this night,
Passing these flats,^o are taken by the tide; 40
These Lincoln Washes have devourèd them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away before! Conduct me to the king;
I doubt^o he will be dead or ere^o I come. *Exeunt.*

Scene VII. [*An orchard at Swinstead Abbey.*]

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

PRINCE HENRY

It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touched corruptibly,^o and his pure^o brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling house,
Doth, by the idle^o comments that it makes,

17 in . . . brow under the threatening countenance 22
swoond faint 24 broke out left abruptly 26 arm . . .
time prepare yourself (both psychologically and materially)
for the crisis 27 at leisure without haste 28 taste to
act as taster for (the taster sampled each dish to detect
possible poison) 29 resolvèd resolute (he poisoned himself,
by tasting, in order to poison the king) 30 Whose . . . out
cf. the death of Judas (Acts 1:18) 31 peradventure perhaps
34 Prince Henry John's son (this is the first mention of him in
the play) 38 tempt . . . power (1) do not tempt us to under-
take more than we can accomplish (2) do not test us by imposing
more suffering than we can endure 39 power army 40
these flats the tidal flats at the mouth of the River Welland in
The Wash, a large inlet between Lincolnshire and Norfolk
44 doubt fear; or ere before
V.vii.2 touched corruptibly infected to the point of decom-
position; pure lucid 4 idle irrational

Foretell the ending of mortality. 5

Enter PEMBROKE.

PEMBROKE

His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell^o poison which assaileth him.

PRINCE HENRY

Let him be brought into the orchard here. 10
Doth he still rage?^o

PEMBROKE

He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.
[*Exit PEMBROKE.*]

PRINCE HENRY

O, vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.^o
Death, having preyed upon the outward parts, 15
Leaves them invisible,^o and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,^o
Confound themselves.^o 'Tis strange that death should 20
sing!
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,^o
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest. 35

SALISBURY

Be of good comfort, prince, for you are born 25
To set a form upon that indigest^o
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

[KING] JOHN brought in.

KING JOHN

Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbowroom,
It would not out at windows, nor at doors;^o
There is so hot a summer in my bosom 30
That all my bowels crumble up to dust!
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

PRINCE HENRY How fares your majesty?

KING JOHN

Poisoned—ill fare!^o dead, forsook, cast off, 35
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burned bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parchèd lips 40
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much—

9 fell cruel 11 rage rave 13-14 fierce . . . themselves as
the sufferings of a dying man continue he loses awareness
of them 16 invisible modifies "Death" but suggests also,
as modifying "outward parts," John's present disregard of his
pains 19 hold stronghold 20 Confound themselves
defeat or destroy one another (the fantasies seeking to capture
John's mind so get in each other's way that no one of them
succeeds) 22 Who . . . death the swan was fabled to sing
only as it died 26 indigest shapeless confusion 28-29 now
. . . doors either now my soul has room to escape me,
which it did not have inside the abbey, or now that my soul
has room, it still refuses to leave my body 35 ill fare (1) ill
fortune (2) bad food

I beg cold comfort—and you are so strait,^o
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

PRINCE HENRY

O, that there were some virtue^o in my tears
That might relieve you!

KING JOHN The salt in them is hot. 45

Within me is a hell, and there the poison
Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemnèd blood.

Enter BASTARD.

BASTARD

O, I am scalded^o with my violent motion
And spleen^o of speed to see your majesty! 50

KING JOHN

O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye!^o
The tackle of my heart is cracked and burnt,
And all the shrouds^o wherewith my life should sail
Are turnèd to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by, 55
Which holds but till thy news be utterèd,
And then all this thou see'st is but a clod
And module^o of confounded^o royalty.

BASTARD

The Dolphin is preparing hitherward,
Where God He knows^o how we shall answer him, 60
For in a night the best part of my pow'r,
As I upon advantage did remove,^o
Were in the Washes all unwarily^o
Devourèd by the unexpected flood. [*The KING dies.*]

SALISBURY

You breathe these dead news^o in as dead an ear. 65
My liege! my lord!—but now a king, now thus!

PRINCE HENRY

Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety^o of the world, what hope, what stay,^o
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

BASTARD

Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind 70
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.^o
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,^o
Where be your pow'rs?^o Show now your mended
faiths, 75
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame

Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight^o let us seek, or straight we shall be sought.
The Dolphin rages at our very heels. 80

SALISBURY

It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dolphin
And brings from him such offers of our peace 85
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

BASTARD

He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewèd to our defense.

SALISBURY

Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages^o he hath dispatched 90
To the seaside, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal,
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post^o
To consummate this business happily. 95

BASTARD

Let it be so; and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon^o your father's funeral.

PRINCE HENRY

At Worcester must his body be interred,
For so he willed it.

BASTARD

Thither shall it then. 100
And happily^o may your sweet self put on
The lineal state^o and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly. 105

SALISBURY

And the like tender^o of our love we make,
To rest without a spot^o for evermore.

PRINCE HENRY

I have a kind soul that would give thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

BASTARD

O, let us pay the time but needful woe, 110
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.^o
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again, 115
Come the three corners^o of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them!^o Naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true! *Exeunt.*

42 **strait** narrow, severe, stingy 44 **virtue** healing power
49 **scalded** overheated, covered with hot liquid (perspiration)
50 **spleen** impetuous violence, eagerness 51 **set mine eye**
close my eyes after I die 53 **shrouds** (1) ropes holding a
mast in place; with a contextually, but not syntactically,
appropriate reminder of (2) winding sheets 58 **module**
image; **confounded** defeated, destroyed 60 **God He knows**
God only knows 62 **upon . . . remove** seizing the chance
changed my location 63 **unwarily** without warning 65 **dead**
news (1) deadly news (2) news of death 68 **surety** guaran-
tee, certainty; **stay** (1) support (2) continuance 73 **still** con-
stantly 74 **stars . . . spheres** noblemen who have returned
to your proper positions 75 **pow'rs** (1) armed troops (2)
astral influences

79 **Straight** immediately 90 **carriages** wagons 94 **post**
hasten 98 **wait upon** escort ceremonially 101 **happily**
fittingly 102 **lineal state** directly inherited rank (as king), or
the crown, etc., denoting that rank 106 **tender** offer 107
spot stain (of disloyalty) 110–11 **let . . . griefs** let us weep
no more than necessary since time has anticipated our griefs
(providing compensation: the French abandonment of the
invasion offsetting the English losses; Henry replacing John)
116 **the three corners** presumably England is the fourth
117 **shock them** (1) meet them in battle (2) throw them into
confusion (3) tie them in bundles like sheaves (?)

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

EDITED BY KENNETH MYRICK

Introduction

The Merchant of Venice is the earliest of three superb comedies in which Shakespeare has set a generous and clear-sighted woman in sharp contrast to a no less unusual, but markedly unsocial man. From beginning to end, Portia and Shylock—like Rosalind and Jaques in *As You Like It* and Viola and Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*—remain poles apart. It is significant that Portia in her greatest scene, and the two other heroines in nearly all of their scenes, are disguised as men. Only the audience and one confidante share their secret. Knowing it, the spectators naturally tend to center their interest in them and to view the play through their eyes. Portia, Rosalind, and Viola tend to overshadow their lovers, not because, as is often asserted, the men are not worthy of them, but because of their fascinating double roles.

Their respective opponents—Shylock, Jaques, and Malvolio—are all vivid, but strange and isolated figures. None is an actual villain, but each has been accurately called an *antihero*.

On the Elizabethan stage, it was probably easier for Portia to take the leading role than it is in the modern theater. In Shakespeare's company there was a better balance than in modern times, when the star actor tends to overshadow all the others. The lady's handicap is especially formidable when the star is, like Sir Henry Irving, both the manager of the theater and even the director of the troupe. Ellen Terry was at her best, she said, when she played against Irving, but she could not be the central figure of the play that Portia is meant to be. At times in the nineteenth century, Shylock so overshadowed everyone else that the beautiful final act was omitted entirely.

It is pretty clear today that when Jaques or Malvolio is allowed to usurp the leading role, the entire play is thrown out of balance. In *The Merchant of Venice* the problem is complicated by other factors. The late E. E. Stoll, in a justly famous essay, argued that Shylock was always an unsympathetic figure to the Elizabethans because he is a miser, a usurer, and a Jew. The attitude of the civilized world has changed toward all three. We have hardly ever known a miser. The usurer seems only a man who lends money at interest. And prejudice against Jews is hateful to all fair-minded people. How then can any decent person

appreciate this comedy in the spirit in which Stoll thought it was written? How valid is his view?

The strength of Stoll's interpretation lies in his strong common sense, massive erudition, and insights into dramatic method. He stressed the great importance of the common beliefs, prejudices, and superstitions that distinguish Shakespeare's time from our own era. He emphasized the significance of our vivid first impressions, of the contrasts of character with character and plot with subplot, and the necessity of approaching a play as a play and not as a book. He saw that as readers we tend to respond as individuals, but as spectators we tend to catch the contagion of the crowd and respond like everyone else. With all his gifts as an interpreter of Shakespeare, however, Stoll appears sometimes to have been strangely insensitive to the humanizing ideals of Shakespeare's age and the poetic atmosphere of his plays.

"*The Merchant of Venice* is a fairy tale," declared that wise man of the theater, Harley Granville-Barker. We may think he made too much of this point, but he reminded us forcibly that the play is set in the realm of high romance. We cannot understand it in terms of modern realism. Strange and wonderful are the stories of the caskets, the pound of flesh, and the beautiful girl disguised as a wise young judge—not to mention the miser's daughter who blossoms into a delightful and virtuous lady, filled with the joy of life. We begin to sense this poetic atmosphere in the very first scene.

ACT I

Antonio and Bassanio. Antonio is not in the least the stodgy, smug, intolerant businessman that he is often supposed to be. A great merchant prince of the fabulous city of Venice, he sends out his splendid ships as far as Mexico and the Indies and shares his wealth with the needy and oppressed. In his quiet way, he—like Bassanio and Portia, Lorenzo and Jessica—is a figure of romance. His friends see poetry in his commercial ventures:

Your argosies with portly sail—
 Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
 Or as it were the pageants of the sea—
 Do overpeer the petty traffickers
 That cursy to them, do them reverence,
 As they fly by them with their woven wings. (I.i.9-14)

His friends see also a great and ever-present danger. The modern merchant is often depicted as a type enjoying comfortable security. Salerio and Solanio, like people today when they think of the astronauts, are fascinated and appalled by the risks that Antonio takes. Yet he faces these constant dangers with a quiet mind. Shakespeare, like the medieval poets, could find romance in the old themes of love and battle; but with a poet's insight into men and affairs, he discovered it also in the merchant-adventurer's commerce, in which, as in knightly times, danger went hand in hand with beauty and high achievement.

Antonio is admired and beloved for his good deeds. Yet the poet has wisely given him a relatively passive role. If we felt his emotions too keenly, the scene of his trial would be too painful for comedy. His "sadness" contributes to this passiveness. One guess about the cause of his melancholy is that he fears Bassanio's approaching marriage will separate him from his friend. Another is that he is just in a strange mood. Antonio, however, is too generous to regret his friend's happy marriage, and the emphasis given to his mood suggests an important meaning.

We can find it in one of the common ideas of the Elizabethan age, the belief in presentiments. Shakespeare uses it in many plays to foreshadow future events, especially dangers and misfortunes. It is somewhat analogous to the faith in extrasensory perception, which (though not shared by the present editor) is held by some of our very intelligent contemporaries. A striking parallel to Antonio's sadness is in *Richard II*, which was probably written just before *The Merchant of Venice*. In one scene Queen Isabel's attendants are troubled about her sadness, a much more violent melancholy than Antonio's. Suddenly, after only a few moments, she hears the shocking news of Bolingbroke's rebellion, which is to bring about the dethronement and murder of her husband. She instantly recognizes the meaning of her presentiment.

Antonio's unaccountable sadness is a less violent experience than Queen Isabel's, apparently because the danger is more remote and because in the end he escapes it. But in kind, though not in degree, the two presentiments are alike.

Few moderns have such faith in extrasensory perception as many intelligent Elizabethans had in presentiments. Therefore, we go astray if we invent rationalistic explanations for Antonio's sadness which neither the poet nor his audience had in mind—just as we do when we explain Banquo's ghost, or King Hamlet's, as a figment of the imagination. These are cases that require the "willing suspension of disbelief."

Antonio's presentiment has an important dramatic function. It suggests to the audience some great danger of which he and his friends are totally unconscious. Thus it creates dramatic irony, quickens suspense, and awakens a warm concern for this modest and generous merchant

prince, who is so much admired and beloved. In his next scene it also heightens our concern for him when he readily agrees to Shylock's apparently jovial suggestion that Antonio forfeit a pound of flesh if the three thousand ducats are not paid back on time.

Bassanio has sometimes been misunderstood even more seriously than Antonio—as a contemptible man of fashion who puts his friend's life in danger so that he can gamble on winning an heiress. His best qualities, as Professor Bernard Grebanier has remarked, have become increasingly rare in the last century and a half. He speaks with "an elegance which is innate and unconscious. . . . The miraculous thing is that . . . this patrician quality of the mind is united . . . with a manliness, an unaggressive virility of a kind to which the twentieth century is becoming totally a stranger." His first words about Portia—"In Belmont is a lady richly left" (I.i.161)—do not mean that he wants to marry her for money, but that "there is good reason to promise the return of the loan" he is asking of his friend. His eloquent words about Portia herself assure us that his love for her is genuine.

As the play develops, we find Bassanio's friend, Gratiano, asking to go with him to Belmont. A loud extrovert, Gratiano "speaks an infinite deal of nothing," and is the last person Bassanio would choose to accompany him on a delicate mission. But with a few very frank words of caution, he generously accedes to his friend's surprising request, without the slightest trace of irritation. At Belmont we see Bassanio not only as a delightful gentleman, but as a man of thought and insight as he meditates on which casket to choose. When he has won Portia, we like him for his overwhelming joy, his modesty, and his entire devotion to her.

The world of Bassanio and Antonio is not ours. Its values are chiefly those of a governing class—courage, justice, a high sense of honor, courtesy, learning, a love of beauty, compassion, and humility. Lord Bassanio has the highest rank of anyone in the play except the Duke, yet he never shows even a trace of arrogance. Like Sir Philip Sidney, the most admired and beloved young Englishman of Shakespeare's time, Bassanio has lived beyond his means because of the position he occupies. For him, as for Sidney and Castiglione, life is at once an earnest task, an adventure, and a fine art. To Sidney, Shakespeare, and their contemporaries, the marriage of so fine a nobleman as Bassanio with a virtuous, gifted, humanely educated, and wholly delightful lady of wealth would be altogether fitting.

Portia. As for Portia, even most of Shylock's warmest partisans commonly find her irresistible in her early scenes, however they may dislike her way of defeating him in the court scene. Some, of course, grumble at her deft satire of her egregious parcel of wooers, and one critic can declare solemnly, "Portia herself, for some reason, is the least lovable of Shakespeare's comedy heroines." Harley Granville-Barker, who saw nearly all the characters with remarkable clarity, observed that the poet reveals Portia's character "to us mainly in little things, and lets us feel its whole happy virtue in the melody of her speech." Granville-Barker also points out that, hedged about as she is by her father's will in the early scenes, there is very little for her to do. However this may be, the strangeness of her situation captures our attention, and the naturalness

of her thoughts and feelings leads us to identify ourselves at once with her cause and to sense the irony of her situation. Although her father did not trust her to choose a husband for herself, yet, as her shrewd comments on her suitors reveal, few women ever had a keener insight into men's characters than she. Nevertheless, she does not really rebel against her father's will, and when she learns it has driven away six unwelcome suitors, she is amazed and delighted at the old man's foresight. Her filial piety meant more to the Elizabethans than to us, but her quick feelings, her sense of responsibility, her wit and keen perception of the ridiculous belong to every age and make her one of the most magnetic of heroines.

Shylock and Antonio.

SHYLOCK Three thousand ducats—well.

BASSANIO Ay, sir, for three months.

SHYLOCK For three months—well. (I.iii.1-3)

Shylock comes before us abruptly, with no previous hint that he exists. Antonio and Portia, in their first speeches, confide their thoughts and feelings to their friends. Bassanio, alone with Antonio, pours out his heart. But Shylock, from the first words he utters, is a strangely isolated figure, secretive and calculating. We begin to discover his real thoughts only when he utters them aside as Antonio enters. The hatred that he expresses so vehemently and his efforts later in the scene to appear as Antonio's cordial friend are in glaring contradiction.

Defenders of Shylock often argue that at first his offer of friendship is sincere, and that he never meant the forfeit of a pound of Antonio's flesh as anything but "a merry jest," until Jessica deserted him to elope with one of Antonio's Christian friends. This interpretation ignores the basic principle that every essential point must be clear to the simplest groundling. When a character in Shakespeare speaks aside to the audience, he always speaks his real thoughts. When Shylock says, as Antonio enters,

If I can catch him once upon the hip,

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him (I.iii.43-44)

we have no choice but to believe him.

E. E. Stoll's famous, though one-sided, interpretation of Shylock is indispensable for an understanding of Shylock's real character. Stoll demonstrates that the issue between the Jewish money lender and the Christian merchant is not simply the taking of interest. It is the usurer's merciless exploitation of his victims. He is no mere "banker," as H. B. Charlton called him, but a crafty and ruthless loan shark. The Tudor laws against usury stated an ideal and then compromised with the practical facts of trade. They outlawed any interest on any loan but imposed no penalty if the rate did not exceed ten percent (nearly twice the rate commonly charged today for a mortgage loan). The typical usurer, however, found devious ways of exacting far more than the law allowed. His special victims were the inexperienced and the very needy—widows and orphans, and young gentlemen not yet possessed of their inheritance. For an original loan of a hundred pounds, the clever usurer might gain in a few years real estate worth five hundred or a thousand pounds, bringing his wretched debtor to beggary or death. The Elizabethan hatred of

usury was sanctioned by Aristotle's theory that money cannot breed money; but far more important were the enormous interest rates and fraudulent contracts of clever scoundrels. Recognizing Shylock as a usurer, the Elizabethans must have been hostile to him, especially when they saw him plotting against Antonio's life.

Why does he hate this generous merchant? Antonio has denounced Shylock in public. He has loaned money to the usurer's victims, has charged them no interest at all and thus enabled many of them to escape total ruin. Although he has never till now either charged interest on a loan, or paid it, Antonio is ready to "break a custom" rather than have his best friend risk losing Portia. For this, many critics, supposing the issue to involve one of Antonio's absolute principles, charge him with hypocrisy. But Antonio, as a man of affairs, is less interested in theory than in results. The charge would be valid only if he were exacting interest from a debtor. To rescue the usurer's victims, he has loaned them money at no interest. To enable Bassanio to win Portia, he will himself pay interest on a loan, rather than let his best friend lose his dearest hopes. In each case his concern is to bring generous aid to those in need.

While discussing the loan with Antonio, Shylock suddenly digresses and pours out one of his most eloquent and moving speeches. In the Rialto, he declares, in full view of crowds of merchants, Antonio has publicly disgraced him. He has called him dog, kicked him, and spat upon him. Some very intelligent readers have refused to believe these charges, but Antonio himself confirms them.

I am as like to call thee so again,

To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too. (I.iii.127-28)

It is a strange and shameful fact that for many centuries Christians held it to be proper to spit in a Jew's face on certain occasions. The idea goes back to the Crucifixion, when the Jews mocked Christ and spat upon him. Similarly, the horrible idea that the Jews had become a race accursed by God arose from their refusal to accept Jesus as the Messiah. In spite of these bitter prejudices, however, it is hard to believe that Shakespeare approved Antonio's way of publicly denouncing the usurer. The words he gives Shylock seem designed to show us how it feels to be an outcast in a Christian society.

It is hard to know the exact meaning of a gesture common four centuries ago. Just what did it mean in the social context of Elizabethan England? The great queen herself once "spat upon a courtier's cloak that displeased her." The act of thumbing the nose was originally an obscene insult, but we have seen friends use it as a bit of light teasing.

As a compassionate man, outraged by the usurer's inhumanity to his victims, Antonio is capable of hot indignation, as we see in his answer to Shylock's charge. Today he might expose a dangerous public enemy in a newspaper or television interview, or by presenting the facts to the prosecuting attorney. In Shakespeare's Venice, where the practice of usury seems to have been as inhuman as anywhere else, Antonio takes the kind of direct action that decent Americans sometimes took against an unscrupulous man in pioneer days on the frontier. Antonio deliberately insults the usurer, literally kicks him out of his

place of business, does all he can to turn public opinion against him, and spends his own money to rescue Shylock's victims. Christ himself, though he preached the gospel of love, denounced the oppressors and hypocrites in public and whipped the money changers out of the temple. Antonio's just indignation is natural and understandable, and so is Shylock's bitter resentment. We begin to see Shylock as his own worst enemy, poisoned by greed and hate.

ACTS II AND III

From the harsh but strangely compelling figure of the antihero, we turn immediately to Portia. In her scenes with Morocco and Aragon, she is a marvel of self-control and courtesy, although some of her speeches to them are edged with an irony that they never catch. Her whole future happiness is at stake, for neither Morocco nor Aragon can appreciate the best qualities of a Renaissance lady. Morocco is a warmhearted man of honor and courage, who has the grace to think he may not deserve her. But there is something naive, almost barbaric, in his desire that his fate be decided by having his rivals and himself cut their flesh to see whose blood is reddest. His mind is very simple; hers is highly endowed by nature and has acquired the best culture of a remarkable age and country. We wish Morocco well, but he is no mate for Portia. As for Aragon, he has the presumptuous pride that the Elizabethans disliked in the Spaniards. He has also the naiveté to suppose that a man could actually deserve such a woman as Portia, and that he is that man. Most of Shakespeare's genuine lovers are, like Portia and Bassanio, humbled by their love.

One key to the meaning of a Shakespeare play is the way he directs our sympathies. In many of his masterpieces there is one person, or more, through whose eyes we are particularly invited to see the other characters and the events. In *Henry IV* it is chiefly Prince Hal, in *Hamlet* it is Horatio and Hamlet, in *Twelfth Night* it is Viola. Who is it in *The Merchant of Venice*?

In the opening scene, in which Antonio is the center of attention but at first does little, we see him as four of his friends do. In Shylock's first scene, many modern readers see him as he sees himself, but those who realize what a usurer actually was will look at him as Bassanio and Antonio do. Stoll, in a long analysis, argued that whenever we begin to sympathize with Shylock, his greed and hatred are emphasized. He accuses Antonio of disgracing him and then plots to kill him. He speaks of Launcelot as a kind patch, but adds that he is "a huge feeder." He speaks kindly to his daughter as "Jessica, my girl," and instantly remembers his dream of moneybags. In one of his greatest scenes, he pours out a passionate defense of the Jewish people and a challenge to Christians to practice the mercy and humility that they profess; but he ends the speech on the note of revenge, arranging with Tubal to meet him at the synagogue to plan the legalized murder of a generous Christian merchant.

Stoll makes an important point. But we can turn it around and show, on his own evidence, that in each of Shylock's scenes, except the briefest, he wins the sympathy of the audience for at least a few moments. When do we ever see the least touch of kindly feeling in Iago or Goneril?

Shylock differs, too, from other Shakespearean villains—from Angelo in *Measure for Measure*, with whom he is often compared, and from Hamlet's uncle, King Claudius—in that these men are entirely conscious of their villainy. At the trial, Shylock can ask, apparently in all sincerity, "What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?" The unique thing about Shylock is this strange sincerity. He can nurse the most diabolical passions and imagine he does no wrong.

Doubtless the Elizabethans laughed with Solanio and Salerio when they baited Shylock, for as Stoll has emphasized, a general audience in the theater will respond to the mood of the characters on stage. Yet we must never suppose that these two friends of Antonio express more than a very small part of Shakespeare's attitude toward the Jew. These characters can scarcely be distinguished from one another, and we do not go to such people to find Shakespeare's whole meaning. Their function is chiefly to release the feelings of the audience or to tell us news. In the court scene, the jeers and imprecations of Gratiano provide a similar release. But "Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice." The shallow comments of this excited extrovert contrast with the wisdom of Portia and the considered judgment of Antonio.

Throughout the play, Shakespeare has invited us to look at the other characters and the action through Portia's eyes, and to share her sympathies. One way he does this is in the skillful arrangement of contrasting scenes. He places Shylock's first scene between Portia's first and second, and her third just after Jessica's flight. Beginning with Portia's fourth scene (II.ix), he alternates her scenes with Shylock's with almost exact regularity until their encounter in the courtroom. In this way the poet silently draws ever more sharply the contrast between the usurer and the wise Renaissance lady, before either has any idea of the other's existence.

Our sympathies are never so strongly with Portia, or with Bassanio, as in the beautiful scene where he wins her, particularly in the tense moments while she watches him meditating on which casket to choose, and in the climax that brings them a happiness they can hardly express. When the sudden news comes of Antonio's catastrophic losses, Portia instantly offers her entire fortune to save her husband's friend of whom until now she has never heard. Like Bassanio and Antonio, she knows how to "give and hazard all she hath." In this scene of love and generous friendship, we see Portia at her best.

In the next scene we find Shylock at his worst, raging madly at Antonio and promising to take his life. It is his one scene in the play in which we can have no spark of sympathy for him. Is destiny on his side, or on Portia's?

SHYLOCK AND JUDAISM

As we approach the court scene, we must face the question of Shakespeare's attitude toward the Jews. Stoll and some others believed he shared the hateful prejudice that had disgraced Christianity for over fifteen centuries. In 1935, Professor John W. Draper sharply challenged this view. "Shylock the Jew was merely exotic local color," he declared. "Shylock the usurer was a commentary on London life." The second statement is certainly true; there

were many usurers in the great city, and their cruelty was notorious. The first statement is partly true. Dr. J. L. Cardozo seems to have proved that—contrary to common opinion—there were no Jews, or almost none, dwelling anywhere in Shakespeare's London, unless we except the small band of a few hundred Portuguese who had converted from Judaism to Christianity. Shylock must have been an exotic figure to the Elizabethans.

His Judaism, however, is emphasized again and again. In Shylock the great virtues of the ancient Hebrews have often been corrupted into the nearest vices. Reverence for law has degenerated into legalism, loyalty to his own people into a vehement antipathy to Christians, practical sagacity into the love of money, a noble love of justice into a fanatical thirst for a revenge that excludes every thought of mercy. Yet until the climax of the court scene, Shylock is blindly unconscious of doing anything wrong. Here is no mere comic butt, no mere hypocrite and villain, but a warped and dangerous fanatic—sometimes comic, sometimes hateful—impervious to any normal appeal to common sense or natural kindness, but always strangely human. Something has poisoned this man, and apparently a whole people, originally splendidly endowed by nature.

Most modern readers find the source of the poison in Christian persecution. Shakespeare touches on this idea, especially in Shylock's great defense of the humanity of the Jews. But his emphasis lies elsewhere. Shylock is fiercely conscious of his "sacred nation." He defends the iniquitous practice of usury by citing the Old Testament. As Christians had always said of the Jews from the days of Saint Paul, he insists on the bare letter of the law and ignores the spirit. He goes to the synagogue to plan Antonio's death. In the court scene he declares solemnly he has "an oath in heaven" that he will cut the pound of flesh from Antonio. Earlier we see momentarily a better side of his Judaism, in his memory of his wife's first gift. It is obvious, nevertheless, that Shakespeare has many times connected Shylock's worst qualities with the Hebrew religion.

So hateful is this idea to us that we must be very certain just what it meant to Shakespeare. The prejudice is not at all the Nazi's hatred of the Jew's blood and supposed race, for Jessica is "a daughter to his blood" but not to "his manners," that is, his moral values and actions. The hostility is directed against Shylock's code of ethics and the religion that is assumed to be its source.

How could the humane and clear-sighted Shakespeare ever have taken such a view of one of the world's great religions? Perhaps we can most easily understand his view if we remember the attitude toward Puritans that is held today by some humane but not well-informed people. Without examining the facts with an open mind, they see the Puritans as narrow zealots or even hypocrites, who—like Shylock—despised beauty and merrymaking, loved money, and looked down with contempt on their less sanctified neighbors. Although these people think of themselves as enlightened and tolerant, they regard the Puritan religion as a fanaticism—a perverted view of life which warped a man's mind, chilled his sympathies, and poisoned his relations with all who did not share the special outlook of the chosen few. There is some truth in this picture, but impartial historians know it to be, on the whole, distorted and unjust.

The analogy with Judaism is very close, for the Puritans'

emphasis on the Old Testament made them the most Hebraic of Christian groups. In Elizabeth's reign, even men of large minds and generous sympathies could regard the Jewish faith very much as many of our contemporaries regard Puritanism. For centuries Christians had been taught almost universally that the ancient religion of Israel had degenerated into a narrow fanaticism, teaching a pedantic adherence to the mere letter of the law and ignoring the spirit. "The letter killeth but the spirit giveth life," wrote Saint Paul. As a Christian scholar of our time, James Parkes, wrote: "The inadequacy of the law . . . was [the church fathers'] continual accusation against the Jews." Parkes also observed that our English word *law* is no adequate equivalent for the original word *Torah* in the Hebrew text:

The written law was . . . the basis of *Torah*, but *Torah* itself was the complete revelation of the holy community or nation through which the individual in every act could fulfill the purpose of God in his creation.

Between this lofty Hebrew concept and the Christian idea of the divine mercy which at once fulfills and transcends the law, there is no irreconcilable conflict. Shakespeare and the members of his audience, however, could not know what scholars so wise as Richard Hooker (1554?–1600) had not discovered.

The modern parallel to Shylock is not the Jews. It is the Nazi persecutors of the Jews.

THE TRIAL

The scene of Antonio's trial surpasses almost anything Shakespeare had ever written previously in both range and power. The sustained clash of wills, the battle of ideas, the variety of characterization, the prolonged suspense (relieved now and then by touches of comedy), the deepening irony, and the stunning reversal of fortune when Portia finally turns Shylock's own weapon against himself—all these reveal the hand of a great craftsman and the inspiration of a master poet.

Often in the nineteenth century, and sometimes in the twentieth, this scene has been interpreted as "The Tragedy of Shylock." Stoll interpreted it as harsh comedy. After the reversal of fortune, he says, "The Jew's very words are echoed by Portia and Gratiano as they jeer, and at every turn that justice takes . . . there are now peals and shouts of laughter." Neither interpretation does justice to Shakespeare's sane and compassionate view.

In the first place, though everyone else is appalled at Shylock's cruelty, he himself is here a figure of real dignity. The mad fierceness of his last two scenes is gone. As he addresses the Duke, his language is eloquent, and his strange reasoning is cogent. Confident in the justice of his cause, he regards Gratiano's bitter curse with amused indifference. To the Duke and Portia he shows a courteous respect. Up to the sudden reversal of his fortunes, he treats her with admiration and genuine friendliness. In one sense, we see him at his best in this scene. With some exceptions, his bearing in more than half the scene is that of a civilized man of affairs. The contrast between his manner and his fanatical purpose heightens the effect. He is a shrewd and persuasive

advocate in his astounding case. When the Duke makes a powerful appeal that he show "human gentleness and love," Shylock defends with powerful logic his right to take Antonio's life.

DUKE

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

SHYLOCK

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

(IV.i.88-89)

The tension of the scene mounts steadily, but Shakespeare skillfully breaks it now and then. Just before Bellario's messenger (Nerissa) comes in, we are deeply moved by the selfless friendship of Bassanio and Antonio, as each insists that he should die for the other. Then the sight of Nerissa trying, without quite perfect success, to act the part of an experienced law clerk brings a hint of comedy. As spectators we need not laugh, but all will feel a slight lessening of tension. When Shylock takes the occasion to whet his knife on his sole, the grotesque act brings us still nearer to comedy.

Portia enters dressed as a judge and gets quickly down to business. Shylock's procedure cannot be attacked under the law.

Then must the Jew be merciful.

On what compulsion must I?

(IV.i.181-82)

The question reveals how tightly his moral code is bound to the letter of the law. What it forbids he will never do. But he can neither give nor forgive. Portia, in a speech that almost sums up the meaning of the play, explains that mercy must be an entirely free gift. It blesses the giver and the receiver alike. To show mercy is the privilege of kings, of God himself. But if Shylock insists on the letter of the law, sentence must be given against the merchant. Then comes Portia's quiet masterstroke.

Tarry a little; there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood.

(IV.i.304-05)

Stunned as he is, Shylock tries to accept the previous offer of thrice the bond. But having refused it, he now has no claim on it or even on the bare principal. The law has yet another hold on him. He, an alien, has plotted against a citizen's life. All his vast wealth is forfeit, half to Antonio, half to the state, and his life lies "in the mercy of the Duke only."

Portia has appealed in vain to reason, to charity, and to self-interest. Now she has turned the letter of the law against Shylock. He has been guilty of the mad presumption that the Greeks called *hubris*. For him this sudden blow is a profound psychological shock. No longer can he boast he does no wrong. *By his own code*, the letter of the law, he knows he is guilty of a deadly crime. Stunned and broken, he kneels before the Duke.

The strict court of Venice understands mercy as well as justice. Justice demands that the offender be punished, be forced to make amends to the injured party, and be restrained from doing further harm. Mercy draws a distinction between a crime willed and a crime enacted. As the

prince of Christian humanists, Erasmus, says of charity, mercy requires that the Christian "be an enemy only to vice. Let him kill the Turk, but save the man." Let Portia and the Duke kill his fanaticism, but save the man.

Can we honestly say that he receives mercy? By the mere letter of the law he receives it abundantly. He now owns not a penny's worth of property, and his life is forfeit. The Duke instantly pardons him his life, but Shylock is ready to die. It is now Antonio's opportunity to show mercy. Under the law, one half of Shylock's wealth is now Antonio's, the other half the state's. Following a hint of the Duke's, the merchant proposes, first, that the half which is the state's be restored conditionally to Shylock. Second, he offers to use his own half as a permanent loan without interest, and at the Jew's death to give it outright to Jessica and Lorenzo. He imposes two conditions: first, that the young couple shall receive all Shylock's property at his death; second, that he immediately become a Christian.

In view of Shylock's own cruelty to his luckless debtors, these terms would seem to us both just and merciful, were it not for the forced conversion. This we are bound to resent if we think of the Hebrew faith only as it really is. But if we see it as it had been misunderstood by Christians for over fifteen centuries, we can describe it in the words of Edmund Burke (written with no reference to Judaism) as "an uncouth, pernicious, and degrading superstition." As we painfully rediscovered in Hitler's Germany, the perversion of the instincts of religion and human loyalty can be one of the most dangerous forces in the world. The fanatical Nazis had to be reeducated before they could ever be trusted; so Shylock, too, must give up his fanatical adherence to the letter of the law. It is noteworthy that Antonio, the Duke, and Portia never show any hatred of Shylock. In their view he is being saved from himself. Shakespeare's information about a great religious faith was defective and largely mistaken, but his own values are universal.

FULFILLMENT

The final scene at Portia's estate will seem irrelevant and bitterly ironical to those who still regard Shylock as a victim of Christian bigotry. To others it will be something very different. A good man has been saved from death. A dangerous but greatly gifted man has begun to see life in an altogether new way. Now, in the peace and the magical beauty of the evening, Lorenzo and Jessica are recalling famous lovers of the past. Their earnest mood, broken by playful teasing, Lorenzo's poetic nature as revealed in his words about the music of the spheres, the entrance of Portia and Nerissa, happy in a work of redemption fully achieved—all this suggests powerfully the happy harmony of life at its best. Gratiano's sudden quarrel with Nerissa and the women's harmless teasing of the men about the rings they gave away bring us back to ordinary life and to the mood of comedy. Portia's news that three of Antonio's argosies "Are richly come to harbor suddenly" (V.i.277) and her good news also for Jessica and Lorenzo give promise of long happiness for them. Gratiano's final speech brings a laugh from the audience.

To those who can see Shylock as neither an entire villain nor a hero, but a gifted man whose fanatical hatred makes

him his own worst enemy until he is saved from himself, *The Merchant of Venice* is no tragedy. To those who can view the play from the point of view of the wise, realistic, and compassionate heroine, it is one of Shakespeare's most beautiful and most significant comedies.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

Some of Shakespeare's plays are close to their sources, and it is useful and often illuminating to see how he departs from Plutarch or Holinshed, Greene or Lodge. But no known work can be the only source for *The Merchant of Venice*. Apparently Shakespeare combined a number of sources, all of which repay careful study.

If he drew chiefly on a single source, it may have been a play called *The Jew*, which Stephen Gosson mentioned favorably in 1579, in his *School of Abuse*, and which he said showed "the greediness of worldly choosers" and the "bloody minds of usurers." Some scholars believe that the term "worldly choosers" shows that the casket story (in which worldly-minded suitors are discomfited by choosing the gold or silver casket) has been combined with the story of the usurer and the pound of flesh. Yet "greediness" seems less appropriate to suitors than to usurers. In any case, *The Jew* is not extant, and speculation about Shakespeare's debt to it is idle.

Of extant works, *Il Pecorone* (*The Duncce*), an Italian collection of prose tales by an author who calls himself Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, is the most relevant. The first tale of the fourth day concerns the Lady of Belmonte, a widow who demands that each traveler seek to possess her; if he does, she will wed him, but if he fails, all his goods are forfeit. Giannetto voyages to Belmonte twice; twice he is drugged and therefore fails and loses his goods. His godfather then borrows from a Jewish usurer and furnishes him for a third voyage. (Giannetto has lied, telling his godfather that the goods were lost in shipwrecks.) This time Giannetto—warned by the lady's maid—is successful. There follows the usurer's demand for the overdue money, the cleverness of the lawyer, the lady in disguise (as in Shakespeare), and the business of the ring.

There is no indubitable proof that Shakespeare borrowed directly from *Il Pecorone*. He could have found the tale of the pound of flesh in other works, such as Alexander Silwayne's *The Orator* and Anthony Munday's *Zelauto*. It seems more than possible, however, that Shakespeare read *Il Pecorone* either in a translation or in Italian—a language which, with his good knowledge of Latin, he might very easily have acquired.

If he read it in one language or another, probably his most notable changes are the alteration of the indecent test imposed on the wooer, the addition of the usurer's daughter, and the omission of the wooer's incredibly long forgetfulness of his benefactor's danger, together with the ennoblement of all the leading characters.

The story of the caskets comes ultimately from Oriental folklore. Shakespeare's immediate source is believed to be an English version of the *Gesta Romanorum*, a collection of medieval Latin tales, translated into English in 1577 and "bettered" by the same translator in 1595. Possibly the author of the old play *The Jew* is responsible for joining the casket plot to the bond plot, but we know little about

the play; Shakespeare may have been the first to combine the two stories.

Finally, it should be mentioned that Shakespeare's play about Christians and a Jew must owe something to Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta*, and also to the trial, in 1594, of Dr. Roderigo Lopez, the converted Portuguese Jew who, though very probably innocent, was convicted and executed on the charge of plotting to poison Queen Elizabeth I. In *The Jew of Malta*, Shakespeare would have found a Jew who is a scoundrel but is, at certain moments, a really human figure wronged by the Christians around him. Shylock's daughter Jessica may owe something to Marlowe's Abigail, who loves a Christian, but both Abigail and her beloved are killed, whereas Jessica escapes into a happy marriage with Lorenzo. In the Lopez trial, Shakespeare would have found the usual depiction of the murderous Jew.

Geoffrey Bullough, in the first volume of his *Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare*, has brought together selections from Silwayne's *The Orator*, Anthony Munday's *Zelauto*, and *Il Pecorone*. To anyone who browses through this material, it is clear enough that Shakespeare did not invent the chief episodes of his play. It is no less clear that the remarkable characterizations, the moral tone, the poetry, and probably the deft interweaving of the various strands of the plot are the work of a great dramatic poet.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The exact date of the play's composition is uncertain, but the play was in existence in 1598, when Francis Meres mentioned it in *Palladis Tamia*, and it may have been written as early as 1596, if the reference to the ship *Andrew* in I.i.27 is indebted—as has been conjectured—to news of the capture of the Spanish ship *Saint Andrew* in the Cádiz expedition. In 1598 and in 1600 the play was entered in the Stationers' Register. It was first published in a quarto (Q1) in 1600. The interesting part of the title page runs thus: "The most excellent/Historie of the Merchant/o/Venice./With the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Iewef towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound/of his flesh: and the obtayning of Portia/by the choyse of three/chests./As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord/Chamberlaine his Seruants./Written by William Shakespeare." The absence of some necessary stage directions (for example, entrances of some characters who later speak) suggests that the copy for this quarto could not have been a promptbook. Conversely, there are some bits of evidence that suggest the copy was very close to Shakespeare's manuscript; for example, such a stage direction as "Enter Portia for Balthazar" seems to reflect an author's conception of his action. But plays that are commonly thought to be printed from Shakespeare's manuscript usually have some confusions in them, the result of a somewhat illegible manuscript, and *The Merchant of Venice* lacks such confusions. Probably, then, the printer's copy for the first quarto was a scribe's careful and clean copy of the manuscript—but, of course, it is unwise to be dogmatic about such matters.

In 1619 a second quarto (Q2) appeared, falsely dated 1600. Q2 was based on Q1, and though it corrects some palpable errors in Q1, Q2 has no independent authority.

In 1623 the play was again reprinted, in the First Folio, again from Q1. And again, of course, there are some slight departures from Q1, ranging from misprints to the addition of some interesting stage directions that doubtless reflect playhouse practice. The most notable are directions calling for the flourishing of cornets.

Q1, then, the only authoritative text, and the source of all others, serves as the basis for the present edition, but some changes have been made. Solanio, Salarino, and Salerio have, as in most modern editions, been reduced to Solanio and Salerio. (Possibly Shakespeare began with three such characters in mind, but as he worked he apparently found he could make do with two, and Salarino disappeared. The name Salarino—which in Q1 occurs in stage directions at I.i; II.iv, vi, viii; III.i—in this edition is replaced by Salerio. Salarino is a diminutive of Salerio, and it is possible that Shakespeare did not intend them to be distinct. In any case, the name Salerio must stay, because it appears in the dialogue as well as in the stage directions.) Spelling and punctuation have been modernized, and speech prefixes have been regularized (for example, we give “Shylock,” though Q1 varies between “Shylock,” “Shy.,” and “Iew”). Act divisions, first introduced in the Folio, are given, and for ease of reference, the scene divisions established by the Globe edition are given. These additions, like necessary stage directions that are not found in Q1, are

enclosed in brackets. A superfluous stage direction (“*Enter Tubal*,” at III.i.75) has been deleted, the positions of a few stage directions are slightly altered, and obvious typographical errors have been corrected. Other departures from Q1 are listed below, the adopted reading given first, in boldface type, the rejected reading in roman type. If the adopted reading comes from Q2 or F, that fact is indicated.

- I.i.27** **docked** docks 113 **Is** It is
I.ii.59 **throstle** Trassell
II.i.s.d. **Morocco** Morochus 35 **page** rage
II.ii.98 **last** [Q2] lost
II.vii.69 **tombs** timber
II.viii.39 **Slubber** [Q2, F] slumber
III.i.103 **Heard** heere
III.ii.67 **eyes** [F] eye 81 **vice** voyce
III.iii.s.d. **Solanio** Salerio
III.iv.49 **Padua** Mantua 50 **cousin's** [Q2, F] cosin 81 **my** [Q2, F] my my
III.v.22 **e'en** [Q2, F] in 28 **comes.** come? 77 **merit it** meane it, it 84 **a wife** [F] wife
IV.i.30 **his state** [Q2, F] this states 31 **flint** [Q2] flints 51 **Master** Maisters 74 **bleat** [F] bleake 75 **mountain** [F] mountaine of 100 **is mine** as mine 229 **No, not** [Q2] Not not 397 **Gratiano** [Q2, F] Shy [lock]
V.i.41-42 **Master Lorenzo and Mistress Lorenzo?** M. Lorenzo, & M. Lorenzo 49 **Sweet soul** [concludes Launcelot's speech] 51 **Stephano** [Q2] Stephen 87 **Erebus** [F] Terebus 152 **it you** [Q2, F] you



THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

[Dramatis Personae]

DUKE OF VENICE
PRINCE OF MOROCCO } suitors to Portia
PRINCE OF ARAGON }
ANTONIO *a merchant of Venice*
BASSANIO *his friend, suitor to Portia*
GRATIANO }
SALERIO } *friends to Antonio and Bassanio*
SOLANIO }
LORENZO *in love with Jessica*
SHYLOCK *a Jew*
TUBAL *a Jew, his friend*

LAUNCELOT GOBBO *a clown, servant to Shylock*
OLD GOBBO *father to Launcelot*
LEONARDO *servant to Bassanio*
BALTHASAR } *servants to Portia*
STEPHANO }
PORTIA *an heiress*
NERISSA *her waiting woman*
JESSICA *daughter to Shylock*
MAGNIFICOS of Venice OFFICERS of the
court of justice JAILER SERVANTS OTHER
ATTENDANTS

Scene: Venice and Belmont]

[A C T I]

[Scene I. Venice. A street.]

Enter ANTONIO, SALERIO, and SOLANIO.

ANTONIO
In sooth I know not why I am so sad.^o
It wearies me, you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;^o
And such a want-wit^o sadness^o makes of me
That I have much ado to know myself.

SALERIO
Your mind is tossing on the ocean,^o
There where your argosies^o with portly^o sail—

The decorative border shown above is a repeated ornament which appeared on the title page of the first quarto edition of The Merchant of Venice, 1600.

I.i.i sad sober, depressed 5 am to learn need to learn, cannot guess (the incomplete line indicates a short pause)
6 want-wit dull fellow; sadness depression 8 ocean pronounced "ó-ce-an" 9 argosies great merchant ships; portly stately

Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood, 10
Or as it were the pageants^o of the sea—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers
That cursy^o to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SOLANIO 15
Believe me, sir, had I such venture^o forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still^o
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;^o
And every object that might make me fear 20
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

SALERIO My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague^o when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hourglass run 25
But I should think of shallows and of flats,

II pageants floats, splendidly decorated wagons in the shape of castles, dragons, etc. **13** cursy curtsy, bow **15** venture unpredictable enterprise **17** still always **19** roads harbors **23** ague trembling fit

And see my wealthy *Andrew*^o docked in sand,
 Vailing^o her high top lower than her ribs
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
 And see the holy edifice of stone
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
 Which touching but my gentle^o vessel's side
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks—
 And in a word, but even now worth this,^o
 And now worth nothing?^o Shall I have the thought
 To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
 That such a thing bechanced^o would make me sad?
 But tell not me! I know Antonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

ANTONIO

Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottom^o trusted,
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year.
 Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

SOLANIO

Why then you are in love.

ANTONIO

Fie, fie!

SOLANIO

Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad
 Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
 For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry
 Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed Janus,^o 50
 Nature hath framed strange^o fellows in her time:
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
 And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper,
 And other of such vinegar aspect
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile 55
 Though Nestor^o swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
 Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well;
 We leave you now with better company.

SALERIO

I would have stayed till I had made you merry,
 If worthier friends had not prevented^o me. 60

ANTONIO

Your worth is very dear in my regard.
 I take it your own business calls on you,
 And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

SALERIO

Good morrow, my good lords. 65

BASSANIO

Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
 You grow exceeding strange;^o must it be so?

SALERIO

We'll make our leasures to attend on yours.

Exeunt SALERIO and SOLANIO.

27 *Andrew* the name of a ship 28 *Vailing* lowering, in recognition of a superior 32 *gentle* noble and gentle; hence, splendid and frail 35, 36 *this, nothing* spoken with an emphatic gesture 38 *bechanced* should it happen 42 *bottom* ship 50 *two-headed Janus* Roman god of entrances and hence of all beginnings; depicted with two faces, one cheerful, one sad, symbolizing the uncertainty of the future (Solanio suggests that Antonio is as strange a figure as Janus) 51 *strange* marvelously queer 56 *Nestor* the oldest and most venerable Greek leader in the Trojan War; a type of gravity and wisdom 61 *prevented* forestalled 67 *strange* distant

LORENZO

My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
 We two will leave you; but at dinner time 70
 I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

BASSANIO

I will not fail you.

GRATIANO

You look not well, Signior Antonio.

35 You have too much respect upon^o the world;
 They lose it that do buy it with much care. 75
 Believe me, you are marvelously changed.

ANTONIO

40 I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano—
 A stage, where every man must play a part,
 And mine a sad one.

GRATIANO

Let me play the fool!

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come, 80
 And let my liver^o rather heat with wine
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.^o
 Why should a man whose blood is warm within
 Sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster?

Sleep when he wakes? And creep into the jaundice^o 85

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—

I love thee, and 'tis my love that speaks—

There are a sort of men whose visages
 Do cream and mantle^o like a standing pond,
 And do a willful stillness entertain^o 90

With purpose to be dressed in an opinion^o
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,^o

As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,^o

And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"

O my Antonio, I do know of these 95

That therefore only are reputed wise

For saying nothing; when I am very sure

If they should speak, would almost dam^o those ears,
 Which hearing them would call their brothers
 fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time. 100

But fish not with this melancholy bait

For this fool gudgeon,^o this opinion.

Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile;

I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

LORENZO

Well, we will leave you then till dinner time. 105

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,

For Gratiano never lets me speak.

74 *respect upon* regard for 81 *liver* one of the supposed seats of the passions 82 *mortifying groans* groans supposed to deaden vitality (by drawing blood from the heart) 85 *jaundice* disease thought to be caused by peevishness 89 *cream and mantle* become impassive like thick cream on a bowl of milk, or a mantle of scum on a pond 90 *entertain* assume 91 *opinion* reputation (as in line 102) 92 *profound conceit* power of forming profound conceptions 93 *I . . . Oracle* I am as wise as a Greek oracle (inspired by the gods) 98 *dam* often emended to "damn," and probably a pun: if these silent and reputedly wise men ever did speak, the abundance of their foolish words would not only dam up the ears of the listeners, but also make the listeners call the formerly silent men fools, and thus bring on the listeners the penalty of damnation which is pronounced on all who apply this term to a brother man (see Matthew 5:22) 101-02 *But . . . gudgeon* don't cultivate melancholy to gain a reputation for silent wisdom, for the judgment of the multitude is stupid (a gudgeon was proverbially a foolish fish)

GRATIANO

Well, keep me company but two years moe,^o
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANTONIO

Fare you well; I'll grow a talker for this gear.^o 110

GRATIANO

Thanks i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue^o dried and a maid not vendible.^o
Exeunt [GRATIANO and LORENZO].

ANTONIO Is that anything now?

BASSANIO Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are 115
as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.

ANTONIO

Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage 120
That you today promised to tell me of?

BASSANIO

'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something^o showing a more swelling port^o
Than my faint means would grant continuance.^o 125
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged^o
From such a noble rate;^o but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,^o
Hath left me gaged.^o To you, Antonio, 130
I owe the most in money and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANTONIO

I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it, 135
And if it stand as you yourself still^o do,
Within the eye of honor, be assured
My purse, my person, my extremest means
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.^o

BASSANIO

In my schooldays, when I had lost one shaft^o 140
I shot his fellow^o of the selfsame flight^o
The selfsame way, with more advised^o watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof^o
Because what follows is pure innocence.^o 145
I owe you much, and like a willful youth^o
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,

As I will watch the aim, or^o to find both, 150
Or bring your latter hazard^o back again
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANTONIO

You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;^o
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong 155
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it.^o Therefore speak. 160

BASSANIO

In Belmont is a lady richly left;^o
And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues.^o Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued 165
To^o Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia;^o
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece, 170
Which makes her seat^o of Belmont Colchos' strond,^o
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me^o such thrift^o 175
That I should questionless be fortunate!

ANTONIO

Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity^o
To raise a present sum. Therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do. 180
That shall be racked^o even to the uttermost
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go presently^o inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake.^o *Exeunt.* 185

[Scene II. Belmont. Portia's house.]

Enter PORTIA with her waiting woman, NERISSA.

PORTIA By my troth,^o Nerissa, my little body is
awearied of this great world.

145

NERISSA You would be, sweet madam, if your
miseries were in the same abundance as your good
fortunes are; and yet for aught I see, they are as sick 5
that surfeit^o with too much as they that starve with

108 **moe** more (*moe* is the old positive form of which *more* was the comparative) 110 **gear** stuff (a mild jest, showing that Gratiano has cheered Antonio for a moment) 112 **neat's tongue** beef tongue; **vendible** salable (i.e., marriageable) 124 **something** somewhat; **swelling port** impressive style of living 125 **grant continuance** allow me to continue 126 **abridged** cut down 127 **rate** scale 129 **my . . . prodigal** the lavish way I spent my time 130 **gaged** pledged 136 **still** always 139 **occasions** needs 140 **shaft** arrow 141 **fellow** duplicate; **selfsame flight** identical in size and in the feathers 142 **advised** considered 144 **proof** experience 145 **pure innocence** childlike sincerity 146 **like . . . youth** like one who neglected sound advice and learned by making mistakes

150 **or** either 151 **hazard** thing risked 154 **To . . . circumstance** to approach my love circuitously with elaborate talk 160 **prest unto it** ready to aid you in it (from Latin *praesto* = at hand, ready) 161 **richly left** left rich 163 **virtues** powers and gifts (a more inclusive word than today) 165–66 **nothing undervalued** To of no less value than 166 **Brutus' Portia** famed for her intellectual gifts, her resolution, and her wifely devotion (see *Julius Caesar*, II.i.234–309) 171 **seat** estate; **Colchos' strond** the shore east of the Black Sea where Jason won the Golden Fleece 175 **mind presages me** presentiment that foretells me; **thrift** thriving, success 178 **commodity** merchandise 181 **racked** stretched to the point of torture (as on the rack) 183 **presently** instantly 185 **of . . . sake** on my credit or on the basis of friendship I.ii.1 **troth** faith 6 **surfeit** are overfed, gluttoned

nothing. It is no mean^o happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean;^o superfluity comes sooner by^o white hairs, but competency^o lives longer.

PORTIA Good sentences,^o and well pronounced. 10

NERISSA They would be better if well followed.

PORTIA If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been^o churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty 15 what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood,^o but a hot temper^o leaps o'er a cold decree;^o such a hare is madness the youth to skip o'er the meshes^o of good counsel the cripple. But this 20 reasoning is not in the fashion^o to choose me a husband. O me, the word "choose"! I may neither choose who I would nor refuse who I dislike, so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will^o of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor 25 refuse none?^o

NERISSA Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations. Therefore the lott'ry that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereof who chooses his mean- 30 ing chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

PORTIA I pray thee overname them; and as thou 35 namest them I will describe them, and according to my description level at my affection.

NERISSA First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

PORTIA Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appropri- 40 ation of his own good parts^o that he can shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith.

NERISSA Then is there the County^o Palatine.

PORTIA He doth nothing but frown—as who should 45 say, "And^o you will not have me, choose!" He hears merry tales and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher^o when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness^o in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth 50 than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

NERISSA How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

PORTIA God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker, 55 but he! Why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man. If a

throstle^o sing, he falls straight a-cap'ring; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should^o marry him, I 60 should^o marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

NERISSA What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England? 65

PORTIA You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him. He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper^o man's picture, but alas, who 70 can converse with a dumbshow? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet^o in Italy, his round hose^o in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere.

NERISSA What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor? 75

PORTIA That he hath a neighborly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman^o became his surety and sealed 80 under for another.

NERISSA How like you the young German,^o the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

PORTIA Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk. 85 When he is best he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst he is little better than a beast.^o And the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift^o to go without him.

NERISSA If he should offer to choose, and choose the 90 right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him.

PORTIA Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary 95 casket, for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

NERISSA You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords. They have acquainted me with their deter- 100 minations; which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort^o than your father's imposition,^o depending on the caskets.

PORTIA If I live to be as old as Sibylla,^o I will die as chaste as Diana unless I be obtained by the manner of 105 my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

7, 8 **mean** (1) slight (2) golden mean 8 **comes sooner by** acquires sooner 9 **competency** a modest but comfortable fortune 10 **sentences** sententious maxims 13 **had been** would have been 18 **blood** passion; **hot temper** ardent temperament 18–19 **cold decree** decision made in cold judgment 20 **meshes** nets for catching small creatures 21 **in the fashion** of the sort 23–24 **will . . . will** wish . . . last will and testament 26 **refuse none** refuse any 40–41 **appropriation . . . parts** personal accomplishment added to his talents 44 **County** Count 46 **And if** 47–48 **the weeping philosopher** another Heraclitus 49 **unmannerly sadness** unbecoming seriousness

59 **throstle** song thrush 60–61 **should . . . should** were to . . . would be obliged to 70 **proper** handsome 72 **doublet** upper garment, corresponding to the modern coat 73 **round hose** lower garment, combining the functions of breeches and stockings 75–80 **Scottish . . . Frenchman** an allusion to the French promises of aid to the Scots against the English, promises that were often broken 82 **German** Germans were proverbially heavy drinkers 86–87 **best . . . beast** a pun, "beast" being pronounced almost like "best" (such quibbles were not necessarily comic, but were considered clever and interesting) 88 **make shift** find a way 102 **sort** manner 102–03 **imposition** command 104 **Sibylla** the Cumean Sibyl (Apollo promised her as many years of life as were the grains of sand she was holding in her hand)

NERISSA Do you not remember, lady, in your father's 110
time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came
hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

PORTIA Yes, yes, it was Bassanio!—as I think, so was
he called.

NERISSA True, madam. He, of all the men that ever 115
my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving
a fair lady.

PORTIA I remember him well, and I remember him
worthy of thy praise.

Enter a SERVINGMAN.

How now? What news? 120

SERVINGMAN The four strangers° seek for you,
madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner
come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings
word the prince his master will be here tonight.

PORTIA If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good 125
heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be
glad of his approach. If he have the condition of a saint
and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should
shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah,° go
before. Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, 130
another knocks at the door. *Exeunt.*

[Scene III. Venice. A public place.]

Enter BASSANIO with SHYLOCK the Jew.

SHYLOCK Three thousand ducats—well.

BASSANIO Ay, sir, for three months.

SHYLOCK For three months—well.

BASSANIO For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall
be bound.° 5

SHYLOCK Antonio shall become bound—well.

BASSANIO May° you stead° me? Will you pleasure
me? Shall I know your answer?

SHYLOCK Three thousand ducats for three months,
and Antonio bound. 10

BASSANIO Your answer to that.

SHYLOCK Antonio is a good man.°

BASSANIO Have you heard any imputation to the
contrary?

SHYLOCK Ho no, no, no, no! My meaning in saying 15
he is a good man. is to have you understand me that he
is sufficient.° Yet his means are in supposition:° he hath
an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I
understand, moreover, upon the Rialto,° he hath a
third at Mexico, a fourth for England—and other 20
ventures he hath, squand' red abroad. But ships are but
boards, sailors but men; there be land rats and water
rats, water thieves and land thieves—I mean pirates°—

and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks.
The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three 25
thousand ducats—I think I may take his bond.

BASSANIO Be assured you may.

SHYLOCK I will be assured I may. And that I may be
assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

BASSANIO If it please you to dine with us. 30

SHYLOCK Yes, to smell pork, to eat of the habitation
which your prophet the Nazarite° conjured the devil
into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you,
walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat
with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What 35
news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

BASSANIO

This is Signior Antonio.

SHYLOCK [*Aside.*]

How like a fawning publican° he looks.

I hate him for° he is a Christian;

But more, for that in low simplicity 40

He lends out money gratis, and brings down

The rate of usance° here with us in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,°

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

He hates our sacred nation, and he rails, 45

Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,°

Which he calls interest. Cursèd be my tribe

If I forgive him.

BASSANIO Shylock, do you hear?

SHYLOCK

I am debating of my present store,° 50

And by the near guess of my memory

I cannot instantly raise up the gross°

Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,

Will furnish me. But soft,° how many months 55

Do you desire? [*To ANTONIO.*] Rest you fair, good
signior!

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANTONIO

Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow

By taking nor by giving of excess,

Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend, 60
I'll break a custom. [*To BASSANIO.*] Is he yet pos-
sessed°

How much ye would?°

SHYLOCK Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANTONIO

And for three months.

SHYLOCK

I had forgot—three months, you told me so.

Well then, your bond. And let me see—but hear you: 65

121 four strangers apparently Shakespeare originally described four suitors, then added two more, and forgot to change "four" to "six" **129 Sirrah** a regular form of address to a social inferior; Portia speaks to the servant

I.iii.5 bound under legal obligation as cosigner of the bond **7 May** can; **stead** be of service to **12 good man** good business risk (Bassanio takes the word as referring to moral character) **17 sufficient** adequate, responsible; **in supposition** doubtful **19 Rialto** famous bridge in Venice, the center of commercial activity **23 pirates** pronounced "pi-rats," with quibble on *rats*

32 the Nazarite Christ (the allusion is to the episode in Mark 5:1-13, Luke 8:26-33) **38 publican** sometimes glossed as a Roman tax gatherer, as in Matthew 11:17 and 31:30 ff., and sometimes as an Elizabethan innkeeper; perhaps Shylock uses it as an inexact but bitter term of reproach **39 for** because **42 usance** interest **43 upon the hip** at a disadvantage (a term in wrestling) **47 thrift** prosperity **50 present store** stock of ready money **52 gross** whole amount **55 soft** hold, stay **61 possessed** apprised **62 would** desire

Methoughts° you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.°

ANTONIO I do never use it.

SHYLOCK

When Jacob° grazed his uncle Laban's sheep—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; ay, he was the third—

ANTONIO

And what of him? Did he take interest?

SHYLOCK

No, not take interest—not as you would say
Directly int'rest. Mark what Jacob did:
When Laban and himself were compromised°
That all the eanlings which were streaked and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, and ewes being rank
In end of autumn turnèd to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skillful shepherd pilled° me° certain wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kind°
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who then conceiving, did in eaning° time
Fall parti-colored lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing if men steal it not.

ANTONIO

This was a venture,° sir, that Jacob served for,
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But swayed and fashioned by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

SHYLOCK

I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.
But note me, signior—

ANTONIO

Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly° apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

SHYLOCK

Three thousand ducats—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve—then let me see, the rate—

ANTONIO

Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding° to you?

SHYLOCK

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated° me
About my moneys and my usances.
Still° have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For suff'rance° is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cutthroat dog,
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,°
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help.

Go to, then.° You come to me and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys"—you say so,
You that did void your rheum° upon my beard
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold! Moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" Or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this:

"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last,
You spurned me such a day, another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys"?"

ANTONIO

I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends—for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal° of his friend?—
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he break,° thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

SHYLOCK

Why look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit°
Of usance for my moneys; and you'll not hear me.
This is kind° I offer.

BASSANIO

This were kindness.

SHYLOCK

This kindness will I show:
Go with me to a notary; seal me there
Your single° bond, and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

ANTONIO

Content, in faith. I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness° in the Jew.

BASSANIO

You shall not seal to such a bond for me!
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

ANTONIO

Why fear not, man; I will not forfeit it.
Within these two months—that's a month before
This bond expires—I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHYLOCK

O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you tell me this:

66 **Methoughts** it seemed to me 67 **advantage** interest
68 **Jacob** see Genesis 30:25-43, 31:1-13 75 **were compromised** had reached an agreement 81 **pilled** stripped; **me** the ethical dative 82 **kind** nature 84 **eaning** lambing 88 **venture** unpredictable enterprise 98 **goodly** fine-appearing 102 **beholding** beholden, obligated 104 **rated** berated, reviled 106 **Still** always 107 **suff'rance** long-suffering 109 **gaberdine** the distinctive gown or mantle of the Jews

112 **Go to, then** an exclamation suggesting annoyance 114 **rheum** spittle 131 **breed** . . . **metal** interest (Aristotelian doctrine held that money, unlike living things, cannot reproduce) 133 **break** become insolvent 137 **doit** tiny Dutch coin, valued at one eighth of an English penny 139 **kind** kind and natural (in contrast to usurious dealings) 142 **single** without further security 150 **kindness** natural friendliness

If he should break his day,^o what should I gain
 By the exaction of the forfeiture?
 A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
 Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
 As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say
 To buy his favor I extend this friendship.
 If he will take it, so; if not, adieu.^o
 And for my love I pray you wrong me not.^o

ANTONIO

Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHYLOCK

Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
 Give him direction for this merry bond,
 And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
 See to my house, left in the fearful^o guard
 Of an unthrifty knave,^o and presently^o
 I'll be with you. *Exit.*

ANTONIO

Hie thee, gentle Jew.^o

The Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind. 175

BASSANIO

I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

ANTONIO

Come on. In this there can be no dismay;
 My ships come home a month before the day. *Exeunt.*

[A C T I I]

[Scene I. Belmont. Portia's house.]

[*Flourish of cornets.*] Enter [*the Prince of*] MOROCCO, a tawny Moor all in white, and three or four FOLLOWERS accordingly, with PORTIA, NERISSA, and their TRAIN.

MOROCCO

Mislike me not for my complexion,
 The shadowed^o livery^o of the burnished sun,
 To whom I am a neighbor and near bred.
 Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
 Where Phoebus^o fire scarce thaws the icicles,
 And let us make incision^o for your love
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect^o of mine
 Hath feared the valiant.^o By my love I swear,
 The best-regarded virgins of our clime
 Have loved it too. I would not change this hue,
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

PORTIA

In terms of choice^o I am not solely led
 By nice^o direction of a maiden's eyes.
 Besides, the lott'ry of my destiny

160 break his day break his promise to pay on the due date
 166 adieu probably the word has the original meaning "I commend you to God" 167 And . . . not And for the friendship I have shown you, please don't misjudge me in the future
 172 fearful hazardous 173 unthrifty knave careless youngster; presently instantly 174 gentle Jew courteous Jew (with a pun on *gentile*)

II.i.2 shadowed dark; livery uniform for a king's or nobleman's retainers 5 Phoebus' the sun-god's 6 make incision cut our flesh 8 aspect pronounced "a-spèct" 9 feared the valiant caused the valiant to fear 13 In . . . choice with respect to my choice 14 nice fastidious

160 Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.
 But if my father had not scanted^o me,
 And hedged me by his wit^o to yield myself
 His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
 Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair 20
 As any comer I have looked on yet
 For my affection.

MOROCCO Even for that I thank you.

Therefore I pray you lead me to the caskets
 To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
 That slew the Sophy,^o and a Persian prince 25
 That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,
 I would o'erstare^o the sternest eyes that look,
 Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
 Yea, mock the lion when 'a^o roars for prey, 30
 To win thee, lady. But alas the while,
 If Hercules and Lichas^o play at dice
 Which is the better man, the greater throw
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand.
 So is Alcides^o beaten by his page, 35
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
 Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
 And die with grieving.

PORTIA You must take your chance,
 And either not attempt to choose at all,
 Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong 40
 Never to speak to lady afterward
 In way of marriage. Therefore be advised.^o

MOROCCO

Nor will not.^o Come, bring me unto my chance.

PORTIA

First, forward to the temple; after dinner
 Your hazard shall be made.

MOROCCO Good fortune then, 45
 To make me blest or cursèdst among men!
 [*Flourish of cornets.*] *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. Venice. A street.]

5 Enter [LAUNCELOT Gobbo] the clown, alone.

LAUNCELOT Certainly my conscience will serve me
 to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine
 elbow and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launce-
 lot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or
 "good Launcelot Gobbo—use your legs, take the start, 5
 run away." My conscience says, "No. Take heed,
 honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or as
 aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo, do not run;
 scorn running with thy heels."^o Well, the most
 courageous fiend bids me pack. "Fia!"^o says the fiend; 10
 "away!" says the fiend. "For the heavens,^o rouse up a
 brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my
 conscience hanging about the neck of my heart says

17 scanted limited 18 hedged . . . wit fenced me in by his clever intellect 25 Sophy Shah of Persia 27 o'erstare outstare 30 'a he 32 Lichas Hercules' page 35 Alcides Hercules 42 be advised consider well 43 Nor will not nor will I (ever woo another for my wife)

II.ii.9 scorn . . . heels (1) scorn to run away with your feet (2) scorn utterly to run 10 Fia from Italian *via* = away 11 For the heavens by heaven, or for heaven's sake (in either case a grotesque thing for the fiend to say)

very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son"—or rather an honest woman's son, for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste°—Well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well." "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well." To be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master who (God bless the mark!°) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation;° and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel. I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old GOBBO with a basket.

GOBBO Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

LAUNCELOT [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father who, being more than sand-blind,° high-gravel-blind,° knows me not. I will try confusions with him.

GOBBO Master young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Master Jew's?

LAUNCELOT Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry,° at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

GOBBO Be God's sonties,° 'twill be a hard way to hit! Can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

LAUNCELOT Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside.*] Mark me now! Now will I raise the waters.°—Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

GOBBO No master,° sir, but a poor man's son. His father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man and, God be thanked, well to live.°

LAUNCELOT Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

GOBBO Your worship's friend,° and Launcelot, sir.

LAUNCELOT But I pray you, ergo,° old man, ergo I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

GOBBO Of Launcelot, an't° please your mastership.

LAUNCELOT Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father, for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

16-17 **did something smack** . . . **had a kind of taste** both phrases indicate a tendency to vice 22-23 **God** . . . **mark** used, like "saving your reverence" in lines 24-25, to avert a bad omen 26 **incarnation** blunder for *incarnate* 34 **sand-blind** dull of sight 35 **high-gravel-blind** Launcelot's comic superlative for "sand-blind" earlier 41 **marry** a mild interjection (originally an oath, "By the Virgin Mary") 43 **Be God's sonties** by God's little saints 47 **raise the waters** rouse a storm of emotion (a nautical metaphor?) 49 **No master** as a servant, Launcelot has no claim to the title of master 50-51 **exceeding** . . . **live** poverty-stricken and well-to-do 54 **Your worship's friend** he politely insists on his son's humble status 55 **ergo** therefore 57 **an't** if it

GOBBO Marry, God forbid! The boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

LAUNCELOT [*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?° Do you know me, father?°

GOBBO Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman, but I pray you tell me, is my boy—God rest his soul—alive or dead?

LAUNCELOT Do you not know me, father?°

GOBBO Alack, sir, I am sand-blind! I know you not.

LAUNCELOT Nay, indeed if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me. It is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels, with his back to his father.*] Give me your blessing. Truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long—a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

GOBBO Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

LAUNCELOT Pray you let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing. I am Launcelot—your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

GOBBO I cannot think you are my son.

LAUNCELOT I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

GOBBO Her name is Margery indeed! I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might He be, what a beard° hast thou got! Thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse° has on his tail.

LAUNCELOT [*Rises.*] It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward. I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

GOBBO Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

LAUNCELOT Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest° to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present? Give him a halter!° I am famished in his service; you may tell° every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come. Give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man. To him, father, for 'I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with [LEONARDO and] a FOLLOWER or two.

BASSANIO You may do so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock.

66-67 **Do** . . . **prop** spoken directly to the audience 68, 72 **father** a term of courtesy often used by the young to the old, without implying blood relationship 93 **beard** the sand-blind father places his hand on his son's head, and mistakes Launcelot's fashionable long hair for a huge beard 95 **fill-horse** cart horse 103 **set** . . . **rest** wagered all (with word play on "rest" and "run") 105 **halter** hangman's noose 106 **tell** count

See these letters delivered, put the liveries to making, 115
and desire Gratiano to come anon° to my lodging.

[Exit one of his MEN.]

LAUNCELOT To him, father!

GOBBO God bless your worship!

BASSANIO Gramercy.° Wouldst thou aught with me?

GOBBO Here's my son, sir, a poor boy— 120

LAUNCELOT Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's
man, that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

GOBBO He hath a great infection,° sir, as one would
say, to serve—

LAUNCELOT Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve 125
the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify—

GOBBO His master and he, saving your worship's
reverence, are scarce cater-cousins.°

LAUNCELOT To be brief, the very truth is that the
Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my 130
father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify° unto
you—

GOBBO I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow
upon your worship, and my suit is—

LAUNCELOT In very brief, the suit is impertinent° to 135
myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old
man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poor
man, my father.

BASSANIO One speak for both. What would you?

LAUNCELOT Serve you, sir. 140

GOBBO That is the very defect° of the matter, sir.

BASSANIO

I know thee well; thou hast obtained thy suit.

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,

And hath preferred° thee, if it be preferment

To leave a rich Jew's service to become 145

The follower of so poor a gentleman.

LAUNCELOT The old proverb° is very well parted
between my master Shylock and you, sir. You have
the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

BASSANIO

Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son; 150

Take leave of thy old master and inquire

My lodging out. [To a SERVANT.] Give him a livery
More guarded° than his fellows'. See it done.

LAUNCELOT Father, in. I cannot get a service; no! I
have ne'er a tongue in my head! Well! [Studies his 155
palm.] If any man in Italy have a fairer table° which
doth offer to swear upon a book—I shall have good
fortune! Go to, here's a simple line of life. Here's a
small trifle of wives. Alas, fifteen wives is nothing;
eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in 160
for one man. And then to scape drowning thrice, and
to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather bed!
Here are simple scapes.° Well, if Fortune be a woman,
she's a good wench for this gear.° Father, come. I'll
take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling. 165

Exit clown [LAUNCELOT, with old GOBBO].

BASSANIO

I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:

These things being bought and orderly bestowed,

Return in haste, for I do feast tonight

My best-esteemed acquaintance. Hie thee, go.

LEONARDO

My best endeavors shall be done herein. 170

Enter GRATIANO.

GRATIANO

Where's your master?

LEONARDO

Yonder, sir, he walks.

Exit LEONARDO.

GRATIANO

Signior Bassanio!

BASSANIO

Gratiano!

GRATIANO

I have suit to you.

BASSANIO

You have obtained it!

GRATIANO

You must not deny me. I must go with you to
Belmont.

BASSANIO

Why then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano: 175

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice—

Parts that become thee happily enough

And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;

But where thou art not known—why, there they show

Something too liberal.° Pray thee take pain 180

To allay with some cold drops of modesty

Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behavior

I be misconst' red° in the place I go to,

And lose my hopes.

GRATIANO

Signior Bassanio, hear me:

If I do not put on a sober habit,° 185

Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,

Wear prayer books in my pocket, look demurely—

Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes

Thus with my hat, and sigh and say amen,

Use all the observance of civility° 190

Like one well studied in a sad ostent°

To please his grandam, never trust me more.

BASSANIO

Well, we shall see your bearing.

GRATIANO

Nay, but I bar tonight. You shall not gauge me
By what we do tonight.

BASSANIO

No, that were pity. 195

I would entreat you rather to put on

Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends

That purpose merriment. But fare you well;

I have some business.

GRATIANO

And I must to Lorenzo and the rest, 200

But we will visit you at supper time.

Exeunt.

116 anon straightway 119 Gramercy many thanks (French *grand merci*) 123 infection Gobbo's mistake for *affection* (i.e., liking) 128 cater-cousins great friends 131 frutify for *fructify*, a blunder for a word like *signify* 135 impertinent for *pertinent* 141 defect for *effect* 144 preferred recommended for a higher position 147 proverb such as, "He that hath the grace of God hath enough" 153 guarded ornamented 156 table palm 163 scapes escapes 164 gear business (i.e., the good fortune that he pretends to read in his palm)

180 liberal free (a kind word to describe Gratiano!) 183 misconst' red misconstrued 185 habit (1) bearing (2) garment 190 civility civilized behavior 191 sad ostent sober and earnest appearance

[Scene III. Venice. Shylock's house.]

Enter JESSICA and [LAUNCELOT] the clown.

JESSICA

I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou a merry devil
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest.
Give him this letter; do it secretly.
And so farewell. I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

LAUNCELOT Adieu!° Tears exhibit° my tongue. Most 10
beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew, if a Christian do not
play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived.°
But adieu! These foolish drops do something drown
my manly spirit. Adieu!

JESSICA

Farewell, good Launcelot. [Exit LAUNCELOT.] 15
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife! 20
Exit.

[Scene IV. Venice. A street.]

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALERIO, and
SOLANIO.

LORENZO

Nay, we will slink away in supper time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

GRATIANO

We have not made good preparation.

SALERIO

We have not spoke us yet of torchbearers.° 5

SOLANIO

'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered,°
And better in my mind not undertook.

LORENZO

'Tis now but four of clock. We have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT [with a letter].

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

LAUNCELOT And it shall please you to break up° this, 10
it shall seem to signify.

LORENZO

I know the hand. In faith, 'tis a fair hand,

And whiter than the paper it° writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

GRATIANO

Love-news, in faith!

LAUNCELOT By your leave, sir. 15

LORENZO Whither goest thou?

LAUNCELOT Marry, sir, to bid° my old master the
Jew to sup tonight with my new master the Christian.

LORENZO

Hold here, take this. [Gives money.] Tell gentle° Jessica
I will not fail her. Speak it privately. 20

Exit clown [LAUNCELOT].

Go, gentlemen;

Will you prepare you for this masque tonight?
I am provided of a torchbearer.

SALERIO

Ay marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

SOLANIO

And so will I.

LORENZO Meet me and Gratiano 25

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

SALERIO

'Tis good we do so. Exit [with SOLANIO].

GRATIANO

Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

LORENZO

I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house, 30
What gold and jewels she is furnished with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle° daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,° 35
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless° Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest.
Fair Jessica shall be my torchbearer.°

Exit [with GRATIANO].

[Scene V. Venice. Before Shylock's house.]

Enter [SHYLOCK the] Jew and [LAUNCELOT,] his man
that was the clown.

SHYLOCK

Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.—
What,° Jessica!—Thou shalt not gormandize
As thou hast done with me.—What, Jessica!—
And sleep, and snore, and rend apparel out.— 5
Why, Jessica, I say!

LAUNCELOT Why, Jessica!

SHYLOCK

Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

LAUNCELOT Your worship was wont to tell me I
could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

II.iii.10 Adieu perhaps not merely "good-by," but "I commend you to God"; exhibit for inhibit II-12 if . . . deceived perhaps Launcelot is giving a hint of what happens in II.v, but perhaps "do" should be emended to "did," and "get" should be understood in the sense of "beget"

II.iv.5 spoke . . . torchbearers talked about getting torchbearers (who were regularly used in this sort of street festivity) 6 quaintly ordered artfully arranged 10 break up open

13 it the hand 17 bid ask 19, 34 gentle charming and possessed of all attributes of a lady (with a pun on gentile, as elsewhere) 35 cross her foot cross her path 37 faithless lacking the Christian faith 39 torchbearer i.e., disguised as a page

II.v.3 What exclamation of impatience, like "Why" in line 6

JESSICA Call you? What is your will?

SHYLOCK

I am bid forth to supper, Jessica.

There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love—they flatter me.

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian. Jessica my girl,

Look to my house. I am right loath to go.

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of moneybags tonight.°

LAUNCELOT I beseech you, sir, go. My young master
doth expect your reproach.°

SHYLOCK So do I his.

LAUNCELOT And they have conspired together. I will
not say you shall see a masque, but if you do, then it
was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on
Black Monday° last at six o'clock i' th' morning, 25
falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four year
in th' afternoon.°

SHYLOCK

What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum

And the vile squealing of the wry-necked fife,°

Clamber not you up to the casements then,

Nor thrust your head into the public street

To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces;°

But stop my house's ears—I mean my casements;

Let not the sound of shallow fopp'ry enter

My sober house. By Jacob's staff I swear

I have no mind of feasting forth tonight;

But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah.

Say I will come.

LAUNCELOT I will go before, sir.

Mistress, look out at window for all this:

There will come a Christian by

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit.]

SHYLOCK

What says that fool of Hagar's offspring,° ha?

JESSICA

His words were "Farewell, mistress"—nothing else.

SHYLOCK

The patch° is kind enough, but a huge feeder,

Snail-slow in profit,° and he sleeps by day

More than the wildcat. Drones hive not with me;

Therefore I part with him, and part with him

To one that I would have him help to waste

His borrowed purse. Well, Jessica, go in;

Perhaps I will return immediately.

Do as I bid you, shut doors after you.

18 tonight last night (the premonition is serious for Shylock, comic for the audience) **20 reproach** Launcelot's word for *approach* **25 Black Monday** Easter Monday **26-27 falling . . . afternoon** apparently Launcelot means "four years ago on Ash Wednesday," but he may be intentionally talking nonsense **30 wry-necked fife** fife-player with neck twisted to one side (the mouthpiece of the Elizabethan fife was set at an angle, and these words are therefore sometimes taken to mean the instrument; but Shylock would be less scornful of the instrument than of the gay fool with his neck at a crazy angle) **33 varnished faces** painted masks (Shylock no doubt puns on *varnished* in the sense of "insincere") **43 Hagar's offspring** Ishmael, son of Abraham by the servant Hagar (mother and son were cast out by Abraham after Isaac's birth) **45 patch** fool **46 in profit** in any profitable activity

10 Fast bind, fast find,
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. *Exit.*

JESSICA

Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost. *Exit.* 55

15 [Scene VI. Venice. Before Shylock's house.]

Enter the masquers GRATIANO and SALERIO.

GRATIANO

This is the penthouse° under which Lorenzo

Desired us to make stand.

SALERIO

His hour is almost past.

GRATIANO

And it is marvel he outdwells his hour,

For lovers ever run before the clock.

SALERIO

O ten times faster Venus' pigeons° fly

To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont

To keep obligèd faith° unforfeited! 5

GRATIANO

That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast

With that keen appetite that he sits down?

Where is the horse that doth untread again 10

His tedious measures° with the unbated fire

That he did pace them first? All things that are

35 Are with more spirit chasèd than enjoyed.

How like a younger° or a prodigal

The scarfèd° bark puts from her native bay, 15

Hugged and embracèd by the strumpet wind!

How like the prodigal doth she return,

With overweathered° ribs and ragged sails,

40 Lean, rent, and beggared by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

SALERIO

Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter. 20

LORENZO

Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode.°

Not I but my affairs have made you wait.

When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,

I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;

Here dwells my father Jew. Ho, who's within? 25

[Enter] JESSICA above [in boy's clothes].

JESSICA

Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,

Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

LORENZO

Lorenzo, and thy love.

JESSICA

Lorenzo certain, and my love indeed,

For who love I so much? And now who knows 30

But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

LORENZO

Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

II.vi.i penthouse shelter formed by a projecting roof **5 Venus' pigeons** they drew her chariot **7 obligèd faith** faith pledged (in marriage) **11 measures** paces **14 younger** younger son **15 scarfèd** decorated with scarfs (i.e., flags and streamers) **18 overweathered** long exposed to stormy weather **21 abode** delay

JESSICA

Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
 I am glad 'tis night, you° do not look on me,
 For I am much ashamed of my exchange.°
 But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
 The pretty follies that themselves commit;
 For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
 To see me thus transformèd to a boy.

LORENZO

Descend, for you must be my torchbearer.

JESSICA

What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
 They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.°
 Why, 'tis an office of discovery,° love,
 And I should be obscured.

LORENZO

So are you, sweet,

Even in the lovely garnish° of a boy.

But come at once;

For the close° night doth play the runaway,

And we are stayed for at Bassanio's feast.

JESSICA

I will make fast the doors and gild myself
 With some moe° ducats, and be with you straight. 50
[Exit above.]

GRATIANO

Now by my hood, a gentle° and no Jew!

LORENZO

Beshrow° me but I love her heartily!

For she is wise, if I can judge of her,

And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,

And true she is, as she hath proved herself; 55

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,

Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA [below].

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen, away!

Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

Exit [with JESSICA and SALERIO].

Enter ANTONIO.

ANTONIO Who's there?

GRATIANO Signior Antonio?

ANTONIO

Fie, fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest?

'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you.

No masque tonight. The wind is come about;

Bassanio presently° will go aboard. 65

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

GRATIANO

I am glad on't. I desire no more delight

Than to be under sail and gone tonight. *Exeunt.*

[Scene VII. Belmont. Portia's house.]

[*Flourish of cornets.*] *Enter PORTIA, with MOROCCO
 and both their TRAINS.*

34 'tis night, you an ellipsis, "and" being understood 35
 exchange of clothes 42 light immodest (with a pun) 43
 office of discovery task in which my disguise will be revealed
 45 garnish pleasing attire 47 close secret 50 moe more
 51 gentle refined lady (with the usual pun on gentile) 52
 Beshrow a light word for curse 65 presently at this present
 moment

PORTIA

Go, draw aside the curtains and discover°

The several caskets to this noble prince.

35 Now make your choice.

MOROCCO

This first, of gold, who this inscription bears,

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire." 5

The second, silver, which this promise carries,

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

40 This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,°

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

How shall I know if I do choose the right? 10

PORTIA

The one of them contains my picture, prince.

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOROCCO

Some god direct my judgment! Let me see—

I will survey th' inscriptions back again.

What says this leaden casket? 15

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

Must give—for what? For lead! Hazard for lead?

This casket threatens; men that hazard all

Do it in hope of fair advantages.

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross; 20

I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

As much as he deserves? Pause here, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand: 25

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,°

55 Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afeard of my deserving

Were but a weak disabling° of myself. 30

As much as I deserve? Why that's the lady!

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I strayed no farther, but chose here? 35

Let's see once more this saying graved in gold:

60 "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

Why that's the lady! All the world desires her;

From the four corners of the earth they come

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint. 40

The Hyrcanian deserts° and the vasty wilds

Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now

65 For princes to come view fair Portia.

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spets in the face of heaven, is no bar 45

To stop the foreign spirits, but they come

As o'er a brook to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.

Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation

To think so base a thought; it were too gross° 50

To rib her cerecloth° in the obscure° grave.

II.vii.I discover reveal 8 as blunt as blunt as the lead is
 dull (with quibbles on blunt in the senses of "abrupt in speech
 and manner" and "not sharp," and on dull in the senses of
 "not sharp" and "not shining") 26 estimation reputation
 30 disabling undervaluing 41 Hyrcanian deserts Persian
 deserts (famous for savage beasts) 50 it . . . gross lead would
 be too coarse (bodies of wealthy persons were often encased in
 lead) 51 cerecloth waxed embalming cloth; obscure accent
 on first syllable

Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England 55
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stampèd in gold—but that's insculped^o upon;
But here an angel^o in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key.
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may! 60

PORTIA

There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He opens the golden casket.*]

MOROCCO O hell! What have we here?

A carrion death,^o within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

"All that glisters is not gold;^o 65
Often have you heard that told.
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold;
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold, 70
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrolled.^o
Fare you well, your suit is cold."

Cold indeed, and labor lost.

Then farewell heat, and welcome frost! 75

Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart

To take a tedious leave. Thus losers part.

Exit [with his TRAIN. Flourish of cornets].

PORTIA

A gentle^o riddance. Draw the curtains, go.

Let all of his complexion^o choose me so. *Exeunt.*

[Scene VIII. Venice. A street.]

Enter SALERIO and SOLANIO.

SALERIO

Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;

With him is Gratiano gone along,

And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

SOLANIO

The villain^o Jew with outcries raised the duke,

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship. 5

SALERIO

He came too late, the ship was under sail.

But there the duke was given to understand

That in a gondola were seen together

Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.

Besides, Antonio certified the duke

They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

SOLANIO

I never heard a passion^o so confused,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:

"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter! 15

Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!

Justice! The law! My ducats and my daughter!

A sealèd bag, two sealèd bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!

And jewels—two stones, two rich and precious stones, 20

Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! Find the girl!

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"

SALERIO

Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,

Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

SOLANIO

Let good Antonio look he keep his day,^o 25

Or he shall pay for this.

SALERIO

Marry, well rememb'red.

I reasoned^o with a Frenchman yesterday,

Who told me, in the narrow seas^o that part

The French and English there miscarrièd

A vessel of our country richly fraught.^o 30

I thought upon Antonio when he told me,

And wished in silence that it were not his.

SOLANIO

You were best to tell Antonio what you hear.

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

SALERIO

A kinder gentleman treads not the earth. 35

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part.

Bassanio told him he would make some speed

Of his return; he answered, "Do not so.

Slubber^o not business for my sake, Bassanio,

But stay the very riping of the time; 40

And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your mind of love.^o

Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts

To courtship and such fair ostents^o of love

As shall conveniently become you there." 45

And even there, his eye being big with tears,

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

And with affection wondrous sensible^o

He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

SOLANIO

I think he only loves the world for him. 50

I pray thee let us go and find him out,

And quicken his embracèd heaviness^o

With some delight or other.

SALERIO

Do we so.

Exeunt.

[Scene IX. Belmont. Portia's house.]

Enter NERISSA and a SERVITOR.

10 NERISSA

Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain straight.^o

The Prince of Aragon hath ta'en his oath,

And comes to his election^o presently.^o

57 insculped sculptured 58 angel Portia's picture 63 death death's head 65 All . . . gold proverbial 72 inscrolled written on the scroll 78 gentle well-bred 79 complexion temperament (not merely coloring)

II.viii.4 villain low-bred fellow (not scoundrel; a vaguer term than today) 12 passion emotional outburst

25 keep his day pay on the exact day appointed 27 reasoned talked 28 narrow seas English Channel 30 fraught freighted 39 Slubber hurry over in a slovenly way 42 mind of love loving thoughts (probably about both Antonio and Portia) 44 ostents shows, expressions 48 affection wondrous sensible wonderfully strong emotion 52 quicken . . . heaviness lighten the gloom which he has embraced

II.ix.I straight at once 3 election choice; presently at this present moment, instantly

[*Flourish of cornets.*] Enter ARAGON, his TRAIN, and PORTIA.

PORTIA

Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince.
If you choose that wherein I am contained,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

ARAGON

I am enjoined by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage;
Lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

PORTIA

To these injunctions everyone doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

ARAGON

And so^o have I addressed me.^o Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead.
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath." 20
You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? Ha, let me see!
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire—that "many" may be meant
By^o the fool multitude that choose by show, 25
Not learning more than the fond^o eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th' interior, but like the martlet^o
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.^o
I will not choose what many men desire, 30
Because I will not jump with^o common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then, to thee, thou silver treasure house!
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear.
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." 35
And well said too, for who shall go about
To cozen^o fortune, and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeservèd dignity.
O that estates, degrees,^o and offices^o 40
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover^o that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command;
How much low peasantry would then be gleanèd^o 45
From the true seed of honor!^o And how much honor
Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new varnished.^o Well, but to my choice.
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this, 50
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*]

PORTIA

Too long a pause for that which you find there.^o

ARAGON

What's here? The portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a schedule!^o I will read it. 5
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? Are my deserts no better?

PORTIA

To offend and judge are distinct offices, 60
And of opposèd natures.^o

ARAGON

What is here?

"The fire^o seven times tried this;^o
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss; 65
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive iwis,^o
Silvered o'er,^o and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I^o will ever be your head. 70
So be gone; you are sped."^o

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here.
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two. 75
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroath.^o [*Exit, with his TRAIN.*]

PORTIA

Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O these deliberate fools! When they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit^o to lose. 80

NERISSA

The ancient saying is no heresy:
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

PORTIA

Come draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Where is my lady?

PORTIA

Here. What would my lord?^o

MESSENGER

Madam, there is alighted at your gate 85
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets,^o
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen^o 90
So likely^o an ambassador of love.

18 so on these terms; have . . . me I have addressed myself (to this affair) 25 By with regard to 26 fond foolish 27 martlet martin, a bird 29 in . . . casualty exposed to the tyrannic force of mischance and lying in the open road 31 jump with accord with 37 cozen cheat 40 degrees ranks; offices official positions 43 cover wear hats, in sign of authority 45 gleanèd picked out, as in gleaning grain (cf. line 47, "Picked from the chaff") 46 seed of honor descendants of ancient nobility 48 To . . . varnished to have the luster of their family restored

52 Too . . . there probably an aside 54 schedule scroll 60-61 To . . . natures The offender is not to judge himself 62 fire pronounced fí-er; this the silver of the casket 67 iwis certainly 68 Silvered o'er with the gray hair usually associated with wisdom 70 I the "blinking idiot" of line 53 71 you are sped you have achieved your fortune 77 wroath heavy lot (?) 80 wit cleverness 84 What . . . lord a gay, jesting retort to the Messenger's "my lady" 88 sensible regrets a quibble: greetings (1) expressing strong feeling, and (2) conveying tangible gifts 90 Yet . . . seen not yet have I seen 91 likely promising

A day in April never came so sweet
To show how costly° summer was at hand,
As this forespurrer° comes before his lord.

PORTIA

No more, I pray thee. I am half afeard 95
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit° in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post° that comes so mannerly.

NERISSA

Bassanio, Lord Love,° if thy will it be! *Exeunt.* 100

[A C T I I I]

[Scene I. Venice. A street.]

[Enter] SOLANIO and SALERIO.

SOLANIO Now what news on the Rialto?

SALERIO Why, yet it lives there unchecked° that
Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on the
narrow seas°—the Goodwins° I think they call the place
—a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses 5
of many a tall ship lie buried as they say, if my gossip°
Report be an honest woman of her word.

SOLANIO I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as
ever knapped° ginger or made her neighbors believe
she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is 10
true, without any slips of prolixity° or crossing the
plain highway of talk,° that the good Antonio, the
honest Antonio—O that I had a title good enough to
keep his name company!—

SALERIO Come, the full stop.° 15

SOLANIO Ha, what sayest thou? Why the end is, he
hath lost a ship.

SALERIO I would it might prove the end of his losses.

SOLANIO Let me say amen betimes,° lest the devil
cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a 20
Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? What news among the merchants?

SHYLOCK You knew, none so well, none so well as
you, of my daughter's flight.

SALERIO That's certain. I for my part knew the tailor 25
that made the wings she flew withal.

SOLANIO And Shylock for his own part knew the
bird was fledge,° and then it is the complexion° of
them all to leave the dam.

SHYLOCK She is damned for it. 30

SALERIO That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

93 **costly** rich, plenteous 94 **forespurrer** advance messenger
(one who spurs his horse ahead of his party) 97 **high-day wit**
imagination befitting a festive occasion 99 **post** messenger
100 **Lord Love** god of love

III.i.2 it . . . **unchecked** it is reported without dispute 4
narrow seas English Channel; **Goodwins** Goodwin
Sands, a shoal 6 **gossip** talkative comrade 9 **knapped**
snapped, bit 11 **slips of prolixity** long-winded lies 11–12
crossing . . . **talk** going counter to honest speech 15 **Come**
. . . **stop** Come to the end of your sentence 19 **betimes**
promptly 28 **fledge** feathered, able to fly; **complexion**
natural disposition

SHYLOCK My own flesh and blood to rebel!

SOLANIO Out upon it, old carrion! Rebels it° at these
years?

SHYLOCK I say my daughter is my flesh and my 35
blood.

SALERIO There is more difference between thy flesh
and hers than between jet and ivory, more between
your bloods than there is between red wine and
Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio 40
have had any loss at sea or no?

SHYLOCK There I have another bad match! A bank-
rout,° a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on
the Rialto, a beggar that was used to come so smug°
upon the mart! Let him look to his bond. He was wont 45
to call me usurer. Let him look to his bond. He was
wont to lend money for a Christian cursy.° Let him
look to his bond.

SALERIO Why, I am sure if he forfeit thou wilt not
take his flesh. What's that good for? 50

SHYLOCK To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing
else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and
hind'red me half a million, laughed at my losses,
mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my
bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies— 55
and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew
eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions,°
senses, affections,° passions?—fed with the same food,
hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same
diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and 60
cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian
is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us,
do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die?
And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are
like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a 65
Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility?° Revenge!
If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance
be by Christian example? Why revenge! The villainy
you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I
will better the instruction. 70

Enter a MAN from Antonio.

[MAN] Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house,
and desires to speak with you both.

SALERIO We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

SOLANIO Here comes another of the tribe. A third
cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. 75

Exeunt gentlemen [SOLANIO, SALERIO, and MAN].

SHYLOCK How now, Tubal! What news from Genoa?
Hast thou found my daughter?

TUBAL I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot
find her.

SHYLOCK Why there, there, there, there! A diamond 80
gone cost me two thousand ducats in Frankford! The
curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt
it till now. Two thousand ducats in that, and other
precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were

33 **Rebels it** a contemptuous pun on "flesh and blood" in line
32 in the sense of fleshly desire 42–43 **bankrout** bankrupt
44 **smug** well-groomed 47 **cursy** courtesy 57 **dimensions**
limbs, features, etc. 58 **affections** feelings 66 **what** . . .
humility what does his Christian humility amount to

dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! Would she 85
were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!
No news of them? Why, so! And I know not what's
spent in the search. Why thou loss upon loss—the
thief gone with so much, and so much to find the 90
thief!—and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck
stirring but what lights o' my shoulders, no sighs but
o' my breathing, no tears but o' my shedding.

TUBAL Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I
heard in Genoa—

SHYLOCK What, what, what? Ill luck, ill luck? 95

TUBAL Hath an argosy cast away coming from
Tripolis.

SHYLOCK I thank God, I thank God! Is it true, is it
true?

TUBAL I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the 100
wrack.

SHYLOCK I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news,
good news! Ha, ha! Heard in Genoa?

TUBAL Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one
night fourscore ducats. 105

SHYLOCK Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never
see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting, four-
score ducats!

TUBAL There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my
company to Venice that swear he cannot choose but 110
break.°

SHYLOCK I am very glad of it. I'll plague him; I'll
torture him. I am glad of it.

TUBAL One of them showed me a ring that he had of
your daughter for a monkey. 115

SHYLOCK Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal.
It was my turquoise; I had it of Leah° when I was a
bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of
monkeys.

TUBAL But Antonio is certainly undone. 120

SHYLOCK Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go,
Tubal, fee me an officer;° bespeak° him a fortnight
before. I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for
were he out of Venice I can make what merchandise° I
will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, 125
good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. Belmont. Portia's house.]

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, [NERISSA,]
and all their TRAINS.

PORTIA

I pray you tarry; pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I lose your company. Therefore forbear awhile.
There's something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself 5
Hate counsels not in such a quality.°
But lest you should not understand me well—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you 10

III **break** go bankrupt 117 **Leah** Shylock's wife 122 **officer**
to arrest Antonio; **bespeak** engage 124 **merchandise** wealth
III.ii.6 in . . . **quality** in such a manner of speech as I am
using to you

How to choose right, but then I am forsworn.

So will I never be. So may you miss me.

But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin—

That I had been forsworn. Beshrow° your eyes!

They have o'erlooked° me and divided me; 15

One half of me is yours, the other half yours—

Mine own I would say; but if mine then yours,

And so all yours! O these naughty° times

Puts bars between the owners and their rights!

And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,° 20

Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.

I speak too long, but 'tis to peize° the time,

To eche° it and to draw it out in length,

To stay you from election.

BASSANIO Let me choose,

For as I am, I live upon the rack.° 25

PORTIA

Upon the rack, Bassanio? Then confess

What treason there is mingled with your love.°

BASSANIO

None but that ugly treason of mistrust,

Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love.

There may as well be amity and life 30

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

PORTIA

Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,

Where men enforcèd° do speak anything.

BASSANIO

Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

PORTIA

Well then, confess and live.

BASSANIO

Confess and love 35

Had been the very sum of my confession!

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance.°

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

PORTIA

Away then! I am locked in one of them; 40

If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.

Let music sound while he doth make his choice;

Then if he lose he makes a swanlike end,°

Fading in music. That the comparison 45

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream

And wat'ry deathbed for him. He may win;

And what is music then? Then music is

Even as the flourish° when true subjects bow

To a new-crownèd monarch. Such it is 50

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence,° but with much more love,

14 **Beshrow** curse (but a playful word) 15 **o'erlooked**
bewitched 18 **naughty** wicked 20 **Prove it so** if it should
prove so 22 **peize** weigh down, hence retard 23 **eche** eke
out (i.e., lengthen) 25 **rack** instrument of torture, on which
the body was pulled with great force, often breaking the
joints; used to force confessions, especially in trials for treason
27 **What . . . love** spoken playfully 33 **enforcèd** compelled
(by torture) 38 **answers for deliverance** answers to free
me from torture 44 **swanlike end** an end like the swan's
(who was supposed never to sing until it sang enchantingly
at its death) 49 **flourish** fanfare of trumpets 54 **presence**
noble bearing

Than young Alcides,^o when he did redeem
 The virgin tribute^o paid by howling Troy
 To the sea monster. I stand for sacrifice;
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
 With bleared visages come forth to view
 The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!
 Live thou,^o I live. With much, much more dismay^o
 I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.^o

A song the whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

Tell me where is fancy^o bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head?
 How begot, how nourishèd?
 Reply, reply.
 It is engend'red in the eyes,
 With gazing fed, and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.
 Let us all ring fancy's knell.
 I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.
 ALL Ding, dong, bell.

BASSANIO

So^o may the outward shows be least themselves;^o
 The world is still^o deceived with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But being seasoned with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damnèd error but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,^o
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
 How many cowards whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
 Who inward searched, have livers white as milk!^o
 And these assume but valor's excrement^o
 To render them redoubted.^o Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight,
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest^o that wear most of it:
 So are those crispèd^o snaky golden locks,
 Which maketh such wanton^o gambols with the wind
 Upon supposèd fairness, often known
 To be the dowry^o of a second head,
 The skull that bred them in the sepulcher.
 Thus ornament is but the guilèd^o shore
 To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian^o beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore then, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;

55 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge^o
 'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meager^o lead
 Which rather threaten'st than dost promise aught,
 Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
 And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

60 PORTIA [*Aside.*]

How all the other passions fleet to air,
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
 And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy.
 O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
 In measure rain thy joy, scant^o this excess!
 I feel too much thy blessing. Make it less
 For fear I surfeit.^o

65 BASSANIO [*Opening the leaden casket.*]

What find I here?

Fair Portia's counterfeit!^o What demigod^o
 Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,^o
 Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips
 Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar^o
 Should sunder such sweet friends.^o Here in her hairs
 The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
 A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men
 Faster^o than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes—
 How could he see to do them? Having made one,
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his
 And leave itself unfurnished.^o Yet look how far
 The substance^o of my praise doth wrong this shadow^o
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow^o
 Doth limp behind the substance.^o Here's the scroll,
 The continent and summary^o of my fortune.

"You that choose not by the view
 Chance as fair,^o and choose as true.
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content and seek no new.
 If you be well pleased with this
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,
 Turn you where your lady is,
 And claim her with a loving kiss."

90 A gentle^o scroll. Fair lady, by your leave.

[*Kisses her.*]

I come by note,^o to give and to receive.
 Like one of two contending in a prize,^o
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
 Hearing applause and universal shout,
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
 Whether those peals of praise be his^o or no—
 So, thrice-fair lady, stand I even so,
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,
 Until confirmed, signed, ratified by you.

103 pale . . . drudge pale hack worker (i.e., silver) 104
 meager poverty-stricken, of slight value 112 scant lessen
 114 surfeit grow sick with too much (i.e., too much joy)
 115 counterfeit image; demigod half-divine painter 117
 balls of mine my eyeballs 119 so . . . bar Portia's breath
 120 sweet friends her lips 123 Faster tighter 126 un-
 furnished not provided with its mate (since the picture
 of the first eye has taken away both of the painter's eyes)
 127, 129 The substance Portia herself 127, 128 this shadow
 her picture 130 continent and summary that which con-
 tains and sums up 132 Chance as fair have as fair fortune
 139 gentle courteous, well-bred 140 by note according to
 instructions (in lines 137–38) 141 prize contest for a prize, as
 in a tournament 145 his intended for him

55 Alcides Hercules 56 virgin tribute Hesione, Priam's
 sister, who was offered as a divine sacrifice to be devoured by a
 sea monster; Hercules slew the monster and saved her 61 Live
 thou if thou live; dismay alarm and terror 62 fray combat
 63 fancy love based only on the senses, especially the sight
 73 So thus; least themselves least what they really are 74 still
 continually 79 approve . . . text prove it by a biblical text
 86 livers . . . milk a pale liver supposedly caused cowardice
 87 excrement excrescence, outer appearance 88 redoubted
 dreaded 91 lightest a pun on *light* in the sense of "unchaste"
 92 crispèd curled 93 wanton playful 95 dowry gift of
 property (i.e., hair from a dead person's head) 97 guilèd
 full of guile, treacherous 99 Indian East Indian. hence dusky

PORTIA

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am. Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish
To wish myself much better, yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more
rich,

That only to stand high in your account,^o
I might in virtues, beauties, livings,^o friends,
Exceed account.^o But the full sum of me
Is sum of something—which, to term in gross,^o
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpracticed;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted.^o But now^o I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord's. I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage^o the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on^o you.

BASSANIO

Madam, you have bereft me of all words.
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins,
And there is such confusion in my powers
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a belovèd prince,^o there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleasèd multitude;
Where every something being blent together
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Expressed and not expressed. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence!
O then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

NERISSA

My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry "good joy." Good joy, my lord and lady!

GRATIANO

My Lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish—
For I am sure you can wish none from^o me;
And when your honors mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

BASSANIO

With all my heart, so^o thou canst get a wife.

GRATIANO

I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:

155 **account** esteem, regard 156 **livings** possessions 157
account computation 158 **term in gross** describe in
broad terms 167 **converted** changed (i.e., made yours); **But**
now only now 173 **presage** foretell 174 **vantage** . . . on
opportunity to cry out against (lines 173–74 are spoken play-
fully) 179 **prince** a feminine as well as a masculine noun;
hence suitably applied to Portia 191 **from** away from 195
so provided

You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid.

You loved, I loved; for intermission^o

150

No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.

200

Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,

And so did mine too, as the matter falls;

For wooing here until I sweat again,^o

And swearing till my very roof^o was dry

With oaths of love, at last—if promise last^o—

205

155

I got a promise of this fair one here

To have her love, provided that your fortune

Achieved her mistress.

PORTIA

Is this true, Nerissa?

NERISSA

160

Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

BASSANIO

And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

210

GRATIANO Yes, faith, my lord.

BASSANIO

165

Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.

GRATIANO We'll play with them the first boy for a
thousand ducats.

NERISSA What, and stake down?^o

215

170

GRATIANO No, we shall ne'er win at that sport, and
stake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel!^o

What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio!

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO, a messenger
from Venice.*

175

BASSANIO

Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither,

220

If that the youth of my new int'rest^o here

Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,

I bid my very friends and countrymen,

180

Sweet Portia, welcome.

PORTIA

So do I, my lord.

They are entirely welcome.

225

LORENZO

I thank your honor. For my part, my lord,

185

My purpose was not to have seen you here,

But meeting with Salerio by the way,

He did entreat me past all saying nay

To come with him along.

SALERIO

I did, my lord,

230

And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio

Commends him to you.^o [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

190

BASSANIO

Ere I ope his letter,

I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

SALERIO

Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind,

Nor well, unless in mind. His letter there

235

Will show you his estate.^o

195

Open the letter.

GRATIANO

Nerissa, cheer yond stranger; bid her welcome.

Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from Venice?

199 **intermission** pausing 203 **again** again and again 204
roof roof of the mouth 205 **if promise last** if her promise
holds 215 **stake down** a betting term (with an off-color pun)
218 **infidel** one who lacks the true faith (Gratiano applies the
term playfully to Jessica; cf. II.vi.51) 221 **int'rest** claim
232 **Commends** . . . you sends you his best wishes 236
estate state, condition

How doth that royal merchant,^o good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the Fleece.

SALERIO

I would you had won the fleece^o that he hath lost!

PORTIA

There are some shrowd^o contents in yond same paper
That steals the color from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?
With leave, Bassanio—I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

BASSANIO

O sweet Portia,

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins—I was a gentleman.
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state^o was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for indeed
I have engaged^o myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere^o enemy
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound
Issuing lifeblood. But is it true, Salerio?
Hath all his ventures failed? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

SALERIO

Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear that if he had
The present^o money to discharge^o the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man
So keen and greedy to confound^o a man.
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state^o
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port^o have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious^o plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

JESSICA

When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

239 royal merchant merchant prince 242 fleece pun on
fleets 243 shrowd evil, grievous; literally, "cursed" 259
state estate, fortune 261 engaged pledged 262 mere
absolute 273 present ready; discharge pay 276 confound
ruin, destroy 278 impeach . . . state charge that Venice is
no free state 280–81 magnificoes . . . port nobles of
highest dignity 282 envious malignant

PORTIA

Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

BASSANIO

The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-conditioned^o and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

295

PORTIA

What sum owes he the Jew?

BASSANIO

For me, three thousand ducats.

PORTIA

What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface^o the bond.

Double six thousand and then treble that,

300

Before a friend of this description

Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.

First go with me to church and call me wife,

And then away to Venice to your friend!

For never shall you lie by Portia's side

305

With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold

To pay the petty debt twenty times over;

When it is paid, bring your true friend along.

My maid Nerissa and myself meantime

Will live as maids and widows. Come away!

310

For you shall hence^o upon your wedding day.

Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;

Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.

But let me hear the letter of your friend.

265 [BASSANIO (*Reads.*)] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have 315

all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is

very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit. And since in

paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are

cleared between you and I if I might but see you at my

270 death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure. If your 320

love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

PORTIA

O love, dispatch all business and be gone!

BASSANIO

Since I have your good leave to go away,

275 I will make haste; but till I come again

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

325

Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

Exeunt.

280 [Scene III. Venice. A street.]

Enter [SHYLOCK] *the Jew and* SOLANIO *and* ANTONIO
and the JAILER.

SHYLOCK

Jailer, look to him. Tell not me of mercy.

285 This is the fool that lent out money gratis.

Jailer, look to him.

ANTONIO

Hear me yet, good Shylock.

SHYLOCK

I'll have my bond! Speak not against my bond!

290 I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond. 5

Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,

But since I am a dog, beware my fangs.

The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,

293 The best-conditioned of the best disposition 299
deface destroy 311 shall hence must go hence

Thou naughty^o jailer, that thou art so fond^o
To come abroad with him at his request. 10

ANTONIO

I pray thee hear me speak.

SHYLOCK

I'll have my bond. I will not hear thee speak.
I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield 15
To Christian intercessors. Follow not.
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

Exit [SHYLOCK the] Jew.

SOLANIO

It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept^o with men.

ANTONIO

Let him alone;

I'll follow him no more with bootless^o prayers. 20
He seeks my life. His reason well I know:
I oft delivered from his forfeitures^o
Many that have at times made moan to me.
Therefore he hates me.

SOLANIO

I am sure the duke

Will never grant this forfeiture to hold. 25

ANTONIO

The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity^o that strangers^o have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state,
Since that the trade and profit of the city 30
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go.
These griefs^o and losses have so bated^o me
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
Tomorrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, jailer, on. Pray God Bassanio come 35
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV. Belmont. Portia's house.]

*Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and
[BALTHASAR,] a man of Portia's.*

LORENZO

Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit^o
Of godlike amity,^o which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honor, 5
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover^o of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.^o

PORTIA

I never did repent for doing good, 10
Nor shall not now; for in companions
That do converse and waste^o the time together,

Whose souls do bear an egal^o yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit; 15
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed
In purchasing^o the semblance^o of my soul 20
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it. Hear other things:
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry^o and manage of my house, 25
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return. 30
There is a monast'ry two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,^o
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you. 25

LORENZO Madam, with all my heart; 35
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

PORTIA

My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself. 40
So fare you well till we shall meet again. 40

LORENZO

Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

JESSICA

I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

PORTIA

I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you. Fare you well, Jessica.

Exeunt [JESSICA and LORENZO].

Now, Balthasar, 45
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all th' endeavor of a man
In speed to Padua. See thou render this 50
Into my cousin's hands, Doctor Bellario;
And look what^o notes and garments he doth give thee
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed^o
Unto the tranect,^o to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words 55
But get thee gone. I shall be there before thee. 55

BALTHASAR

Madam, I go with all convenient speed.^o [Exit.]

PORTIA

Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand 10
That you yet know not of. We'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

NERISSA

Shall they see us?

III.iii.9 **naughty** wicked; **fond** foolish 19 **kept** dwelt
20 **bootless** unavailing 22 **forfeitures** penalties that he could
have legally exacted 27 **commodity** commercial advantage;
strangers foreigners 32 **griefs** pains; **bated** reduced
III.iv.2 **conceit** idea, conception 3 **amity** friendship 7
lover friend 8-9 **prouder** . . . you prouder of this action
than even your habitual kindness can make you 12 **converse**
and waste associate and spend

13 **egal** equal 20 **purchasing** gaining; **semblance** likeness
(Portia refers to the old idea that a genuine friend or lover is
a second self; Antonio is like Bassanio, and therefore like Portia)
25 **husbandry** care 33 **imposition** task that I impose 51
look what whatever 52 **imagined speed** speed of imagina-
tion 53 **tranect** ferry 56 **convenient speed** speed suited
(to this emergency)

PORTIA

They shall, Nerissa, but in such a habit°
 That they shall think we are accomplishèd°
 With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
 When we are both accoutered like young men,
 I'll prove the prettier° fellow of the two,
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace,°
 And speak between the change of man and boy
 With a reed° voice, and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
 Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint° lies,
 How honorable ladies sought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died—
 I could not do withal!° Then I'll repent,
 And wish, for all that,° that I had not killed them.
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
 That men shall swear I have discontinued school
 Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,°
 Which I will practice.

NERISSA

Why, shall we turn to° men?

PORTIA

Fie, what a question's that,
 If thou wert near a lewd° interpreter!
 But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
 When I am in my coach, which stays for us
 At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
 For we must measure twenty miles today. *Exeunt.*

[Scene V. Belmont. A garden.]

Enter [LAUNCELOT the] clown and JESSICA.

LAUNCELOT Yes truly; for look you, the sins of the
 father are to be laid upon the children.° Therefore, I
 promise you I fear you.° I was always plain with you,
 and so now I speak my agitation° of the matter.
 Therefore be o' good cheer, for truly I think you are
 damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you
 any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope
 neither.

JESSICA And what hope is that, I pray thee?

LAUNCELOT Marry, you may partly hope that your
 father got you not—that you are not the Jew's
 daughter.

JESSICA That were a kind of bastard hope indeed!
 So° the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

LAUNCELOT Truly then, I fear you are damned both
 by father and mother. Thus when I shun Scylla your
 father, I fall into Charybdis your mother. Well, you
 are gone both ways.

JESSICA I shall be saved by my husband.° He hath
 made me a Christian.

20

LAUNCELOT Truly, the more to blame he! We were
 Christians enow° before,° e'en as many as could well
 live one by another.° This making of Christians will
 raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-
 eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher° on the coals 25
 for money.

65

Enter LORENZO.

JESSICA I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you
 say. Here he comes.

70

LORENZO I shall grow jealous° of you shortly,
 Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners. 30

JESSICA Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo. Launcelot
 and I are out.° He tells me flatly there's no mercy for
 me in heaven because I am a Jew's daughter; and he
 says you are no good member of the commonwealth,
 for in converting Jews to Christians you raise the price 35
 of pork.

75

LORENZO [*To LAUNCELOT.*] I shall answer that
 better to the commonwealth than you can the getting
 up of the Negro's belly. The Moor° is with child by
 you, Launcelot! 40

80

LAUNCELOT It is much that the Moor should be more
 than reason; but if she be less than an honest° woman,
 she is indeed more than I took her for.

LORENZO How every fool can play upon the word! I
 think the best grace° of wit will shortly turn into 45
 silence, and discourse grow commendable in none
 only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for
 dinner.

LAUNCELOT That is done, sir. They have all stomachs.

LORENZO Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! 50
 Then bid them prepare dinner.

LAUNCELOT That is done too, sir. Only "cover"° is
 the word.

LORENZO Will you cover then, sir?

LAUNCELOT Not so, sir, neither! I know my duty. 55

LORENZO Yet more quarreling with occasion!° Wilt
 thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant?
 I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain mean-
 ing: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve
 in the meat, and we will come in to dinner. 60

LAUNCELOT For the table,° sir, it shall be served in;
 for the meat, sir, it shall be covered;° for your coming
 in to dinner, sir, why let it be as humors and conceits°
 shall govern. *Exit clown [LAUNCELOT].*

LORENZO

O dear discretion,° how his words are suited!° 65
 The fool hath planted in his memory
 An army of good words; and I do know
 A many° fools that stand in better place,
 Garnished° like him, that for a tricky word

22 **enow** enough; **before** before you turned Christian 23 **one**
by another one off another 25 **rasher** slice of bacon 29
jealous jealous 32 **out** at odds 39 **Moor** pronounced
"more"; hence Launcelot quibbles on *much*, *more*, and *Moor*
42 **honest** chaste 45 **grace** virtue 52 **cover** cover the table
(Launcelot proceeds to quibble on *cover* in the sense of "wear
a hat") 56 **quarreling with occasion** caviling at every
opportunity 61 **table** (1) the piece of furniture (2) the meal
62 **covered** i.e., to be kept hot 63 **humors and conceits**
fancies and notions 65 **dear discretion** precious common
sense; **suited** fitted together (?) dressed up (?) 68 **A many**
an old idiom for a large number 69 **Garnished** decked out

60 **habit** garment (i.e., men's clothes) 61 **accomplishèd**
provided 64 **prettier** more dashing 65 **braver grace** finer
masculine grace 67 **reed** high or squeaky, like the sound of a
reed pipe 69 **quaint** clever and elaborate 72 **I . . . withal**
I could not help it 73 **for all that** in spite of that 77 **Jacks**
fellows 78 **turn to** turn into (with an off-color pun; cf. I.iii.
78) 80 **lewd** bad

III.v.1-2 **sins . . . children** see Exodus 20:5 3 **fear you**
fear for you 4 **agitation** blunder for *cogitation* 14 **So** thus
19 **saved . . . husband** see I Corinthians 7:14

Defy the matter.^o How cheer'st thou,^o Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion—
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

JESSICA

Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not merit it,
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay^o two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else^o
Pawned with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

LORENZO Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

JESSICA

Nay, but ask my opinion too of that!

LORENZO

I will anon. First let us go to dinner.

JESSICA

Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.^o

LORENZO

No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then howsome'er^o thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

JESSICA

Well, I'll set you forth.^o

Exit [with LORENZO].

[A C T I V]

[Scene I. Venice. A court of justice.]

*Enter the DUKE, the MAGNIFICOS, ANTONIO,
BASSANIO, [SALERIO,] and GRATIANO [with others].*

DUKE What^o is Antonio here?

ANTONIO Ready, so please your grace.

DUKE

I am sorry for thee. Thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram^o of mercy.

ANTONIO

I have heard

Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify^o
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach,^o I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage^o of his.

70 the matter good sense; How cheer'st thou How
is it with thee? (the implication is that he kisses her) 80
lay stake 81 something else i.e., to make the wager
fair 87 stomach a pun on the senses of "desire" (to praise
you) and an "appetite" for dinner 89 howsome'er however
90 I'll . . . forth I'll give a fine account of you
IV.i.i What why (interjection) 6 dram mite, drop (literally
an eighth of an ounce) 7 qualify moderate 10 his envy's
reach the reach of his malignant hate 13 tyranny and rage
savagery and passion

DUKE

Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SALERIO

He is ready at the door; he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

DUKE

Make room, and let him stand before our^o face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but ledest this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse^o more strange^o 20
Than is thy strange^o apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exacts the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose^o the forfeiture,
But touched with human gentleness and love, 25
Forgive a moiety^o of the principal,
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back—
Enow^o to press a royal merchant^o down 30
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars never trained
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect^o a gentle^o answer, Jew.

SHYLOCK

I have possessed^o your grace of what I purpose, 35
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom!^o 40
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that,
But say it is my humor. Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats 45
To have it baned?^o What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig,^o
Some that are mad if they behold a cat,
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine; for affection,^o 50
Master of passion,^o sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be rend'red
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
Why he a harmless necessary cat, 55
Why he^o a woolen bagpipe, but of force^o

16 our the royal "we," appropriate in giving an order, but in
the next line the duke uses "I," the informal singular, suited for
a personal appeal to Shylock's feelings 20 remorse compas-
sion; strange wonderful 21 strange astonishing 24 loose
release 26 moiety portion 29 Enow enough; royal
merchant merchant prince 34 expect await; gentle befitting
a gentleman 35 possessed informed 38-39 danger . . .
freedom cf. III.iii.27-31 46 baned poisoned 47 gaping
pig young roast pig, often served with fruit in its open mouth
(Shylock invokes the old theory of natural antipathy to
explain his hatred of Antonio, thus concealing the real cause;
cf. I.iii.39-42) 50 affection natural sympathy or antipathy
51 passion powerful emotion 54-56 he . . . he . . . he
pronounced with heavy emphasis: this man . . . that man . . .
another 56 of force of necessity, against his will

Must yield to such inevitable shame°
 As to offend, himself being offended;
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
 More than a lodged° hate and a certain° loathing
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
 A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

BASSANIO

This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty!

SHYLOCK

I am not bound° to please thee with my answers.

BASSANIO

Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHYLOCK

Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASSANIO

Every offense is not a hate at first.

SHYLOCK

What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANTONIO

I pray you think you question° with the Jew.
 You may as well go stand upon the beach
 And bid the main flood bate his° usual height;
 You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops and to make no noise
 When they are fretten° with the gusts of heaven;
 You may as well do anything most hard
 As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
 His Jewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you
 Make no more offers, use no farther means,
 But with all brief and plain conveniency°
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

BASSANIO

For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHYLOCK

If every ducat in six thousand ducats
 Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
 I would not draw° them. I would have my bond.

DUKE

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

SHYLOCK

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
 You have among you many a purchased slave,
 Which like your asses and your dogs and mules
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,°
 Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
 "Let them be free! Marry them to your heirs!
 Why sweat they under burdens? Let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
 Be seasoned with such viands"? You will answer,
 "The slaves are ours." So do I answer you:
 The pound of flesh which I demand of him
 Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it.
 If you deny me, fie upon your law!
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
 I stand for judgment. Answer; shall I have it?

57 **shame** as in line 50, above 60 **lodged** fixed; **certain** assured, steadfast 65 **bound** bound by law 70 **think you question** remember you argue 72 **main** . . . **his** ocean at high tide reduce its 77 **fretten** fretted 82 **brief** . . . **conveniency** suitable brevity and directness 87 **draw** take 92 **parts** duties

DUKE

Upon my power I may dismiss this court
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,
 Come here today.

SALERIO

My lord, here stays without
 A messenger with letters from the doctor,
 New come from Padua.

DUKE

Bring us the letters. Call the messenger.

BASSANIO

Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANTONIO

I am a tainted wether° of the flock,
 Meetest° for death. The weakest kind of fruit
 Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
 You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
 Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA [dressed like a lawyer's clerk].

DUKE

Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NERISSA

From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
 [Presents a letter.]

BASSANIO

Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

SHYLOCK

To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.

GRATIANO

Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
 Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can—
 No, not the hangman's° ax—bear° half the keenness
 Of thy sharp envy.° Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHYLOCK

No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

GRATIANO

O be thou damned, execrable° dog,
 And for thy life let justice be accused!°
 Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras°
 That souls of animals infuse themselves
 Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
 Governed a wolf who, hanged for human slaughter,°
 Even from the gallows did his fell° soul fleet,
 And whilst thou layest in thy unhallowed dam,°
 Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
 Are wolvis, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

SHYLOCK

Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

100

114 **tainted wether** infected ram 115 **Meetest** fittest 125 **hangman's** executioner's; **bear** have 126 **envy** malignant hate 128 **inexecrable** most execrable, detestable 129 **And** . . . **accused** a much-debated line; probably "Let justice be accused because you have been allowed to live so long" 131 **Pythagoras** Greek philosopher of the sixth century B.C. who taught the doctrine of the transmigration of souls 134 **hanged** . . . **slaughter** wolves, dogs, and other animals were sometimes hanged for killing or attacking people; hence the phrase *hangdog look* 135 **fell** fierce 136 **dam** mother of an animal, here a shewolf

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.^o I stand here for law.

DUKE

This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

NERISSA

He attendeth here hard by

To know your answer whether you'll admit him.

DUKE

With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[CLERK (*Reads.*)] "Your grace shall understand that at
the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in the
instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation
was with me a young doctor of Rome. His name is
Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in con-
troversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant.
We turned o'er many books together. He is furnished
with my opinion which, bettered with his own
learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough
commend, comes with him at my importunity to fill
up^o your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you
let his lack of years be no impediment to let^o him lack
a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a
body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious
acceptance, whose trial^o shall better publish his com-
mendation."

Enter PORTIA for Balthasar, [dressed like a doctor of laws].

DUKE

You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.
Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

PORTIA

I did, my lord.

DUKE

You are welcome; take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference^o
That holds this present question^o in the court?

PORTIA

I am informèd throughly^o of the cause.^o
Which is the merchant here? And which the Jew?

DUKE

Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

PORTIA

Is your name Shylock?

SHYLOCK

Shylock is my name.

PORTIA

Of a strange^o nature is the suit you follow,
Yet in such rule that^o the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.

[*To ANTONIO.*]

You stand within his danger,^o do you not?

ANTONIO

Ay, so he says.

PORTIA

Do you confess the bond?

141-42 fall . . . ruin i.e., like a house too long out of repair
159-60 fill up satisfy 161 to let to cause 164 trial conduct
when brought to the test 170 difference dispute 171 ques-
tion case under judicial examination 172 thoroughly
thoroughly; cause case 176 strange astonishing 177 in . . .
that within the rule so that 179 danger power to harm

140 ANTONIO

I do.

PORTIA Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK

On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

PORTIA

The quality of mercy is not strained;^o
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown.
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scept'red sway;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this:
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation.^o We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

165 SHYLOCK

My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

PORTIA

Is he not able to discharge the money?

BASSANIO

Yes, here I tender it for him in the court,
Yea, twice^o the sum. If that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority.^o
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

PORTIA

It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establishèd.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

SHYLOCK

A Daniel come to judgment!^o Yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!

183 strained constrained, compelled 198-99 That . . .
salvation referring to the doctrine that God can justly con-
demn every man, since none is free of sin 209 twice in lines
226 and 233 "thrice" the money has been offered, and most
editors therefore emend "twice" to "thrice," on the assumption
that here the compositor misread the manuscript; but in line
84 the offered amount is indeed double—six thousand ducats
for three thousand—and therefore emendation to "thrice" still
leaves an inconsistency, unless the point is that as Bassanio's fears
for Antonio grow, he raises the offer 214 Wrest . . . authority
For once twist the law a little and subject it to your authority
222 Daniel . . . judgment the young biblical hero who
secured justice for Susannah (see Apocrypha, Susannah 42-64)

PORTIA

I pray you let me look upon the bond.

SHYLOCK

Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

PORTIA

Shylock, there's thrice thy money off'red thee.

SHYLOCK

An oath, an oath! I have an oath in heaven;

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice!

PORTIA

Why, this bond is forfeit;

And lawfully by this the Jew can claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful.

Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

SHYLOCK

When it is paid, according to the tenure.^o

It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me. I stay^o here on my bond.

ANTONIO

Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgment.

PORTIA

Why then, thus it is:

You must prepare your bosom for his knife—

SHYLOCK

O noble judge! O excellent young man!

PORTIA

For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to^o the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

SHYLOCK

'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge!

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

PORTIA

Therefore lay bare your bosom.

SHYLOCK

Ay, his breast—

So says the bond, doth it not, noble judge?

"Nearest his heart"; those are the very words.

PORTIA

It is so. Are there balance^o here to weigh

The flesh?

SHYLOCK I have them ready.

PORTIA

Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,^o

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

SHYLOCK

Is it so nominated in the bond?

PORTIA

It is not so expressed, but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

SHYLOCK

I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

PORTIA

You, merchant, have you anything to say?

ANTONIO

But little. I am armed and well prepared.

Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well.

225

Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you,

265

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use^o

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty; from which ling'ring penance

270

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honorable wife.

230

Tell her the process^o of Antonio's end,

Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;

And when the tale is told, bid her be judge

275

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.^o

Repent but you^o that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not^o that he pays your debt;

235

For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.^o

280

BASSANIO

Antonio, I am married to a wife

Which is as dear to me as life itself;

240

But life itself, my wife, and all the world

Are not with me esteemed above thy life.

I would lose all, ay sacrifice them all

285

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

PORTIA

Your wife would give you little thanks for that

If she were by to hear you make the offer.

GRATIANO

245

I have a wife who I protest I love.

I would she were in heaven, so she could

290

Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

NERISSA

'Tis well you offer it behind her back;

The wish would make else an unquiet house.

SHYLOCK

250

These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;

Would any of the stock of Barabbas^o

295

Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!

We trifle time. I pray thee pursue sentence.

PORTIA

A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine.

The court awards it, and the law doth give it—

SHYLOCK

Most rightful judge!

300

255

PORTIA

And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHYLOCK

Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

PORTIA

Tarry a little; there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;

305

260

The words expressly are "a pound of flesh."

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;

267 still her use ever her custom 273 process whole story
276 love friend (with a quibble on *love* in the sense of "lover")
277 Repent but you if you but feel sorrow 278 And . . .
not then he regrets not 280 with . . . heart a quibble on
heart in the senses of "soul" and of the physical organ 295
Barabbas (1) the thief freed by Pilate when the people
demanded that Christ be crucified (2) the name of the
villainous hero in Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta*

234 tenure conditions 241 stay take my stand 247 Hath
. . . to is related inseparably to 254 balance plural: scales
256 on your charge at your expense

But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

GRATIANO

O upright judge! Mark, Jew. O learned judge!

SHYLOCK

Is that the law?

PORTIA

Thyself shalt see the act;

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured

Thou shalt have justice more than thou desir'st.

GRATIANO

O learned judge! Mark, Jew. A learned judge!

SHYLOCK

I take this offer then. Pay the bond thrice

And let the Christian go.

BASSANIO

Here is the money.

PORTIA

Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice. Soft, no haste;

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

GRATIANO

O Jew! An upright judge, a learned judge!

PORTIA

Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more

But just a pound of flesh. If thou tak'st more

Or less than a just^o pound, be it but so much

As makes it light or heavy in the substance^o

Or the division^o of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple^o—nay, if the scale do turn

But in the estimation^o of a hair—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

GRATIANO

A second Daniel! A Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have you on the hip!

PORTIA

Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.

SHYLOCK

Give me my principal, and let me go.

BASSANIO

I have it ready for thee; here it is.

PORTIA

He hath refused it in the open court.

He shall have merely justice and his bond.

GRATIANO

A Daniel still say I, a second Daniel!

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHYLOCK

Shall I not have barely my principal?

PORTIA

Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

SHYLOCK

Why, then the devil give him good of it!

I'll stay no longer question.^o

PORTIA

Tarry, Jew!

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be proved against an alien

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

350

310

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize^o one half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer^o of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

355

In which predicament^o I say thou stand'st,

For it appears by manifest proceeding

That indirectly, and directly too,

315

Thou hast contrived against the very life

Of the defendant, and thou hast incurred

360

The danger formerly by me rehearsed.^o

Down therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

GRATIANO

Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself!

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

365

Therefore thou must be hanged at the state's charge.

320

DUKE

That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.

For^o half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;

The other half comes to the general state,

370

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.^o

PORTIA

325

Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

SHYLOCK

Nay, take my life and all! Pardon not that!

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house. You take my life

375

330

When you do take the means whereby I live.

PORTIA

What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRATIANO

A halter gratis! Nothing else, for God's sake!

ANTONIO

So please my lord the duke and all the court

To quit^o the fine for one half of his goods,

380

335

I am content; so^o he will let me have

The other half in use,^o to render it

Upon his death unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more: that for this favor

385

He presently^o become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift

Here in the court of all he dies possessed

340

Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

DUKE

He shall do this, or else I do recant^o

390

The pardon that I late pronouncèd here.

PORTIA

Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

SHYLOCK

I am content.

PORTIA

Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

345

352 seize take possession of 353 privy coffer equivalent to British privy purse, money provided for the monarch's own use 356 predicament situation 361 rehearsed cited 369 For as for 371 may . . . fine may persuade me to reduce to a fine 380 quit remit 381 so provided 382 in use in trust, to use in his business 386 presently instantly 390 recant retract

326 just exact 327 substance amount 328 division portion
328-29 twentieth . . . scruple one grain 330 estimation
value 345 stay . . . question remain for no more talk

SHYLOCK

I pray you give me leave to go from hence.
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

DUKE

Get thee gone, but do it.

GRATIANO

In christ'ning shalt thou have two godfathers.
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more°—
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font.

Exit [SHYLOCK].

DUKE

Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

PORTIA

I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

DUKE

I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.°
Antonio, gratify° this gentleman,
For in my mind you are much bound to him.

Exit DUKE and his TRAIN.

BASSANIO

Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof,°
Three thousand ducats due unto the Jew
We freely cope° your courteous pains withal.

ANTONIO

And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

PORTIA

He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me when we meet again.
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

BASSANIO

Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further.
Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as fee. Grant me two things, I pray you—
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

PORTIA

You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves; I'll wear them for your sake.

[BASSANIO takes off his gloves.]

And for your love I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more,
And you in love° shall not deny me this.

BASSANIO

This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.

PORTIA

I will have nothing else but only this,
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

BASSANIO

There's more depends on this than on the value.°

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation.
Only for this, I pray you pardon me.°

435

PORTIA

I see, sir, you are liberal in offers.
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answered.

BASSANIO

Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife,
And when she put it on she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

440

PORTIA

That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
And if your wife be not a madwoman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy forever
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

445

Exeunt [PORTIA and NERISSA].

405 ANTONIO

My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring.
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.°

450

BASSANIO

Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Unto Antonio's house. Away, make haste!

410

Exit GRATIANO.

Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio.

455

Exeunt.

[Scene II. Venice. A street.]

Enter [PORTIA and] NERISSA, [disguised as before].

PORTIA

Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,°
And let him sign it. We'll away tonight
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

420

Enter GRATIANO.

GRATIANO

Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice°
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

5

PORTIA

That cannot be.
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you show my youth old Shylock's house.

10

GRATIANO

That will I do.

NERISSA

Sir, I would speak with you.

[Aside to PORTIA.]

I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep forever.

436 Only . . . me Only as for this ring, I beg you to excuse me
450 commandment four syllables

IV.ii.1 this deed the deed of gift for Lorenzo and Jessica
6 upon more advice on further consideration

398 ten more to make a jury of twelve 404 serves you
not is not sufficient for you 405 gratify show your grati-
tude to 409 in lieu whereof in return for which 411 We
freely cope of our own free will we requite 428 in love in
your good will to me 433 the value the ring's value

PORTIA [*Aside to NERISSA.*]

Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing° 15
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste! Thou know'st where I will tarry.

NERISSA

Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?
[*Exeunt.*]

[A C T V]

[Scene I. Belmont. A garden before Portia's house.]

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

LORENZO

The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus° methinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid° lay that night.

JESSICA In such a night
Did Thisbe° fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

LORENZO In such a night
Stood Dido° with a willow° in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft° her love
To come again to Carthage.

JESSICA In such a night
Medea° gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Aeson°.

LORENZO In such a night
Did Jessica steal° from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love° did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

JESSICA In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

LORENZO In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrow°,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

JESSICA
I would out-night you, did nobody come;
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter [*Stephano,*] a MESSENGER.

15 old swearing a lot of hard swearing
V.i.1-22 the lovers' playful contest in verse-making belongs to a type of poetic dialogue as old as Virgil's *Eclogues* **4 Troilus** hero of Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida* and of Shakespeare's play of the same title; a type of the faithful lover **6 Cressid** Cressida, a type of the faithless woman **7 Thisbe** heroine of the tragic tale of *Pyramus and Thisbe* in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* **10 Dido** Queen of Carthage whom Aeneas loved but abandoned at the call of duty; **willow** proverbially associated with forsaken love **11 waft** waved (with the willow branch) **13 Medea** princess and sorceress who helped Jason to obtain the Golden Fleece, and later was deserted by him **14 Aeson** father of Jason, restored to youth by Medea **15 steal** a pun: steal money, steal away **16 unthrift love** a pun: a love which disregards wealth, and a lover without wealth **21 shrow** shrew

LORENZO

Who comes so fast in silence of the night? 25

MESSENGER A friend.

LORENZO

A friend? What friend? Your name I pray you, friend.

MESSENGER

Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont. She doth stray about 30
By holy crosses° where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

LORENZO Who comes with her?

MESSENGER

None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet returned?

LORENZO

He is not, nor we have not heard from him. 35
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter [*LAUNCELOT the*] clown.

LAUNCELOT Sola,° sola! Wo ha! Ho sola, sola!

LORENZO Who calls? 40

LAUNCELOT Sola! Did you see Master Lorenzo and
Mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

LORENZO Leave holloaing, man! Here.

LAUNCELOT Sola! Where? Where?

LORENZO Here! 45

LAUNCELOT Tell him there's a post come from my
master, with his horn full of good news.° My master
will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*]

LORENZO

Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect° their coming.
And yet no matter; why should we go in? 50
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand,
And bring your music forth into the air.

[*Exit MESSENGER.*]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music 55
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become° the touches° of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patens° of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st 60
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring° to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay°
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. 65

[*Enter MUSICIANS.*]

31 holy crosses a common sight in Renaissance Italy, used to mark shrines on hilltops, beside roads, etc. **39 Sola** Launcelot imitates a courier's horn **47 horn full of good news** Launcelot puns on the cornucopia, "the horn of plenty" **49 expect** await **57 Become** befit **57, 67 touches** notes produced by touching the strings or stops of a musical instrument **59 patens** tiles **62 quiring** making music (a reference to the music of the spheres; it was thought that the harmonious movement of the spheres, in Ptolemaic astronomy, produced a heavenly music inaudible to human ears) **64 muddy** . . . **decay** earthy garment subject to decay (i.e., the body)

Come ho, and wake Diana° with a hymn!
With sweetest touches° pierce your mistress' ear
And draw her home with music.

Play music.

JESSICA

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

LORENZO

The reason is, your spirits are attentive. 70
For do but note a wild and wanton° herd
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition° of their blood:
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound, 75
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,°
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus° drew trees, stones, and floods; 80
Since naught so stockish,° hard, and full of rage°
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;° 85
The motions° of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections° dark as Erebus.°
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

PORTIA

That light we see is burning in my hall;
How far that little candle throws his beams! 90
So shines a good deed in a naughty° world.

NERISSA

When the moon shone we did not see the candle.

PORTIA

So doth the greater glory dim the less.
A substitute° shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state 95
Empties itself,° as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.° Music, hark!

NERISSA

It is your music, madam, of the house.

PORTIA

Nothing is good, I see, without respect;°
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day. 100

NERISSA

Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

PORTIA

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended;° and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day
When every goose is cackling, would be thought 105

No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season, seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection!°

Peace! [*Music ceases.*] How the° moon sleeps with
Endymion,°

And would not be awaked.°

LORENZO

That is the voice,

110

Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

PORTIA

He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

LORENZO

Dear lady, welcome home.

PORTIA

We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed we hope the better for our words. 115
Are they returned?

LORENZO

Madam, they are not yet,

But there is come a messenger before
To signify their coming.

PORTIA

Go in, Nerissa.

Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence— 120
Nor you, Lorenzo—Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket° sounds.*]

LORENZO

Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet.
We are no telltales, madam; fear you not.

PORTIA

This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler. 'Tis a day 125
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their FOLLOWERS.

BASSANIO

We should hold day with the Antipodes,°
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

95

PORTIA

Let me give light,° but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavy° husband, 130
And never be Bassanio so for me.
But God sort all!° You are welcome home, my lord.

BASSANIO

I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio, 100
To whom I am so infinitely bound. 135

PORTIA

You should in all sense° be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

105

107–08 by . . . perfection by the right occasion are made ready to receive their fitting praise and attain their full perfection 109 Peace! How the the quarto reads "Peace, how the"; editors often emend to "Peace, ho! The"; Endymion a handsome shepherd, beloved of Diana 109–10 Peace . . . awaked addressed to the musicians 121 s.d. tucket trumpet call (Bassanio, like every nobleman, had his individual tucket) 127 Antipodes dwellers on the opposite side of the earth 129, 130 light, heavy Portia quibbles on light in the senses of radiance, unchaste, and of little weight, and on heavy in the senses of weighty and despondent, weighed down with trouble 132 God sort all let God ordain all according to his wisdom 136 in all sense (1) in all reason (2) in all senses

66 Diana goddess of the moon and of chastity 71 wanton frolicsome, untrained 74 hot condition impetuous nature 77 make . . . stand stand still by common consent 80 Orpheus famous legendary Greek poet and musician 81 stockish blockish, dull; rage passion 85 spoils plundering 86 motions inward promptings 87 affections emotions; Erebus the dark underworld of the Greeks 91 naughty evil 94 substitute deputy 95–96 his . . . itself his own glory merges into the king's 97 main of waters ocean 99 without respect without reference to circumstances 103 attended heeded

ANTONIO

No more than I am well acquitted of.^o

PORTIA

Sir, you are very welcome to our house.
It must appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.^o

GRATIANO [*To NERISSA.*]

By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong!
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.
Would he were gelt^o that had it, for my part,^o
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

PORTIA

A quarrel, ho, already! What's the matter?

GRATIANO

About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy^o was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

NERISSA

What^o talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me when I did give it you
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave.
Though not for me,^o yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective^o and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! No, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it!

GRATIANO

He will, and if he live to be a man.

NERISSA

Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

GRATIANO

Now by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbèd^o boy
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy that begged it as a fee.
I could not for my heart deny it him.

PORTIA

You were to blame—I must be plain with you—
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift,
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands.
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it^o
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters.^o Now in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind^o a cause of grief.
And, 'twere to me, I should be mad^o at it.

BASSANIO [*Aside.*]

Why, I were best to cut my left hand off
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

GRATIANO

My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begged it, and indeed

Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk
That took some pains in writing, he begged mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

140 PORTIA What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me. 185

BASSANIO

If I could add a lie unto a fault,^o
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it—it is gone.

145 PORTIA Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring! 190

NERISSA

Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine!

BASSANIO

150 Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what^o I gave the ring, 195
And how unwillingly I left the ring
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

155 PORTIA If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honor to contain^o the ring, 200
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal,^o wanted the modesty 205
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?^o
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring!

BASSANIO

165 No, by my honor, madam! By my soul
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,^o 210
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me
And begged the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffered him to go displeased away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady? 215
I was enforced to send it after him.
I was beset with shame and courtesy.^o
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady!
For by these blessed candles of the night, 220
175 Had you been there, I think you would have begged
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

PORTIA

Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me, 225
I will become as liberal^o as you;
180 I'll not deny him anything I have,

138 acquitted of freed from 141 breathing courtesy courtesy that is only breath (i.e., words) 144 gelt castrated; for my part so far as I care 148 posy a contraction of poesy (i.e., poetry); motto (inscribed on a ring) 151 What why 155 Though . . . me if not for my sake 156 respective regardful, heedful 162 scrubbèd stunted 172 leave it let it go 174 masters possesses 175 unkind unnaturally cruel 176 mad in a frenzy

186 fault faulty act 195 conceive for what form a conception of why 201 honor to contain honorable duty to retain 205 terms of zeal ardent language 205-06 wanted . . . ceremony would have been so lacking in modesty as to urge a claim on the thing you were keeping as a hallowed symbol 210 civil doctor doctor of civil law 217 beset . . . courtesy assailed by feelings of shame and the obligations of courtesy 226 liberal (1) licentious (2) generous

No, not my body nor my husband's bed.
 Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
 Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argus.^o 230
 If you do not, if I be left alone—
 Now by mine honor which is yet mine own,
 I'll have that doctor for mine bedfellow.

NERISSA

And I his clerk. Therefore be well advised^o
 How you do leave me to mine own protection. 235

GRATIANO

Well, do you so. Let not me take^o him then!
 For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.^o

ANTONIO

I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.

PORTIA

Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome not with-
 standing.

BASSANIO

Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong,^o 240
 And in the hearing of these many friends
 I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
 Wherein I see myself—

PORTIA

Mark you but that!

In both my eyes he doubly sees himself,
 In each eye one. Swear by your double self,^o
 And there's an oath of credit.^o

BASSANIO

Nay, but hear me.

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
 I never more will break an oath with thee.

ANTONIO

I once did lend my body for his wealth,^o
 Which but for him that had your husband's ring 250
 Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound again,
 My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
 Will never more break faith advisedly.^o

PORTIA

Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
 And bid him keep it better than the other. 255

ANTONIO

Here, Lord Bassanio. Swear to keep this ring.

BASSANIO

By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

PORTIA

I had it of him. Pardon me, Bassanio,
 For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

NERISSA

And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
 For that same scrubbèd boy, the doctor's clerk,
 In lieu of^o this, last night did lie with me.

GRATIANO

Why, this is like the mending of highways
 In summer, where the ways are fair enough.
 What, are we cuckolds^o ere we have deserved it? 265

PORTIA

Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed.^o
 Here is a letter; read it at your leisure.
 It comes from Padua from Bellario.
 There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
 Nerissa there her clerk. Lorenzo here 270
 Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
 And even but now returned. I have not yet
 Entered my house. Antonio, you are welcome,
 And I have better news in store for you
 Than you expect. Unseal this letter soon; 275
 There you shall find three of your argosies
 Are richly come to harbor suddenly.
 You shall not know by what strange^o accident
 I chancèd on this letter.

ANTONIO

I am dumb!

BASSANIO

Were you the doctor, and I knew you not? 280

GRATIANO

Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

NERISSA

Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
 Unless he live until he be a man.

BASSANIO

Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow.
 When I am absent, then lie with my wife. 285

ANTONIO

Sweet lady, you have given me life and living!
 For here I read for certain that my ships
 Are safely come to road.^o

PORTIA

How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you. 290

NERISSA

Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee. 290
 There do I give to you and Jessica
 From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
 After his death, of all he dies possessed of.

LORENZO

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
 Of starvèd people.^o

PORTIA

It is almost morning,

And yet I am sure you are not satisfied 295
 Of these events at full.^o Let us go in,
 And charge us there upon^o inter'gatories,^o
 And we will answer all things faithfully.

GRATIANO

Let it be so. The first inter'gatory 300
 That my Nerissa shall be sworn on^o is,
 Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
 Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.
 But were the day come, I should wish it dark
 Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk. 305
 Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
 So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. *Exeunt.*

230 **Argus** a monstrous giant of Greek myth, with a hundred eyes; a type of never-failing watchfulness 234 **be well advised** be very careful 236 **take** get hold of 237 **pen** double entendre 240 **this enforced wrong** this wrong I was forced to commit 245 **double self** a quibble (1) two-fold image (2) double-dealing character 246 **oath of credit** oath to be believed (spoken in irony) 249 **wealth** welfare 253 **advisedly** deliberately 262 **In lieu of** in return for 265 **cuckolds** husbands of faithless wives

266 **amazed** utterly bewildered; literally, "entangled in a maze (or labyrinth)" 278 **strange** astonishing 288 **road** anchorage 295 **starvèd people** Lorenzo, though of good social position, was, like Bassanio, far from rich 296-97 **not . . . full** not fully satisfied how these events came to pass 298 **charge . . . upon** load us with questions; **inter'gatories** interrogatories (i.e., questions formally drawn up to be put to a defendant or witness and answered under oath) 301 **sworn on** sworn to under oath

THE HISTORY OF HENRY THE FOURTH [PART ONE]

EDITED BY MAYNARD MACK

Introduction

Readers who come to *Henry IV* [Part One] from *Richard II* (and they are well advised who do so) find themselves in a changed world. The new king's second word is "shaken"—"So shaken as we are, so wan with care" (I.i.1). His realm's peace, "frighted," pants to catch her breath. The English earth, invoked in vain by Richard in the earlier play for aid against Henry's invading power (III.ii.4 ff.), like a perverted mother has been sucking "her own children's blood." Englishmen have met Englishmen "in the . . . furious close of civil butchery." The "edge" of war's knife has cut his master.

Though the new king assigns these troubles to the past, we are speedily assured they will not stay there. Present news is equally bloody. In the West, a thousand of Mortimer's men have been "butchered," and afterward mutilated. In the North, ten thousand Scottish corpses were seen by Sir Walter Blunt "balked in their own blood." Throughout the play we shall hear continually of this sort of thing: of "guns and drums and wounds" (I.iii.55) and "many a good tall fellow" destroyed (I.iii.61); of "bloody noses and cracked crowns" (II.iii.92); wearing "a garment all of blood" (III.ii.135); noblemen offered up "hot and bleeding" to "the fire-eyed maid of smoky war" (IV.i.113-14); ragamuffins tossed dead into a pit—"Tut, tut, good enough to toss; food for powder. . . ." (IV.ii.65-66)—or consigned, maimed, to the town's end, "to beg during life" (V.iii.38). Richard returned from wars in Ireland in the earlier play, and the present king, then Henry Hereford, known as Bolingbroke, invaded England; but we never heard of doings like these. This is indeed a changed world: the world of outrage that is anticipated in the next-to-last scene of *Richard II* by the brutal murder of the king and, earlier, in the deposition scene, by the warning of the Bishop of Carlisle:

What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?

My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy
The blood of England shall manure the ground,

And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind, confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woofullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursèd earth!
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you woe.

(IV.i.121-22, 134-49)

The violence predicted by Carlisle takes over immediately in 1 *Henry IV*, as we have seen. But the bishop's enunciation of what is sometimes called "the Tudor myth"—the thesis that an ever-watchful Providence brings retribution on peoples who displace their lawful sovereigns, and, specifically, that England's sufferings between the murder of Richard in 1399 and the accession of the first Tudor monarch in 1485 were a divinely appointed punishment for the assault on Richard—the enunciation of this doctrine better suits Shakespeare's earlier treatment of these disorders in the *Henry VI* plays and *Richard III* than the *Henry IV* plays. The world that produces Henry is changed in this respect, too. The old scheme of celestial superintendence hangs loosely over it, to be glanced at in moments of introspection and anxiety; but to all dramatic intents and purposes, Henry's world, like Henry himself, is secular. One reason may be that Shakespeare saw in secularism the necessary condition of a usurper's success. A more compelling reason, doubtless, is that his attention had increasingly shifted from the interpretive moral and theological scheme with which his sources provided him toward the complexities and crosscurrents of human beings as they act and react on one another: in Yeats's words, toward "the fury and the mire of human veins."

The best anticipation of the mood of our play, from this point of view, is Richard's own warning, addressed

to the man whose betrayal of him enabled Henry to seize the throne:

Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
He shall think that thou which knowest the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urged another way,
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked men converts to fear,
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death. (V.i.55-68)

These lines pay tribute to the overall theological scheme ("foul sin, gathering head"), but this fact should not blind us to the principles of *realpolitik* which they put forward as the mode of action that will govern in the hearts of Henry and his associates.

The irony of the new king's position, we soon learn, springs from these principles. As a successful usurper with the blood of a predecessor on his conscience, he is himself a principle of the disorder on which, as Shakespeare's Macbeth will learn at length, no lasting order can be built. Lawlessness springs up about him as if like Jason he had sown the dragon's teeth. It comes not only in the form of the Percys' rebellion and the behavior of his son, but in the knavery of Falstaff and the murky atmosphere of the inn at Rochester (to some extent an image of England), where all order is in decay and no man trusts another. All these are reflections cast by Henry in the mirror of the body politic. If there are highwaymen on the public road and other highwaymen at Glendower's plotting to snatch the crown, these circumstances cannot be separated from the circumstance that one who has acted like a highwayman is king.

Thus the Tudor theme of the harsh wages of usurpation by no means vanishes from the play. Minimizing it as doctrine, Shakespeare makes it part of the poetic and dramatic texture, while he qualifies and complicates it by presenting to us in Henry a capable and even admirable king—one who, though never granted the security and peace he longs for, maintains his crown by a combination of strength, sagacity, severity, and lenience, and passes it on to an eventually deserving son. The ambivalence of his position is brought out by continual questioning of his title. The rebels question it on many occasions verbally (I.iii. 10 ff., 143 ff.; IV.iii.52 ff.; V.i.30 ff.) and, subsequently, by force of arms. The king himself seems to cast a doubt on it when he dresses others "in his coats" to confuse the enemy at Shrewsbury, as if royalty were a costume or blazon to be laid on at will. When Falstaff "acts" the king in the tavern, this doubt assumes a compelling visual shape, as does a further doubt whether "that father ruffian," as Hal calls Falstaff when he himself assumes the king's part, is more a ruffian in some respects than the deposer and murderer of Richard. Meantime, in the language of the play, this subject is teased at incessantly: we hear of the "grace" that Hal will or will not have when he is king; of

the "true¹ prince" knowable by instinct; of the "heir apparent"¹—with a lurking pun in the second term; of false or cracked coins (bearing the king's image) to be passed current; of "nobles" appreciated to "royals"; and of many forms of "counterfeiting." Perhaps the ambiguities surrounding Henry's claim are expressed most succinctly in two remarks made by the Scottish Douglas during the battle. Douglas is engaged in killing all who wear the king's coats as fast as he can find them. "I fear thou art another counterfeit," he says as he sees Henry approach in the same garb. "And yet, in faith, thou bearest thee like a king." The first sentence suggests the emptiness of Henry's title in that he is not the rightful king; the second suggests the justness of his title in that he is a man who knows how to rule. We notice, however, that the king's life is saved neither by the stratagem of the coats nor by kingly "bearing," but by the chivalry of his son.

Henry IV [Part One] was published in 1598; it was probably written and acted in 1596-97. There are some topical allusions in the play to these years, notably the Second Carrier's reference to the high cost of oats that killed Robin Ostler (II.i.12). Topical in a more important sense, during the whole of the 1590's, was the play's general subject matter. Though contemporary concern about succession to the throne need not (though it may) have influenced Shakespeare's choice of materials for his English histories, it inevitably gave them an extra dimension. Elizabeth was now in her sixties, and there was no assured heir, only a multiplicity of candidates, including her sometimes favorite, the Earl of Essex. Many recalled anxiously the chaos in times past when the center of power in the monarchical system had ceased to be sharply defined and clearly visible. This had occurred to an extent after Henry VIII's death, and earlier after Henry V's, and still earlier after the murder of Richard II.

If Shakespeare was at all influenced by these anxieties, his rendering of them is on the whole buoyant and optimistic in his second English tetralogy and especially so in *1 Henry IV*. True, the England seen in this play and its immediate successor is far from reassuring. It has even been

an England, on the one side, of bawdy house and thieves'-kitchen, of waylaid merchants, badgered and bewildered Justices, and a peasantry wretched, betrayed, and recruited for the wars; an England, on the other side, of the chivalrous wolf pack of Hotspur and Douglas, and of state-sponsored treachery in the person of Prince John—the whole presided over by a sick King, hagridden by conscience, dreaming of a Crusade to the Holy Land as M. Remorse [Falstaff] thinks of slimming and repentance.²

But this is only half the picture. Beside it, for the first Henry IV play, we must place the warmth, wit, and high spirits of the tavern scenes, the impetuous charm of Hotspur, the amusing domesticities of Kate and Glendower's daughter, the touching loyalty of Francis, the affections that (along with sponging) bind Falstaff to Hal, and Hal's own magnanimity and self-command. For both the

¹ The italics are, of course, the editor's.

² J. F. Danby, *Shakespeare's Doctrine of Nature: A Study of King Lear* (1949), pp. 97-98.

first and second plays, we must weigh heavily into the account the character of the story told. This, the greatest of monarchical success stories in English popular history, traces the evolution of an engaging scapegrace into one of the most admired of English kings. Chicanery and appetite in the first play, apathy and corruption in the second, form an effective theatrical background against which the oncoming sunbright majesty of the future Henry V may shine more brightly—as we are assured precisely that it will do on our first meeting with him (I.ii).

When Shakespeare turned to this subject in 1596–97, he found in his historical sources, mainly Holinshed's *Chronicles*, two dominant motifs. One was the moral and theological interpretation of the troubles attending Henry IV's reign in consequence of his usurpation. This we have already discussed. The other was the legend of the madcap youth of Henry's son and heir—a legend already exploited in an anonymous play of which we have today only a debased and possibly abbreviated text: *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*. The *Famous Victories* contributes to 1 *Henry IV* the germ of the robbery incident (though the Prince's involvement in a thieving episode is found in the chronicles as well); the germ of the tavern high jinks and parodying of authority; the germ of the expectation of Hal's reign as a golden age of rascals; and the germ of the reconciliation scene between the prince and his father. The extent to which these hints are fleshed out and transfigured by Shakespeare's imagination may be seen in the character of Mistress Quickly. Her entire original in the *Famous Victories* is a sentence spoken by the prince, favoring a rendezvous at "the old tavern in Eastcheap" because "there is a pretty wench that can talk well."

From the *Famous Victories* come also the names Gad's Hill (for the arranger of the robbery), Ned (our Ned Poins), and Jockey Oldcastle. The last was Shakespeare's name for Falstaff when the play was first performed, as references throughout the early seventeenth century show; Hal's addressing him as "my old lad of the castle" in the play as we have it (I.ii.42) is a survival from this. By the time the play was printed, the name had been altered to Falstaff for reasons that can now only be guessed at. Possibly there had been a protest by Oldcastle's descendants, one of whom was Lord Chamberlain during part of 1596–97. How the historical Oldcastle (d. 1417), a man of character who was made High Sheriff of Herefordshire and eventually Lord Cobham, came to be metamorphosed into the roisterer of the *Famous Victories* is also an unsolved mystery, though no more mysterious than the dramatic imagination that exalted this dull stage roisterer, lacking eloquence, wit, mendacity, thirst, and fat, into the Falstaff we know.

On Holinshed and minor sources like Samuel Daniel's epic *The First Four Books of the Civil Wars between the Two Houses of Lancaster and York* (1595), Shakespeare based his treatment of the Percy rebellion, recasting the materials to give them an inner coherence. The Hotspur of history, for example, was twenty-three years older than Hal and two years older than the king himself, who at the date of the battle of Shrewsbury was only thirty-seven, his eldest son being then sixteen, and Prince John thirteen. Shakespeare followed the lead of Daniel and made Hotspur a youth, in order to establish dramatic rivalry between him and Hal. He then aged Henry rapidly so that by the

time of the battle the king can speak of crushing his "old limbs in ungentle steel" and be the more appropriately rescued (this episode is also derived from Daniel) by his vigorous heir. For the same dramatic purpose, he assigned to Hal the triumph over Hotspur—though the inspiration for this may have come from misreading an ambiguous sentence in Holinshed. The reconciliation of prince and king, touched on in the chronicles and dramatized briefly in the *Famous Victories* as occurring in Henry's latter years, he moved forward to a position before Shrewsbury, in order to enhance the human drama of father and son and further sharpen our anticipation of Hal's meeting with Hotspur. Hotspur's blunt, uncourtly humor, the conception of Glendower as scholar and poet fired by a Celtic imagination, the entertaining clash of temperament and mood that this makes possible at Glendower's house, not only between Welshman and Englishman, but between romantic lovers and seasoned man and wife—all this again is Shakespeare's invention. His transformation of Holinshed, like his transformation of the *Famous Victories*, may best be indicated by a specific example. All of Hotspur's deliciously impetuous speech about the popinjay lord who came to Holmedon to demand his prisoners, not to mention the wonderfully ebullient scene in which it occurs, has behind it in Holinshed only seventeen words: "the King demanded of the Earl and his son such Scottish prisoners as were taken at Homeldon. . . ."

Hal's triumphant journey from tippling in taverns to glory on the field of battle derives from one other "source," more influential than any yet mentioned here. This is the *psychomachia* of the morality plays—that is, the struggle of virtues and vices for possession of a man's soul, a theme acted again and again in the plays of the early sixteenth century, which the drama of Marlowe and Shakespeare superseded. In these plays, youthful virtue is beset by temptations and misleaders but customarily sees the true light at last and is saved. In the same general manner, Prince Hal "has to choose, Morality-fashion, between Sloth or Vanity, to which he is drawn by his bad companions, and Chivalry, to which he is drawn by his father and brother. And he chooses Chivalry."³

The play that Shakespeare built from these miscellaneous materials is simple in its large outlines. It brings before us three contrasting environments at once, each with a commanding personality. The court is Henry's domain; the tavern is Falstaff's; the feudal countryside is Hotspur's. What essentially takes place during the first three acts is the progress of Hal, the one unattached player, from Falstaff's environment to Henry's. Hal then returns in the last scene of Act III to mobilize the tavern world for war, after which Falstaff's environment dissolves. We then have two environments, both military and political in nature, one of them dominated by Hotspur, the other (beginning with Act IV) increasingly by Hal. Falstaff, now in his turn the unattached man, makes appropriate comments on each.

Within this simple framework, Shakespeare accomplishes an articulation of complementary images, cross-references, and ironic contrasts that is without parallel in the history of English stage comedy. The highway robbery comments on the Percys' plot and also on the king's usurpation, as we saw a few moments ago. Gadshill, boasting of the

³ E. M. W. Tillyard, *Shakespeare's History Plays* (1944), p. 265.

quality of his confederates (II.i), anticipates Hotspur's misplaced confidence in the fidelity of his fellow rebels (II.iii). Falstaff bawling for his horse (II.ii) has satirical affinities with Hotspur chattering to the same purpose (II.iii). Hal describes Hotspur talking to his wife (II.iv) as if he had been an eavesdropper in the scene preceding, and points our attention to a tavern monomania in Francis which is perhaps reminiscent of Hotspur's monomania for "palisadoes, frontiers, parapets." Hotspur describes a presumed but perhaps wholly imaginary fight between Glendower and Mortimer in epic terms (I.iii); Falstaff does the same for a definitely imaginary contest with eleven men in buckram (II.iv). Falstaff keeps telling us he is about to reform; Hal actually does so. Hal's interview with his father (III.ii) is broadened and deepened for us in advance by the burlesque of it (II.iv) and by the failure of Hotspur to achieve a similar self-discipline (III.i). Glendower and Hotspur mirror each other in egoism, contrast vividly in the pedantic refinements of the one, the countrified heartiness of the other. Falstaff's remarks on honor, as everyone knows, complement those we have heard earlier from Hotspur; the comic account of Falstaff's conscripted derelicts corrects and supplements the description of Hal's army by a general who loves parades (IV.i.97 ff.) and the anticipation of destroying it by a general who loves carnage (IV.i.113 ff.); Falstaff's cynical "They'll fill a pit as well as better" hangs over the ensuing battle, enveloping especially those who are to fill a pit simply because the king has dressed them in his coats; and so on. This list of cross-references could be extended almost indefinitely.

Only through such qualifying optics as these does Shakespeare allow us to view the simple morality "choice" described by Professor Tillyard. Hotspur is one term in that choice—at first glance, a wholly negative term. He misjudges Henry, seeing only the king's duplicity. He misjudges Hal, seeing only the truant, overlooking Hal's sagacity and versatility. Magnanimity is also beyond his reach. His manners are rude, not courtly. His reaction to Glendower is both impolitic and provincial. Yet the play shows us there is much to be said on behalf of this misguided and hotheaded young man. In many respects, he is set apart from, and above, the company he keeps. In being free of scheming policy, he is differentiated from his uncle Worcester and the king. In fighting (for a time) the nation's battles, he has in the past surpassed Hal. He can be counted on when needed and is thereby distinguished from Glendower, Mortimer, and his father. His valor in battle is total. In this he is unlike Douglas, who makes a fine display of fearlessness but in the pinch flees. And he is naively frank-hearted. Hotspur, Worcester knows, would be moved to meet what seems the king's generous offer of amnesty with equal generosity, and the battle would probably not be fought.

Falstaff, the other term of the choice, is similarly complex. First of all, he is endowed by Shakespeare with a comic imagination that enables him (as Antony will later be enabled by the imagination of Cleopatra) to show his back above the element he lives in. His shattering of official clichés and stained-glass attitudes throughout the play is a measure of his penetration as well as, sometimes, his irresponsibility: "Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal. 'Tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation" (I.ii.105-06); "A plague of sighing and grief, it blows a man up like a

bladder" (II.iv.334-36); "Thou knowest in the state of innocence Adam fell, and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou see'st I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty" (III.iii.172-76); "Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it" (V.i.28). These show the same gift of comic insight that enables him to multiply images of himself as a shotten herring or a poulterer's hare, to raise the stock role of *miles gloriosus*, or braggart soldier, into the most rapturous flight of mendacity the comic stage has ever seen (II.iv), and to fling into the tense silence before the robbery one of those searching questions about the nature of man and his societies that a wide-eyed child will sometimes propound: "Zounds, will they not rob *us*?" (II.ii.64). (In *2 Henry IV*, appealing to "law of nature" to account for the way of a pike with a dace, he will make this Hobbesian question a proposition.)

Falstaff is also set apart by his genuine affections, his joy in his friends: "Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you!" (II.iv.280-81). He is even set apart by a certain kind of honesty. He will lie to others inexhaustibly, but that life is sweeter to him than honor, sack than killing, money in the pocket more gratifying than a fine squad of soldiers, he never seeks to hide from himself. Yet it would be folly to ignore that his honesty makes him no less a rascal, his affection no less a parasite, his perspicacity about some matters no less willful-blind about the rest. Falstaff is much more than—but he also is—a glutton, drunkard, liar, coward, and thief.

Hotspur and Falstaff are extremes, and we see the gulf that separates them when Hotspur goes down fighting while Falstaff plays dead to save his skin. But extremes (so runs the familiar saying) meet, and we see them meet when Falstaff, having taken Hotspur's body on his back, assures Hal he is "not a double man." The phrase reminds us that he and Hotspur are in some respects outsized versions of the same thing. Both are chivalric figures, Falstaff being, however backslidden, a knight; both exemplify ways in which chivalry may go to seed. "A harebrained Hotspur, governed by a spleen," as his uncle Worcester describes him, can sacrifice to spleen a true knight's fealty and stain the honor he so prizes by making it the ground his egoism walks on. As for Falstaff, that "huge bombard of sack," that "roast Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly": in his knight's bosom, "there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty; . . . it is all filled up with guts and midriff."

Falstaff and Hotspur help us see that Hal's course is a mean between extremes. King Henry helps us see that Hal's mean is not a path of least resistance but a creative will that points toward a new kind of world. A master of appearances, as his description of his behavior in King Richard's time informs us (III.ii), Henry is at the same time their victim. If he seriously imagines that he would ever actually go on that crusade whose "dear expedience" occupies his council at the opening of the play (I.i), he is obviously self-deceived; if he does not intend to go, it is a calculated charade. The sketches of Hotspur and his son which he draws for us in the same scene are unmistakably sincere; but we soon discover they are wrong—mere stereotypes of martial prowess and libertinism. Henry does not really understand either his son or Hotspur. When

he holds up Hotspur for a model in the reconciliation scene (III.ii), when he exhibits his delusion that what he was to King Richard, Hotspur is now to Hal, when he speaks of Hal's "barren pleasures" to us who have just seen the tavern bulge with an energy and feeling never to be matched at Henry's court, we understand how far he has become prisoner of a royalism that is less imaginative than his son's. And when the battle comes, we understand more clearly against this background the meaning of the contrasts there: the king "has many marching in his coats"; the prince offers to decide the issue by taking the danger on himself alone; the king, thinking in political terms, sends his enemies to execution and within these terms is perfectly right to do so; the prince thinks in larger terms and spares Douglas, not for political reasons (though doubtless he is aware of these), but because, as in his praise of Hotspur, he can cherish "high deeds/Even in the bosom of our adversaries." Even Falstaff at his most ignominious, wounding Hotspur's corpse and claiming credit for having killed him, the prince can bring himself to excuse; he will gild his lie "with the happiest terms I have."

Thus by the play's end, Hal casts an inclusive shadow. He has met the claims of Hotspur's world, of Falstaff's, and of Henry's, without narrowing himself to any one. He has practiced mercy as well as justice, politics as well as friendship, shown himself capable of mockery as well as reverence, detachment as well as commitment, and brought into a practicable balance court, field, and tavern. He is on the way to becoming the luminous figure toward whom, in *Henry V*, Welshman, Irishman, Scot, and Englishman will alike be drawn. In this figure, combining valor, courtliness, hard sense, and humor in an ideal image of the potentialities of the English character, Shakespeare seems to have discerned grounds for that optimism about the future of his country which permeates his historical vision in the plays from *Richard II* to *Henry V*. We ourselves may find in it, if not so local and particular an image, glimpses of an ideal form that remains relevant to us—such a form as Socrates and Glaucon, in the ninth book of the *Republic*, allude to in their discussion of the perfect city. Glaucon, the doubter, says: "But the city whose foundation we have been describing has its being only in words; there is no spot on earth where it exists." And Socrates replies: "No; but it is laid up in heaven as a pattern for him who wills to see, and seeing, to found that city in himself. Whether it exists anywhere, or ever will exist, is no matter."

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

So far as we know, the sources on which Shakespeare chiefly drew in writing *Henry IV* [Part One] were the following: (1) the pages on Henry's reign in Volume III of Raphael Holinshed's compilation of British history, *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, first published in 1577 but later reissued (1586–87) in an enlarged edition, which seems to have been the text actually consulted by Shakespeare; (2) the relevant stanzas in Book III of Samuel Daniel's long poem, *The First Four Books of the Civil Wars between the Two Houses of Lancaster and York* (1595); and (3) *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, Containing the Honorable Battle of Agincourt*—an anonymous play of uncertain date, first printed in 1598, today extant in only

one known copy. For a brief account of the playwright's management of his sources in the completed play, see the Introduction, p. 640.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The text for the present edition as a whole is the first quarto of 1598. This is generally believed to have been set from an earlier edition of the same year (Q0), of which today only four leaves are known—containing the text of the play from I.iii.199 to II.ii.112. Q0, so far as we have it, shows characteristics which relate it closely to an authorial manuscript, probably a corrected working manuscript rather than a fair copy. Q1 may therefore be regarded as still reasonably faithful to what Shakespeare wrote. The later quartos (Q2, 1599; Q3, 1604; Q4, 1608; Q5, 1613), each set from the one preceding, and the Folio (1623), set from Q5, have increasingly less authority.

Apart from spelling and punctuation, which are modernized in this edition, and regularization of speech prefixes, I have followed Q1, and, where it exists, Q0. With one exception (IV.i.12–13), I preserve the lineation of these editions, printing therefore as prose a number of passages so printed in Q1 but now almost invariably divided into lines of verse. It is possible, even probable, that some of these passages were intended to be verse; but the wide differences exhibited by editors in lineating them persuade me to reserve this entertainment for readers who wish to engage in it. I have usually indicated in the footnotes one or more of the traditional patterns of lineation for each passage.

The table below records departures from Q0–Q1. The first reading (boldface) is that which I have adopted in the text; the second is that of Q1. Almost all of the emendations were made in the quartos or in the First Folio, indicating that in Shakespeare's own day the passages in question were suspect; but because these early texts have no authority, they are not cited as sources.

Division into acts and scenes is here that of the Folio, save that I follow Capell and most other editors (including those of the Globe edition) in dividing the Folio's V.ii into V.ii and V.iii and renumbering the subsequent scenes. In the quartos there is no indication of acts or scenes.

I.i.62 a dear deere **69 blood** did bloud. Did **76 In faith** it is [the quartos and folios give to the king]
I.ii.80 similes smiles **161 Bardolph**, Peto Haruey, Rossill [these are names that Shakespeare evidently meant originally to assign to Falstaff's associates: see below, II.iv.174–77, 181–82]
I.iii.199–206 [Q0–Q4 do not assign to Hotspur, but give as part of Northumberland's speech]
II.ii.16 two and twenty xxii
II.iii.4 respect the respect **70 A roan** Roane
II.iv.34 precedent present **37** [assigned to prince] **174–77** [assigned to Gadshill, Ross (= Russell: see above, I.ii.161), Falstaff, Ross] **181–82** [assigned to Ross] **246 eelskin** elsskin **343 Owen O** **398 tristful** trustfull
III.i.99 cantle scantle **128 on** an
III.ii.115 Enlargèd Enlargd
III.iii.37 that's that **61 tithe** tight **92 s.d. them** him **180 guests** ghesse **208 o'** of
IV.i.20 I, my lord I my mind **54 is** tis **107 dropped** drop **125 cannot** can **126 yet** it
IV.iii.21 horse horses **28 ours** our **82 country's** Countrey
V.i.138 will it wil
V.ii.3 undone vnder one **25 s.d. Hotspur** Percy
V.iii.22 A Ah
V.iv.66 Nor Now **74 s.d. who** he **157 ours** our



THE HISTORY OF HENRY THE FOURTH

[PART ONE]

[Dramatis Personae]

KING HENRY THE FOURTH
HENRY *Prince of Wales* } *the king's*
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER } *sons*
EARL OF WESTMORELAND
SIR WALTER BLUNT
THOMAS PERCY *Earl of Worcester*
HENRY PERCY *Earl of Northumberland*
HENRY PERCY ("HOTSPUR") *his son*
EDMUND MORTIMER *Earl of March*
RICHARD SCROOP *Archbishop of York*
ARCHIBALD *Earl of Douglas*
OWEN GLENDOWER
SIR RICHARD VERNON
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF

SIR MICHAEL *a friend of the Archbishop of York*
POINS
GADSHILL
PETO
BARDOLPH
FRANCIS *a waiter*
LADY PERCY *Hotspur's wife and Mortimer's sister*
LADY MORTIMER *Glendower's daughter and*
Mortimer's wife
MISTRESS QUICKLY *hostess of the tavern*
SHERIFF VINTNER CHAMBERLAIN TWO
CARRIERS OSTLER MESSENGERS
TRAVELERS ATTENDANTS

Scene: England and Wales]

[A C T I]

[Scene I. London. The palace.]

*Enter the KING, Lord JOHN of Lancaster, Earl of WEST-
MORELAND, [Sir Walter BLUNT,] with others.*

KING

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant°
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in stronds° afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood,
No more shall trenching° war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes

5

Which, like the meteors° of a troubled heaven, 10
All of one nature, of one substance bred°,
Did lately meet in the intestine° shock
And furious close° of civil butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beseeming° ranks
March all one way and be no more opposed 15
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies.
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathèd knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulcher of Christ°—
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross 20
We are impressèd and engagèd° to fight—
Forthwith a power° of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were molded in their mother's womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields

20

10 meteors atmospheric disturbances 11 All . . . bred i.e., because believed to originate from vapors 12 intestine internal 13 close grappling 14 mutual well-beseeming interdependent well-ordered 19 As . . . Christ to Jerusalem 21 impressèd and engagèd conscripted and pledged (by Henry's vow after the murder of Richard: cf. *Richard II*, V.vi.45–50) 22 power army

The decorative border shown above appeared on the first page of the fifth quarto edition of The History of Henry the Fourth [Part One], 1613.

I.i.2 pant catch (her) breath 4 stronds shores 7 trenching (1) cutting (2) encroaching

Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelvemonth old,
And bootless° 'tis to tell you we will go.
Therefor we meet not now.° Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin° Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.°

WESTMORELAND

My liege, this haste was hot in question°
And many limits of the charge° set down
But yesternight; when all athwart° there came
A post° from Wales, loaden with heavy news,
Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild° Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butcherèd;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.°

KING

It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

WESTMORELAND

This, matched with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven° and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood Day° the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approvèd Scot,
At Holmedon° met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery
And shape of likelihood° the news was told;
For he that brought them,° in the very heat
And pride of their contention° did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue° any way.

KING

Here is a dear, a true industrious° friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stained with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat° of ours,
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balked° in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took

29 bootless useless 30 Therefor . . . now That is not the reason we now meet 31 gentle cousin noble kinsman 33 dear expedience urgent enterprise 34 hot in question undergoing hot discussion 35 limits . . . charge apportionings of tasks and costs 36 athwart crosswise, i.e., interfering 37 post messenger 40 irregular and wild i.e., as border-raider and guerrilla 43-46 such . . . of the phrasing in Holinshed, Shakespeare's source, suggests that the dead English were castrated 50 uneven cf. "smooth" in line 66 52 Holy-rood Day September 14 55 Holmedon Humbleton in Northumberland 58 shape of likelihood probability 59 them the news 59-60 heat . . . contention peak of battle 61 issue outcome 62 true industrious loyally zealous 65 seat dwelling, i.e., the palace 69 Balked (1) heaped (2) thwarted

25 Mordake, Earl of Fife and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honorable spoil?
A gallant prize? Ha, cousin, is it not? 75

30 WESTMORELAND

In faith it is. A conquest for a prince to boast of
KING
Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son:
35 A son who is the theme of honor's tongue, 80
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion° and her pride;
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow
40 Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved 85
That some night-tripping fairy° had exchanged
In cradle clothes our children where they lay,
And called mine Percy, his Plantagenet!°
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
45 But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,° 90
Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surprised°
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word
I shall have none but Mordake, Earl of Fife.

WESTMORELAND

This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester, 95
Malevolent to you in all aspects,°
Which makes him prune° himself and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

KING

But I have sent for him to answer this;
55 And for this cause awhile we must neglect 100
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again,
60 For more is to be said and to be done 105
Than out of anger can be utterèd.°

WESTMORELAND

I will, my liege. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. London. The prince's lodging.]

Enter PRINCE of Wales and Sir John FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?
PRINCE Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old
sack,° and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping
upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to
demand that truly which thou wouldest truly know. 5
What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day?
Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons,

82 minion darling 86 fairy fairies were thought sometimes to steal a beautiful infant, leaving an ugly "changeling" in its place 88 Plantagenet family name of Henry IV 90 coz kinsman (short for cousin) 92 surprised taken 96 Malevolent . . . aspects an astrological expression comparing Worcester to a planet whose influence obstructs Henry's designs 97 prune preen his feathers for action (like a hawk) 106 utterèd transacted in public
I.ii.3 sack Spanish white wine

and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials° the signs of leaping houses,° and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colored taffeta, I see no reason why 10 thou shouldst be so superfluous to° demand the time of the day.

FALSTAFF Indeed you come near me° now, Hal; for we that take purses go by° the moon and the seven stars,° and not by Phoebus,° he, that wand'ring knight 15 so fair.° And I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art a king, as, God save thy grace°—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none—

PRINCE What, none?

FALSTAFF No, by my troth; not so much as will serve 20 to be prologue to an egg and butter.

PRINCE Well, how then? Come, roundly, roundly.°

FALSTAFF Marry,° then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty.° Let us be Diana's° 25 foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions° of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government,° being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal. 30

PRINCE Thou sayest well, and it holds well° too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed as the sea is by the moon. As, for proof now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most 35 dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing "Lay by," and spent with crying "Bring in";° now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder,° and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

FALSTAFF By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad—and is 40 not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

PRINCE As the honey of Hybla,° my old lad of the castle°—and is not a buff jerkin° a most sweet robe of durance?

8 dials sundial **9 leaping houses** brothels **11 so superfluous to** so irrelevant as to **13 near me** close to understanding me (as if Hal were shooting at a mark) **14 go by** (1) walk under (2) tell time by (3) regulate our lives by **14–15 seven stars** constellation Pleiades **15 Phoebus** the sun **15–16 he . . . fair** Falstaff possibly quotes here, or sings, a line of a lost ballad; the sun was readily thought of as an eternal wanderer or "knight-errant" **17 grace** Falstaff puns on "your grace" a title which Hal asking will exchange for "your majesty"—and spiritual grace and, in lines 20–21, on grace before eating **22 roundly** i.e., get to the point (but possibly with a glance at Falstaff's girth) **23 Marry** a mild oath, from "By the Virgin Mary" **24–25 squires . . . beauty** Falstaff's puns on *night/knight*—knights were often attended by body-squires—and probably on *body/beauty/booty*; the "day's beauty" in one of its senses here is the sun and balances "the night's body," which in one sense is the moon **25 Diana** goddess of the moon and the hunt (by identifying the hunt with hunting for "booty"—and "beauty"—Falstaff presents himself and his crew as Diana's companion foresters, her titled "gentlemen of the shade," her "minions," who "steal"—i.e., [1] move silently [2] take purses under her "countenance"—i.e., under [1] her face [2] her protection) **26 minions** servants and favorites **27–28 of good government** (1) well-behaved (2) ruled by a good ruler **31 it holds well** it's a good comparison **37–38 Lay by . . . Bring in** the highwayman's commands: the first to his victims, the second to the waiter in the tavern where he spends his gains **38 ladder** leading up to the gallows **42 Hybla** Sicilian source of fine honey; **old . . . castle** rowdy (with pun on *Oldcastle*, Falstaff's original name, and probably on *The Castle*, a well-known London brothel) **43 buff jerkin** tan (leather) jacket (a "robe of durance" because both durable and suggesting imprisonment [durance] because worn by the sheriff's officers)

FALSTAFF How now, how now, mad wag? What, in thy quips and thy quiddities?° What a plague have I to 45 do with a buff jerkin?

PRINCE Why, what a pox° have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

FALSTAFF Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning° many a time and oft. 50

PRINCE Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

FALSTAFF No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

PRINCE Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit. 55

FALSTAFF Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? And resolution thus fubbed° as it is with the rusty curb of old father Antic° the law? 60 Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

PRINCE No; thou shalt.

FALSTAFF Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave° judge.

PRINCE Thou judgest false already. I mean, thou shalt 65 have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

FALSTAFF Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humor° as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you. 70

PRINCE For obtaining of suits?°

FALSTAFF Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood,° I am as melancholy as a gib-cat° or a lugged° bear.

PRINCE Or an old lion, or a lover's lute. 75

FALSTAFF Yea, or the drone° of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

PRINCE What sayest thou to a hare,° or the melancholy of Moorditch?°

FALSTAFF Thou hast the most unsavory similes, and 80 art indeed the most comparative,° rascalliast, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee trouble me no more with vanity.° I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity° of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated° me the other day in the 85 street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

44–45 What . . . quiddities So you're in a witty mood, are you? **47 pox** the Prince turns Falstaff's "plague" (line 45) into a disease more characteristic of tavern hostesses **49 called . . . reckoning** (1) called her to a showdown (2) asked her for the bill **59 resolution thus fubbed** courage (i.e., in the highwayman) thus cheated of its reward **60 old father Antic** "that old screwball" **63 brave** (1) excellent (2) handsomely decked out **68–69 jumps . . . humor** agrees with my frame of mind **71 suits** petitions for court favor (but Falstaff takes it in the sense of the victim's garments, which were forfeit to the executioner) **73 'Sblood** by God's (i.e., Christ's) blood **74 gib-cat** tomcat; **lugged** tied to a stake and baited by dogs, as entertainment **76 drone** single note of a bagpipe's bass pipe **78 hare** proverbially melancholy **79 Moorditch** foul London drainage ditch **81 comparative** full of (insulting) comparisons **83 vanity** worldly considerations (Falstaff here takes up one of his favorite humorous roles, assuming for the next several lines the sanctimonious attitudes and vocabulary of Elizabethan Puritanism) **84 commodity** supply **85 rated** scolded

PRINCE Thou didst well, for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.⁹⁰

FALSTAFF O, thou hast damnable iteration,⁹¹ and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked.⁹⁵ I must give over this life, and I will give it over! By the Lord, and⁹⁶ I do not, I am a villain! I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

PRINCE Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jack?¹⁰⁰

FALSTAFF Zounds,⁹⁷ where thou wilt, lad! I'll make one. An⁹⁸ I do not, call me villain and baffle⁹⁹ me.

PRINCE I see a good amendment of life in thee—from praying to purse-taking.

FALSTAFF Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation,¹⁰⁵ Hal. 'Tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

Enter POINS.

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.¹¹⁰ O, if men were to be saved by merit,¹¹¹ what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried "Stand!" to a true¹¹² man.

PRINCE Good morrow, Ned.

POINS Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack and Sugar?¹¹⁵ Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

PRINCE Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs. He will give the devil his due.¹²⁰

POINS Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

PRINCE Else he had been damned for cozening¹²⁵ the devil.

POINS But, my lads, my lads, tomorrow morning, by four o'clock early, at Gad's Hill!¹³⁰ There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings,¹³¹ and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards¹³² for you all; you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies tonight in Rochester. I have bespoke supper tomorrow night at Eastcheap.¹³³ We may do it as secure as sleep.

89-90 Thou . . . it Hal quotes Proverbs 1:20-24: "Wisdom crieth without, and putteth forth her voice in the streets . . . saying . . . 'I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded'" 91 damnable iteration a sinful way of repeating and (mis)applying holy texts 95-96 the wicked Puritan idiom for those who were not Puritans; cf. "saint" in line 92, which glances at the Puritans' way of referring collectively to themselves 97 and if 101 Zounds by God's (i.e., Christ's) wounds 102 An if; baffle hang upside down (a punishment allotted perjured knights) 105 vocation calling (with reference to the Puritan stress on a man's being "called" by God to his work) 107-08 set a match arranged a robbery 108 merit good works (in Puritan doctrine wholly insufficient for salvation) 110 true honest 114 Sack and Sugar sack sweetened with sugar was particularly the drink of the elderly, but there may be a pun, in this context, on sackcloth, symbol of penance 123 cozening cheating 126 Gad's Hill a place notorious for holdups on the road from Rochester to London 127 offerings for the shrine of Saint Thomas à Becket 128 vizards masks 131 Eastcheap London street and district

If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged!

FALSTAFF Hear ye, Yedward:¹³⁴ if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.¹³⁵

POINS You will, chops?¹³⁶

FALSTAFF Hal, wilt thou make one?

PRINCE Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith.

FALSTAFF There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou can'st not of the blood royal¹⁴⁰ if thou darest not stand for¹⁴¹ ten shillings.

PRINCE Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

FALSTAFF Why, that's well said.

PRINCE Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

FALSTAFF By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.¹⁴⁵

PRINCE I care not.

POINS Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone. I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.¹⁵⁰

FALSTAFF Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move¹⁵⁵ and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance.¹⁵⁶ Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

PRINCE Farewell, the¹⁵⁷ latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer!¹⁵⁸ [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

POINS Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us tomorrow. I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid;¹⁶⁰ yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.¹⁶⁵

PRINCE How shall we part with them in setting forth?

POINS Why, we will set forth before or after them and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.¹⁷⁰

PRINCE Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits,¹⁷¹ and by every other appointment,¹⁷² to be ourselves.

POINS Tut! Our horses they shall not see—I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah,¹⁷³ I have cases of buckram for the nonce,¹⁷⁴ to immask our noted outward garments.

PRINCE Yea, but I doubt¹⁷⁵ they will be too hard for us.

POINS Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the

134 Yedward dialect form of Edward 136 chops "fat-face"

141 royal pun on royal, a ten-shilling coin; stand for (1) pass for (as a coin) (2) contest for (in a robbery) 151-53 God . . . move mimicry again of the Puritans, who claimed to act only when the spirit moved in them 155-56 want countenance lack protection (royal and aristocratic) 157 the sometimes used in the sixteenth century for thou and you 157-58 All-hallown summer Poins compares Falstaff's youthfulness in old age to the belated summer that occurs around All Hallows Day 162 waylaid set our trap for 173 habits dress 173-74 appointment piece of equipment 177 sirrah term of address showing great familiarity 177-78 cases . . . nonce outer coverings of coarse linen for the purpose 179 doubt fear

third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible° lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought 185 with; what wards,° what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof° of this lives the jest.

PRINCE Well, I'll go with thee. Provide us all things necessary and meet me tomorrow night° in Eastcheap. There I'll sup. Farewell.

POINS Farewell, my lord.

Exit.

PRINCE

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humor° of your idleness.
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,°
Who doth permit the base contagious° clouds 195
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted,° he may be more wond'ered at
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wished-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.°
So when this loose behavior I throw off 205
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;°
And, like bright metal on a sullen° ground,
My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil° to set it off.
I'll so offend to make offense a skill,
Redeeming time° when men think least I will. *Exit.*

[Scene III. Windsor. The council chamber.]

Enter the KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir Walter BLUNT, with others.

KING

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me,° for accordingly
You tread upon my patience; but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,° 5
Mighty and to be feared, than my condition,°

Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

WORCESTER

Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves 10
The scourge of greatness to be used on it—
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp° to make so portly.°

190 NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord—

KING

Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye. 15
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier° of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. 20

Exit WORCESTER.

You were about to speak.

200 NORTHUMBERLAND

Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliverèd to your majesty. 25
Either envy,° therefore, or misprision°
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

HOTSPUR

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil, 30
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reaped°
Showed like a stubble land at harvest home.
He was perfumèd like a milliner, 35
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box,° which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;
Who° therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff;° and still he smiled and talked; 40
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse°
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady° terms 45
He questioned° me, amongst the rest demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pest' red with a poppingay,°
Out of my grief° and my impatience 50
Answered neglectingly, I know not what—
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman

183–84 **incomprehensible** unlimited 186 **wards** strategies of defense (in swordsmanship) 187 **reproof** disproof 189 **tomorrow night** they will meet for the robbery tomorrow morning, but Hal is thinking ahead to the jest on Falstaff that night 193 **unyoked humor** undisciplined inclinations 194 **sun** royalty's traditional symbol 195 **contagious** clouds were thought to breed pestilence 198 **wanted** lacked, missed 204 **rare accidents** unexpected or uncommon events 208 **hopes** expectations 209 **sullen** dull 212 **foil** contrasting background 214 **Redeeming time** making amends (Hal alludes to Ephesians 5:7 ff., which bears in a general way on much that has been said in this scene: "Be not ye therefore partakers with them, for ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light. . . . See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise; redeeming the time, because the days are evil.")

I.iii.3 **found me** found me out 5 **myself** what I am as king 6 **my condition** what I am by nature

13 **holp** helped; **portly** stately 18 **frontier** rampart (as if Worcester were an enemy fortress) 26 **envy** malice; **misprision** misapprehension 33 **reaped** i.e., with the closely clipped beard of a man of fashion 37 **pouncet box** perfume box 39 **Who** his nose 40 **Took . . . snuff** proverbial, meaning "took offense," but here with pun on "snuffing" the perfume 43 **corse** corpse 45 **holiday and lady** fastidious and effeminate 46 **questioned** talked to 49 **poppingay** parrot (here, one who is gaudy in dress and chatters emptily) 50 **grief** pain

Of guns and drums and wounds—God save the
mark!°—

And telling me the sovereignest° thing on earth
Was parmacity° for an inward bruise,
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous saltpeter should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall° fellow had destroyed
So cowardly, and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly,° as I said,
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current° for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

BLUNT

The circumstance considerèd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong,° or any way impeach
What then he said, so° he unsay it now.

KING

Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath willfully betrayed
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damned Glendower—
Whose daughter, as we hear, that Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent° with fears°
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve!
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

HOTSPUR

Revolted Mortimer?
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war. To prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds, 95
Those mouthèd wounds,° which valiantly he took
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound° the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment° with great Glendower. 100
Three times they breathed,° and three times did they
drink,

55 **God . . . mark** a ritual phrase originally used to invoke a blessing, but here expressing scorn 56 **sovereignest** best 57 **parmacity** spermaceti (medicinal substance found in sperm whales) 61 **tall** stalwart 65 **indirectly** absently 67 **Come current** (1) be accepted (as of true coin) (2) intrude 74 **To . . . wrong** to be held against him 75 **so** provided 86 **indent** bargain; **fears** (1) cowards (2) traitors, i.e., those who by "fear" have yielded to the enemy and so become traitors "to be feared" 96 **mouthèd wounds** wounds that speak for him (based on the likeness of a bloody flesh wound to a mouth) 99 **confound** spend 100 **changing hardiment** battling 101 **breathed** paused for breath

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who° then affrighted with their bloody looks
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds
And hid his crisp° head in the hollow bank, 105
Bloodstainèd with these valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy°
Color° her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly. 110
Then let not him be slanderèd with revolt.°

KING

Thou dost belie° him, Percy, thou dost belie him!
He never did encounter with Glendower.
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy. 115
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah,° henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland, 120
We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

Exit KING [with BLUNT and TRAIN].

HOTSPUR

And if° the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart, 125
Albeit I make a hazard of° my head.

80 NORTHUMBERLAND

What, drunk with choler?° Stay, and pause awhile.
Here comes your uncle.

Enter WORCESTER.

85 HOTSPUR Speak of Mortimer?

Zounds, I will speak of him, and let my soul
Want mercy if I do not join with him! 130
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the downtrod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cank' red° Bolingbroke.° 135

NORTHUMBERLAND

Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

WORCESTER

Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

HOTSPUR

He will forsooth have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale, 140
And on my face he turned an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

WORCESTER

I cannot blame him. Was not he proclaimed
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?°

NORTHUMBERLAND

He was, I heard the proclamation: 145

103 **Who** the river 105 **crisp** used punningly to mean both "curled" (of a man's head) and "rippling" (of a river); "head" also refers punningly to a river's force 107 **policy** cunning 108 **Color** (1) disguise (2) redden (i.e., with blood) 111 **revolt** treason 112 **belie** misrepresent 116 **sirrah** term of address to an inferior, here insulting 123 **And if if** 126 **make . . . of risk** 127 **choler** anger 135 **cank' red** infected; **Bolingbroke** the king 144 **next of blood** heir to the throne

And then it was when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us° God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted° did return
To be deposed, and shortly murderèd.

WORCESTER

And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

HOTSPUR

But soft, I pray you, did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

NORTHUMBERLAND He did, myself did hear it.

HOTSPUR

Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wished him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation°—shall it be
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low
To show the line° and the predicament°
Wherein you range under this subtle king!
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage° them both in an unjust behalf
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker° Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken
That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No, yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banished honors and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again;
Revenge the jeering and disdained contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore I say—

WORCESTER Peace, cousin, say no more;

And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving° discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

HOTSPUR

If he fall in, good night, or sink, or swim!^o
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honor cross it from the north to south,

And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs 195
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

NORTHUMBERLAND

Imagination of some great exploit
150 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOTSPUR

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap 200
To pluck bright honor from the palefaced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drownèd honor by the locks,
So° he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival° all her dignities; 205
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!^o

WORCESTER

He apprehends a world of figures° here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

160 HOTSPUR

I cry you mercy.° 210

WORCESTER

Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners—

HOTSPUR

I'll keep them all.
165 By God, he shall not have a Scot of them!
No, if a Scot° would save his soul, he shall not.
I'll keep them, by this hand!

WORCESTER

You start away 215
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOTSPUR

Nay, I will! That's flat!
He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer,
175 But I will find him when he lies asleep, 220
And in his ear I'll hollo "Mortimer."
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him
To keep his anger still in motion.

180 WORCESTER

Hear you, cousin, a word. 225

HOTSPUR

All studies° here I solemnly defy°
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke;
And that same sword-and-buckler° Prince of Wales,
185 But that I think his father loves him not 230
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poisonèd with a pot of ale.°

WORCESTER

Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you
190 When you are better tempered to attend.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood, 235
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

147 in us at our hands 149 intercepted interrupted 161
murderous subornation confederacy in murder 166 line
degree, station (but also "hangman's rope" [cf. line 164]
and "tether" [cf. line 167]); predicament category (but
also "perilous position") 171 gage pledge 174 canker dog-
rose (an inferior rose, but with suggestions of "cankervorm"
and "ulcer") 187 quick-conceiving eagerly responsive 192
good . . . swim the man is doomed whether he sinks at once
or is swept away by the current

204 So provided 205 corrival partner 206 out . . .
fellowship down with this half-and-half sharing (of honors)
207 figures (1) figures of speech (2) airy fancies (as opposed to
substantial "form," line 208) 210 cry you mercy beg your
pardon 214 Scot pun on scot, meaning "small payment"
226 studies interest; defy reject 228 sword-and-buckler
"low-down" (sword and shield were arms of the lower classes)
231 ale a further glance at Hal's presumed low tastes, gentle-
men's drink being wine

HOTSPUR

Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,
 Nettled, and stung with pismires,^o when I hear
 Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time—what do you call the place? 240
 A plague upon it! It is in Gloucestershire;
 'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,^o
 His uncle York—where I first bowed my knee
 Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke—
 'Sblood!—when you and he came back from Ravens-
 purgh^o— 245

NORTHUMBERLAND

At Berkeley Castle.

HOTSPUR

You say true.

Why, what a candy deal^o of courtesy
 This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
 "Look when his infant fortune came to age," 250
 And "gentle Harry Percy," and "kind cousin"—
 O, the devil take such cozeners!^o—God forgive me!
 Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

WORCESTER

Nay, if you have not, to it again.

We will stay your leisure.

HOTSPUR

I have done, i' faith. 255

WORCESTER

Then once more to your Scottish prisoners:
 Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
 And make the Douglas' son your only mean
 For powers in Scotland—which, for divers reasons
 Which I shall send you written, be assured 260
 Will easily be granted. [*To NORTHUMBERLAND.*]

You, my lord,
 Your son in Scotland being thus employed,
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep
 Of that same noble prelate well-beloved,
 The Archbishop.

HOTSPUR

Of York, is it not? 265

WORCESTER

True; who bears hard^o
 His brother's death at Bristow,^o the Lord Scroop.
 I speak not this in estimation,^o
 As what I think might be, but what I know
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down, 270
 And only stays but to behold the face
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

HOTSPUR

I smell it.^o Upon my life, it will do well.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Before the game is afoot thou still let'st slip.^o

HOTSPUR

Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot. 275
 And then the power of Scotland and of York
 To join with Mortimer, ha?

WORCESTER

And so they shall.

HOTSPUR

In faith, it is exceedingly well aimed.

WORCESTER

And 'tis no little reason bids us speed
 To save our heads by raising of a head;^o 280
 For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
 The king will always think him in our debt,
 And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
 Till he hath found a time to pay us home.^o
 And see already how he doth begin 285
 To make us strangers to his looks of love.

HOTSPUR

He does, he does! We'll be revenged on him.

WORCESTER

Cousin, farewell. No further go in this
 Than I by letters shall direct your course.
 When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,^o 290
 I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer,
 Where you and Douglas, and our pow'rs at once,
 As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty. 295

NORTHUMBERLAND

Farewell, good brother. We shall thrive, I trust.

HOTSPUR

Uncle, adieu. O, let the hours be short
 Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!
Exeunt.

[A C T I I]

[Scene I. Rochester. An inn yard.]

Enter a CARRIER with a lantern in his hand.

FIRST CARRIER Heigh-ho! An it be not four by the
 day,^o I'll be hanged. Charles' wain^o is over the new
 chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

OSTLER [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

FIRST CARRIER I prithee, Tom, beat^o Cut's saddle, 5
 put a few flocks in the point;^o poor jade is wrung in
 the withers^o out of all cess.^o

Enter another CARRIER.

SECOND CARRIER Peas and beans are as dank here as
 a dog, and that is the next^o way to give poor jades the
 bots.^o This house is turned upside down since Robin 10
 Ostler died.

FIRST CARRIER Poor fellow never joyed since the
 price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

SECOND CARRIER I think this be the most villainous
 house in all London road for fleas, I am stung like a 15
 tench.^o

280 head army 284 home with a "home" thrust 290
 suddenly speedily

II.i.1-2 by the day in the morning 2 Charles' wain the
 Great Bear 5 beat i.e., to soften it 6 a few . . . point a
 little padding in the pommel 6-7 wrung . . . withers
 rubbed raw at the shoulders 7 out . . . cess to excess 9 next
 nearest 10 bots worms 16 tench fish with red spots (as if
 flea-bitten)

238 pismires ants 242 kept dwelt 245 Ravenspurgh
 harbor in Yorkshire (where Hotspur's father had gone to
 take sides with Bolingbroke—who was returning from exile
 on the Continent—against the absent King Richard II) 248
 candy deal sugared bit 252 cozeners cheats (with pun on
 "cousin" of previous line) 266 bears hard because his brother
 had been executed by Henry 267 Bristow Bristol 268 in
 estimation as a guess 273 smell it i.e., like a hound catching
 the scent 274 let'st slip let loose (the dogs)

FIRST CARRIER Like a tench? By the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been° since the first cock.°

SECOND CARRIER Why, they will allow us ne'er a 20 jordan,° and then we leak in your chimney,° and your chamber-lye° breeds fleas like a loach.°

FIRST CARRIER What, ostler! Come away and be hanged! Come away!

SECOND CARRIER I have a gammon° of bacon and 25 two razes° of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

FIRST CARRIER God's body! The turkeys in my pannier° are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee, hast thou never an eye in thy head? Canst not 30 hear? And 'twere not as good deed as drink to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

GADSHILL Good morrow, carriers, what's o'clock?

FIRST CARRIER I think it be two o'clock. 35

GADSHILL I prithee lend me thy lantern to see my gelding in the stable.

FIRST CARRIER Nay, by God, soft!° I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

GADSHILL I pray thee lend me thine. 40

SECOND CARRIER Ay, when? Canst tell?° Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? Marry, I'll see thee hanged first!

GADSHILL Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

SECOND CARRIER Time enough to go to bed with a 45 candle,° I warrant thee. Come, neighbor Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen, they will along with company, for they have great charge.° *Exeunt [CARRIERS].*

GADSHILL What, ho! Chamberlain!

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

CHAMBERLAIN "At hand,° quoth pickpurse." 50

GADSHILL That's even as fair as "at hand, quoth the chamberlain"; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from laboring: thou layest the plot how.

CHAMBERLAIN Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It 55 holds current° that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin° in the Wild of Kent° hath brought three hundred marks° with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper—a kind of auditor,° one that hath abundance of charge too, God 60 knows what. They are up already and call for eggs and butter, they will away presently.

17–19 *there . . . been* not even a Christian king (though kings get the best of everything) could have surpassed my record in fleabites 19 *the first cock* midnight 21 *jordan* chamber-pot; *chimney* fireplace 22 *chamber-lye* urine; *loach* fish that breeds often 25 *gammon* haunch 26 *razes* roots 29 *pannier* basket 38 *soft* "listen to him!" 41 *Ay . . . tell?* standard retort to an inopportune request 45–46 *Time . . . candle* evasively spoken, the carriers being suspicious of Gadshill 48 *charge* luggage 50 *At hand* a popular tag meaning "Ready, sir!" but relevant here to the Chamberlain's filching way of life, as Gadshill points out 56 *current* true 57 *franklin* rich farmer; *Wild of Kent* name of a room at the inn (*wild* = *weald*, open country) 57–58 *three hundred marks* £200 (Elizabethan value) 60 *auditor* revenue officer

GADSHILL Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks,° I'll give thee this neck.

CHAMBERLAIN No, I'll none of it; I pray thee keep 65 that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

GADSHILL What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no 70 starveling. Tut! There are other Troyans° that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would (if matters should be looked into) for their own credit sake make all whole. I am joined with no foot-landrakers,° no 75 long-staff sixpenny strikers,° none of these mad mustachio purple-hued maltworms;° but with nobility and tranquillity,° burgomasters and great oneyers,° such as can hold in,° such as will strike sooner than speak,° and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner 80 than pray—and yet, zounds, I lie, for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth, or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.°

CHAMBERLAIN What, the commonwealth their 85 boots? Will she hold out water in foul way?°

GADSHILL She will, she will! Justice hath liquored° her. We steal as in a castle, cocksure. We have the receipt of fernseed,° we walk invisible.

CHAMBERLAIN Nay, by my faith, I think you are 90 more beholding to the night than to fernseed for your walking invisible.

GADSHILL Give me thy hand. Thou shalt have a share in our purchase,° as I am a true man.

CHAMBERLAIN Nay, rather let me have it, as you are 95 a false thief.

GADSHILL Go to; "homo" is a common name to all men.° Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene II. *The highway, near Gad's Hill.*]

Enter PRINCE, POINS, and PETO, etc.

POINS Come, shelter, shelter! I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets° like a gummed velvet.

PRINCE Stand close.

[*They step aside.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

63–64 *Saint Nicholas' clerks* highwaymen (Saint Nicholas was reckoned the patron of all travelers, including traveling thieves) 71 *Troyans* good fellows 75 *foot-landrakers* footloose vagabonds 76 *long-staff* . . . *strikers* men who would pull you from your horse with long staves even to steal sixpence 77 *mustachio* . . . *maltworms* big-mustached purple-faced drunkards 78 *tranquillity* Gadshill's witty coinage, on the analogy of "nobility": people who don't have to scrounge their living; *oneyers* ones (?) 79 *hold in* keep confidence 80 *speak* say "hands up" 84 *boots* with pun on *boots/booty* 86 *in foul way* on muddy roads 87 *liquored* (1) greased (as with boots) (2) made her drunk 89 *receipt of fernseed* recipe of fernseed (popularly supposed to render one invisible) 94 *purchase* euphemism for loot 97–98 *homo . . . men* the Latin for man, *homo* is a term that covers all men, true (i.e., honest) or false II.ii.2 *frets* chafes (with pun on the fretting or fraying of velvet as the gum used to stiffen it wore away)

FALSTAFF Poin's! Poin's, and be hanged! Poin's!

PRINCE [*Comes forward.*] Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a brawling dost thou keep!

FALSTAFF Where's Poin's, Hal?

PRINCE He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

[*Steps aside.*]

FALSTAFF I am accursed to rob in that thief's company. 10
The rascal hath removed my horse and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire^o further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his 15
company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged. It could not be else: I have drunk medicines. Poin's! Hal! A plague upon you 20
both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve^o ere I'll rob a foot further. And 'twere not as good a deed as drink to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles 25
afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! (*They whistle.*) Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues! Give me my horse and be hanged! 30

PRINCE [*Comes forward.*] Peace, ye fat-guts! Lie down, lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travelers.

FALSTAFF Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so 35
far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt^o me thus?

PRINCE Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.^o

FALSTAFF I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my 40
horse, good king's son.

PRINCE Out, ye rogue! Shall I be your ostler?

FALSTAFF Hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters!^o If I be ta'en, I'll peach^o for this. And I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, 45
let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward—and afoot too—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL [and BARDOLPH].

GADSHILL Stand!

FALSTAFF So I do, against my will.

POIN'S O, 'tis our setter;^o I know his voice. [*Comes 50
forward.*] Bardolph, what news?

BARDOLPH Case ye, case ye! On with your vizards! There's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

FALSTAFF You lie, ye rogue! 'Tis going to the king's 55
tavern.

GADSHILL There's enough to make us all—

FALSTAFF To be hanged.

13 squire rule 21 starve die 37 colt trick 39 uncolted unhorsed 43-44 heir-apparent garters Falstaff adapts a proverbial phrase to fit a crown prince 44 peach inform on you 50 setter one who makes arrangements for a robbery

PRINCE Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poin's and I will walk lower; if they scape 60
from your encounter, then they light on us.

PETO How many be there of them?

GADSHILL Some eight or ten.

FALSTAFF Zounds, will they not rob us?

PRINCE What, a coward, Sir John Paunch? 65

FALSTAFF Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt^o your grandfather, but yet no coward, Hal.

PRINCE Well, we leave that to the proof.^o

POIN'S Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge. When thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. 70
Farewell and stand fast.

FALSTAFF Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

PRINCE [*Aside to POIN'S.*] Ned, where are our disguises? 75

POIN'S [*Aside to PRINCE.*] Here, hard by. Stand close. [*Exeunt PRINCE and POIN'S.*]

FALSTAFF Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,^o say I. Every man to his business.

Enter the TRAVELERS.

TRAVELER Come, neighbor. The boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile and ease 80
our legs.

THIEVES Stand!

TRAVELER Jesus bless us!

FALSTAFF Strike! Down with them! Cut the villains' throats! Ah, whoreson caterpillars!^o Bacon-fed 85
knaves! They hate us youth. Down with them! Fleece them!

TRAVELER O, we are undone, both we and ours forever!

FALSTAFF Hang ye, gorbellied^o knaves, are ye 90
undone? No, ye fat chuffs;^o I would your store^o were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves, young men must live. You are grandjurors,^o are ye? We'll jure ye, faith! *Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*

Enter the PRINCE and POIN'S [disguised].

PRINCE The thieves have bound the true men. Now 95
could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument^o for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever.

POIN'S Stand close! I hear them coming.

[*They stand aside.*]

Enter the thieves again.

FALSTAFF Come, my masters, let us share, and then to 100
horse before day. And the prince and Poin's be not two arrant^o cowards, there's no equity stirring.^o There's no more valor in that Poin's than in a wild duck.

66 John of Gaunt Hal's grandfather (but in reply to "Sir John Paunch" Falstaff puns on *gaunt/thin* which Hal evidently is [cf. II.iv.226-50]) 68 proof test 77 happy . . . dole may happiness be our lot 85 whoreson caterpillars miserable parasites 90 gorbellied great-bellied 91 chuffs misers; store total wealth 93 grandjurors men of substance (as required for service on a grand jury) 97 be argument make conversation 102 arrant thorough; no equity stirring no justice left alive

PRINCE Your money! *As they are sharing, the Prince
and Poins set upon them. They
all run away, and Falstaff,* 105
POINS Villains! *after a blow or two, runs away
too, leaving the booty behind
them.*

PRINCE Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse.
The thieves are all scattered, and possessed with fear so
strongly that they dare not meet each other: each
takes his fellow for an officer. Away, good Ned. 110
Falstaff sweats to death and lards the lean earth as he
walks along. Were't not for laughing, I should pity
him.°

POINS How the fat rogue roared! *Exeunt.*

[Scene III. Northumberland. Warkworth Castle.]

Enter HOTSPUR solus,° reading a letter.

HOTSPUR "But, for mine own part, my lord, I could
be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I
bear your house."° He could be contented—why is
he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house!
He shows in this he loves his own barn better than he 5
loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose
you undertake is dangerous"—why, that's certain!
'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but
I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we
pluck this flower, safety. "The purpose you undertake 10
is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain,
the time itself unsorted,° and your whole plot too light
for the counterpoise of so great an opposition." Say
you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a
shallow, cowardly hind,° and you lie. What a lack- 15
brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever
was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot,
good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent
plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue
is this! Why, my Lord of York° commends the plot 20
and the general course of the action. Zounds, and I
were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his
lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and my-
self; Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and
Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? 25
Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the
ninth of the next month, and are they not some of
them set forward already? What a pagan° rascal is
this, an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity
of fear and cold heart will he to the king and lay open 30
all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to
buffets° for moving such a dish of skim milk with so
honorable an action! Hang him, let him tell the king!
We are prepared. I will set forward tonight.

Enter his LADY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two 35
hours.

LADY

O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offense have I this fortnight been
A banished woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee 40
Thy stomach,° pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks
And given my treasures and my rights of thee 45
To thick-eyed musing and cursed° melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watched,°
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,
Cry "Courage! To the field!" And thou hast talked 50
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes,° frontiers,° parapets,
Of basilisks,° of cannon, culverin,°
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents° of a heady° fight. 55
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late-disturbèd stream,
And in thy face strange motions have appeared, 60
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest.° O, what portents are
these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

HOTSPUR

What, ho!

[*Enter a SERVANT.*]

Is Gilliams with the packet gone? 65
SERVANT He is, my lord, an hour ago.
HOTSPUR Hath Butler brought those horses from the
sheriff?
SERVANT One horse, my lord, he brought even now.
HOTSPUR What horse? A roan, a crop-ear, is it not? 70
SERVANT It is, my lord.
HOTSPUR That roan shall be my throne. Well, I will
back him straight. O Esperance!° Bid Butler lead him
forth into the park.° [Exit SERVANT.]
LADY But hear you, my lord. 75
HOTSPUR What say'st thou, my lady?
LADY What is it carries you away?°
HOTSPUR Why, my horse, my love—my horse!
LADY Out, you mad-headed ape! A weasel hath not
such a deal of spleen° as you are tossed with. In faith, 80
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will! I fear my
brother Mortimer doth stir about his title and hath
sent for you to line° his enterprise; but if you go°—

41 stomach appetite 46 cursed peevish 47 watched lain
awake 52 palisadoes defenses made of stakes; frontiers
fortifications 53 basilisks, culverin sizes and types of cannon
55 currents occurrences; heady violent 62 hest (1) command
(?) (2) resolution (?) 73 Esperance hope (part of the Percy
motto) 72-74 That . . . park Pope and many later editors
print as verse, with line breaks after "throne/Esperance/park"
77 away (1) from home (2) from your usual self 80 spleen
caprice 83 line strengthen 79-83 Out . . . go printed by
Pope and many later editors as verse, but with a variety of
lineations

107-13 Got . . . him printed as verse by Pope and many
later editors, with line breaks after "horse/fear/other/officer/
death/along/him"

II.iii.s.d. solus alone (Latin) 3 house family 12 unsorted
unsuitable 15 hind menial 20 Lord of York Archbishop
of York (cf. I.iii.264 ff.) 28 pagan faithless 31-32 divide . . .
buffets split myself into two, and set the halves fighting

HOTSPUR So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

LADY Come, come, you paraquito,^o answer me 85
directly unto this question that I ask. In faith, I'll break
thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all
things true.^o

HOTSPUR

Away, away, you trifler! Love? I love thee not;
I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world 90
To play with mammet^o and to tilt^o with lips.
We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns,^o
And pass them current too. Gods me,^o my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? What wouldst thou have
with me?

LADY

Do you not love me? Do you not indeed? 95
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

HOTSPUR

Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a-horseback, I will swear 100
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate:
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.
Whither I must, I must, and—to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate. 105
I know you wise—but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife; constant you are—
But yet a woman; and for secrecy,
No lady closer—for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know, 110
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate—

LADY How? So far?

HOTSPUR

Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
Today will I set forth, tomorrow you. 115
Will this content you, Kate?

LADY It must of force.^o

Exeunt.

[Scene IV. Eastcheap. The tavern.^o]

Enter PRINCE and POINS.

PRINCE Ned, prithee come out of that fat^o room and
lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

POINS Where hast been, Hal?

PRINCE With three or four loggerheads^o amongst
three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very 5
bass-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to
a leash^o of drawers^o and can call them all by their

christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They
take it already upon their salvation^o that, though I
be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, 10
and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack^o like Falstaff,
but a Corinthian,^o a lad of mettle, a good boy (by the
Lord, so they call me!), and when I am King of
England I shall command all the good lads in East-
cheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet;^o and 15
when you breathe in your watering,^o they cry "hem!"
and bid you play it off.^o To conclude, I am so good
a proficient in one quarter of an hour that I can drink
with any tinker in his own language during my life.
I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honor that thou 20
wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned—
to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this
pennyworth of sugar,^o clapped even now into my
hand by an under-skinker,^o one that never spake
other English in his life than "Eight shillings and 25
sixpence," and "You are welcome," with this shrill
addition, "Anon,^o anon, sir! Score^o a pint of bastard^o
in the Half-moon,"^o or so—but, Ned, to drive away
the time till Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in
some by-room while I question my puny drawer to 30
what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never
leave calling "Francis!" that his tale to me may be
nothing but "Anon!" Step aside, and I'll show thee a
precedent.^o

POINS Francis! 35

PRINCE Thou art perfect.

POINS Francis!

[POINS steps aside.]

Enter [FRANCIS, a] drawer.

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the
Pomgarnet,^o Ralph.

PRINCE Come hither, Francis. 40

FRANCIS My lord?

PRINCE How long hast thou to serve,^o Francis?

FRANCIS Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

POINS [*Within.*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir. 45

PRINCE Five year! By'r Lady,^o a long lease for the
clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so
valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture^o and
show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

FRANCIS O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books 50
in England I could find in my heart—

POINS [*Within.*] Francis!

FRANCIS Anon, sir.

PRINCE How old art thou, Francis?

FRANCIS Let me see: about Michaelmas^o next I shall 55
be—

POINS [*Within.*] Francis!

85 **paraquito** parrot 85–88 **Come . . . true** printed by
Pope and many later editors as verse, with line breaks after
"me/ask/Harry/true" 91 **mammet** dolls; **tilt** duel 92
crowns (1) heads (2) coins—which when "cracked" were hard
to "pass current" (possibly there is an allusion to the "crown"
of kingship, which, though not genuine when usurped,
may be passed current by force) 93 **Gods me** God save me
116 **of force** of necessity

II.iv.s.d. **tavern** the tavern is said to be in Eastcheap, but it is
never explicitly named; references to a boar in 2 *Henry IV*
suggest it is the Boar's Head 1 **fat** hot 4 **loggerheads**
blockheads 7 **leash** trio; **drawers** tapsters

9 **take . . . salvation** pledge their salvation 11 **Jack** fellow 12
Corinthian gay blade 15 **dyeing scarlet** i.e., from the com-
plexion it gives a man 16 **breathe . . . watering** pause for
breath while drinking 17 **play it off** down it 23 **sugar**
for sweetening wine (cf. I.ii.114) 24 **under-skinker** under-
tapster 27 **Anon** (I'm coming) at once; **Score** charge;
bastard Spanish wine 28 **Half-moon** one of the inn's
rooms 34 **precedent** example 39 **Pomgarnet** Pomegranate
(another of the inn's rooms) 42 **serve** as an apprentice
(apprenticeship ran for seven years) 46 **By'r Lady** by Our
Lady (mild oath) 48 **indenture** contract 55 **Michaelmas**
September 29

FRANCIS Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.
 PRINCE Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar thou gavest me—'twas a pennyworth, was't not? 60
 FRANCIS O Lord! I would it had been two!
 PRINCE I will give thee for it a thousand pound. Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.
 POINS [*Within.*] Francis!
 FRANCIS Anon, anon. 65
 PRINCE Anon, Francis?° No, Francis; but tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, a Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis—
 FRANCIS My lord?
 PRINCE Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal- 70 button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch?°
 FRANCIS O Lord, sir, who do you mean?
 PRINCE Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas 75 doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.°
 FRANCIS What, sir?
 POINS [*Within.*] Francis!
 PRINCE Away, you rogue! Dost thou not hear them 80 call?

Here they both call him. The drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter VINTNER.°

VINTNER What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRANCIS.*]
 My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door. Shall I let them in? 85
 PRINCE Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit VINTNER.*] Poins!
 POINS [*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

Enter POINS.

PRINCE Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry? 90
 POINS As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? Come, what's the issue?°
 PRINCE I am now of all humors that have showed themselves humors since the old days of goodman 95 Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.°

[*Enter FRANCIS.*]

What's o'clock, Francis?

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*]
 PRINCE That ever this fellow should have fewer 100

words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is upstairs and downstairs, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning.° I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North: he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, 105 and says to his wife, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed today?" "Give my roan horse a drench,"° says he, and answers "Some fourteen," an hour after, "a trifle, a trifle." I prithee call in Falstaff. 110 I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn° shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo!"° says the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, [GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO; FRANCIS follows with wine].

POINS Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?
 FALSTAFF A plague of° all cowards, I say, and a 115 vengeance too! Marry and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew netherstocks,° and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? 120

He drinketh.

PRINCE Didst thou never see Titan° kiss a dish of butter (pitiful-hearted Titan!) that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

FALSTAFF You rogue, here's lime° in this sack too! 125 There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man. Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it—a villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack, die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a 130 shotten herring.° There lives not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old. God help the while! A bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms° or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still! 135

PRINCE How now, woolsack? What mutter you?
 FALSTAFF A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath° and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales? 140
 PRINCE Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

FALSTAFF Are not you a coward? Answer me to that—and Poins there?

101–03 His industry . . . reckoning his whole activity is running up and down stairs, his whole conversation the totaling of bills **109 drench** dose of medicine **111 brawn** fat boar **112 Rivo** drinking cry of uncertain meaning **115 of on** **117 netherstocks** stockings **121 Titan** the sun (of which Hal is possibly reminded by Falstaff's broad face, and his melting effect on the sack) **125 lime** added to make poor wine seem dry and clear **131 shotten herring** herring that has cast its roe (and is therefore long and lean) **133–34 God . . . psalms** Falstaff reassumes his role of comic Puritan: English weavers were often psalm-singing Protestants who had fled from the Roman Catholic Continent **138 dagger of lath** wooden dagger (by this phrase Falstaff associates himself with a character called "the Vice" in the old religious plays, who drove the devil offstage by beating him with a wooden dagger)

66 Anon, Francis Hal pretends to take Francis' "anon"—at once—to Poins as meaning he wants the thousand pounds at once **70–72 this . . . Spanish-pouch** the innkeeper, whose middle-class appearance Hal details: leather jacket with crystal buttons, short hair, agate ring, wool stockings, plain worsted (not fancy) garters, ingratiating (and probably unctuous) speech, money pouch of Spanish leather **74–77 Why . . . much** semi-nonsense; but the implication seems clear that Francis must stick to his trade **81 s.d. Vintner** the innkeeper **93 issue** outcome, point (of the jest) **94–97 I . . . midnight** I am ready for every kind of gaiety that men have invented since the beginning of the world

POINS Zounds, ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, 145
by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

FALSTAFF I call thee coward? I'll see thee damned ere I
call thee coward, but I would give a thousand pound
I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight
enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your 150
back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague
upon such backing, give me them that will face me.
Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue if I drunk today.

PRINCE O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou
drunk'st last. 155

FALSTAFF All is one for that. (*He drinketh.*) A plague
of all cowards, still say I.

PRINCE What's the matter?

FALSTAFF What's the matter? There be four of us
here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning. 160

PRINCE Where is it, Jack, where is it?

FALSTAFF Where is it? Taken from us it is. A hundred
upon poor four of us!

PRINCE What, a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword° 165
with a dozen of them two hours together. I have
scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the
doublet,° four through the hose;° my buckler cut
through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-
saw—*ecce signum!*° I never dealt° better since I was a 170
man. All would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let
them speak. If they speak more or less than truth, they
are villains and the sons of darkness.°

PRINCE Speak, sirs. How was it?

GADSHILL We four set upon some dozen— 175

FALSTAFF Sixteen at least, my lord.

GADSHILL And bound them.

PETO No, no, they were not bound.

FALSTAFF You rogue, they were bound, every man of
them, or I am a Jew else—an Ebrew Jew. 180

GADSHILL As we were sharing, some six or seven
fresh men set upon us—

FALSTAFF And unbound the rest, and then come in the
other.°

PRINCE What, fought you with them all? 185

FALSTAFF All? I know not what you call all, but if I
fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish!°
If there were not two or three and fifty° upon poor
old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

PRINCE Pray God you have not murd'ed some of 190
them.

FALSTAFF Nay, that's past praying for. I have pep-
pered two of them. Two I am sure I have paid,° two
rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal—if I tell
thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest 195
my old ward:° here I lay, and thus I bore my point.
Four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

PRINCE What, four? Thou said'st but two even now.

FALSTAFF Four, Hal. I told thee four.

POINS Ay, ay, he said four. 200

FALSTAFF These four came all afront and mainly°
thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their
seven points in my target, thus.

PRINCE Seven? Why, there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF In buckram? 205

POINS Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

PRINCE [*Aside to POINS.*] Prithee let him alone. We
shall have more anon.

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear me, Hal? 210

PRINCE Ay, and mark° thee too, Jack.

FALSTAFF Do so, for it is worth the list'ning to. These
nine in buckram that I told thee of—

PRINCE So, two more already.

FALSTAFF Their points being broken— 215

POINS Down fell their hose.°

FALSTAFF Began to give me ground; but I followed
me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought°
seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE O monstrous! Eleven buckram men grown 220
out of two!

FALSTAFF But, as the devil would have it, three mis-
begotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and
let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou
couldst not see thy hand. 225

PRINCE These lies are like their father that begets them
—gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou
clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated° fool, thou
whoreson obscene greasy tallow-catch°—

FALSTAFF What, art thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not 230
the truth the truth?

PRINCE Why, how couldst thou know these men in
Kendal green when it was so dark thou couldst not see
thy hand? Come, tell us your reason. What sayest thou
to this? 235

POINS Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF What, upon compulsion? Zounds, and I
were at the strappado° or all the racks in the world, I
would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason
on compulsion? If reasons° were as plentiful as 240
blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon
compulsion, I.

PRINCE I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this
sanguine° coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-
breaker, this huge hill of flesh— 245

FALSTAFF 'Sblood, you starveling, you eelskin, you
dried neat's-tongue,° you bull's pizzle,° you stockfish°
—O for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's
yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing
tuck!° 250

165 at half-sword infighting at close quarters 168 doublet Elizabethan upper garment; hose Elizabethan breeches 170 ecce signum behold the evidence (Latin; spoken as he shows his sword); dealt dealt blows 173 sons of darkness i.e., damned (but cf. also I.ii.24) 184 other others 187 bunch of radish again an object long and lean 188 three and fifty fifty-three was the number of Spanish ships popularly reputed to have opposed Sir Richard Grenville at the battle of the Azores in 1591; Falstaff thus humorously claims for his fight the status of a national epic 193 paid settled with 196 ward fencing posture

201 mainly mightily 211 mark pay close attention to 216 Down . . . hose Poins wittily takes "points" in the sense of laces holding the breeches to the doublet 218 with a thought quick as a thought 228 knotty-pated blockheaded 229 tallow-catch (1) pan to catch drippings under roasting meat (?) (2) tallow-keech, roll of fat for making candles (?) 238 strappado instrument of torture 240 reasons pronounced like "raisins," and hence comparable to blackberries 244 sanguine ruddy (and hence valorous-seeming) 247 neat's tongue ox-tongue; pizzle penis; stockfish dried codfish 249-50 standing tuck upright rapier

PRINCE Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

POINS Mark, Jack.

PRINCE We two saw you four set on four, and bound 255 them and were masters of their wealth. Mark now how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four and, with a word,^o outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your 260 guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still run and roared, as ever I heard bullcalf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting hole^o canst 265 thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS Come, let's hear, Jack. What trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that 270 made ye. Why, hear you, my masters. Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules, but beware instinct. The lion will not touch the true prince.^o Instinct is a great matter. I was now a coward 275 on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life—I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors. Watch tonight, pray tomorrow.^o Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, 280 all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

PRINCE Content—and the argument^o shall be thy running away.

FALSTAFF Ah, no more of that, Hal, and thou lovest 285 me!

Enter HOSTESS.

HOSTESS O Jesu, my lord the prince!

PRINCE How now, my lady the hostess? What say'st thou to me?

HOSTESS Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the 290 court at door would speak with you. He says he comes from your father.

PRINCE Give him as much as will make him a royal man,^o and send him back again to my mother.

FALSTAFF What manner of man is he? 295

HOSTESS An old man.

FALSTAFF What doth gravity^o out of his bed at mid-night? Shall I give him his answer?

PRINCE Prithce do, Jack.

FALSTAFF Faith, and I'll send him packing. *Exit.* 300

PRINCE Now, sirs. By'r Lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph. You are lions too,

you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no—fie!

BARDOLPH Faith, I ran when I saw others run. 305

PRINCE Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

PETO Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to 310 do the like.

BARDOLPH Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that^o I did not this seven year before—I 315 blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

PRINCE O villain! Thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago and wert taken with the manner,^o and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire^o and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away. 320 What instinct hadst thou for it?

BARDOLPH My lord, do you see these meteors?^o Do you behold these exhalations?^o

PRINCE I do.

BARDOLPH What think you they portend? 325

PRINCE Hot livers and cold purses.^o

BARDOLPH Choler,^o my lord, if rightly taken.

PRINCE No, if rightly taken, halter.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast?^o How long is't 330 ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

FALSTAFF My own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talent^o in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief, it blows a man up like a 335 bladder. There's villainous news abroad. Here was Sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales that gave Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the 340 devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook^o—what a plague call you him?

POINS Owen Glendower.

FALSTAFF Owen, Owen—the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that 345 sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a-horseback up a hill perpendicular—

PRINCE He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

FALSTAFF You have hit it. 350

PRINCE So did he never the sparrow.

315 **that** what 318 **taken** . . . **manner** caught with the goods 319 **fire** the alcoholic hue of Bardolph's face 322, 323 **meteors, exhalations** the pimples and other features of Bardolph's face, spoken of as if they were meteorological portents 326 **Hot** . . . **purses** the two notable results of excessive drink 327 **Choler** anger (Bardolph implies that he is choleric, and therefore no coward; Hal proceeds to understand "choler" as "collar," which in Bardolph's case will be—"if rightly taken"—the hangman's noose) 330 **bombast** cotton stuffing 333 **talent** talon 339–42 **he** . . . **hook** Falstaff alludes to Glendower's supposed magical powers: he has cudgeled a devil named Amamon, made horns grow on Lucifer, and forced the devil to swear allegiance to him on the cross of a weapon that has no cross

258 **with a word** (1) in brief (?) (2) with a mere shout to scare you (?) 265 **starting hole** hiding place 274–75 **lion** . . . **prince** a traditional belief about lions 279–80 **Watch** . . . **tomorrow** cf. Matthew 26:41, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation"; Falstaff puns on *watch*, which means "carouse" as well as "keep vigil" 283 **argument** subject 293–94 **royal man** cf. "noble" in the previous speech, but with a pun on *royal*, a coin worth ten shillings, which was of greater value than the *noble*, worth six shillings eight pence 297 **gravity** sober age

FALSTAFF Well, that rascal hath good metal^o in him; he will not run.

PRINCE Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running! 355

FALSTAFF A-horseback, ye cuckoo! But afoot he will not budge a foot.

PRINCE Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

FALSTAFF I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand bluecaps^o more. 360 Worcester is stol'n away tonight; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mack'el.

PRINCE Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads 365 as they buy hobnails, by the hundreds.^o

FALSTAFF By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afraid? Thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again 370 as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill^o at it?

PRINCE Not a whit, i' faith. I lack some of thy instinct.

FALSTAFF Well, thou wilt be horribly chid tomorrow 375 when thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, practice an answer.

PRINCE Do thou stand for my father and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FALSTAFF Shall I? Content. This chair shall be my 380 state,^o this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

PRINCE Thy state is taken for^o a joined-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown. 385

FALSTAFF Well, and the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyzes' vein.^o 390

PRINCE Well, here is my leg.

FALSTAFF And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.^o

HOSTESS O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

FALSTAFF

Weep not, sweet queen,^o for trickling tears are vain. 395

HOSTESS O, the Father, how he holds his countenance!^o

FALSTAFF

For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful^o queen!

For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes.

HOSTESS O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these 400 harlotry^o players as ever I see!

FALSTAFF Peace, good pintpot. Peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied. For though the camomile,^o the more it is trodden on, the 405 faster it grows, so^o youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick^o of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip that doth warrant me. If 410 then thou be son to me, here lies the point: why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries?^o A question not to be asked. Shall the son^o of England prove a thief and take purses? A question 415 to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch (as ancient writers do report) doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest. For, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in 420 tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE What manner of man, and it like your 425 majesty?

FALSTAFF A goodly portly^o man, i' faith, and a corpulent;^o of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r Lady, inclining to threescore; and now I re- 430 member me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lewdly given,^o he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit,^o as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily^o I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff. Him keep 435 with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me where hast thou been this month?

PRINCE Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

FALSTAFF Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, 440 so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker^o or a poulter's hare.

PRINCE Well, here I am set.

FALSTAFF And here I stand. Judge, my masters.

PRINCE Now, Harry, whence come you? 445

FALSTAFF My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

PRINCE The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF 'Sblood, my lord, they are false! Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince,^o i' faith.

352 good metal with pun on *mettle* (spirit, courage) 360 bluecaps Scots 364-66 if . . . hundreds the prince applies the analogy of selling cheap what won't keep to the reactions of virgins as they see all the men going off to war 373 thrill shiver (with fear) 381 state chair of state 383 taken for either "seen to be merely," or, alternatively, this is a meditative comment, possibly an aside, in the detached vein of I.ii.192 and II.iv.486, with "thy" referring to the king 390 King Cambyzes' vein the old ranting style of Preston's *King Cambyzes* (1569) 393 nobility addressed to his motley ragamuffins 395 queen addressed to the Hostess, who is evidently tearful with laughter; probably with a standard pun on *quean* = tart, prostitute 396-97 holds his countenance keep a straight face 398 tristful sad

401 harlotry rascally 405 camomile aromatic herb (Falstaff proceeds to satirize the highflown style of the court by using a manner of speech called euphuism—from John Lyly's fictional narrative, *Euphues* [1578], which introduced it—based on similes drawn from natural history, intricate balance, antithesis, and repetition of sounds, words, and ideas) 406 so some editors emend to "yet," but the imperfect logical correspondence of "though . . . so" may be part of Falstaff's mockery 409 trick mannerism (possibly a twitch) 413-14 prove . . . blackberries be a truant from duty and go blackberrying 414 son with pun on *sun*, the royal symbol 427 portly stately 427-28 corpulent well filled out 432 lewdly given inclined to evil-doing 433-34 If . . . fruit cf. Matthew 12:33, "The tree is known by his fruit" 434 peremptorily decisively 442 rabbit-sucker suckling rabbit 448-49 I'll . . . prince I'll act a prince that will amuse you

PRINCE Swarest thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth 450
 ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away
 from grace. There is a devil haunts thee in the likeness
 of an old fat man; a tun° of man is thy companion.
 Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors,°
 that bolting-hutch° of beastliness, that swoll'n parcel 455
 of dropsies,° that huge bombard° of sack, that stuffed
 cloakbag of guts, that roasted Manningtree° ox with
 the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice,° that gray
 iniquity,° that father ruffian,° that vanity° in years?
 Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? 460
 Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and
 eat it? Wherein cunning, but in craft?° Wherein
 crafty, but in villainy? Wherein villainous, but in all
 things? Wherein worthy, but in nothing?

FALSTAFF I would your grace would take me with 465
 you.° Whom means your grace?

PRINCE That villainous abominable misleader of
 youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

FALSTAFF My lord, the man I know.

PRINCE I know thou dost. 470

FALSTAFF But to say I know more harm in him than
 in myself were to say more than I know. That he is
 old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it;
 but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster,
 that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God 475
 help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then
 many an old host that I know is damned. If to be fat
 be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine° are to be
 loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish
 Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, 480
 kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff,
 and therefore more valiant being, as he is, old Jack
 Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish
 not him thy Harry's company, banish plump Jack, and
 banish all the world! 485

PRINCE I do, I will. [A knocking heard. Exeunt
 HOSTESS, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.]

Enter BARDOLPH, running.

BARDOLPH O, my lord, my lord! The sheriff with a
 most monstrous watch° is at the door.

FALSTAFF Out, ye rogue! Play out the play, I have
 much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff. 490

Enter the HOSTESS.

HOSTESS O Jesu, my lord, my lord!

PRINCE Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddle-
 stick! What's the matter?

HOSTESS The sheriff and all the watch are at the door.
 They are come to search the house. Shall I let them in? 495

453 **tun** hogshead 454 **trunk of humors** receptacle of body
 fluids (with allusion to the diseases that were thought to be the
 product of these fluids) 455 **bolting-hutch** sifting-bin (where
 impurities collect) 456 **dropsies** internal fluids; **bombard**
 leather wine vessel 457 **Manningtree** town in Essex (where at
 annual fairs plays were acted and, evidently, great oxen were
 stuffed and barbecued) 458–59 **vice . . . iniquity . . .**
ruffian . . . vanity names intended to associate Falstaff with
 characters of the old morality plays, all of whom were corrupters
 of virtue; but unlike Falstaff, who ought to know better, *they*
 were young 462 **Wherein . . . craft** wherein skillful
 but in underhanded skills 465–66 **take . . . you** let me
 follow your meaning 478 **kine** cows (cf. Genesis 41:19–21)
 488 **watch** group of constables

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true
 piece of gold a counterfeit. Thou art essentially made
 without seeming so.°

PRINCE And thou a natural coward without instinct.

FALSTAFF I deny your major.° If you will deny the 500
 sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart°
 as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up!
 I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as
 another.

PRINCE Go hide thee behind the arras.° The rest walk 505
 up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good
 conscience.

FALSTAFF Both which I have had; but their date is
 out, and therefore I'll hide me. *Exit.*

PRINCE Call in the sheriff. 510
 [Exeunt all but the PRINCE and PETO.]

Enter SHERIFF and the CARRIER.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

SHERIFF
 First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
 Hath followed certain men unto this house.

PRINCE What men?

SHERIFF
 One of them is well known, my gracious lord— 515
 A gross fat man.

CARRIER As fat as butter.

PRINCE
 The man, I do assure you, is not here,
 For I myself at this time have employed him.°
 And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
 That I will by tomorrow dinner time 520
 Send him to answer thee, or any man,
 For anything he shall be charged withal;
 And so let me entreat you leave the house.

SHERIFF
 I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
 Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks. 525

PRINCE
 It may be so. If he have robbed these men,
 He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

SHERIFF
 Good night, my noble lord.

PRINCE
 I think it is good morrow, is it not?

SHERIFF
 Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. 530
Exit [with CARRIER].

PRINCE This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go
 call him forth.

PETO Falstaff! Fast asleep behind the arras, and snort-
 ing° like a horse.

PRINCE Hark how hard he fetches breath. Search his 535
 pockets.

He searcheth his pocket and findeth certain papers.

496–98 **Never . . . so** a difficult passage, perhaps meaning
 that Falstaff, as a true piece of gold despite appearances,
 should not be turned over to the sheriff by a royal friend who
 is also true gold despite appearances 500 **major** major
 premise, with pun on *mayor* 501 **cart** hangman's cart 505
arras wall-hanging 517–18 **The . . . him** Hal's reply is
 equivocal: Falstaff is not "here," in the heir-apparent's
 presence, but "employed" behind the arras 533–34 **snorting**
 snoring

What hast thou found?

PETO Nothing but papers, my lord.

PRINCE Let's see what they be. Read them.

[PETO reads.]

"Item, A capon 2s. 2d. 540
Item, Sauce 4d.
Item, Sack two gallons. 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper . 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread ob."°

PRINCE O monstrous! But one halfpennyworth of 545
bread to this intolerable deal° of sack! What there is
else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage. There
let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning.
We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honor-
able. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot,° and 550
I know his death will be a march of twelve score.°
The money shall be paid back again with advantage.°
Be with me betimes° in the morning, and so good
morrow, Peto.

PETO Good morrow, good my lord. *Exeunt.* 555

[A C T I I I]

[Scene I. *Wales. A room.*]

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *Lord* MORTIMER,
Owen GLENDOWER.

MORTIMER

These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction° full of prosperous hope.

HOTSPUR Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
will you sit down? And uncle Worcester. A plague
upon it! I have forgot the map. 5

GLENDOWER No, here it is. Sit, cousin Percy, sit,
good cousin Hotspur, for by that name as oft as
Lancaster doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and
with a rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

HOTSPUR And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen 10
Glendower spoke of.°

GLENDOWER

I cannot blame him. At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes
Of burning cressets,° and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth 15
Shakèd like a coward.

HOTSPUR Why, so it would have done at the same
season if your mother's cat had but kittened, though
yourself had never been born.

GLENDOWER

I say the earth did shake when I was born. 20

HOTSPUR

And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

GLENDOWER

The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

HOTSPUR

O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity. 25

Diseasèd nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb, which, for enlargement striving, 30
Shakes the old beldame° earth and topples down
Steeple and mossgrown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemp'rature,°
In passion° shook.

GLENDOWER Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave 35

To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.

These signs have marked me extraordinary, 40

And all the courses of my life do show

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, clipped in with° the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil or hath read to° me? 45

And bring him out that is but woman's son

Can trace° me in the tedious ways of art°

And hold me pace in deep experiments.

HOTSPUR I think there's no man speaks better Welsh.°

I'll to dinner. 50

MORTIMER

Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

GLENDOWER

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOTSPUR

Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

GLENDOWER Why, I can teach you, cousin, to com- 55
mand the devil.

HOTSPUR

And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil—
By telling truth. Tell truth and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence. 60
O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!

MORTIMER

Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

GLENDOWER

Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottomed Severn have I sent him 65
Booteless° home and weather-beaten back.

544 ob. obolus, halfpenny 546 deal lot 550 charge of
foot company of infantry 551 twelve score twelvescore
paces 552 advantage interest 553 betimes early

III.i.2 induction beginning 3-II Lord . . . of many
editors revise to read as verse, with line breaks after "down/it/
is/Hotspur/you/sigh/hell/of"; or, leaving Hotspur's lines as
prose, revise Glendower's speech to read as verse with breaks
after "Percy/name/you/sigh/heaven" 14 cressets beacons

31 beldame grandmother (cf. "grandam" in line 33) 33
distemp'rature physical disorder 34 passion pain 43
clipped in with embraced by 45 read to tutored 47 trace
follow; art magic 49 speaks better Welsh (1) brags better
(2) talks more unintelligibly 66 Booteless profitless (probably
trisyllabic)

HOTSPUR

Home without boots, and in foul weather too?
How scapes he agues,^o in the devil's name?

GLENDOWER

Come, here is the map. Shall we divide our right^o
According to our threefold order ta'en?

70

MORTIMER

The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits^o very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assigned;
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite^o are drawn,
Which being seal'd interchangeably^o
(A business that this night may execute),
Tomorrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.

75

80

85

[To GLENDOWER.]

Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighboring gentlemen.

GLENDOWER

A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;
And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

90

HOTSPUR

Methinks my moiety,^o north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See how this river comes me cranking^o in
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle^o out.
I'll have the current in this place dammed up,
And here the smug^o and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel fair and evenly.
It shall not wind with such a deep indent
To rob me of so rich a bottom^o here.

95

100

105

105

110

GLENDOWER

Not wind? It shall, it must! You see it doth.

MORTIMER

Yea, but mark how he bears his course,
and runs me up with like advantage^o on the other side,
gelding the opposèd continent^o as much as on the
other side it takes from you.^o

WORCESTER

Yea, but a little charge^o will trench^o him here

And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

HOTSPUR

I'll have it so, a little charge will do it.

GLENDOWER

I'll not have it alt'red.

HOTSPUR

Will not you?

GLENDOWER

No, nor you shall not.

HOTSPUR

Who shall say me nay?

115

GLENDOWER

Why, that will I.

HOTSPUR

Let me not understand you then; speak it in Welsh.

GLENDOWER

I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was trained up in the English court,
Where, being but young, I framèd to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament^o—
A virtue that was never seen in you.

120

HOTSPUR

Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart!
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same meter ballad-mongers.^o
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turned^o
Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree,
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing^o poetry.
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

125

130

GLENDOWER

Come, you shall have Trent turned.

HOTSPUR

I do not care. I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?

135

GLENDOWER

The moon shines fair; you may away by night.
I'll haste the writer, and withal
Break with^o your wives of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

140

Exit.

MORTIMER

Fie, cousin Percy, how you cross my father!

HOTSPUR

I cannot choose. Sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp^o and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-winged griffin and a moulted raven,
A couching^o lion and a ramping^o cat,

145

122 gave . . . ornament (1) ornamented the words with music (?) (2) benefited the English language by my poems (?)
126 meter ballad-mongers singers of doggerel ballads 127 canstick turned candlestick in process of being burnished (and therefore raucously scraped) 130 mincing affected
140 Break with inform 145 moldwarp mole, i.e., Henry 149 couching, ramping Hotspur ridicules heraldic crouching and rearing beasts; evidently Glendower talked of ancient prophecies which held that the kingdom of the mole should be divided by the lion, dragon and wolf, which were the crests of Percy, Glendower, and Mortimer

68 agues i.e., catching cold 69 our right the kingdom they hope to win 72 limits regions 79 indentures tripartite three-way agreements 80 interchangeably i.e., by all three parties 95 moiety share 97 cranking winding 99 cantle piece 101 smug smooth 104 bottom valley 107 advantage disadvantage 108 gelding . . . continent cutting out of the opposite bank 106-09 Yea . . . you revised by most editors to four or five lines of verse, with little agreement about lineation 110 charge cost; trench make a new course for

And such a deal of skimble-skamble° stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what—
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys. I cried "hum," and "Well,
go to!"

But marked him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill far
Than feed on cates° and have him talk to me
In any summer house in Christendom.

MORTIMER

In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read and profited
In strange concealments,° valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect
And curbs himself even of his natural scope°
When you come 'cross his humor.° Faith, he does.
I warrant you that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done
Without the taste of danger and reproof.
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

WORCESTER

In faith, my lord, you are too willful-blame,°
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault.
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,
blood°—

And that's the dearest grace it renders you—
Yet oftentimes it doth present° harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,°
Pride, haughtiness, opinion,° and disdain;
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

HOTSPUR

Well, I am schooled. Good manners be your speed!°
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter GLENDOWER with the LADIES.

MORTIMER

This is the deadly spite° that angers me—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

GLENDOWER

My daughter weeps; she'll not part with you,
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

MORTIMER

Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*GLENDOWER speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers
him in the same.*

150 GLENDOWER

She is desperate here.
A peevish self-willed harlotry,° one that no persuasion 195
can do good upon.

The LADY speaks in Welsh.

155 MORTIMER

I understand thy looks. That pretty Welsh°
Which thou pourest down from these swelling
heavens°

160

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley° should I answer thee. 200

The LADY again in Welsh.

165

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation.°
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learnt thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned,° 205
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bow'r,
With ravishing division,° to her lute.

GLENDOWER

170

Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

The LADY speaks again in Welsh.

MORTIMER

O, I am ignorance itself in this!

GLENDOWER

175

She bids you on the wanton° rushes lay you down 210
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,°
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep 215
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team°
Begins his golden progress in the east.

180

MORTIMER

185

With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing.
By that time will our book,° I think, be drawn. 220

GLENDOWER

Do so, and those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

HOTSPUR Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down.

Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap. 225

LADY PERCY Go, ye giddy goose.

The music plays.

190

HOTSPUR

Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh,
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous,°
By'r Lady, he is a good musician.

LADY PERCY

Then should you be nothing but musical, 230
For you are altogether governed by humors.
Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

150 **skimble-skamble** meaningless 159 **cates** delicacies
162–63 **profited** . . . **concealments** expert in secret arts 167
scope tendencies 168 **come** . . . **humor** clash with his
temperament 173 **too willful-blame** blamable for too
much willfulness 177 **blood** spirit 179 **present** indicate
180 **government** self-control 181 **opinion** arrogance
186 **be your speed** bring you success 188 **spite** misfortune

195 **harlotry** ninny, fool 197 **That pretty Welsh** her tears
198 **heavens** her eyes 200 **parley** meeting (of tears) 202
feeling disputation dialogue by (1) touching (2) the feelings
205 **highly penned** lofty 207 **division** musical variation
210 **wanton** luxurious 213 **crown** . . . **sleep** give sleep
sovereignty 217 **the heavenly-harnessed team** the horses of
the sun 220 **book** agreement 228 **humorous** capricious

HOTSPUR I had rather hear Lady, my brach,^o howl in Irish.
 LADY PERCY Wouldst thou have thy head broken? 235
 HOTSPUR No.
 LADY PERCY Then be still.
 HOTSPUR Neither! 'Tis a woman's fault.
 LADY PERCY Now God help thee!
 HOTSPUR To the Welsh lady's bed. 240
 LADY PERCY What's that?
 HOTSPUR Peace! She sings.

Here the LADY sings a Welsh song.

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.
 LADY PERCY Not mine, in good sooth.^o
 HOTSPUR Not yours, in good sooth? Heart, you 245
 swear like a comfit-maker's^o wife. "Not you, in good sooth!" and "as true as I live!" and "as God shall mend me!" and "as sure as day!"
 And givest such sarcenet surety^o for thy oaths
 As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.^o 250
 Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
 A good mouth-filling oath, and leave "in sooth"
 And such protest of pepper gingerbread^o
 To velvet guards^o and Sunday citizens.

Come, sing.

LADY PERCY I will not sing. 255
 HOTSPUR 'Tis the next way to turn tailor^o or be red-breast-teacher.^o And the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*

GLENDOWER
 Come, come, Lord Mortimer. You are as slow 260
 As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
 By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal,
 And then to horse immediately.

MORTIMER With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. London. The palace.]

Enter the KING, PRINCE of Wales, and others.

KING
 Lords, give us leave: the Prince of Wales and I
 Must have some private conference; but be near at hand,
 For we shall presently have need of you.

Exeunt LORDS.

I know not whether God will have it so
 For some displeasing service I have done, 5
 That, in his secret doom,^o out of my blood^o
 He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
 But thou dost in thy passages^o of life

Make me believe that thou art only marked
 For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven 10
 To punish my mistreadings.^o Tell me else,
 Could such inordinate^o and low desires,
 Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,
 As thou art matched withal^o and grafted to, 15
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood
 And hold their level with thy princely heart?

PRINCE

So please your majesty, I would I could
 Quit^o all offenses with as clear excuse
 As well^o as I am doubtless I can purge 20
 Myself of many I am charged withal.
 Yet such extenuation let me beg
 As, in reproof of many tales devised,
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear
 By smiling pickthanks and base newsmongers, 25
 I may, for some things true wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wand' red and irregular,
 Find pardon on my true submission.^o

KING

God pardon thee! Yet let me wonder, Harry,
 At thy affections,^o which do hold a wing 30
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the court and princes of my blood. 35
 The hope and expectation of thy time^o
 Is ruined, and the soul of every man
 Prophetically do forethink thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men, 40
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
 Opinion,^o that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession^o
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood. 45
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir
 But, like a comet, I was wond' red at;
 That men would tell their children, "This is he!"
 Others would say, "Where? Which is Bolingbroke?"
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,^o 50
 And dressed myself in such humility
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths
 Even in the presence of the crownèd king.
 This did I keep my person fresh and new, 55
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen but wond' red at; and so my state,
 Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast

233 brach bitch-hound 244 sooth truth 246 comfit-maker's confectioner's 249 sarcenet surety flimsy security ("sarcenet" = a thin silk) 250 Finsbury favorite resort near London (frequented by the middle-class groups whom Hotspur satirizes) 253 pepper gingerbread i.e., insubstantial, crumbling in the mouth 254 velvet guards shopkeepers, who favored velvet trimmings for Sunday wear 256 tailor like weavers, tailors were famed for singing at their work 257 red-breast-teacher singing master to songbirds
 III.ii.6 doom judgment; blood heirs 8 passages courses

9-11 thou . . . mistreadings (1) heaven is punishing me through you (2) heaven will punish you to punish me 12 inordinate out of order (for one of your rank) 15 withal with 19 Quit clear myself of 20 As well and as well 22-28 Yet . . . submission Yet let me beg such extenuation that when I have confuted many manufactured charges (which the ear of greatness is bound to hear from informers and tattletales) I may be pardoned for some true faults of which my youth has been guilty 30 affections tastes 36 time reign 42 Opinion public opinion 43 possession i.e., Richard II 50 I . . . heaven I took a godlike graciousness on myself

And won by rareness such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters and rash bavin° wits,
 Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded° his state;
 Mingled his royalty with cap'ring fools;
 Had his great name profanèd with their scorns
 And gave his countenance, against his name,°
 To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push°
 Of every beardless vain comparative;°
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoffed himself to popularity;°
 That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded—seen, but with such eyes
 As, sick and blunted with community,°
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sunlike majesty
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
 But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down,
 Slept in his face, and rend'red such aspect
 As cloudy° men use to their adversaries,
 Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.
 And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
 With vile participation.° Not an eye
 But is aweary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
 Which now doth that I would not have it do—
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.°

PRINCE

I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
 Be more myself.

KING

For all the world,
 As thou art to this hour was Richard then
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh;
 And even as I was then is Percy now.
 Now, by my scepter, and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest° to the state
 Than thou the shadow of succession;
 For of no right, nor color° like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness° in the realm,
 Turns head against the lion's armèd jaws,
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
 To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honor hath he got
 Against renownèd Douglas! whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority°

61 **bavin** brushwood (which flares and burns out) 62 **carded** debased 65 **his name** (1) his kingly title (2) his kingly authority 66 **stand the push** put up with the impudence 67 **comparative** deviser of insulting comparisons 69 **Enfeoffed** . . . popularity bound himself to low company 77 **with community** by familiarity (with the king) 83 **cloudy** sullen (but also with reference to "clouds" obscuring the royal "sun") 87 **participation** companionship 91 **tenderness** tears 98 **worthy interest** claim based on worth (as compared with a "shadow" claim by inheritance) 100 **color** pretense 101 **harness** armor 109 **majority** preeminence

And military title capital° 110
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
 Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
 This infant warrior, in his enterprises
 Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
 Enlargèd him, and made a friend of him, 115
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up°
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
 The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer
 Capitulate° against us and are up.° 120
 But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
 Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my nearest and dearest° enemy?
 Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen, 125
 To fight against me under Percy's pay,
 To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
 To show how much thou art degenerate.

PRINCE

Do not think so, you shall not find it so.
 And God forgive them that so much have swayed 130
 Your majesty's good thoughts away from me.
 I will redeem all this on Percy's head
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you that I am your son,
 When I will wear a garment all of blood, 135
 And stain my favors° in a bloody mask,
 Which, washed away, shall scour my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,
 That this same child of honor and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praisèd knight, 140
 And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
 For every honor sitting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes, and on my head
 My shames redoubled! For the time will come
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange 145
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor,° good my lord,
 To engross° up glorious deeds on my behalf;
 And I will call him to so strict account
 That he shall render every glory up, 150
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,°
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This in the name of God I promise here;
 The which if he be pleased I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty may salve 155
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands,°
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
 Ere break the smallest parcel° of this vow.

KING

A hundred thousand rebels die in this! 160
 Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? Thy looks are full of speed.

110 **capital** topmost 116 **fill** . . . **up** deepen the noise of defiance 120 **Capitulate** (1) make a "head" or armed force (?) (2) draw up "heads" of an argument (?); **up** in arms 123 **dearest** (1) most loved (2) costliest 136 **favors** features 147 **factor** agent 148 **engross** hoard 151 **worship** . . . time honor he has gained in his lifetime 157 **bands** bonds, promises 159 **parcel** item

BLUNT

So hath the business° that I come to speak of.
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
 That Douglas and the English rebels met 165
 The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promises be kept on every hand,
 As ever off' red foul play in a state.

KING

The Earl of Westmoreland set forth today; 170
 With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster:
 For this advertisement is five days old.
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
 On Thursday we ourselves will march. Our meeting
 Is Bridgenorth; and, Harry, you shall march 175
 Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
 Our business valuèd,° some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
 Our hands are full of business. Let's away:
 Advantage feeds him° fat while men delay. *Exeunt.* 180

[Scene III. *Eastcheap. The tavern.*]

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

FALSTAFF Bardolph, am I not fall'n away vilely since
 this last action? Do I not bate?° Do I not dwindle?
 Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose
 gown! I am withered like an old apple-john.° Well,
 I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some lik- 5
 ing.° I shall be out of heart° shortly, and then I shall
 have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten
 what the inside of a church is made of, I am a
 peppercorn,° a brewer's horse.° The inside of a church!
 Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of 10
 me.

BARDOLPH Sir John, you are so fretful you cannot
 live long.

FALSTAFF Why, there is it! Come, sing me a bawdy
 song, make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a 15
 gentleman need to be, virtuous enough: swore little,
 diced not above seven times a week, went to a bawdy
 house not above once in a quarter of an hour, paid money
 that I borrowed three or four times,° lived well, and
 in good compass;° and now I live out of all order, out 20
 of all compass.

BARDOLPH Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you
 must needs be out of all compass—out of all reasonable
 compass, Sir John.

FALSTAFF Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my 25
 life. Thou art our admiral,° thou bearest the lantern

in the poop—but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the
 Knight of the Burning Lamp.

BARDOLPH Why, Sir John, my face does you no 30
 harm.

FALSTAFF No, I'll be sworn. I make as good use of it
 as many a man doth of a death's-head° or a memento
 mori.° I never see thy face but I think upon hellfire
 and Dives° that lived in purple; for there he is in his
 robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given 35
 to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should
 be "By this fire, that's God's angel."° But thou art
 altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the
 light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When
 thou ran'st up Gad's Hill in the night to catch my 40
 horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis
 fatuus° or a ball of wildfire,° there's no purchase in
 money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph,° an ever-
 lasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand
 marks in links° and torches, walking with thee in the 45
 night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that
 thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as
 good cheap° at the dearest chandler's° in Europe.
 I have maintained that salamander° of yours with
 fire any time this two and thirty years. God reward 50
 me for it!

BARDOLPH 'Sblood, I would my face were in your
 belly!°

FALSTAFF God-americy! So should I be sure to be 55
 heart-burned.

Enter HOSTESS.

How now, Dame Partlet° the hen? Have you enquired
 yet who picked my pocket?

HOSTESS Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir
 John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have
 searched, I have enquired, so has my husband, man by 60
 man, boy by boy, servant by servant. The tithe° of a
 hair was never lost in my house before.

FALSTAFF Ye lie, hostess. Bardolph was shaved and
 lost many a hair, and I'll be sworn my pocket was
 picked. Go to, you are a woman, go! 65

HOSTESS Who, I? No;° I defy thee! God's light, I was
 never called so in mine own house before!

FALSTAFF Go to, I know you well enough.

HOSTESS No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir
 John. I know you, Sir John. You owe me money, Sir 70
 John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it.
 I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

163 So . . . business the business too has speed (must be
 dealt with speedily) 177 Our business valuèd having sized
 up what we have to do 180 him itself

III.iii.2 bate lose weight 4 old apple-john apple with
 shriveled skin 5-6 am . . . liking (1) am in the mood (2)
 still have some flesh left 6 out of heart (1) out of the mood
 (2) out of shape 9 peppercorn, brewer's horse Falstaff this
 time picks objects not long and thin, but dry, withered,
 decrepit 17-19 diced . . . times probably spoken with
 significant pauses after "diced not," "once," "borrowed"
 20 compass order (but Bardolph takes it in the sense of "size")
 26 admiral flagship (recognizable by its lantern)

32 death's-head ring with a skull 32-33 memento mori
 reminder of death 34 Dives uncharitable rich man who
 burns in hell (Luke 16:19-31) 37 angel alluding to the
 Scriptural accounts of angels manifesting themselves as fire, or
 possibly to the seraphs, highest order of angels, who were fire
 41-42 ignis fatuus will-o'-the-wisp 42 ball of wildfire
 firework 43 triumph i.e., of the Roman kind, with torches
 45 links flares 48 good cheap cheaply; chandler's candle
 maker's 49 salamander lizard supposed to live in fire
 52-53 I . . . belly proverbial retort, to which Falstaff's reply
 gives new life 56 Dame Partlet traditional name for a hen,
 and well suited to the clucking hostess 61 tithe tenth part
 66 No the Hostess suspects that any word or phrase of Falstaff's
 may contain hidden innuendoes about her moral character;
 she sometimes retorts with comments containing amusing
 innuendoes about herself that she is too ignorant to understand

FALSTAFF Dowlas,^o filthy dowlas! I have given them away to bakers' wives; they have made bolters^o of them.

HOSTESS Now, as I am a true woman, holland^o of eight shillings an ell.^o You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings,^o and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

FALSTAFF He had his part of it; let him pay.

HOSTESS He? Alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

FALSTAFF How? Poor? Look upon his face. What call you rich?^o Let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier.^o What, will you make a younker^o of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

HOSTESS O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

FALSTAFF How? The prince is a Jack,^o a sneak-up.^o 'Sblood, and he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog if he would say so.

Enter the PRINCE [and POINS], marching, and FALSTAFF meets them, playing upon his truncheon^o like a fife.

How now, lad? Is the wind in that door,^o i' faith? Must we all march?

BARDOLPH Yea, two and two,^o Newgate fashion.

HOSTESS My lord, I pray you hear me.

PRINCE What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

HOSTESS Good my lord, hear me.

FALSTAFF Prithee let her alone and list to me.

PRINCE What say'st thou, Jack?

FALSTAFF The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked. This house is turned bawdy house; they pick pockets.

PRINCE What didst thou lose, Jack?

FALSTAFF Wilt thou believe me, Hal, three or four bonds of forty pound apiece and a seal ring of my grandfather's.

PRINCE A trifle, some eightpenny matter.

HOSTESS So I told him, my lord, and I said I heard your grace say so; and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foulmouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

PRINCE What! He did not?

HOSTESS There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

FALSTAFF There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune,^o nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn^o fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee.^o Go, you thing, go!

73 Dowlas coarse linen 74 bolters sieves 76 holland fine linen 77 ell one and a quarter yards 78 by-drinkings drinks between meals 83 rich referring to its red-gold and copper hues 84 denier tenth of a penny 85 younker greenhorn 90 Jack rascal; sneak-up sneak 92 s.d. truncheon cudgel 93 Is . . . door is that how things are going 95 two and two bound in pairs like prisoners on the way to (Newgate) prison 119 stewed prune evidently chosen by Falstaff because stewed prunes were associated with bawdy houses 120 drawn drawn from his lair and trying every trick to get back to it 120-21 Maid . . . thee a disreputable female in country May games is chaste as the wife of the ward's most respectable citizen in comparison with you

HOSTESS Say, what thing, what thing?

FALSTAFF What thing? Why, a thing to thank God on.

HOSTESS I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it! I am an honest man's wife, and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

FALSTAFF Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

HOSTESS Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

FALSTAFF What beast? Why, an otter.

PRINCE An otter, Sir John? Why an otter?

FALSTAFF Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

HOSTESS Thou art an unjust man in saying so. Thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

PRINCE Thou say'st true, hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly.

HOSTESS So he doth you, my lord, and said this other day you ought^o him a thousand pound.

PRINCE Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

FALSTAFF A thousand pound, Hal? A million! Thy love is worth a million, thou owest me thy love.

HOSTESS Nay, my lord, he called you Jack and said he would cudgel you.

FALSTAFF Did I, Bardolph?

BARDOLPH Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

FALSTAFF Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

PRINCE I say 'tis copper. Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

FALSTAFF Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

PRINCE And why not as the lion?

FALSTAFF The king himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? Nay, and I do, I pray God my girdle break.

PRINCE O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine. It is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed^o rascal,^o if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar candy to make thee long-winded—if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries^o but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed?

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell, and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou see'st I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?

PRINCE It appears so by the story.

FALSTAFF Hostess, I forgive thee, go make ready breakfast, love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests. Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason. Thou see'st I am pacified still. Nay, prithee be gone.

Exit HOSTESS.

142 ought owed 165 embossed (1) swollen (2) foaming at the mouth (of a deer); rascal (1) rogue (2) lean young deer 169 injuries things whose loss you call injuries

Now, Hal, to the news at court. For the robbery, lad—how is that answered?

PRINCE O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel 185
to thee. The money is paid back again.

FALSTAFF O, I do not like that paying back! 'Tis a
double labor.

PRINCE I am good friends with my father, and may
do anything. 190

FALSTAFF Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou
doest, and do it with unwashed hands° too.

BARDOLPH Do, my lord.

PRINCE I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

FALSTAFF I would it had been of horse. Where shall I 195
find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief° of the
age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously
unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels,
they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I
praise them. 200

PRINCE Bardolph!

BARDOLPH My lord?

PRINCE

Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,
To my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmore-
land. [Exit BARDOLPH.]

Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I 205
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.

[Exit PETO.]

Jack, meet me tomorrow in the Temple Hall

At two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.° 210

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,
And either we or they must lower lie. [Exit.]

FALSTAFF

Rare words! Brave world! Hostess, my breakfast,
come.

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!° [Exit.]

[A C T I V]

[Scene I. *The rebel camp, near Shrewsbury.*]

[Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.]

HOTSPUR

Well said, my noble Scot. If speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution° should the Douglas have
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current° through the world. 5
By God, I cannot flatter, I do defy°
The tongues of soothers!° But a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
Nay, task me° to my word; approve me, lord.

192 with unwashed hands with no delay 196 thief i.e., to
steal a horse 210 furniture equipment 214 drum recruiting
center

IV.i.3 attribution recognition 5 go . . . current be as
widely accepted (the image is of a coin of recent mintage:
"this season's stamp") 6 defy despise 7 soothers flatterers
9 task me try me, test me

DOUGLAS

Thou art the king of honor. 10

No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard° him.

Enter one with letters.

HOTSPUR

Do so, and 'tis well.—

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

MESSENGER

These letters come from your father.

HOTSPUR

Letters from him? Why comes he not himself? 15

MESSENGER

He cannot come, my lord, he is grievous sick.

HOTSPUR

Zounds! How has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling° time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government° come they along?

MESSENGER

His letters bears° his mind, not I, my lord. 20

WORCESTER

I prithee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

MESSENGER

He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth,

And at the time of my departure thence

He was much feared° by his physicians.

WORCESTER

I would the state of time had first been whole 25

Ere he by sickness had been visited.

His health was never better worth than now.

HOTSPUR

Sick now? Droop now? This sickness doth infect

The very lifeblood of our enterprise.

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp. 30

He writes me here that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation°

Could not so soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul removed but on his own. 35

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,

That with our small conjunction° we should on,

To see how fortune is disposed to us;

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possessed° 40

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

WORCESTER

Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

HOTSPUR

A perilous gash, a very limb lopped off.

And yet, in faith, it is not! His present want

Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good 45

To set° the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? To set so rich a main°

On the nice° hazard of one doubtful hour?

It were not good; for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul° of hope, 50

12 beard oppose 18 justling jostling, unquiet 19 govern-
ment command 20 bears a singular verb with plural subject is
not uncommon in Elizabethan English 24 feared feared for
32 deputation a deputy 37 conjunction combination of
forces 40 possessed informed 46 set risk 47 main (1) stake
(in gambling) (2) army 48 nice precarious 50 soul (1)
essence (2) sole (cf. "bottom")

The very list,^o the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
DOUGLAS Faith, and so we should.
Where now remains a sweet reversion,^o
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what is to
come in.

A comfort of retirement^o lives in this. 55

HOTSPUR
A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big^o
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

WORCESTER
But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair^o of our attempt 60
Brooks^o no division. It will be thought
By some that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence.
And think how such an apprehension 65
May turn the tide of fearful^o faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause.
For well you know we of the off'ring side^o
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrament,^o
And stop all sight-holes, every loop^o from whence 70
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws^o a curtain
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

HOTSPUR You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use: 75
It lends a luster and more great opinion,^o
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head^o
To push against a kingdom, with his help 80
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well; yet all our joints are whole.

DOUGLAS
As heart can think. There is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard VERNON.

HOTSPUR
My cousin Vernon, welcome, by my soul. 85

VERNON
Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

HOTSPUR
No harm. What more?

VERNON And further, I have learned
The king himself in person is set forth, 90
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

HOTSPUR
He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,

And his comrades, that daffed^o the world aside 95
And bid it pass?

VERNON All furnished, all in arms;
All plumed like estridges^o that with the wind
Bated^o like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May 100
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton^o as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry with his beaver^o on,
His cushes^o on his thighs, gallantly armed, 105
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds
To turn and wind^o a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

HOTSPUR
No more, no more! Worse than the sun in March, 110
This praise doth nourish agues.^o Let them come.
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid^o of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them.
The mailèd Mars shall on his altars sit 115
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal^o is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales. 120
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
O that Glendower were come!

VERNON There is more news.
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days. 125

DOUGLAS
That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

WORCESTER
Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.
HOTSPUR
What may the king's whole battle^o reach unto?

VERNON
To thirty thousand.

HOTSPUR Forty let it be.
My father and Glendower being both away, 130
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily.
Doomsday is near. Die all, die merrily.

DOUGLAS
Talk not of dying. I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one half year. 135

Exeunt.

[Scene II. A road near Coventry.]

Enter FALSTAFF [and] BARDOLPH.

FALSTAFF Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry;

51 list limit 53 reversion inheritance still to be received 55
comfort of retirement security to fall back on 57 big
menacingly 60 hair nature 61 Brooks allows of 66
fearful timid 68 we . . . side we who take the offensive
69 arbitrament evaluation 70 loop loophole 72 draws
draws aside 76 opinion prestige 79 a head (1) an army
(2) headway

95 daffed thrust 97 estridges ostriches (ostrich plumes are
the emblem of the Prince of Wales) 98 Bated shook their
wings 102 Wanton exuberant 103 beaver helmet 104
cushes thigh armor 108 wind wheel about 111 agues
chills and fever (the spring sun was believed to set them
going) 113 maid Bellona, goddess of war 117 reprisal
prize 128 battle army

fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through. We'll to Sutton Co'fil' tonight.

BARDOLPH Will you give me money, captain?

FALSTAFF Lay out,° lay out. 5

BARDOLPH This bottle makes an angel.°

FALSTAFF And if it do, take it for thy labor; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

BARDOLPH I will, captain. Farewell. *Exit.* 10

FALSTAFF If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet.° I have misused the king's press° damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons;° 15 inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banes°—such a commodity of warm° slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum, such as fear the report of a caliver° worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild duck. I pressed me none 20 but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients,° corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies°—slaves as ragged as Lazarus° in the 25 painted cloth,° where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust° servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted° tapsters, and ostlers trade-fall'n;° the cankers° of a calm world and a long 30 peace; ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old fazed ancient;° and such have I to fill up the rooms of them as have bought out their services that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating 35 draff° and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the 40 legs, as if they had gyves° on, for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's not a shirt and a half in all my company, and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to 45 say the truth, stol'n from my host at Saint Albans, or the red-nose innkeeper at Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.°

IV.ii.5 Lay out pay out of your own pocket **6 angel** coin worth, at various times, six shillings eightpence to ten shillings (Bardolph means that Falstaff now owes him an angel, but Falstaff jokingly takes "make" in the literal sense—as if the bottle were minting angels; he tells Bardolph to take them all and he will guarantee they are not counterfeit) **12 soused gurnet** pickled fish; **press** power of conscription **15 good . . . sons** men of some means who could pay to be let off **17 asked . . . banes** on the verge of marriage (banns [banes] were announcements of intent to marry, published usually three times at weekly intervals) **18 warm** comfortable **19 caliver** musket **24 ancients** ensigns **24–25 gentlemen of companies** lesser officers **25 Lazarus** the beggar in the Dives parable (Luke 16:19–31) **26 painted cloth** painted wall-hanging **28 unjust** dishonest **29 revolted** runaway **30 trade-fall'n** unemployed; **cankers** parasites **32 fazed ancient** tattered flag **36 draff** pig-swill (the prodigal son, in Luke 15:15–16, was so hungry he longed for draff) **41 gyves** fetters

Enter the PRINCE [and the] Lord of WESTMORELAND.

PRINCE How now, blown° Jack?° How now, quilt?

FALSTAFF What, Hal? How now, mad wag? What a 50 devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy. I thought your honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

WESTMORELAND Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too, but my powers are 55 there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all, we must away all night.

FALSTAFF Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

PRINCE I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft 60 hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

FALSTAFF Mine, Hal, mine.

PRINCE I did never see such pitiful rascals.

FALSTAFF Tut, tut, good enough to toss;° food for 65 powder, food for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better. Tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

WESTMORELAND Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

FALSTAFF Faith, for their poverty, I know not where 70 they had that, and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

PRINCE No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers° in the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste. Percy is already in the field. *Exit.* 75

FALSTAFF What, is the king encamped?

WESTMORELAND He is, Sir John. I fear we shall stay too long.

FALSTAFF Well, to the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast fits a dull fighter and a keen 80 guest. *Exeunt.*°

[Scene III. *The rebel camp, near Shrewsbury.*]

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, VERNON.

HOTSPUR

We'll fight with him tonight.

WORCESTER

It may not be.

DOUGLAS

You give him then advantage.

VERNON

Not a whit.

HOTSPUR

Why say you so? Looks he not for supply?°

VERNON

So do we.

HOTSPUR His is certain, ours is doubtful.

WORCESTER

Good cousin, be advised; stir not tonight. 5

48 hedge where linen was put out to dry **49 blown** (1) swelled (2) short of wind; **Jack** (1) Falstaff's name (2) soldier's quilted jacket **65 toss** i.e., on the end of a pike **73–74 three fingers** i.e., of fat **81 s.d. Exeunt** the quarto's "Exeunt," implying that Westmoreland goes off with Falstaff, may be wrong; Falstaff's last speech sounds as if Westmoreland had departed, and Falstaff winks at the audience

IV.iii.3 supply reinforcement

VERNON

Do not, my lord.

DOUGLAS

You do not counsel well.

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

VERNON

Do me no slander, Douglas. By my life—

And I dare well maintain it with my life—

If well-respected° honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives.

Let it be seen tomorrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

DOUGLAS

Yea, or tonight.

VERNON

Content.

HOTSPUR

Tonight, say I.

VERNON

Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading° as
you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition.° Certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up.

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but today;

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labor tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself.

HOTSPUR

So are the horses of the enemy

In general journey-bated° and brought low.

The better part of ours are full of rest.

WORCESTER

The number of the king exceedeth ours.

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

The trumpet sounds a parley. Enter Sir Walter BLUNT.

BLUNT

I come with gracious offers from the king,

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

HOTSPUR

Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt, and would to God

You were of our determination.°

Some of us love you well; and even those some

Envy your great deservings and good name,

Because you are not of our quality,°

But stand against us like an enemy.

BLUNT

And God defend° but still I should stand so,

So long as out of limit° and true rule

You stand against anointed majesty.

But to my charge.° The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs, and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty. If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed

You shall have your desires with interest,

And pardon absolute for yourself and these

Herein misled by your suggestion.°

HOTSPUR

The king is kind, and well we know the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father and my uncle and myself

10 Did give him that same royalty he wears;

And when he was not six and twenty strong,

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,

My father gave him welcome to the shore;

And then he heard him swear and vow to God

He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,

To sue his livery and beg his peace,°

15 With tears of innocence and terms of zeal,

My father, in kind heart and pity moved,

Swore him assistance, and performed it too.

Now when the lords and barons of the realm

Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,

The more and less came in with cap and knee;°

Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,

20 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,°

Laid gifts before him, proffered him their oaths,

Gave him their heirs as pages, followed him

Even at the heels in golden multitudes.

He presently, as greatness knows itself,°

Steps me a little higher than his vow

25 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,

Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;

And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform

Some certain edicts and some strait° decrees

That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;

Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep

Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,

This seeming brow of justice, did he win

The hearts of all that he did angle for;

30 Proceeded further—cut me off the heads

Of all the favorites that the absent king

In deputation° left behind him here

When he was personal° in the Irish war.

BLUNT

Tut! I came not to hear this.

35

HOTSPUR

Then to the point.

In short time after, he deposed the king;

Soon after that deprived him of his life;

And in the neck of that° tasked° the whole state;

To make that worse, suff' red his kinsman March

(Who is, if every owner were well placed,

40 Indeed his king) to be engaged in Wales,

There without ransom to lie forfeited;

Disgraced me in my happy victories,

Sought to entrap me by intelligence;°

Rated° mine uncle from the council board;

45 In rage dismissed my father from the court;

51 suggestion instigation 62 sue . . . peace sue for the
 delivery of his lands (which Richard II had arrogated to the
 crown) and make his peace with the king 68 with . . . knee
 with cap off and bended knee (in token of allegiance) 70
 lanes facing rows 74 as . . . itself as greatness begins to
 feel its strength 79 strait strict 87 In deputation as deputies
 88 personal personally engaged 92 in . . . that next;
 tasked taxed 98 intelligence spies 99 Rated scolded (cf.
 I.iii.14–20)

10 well-respected well-considered 17 leading generalship
 19 expedition hastening into battle 26 journey-bated
 travel-weakened 33 determination party 36 quality
 company 38 defend forbid 39 limit a subject's proper
 imits 41 charge message

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head° of safety, and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect° for long continuance.

105

BLUNT

Shall I return this answer to the king?

HOTSPUR

Not so, Sir Walter. We'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawned
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.

110

BLUNT

I would you would accept of grace and love.

HOTSPUR

And may be so we shall.

BLUNT

Pray God you do. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene IV. York. The Archbishop's palace.]

Enter [the] ARCHBISHOP of York [and] SIR MICHAEL.

ARCHBISHOP

Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealèd brief°
With wingèd haste to the Lord Marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

5

SIR MICHAEL

My good lord, I guess their tenor.

ARCHBISHOP

Like enough you do.
Tomorrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch;° for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raisèd power
Meets with Lord Harry; and I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,°
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew° too
And comes not in, overruled by prophecies—
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

10

20

SIR MICHAEL

Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

ARCHBISHOP

No, Mortimer is not there.

SIR MICHAEL

But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

25

ARCHBISHOP

And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn

103 head army **105 indirect** (1) not in the direct line (from Richard) (2) morally oblique

IV.iv.1 brief message **10 bide the touch** stand the test (as metal is tested by the touchstone to know if it is gold) **15 proportion** magnitude **17 rated sinew** highly valued strength

The special head° of all the land together—
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt,
And many moe corrivals° and dear° men
Of estimation and command in arms.

30

SIR MICHAEL

Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

ARCHBISHOP

I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed.
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him.
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

35

40

Exeunt.

[A C T V]

[Scene I. The king's camp, near Shrewsbury.]

Enter the KING, PRINCE of Wales, Lord JOHN of Lancaster, Earl of WESTMORELAND,° Sir Walter BLUNT, FALSTAFF.

KING

How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon bulky hill! The day looks pale
At his distemp'rature.°

PRINCE

The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet° to his° purposes
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blust'ring day.

5

KING

Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

The trumpet sounds. Enter WORCESTER [and VERNON].

15

How now, my Lord of Worcester? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust
And made us doff our easy robes of peace
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel.
This is not well, my lord; this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient orb° again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhaled meteor,°
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broachèd° mischief to the unborn times?

10

15

20

25

28 head army **31 moe corrivals** more associates; dear important

V.i.s.d. Earl of Westmoreland in V.ii.28 we learn that Westmoreland has been held as the "surety" of IV.iii.109, but at this point Shakespeare apparently had not decided who was the hostage **3 his distemp'rature** the sun's apparent ailment **4 play the trumpet** (1) act the announcer (2) blow as if playing a trumpet; **his** the sun's **17 obedient orb** orbit of obedience **19 exhaled meteor** wandering body (not subject to orbit, and thought an omen or "prodigy") **21 broachèd** opened

WORCESTER

Hear me, my liege.
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours, for I protest
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

KING

You have not sought it! How comes it then?

FALSTAFF

Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

PRINCE

Peace, chewet,^o peace!

WORCESTER

It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favor from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember^o you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time, and posted day and night
To meet you on the way and kiss your hand
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son
That brought you home and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n^o right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rained down fortune show'ring on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you—
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead—
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly wooed
To gripe^o the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull,^o the cuckoo's bird,^o
Useth the sparrow—did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced for safety sake to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head;
Whereby we stand opposèd by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous^o countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

KING

These things, indeed, you have articulate,^o

Proclaimed at market crosses, read in churches,
To face^o the garment of rebellion
With some fine color^o that may please the eye 75
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow^o at the news
Of hürlyburly innovation.^o
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water colors to impaint his cause, 80
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

PRINCE

In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew 85
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,^o
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young, 90
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too. 95
Yet this before^o my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight. 100

KING

And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee;
Albeit,^o considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no!
We love our people well; even those we love 105
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,^o
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word 110
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,^o
And they shall do their office.^o So be gone.
We will not now be troubled with reply.
We offer fair; take it advisedly. 60

Exit WORCESTER [*with* VERNON].

PRINCE

It will not be accepted, on my life. 115
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms. 65

KING

Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them,
And God befriend us as our cause is just! 120

Exeunt. Manent^o PRINCE [*and*] FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and
bestride me, so!^o 'Tis a point of friendship.

29 **chewet** (1) jackdaw, i.e., chatterer (2) meat pie 32
remember remind 44 **new-fall'n** by the death of his father,
John of Gaunt 57 **gripe** grab 60 **gull, bird** nestling (the
cuckoo lays its eggs in other birds' nests, and the young cuckoos
when hatched speedily destroy the other nestlings) 69
dangerous menacing 72 **articulate** spelled out

74 **face** trim 75 **color** (1) hue (2) rhetorical coloring (hence,
pretext) 77 **rub the elbow** hug themselves with delight 78
innovation revolution 88 **set . . . head** removed from his
record 96 **this before** let me say this in the presence of 102
Albeit on the other hand 106 **grace** pardon 111 **wait on us**
are in our service 112 **office** duty 120 **s.d. Manent** remain
(Latin) 122 **so** I shan't object

PRINCE Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.
 FALSTAFF I would 'twere bedtime, Hal, and all well. 125
 PRINCE Why, thou owest God a death.° [Exit.]
 FALSTAFF 'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honor pricks° me on. Yea, but how if honor prick° me off 130 when I come on? How then? Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honor? A word. What is in that word honor? What is that honor? Air—a trim° reckoning! Who 135 hath it? He that died a Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. 'Tis insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction° will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon°—and so ends 140 my catechism. Exit.

[Scene II. The rebel camp, near Shrewsbury.]

Enter WORCESTER [and] Sir Richard VERNON.

WORCESTER
 O no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
 The liberal and kind offer of the king.

VERNON
 'Twere best he did.

WORCESTER Then are we all undone.
 It is not possible, it cannot be,
 The king should keep his word in loving us. 5
 He will suspect us still and find a time
 To punish this offense in other faults.
 Supposition all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;°
 For treason is but trusted like the fox,
 Who, never so tame, so cherished and locked up, 10
 Will have a wild trick° of his ancestors.
 Look how we can, or sad or° merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our looks,
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
 The better cherished still the nearer death. 15
 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
 It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
 And an adopted name of privilege°—
 A harebrained Hotspur, governed by a spleen.
 All his offenses live upon my head 20
 And on his father's. We did train° him on;
 And, his corruption being ta'en° from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
 In any case, the offer of the king. 25

Enter HOTSPUR [and] DOUGLAS].

126 death pronounced like *debt*, in which sense Falstaff takes it
 130 pricks spurs; prick check (as a casualty) 135 trim fine (spoken ironically) 139 Detraction slander 140 scutcheon painted shield with coat of arms identifying a dead nobleman
 V.ii.8 Supposition . . . eyes suspicion will always be spying on us 11 trick (1) trait (2) wile 12 or sad or either sad or 18 an . . . privilege a nickname which carries a privilege (to be impulsive) with it 21 train (1) draw (2) aim 22 ta'en taken (like an infection)

VERNON
 Deliver° what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
 Here comes your cousin.
 HOTSPUR My uncle is returned.
 Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.°
 Uncle, what news?

WORCESTER
 The king will bid you battle presently. 30

DOUGLAS
 Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

HOTSPUR
 Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

DOUGLAS
 Marry, and shall, and very willingly. Exit.

WORCESTER
 There is no seeming mercy in the king.

HOTSPUR
 Did you beg any? God forbid! 35

WORCESTER
 I told him gently of our grievances,
 Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus,
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
 He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us. 40

Enter DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS
 Arm, gentlemen, to arms, for I have thrown
 A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
 And Westmoreland, that was engaged,° did bear it;
 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

WORCESTER
 The Prince of Wales stepped forth before the king 45
 And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

HOTSPUR
 O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
 And that no man might draw short breath today
 But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
 How showed his tasking?° Seemed it in contempt? 50

VERNON
 No, by my soul. I never in my life
 Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
 Unless a brother should a brother dare
 To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
 He gave you all the duties of a man;° 55
 Trimmed up your praises with a princely tongue;
 Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;°
 Making you ever better than his praise
 By still dispraising praise valued with you;°
 And, which became him like a prince indeed, 60
 He made a blushing cital of° himself,
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace
 As if he mast' red there a double spirit
 Of teaching and of learning instantly.°
 There did he pause; but let me tell the world, 65
 If he outlive the envy of this day,

26 Deliver report 28 Westmoreland who has been hostage for the safe return of Worcester and Vernon 43 engaged held as hostage 50 tasking challenging 55 duties . . . man duties that one man can owe another 57 like a chronicle with the itemized detail characteristic of a chronicle history 59 dispraising . . . you i.e., because it must fall so far short of your deservings 61 cital of reference to 64 instantly simultaneously

England did never owe° so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in° his wantonness.

HOTSPUR

Cousin, I think thou art enamored
On his follies. Never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a liberty.°
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That° he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed! And, fellows, soldiers, friends, 75
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

My lord, here are letters for you.

HOTSPUR

I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.°
And if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another [MESSENGER].

MESSENGER

My lord, prepare. The king comes on apace.

HOTSPUR

I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking: only this—
Let each man do his best; and here draw I
A sword whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth,° some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy. 100

Here they embrace. The trumpets sound. [Exeunt.]

[Scene III. Shrewsbury. The battlefield.]

*The KING enters with his power. Alarum to the battle.
[Exeunt.] Then enter DOUGLAS, and Sir Walter BLUNT
[disguised as the king].*

BLUNT

What is thy name, that in battle thus thou crossest me?
What honor dost thou seek upon my head?

DOUGLAS

Know then my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king. 5

BLUNT

They tell thee true.

DOUGLAS

The Lord of Stafford dear today hath bought
Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner. 10

BLUNT

I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

*They fight. DOUGLAS kills BLUNT. Then enter
HOTSPUR.*

HOTSPUR

O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumphed upon a Scot. 15

DOUGLAS

80 All's done, all's won: here breathless lies the king.

HOTSPUR Where?

DOUGLAS Here.

HOTSPUR

85 This, Douglas? No. I know this face full well.
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably° furnished like the king himself. 20

DOUGLAS

A fool° go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

HOTSPUR

The king hath many marching in his coats. 25

DOUGLAS

90 Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

HOTSPUR

Up and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt.]
95 *Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF solus.*

FALSTAFF Though I could scape shot-free° at London, 30
I fear the shot here. Here's no scoring° but upon the
pate. Soft! Who are you? Sir Walter Blunt. There's
honor for you! Here's no vanity!° I am as hot as
molten lead, and as heavy too. God keep lead out of
me. I need no more weight than mine own bowels. 35
I have led my rag-of-muffins where they are peppered.°
There's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive,
and they are for the town's end, to beg during life.
But who comes here?

Enter the PRINCE.

PRINCE

What, stands thou idle here? Lend me thy sword. 40
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevengeed. I prithee
Lend me thy sword.

V.iii.21 Semblably similarly 22 fool the title "fool"
30 shot-free without paying the bill 31 scoring (1) billing
(2) striking 33 Here's no vanity spoken ironically: i.e.,
here is "vanity"—futility, foolishness; but vanity also implies
lightness, which is then set against the "heaviness" of life: cf.
"lead," "heavy," "weight" 36 I . . . peppered a com-
mon practice of officers, who drew the dead soldiers' pay

67 owe own 68 in with respect to 71 liberty reckless
freedom 74 That so that 82-84 To . . . hour If life were
measured by a clock's hand, closing after a single hour, it
would still be too long if basely spent 99 heaven to earth
the odds are as great as heaven to earth

FALSTAFF O Hal, I prithee give me leave to breathe 45
awhile. Turk Gregory° never did such deeds in arms
as I have done this day. I have paid° Percy, I have
made him sure.

PRINCE
He is indeed, and living to kill thee.

I prithee lend me thy sword. 50

FALSTAFF Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive,
thou gets not my sword; but take my pistol if thou
wilt.

PRINCE Give it me. What, is it in the case?

FALSTAFF Ay, Hal. 'Tis hot, 'tis hot.° There's that 55
will sack a city.

The PRINCE draws it out and finds it to be a bottle of sack.

PRINCE
What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

He throws the bottle at him. Exit.

FALSTAFF Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce° him. If
he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in
his willingly, let him make a carbonado° of me. I like 60
not such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath. Give me
life; which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes
unlooked for, and there's an end. [Exit.]

[Scene IV. Shrewsbury. The battlefield.]

*Alarum. Excursions.° Enter the KING, the PRINCE, Lord
JOHN of Lancaster, Earl of WESTMORELAND.*

KING
I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself, thou bleedest too
much.

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

JOHN
Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

PRINCE
I beseech your majesty make up,°
Lest your retirement do amaze° your friends. 5

KING
I will do so. My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to
his tent.

WESTMORELAND
Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

PRINCE
Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help;
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this, 10
Where stained nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

JOHN
We breathe° too long. Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies. For God's sake, come.

[Exeunt JOHN of Lancaster and WESTMORELAND.]

46 **Turk Gregory** in Shakespeare's time, "Turk" was a by-
word for any ruthless man; "Gregory" may refer to the
irascible Pope Gregory VII, or to Elizabeth's enemy, Pope
Gregory XIII; Pope and Turk were regarded as the two great
enemies of Protestant Christendom 47 **paid** killed 55 **hot** he
has fired it so often he has had to put it away to cool 58 **pierce**
pronounced "perse" 60 **carbonado** meat slashed open for
broiling

V.iv.s.d. **Excursions** sorties 4 **make up** move forward 5
amaze dismay 13 **breathe** pause

PRINCE

By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster! 15
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John,
But now I do respect thee as my soul.

KING

I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for 20
Of such an ungrown warrior.

PRINCE

O, this boy lends mettle to us all! *Exit.*
[Enter DOUGLAS.]

DOUGLAS

Another king? They grow like Hydra's° heads.
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colors on them. What art thou 25
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

KING

The king himself, who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field; 30
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee, and defend thyself.

DOUGLAS

I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bearest thee like a king.
But mine I am sure thou art, who'er thou be, 35
And thus I win thee.

*They fight, the KING being in danger. Enter PRINCE of
Wales.*

PRINCE

Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again. The spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt° are in my arms.
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee, 40
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

They fight. DOUGLAS flieth.

Cheerly, my lord. How fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent,
And so hath Clifton. I'll to Clifton straight.

KING

Stay and breathe awhile. 45
Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,°
And showed thou mak'st some tender° of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

PRINCE

O God, they did me too much injury
That ever said I heark'ned for your death. 50
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labor of your son. 55

KING

Make up to Clifton; I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.
Exit.

Enter HOTSPUR.

23 **Hydra** a many-headed monster which grew two heads
for each one destroyed 39 **Shirley, Stafford, Blunt** those
whom Douglas has killed wearing the king's coats 46 **opinion**
reputation 47 **tender** value

HOTSPUR

If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

PRINCE

Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

HOTSPUR

My name is Harry Percy.

PRINCE

Why, then I see a very valiant rebel of the name. 60

I am the Prince of Wales, and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,^o

Nor can one England brook^o a double reign

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales. 65

HOTSPUR

Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to God

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

PRINCE

I'll make it greater ere I part from thee,

And all the budding honors on thy crest 70

I'll crop to make a garland for my head.

HOTSPUR

I can no longer brook thy vanities.

They fight.

Enter FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF Well said, Hal! To it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS. He fighteth with FALSTAFF, [who] falls down as if he were dead. [Exit DOUGLAS.] The PRINCE killeth PERCY.

HOTSPUR

O Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth! 75

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me.

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh.

But thoughts, the slaves of life, and life, time's fool,^o

And time, that takes survey of all the world, 80

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust,

And food for— [Dies.]

PRINCE

For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart. 85

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,

A kingdom for it was too small a bound;

But now two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead 90

Bears not alive so stout^o a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear^o a show of zeal.

But let my favors^o hide thy mangled face;

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself 95

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven.

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not rememb'ed in thy epitaph.

He spieth FALSTAFF on the ground.

What, old acquaintance? Could not all this flesh 100

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spared a better man.

O, I should have a heavy miss^o of thee

If I were much in love with vanity.^o

Death hath not struck so fat a deer^o today, 105

Though many dearer,^o in this bloody fray.

Emboweled^o will I see thee by-and-by;

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. *Exit.*

FALSTAFF riseth up.

FALSTAFF Emboweled? If thou embowel me today, I'll give you leave to powder^o me and eat me too 110 tomorrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant^o Scot had paid me scot and lot^o too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit. To die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying 115 when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion,^o in the which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How if he 120 should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah 125 [stabs him], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes up HOTSPUR on his back. Enter PRINCE [and] JOHN of Lancaster.

PRINCE

Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou fleshed

Thy maiden sword.

JOHN

But, soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead? 130

PRINCE

I did; I saw him dead,

Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive,

Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?

I prithee speak. We will not trust our eyes

Without our ears. 'Thou art not what thou seem'st. 135

FALSTAFF No, that's certain, I am not a double man;^o but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.^o There is Percy. If your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you. 140

PRINCE Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead!

103 heavy miss "heavy" loss (in two senses) 104 vanity frivolity (and lightness) 105 deer with pun on dear 106 dearer nobler, more valuable 107 Emboweled disemboweled (for embalming) 110 powder salt 112 termagant bloodthirsty; paid . . . lot killed me (literally, "paid me in full"; "scot" and "lot" were parish taxes) 117-18 The . . . discretion Falstaff willfully misinterprets the maxim that valor is the better for being accompanied by discretion 136 double man (1) wraith (2) twofold man 137 Jack rascal

63 sphere orbit 64 brook put up with 79 slaves . . . fool i.e., because thoughts are dependent on life and because life is subservient to time 91 stout valiant 93 dear heartfelt 94 favors probably Hal's ostrich plumes, his emblem as Prince of Wales

FALSTAFF Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying. I grant you I was down, and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh. If the man were alive and would deny it, 150 zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

JOHN
This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

PRINCE
This is the strangest fellow, brother John.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back.
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, 155
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

A retreat is sounded.

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

Exeunt [PRINCE Henry and Prince JOHN].

FALSTAFF I'll follow,° as they say, for reward. He that 160 rewards me, God reward him. If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge,° and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

Exit [bearing off the body].

[Scene V. Shrewsbury. The battlefield.]

The trumpets sound. Enter the KING, PRINCE of Wales, Lord JOHN of Lancaster, Earl of WESTMORELAND, with WORCESTER and VERNON prisoners.

KING
Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did not we send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust? 5
Three knights upon our party slain today,
A noble earl, and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,

160 follow i.e., as hounds do when the quarry is killed, to receive their reward **162 purge** repent

If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.° 10

WORCESTER

What I have done my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

KING

Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too;
Other offenders we will pause upon. 15

[Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.]

How goes the field?

PRINCE

The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest; 20
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

KING

With all my heart.

PRINCE

Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you 25
This honorable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free.
His valors shown upon our crests today
Have taught us how to cherish such high deeds, 30
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

JOHN

I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

KING

Then this remains, that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland, 35
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March. 40
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business° so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. *Exeunt.*

V.v.10 intelligence information **43 business** (trisyllabic)

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH

EDITED BY NORMAN N. HOLLAND, JR.

Introduction

Betrayal, someone has said, is the quintessential Shakespearean theme. Certainly, it would seem to be in *Henry IV, Part Two*, for this play hinges on two betrayals. Prince John promises the rebels in a battlefield parley their "griefs shall be with speed redressed. Upon my soul, they shall." Then, once the rebels' troops are discharged, he tells them he will indeed redress their grievances "with a most Christian care"—but executes them as rebels. "God, and not we, hath safely fought today." (Some outraged critics have called the line blasphemous.) Then, at the end of the play, after the death of Henry IV, Falstaff expects to be "one of the greatest men in this realm" in something other than size. He cheers his newly crowned Hal only to be answered by one of the most magnificent and brutal lines in all literature: "I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers." Dismissed, banished, he dies in *Henry V* because "The king has killed his heart."

The ethical rightness or wrongness of these actions¹ constitutes one of the two bones of contention this play has cast among critics. The other is the relation of this play to *Henry IV, Part One*: are Parts One and Two² separate plays or one long ten-act play? The answers to both (like all questions we ask of Shakespeare) must come from a recognition of the significant wholeness of the work of art he has created, for these two seeming betrayals, morally ambiguous as they may appear, make only two among a host of other such incidents in the play.

For example, in an episode that Shakespeare carefully retained from his sources, the old king, believing a prophecy he is to die "in Jerusalem," expects to die on a crusade. Instead, he finds himself dying, not in the city Jerusalem but in a room in Westminster called "Jerusalem." Once Henry IV is dead, the Lord Chief Justice (who had clapped Hal in prison) thinks himself a man doomed, but

¹ Mr. Stanley McKenzie, in an unpublished paper, very skillfully analyzes the ethical problem of the two "betrayals" in terms of the structure and imagery of the play. I am indebted to him for a number of the ideas which follow.

² "Part Two" in the title of an Elizabethan history play simply means that the play deals with events later in the reign of the king named in the title than those the Part One play deals with. It does not imply that the play in question is an integral part of a series, like a chapter in a novel.

instead, the new king creates him Chief Justice anew, "a father to my youth," and puts him in charge of Falstaff. Bringing these and many other such reversals to a fullness and completion is, of course, the reformation of Hal himself from the madcap prince to what he will be in *Henry V*, "the mirror of all Christian kings." "Let the end try the man," he had warned earlier; and at the end he acts

To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. (V.ii.126-29)

"Expectation mocked" is the key, a theme that pervades and informs the comic scenes as well as the serious ones. To the Lord Chief Justice's amused outrage, Falstaff, who illustrates "all the characters of age," has the gall to set down his name "in the scroll of youth" and—even—call the Justice old. He manages to elude the legal powers of the Lord Chief Justice (roughly equivalent to the Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court), and then he has the effrontery to try to borrow a thousand pounds from him. Mistress Quickly believes Falstaff will marry her (perhaps the silliest of all expectations in a play of silly expectations), and thus Falstaff manages to turn her lawsuit into a cozy dinner party. Old Justice Shallow, in one of the most exquisite moments of the play, turns away from that death that hovers over all the characters to a startling image of vitality and (in Elizabethan English) virility:

SHALLOW Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent!
And to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!
SILENCE We shall all follow, cousin.
SHALLOW Certain, 'tis certain, very sure, very sure.
Death, as the psalmist saith, is certain to all, all shall
die. How [much for] a good yoke of bullocks at
Stamford Fair? (III.ii.34-40)

Shallow, the classic portrait of the old grad, makes much of "the wildness of his youth," but we find that his talk is all an old man's lying. Young Shallow was thin, puny, "ever in the rearward of the fashion," and yet, notes

Falstaff ruefully, "Now has he lands and beeves." Everywhere expectation is overturned. Falstaff picks (from Shallow's point of view) precisely the wrong men for his recruits. Yet even so, Francis Feeble of valorous name turns out to have that stoical acceptance of destiny that constitutes (as we shall see) the essential ethic the play puts forward.

The same sense of expectation mocked permeates the language and imagery of the play. What should give hope or security does not. Armor "worn in heat of day . . . scald'st with safety," while, conversely, "In poison there is physic." Hopes, like ships, "touch ground and dash themselves to pieces," while even houses are "giddy and unsure." The very buds,

which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them. (I.iii.39-41)

Fathers who care for their sons, like bees that gather honey, "are murdered for [their] pains." Sleep, in the king's lovely apostrophe, comes to the least likely, the shipboy suffering a storm in the crows' nest:

Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-season in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. (III.i.26-31)

The least fortunate are most fortunate—one cannot predict, for premonitions themselves run by opposites:

Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness foreruns the good event. (IV.ii.81-82)

Even the mere dramaturgic context of *2 Henry IV* mocks expectation. The madcap prince of Part Two reverses the reformation we have already seen in Part One. The odd Epilogue treats the plays as the unsuccessful payment of a debt—an expectation—and goes on to contract a further debt: "Our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it." But Falstaff does not appear in *Henry V*, and further, he is not to be confused with the character you expected him to be; "Oldcastle died martyr, and this is not the man" (see p. 723n.).

Even odder than the Epilogue is the Induction with Rumor as the presenter. Shakespeare, as always, sets up the internal logic of his work from the very opening lines: Rumor, whatever else he may be, is the creator and defeater of expectations par excellence, bringer of "smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs." Here, he announces falsely a rebel victory at Shrewsbury and the death of Prince Hal under the sword of Northumberland's son Hotspur. Then, almost the entire first scene of the play deals with expectations created and defeated (even down to the opening lines in which a porter says that Northumberland will be found in the orchard, but then the Earl himself unexpectedly appears). And, of course, no one expected the madcap prince to overcome "the never-daunted Percy." Learning of his son's death, Northumberland says,

these news,

Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well.

(I.i.137-39)

Much later in the play, another old man, King Henry IV, will echo his paradox: "Wherefore should these good news make me sick?" In either case, news—words—seem to have an effect opposite to what one would expect.

The first scene shifts to the second, from one diseased old man to another:

FALSTAFF Sirrah . . . what says the doctor to my water
[urine]?

PAGE He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy
water; but, for the party that [owned] it, he might have
[more] diseases than he knew for. (I.ii.1-5)

The Page's response, itself a mockery of what we might expect from a doctor, continues from the previous scene the tension between words and body.

As we might expect from Falstaff's "throng of words" or, indeed, the figure of Rumor, "painted full of tongues," words—"prophecies," "seeming," "rotten opinion," "news"—all play a key role in *2 Henry IV* in creating expectations that deeds and persons then defeat in fact, as

chances, mocks,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors. (III.i.51-53)

Most notably, Prince John tricks the rebels with his "princely word": "I give it you, and will maintain my word"—though the letter, not the spirit. But there are others whose words create false expectations: Mistress Quickly's malapropisms and Pistol's ranting in garbled quotations make us expect to hear one thing; then, when we hear their blunder, our expectation is mocked. And the rebels, too, create false hopes with words:

We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men,
Like one that draws the model of an house
Beyond his power to build it. (I.iii.56-59)

As Lord Bardolph's words hint, this play uses (unusually often for Shakespeare) names that tag their bearers in a manner almost Dickensian: Pistol, Shallow, Shadow, and Moldy; Doll Tearsheet and Jane Nightwork of amorous name; the sheriff's men, Fang and Snare; Mistress Quickly, whose name, in Elizabethan pronunciation, conceals a ribald pun; Goodman Puff, fat as Falstaff, and hungry Francis Pickbone; Travers, who, in the opening scene, denies ("traverses") Lord Bardolph's report. Yet, as one would expect in a play of expectations mocked, the actual, physical characters often belie their tags; Sampson Stockfish is a fruiterer, Bullcalf a coward, and Feeble brave.

We would be wrong, though, to conclude that words always build up false expectations, that *2 Henry IV* envisions no larger plan that one can trust—such a skepticism would be utterly foreign to Shakespeare and the Elizabethans' sense of cosmic order. There is, as the king says, a plan, though a bitter one, "the book of fate" that lists the defeats of our expectations:

O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
(III.i.53-56)

And Warwick goes on to make an important statement of the Elizabethans' anecdotal or symbolistic view of history:

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased,
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life.
(III.i.80-84)

There is, then, a larger order, and some of the characters find their place in it. Others, notably Falstaff and the rebels who are "betrayed," do not. What is the essential difference between those who find a place and those who are "betrayed"?

As so often in Shakespeare, a peripheral episode tells us, a scene superfluous to the main plot but one which Shakespeare spent some pains to improve from his sources. Hal, thinking his father dead, takes his crown into another room. His father revives and accuses him of wishing parricide. It is, of course, one more episode of expectations mocked, but the king's words tell us more: he accuses Hal of being "hasty," unable to "stay," of wishing his father's death: "What! Canst thou not forbear me half an hour?" Slowly, Hal answers. He did not "affect," that is, crave, desire, the crown. Rather, he took it as an enemy: it "hath fed upon the body of my father." Its gold is no medicine, but rather "hast eat thy bearer up." The king is pleased with his son's "pleading so wisely." Wherein does the wisdom lie?

The king explains in his next speech, "the very latest counsel that ever I shall breathe," presumably, therefore, the most important. He recalls the way he took the crown from Richard in *Richard II*,

How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet. (IV.v.186-87)

It seemed in me
But as an honor snatched with boisterous hand.
(IV.v.190-91)

And now my death
Changes the mood, for what in me was purchased
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort,
So thou the garland wear'st successively. (IV.v.198-201)

The word "purchased" is important: a legal term, it refers to the acquiring of land other than by inherited succession ("successively"). The word reflects, as the whole play does, the feudal and Renaissance prejudice against those who violate the natural order of things by taking for themselves against the ordained patterns of birth and inheritance. Henry sinned when he "snatched" the crown, but Hal will wear it free of such sin, for he inherits it. The king's accusations tell us Hal's wrong in taking the crown from his sleeping father lay in his inability to "forbear," to "stay," in his "wish," his being "hasty."

Thou hast stol'n that which after some few hours
Were thine without offense. (IV.v.101-02)

Hal's answer is wise in that he says he did not crave the crown, but rather recognized that the crown is an enemy that feeds on its bearer, eats its bearer up.

Appetite is both the sin and the danger, that appetite which, as the prince had jokingly confessed earlier, "was not princely got." To be truly a prince, one must not crave and try to take, but rather forbear, wait, trust, put oneself in that larger order: God's, nature's, his father's. Appetite governs the common man, not the prince, and, indeed, it was the common people's appetite that let Henry take the crown from Richard, though, says the archbishop,

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their overgreedy love hath surfeited. (I.iii.87-88)

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of [Henry]
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
(I.iii.95-100)

The wise monarch provides for his people's appetites. Henry's last counsel—for his expectation was again foiled, his statement of Hal's rightful title was not his "latest counsel"—Henry's last advice is to "busy giddy minds with foreign quarrels," to turn appetite elsewhere, for Henry knows all too well the rebel and vain spirit is one that seeks to take for itself rather than accept the natural order of monarchy.

That larger order is not wholly beneficent, for it includes, as Shallow reminds us, death. "Death, as the psalmist saith, is certain to all, all shall die," all: Northumberland, the king, Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, the Lord Chief Justice—all the old men in this play of old men are dying. Some try to put it aside, like Falstaff: "Peace, good Doll! Do not speak like a death's head. Do not bid me remember my end." But death cannot be put aside. In Sir Thomas Browne's beautiful sentence, "This world is not an inn but an hospital," not a place to feed but a place to die in. One may consult the doctor as Falstaff does; or, as the archbishop's rebellion tries to do,

diet rank minds sick of happiness
And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. (IV.i.64-66)

But purges and potions, be they the medicinale gold that the crown so distinctly is not or the sherris-sack whose virtues Falstaff so eloquently proclaims, are of no real use, for death is certain. Though it may be unexpected, in a chamber named Jerusalem instead of the city, death itself is certain.

The play's images of medicines represent one kind of defense against the acceptance of a larger, cosmic order that includes disease and death; words represent another. Thus, the rebels project and plan, emitting words, "publish[ing] the occasion of our arms." They "fortify with the names of men." The archbishop, so "deep within the

books of God," turns himself into "an iron man talking." In general, the rebels emit words and then take them for things, as their predecessor Hotspur did,

who lined himself with hope
Eating the air and promise of supply. (I.iii.27-28)

They forget their physical selves and ask only for their "articles," "this schedule," their "conditions" in a "true substantial form." And verbal form is all John gives them.

Falstaff, too, emits a "throng of words" that wrench the "true cause the false way." Contrasted with them, taking language in,

The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be looked upon and learned, (IV.iv.68-71)

but once learned, he will no longer speak, emit, such words, but rather take them "as a pattern or a measure" with which to judge the lives of others.

In other words, the prince will not thrust up a merely verbal reality against the larger order. Rather, he will make himself and his language a part of that larger order, as Prince John does: "God, and not we, hath safely fought today." Pathetically, the rebels themselves try to become part of some larger order: "We are time's subjects."

We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet there
By the rough torrent of occasion. (IV.i.70-72)

But "occasion" is a transitory thing, a creature of time, and time itself is a great betrayer. The king's party fits into a firmer order: "Construe the times to their necessities." When Warwick states the Elizabethan view of history, he speaks of it as a "necessary form." When King Henry disclaims any intent on his part of seizing Richard's crown, he says,

necessity so bowed the state
That I and greatness were compelled to kiss. (III.i.73-74)

And he accepts the rebel threat—

Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities. (III.i.92-93)

The rebels, however, are responding, not to "necessities," but their "most just and right desires," the "demands" they seek to "enjoy." Appetite is their failure, and John's strategy simply traps them as animals are baited and trapped by their appetites. They drink as token of their wishes granted, but the drink also symbolizes their failure and defeat through appetite. (Indeed, the archbishop after drinking finds himself "passing light in spirit.")

The real drinker, though, the very essence of appetite, is, of course, Falstaff. "He hath eaten me out of house and home," Mistress Quickly complains. "The old boar" (earlier he had been a sow) doth "feed in the old frank," monetarily, emotionally, and gastrically. At Shallow's, "We shall do nothing but eat, and make good cheer."

Falstaff feeds on Shallow, too, taking a thousand pounds from him, promising to turn him into verbal jokes just as he himself ("the cause that wit is in other men") turns himself to words. Hal's succession provokes him into a riot of appetite: "Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment."

Thus, it is supremely appropriate that Hal reject him ("the feeder of my riots") in terms of food, as, earlier, he had taken leave of a Falstaff richly symbolized as a withered apple. In the coronation scene, Falstaff calls out, "My King! My Jove!" (thus identifying himself with Saturn, the Titan who devoured his own children). Hal replies:

I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers.
How ill white hairs becomes a fool and jester!
I have long dreamt of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane,
But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace.
Leave gormandizing. Know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest. (V.v.47-55)

Not only does Hal put aside appetite—he fends off Falstaff's wordmongering (even as he himself lapses into two jokes—though he immediately counters, "Presume not that I am the thing I was"). Saddest of all, most brutal but most necessary, he reminds Falstaff of his role as an old man and of the grave's mouth that gapes so widely for him.

The mouth, food and medicine going into it, words coming out, these images dominating a play of appetites and expectations mocked—Shakespeare here harks back to a truth of infancy, to a time when life was a life of the mouth. Psychologists such as Erik Erikson have been stressing in recent years the crucial importance of that time when we must discover our own identities; when we learn, taught by our own appetites, that we must await, trust, expect another to feed us. It is this ability to trust in another that enables the infant to experience that other as an existence separate from his own desires, to experience, therefore, his own separateness, his identity. The paradox continues into later life: it is the ability to give up one's own desires, to trust, even to merge and identify with the "necessity" represented by others, even, in a sense, to tolerate being engulfed by or devoured by it (as King Henry's crown, emblem of the larger order, has eaten its bearer up), that enables us to reemerge, as we did in earliest infancy, into a new sense of identity, a new role. In a paradox almost biblical, we must lose ourselves to find ourselves.

So with Falstaff: to grow into the new role he should assume now that Hal is king, he must curb his appetites ("Leave gormandizing") and learn to depend on another (the "competence of life" his new king allows him). He must live with the certainty that the grave gapes for him, that he will himself be devoured. As for the rebels, they do not let themselves be merged into the larger necessity represented by the monarch; instead, they try to create roles for themselves out of their own words (or mouths). Necessarily, they fail.

Prince Hal, too, must give up an identity based on his own appetites, that of the madcap prince, and accept an identity set out for him, that of the hero-king. As Ernst

Kris points out in a psychoanalytic study of this play, Hal, until his father's death, refuses to fall back into the role his father has planned for him. Rather, he puts aside his father, stained and imperfect as a curber of appetites because he himself "snatched" the crown "with boisterous hand," and he takes an identity from Falstaff, a father-substitute. Once his real father is dead, however, he can put aside Falstaff (ultimately rendering him as dead as his true father) and be taken into the role his father wished for him. Indeed, he can even accept a proper father-substitute in the person of the Lord Chief Justice.

Food is our earliest experience of trust; justice is a later one. Again, we must learn to wait rather than try to grab—we must trust in the large necessity of law. *2 Henry IV* gives us a pair of justices: a true one in the Lord Chief Justice, a false one in Shallow, who succumbs to his servant's entreaty to "bear out a knave against an honest man." Shallow lets himself merge into a larger order, but one of his servants' making, so that, as Falstaff points out, they become like foolish justices, he a justicelike servingman. The Lord Chief Justice, however, speaks to Hal with "the person of your father"; "the image of his power lay then in me." He justifies his earlier action of imprisoning the prince by reminding the new young king that he, now, has a new identity—"As you are a king, speak in your state." And Hal responds by assuming his kingly role, merging himself in his father's identity so that "I live to speak my father's words." To the Lord Chief Justice,

You shall be as a father to my youth.
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear.
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practiced wise directions. (V.ii.118-21)

My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my [appetites],
And with his spirits sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world. (V.ii.123-26)

Thus, Hal merges into his father and contrasts with the archbishop, who rebelled though he was "the imagined voice of God himself"; he did

misuse the reverence of [his] place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favorite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonorable. (IV.ii.23-26)

The right people of the play merge into a larger order; the wrong people resist or misuse that larger order. Shallow's very name tells us something about their failure: as Prince John says to the rebels,

You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times. (IV.ii.50-51)

The image is of a river, and the archbishop had earlier compared himself and the other rebels to a river in flood, saying that, if their demands are granted, "We come within our awful banks again." Henry IV, too, is linked to a flooding river: in a detail Shakespeare retained from

his sources, Henry (who was himself a rebel) dies as the Thames thrice floods without ebb. As for Hal,

The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flowed in vanity till now.
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods
And flow henceforth in formal majesty. (V.ii.129-33)

He has put aside flooding and merged himself into the identity ordained for him by that larger order, vast as the sea. The play can end now, as it began, with a rumor. But now a true rumor, for a bird sings the music of true expectation, the king's will merged into the nation's destiny.

In short, the theme of betrayal permeates and informs the language, incidents, and characters of *2 Henry IV*, but it is betrayal in a special sense: "expectations mocked." That is, the play begins with a sense of hunger or appetite:

Open your ears, for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumor speaks? (Ind.1-2)

Then, against selfish or foolish appetite, the play poises a larger, parental plan of justice or monarchy or necessity that threatens to swallow up the characters by danger, disease, or death. And yet this larger necessity offers the paradoxical and unexpected possibility of a new identity, a kind of rebirth into a new self for those who can merge themselves into it. True princeliness calls for this ability to trust in the larger order, to achieve identity by the very act of curbing the self and its appetites and being merged into the greater plan. True rebellion means—in its most primitive sense—feeding oneself, resisting trust in that larger order by substituting one's own medicines, words, appetite, food, plans: "eating the air." And thus, the play itself answers the critics who have been troubled by Prince John's trick on the political rebels and Prince Hal's rejection of the appetitive rebel, Falstaff. These two "betrayals" become necessary and inevitable if we take the play on its own emotional and intellectual terms: the original failure of trust was the rebels' own inability to merge (without wordy conditions) into the larger order of nature.

Again, if we take the play on its own terms, we can see the answer to the second critical issue: the relation of *2 Henry IV* to *1 Henry IV*. The external evidence from Elizabethan stage-practice that the two plays must have been separate and self-sufficient entities is clear enough. The internal evidence is clear, too. *1 and 2 Henry IV* are quite different in their essential dramatic ideas, but they make a matched pair.

We can see the difference in the Falstaffs of the two parts. Twinned in avoirdupois, soldiering, and appetites, they nevertheless differ in some important ways. In both parts, Falstaff is a creature who defeats expectation, not only in the action, but also in our response (as Freud notes). From the point of view of the literary historian, as Bernard Spivack has shown, this mocking of our expectations places him in the tradition of the deceptive Vice of the morality plays or the tricky Ambidexter of a

Cambises. But in *1 Henry IV*, Falstaff seems more triumphant: the Chaplinesque clown who, by his ability to play many parts, triumphs even over death, as (in the final battle) he feigns a death-and-rebirth. In *2 Henry IV*, Falstaff resists, but succumbs to, the preordained role pointed out by Philip Williams and C. L. Barber. He becomes the slain god, the Lord of Misrule who must be banished to restore health to the land. Hal is absorbed into the role of the hero-king, while Falstaff is engulfed by a mythic significance that demands his rejection and death.

Miss Caroline Spurgeon noted some years ago that the Falstaff of *1 Henry IV* uses many images from books and the Bible, while the Falstaff of *2 Henry IV* speaks in grotesque, rough, coarse similes drawn from body functions and appetites. We can add that Falstaff One uses a very distinctive figure of speech, the enthymeme: "If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind." "If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged." "And 'twere not as good a deed as drink to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth." (These all occur within ten lines in *1 Henry IV*, suggesting the frequency of the figure.) Falstaff Two almost entirely lacks this figure of speech; instead, he has become something of a monologist. He takes in a character, then turns him into a satirical portrait: we see Falstaff Two do this with himself, his page, his tailor, Pistol, Prince Hal, Poins, Bardolph, Shallow, Prince John, and, of course, sherris-sack, in monologues quite different in style from his catechism of honor in *1 Henry IV* (which tests a role). Falstaff Two may be responding to the same taste that led Jonson to put such incidental character sketches into *Every Man Out of His Humor* and *Cynthia's Revels* or that accounts for the popularity of the character-books of Hall, Overbury, and others in the early seventeenth century, but, in any case, he has shifted from acting out different roles (often taken from books and the Bible) to a more passive taking in of what he sees, then spewing it out in words (the image of vomit occurs several times in *2 Henry IV*). Falstaff One's big comic scene is the play-within-the-play in the tavern, when he tries on the roles of King Henry and Prince Hal. Falstaff Two's big comic scene is the recruiting, when he looks at the prospective draftees and coins them into a mint of witty remarks. In short, he becomes the walking embodiment of everything the play rejects: appetite, wordmongering, resistance to one's proper role. He becomes, like Iago in the tragedies, or Autolycus and Caliban in the last plays, Shakespeare's *homo repudiandus*, the character who focuses in himself everything to be rejected. This, then, is the essential difference between the Falstaffs of *1 and 2 Henry IV*: the earlier Falstaff actively tries on different roles; the later and more passive Falstaff finds himself forced into a pattern laid down for him by his context.

And so does Hal. In *1 Henry IV*, he actively chooses the role of hero; in *2 Henry IV*, he lapses into kingship. The rest of the characters show the same passivity. *1 Henry IV* gave us an active, scrappy group of rebels; *2 Henry IV* represents rebellion by talkers and bargainers. *1 Henry IV* sharply opposed characters as good son—bad son; good father—bad father; hot spur and false staff; and Hal forged a role for himself between such extremes. *2 Henry IV*

makes only one such sharp pairing: the good justice, who merges into his master's voice, as against the bad justice, who merges into his servant's. Mostly, *2 Henry IV* bunches fairly nondescript characters into the roles they must assume—and so the Folio text lists them, in bracketed groups as—"Opposites against King Henrie the Fourth," "Of the Kings Partie," "Country Soldiers," "Irregular Humorists," and the women. In the same way, *2 Henry IV* abounds in references to parts of the body, parts of a house, parts of a kingdom—the later play constantly stresses a sense of role within a larger plan.

These different ways of dealing with role are what make *1 and 2 Henry IV* quite separate but nevertheless a matched pair. In both, the problem is to bring Hal to the role laid down for him by his father, his king, his God. *1 Henry IV* offers the active solution; *2 Henry IV*, the passive. In the first play, Hal takes from the takers, robs Hotspur and Falstaff of the honors or money they had robbed from others. In the second, Hal is the taker taken: he learns to put down his cravings and appetites and be taken up into the larger plan. *1 Henry IV* is the sunnier version—my pun is intentional—for it looks at the problem of Hal's achieving at-oneness with his father from the point of view of the son who actively battles the rebel within and without. *2 Henry IV* sees the theme with the eyes of a dying father, in terms of passive expectation, trust, and acceptance of necessity. It is this atmosphere of passivity that keeps the magnificent fighter-Hal of *1 Henry IV* out of the action—what action there is—in *2 Henry IV*. Finally, in *Henry V*, these active and passive solutions fuse. Hal's active battling fulfills the role he must passively accept. He brings the drives and appetites of others and their roles as Scot, Irishman, Welshman, or French princess into the service of his kingly function:

Upon the king! Let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins, lay on the king!

(*Henry V*, IV.i.230–32)

The king must bear all—all but a few traitors and "irregular humorists" who insist on keeping separate. They must die.

Betrayal is the quintessential Shakespearean theme—provided we recognize the special tone that Shakespeare gives it. All his works deal with the taming of shrewishness: the masking over or mastery of hate by love. Betrayal, for Shakespeare, seems to mean a situation in which one can expect love, but in which love falls away and reveals an unsuspected or unmastered hate beneath. Iago is the obvious example, but we can look at all the tragedies as situations in which the love between a man and a woman, love either new or preexisting or expectable, fails to master hate. When love succeeds, the issue is comic, as in *Measure for Measure* and *The Merchant of Venice*, which temper hard justice with feminine mercy. All's well that ends well—that ends in love as Henry V's wars in France will.

So understood, *2 Henry IV*, written near the end of 1597 or early in 1598, occupies a pivotal point in the Shakespearean canon. In the early comedies, romantic love overcomes feuds and hatreds, while in the early histories and tragedies, family or romantic love fails to control political and social aggressions. In the plays of

1598–1601, Shakespeare seems to play with the thought that passivity best counters aggression or romantic assertiveness. Claudio in *Much Ado About Nothing* lets his prince do his wooing for him. In *Twelfth Night*, the woman takes the role of wooer, as she does in *As You Like It*. *2 Henry IV* also looks forward to the tragedies, the uncurbed and parricidal drives of Brutus and Cassius, and even more, to that character who, more than any other in Shakespeare, resists the role his father had set up for him, putting up instead his own smokescreen of words—Hamlet. In many ways, but notably in the special, paternal way love controls rebellion and aggression, *2 Henry IV* seems closer to the tragedies and “problem plays” than to the earlier histories.

The passivity of *2 Henry IV* may also explain why it has become less popular than the other histories. It was apparently as popular as *1 Henry IV* in the eighteenth century, but, then, eighteenth-century audiences were still committed to a larger, hierarchical plan in society. The nineteenth and twentieth centuries prize precisely the acquisitive, assertive behavior that resists inherited patterns and plans, and this particular history play, which so sharply rejects such social individualism, has fallen in popularity. But *2 Henry IV* can look for better days with newer approaches to Shakespeare. Nineteenth-century audiences concentrated on the events represented by the plays rather than on the plays as themselves events and, therefore, they wanted to see in the histories one long epic glorifying England’s history—to them, *2 Henry IV* marked a sordid low. Today, however, we recognize that Shakespeare’s histories embody Elizabethan political views, not nineteenth-century Whiggery, and we are better at accepting Shakespeare’s plays on their own terms, as things-in-themselves. When we do so accept *2 Henry IV*, we find it offers moments as fine as any in the Shakespearean canon: the brilliant and pathetic portrait of Shallow; the grotesquery of Pistol; the prince’s reconciliation with his father; the king’s apostrophe to sleep; the rejection of Falstaff. More important, when we accept the play itself as an event, our experience of the play becomes our own act of trust.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

As was his custom in the histories, Shakespeare developed *Henry IV, Part Two* from several sources. Chiefly, he used his favorite, Raphael Holinshed’s *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (probably the 1587 edition), and an old, anonymous play, *The Famous Victories of Henry V* (performed before 1588, but the earliest extant printing is of 1598). Almost certainly, he drew a few details from Samuel Daniel’s long narrative poem, *The First Four Books of the Civil Wars between the Two Houses of Lancaster and York* (1595). He may also have looked at Edward Hall’s earlier chronicle, more moralistic than Holinshed’s, *The Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke* (1548) or John Stow’s *The Chronicles of England* (1580). The story of the prince’s giving the Lord Chief Justice a box on the ear and being sent to prison for it was first printed in Sir Thomas Elyot’s *Boke Named the Governour* (1531), though the story was widely retold and much stressed in the *Famous Victories*.

Shakespeare took from the *Famous Victories* the broad

outlines of the comic sections of *1 and 2 Henry IV* and the battles of *Henry V*. The old play was strong on Hal’s roistering and his swaggering companions, and, though it has neither Pistol nor Mistress Quickly, it does offer a crude prototype of Falstaff in “Jockey” or “Sir John Oldcastle” (see p. 723n.), though he is no more than a tadpole compared to Shakespeare’s full-blown conception. Holinshed, Daniel, and the other sources were used for the portrait of Henry IV as a king sick in body and soul and also for facts about the various rebellions and battles.

Shakespeare saved from his chronicle sources even small details if they fitted his theme, the failure to fit into a larger order because of a selfish appetite for food, drink, words, or power. Thus, he dutifully recounted from Holinshed the drinking between the armies, the archbishop’s preoccupation with his articles, and the floods that mark Henry IV’s death. At the same time, he altered large patterns of history where it suited his purpose. Of these changes, one stands out particularly. Shakespeare attributes the “betrayal” of the rebels to Prince John as well as to Westmoreland, though Holinshed had painted Westmoreland as the sole author of the strategy. Obviously, to understand the play fully, we must be able to account for such a marked and faintly discrediting change.

If you can obtain copies of the sources, you can see in still other details how Shakespeare’s style of thought differs from his contemporaries’, for example by examining three episodes from Shakespeare’s play in which he does follow his sources fairly closely. They are rich moments in the Shakespearean world: the scene of the king’s death with Hal’s precipitate taking of the crown; the coronation scene with the rejection of Falstaff; the forgiving of the Lord Chief Justice. Holinshed sees the first with the eye of a political reporter, interested in events and statecraft, while Daniel sees the king’s death in terms of the psychology of the noble classes, and the anonymous author of the *Famous Victories* pleased his broader public with the almost folkloric regeneration of a prodigal son. Reading *2 Henry IV*, IV.v, V.v, and V.ii against these parts of the sources, one experiences not only Shakespeare’s fusing of popular and courtly traditions but also that special transmuting touch which was his alone.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

Henry IV, Part Two comes to us in two—or really, three—texts: the Folio of 1623 and the quarto of 1600; the quarto, however, occurs in two forms, the second (Qb) a modification of the first, evidently to admit a scene (III.i) omitted in Qa. The researches of a number of scholars³ have now converged to give us a history of these three texts.

Shakespeare wrote the play in late 1597 or early 1598, and from his manuscript (called “foul papers”) the Chamberlain’s Men had a transcript made to serve as the promptbook for performances. In 1600, possibly to forestall pirating, the company sold the publication rights to *Much Ado About Nothing* and *2 Henry IV*, which were then entered in the Stationers’ Register on August 23. The foul papers were sent to the printshop of Valentine

³ Notably J. Dover Wilson, Matthias Shaaber, James McManaway, and John H. Smith.

Simmes for publication in quarto form. While there, perhaps while the copy was being cast off into page-length units for the compositors, the sheets containing Act III.i were misplaced (perhaps mixed into the sheets of *Much Ado About Nothing*, which were in the same handwriting). At this point, the deputy of the Bishop of London, whose task it was to censor the play, read the manuscript and ordered the deletion of eight short passages that might conceivably compare Elizabeth to Richard II or otherwise tend to rebellion. He did not, however, see and censor the longer and more important references to Richard in III.i, for the sheets containing that scene had been mislaid. In due course, Simmes and his men finished and issued the first quarto version of *2 Henry IV*, Qa, and turned to work on *Much Ado About Nothing*. But then someone discovered a scene was missing, and Simmes had to put aside *Much Ado About Nothing* and, at some cost to himself, correct his error by resetting two leaves as four to accommodate the omitted scene. Simmes then issued this second version of the quarto, Qb.

Shakespeare's acting company, meanwhile, was using a transcript of the foul papers for their prompt copy and altering it to indicate their stage-practices: removing profanity, omitting mute characters, revising stage business, and so on. There is, of course, no way to tell whether Shakespeare agreed to these changes or whether they simply accumulated over the years. Further, at some point, the prompt copy itself may have been recopied—perhaps for a collector of plays, perhaps preparatory to printing the Folio; if so, the copyist was probably someone used to working with play texts, who systematically took out colloquial and vulgar expressions, improved the punctuation, and rewrote the stage directions. The Folio text of the play was then set up either directly from the altered prompt copy or indirectly through a transcript of it.

Thus, Qa (supplemented by III.i from Qb) comes closest to Shakespeare's original words and imagined staging—though often in the form of “bunched” stage directions (simply an initial listing at the beginning of a scene of the characters who will appear in it). The Folio suggests alterations in staging that Shakespeare may (or may not) have participated in, and it supplies eight passages the censor removed, but for the most part the Folio is authoritative only to correct obvious blunders or otherwise help in deciphering the oddly punctuated quarto text. Accordingly, I have modernized spelling and punctuation, regularized the speech-tags and the printing of prose and verse, and supplied the Globe act and scene divisions used in standard reference books, but otherwise I have followed the quartos closely, with a few exceptions.

The eight passages I have supplied from the Folio that do not appear in Qa or Qb are: I.i.166–79, *You cast . . . to be?* I.i.189–209, *The gentle . . . follow him.* I.iii.21–24, *Till we . . . admitted.* I.iii.36–55, *Yes, if . . . Or else.* I.iii.85–108, *Let us . . . worst.* II.iii.23–45, *He had . . . grave.* IV.i.55–79, *And with . . . wrong.* IV.i.101–37, *O, my . . . the king.* The Folio also includes many small expansions, some of a word or two, others of whole sentences or phrases. I have included the longer ones, but not those so short as likely to be mere compositors' expansions. Finally, the list of characters appearing at the end of the Folio text I have here reproduced at the beginning.

Occasionally I have adopted certain readings that do not

appear in the quartos; these readings are listed in the following, with the accepted reading first in boldface, the rejected reading second in roman. Since, in almost all these cases, I have used the Folio reading instead of the quartos', unless otherwise indicated, the accepted reading is from the Folio (F), the rejected from quarto Qa.

Ind.36 Where When 40 **s.d. Rumor** [ed.] Rumours
I.i.96 say so [Q omits] 161 **Lord Bardolph** Vmfr[evile] 162 **Morton** Bard. [Mour. at line 163] 164 **Lean on your** Leaeue on you 166–79 [Q omits; F, with editorial *brought* from “bring” at line 178] 189–209 [Q omits]
I.ii.38 smooth smoothy 49 **Where's Bardolph** [after “through it” in Q] 50 **into in** 98 **hath** haue 99 **an age** [ed.] an ague [Q] age [F] 174–75 **this age shapes them, are** his age shapes the one 205–06 **and Prince Harry** [Q omits]
I.iii.s.d. [Q includes a mute character, Fauconbridge] 21–24 [Q omits] 26 **case** [ed.] cause [F, Q] 36–55 [Q omits] 71 **Are** And 79 **He . . . Welsh** French and Welch he leaues his/back vnarme, they 85–108 [Q omits] 109 **Mowbray** Bish.
II.i.14 and that [Q omits] 21 **vice** view 25 **continuantly** continually 43 **Sir John** [Q omits] 147 **tapestries** tapestrie 171 **Basingstoke** Billingsgate
II.ii.s.d. Poins, with [ed.] Poynes, sir Iohn Russel, with 15 **viz.** with 16 **ones** once 21 **thy** the 22 **made a shift to** [Q omits] 77 **e'en now** [ed.] enow [Q] euen now [F] 83 **rabbit** rabble 125–33 [Q and F give to Poins] 132 **familiars** family
II.iii.11 endeared endeere 23–45 [Q omits]
II.iv.12 s.d. [occurs after line 18, Q; F omits] 13 **Will** Dra[wer] [Q; F omits] 177 **Die men** Men 225 **A** Ah 272 **master's** master 285 **so** to
III.i.26 thy them [Qb] 81 **nature of** natures or [Qb]
III.ii.1 come on. [Qa] come on sir [Qb] 113 **Falstaff. Prick him.** Iohn prickes him. [as stage direction, Q] 146 **his** [Q omits] 291 **would** [ed.] will [F] wooll [Q] 303 **Exeunt** [ed.] exit 304–37 [Q assigns this speech to Shallow] 318 **invisible** [ed.] inuincible [Q, F] 320 **ever** ouer
IV.i.s.d. Mowbray, Hastings Mowbray, Bardolfe, Hastings 12 **could** [“would” in some copies of Q] 30 **Then, my lord** [omitted in some copies of Q] 36 **appeared** [ed.] appeare 45 **figure** [“figures” in some copies of Q] 55–79 [Q omits] After line 92, line omitted: And consecrate commotions bitter edge. [appears in some copies of Q] After line 93, line omitted: To brother borne an houshold cruelty [appears in some copies of Q, but it seems probable that Shakespeare had marked on his ms. that both these lines were to be deleted] 101–37 [Q omits] 114 **force** [ed.] forc'd [F] 178 **And** [ed.] At [Q, F] 183 **not that. If** [ed.] not, that if [F, Q]
IV.ii.1 [notice that there should be no scene division, the action being continuous, and the stage not having emptied. The stage direction at IV.i.224 follows Q] 8 **Than** That 19 **imagined** [ed.] imagine [Q, F] 24 **Employ** Imply 48 **this** his 67–71 [as in F; Q assigns 67–68 to bishop, 69–71 to prince] 117 **and such acts as yours** [Q omits] 122 **these traitors** this traitour
IV.iii.1 [as at IV.ii.1, there should be no scene division]
IV.iv.33 he's he is 52 **Canst thou tell that?** [Q omits] 77 **others** other 104 **write** wet; **letters** termes 120 **and will break out** [Q omits] 132 **Softly, pray** [Q omits]
IV.v.1 [as at IV.ii.1, there should be no scene division] 13 **altered** vtred [Q, some copies] 49 **How fares your grace?** [Q omits] 60–61 [one line in Q] 74 **culling** toling 75–79 [text follows F] Our thigh, packt with waxe our mouthes with hony,/We bring it to the hieue: and like the bees,/Are murdred for our paines, this bitter taste/Yeelds his engrossements to the ending father [Q] 79 **s.d.** at line 81 in Q 81 **hath** hands 107 **Which** Whom 160 **worst of worse** then 161 **is** [Q omits] 177 **O my son** [Q omits] 178 **it** [Q omits] 204 **my** [ed.] thy [Q, F] 220 **My gracious liege** [Q omits]
V.i.25 the other day [Q omits]; **Hinckley** Hunkly 50 **but a very** [Q omits]
V.ii.s.d. Enter the Earl of Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice. Enter Warwike, duke Humphrey, L. chiefe Iustice, Thomas Clarence, Prince, Iohn Westmerland 46 **mix** mixt
V.iii.5–6 a, a [Q omits] 35 **wag** wags 131 **knighthood** Knight
V.iv.s.d. Beadle Sincklo [Q, and so in the Q speech-tags for this scene; Sincklo was a small-part actor in Shakespeare's company]
V.v.25 Falstaff [Q omits] 30 **all** [Q omits]



THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH

The Actors' Names

RUMOR *the Presenter*

KING HENRY THE FOURTH

PRINCE HENRY *afterwards crowned King Henry the Fifth*

PRINCE JOHN OF

LANCASTER

HUMPHREY OF

GLOUCESTER

THOMAS OF CLARENCE

[EARL OF] NORTHUMBERLAND

[RICHARD SCROOP] *the Archbishop of York*

[LORD] MOWBRAY

[LORD] HASTINGS

LORD BARDOLPH

TRAVERS

MORTON

[SIR JOHN] COLEVILLE

[EARL OF] WARWICK

[EARL OF] WESTMORELAND

[EARL OF] SURREY

[SIR JOHN BLUNT]

GOWER

HARCOURT

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

*sons to Henry IV and
brethren of Henry V*

*opposites
against
King
Henry IV*

*of the king's
party*

POINS

[SIR JOHN] FALSTAFF

BARDOLPH

PISTOL

PETO [*Falstaff's*] PAGE

[ROBERT] SHALLOW

SILENCE

DAVY *servant to Shallow*

FANG AND SNARE *two sergeants*

[RALPH] MOLDY

[SIMON] SHADOW

[THOMAS] WART

[FRANCIS] FEEBLE

[PETER] BULLCALF

NORTHUMBERLAND'S WIFE

PERCY'S WIDOW [*Lady Percy*]

HOSTESS QUICKLY

DOLL TEARSHEET

[*A Dancer as*] EPILOGUE

DRAWERS BEADLES GROOMS

[PORTER MESSENGER SOLDIERS

LORDS ATTENDANTS

irregular humorists

both country justices

country soldiers

Scene: England]

[I N D U C T I O N]

Enter RUMOR, painted full of tongues.

[RUMOR]

Open your ears, for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumor speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post horse, still unfold
The acts commencèd on this ball of earth.
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world.
And who but Rumor, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defense
Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant, war,
And no such matter? Rumor is a pipe^o
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt^o monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wav'ring multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household?° Why is Rumor here?
I run before King Harry's victory,
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur^o and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? My office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth^o fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stooped his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumored through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hole of ragged^o stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick.^o The posts come tiring^o on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learned of me. From Rumor's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
wrongs. *Exit RUMOR.* 40

[A C T I]

[Scene I. Northumberland's castle.]

Enter the LORD BARDOLPH at one door.

LORD BARDOLPH

Who keeps the gate here, ho? Where is the earl?

The decorative border shown on page 686 appeared on the first page of the fifth quarto edition of The History of Henry the Fourth [Part One], 1613.

Ind.15 pipe wind instrument **18 blunt** dull **22 my household** the audience **25 Hotspur** Harry Percy, the Earl of Northumberland's son, a rebel against King Henry IV, killed by the Prince of Wales **29 Harry Monmouth** the Prince of Wales, Prince Hal **35 ragged** rough-edged **37 crafty-sick** feigning sickness; **tiring** exhausting themselves

PORTER [*Within.*]

What shall I say you are?

LORD BARDOLPH Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

PORTER

His lordship is walked forth into the orchard.
Please it your honor, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer. 5

5 *Enter the Earl [of] NORTHUMBERLAND.*

LORD BARDOLPH Here comes the earl.

NORTHUMBERLAND

What news, Lord Bardolph? Every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem.
The times are wild. Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him. 10

LORD BARDOLPH Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury. 15

NORTHUMBERLAND

Good, and^o God will!

LORD BARDOLPH As good as heart can wish.
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Killed by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn,^o the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,
So fought, so followed, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times
Since Caesar's fortunes! 20

NORTHUMBERLAND How is this derived?
Saw you the field? Came you from Shrewsbury? 30

LORD BARDOLPH

I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence, 25

Enter TRAVERS.

A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely rend'red me these news for true. 35

NORTHUMBERLAND

Here comes my servant Travers,^o who I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

LORD BARDOLPH

My lord, I overrode^o him on the way,
And he is furnished with no certainties
More than he haply^o may retail from me. 30

NORTHUMBERLAND

Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with you?

TRAVERS

My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turned me back
With joyful tidings, and, being better horsed,
Outrode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent^o with speed,
That stopped by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He asked the way to Chester, and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury. 40
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,

I.i.13 and if **19 brawn** fattened boar **28 Travers** to
"traverse" is to deny **30 overrode** outrode **32 haply** perhaps
37 forspent totally used up

And bending forward struck his armèd heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade^o
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
He seemed in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

NORTHUMBERLAND Ha? Again.

Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur Coldspur? That rebellion
Had met ill luck?

LORD BARDOLPH My lord, I'll tell you what.
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honor, for a silken point^o
I'll give my barony. Never talk of it.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Why should that gentleman that rode by Travers
Give then such instances of loss?

LORD BARDOLPH Who, he?

He was some hilding^o fellow that had stol'n
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
So looks the strond^o whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witnessed^o usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

MORTON

I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

NORTHUMBERLAND How doth my son and brother?

Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so weebegone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt.
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, "Your son did thus and thus;
Your brother thus. So fought the noble Douglas,"
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with "Brother, son, and all are dead."

MORTON

Douglas is living, and your brother—yet;
But, for my lord your son—

NORTHUMBERLAND Why, he is dead!

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he feared is chanced. Yet speak, Morton.
Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

MORTON

You are too great to be by me gainsaid.
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye.
Thou shak'st thy head and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so.
The tongue offends not that reports his death;
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Rememb' red tolling a departing friend.

LORD BARDOLPH

I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

MORTON

I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen.
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance,^o wearied and out-breathed,
To Harry Monmouth, whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few,^o his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited^o once, took fire and heat away
From the best-tempered courage in his troops.
For from his mettle was his party steeled,
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turned on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
So soon ta'en prisoner. And that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-laboring sword
Had three times slain th' appearance of the king,^o
'Gan vail his stomach^o and did grace^o the shame
Of those that turned their backs, and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

NORTHUMBERLAND

For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic;^o and these news,
Having been well, that^o would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well.
And, as the wretch whose fever-weak'ned joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weak'ned with grief, being now enraged with grief,^o
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice^o
crutch!

108 quittance repaying (of blows) 112 few few words 114
bruited noised about 128 th' appearance of the king
noblemen disguised as the king 129 'Gan . . . stomach
began to abate his courage; grace favor 137 physic medicine
138 Having . . . that that, had they been well 144 grief
. . . grief sickness . . . sorrow 145 nice delicate

45 jade nag 53 point lace (used to tie breeches up) 57
hilding base 62 strond shore 63 a witnessed evidence of

A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
 Must glove this hand. And hence, thou sickly quioif!^o
 Thou art a guard too wanton^o for the head
 Which princes, fleshed with^o conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bid my brows with iron, and approach
 The ragged'st^o hour that time and spite dare bring
 To frown upon th' enraged Northumberland!
 Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confined! Let order die!
 And let this world no longer be a stage
 To feed contention in a ling'ring act!^o
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead!

LORD BARDOLPH

This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

MORTON

Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honor.
 The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health, the which, if you give o'er
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
 You cast th' event^o of war, my noble lord,
 And summed the account of chance, before you said,
 "Let us make head."^o It was your presumise
 That, in the dole^o of blows, your son might drop.
 You knew he walked o'er perils, on an edge,
 More likely to fall in than to get o'er.
 You were advised his flesh was capable
 Of wounds and scars and that his forward spirit
 Would lift him where most trade of danger ranged.
 Yet did you say, "Go forth." And none of this,
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The stiff-borne^o action. What hath then befall'n,
 Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
 More than that being which was like to be?

LORD BARDOLPH

We all that are engaged^o to this loss
 Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
 That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one.
 And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
 Choked the respect^o of likely peril feared.
 And since we are o'erset,^o venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth,^o body and goods.

MORTON

'Tis more than time. And, my most noble lord,
 I hear for certain, and dare speak the truth:
 The gentle Archbishop of York is up
 With well-appointed pow'rs.^o He is a man
 Who with a double^o surety binds his followers.
 My lord your son had only but the corpse,
 But shadows and the shows of men, to fight.
 For that same word "rebellion" did divide
 The action of their bodies from their souls,
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrained,

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As men drink potions, that their weapons only
 Seemed on our side. But for their spirits and souls,
 This word "rebellion," it had froze them up
 As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
 Turns insurrection to religion.
 Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He's followed both with body and with mind,
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret^o stones;
 Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
 Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;^o
 And more and less^o do flock to follow him.

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NORTHUMBERLAND

I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
 This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
 Go in with me, and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety and revenge.
 Get^o posts and letters, and make^o friends with speed.
 Never so few, and never yet more need. *Exeunt.*

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[Scene II. London.]

Enter Sir John [FALSTAFF] alone, with his PAGE bearing his sword and buckler.

FALSTAFF Sirrah, you giant,^o what says the doctor to my water?^o

PAGE He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed^o it, he might have moe^o diseases than he knew for.

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FALSTAFF Men of all sorts take a pride to gird^o at me. The brain of this foolish compounded clay, man,^o is not able to invent anything that intends to laughter more than I invent or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake,^o thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate^o till now, but I will inset you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel—the juvenal,^o the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledge.^o I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one off his cheek, and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal.^o God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet. He may keep it still at a face-royal,^o for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ^o man

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205 **Pomfret** Pomfret castle (where Richard II was murdered)
 208 **Bolingbroke** King Henry IV 209 **more and less** high and low 214 **Get** beget; **make** collect

I.ii.1 **giant** the Page was played by an unusually small boy, who probably mimicked Falstaff 2 **water** urine 4 **owed** owned 5 **moe** more 6 **gird** mock 7 **compounded clay, man** man, compounded of clay 14–15 **mandrake** man-shaped root 16 **manned** . . . **agate** attended by a servingman small as a figure carved in a jewel 19 **juvenal** juvenile (echoing jewel) 20 **fledge** feathered 23, 25 **face-royal** the king's face on a ten-shilling coin (the royal), which presumably would not need the attention of a barber 26 **writ** styled himself

147 **quioif** nightcap 148 **wanton** light 149 **fleshed with** having savored 151 **ragged'st** roughest 156 **act** (1) deed (2) section of a play 166 **cast th' event** estimated the outcome 168 **make head** raise an army 169 **dole** dealing out 177 **stiff-borne** determinedly carried on 180 **engaged** bound by contract 184 **respect** consideration 185 **o'erset** (1) upset, capsized (2) outwagered 186 **put forth** wager 190 **well-appointed pow'rs** well-equipped armies 191 **double** i.e., of body and soul

ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace,^o but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dummelton about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?^o 30

PAGE He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance^o than Bardolph. He would not take his band^o and yours; he liked not the security.

FALSTAFF Let him be damned, like the glutton!^o Pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel!^o A rascal, yea-forsooth knave!^o To bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates^o do now wear nothing but high shoes,^o and bunches of keys^o at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up, 40 then they must stand upon security.^o I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with "security." I looked 'a^o should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me "security." Well, he may sleep in 45 security, for he hath the horn^o of abundance, and the lightness^o of his wife shines through it. And yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn^o to light him. Where's Bardolph?

PAGE He's gone into Smithfield^o to buy your worship 50 a horse.

FALSTAFF I bought him in Paul's,^o and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield. And I could get me but a wife in the stews,^o I were manned, horsed, and wived.^o

Enter Lord CHIEF JUSTICE [*and* SERVANT].

PAGE Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed^o 55 the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

FALSTAFF Wait close—I will not see him.

CHIEF JUSTICE What's he that goes there?

SERVANT Falstaff, and't please your lordship.

CHIEF JUSTICE He that was in question^o for the 60 robb'ry?

SERVANT He, my lord. But he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge^o to the Lord John of Lancaster.

CHIEF JUSTICE What, to York? Call him back again. 65

SERVANT Sir John Falstaff!

FALSTAFF Boy, tell him I am deaf.

PAGE You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

28 **grace** (1) title, "your grace" (2) favor 30 **slops** wide breeches 32 **assurance** security (Bardolph is not Lord Bardolph, but one of Falstaff's cronies) 33 **band** bond 34 **glutton** Dives (who in Luke 16:24 asked for water to cool his tongue) 35–36 **Achitophel** the counselor who betrayed Absalom (II Samuel 15–17) 36 **yea-forsooth knave** one who swears sissy oaths like "yea, forsooth" 38 **smooth-pates** tradesmen (who wore their hair short, not like a nobleman's) 39 **high shoes** sign of pride; **keys** sign of possessions 40–41 **if . . . security** after a man completes a bargain on credit with them, they suddenly demand security 43 'a he 46 **horn** (1) cornucopia (2) cuckold's horn 47 **lightness** unchastity 48 **lanthorn** lantern (in which a light shines through horn panels) 50 **Smithfield** the horse market 52 **Paul's** unemployed men loitered in Saint Paul's cathedral seeking service 54 **stews** brothels; **manned . . . wived** a proverb: "Who goes to Westminster for a wife, to Paul's for a man, or to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a whore, a knave, and a jade" 55 **committed** i.e., to prison (notice that the audience needed only this brief allusion to the story about Hal striking the Lord Chief Justice) 60 **in question** suspected 64 **charge** commission for soldiers

CHIEF JUSTICE I am sure he is—to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow. I must 70 speak with him.

SERVANT Sir John!

FALSTAFF What! A young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? Is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? Do not the rebels need soldiers? 75 Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

SERVANT You mistake me, sir. 80

FALSTAFF Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? Setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside,^o I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

SERVANT I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside and give me leave to tell you 85 you lie in your throat if you say I am any other than an honest man.

FALSTAFF I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me. If thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be 90 hanged. You hunt counter.^o Hence! Avaunt!

SERVANT Sir, my lord would speak with you.

CHIEF JUSTICE Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

FALSTAFF My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad. 95 I heard say your lordship was sick. I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice.^o Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of an age^o in you, some relish of the saltiness of time in you; and I most humbly beseech your lordship 100 to have a reverent care of your health.

CHIEF JUSTICE Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

FALSTAFF And't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales. 105

CHIEF JUSTICE I talk not of his majesty. You would not come when I sent for you.

FALSTAFF And I hear, moreover, his highness is fall'n into this same whoreson apoplexy.

CHIEF JUSTICE Well, God mend him! I pray you, let 110 me speak with you.

FALSTAFF This apoplexy, as I take it, is a kind of lethargy, and't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

CHIEF JUSTICE What, tell you me of it? Be it as it is. 115

FALSTAFF It hath it original^o from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen.^o It is a kind of deafness.

CHIEF JUSTICE I think you are fall'n into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you. 120

FALSTAFF Very well, my lord, very well. Rather, and't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

CHIEF JUSTICE To punish you by the heels^o would

82–83 **Setting . . . aside** i.e., because knights and soldiers ought not to lie 91 **counter** in the wrong direction 97 **advice** a physician's advice 99 **age** pun on *ague*; cf. IV.i.34 116 **it original** its origin 118 **Galen** Greek physician (A.D. 129–99) whose writings dominated Renaissance medical practice 124 **punish . . . heels** put you in fetters or the stocks

amend the attention of your ears, and I care not if I do 125
become your physician.

FALSTAFF I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so
patient. Your lordship may minister the potion of
imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how
I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, 130
the wise may make some dram° of a scruple°, or indeed
a scruple itself.

CHIEF JUSTICE I sent for you, when there were
matters against you for your life, to come speak with
me. 135

FALSTAFF As I was then advised by my learned counsel
in the laws of this land-service°, I did not come.

CHIEF JUSTICE Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live
in great infamy.

FALSTAFF He that buckles himself in my belt cannot 140
live in less.

CHIEF JUSTICE Your means are very slender and
your waste is great.

FALSTAFF I would it were otherwise. I would my
means were greater and my waist slender. 145

CHIEF JUSTICE You have misled the youthful prince.

FALSTAFF The young prince hath misled me. I am the
fellow with the great belly°, and he my dog.

CHIEF JUSTICE Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed
wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little 150
gilded over your night's exploit° on Gad's Hill. You
may thank th' unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting°
that action.

FALSTAFF My lord?

CHIEF JUSTICE But since all is well, keep it so. Wake 155
not a sleeping wolf.

FALSTAFF To wake a wolf is as bad as smell a fox.°

CHIEF JUSTICE What! You are as a candle, the better
part burnt out.

FALSTAFF A wassail candle°, my lord, all tallow. If I 160
did say of wax°, my growth would approve the truth.

CHIEF JUSTICE There is not a white hair in your face
but should have his effect of gravity.

FALSTAFF His effect of gravity°, gravy, gravy.

CHIEF JUSTICE You follow the young prince up and 165
down like his ill angel.

FALSTAFF Not so, my lord. Your ill angel° is light°,
but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without
weighing. And yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot
go°. I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these 170
costermongers'° times that true valor is turned berod°.°
Pregnancy° is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit
wasted in giving reckonings°. All the other gifts
appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes

them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old 175
consider not the capacities of us that are young. You
do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of
your galls. And we that are in the vaward° of our
youth, I must confess, are wags too.

CHIEF JUSTICE Do you set down your name in the 180
scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the
characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand,
a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an
increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind
short, your chin double, your wit single°, and every 185
part about you blasted with antiquity, and will you
yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

FALSTAFF My lord, I was born about three of the
clock in the afternoon, with a white head and some-
thing a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with 190
hallowing° and singing of anthems. To approve° my
youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old
in judgment and understanding; and he that will
caper° with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me
the money, and have at him! For the box of the ear 195
that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince,
and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked°
him for it, and the young lion repents, marry, not
in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old
sack.° 200

CHIEF JUSTICE Well, God send the prince a better
companion!

FALSTAFF God send the companion a better prince!
I cannot rid my hands of him.

CHIEF JUSTICE Well, the king hath severed you and 205
Prince Harry. I hear you are going with Lord John of
Lancaster against the archbishop and the Earl of
Northumberland.

FALSTAFF Yea, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it.
But look you° pray, all you that kiss my lady peace 210
at home, that our armies join not in a hot day, for, by
the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I
mean not to swear extraordinarily. If it be a hot day,
and I brandish anything but a bottle, I would I might
never spit white° again. There is not a dangerous action 215
can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it. Well, I
cannot last ever. But it was alway yet the trick of our
English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it
too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man,
you should give me rest. I would to God my name were 220
not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be
eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing
with perpetual motion.

CHIEF JUSTICE Well, be honest, be honest, and God
bless your expedition! 225

FALSTAFF Will your lordship lend me a thousand
pound to furnish me forth?

CHIEF JUSTICE Not a penny, not a penny. You are
too impatient to bear crosses°. Fare you well. Com-
mend me to my cousin Westmoreland. 230

[*Exeunt* CHIEF JUSTICE and SERVANT.]

131 dram, scruple apothecaries' small weights **137 land-**
service a play on military service—in which Falstaff's sword
would be his "learned counsel"—as against the service of a
legal summons **148 belly** so large he cannot see where he
is going and therefore needs a dog to lead him (?); a reference
to some well-known beggar (?) **151 exploit** the robbery in
1 *Henry IV*, II.ii. and II.iv **152 quiet o'erposting** quietly
getting past **157 smell a fox** be suspicious **160 wassail**
candle large candle designed to last a whole night, as at a feast
161 wax a play on (1) beeswax (2) grow **164 gravy** with pun
on the sense "fatty sweat" **167 ill angel** clipped coin; **light**
(1) not due weight (2) wanton **170 go** (1) pass for currency
(2) copulate (?) **171 costermongers'** hucksters'; **berod**
bear-herd, one who leads tame bears **172 Pregnancy** quick-
ness of wit **173 reckonings** tavern bills

178 vaward vanguard **185 single** weak **191 hallowing** (1)
sanctifying (2) "halloing," shouting to hounds; **approve** prove
194 caper compete at dancing **197 checked** reproved **200**
sack sherry **210 look you** make sure you **215 spit white**
(1) suffer a dry mouth from carousing (2) emit semen (?) **229**
crosses (1) afflictions (2) coins marked with a cross

FALSTAFF If I do, fillip° me with a three-man beetle.°
A man can no more separate age and covetousness
than 'a can part young limbs and lechery. But the
gout galls the one and the pox pinches the other, and
so both the degrees° prevent° my curses. Boy! 235

PAGE Sir?

FALSTAFF What money is in my purse?

PAGE Seven groats° and twopence.

FALSTAFF I can get no remedy against this consump-
tion of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and lingers 240
it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter
to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the prince, this to the
Earl of Westmoreland, and this to old Mistress Ursula,
whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived
the first white hair of my chin. About it. You know 245
where to find me. [*Exit PAGE.*] A pox of this gout!
Or a gout of this pox! For the one or the other plays
the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do
halt°—I have the wars for my color,° and my pension
shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make 250
use of anything. I will turn diseases to commodity.°
[*Exit.*]

[Scene III. *The rebels' meeting place.*]

*Enter th' ARCHBISHOP, Thomas MOWBRAY (Earl
Marshall), the Lord HASTINGS and [LORD] BARDOLPH.*

ARCHBISHOP

Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.
And first, Lord Marshall, what say you to it?

MOWBRAY

I well allow the occasion° of our arms, 5
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance° of the king.

HASTINGS

Our present musters grow upon the file° 10
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies° live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensèd fire of injuries.

LORD BARDOLPH

The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus: 15
Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

HASTINGS

With him, we may.

LORD BARDOLPH Yea, marry,° there's the point.

But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far 20

Till we had his assistance by the hand.
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

ARCHBISHOP

'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph, for indeed 25
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

LORD BARDOLPH

It was, my lord, who lined° himself with hope,
Eating the air and promise of supply,
Flatt'ring himself in project of a power
Much smaller than° the smallest of his thoughts, 30
And so, with great imagination
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death
And, winking,° leaped into destruction.

HASTINGS

But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt 35
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

LORD BARDOLPH

Yes, if this present quality of war.°
Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot,
Lives so in hope as in an early spring
We see th' appearing buds, which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair° 40
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model.°
And when we see the figure° of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection,
Which if we find outweighs ability, 45
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices,° or at least° desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey 50
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent° upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite.° Or else 55
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men,—
Like one that draws the model of an house
Beyond his power to build it, who, half through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost° 60
A naked subject to the weeping clouds
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

HASTINGS

Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be stillborn, and that we now possessed 65
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are so, body strong enough
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

LORD BARDOLPH

What, is the king but five-and-twenty thousand?

231 **fillip** flip; **three-man beetle** a battering-ram carried by
three men (what it would take to "fillip" Falstaff) 235 **degrees**
stations in life; **prevent** act before 238 **groats** fourpenny
coins 249 **halt** limp; **color** (1) pretense (2) battle flag 251
commodity something to sell

I.iii.5 **allow the occasion** approve the cause 9 **puissance**
strength 10 **file** catalog 12 **supplies** reinforcements 18
marry a mild oath, "By the Virgin Mary"

27 **lined** reinforced (as in tailoring) 29–30 **in . . . than** in
planning on the basis of an army that in fact was much smaller
than 33 **winking** shutting his eyes 36 **Yes . . . war** a
famous obscurity, perhaps saying: Yes, it does do hurt to plan
if this planning present (i.e., represent, substitute for) quality
(i.e., true substance, strength) of war 40 **despair** (supply:
"gives warrant") 42 **model** plan 43 **figure** design 47
offices rooms for service; **least** worst 52 **Consent** agree 55
his opposite its opposition 60 **part-created cost** half-realized
expenditure

HASTINGS

To us no more, nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl, 70
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower, perforce a third
Must take up us. So is the unfirm king
In three divided, and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness. 75

ARCHBISHOP

That he should draw his several° strengths together
And come against us in full puissance°
Need not to be dreaded.

HASTINGS

If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarmed, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels. Never fear that. 80

LORD BARDOLPH

Who is it like° should lead his forces hither?

HASTINGS

The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland.
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth.
But who is substituted against the French,
I have no certain notice.

ARCHBISHOP

Let us on, 85
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their overgreedy love hath surfeited.
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. 90
O thou fond many,° with what loud applause
Didst thou beat° heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimmed° in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him 95
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou° wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times? 100
They that when Richard lived would have him die
Are now become enamored on his grave.
Thou° that threw'st dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke 105
Criest now, "O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!" O thoughts of men accursed!
"Past and to come seems best, things present worst."°

MOWBRAY

Shall we go draw our numbers° and set on?

HASTINGS

We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone. 110
Exeunt.

[A C T I I]

[Scene I. London.]

Enter HOSTESS *of the Tavern* and an OFFICER or two
[FANG and another, followed by SNARE].

HOSTESS Master Fang, have you ent' red the action?°

FANG It is ent' red.

HOSTESS Where's your yeoman?° Is't a lusty
yeoman? Will 'a stand to't?°

FANG Sirrah—where's Snare?° 5

HOSTESS O Lord, ay! Good Master Snare!

SNARE Here, here.

FANG Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

HOSTESS Yea, good Master Snare, I have ent' red him
and all. 10

SNARE It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he
will stab.

HOSTESS Alas the day! Take heed of him. He stabbed
me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In good
faith, 'a cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon 15
be out. He will foin° like any devil; he will spare neither
man, woman, nor child.

FANG If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

HOSTESS No, nor I neither. I'll be at your elbow.

FANG And I but fist him once, and 'a come but within 20
my vice°—

90 HOSTESS I am undone by his going. I warrant you,
he's an infinitive° thing upon my score.° Good Master
Fang, hold him sure. Good Master Snare, let him not
'scape. 'A comes continually° to Pie Corner°— 25
saving° your manhoods—to buy a saddle; and he is
95 indited° to dinner to the Lubber's Head° in Lumbert°
Street, to Master Smooth's the silkman. I pray you,
since my exion° is ent' red and my case so openly
known to the world, let him be brought in to his 30
answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone
woman to bear, and I have borne,° and borne, and
borne, and have been fubbed off,° and fubbed off, and
fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame
to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, 35
unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to
bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes, and that
arrant malmsey-nose° knave, Bardolph, with him. Do
your offices, do your offices. Master Fang and Master
Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices. 40

Enter Sir John [FALSTAFF] and BARDOLPH, and the
boy [PAGE].

FALSTAFF How now! Whose mare's dead?° What's
the matter?

II.i.1 ent' red the action filed the lawsuit (with a ribald second meaning) **3** yeoman assistant (i.e., constable) **4** stand to't not collapse in the face of danger (with a ribald second meaning) **5** Snare evidently hanging back **16** foin thrust (with, again, a second meaning) **21** vice grip **23** infinitive infinite; score account at the tavern **25** continually a mix-up of continually and incontinently (Mistress Quickly speaks in a stream of malapropisms, many with indecent second meanings); **Pie Corner** the cook's quarter (with an indecent pun) **26** saving no offense meant to **27** indited invited; **Lubber's Head** Libbard's (i.e., Leopard's) Head; **Lumbert** Lombard **29** exion action **32** borne endured (with a second, ribald sense) **33** fubbed off put off **38** malmsey-nose nose reddened from winebibbing **41** Whose mare's dead What's all the commotion?

76 several separate **77** puissance power **81** like likely **91** fond many foolish multitude **92** beat assault (with noise or prayer) **94** trimmed dressed **99** thou the multitude (compared to a dog, as described in Proverbs 16:11) **103** Thou the multitude **108** Past . . . worst proverbial **109** draw our numbers assemble our troops

FANG Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

FALSTAFF Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph! Cut me 45 off the villain's head. Throw the quean° in the channel.°

HOSTESS Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? Wilt thou? Thou bastardy° rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honeysuckle° villain! Wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? 50 Ah, thou honeyseed° rogue! Thou art a honeyseed, a man-queller,° and a woman-queller.

FALSTAFF Keep them off, Bardolph.

FANG A rescue!° A rescue!

HOSTESS Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou 55 wo't, wo't thou? Thou wo't, wo't ta? Do, do, thou rogue! Do, thou hempseed!°

PAGE Away, you scullion!° You rampallian!° You fustilarian!° I'll tickle your catastrophe.°

Enter Lord CHIEF JUSTICE and his MEN.

CHIEF JUSTICE What is the matter? Keep the peace 60 here, ho!

HOSTESS Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.°

CHIEF JUSTICE

How now, Sir John! What are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time and business? 65

You should have been well on your way to York.

Stand from him, fellow. Wherefore hang'st thou upon him?

HOSTESS O my most worshipful lord, and't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit. 70

CHIEF JUSTICE For what sum?

HOSTESS It is more than for some, my lord, it is for all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his. But I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee 75 o' nights like the mare.°

FALSTAFF I think I am as like to ride the mare,° if I have any vantage of ground° to get up.

CHIEF JUSTICE How comes this, Sir John? What man of good temper would endure this tempest of 80 exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

FALSTAFF What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

HOSTESS Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a 85 parcel-gilt° goblet, sitting in my Dolphin° chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson° week, when the prince broke thy head for liking° his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou

46 **quean** scold; **channel** gutter 48 **bastardly** mixing dastardly and bastard (1) illegitimate (2) a sweetened wine 49 **honeysuckle** homicidal 51 **honeyseed** homicide 52 **man-queller** man-killer 54 **rescue** forcible taking of persons out of legal custody 57 **hempseed** a child destined for the gallows (but also homicide, as in line 51—Mistress Quickly is referring to the Page) 58 **scullion** kitchen wench; **rampallian** rampant whore 59 **fustilarian** derived from *fustilugs*, a frowsy, fat woman; **catastrophe** ending 63 **stand to me** be firm for me (with a second sense) 76 **mare** nightmare 77 **mare** female (but also the "two-legged mare," i.e., the gallows) 78 **vantage of ground** advantage of higher ground 86 **parcel-gilt** partly gilded; **Dolphin** the sign marking the room 88 **Wheeson** Whitsun 89 **liking** likening

didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, 90 to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip° Quickly? Coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of prawns,° whereby thou didst 95 desire to eat some, whereby I told thee they were ill for a green° wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone downstairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me "madam"? And didst thou not kiss me 100 and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath. Deny it, if thou canst.

FALSTAFF My lord, this is a poor mad soul, and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case,° and the truth is, 105 poverty hath distracted her.° But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

CHIEF JUSTICE Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the 110 throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level° consideration. You have, as it appears to me, practiced upon° the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in 115 person.

HOSTESS Yea, in truth, my lord.

CHIEF JUSTICE Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her and unpay the villainy you have done with her. The one you may do with sterling money, 120 and the other with current° repentance.

FALSTAFF My lord, I will not undergo this sneap° without reply. You call honorable boldness impudent sauciness. If a man will make curtsy and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty re- 125 memb' red, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

CHIEF JUSTICE You speak as having power to do wrong. But answer in th' effect of° your reputation, 130 and satisfy the poor woman.

FALSTAFF Come hither, hostess.

Enter a messenger [GOWER].

CHIEF JUSTICE Now, Master Gower, what news?

GOWER

The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales Are near at hand. The rest the paper tells. 135

[They draw aside.]

FALSTAFF *[To HOSTESS.]* As I am a gentleman!

HOSTESS Faith, you said so before.

FALSTAFF As I am a gentleman, come, no more words of it.

HOSTESS By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must 140 be fain° to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining chambers.

93 **gossip** friend (a common form of address) 95 **prawns** shrimp 97 **green** new 105 **case** situation, i.e., well-to-do 106 **distracted her** driven her mad 113 **level** straight 114 **practiced upon** deceived 121 **current** (1) progressive (2) opposite of counterfeit 122 **sneap** snub 130 **in . . . of** so as to fulfill 141 **fain** obliged

FALSTAFF Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking.^o And for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery,^o or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting^o in waterwork,^o 145 is worth a thousand of these bed-hangers^o and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, and 'twere not for thy humors,^o there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw^o the action. Come, thou must not be in this 150 humor with me. Dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

HOSTESS Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles.^o I' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la! 155

FALSTAFF Let it alone; I'll make other shift. You'll be a fool still.^o

HOSTESS Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together? 160

FALSTAFF Will I live? [*To BARDOLPH*]. Go, with her, with her. Hook on,^o hook on!

HOSTESS Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

FALSTAFF No more words. Let's have her. 165

Exit HOSTESS and sergeant [FANG, BARDOLPH and others].

CHIEF JUSTICE [*To GOWER*]. I have heard better news.

FALSTAFF What's the news, my lord?

CHIEF JUSTICE [*Ignoring FALSTAFF*]. Where lay the king tonight?^o 170

GOWER At Basingstoke, my lord.

FALSTAFF I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the news, my lord?

CHIEF JUSTICE Come all his forces back?

GOWER No. Fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, 175 Are marched up to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

FALSTAFF Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

CHIEF JUSTICE [*To his MEN*].

You shall have letters of me presently.

Come, go along with me, good Master Gower. 180

FALSTAFF My lord!

CHIEF JUSTICE What's the matter?

FALSTAFF Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

GOWER I must wait upon my good lord here, I thank 185 you, good Sir John.

CHIEF JUSTICE Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up^o in counties as you go.

FALSTAFF Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

CHIEF JUSTICE What foolish master taught you these 190 manners, Sir John?

FALSTAFF Master Gower, if they become me not, he

was a fool that taught them me. This is the right^o fencing grace, my lord—tap for tap, and so part fair. CHIEF JUSTICE Now the Lord lighten^o thee! Thou 195 art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene II. *The prince's house.*]

Enter the PRINCE [Henry], POINS, with others.

PRINCE Before God, I am exceeding weary.^o

POINS Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached^o one of so high blood.

PRINCE Faith, it does me, though it discolors the complexion^o of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth 5 it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

POINS Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied^o as to remember so weak a composition.^o

PRINCE Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got,^o for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor 10 creature, small beer. But indeed these humble considerations makè me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name!^o Or to know thy face tomorrow! Or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and 15 those that were thy peach-colored ones! Or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as: one for superfluity and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there,^o as thou 20 hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries^o have made a shift^o to eat up thy holland.^o And God knows whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit His kingdom. But the midwives say the children are not in the fault,^o 25 whereupon the world increases, and kindreds^o are mightily strengthened.

POINS How ill it follows, after you have labored so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick 30 as yours at this time is?

PRINCE Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

POINS Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

PRINCE It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine. 35

POINS Go to. I stand the push^o of your one thing that you will tell.

PRINCE Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet^o that I should be sad, now my father is sick. Albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call 40 my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed, too.

193 right correct 195 lighten (1) enlighten (2) make [you] weigh less

II.ii.1 weary having just ridden from Wales 3 attached arrested 4-5 discolors the complexion causes a blush 7 loosely studied carelessly or wantonly applied 8 so . . . composition so unstable and trivial a compound (as small beer) 10 got begotten 13 disgrace . . . name i.e., unlike "graceful" courtiers who affect to forget the names of their inferiors 19-20 it . . . there if you have as many as two shirts, one to play in, a second to change into, you frequent the tennis courts 21-22 low countries Netherlands (with an obscene pun) 22 shift (1) contrivance (2) shirt; holland linen made in Holland 25 in the fault share the sin (of their illegitimacy, with a pun on French, *foutre* = to copulate) 26 kindreds clans 36 push thrust 38 meet fitting

143 glasses, is . . . drinking glasses are in fashion now, not metal tankards 144 drollery comic picture 145 German hunting hunting the boar; waterwork imitation tapestry 146 bed-hangers bed-curtains 148 humors (1) whims (2) general character 150 draw withdraw 154 nobles coins worth six shillings eightpence 156-57 be . . . still always lose your chance 162 Hook on stick to her 170 tonight last night 188 take soldiers up recruit men

POINS Very hardly^o upon such a subject.

PRINCE By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency. Let the end^o try the man. But I tell thee, 45 my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick. And keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation^o of sorrow.

POINS The reason?

PRINCE What wouldst thou think of me if I should 50 weep?

POINS I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

PRINCE It would be every man's thought, and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks. Never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway 55 better than thine. Every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites^o your most worshipful thought to think so?

POINS Why, because you have been so lewd and so much engrafted^o to Falstaff. 60

PRINCE And to thee.

POINS By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears. The worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother^o and that I am a proper fellow of my hands,^o and those two things I 65 confess I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter BARDOLPH and boy [PAGE].

PRINCE And the boy that I gave Falstaff. 'A had him from me Christian, and look if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.^o 70

BARDOLPH God save your grace.

PRINCE And yours, most noble Bardolph.

POINS Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing?^o Wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is't such a 75 matter to get a pottle-pot's^o maidenhead?

PAGE 'A calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice,^o and I could discern no part of his face from the window. At last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the alewife's petticoat and so 80 peeped through.

PRINCE Has not the boy profited?^o

BARDOLPH Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

PAGE Away, you rascally Althaea's dream,^o away! 85

PRINCE Instruct us, boy. What dream, boy?

PAGE Marry, my lord, Althaea dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream.

PRINCE A crown's worth of good interpretation. 90 There 'tis, boy. [*Tips him.*]

42 **Very hardly** with great difficulty 45 **end** outcome 48 **ostentation** show 57 **accites** summons (a judicial term) 60 **engrafted** grafted (like a plant) 64 **a second brother** one who inherits nothing 65 **proper** . . . **hands** skillful with my hands as a fighter (or as a thief?) 70 **transformed him ape** dressed him fantastically 74 **blushing** redfaced (from drinking) 76 **pottle-pot** two-quart tankard 77-78 **red lattice** such a window was the sign of an alehouse 82 **profited** i.e., from his association with Falstaff 85 **Althaea's dream** the dream he describes in lines 87-89 was actually Hecuba's; the Fates told Althaea her son would live only as long as a log on the fire remained unconsumed; perhaps the boy has not "profited" as much as the prince thought

POINS O, that this blossom could be kept from cankers!^o Well, there is sixpence to preserve^o thee.

BARDOLPH And you do not make him hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong. 95

PRINCE And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

BARDOLPH Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

POINS Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas,^o your master? 100

BARDOLPH In bodily health, sir.

POINS Marry, the immortal part needs a physician, but that moves not him. Though that be sick, it dies not.

PRINCE I do allow this wen^o to be as familiar with me 105 as my dog, and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

POINS [*Reads.*] "John Falstaff, knight"—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger but they say, "There's some of the king's blood spilt." "How comes that?" says he that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrowed cap,^o "I am the king's poor cousin, sir." 115

PRINCE Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet.^o But the letter. [*Reads.*] "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting." 120

POINS Why, this is a certificate.^o

PRINCE Peace! [*Reads.*] "I will imitate the honorable Romans in brevity." 125

POINS He sure means brevity in breath, short-winded.

[*PRINCE reads.*] "I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins, for he misuses thy favors so much that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell. 130

"Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe." 135

POINS My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

PRINCE That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? Must I marry your sister? 140

POINS God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

PRINCE Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

BARDOLPH Yea, my lord.

PRINCE Where sups he? Doth the old boar feed in the old frank?^o 145

93 **cankers** plant-destroying worms; **preserve** i.e., because Elizabethan coins bore crosses 100 **martlemas** a beef fattened for slaughter before winter on Martinmas Day (November 11) 105 **wen** swelling 114 **borrowed cap** which the borrower promptly tips 116-17 **fetch** . . . **Japhet** fetch their ancestry from that one of Noah's sons whose offspring peopled Europe 120 **certificate** patent (in formal style) 146 **frank** sty (presumably a glance at the famous Boar's Head tavern)

BARDOLPH At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.
 PRINCE What company?
 PAGE Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.^o
 PRINCE Sup any women with him? 150
 PAGE None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and
 Mistress Doll Tearsheet.
 PRINCE What pagan^o may that be?
 PAGE A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of
 my master's. 155
 PRINCE Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the
 town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?
 POINS I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.
 PRINCE Sirrah,^o you boy, and Bardolph, no word to
 your master that I am yet come to town. There's for 160
 your silence. [*Tips them.*]
 BARDOLPH I have no tongue, sir.
 PAGE And for mine, sir, I will govern it.
 PRINCE Fare you well; go. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and*
PAGE.] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.^o 165
 POINS I warrant you, as common as the way between
 Saint Alban's and London.
 PRINCE How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-
 night in his true colors, and not ourselves be seen?
 POINS Put on two leathern jerkins^o and aprons, and 170
 wait upon him at his table as drawers.^o
 PRINCE From a god to a bull? A heavy descension!
 It was Jove's case.^o From a prince to a prentice? A
 low transformation! That shall be mine, for in every-
 thing the purpose must weigh with^o the folly. Follow 175
 me, Ned. *Exeunt.*

[Scene III. Northumberland's castle.]

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, his wife [LADY NORTH-
 UMBERLAND], and the wife to Harry Percy [LADY
 PERCY].*

NORTHUMBERLAND
 I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,^o
 Give even way^o unto my rough affairs.
 Put not you on the visage of the times
 And be like them to Percy^o troublesome.
 LADY NORTHUMBERLAND
 I have given over; I will speak no more. 5
 Do what you will, your wisdom be your guide.
 NORTHUMBERLAND
 Alas, sweet wife, my honor is at pawn,
 And, but^o my going, nothing can redeem it.
 LADY PERCY
 O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
 The time was, father, that you broke your word, 10
 When you were more endeared to it than now,
 When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,

149 **Ephesians** . . . church libertines (who had to be corrected
 by Saint Paul—Ephesians 5:3–8) 153 **pagan** prostitute (love-
 worshipper) 159 **Sirrah** form of address to an inferior 165
road prostitute (one to be ridden, open to all) 170 **jerkins**
 jackets 171 **drawers** tavern waiters 173 **Jove's case** he
 transformed himself into a bull to seduce Europa 175 **weigh**
 with match

II.iii.1 **daughter** daughter-in-law 2 **Give even way** allow
 free passage 4 **Percy** Northumberland, "the Percy" 8 **but**
 except for

Threw many a northward look to see his father
 Bring up his powers, but he did long in vain.
 Who then persuaded you to stay at home? 15
 There were two honors lost, yours and your son's.
 For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
 For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
 In the gray vault of heaven, and by his light
 Did all the chivalry of England move 20
 To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass^o
 Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
 He^o had no legs that practiced not his^o gait;
 And speaking thick,^o which nature made his blemish,
 Became the accents of the valiant, 25
 For those that could speak low and tardily
 Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
 To seem like him. So that in speech, in gait,
 In diet, in affections of delight,^o
 In military rules, humors of blood,^o 30
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
 That fashioned others. And him! O wondrous! Him!
 O miracle of men! Him did you leave,
 Second to none, unseconded by you,
 To look upon the hideous god of war 35
 In disadvantage, to abide a field^o
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
 Did seem defensible. So you left him.
 Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
 To hold your honor more precise and nice^o 40
 With others than with him! Let them alone.
 The marshal and the archbishop are strong.
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
 Today might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
 Have talked of Monmouth's^o grave.

NORTHUMBERLAND Beshrew^o your
 heart, 45

Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
 With new lamenting ancient oversights.
 But I must go and meet with danger there,
 Or it will seek me in another place
 And find me worse provided.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND O, fly to Scotland,^o 50
 Till that the nobles and the armed commons
 Have of their puissance^o made a little taste.

LADY PERCY
 If they get ground and vantage of the king,
 Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
 To make strength stronger. But, for all our loves, 55
 First let them try themselves. So did your son;
 He was so suff'red.^o So came I a widow,
 And never shall have length of life enough
 To rain^o upon remembrance with mine eyes,
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven, 60
 For recordation^o to my noble husband.

NORTHUMBERLAND
 Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
 As with the tide swelled up unto his height,

21 **glass** looking glass 23 **He** any man; **his** Harry Percy's
 24 **thick** fast (crowding the words) 29 **affections of delight**
 preferences in pleasure 30 **humors of blood** disposition 36
abide a field endure on a battlefield 40 **nice** punctilious 45
Monmouth's Prince Hal's; **Beshrew** cursed be 50 **Scotland**
 i.e., far from the battle 52 **puissance** strength 57 **suff'red**
 allowed (to fight alone) 59 **rain** drop tears 61 **recordation**
 memorial

That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
 Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
 But many thousand reasons hold me back.
 I will resolve for Scotland. There am I,
 Till time and vantage° crave my company. *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV. Mistress Quickly's tavern.]

Enter a DRAWER or two [FRANCIS and another].

FRANCIS What the devil hast thou brought there?
 Apple-johns?° Thou knowest Sir John cannot endure
 an apple-john.

DRAWER Mass, thou say'st true. The prince once set
 a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there
 were five more Sir Johns, and, putting off his hat, said,
 "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old
 withered knights." It ang' red him to the heart. But he
 hath forgot that.

FRANCIS Why, then, cover,° and set them down. 10
 And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise.° Mistress
 Tearsheet would fain hear some music.

Enter WILL [a third drawer].

WILL Dispatch! The room where they supped is too
 hot. They'll come in straight.

FRANCIS Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master 15
 Pains anon, and they will put on two of our jerkins
 and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it. Bardolph
 hath brought word.

DRAWER By the mass, here will be old Utis.° It will
 be an excellent stratagem. 20

FRANCIS I'll see if I can find out Sneak. *Exit.*

*Enter Mistress Quickly [the HOSTESS] and DOLL
 Tearsheet.*

HOSTESS I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in
 an excellent good temperality.° Your pulsidge° beats
 as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your
 color, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good 25
 truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much
 canaries,° and that's a marvelous searching wine, and
 it perfumes the blood ere one can say, "What's this?"
 How do you now?

DOLL Better than I was. Hem! 30

HOSTESS Why, that's well said. A good heart's worth
 gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John [FALSTAFF].

FALSTAFF [*Sings.*] "When Arthur first in court"°—
 Empty the jordan!°—"And was a worthy king."°—
 How now, Mistress Doll! 35

HOSTESS Sick of a calm,° yea, good faith.

FALSTAFF So is all her sect.° And they be once in a
 calm, they are sick.

68 **vantage** profitable opportunity

II.iv.2 **Apple-johns** apples ripened on Saint John's Day,
 midsummer, but eaten two years later when withered—
 perhaps they remind Sir John of age or impotency 10
cover spread the tablecloth 11 **noise** band of musicians
 19 **old Utis** grand festival (*utaves* was the eighth day or "octave"
 of a feast) 23 **temperality** temper or temperance; **pulsidge**
 pulse 27 **canaries** Canary wine 33 **When . . . court** first
 line of a ballad 34 **jordan** chamber pot 36 **calm** qualm 37
sect prostitutes (love-worshippers)

DOLL A pox damn you, you muddy° rascal, is that all
 the comfort you give me? 40

FALSTAFF You make fat rascals,° Mistress Doll.

DOLL I make them? Gluttony and diseases make, I
 make them not.

FALSTAFF If the cook help to make the gluttony, you
 help to make the diseases, Doll. We catch of you, 45
 Doll, we catch of you. Grant that, my poor virtue,
 grant that.

DOLL Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

FALSTAFF "Your brooches, pearls, and ouches."° For
 to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know. To 50
 come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to
 surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged cham-
 bers° bravely—

DOLL Hang yourself, you muddy conger,° hang
 yourself! 55

HOSTESS By my troth, this is the old fashion. You
 two never meet but you fall to some discord. You are
 both, i' good truth, as rheumatic° as two dry toasts.°
 You cannot one bear with another's confirmities.°
 What the goodyear!° One must bear,° and that must 60
 be you [*to DOLL*]. You are the weaker vessel, as they
 say, the emptier vessel.

DOLL Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full
 hogshead? There's a whole merchant's venture of
 Bordeaux stuff° in him. You have not seen a hulk 65
 better stuffed in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with
 thee, Jack. Thou art going to the wars, and whether
 I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Enter DRAWER.

DRAWER Sir, Ancient° Pistol's below and would
 speak with you. 70

DOLL Hang him, swaggering° rascal! Let him not
 come hither. It is the foul-mouthed'st rogue in
 England.

HOSTESS If he swagger, let him not comè here. No,
 by my faith. I must live among my neighbors. I'll no 75
 swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the
 very best. Shut the door, there comes no swaggerers
 here. I have not lived all this while to have swaggering
 now. Shut the door, I pray you.

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear, hostess? 80

HOSTESS Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John. There
 comes no swaggerers here.

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear? It is mine ancient.

HOSTESS Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me. And your
 ancient swagg'rer comes not in my doors. I was 85
 before Master Tisick,° the debuty, t' other day,
 and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than
 Wednesday last, "I' good faith, neighbor Quickly,"

39 **muddy filthy** 41 **You . . . rascals** a rascal was a lean
 deer—you say or cause the lean to fat, i.e., become bloated or
 to sweat as a cure for the pox 49 **Your . . . ouches** another
 scrap of ballad; "ouches" are both brooches and scabs 52–53
charged chambers loaded cannon (used, like other words in
 this speech, with a bawdy second meaning) 54 **conger** eel
 58 **rheumatic** she means *splenetic* or *choleric*, the hot and dry
 humor—like toast; **dry toasts** that would scratch one another
 59 **confirmities** infirmities 60 **What the goodyear** What
 the plague!; **bear** (1) endure (2) support 64–65 **merchant's**
 . . . **stuff** shipload of wine 69 **Ancient** ensign, standard-
 bearer 71 **swaggering** blustering 86 **Tisick** phthisic,
 consumption (?)

says he—Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then —“neighbor Quickly,” says he, “receive those that 90 are civil, for,” said he, “you are in an ill name.” Now ‘a said so, I can tell whereupon. “For,” says he, “you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive. Receive,” says he, “no swaggering companions.”° There comes 95 none here. You would bless you to hear what he said. No, I’ll no swagg’ers.

FALSTAFF He’s no swagg’rer, hostess, a tame cheater,° i’ faith. You may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound. He’ll not swagger with a Barbary hen,° 100 if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer. [Exit DRAWER.]

HOSTESS Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater. But I do not love swaggering, by my troth. I am the worse when one 105 says “swagger.” Feel, masters, how I shake, look you, I warrant you.

DOLL So you do, hostess.

HOSTESS Do I? Yea, in very truth, do I, and ’twere an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swagg’ers. 110

Enter Ancient PISTOL, [BARDOLPH], and Bardolph’s boy [PAGE].

PISTOL God save you, Sir John!

FALSTAFF Welcome, Ancient Pistol.° Here, Pistol, I charge° you with a cup of sack. Do you discharge° upon mine hostess.

PISTOL I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two 115 bullets.°

FALSTAFF She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall not hardily° offend her.

HOSTESS Come, I’ll drink no proofs nor no bullets. I’ll drink no more than will do me good, for no man’s 120 pleasure, I.

PISTOL Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

DOLL Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! You poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen 125 mate! Away, you moldy rogue, away! I am meat° for your master.

PISTOL I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

DOLL Away, you cut-purse rascal! You filthy bung,° away! By this wine, I’ll thrust my knife in your 130 moldy chaps,° and you play the saucy cuttle° with me. Away, you bottle-ale° rascal! You basket-hilt stale juggler,° you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God’s light, with two points° on your shoulder? Much! 135

PISTOL God let me not live but I will murder your ruff° for this.

95 companions fellows 98 cheater cardsharp’s decoy 100 Barbary hen guinea hen (whose feathers are already ruffled; also, a prostitute) 112 Pistol pronounced almost like pizzle (= penis) hence leading to this series of obscene puns 113 charge (1) toast (2) load (a pistol); discharge go off (i.e., sound a return toast, explode like a pistol—or sexually 116 bullets an indecency 117–18 not hardily by no means 126 meat flesh 129 bung pickpocket 131 chaps cheeks; cuttle (1) cutthroat (2) cuttlefish (that spews out a fluid used for sauce) 132 bottle-ale cheap (?) 132–33 basket-hilt stale juggler doer of sword-tricks with an old-fashioned sword with hilt shaped like a basket 134 points laces for tying on armor 136–37 murder your ruff tear your collar

FALSTAFF No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

HOSTESS No, good Captain Pistol, not here, sweet 140 captain.

DOLL Captain! Thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? And captains were of my mind, they would truncheon° you out for taking their names upon you before you 145 have earned them. You a captain! You slave, for what? For tearing a poor whore’s ruff in a bawdy house? He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon moldy stewed prunes° and dried cakes. A captain! God’s light, these villains will make the 150 word as odious as the word “occupy,”° which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted.° Therefore captains° had need look to’t.

BARDOLPH Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

FALSTAFF Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll. 155

PISTOL Not I! I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her! I’ll be revenged of her!

PAGE Pray thee, go down.

PISTOL I’ll see her damned first, to Pluto’s damnèd lake,° by this hand, to th’ infernal deep, with Erebus° 160 and tortures vile also.° Hold hook and line,° say I. Down, down, dogs! Down, faitors!° Have we not Hiren° here?

HOSTESS Good Captain Pizzle, be quiet. ’Tis very late, i’ faith. I beseek you now, aggravate° your choler. 165

PISTOL These be good humors, indeed! Shall packhorses And hollow pampered jades° of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty mile a day, Compare with Caesars, and with Cannibals,° And Trojan Greeks? Nay, rather damn them with 170 King Cerberus,° and let the welkin° roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?°

HOSTESS By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

BARDOLPH Be gone, good ancient. This will grow 175 to a brawl anon.

PISTOL Die men like dogs! Give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

HOSTESS O’ my word, captain, there’s none such here. What the goodyear! Do you think I would deny 180 her?° For God’s sake, be quiet.

PISTOL

Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.

Come, give’s some sack.

“Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.”°

144 truncheon cudgel 149 stewed prunes put in the windows of brothels, “stews,” as a sign 151 occupy had acquired the sense of “fornicate” 152 ill sorted put in bad company 153 captains Falstaff is a captain 160 lake he means the river Styx; Erebus passageway to Hades 161 and . . . also Pistol begins to rave in his characteristic way, spewing out garbled scraps from old declamatory plays—or, indeed, any line that comes to his mind; Hold . . . line a fisherman’s cry 162 faitors fates (?) 163 Hiren Pistol applies this name (Irene) from a play to his sword, punning on iron 165 aggravate she means moderate 167 jades nags 169 Cannibals he means Hannibals 171 Cerberus three-headed dog that guarded Hades; welkin sky 172 toys trivia (like Doll) 180–81 deny her the Hostess evidently thinks Pistol is calling for a special girl 184 Si . . . contento a garbled proverb—“If fortune torments me, hope contents me”

Fear we broadsides? No, let the fiend give fire. 185
Give me some sack. And, sweetheart, lie thou there.
[Lays down his sword.]

Come we to full points° here, and are etceteras° no things?°

FALSTAFF Pistol, I would be quiet.

PISTOL Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf.° What! We have seen the seven stars.° 190

DOLL For God's sake, thrust him downstairs. I cannot endure such a fustian° rascal.

PISTOL Thrust him downstairs! Know we not Galloway nags?°

FALSTAFF Quoit° him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling.° Nay, and 'a do nothing but speak nothing, 'a shall be nothing here. 195

BARDOLPH Come, get you downstairs.

PISTOL

What! Shall we have incision? Shall we imbrue?°

[Snatches up his sword.]

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days! 200

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwined the Sisters Three!° Come, Atropos, I say!

HOSTESS Here's goodly stuff toward!

FALSTAFF Give me my rapier, boy.

DOLL I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw. 205

FALSTAFF Get you downstairs!

[Draws, and threatens PISTOL.]

HOSTESS Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house afore I'll be in these tiritts° and frights.

So, murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! Put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. 210

[FALSTAFF drives PISTOL out, BARDOLPH following.]

DOLL I pray thee, Jack, be quiet. The rascal's gone.

Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

HOSTESS Are you not hurt i' th' groin? Methought 'a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

[Enter BARDOLPH.]

FALSTAFF Have you turned him out o' doors? 215

BARDOLPH Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, i' th' shoulder.

FALSTAFF A rascal! To brave° me!

DOLL Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face. 220

'Come on, you whoreson chops.° Ah, rogue! I' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies.° Ah, villain!

187 full points stops, periods (closed sentences); etceteras open-ended statements—with an obscene sense); no things with a second meaning: women who are "naughty"; the line as a whole means: Aren't we going to do anything more here? 189 kiss thy neaf kiss thy fist (a chivalric gesture) 190 seven stars the Pleiades (we have made a night of it) 192 fustian cheap cloth or talk 194 Galloway nags small Irish horses (bad to ride) 195 Quoit pitch (with a pun on quiet) 195-96 shove-groat shilling coin used in a game like shuffleboard ("shove-ha'penny") 199 imbrue shed blood 202 Sisters Three the Fates who spun the thread of life, cut by the third, Atropos 208 tiritts a blending of terrors and fits (?) 218 brave defy 221 chops fat-cheeked man 224 Nine Worthies Hector, Alexander, Julius Caesar, Joshua, David, Judas Maccabaeus, King Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon

FALSTAFF A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a 225 blanket.

DOLL Do, and thou dar'st for thy heart. And thou dost, I'll canvas° thee between a pair of sheets.

[Enter MUSICIANS.]

PAGE The music is come, sir.

FALSTAFF Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, 230

Doll. A rascal bragging slave! The rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

DOLL I' faith [aside] and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,° when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and 235 foining° o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter PRINCE and POINS [disguised].

FALSTAFF Peace, good Doll! Do not speak like a death's-head.° Do not bid me remember mine end.°

DOLL Sirrah, what humor's the prince° of? 240

FALSTAFF A good shallow young fellow. 'A would have made a good pantler,° 'a would ha' chipped° bread well.

DOLL They say Poins has a good wit.

FALSTAFF He a good wit? Hang him, baboon! His 245 wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard.° There's no more conceit° in him than is in a mallet.°

DOLL Why does the prince love him so, then?

FALSTAFF Because their legs are both of a bigness, and 'a plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel,° 250 and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons,° and rides the wild-mare° with the boys, and jumps upon joined-stools,° and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the Sign of the Leg,° and breeds no bate° with telling of discreet 255 stories; and such other gambol° faculties 'a has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him. For the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn scales between their avoirdupois. 260

PRINCE Would not this nave° of a wheel have his ears cut off?

POINS Let's beat him before his whore.

PRINCE Look, whe'r° the withered elder° hath not his poll° clawed° like a parrot. 265

POINS Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

228 canvas toss (as in a canvas) 234-35 Bartholomew boar-pig young male pig fattened as a special delicacy for the Bartholomew Fair on August 24 at West Smithfield 236 foining thrusting (as a sword) 239 death's-head figure of a skull used to remind one of mortality; end double sense 240 prince Doll may have spied Hal and Poins 242 pantler pantryworker; chipped chopped 246 Tewksbury mustard Tewksbury was famed for good mustard 247 conceit conception; mallet i.e., a blockhead 250 conger and fennel eel (the eating of which was thought to make one stupid) dressed or flattered by fennel sauce 251 flap-dragons flaming raisins were floated on spirit and the players tried to snap them up, or drink the liquor; here candle ends are used to fool Poins 252 wild-mare seesaw 253 joined-stools carefully carpentered stools 254-55 Sign of the Leg sign over a bootmaker's 255 bate debate, quarrel 256 gambol playful 261 nave (1) fat hub on a cart wheel (2) pun on knave 264 whe'r whether; elder (1) old man (2) sapless tree 265 poll hair; clawed by Doll

FALSTAFF Kiss me, Doll.

PRINCE Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!
What says th' almanac to that? 270

POINS And look whether the fiery Trigon,^o his man,
be not lisping to his master's old tables,^o his notebook,
his counsel-keeper.

FALSTAFF Thou dost give me flattering busses.^o

DOLL By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant 275
heart.

FALSTAFF I am old, I am old.

DOLL I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young
boy of them all.

FALSTAFF What stuff wilt have a kirtle^o of? I shall 280
receive money o' Thursday. Shalt have a cap tomorrow.
A merry song, come. 'A grows late; we'll to bed.
Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

DOLL By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, and
thou say'st so. Prove that ever I dress myself handsome 285
till thy return. Well, hearken o' th' end.^o

FALSTAFF Some sack, Francis.

PRINCE, POINS Anon, anon, sir.

[*Coming forward.*]

FALSTAFF Ha! A bastard son of the king's? And art
not thou Poins his brother? 290

PRINCE Why, thou globe of sinful continents,^o what
a life doth thou lead!

FALSTAFF A better than thou. I am a gentleman, thou
art a drawer.

PRINCE Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out 295
by the ears.

HOSTESS O, the Lord preserve thy grace! By my
troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that
sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

FALSTAFF Thou whoreson mad compound^o of 300
majesty, by this light^o flesh and corrupt blood, thou
art welcome.

DOLL How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

POINS My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge
and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat. 305

PRINCE You whoreson candle-mine^o you, how vilely
did you speak of me now before this honest, virtuous,
civil gentlewoman!

HOSTESS God's blessing of your good heart! And so
she is, by my troth. 310

FALSTAFF Didst thou hear me?

PRINCE Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you
ran away by Gad's Hill.^o You knew I was at your
back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

FALSTAFF No, no, no, not so. I did not think thou 315
wast within hearing.

PRINCE I shall drive you then to confess the willful
abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

FALSTAFF No abuse, Hal, o' mine honor, no abuse.

PRINCE Not to dispraise me and call me pantler and 320
bread-chipper and I know not what?

FALSTAFF No abuse, Hal.

POINS No abuse?

FALSTAFF No abuse, Ned, i' the' world. Honest Ned,
none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the 325
wicked might not fall in love with thee. In which
doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a
true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for
it. No abuse, Hal. None, Ned, none. No, faith, boys,
none. 330

PRINCE See now, whether pure fear and entire
cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous
gentlewoman to close^o with us. Is she of the wicked?
Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of
the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in 335
his nose, of the wicked?

POINS Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

FALSTAFF The fiend hath pricked down^o Bardolph
irrecoverable, and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen,
where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms.^o For 340
the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the
devil blinds him too.

PRINCE For the women?

FALSTAFF For one of them, she's in hell already, and
burns^o poor souls. For th' other, I owe her money, 345
and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

HOSTESS No, I warrant you.

FALSTAFF No, I think thou art not. I think thou art
quit for that.^o Marry, there is another indictment upon
thee, for suffering flesh^o to be eaten in thy house, 350
contrary to the law, for the which I think thou wilt
howl.

HOSTESS All victuallers do so. What's a joint of
mutton^o or two in a whole Lent?

PRINCE You, gentlewoman— 355

DOLL What says your grace?

FALSTAFF His grace says that which his flesh rebels
against.^o

PETO *knocks at door.*

HOSTESS Who knocks so loud at door? Look to th'
door there, Francis. 360

[*Enter PETO.*]

PRINCE

Peto, how now! What news?

PETO

The king your father is at Westminster,
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts^o
Come from the north. And as I came along 365
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bareheaded, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking everyone for Sir John Falstaff.

PRINCE

By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,

333 close make peace 338 pricked down checked off 340
malt-worms (1) weevils in beer (2) drunkards (3) the white
material in Bardolph's pimples 345 burns gives burning
diseases to 349 quit for that paid off for that 350 flesh
(1) meat (2) womanflesh 354 mutton also meant a prostitute
357-58 His grace . . . against his grace calls her a gentle-
woman, but his animal flesh rises up at the idea 363 posts
messengers

271 fiery Trigon the conjunction of the three fiery signs of the
Zodiac: Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius (in Bardolph's face) 272
tables tablet or engagement book (i.e., bawd, Mistress Quickly)
274 busses kisses 280 kirtle skirt 286 hearken . . . end
see how it turns out 291 continents (1) vast land surfaces
(2) contents (3) pun on continence 300 compound mixture
301 light unchaste (he is referring to Doll) 306 candle-mine
reservoir of tallow 312-13 as . . . Hill the robbery of the
robbers in 1 Henry IV, II.ii. and II.iv

So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion,^o like the south^o 370
Borne with black vapor,^o doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmèd heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

Exeunt PRINCE and POINS, [PETO, and BARDOLPH].

FALSTAFF Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the
night, and we must hence and leave it unpicked. 375
[*Sound of knocking.*] More knocking at the door?
[*Enter* BARDOLPH.] How now! What's the matter?

BARDOLPH

You must away to court, sir, presently.^o

A dozen captains stay at door for you.

FALSTAFF [*To the PAGE.*] Pay the musicians, sirrah. 380
Farewell, hostess. Farewell, Doll. You see, my good
wenches, how men of merit are sought after. The
undeserver may sleep when the man of action is called
on. Farewell, good wenches. If I be not sent away
post,^o I will see you again ere I go. 385

DOLL I cannot speak. If my heart be not ready to
burst—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

FALSTAFF Farewell, farewell. *Exit* [*with* BARDOLPH].

HOSTESS Well, fare thee well. I have known thee
these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time,^o but an 390
honester and truer-hearted man—well, fare thee well.

BARDOLPH [*Within.*] Mistress Tearsheet!

HOSTESS What's the matter?

BARDOLPH [*Within.*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to
my master. 395

HOSTESS O, run, Doll, run, run, good Doll. Come.
[*To* BARDOLPH *within.*] She comes blubbered.^o Yea,
will you come, Doll? *Exeunt.*

[A C T I I I]

[Scene I. *The palace.*]

Enter the KING in his nightgown,^o alone.

KING [*To a PAGE, within.*]

Go, call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick.

But, ere they come, bid them o'erread these letters
And well consider of them. Make good speed!

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep, 5
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,^o

Upon uneasy pallets^o stretching thee 10
And hushed with buzzing night-flies^o to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed^o chambers of the great,

370 **commotion** rebellion; **south** south wind 371 **Borne**
. . . **vapor** laden with black clouds 378 **presently** at present,
at once 385 **post** posthaste 390 **peascod-time** early summer
(but there is evidently a ribald sense, too) 397 **blubbered**
disfigured with weeping

III.i.s.d. nightgown dressing gown (the customary indoor
garment) 9 **smoky cribs** chimneyless hovels 10 **uneasy**
pallets comfortless straw beds 11 **night-flies** nocturnal insects
12 **perfumed** Elizabethans who could afford perfume tried to
keep out fresh air

Under the canopies of costly state,^o

And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?

O thou dull god, why li'st thou with the vile 15

In loathsome beds, and leavest the kindly couch

A watchcase^o or a common 'larum-bell?^o

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast

Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge 20

And in the visitation of the winds,

Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them

With deafing^o clamor in the slippery clouds,

That, with the hurly,^o death itself awakes? 25

Canst thou, O partial^o sleep, give thy repose

To the wet sea-son in an hour so rude,

And in the calmest and most stillest night,

With all appliances and means to boot,^o

Deny it to a king? Then happy low,^o lie down! 30

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK, SURREY, and Sir John BLUNT.

WARWICK

Many good morrows to your majesty!

KING

Is it good morrow, lords?

WARWICK

'Tis one o'clock, and past.

KING

Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords. 35

Have you read o'er the letter that I sent you?

WARWICK

We have, my liege.

KING

Then you perceive the body of our kingdom

How foul it is, what rank^o diseases grow,

And with what danger, near the heart of it. 40

WARWICK

It is but as a body yet distempered,^o

Which to his former strength may be restored

With good advice and little medicine.

My Lord Northumberland will soon be cooled.

KING

O God, that one might read the book of fate, 45

And see the revolution of the times

Make mountains level, and the continent,^o

Weary of solid firmness, melt itself

Into the sea! And other times to see

The beachy girdle of the ocean 50

Too wide for Neptune's hips. How chances, mocks,

And changes fill the cup of alteration

With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,

The happiest youth, viewing his progress through, 55

What perils past, what crosses^o to ensue,

Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

'Tis not ten years gone

Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,

13 **canopies** . . . **state** bed-curtains of those in a wealthy state
17 **watchcase** (1) sentry box (2) case of a constantly ticking
watch; **'larum-bell** alarm-bell (hence, constantly watchful)
24 **deafing** deafening 25 **hurly** hurly-burly 26 **partial** not
impartial 29 **means to boot** measures to further (sleep)
30 **low** lowborn 39 **rank** swelling 41 **yet distempered**
as yet but sickened 47 **continent** land surface 55 **crosses**
punishments

Did feast together,^o and in two years after
 Were they at wars. It is but eight years since 60
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul,
 Who like a brother toiled in my affairs
 And laid his love and life under my foot,^o
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by— 65
 [To WARWICK.] You, cousin Nevil,^o as I may
 remember—

When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
 Then checked^o and rated^o by Northumberland,
 Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy:
 "Northumberland, thou ladder by the which 70
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne"—
 Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
 But that necessity so bowed the state
 That I and greatness were compelled to kiss—
 "The time shall come," thus did he follow it, 75
 "The time will come that foul sin, gathering head,^o
 Shall break into corruption." So went on,
 Foretelling this same time's condition
 And the division of our amity.

WARWICK

There is a history in all men's lives, 80
 Figuring^o the nature of the times deceased,
 The which observed, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life, who in their seeds
 And weak beginning lie intreasurèd. 85
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time,
 And by the necessary form of this^o
 King Richard might create a perfect guess
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,
 Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

KING Are these things then necessities?
 Then let us meet them like necessities.
 And that same word even now cries out on us.
 They say the bishop and Northumberland 95
 Are fifty thousand strong.

WARWICK It cannot be, my lord.
 Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo,
 The numbers of the feared. Please it your grace
 To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
 The powers that you already have sent forth 100
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.
 To comfort you the more, I have received
 A certain instance^o that Glendower is dead.
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
 And these unseasoned^o hours perforce must add 105
 Unto your sickness.

KING I will take your counsel.
 And were these inward^o wars once out of hand,^o
 We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. *Exeunt.*

59 Did feast together Shakespeare here alters history for dramatic purposes; this appears neither in Holinshed nor in his own *Richard II* **63 under my foot** in subservience to me **66 Nevil** historical error for *Beauchamps* **68 checked, rated** rebuked **76 gathering head** (1) coming to a head (2) collecting an army **70-77 Northumberland . . . corruption** paraphrased from *Richard II*, V.i.55 ff. **81 Figuring** symbolizing **87 necessary . . . this** inevitable operation of this principle of analogy **103 instance** proof **105 unseasoned** unusual **107 inward** internal; **out of hand** finished

[Scene II. Outside Justice Shallow's house.]

Enter Justice SHALLOW and Justice SILENCE [with MOLDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF].

SHALLOW Come on, come on, come on. Give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir; an early stirrer, by the rood!^o And how doth my good cousin Silence?

SILENCE Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

SHALLOW And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? 5
 And your fairest daughter and mine, my goddaughter Ellen?

SILENCE Alas, a black ousel,^o cousin Shallow!

SHALLOW By yea and no,^o sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford 10
 still, is he not?

SILENCE Indeed, sir, to my cost.

SHALLOW 'A must, then, to the Inns o' Court^o shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn,^o where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet. 15

SILENCE You were called "lusty Shallow" then, cousin.

SHALLOW By the mass, I was called anything. And I would have done anything indeed too, and roundly^o too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, 20
 and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele,^o a Cotswold^o man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers^o in all the Inns o' Court again. And I may say to you we knew where the bona-robas^o were and had the best of them all at commandment. 25
 Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

SILENCE This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

SHALLOW The same Sir John, the very same. I see 30
 him break Scoggin's^o head at the court-gate, when 'a was a crack^o not thus high. And the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish,^o a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn.^o Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! And to see how many of my old acquaint- 35
 tance are dead!

SILENCE We shall all follow, cousin.

SHALLOW Certain, 'tis certain, very sure, very sure. Death, as the psalmist saith, is certain to all, all shall die. How^o a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford Fair? 40

SILENCE By my troth, I was not there.

SHALLOW Death is certain. Is old Double^o of your town living yet? 100

SILENCE Dead, sir.

SHALLOW Jesu, Jesu, dead! 'A drew a good bow, and 45
 dead! 'A shot a fine shoot. John a Gaunt^o loved him

III.ii.3 rood cross **8 ousel** blackbird **9 By . . . no** a puritan's oath **13 Inns o' Court** law schools (which functioned as universities for the gentry) **14 Clement's Inn** one of the Inns of Chancery, admitting students unable to get into the Inns of Court **19 roundly** fully **20-22 Doit . . . Barnes . . . Pickbone . . . Squele** the names are suggestive of insignificance, a doit being a half-farthing; country wealth (barns); stinginess; squealing cowardice **22 Cotswold** a range of hills in Gloucestershire **23 swinge-bucklers** shield-beaters i.e., blusterers) **24 bona-robas** high-class whores (Italian *buon-aroba* = good material) **31 Scoggin's** the name means a coarse joker **32 crack** perky boy **33 Stockfish** a dried fish (suggestive of an impotent man) **34 Gray's Inn** another Inn of Court **40 How** how much for **42 Double** suggests one doubled over with age **46 John a Gaunt** Henry IV's father

well and betted much money on his head. Dead! 'A would have clapped i' th' clout at twelve score, and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half,^o that it would have done a man's heart so good to see. How a score of ewes now?

SILENCE Thereafter as they be.^o A score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

SHALLOW And is old Double dead?

SILENCE Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as 55 I think.

Enter BARDOLPH and one with him.

Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

BARDOLPH I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

SHALLOW I am Robert Shallow, sir, a poor esquire^o of this county, and one of the king's justices of the 60 peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

BARDOLPH My captain, sir, commends him to you, my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall^o gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

SHALLOW He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good 65 backsword^o man. How doth the good knight? May I ask how my lady his wife doth?

BARDOLPH Sir, pardon, a soldier is better accommodated^o than with a wife.

SHALLOW It is well said, in faith, sir, and it is well said 70 indeed too. "Better accommodated"! It is good, yea, indeed, is it. Good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. "Accommodated"! It comes of "accommodo." Very good, a good phrase.

BARDOLPH Pardon, sir. I have heard the word. 75 "Phrase" call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase, but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldierlike word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. "Accommodated," that is, when a man is, as they say, 80 accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby 'a may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

SHALLOW It is very just.^o Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your wor- 85 ship's good hand. By my troth, you like^o well and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

FALSTAFF I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. Master Surecard,^o as I think?

SHALLOW No, Sir John, it is my cousin Silence, in 90 commission^o with me.

FALSTAFF Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

SILENCE Your good worship is welcome.

FALSTAFF Fie! This is hot weather, gentlemen. Have 95 you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

SHALLOW Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

FALSTAFF Let me see them, I beseech you.

SHALLOW Where's the roll? Where's the roll?

Where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, 100 so, so, so so, so—so. Yea, marry, sir. Rafe Moldy! Let them appear as I call, let them do so, let them do so. Let me see, where is Moldy?

MOLDY Here, and't please you.

SHALLOW What think you, Sir John? A good-limbed 105 fellow, young, strong, and of good friends.

FALSTAFF Is thy name Moldy?

MOLDY Yea, and't please you.

FALSTAFF 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

SHALLOW Ha, ha, ha! Most excellent, i' faith! Things 110 that are moldy lack use. Very singular good! In faith, well said, Sir John, very well said.

FALSTAFF Prick him.^o

MOLDY I was pricked^o well enough before, and you could have let me alone. My old dame^o will be undone 115 now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery. You need not to have pricked me. There are other men fitter to go out than I.

FALSTAFF Go to. Peace, Moldy, you shall go. Moldy, 120 it is time you were spent.

MOLDY Spent?

SHALLOW Peace, fellow, peace. Stand aside. Know you where you are? For th' other, Sir John, let me see. Simon Shadow!^o

FALSTAFF Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under. 125 He's like to be a cold soldier.

SHALLOW Where's Shadow?

SHADOW Here, sir.

FALSTAFF Shadow, whose son art thou?

SHADOW My mother's son, sir. 130

FALSTAFF Thy mother's son! Like enough, and thy father's shadow. So the son^o of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed, but much^o of the father's substance!

SHALLOW Do you like him, Sir John? 135

FALSTAFF Shadow will serve for summer. Prick him, for we have a number of shadows fill up the muster-book.

SHALLOW Thomas Wart!

FALSTAFF Where's he? 140

WART Here, sir.

FALSTAFF Is thy name Wart?

WART Yea, sir.

FALSTAFF Thou art a very ragged^o wart.

SHALLOW Shall I prick him, Sir John? 145

FALSTAFF It were superfluous,^o for his apparel is built upon his back and the whole frame stands upon pins. Prick him no more.

SHALLOW Ha, ha, ha! You can do it,^o sir! You can do it! I commend you well. Francis Feeble! 150

FEEBLE Here, sir.

48-50 clapped . . . half hit the bull's-eye at 240 yards, and shot a heavy arrow (for point-blank shooting) 280 or 290 yards 52 Thereafter . . . be according to their condition 59 esquire gentleman (ranking just below a knight) 63 tall brave 66 backsword stick with a hilt used by apprentices in fencing 68-69 accommodated provided (a "perfumed term," according to Ben Jonson) 84 just exact 86 like get on 89 Surecard absolute winner (at cards) 90-91 in commission commissioned as justice of the peace

113 Prick him check him off 114 pricked (1) chosen (2) worried (and a ribald third meaning) 115 dame old wife (or mother) 124 Shadow (1) likeness (2) shade (3) fictitious name in the muster roll for which an officer collected pay (Falstaff jokes on all three meanings) 132 son he is punning on sun 133 much little (sarcastic) 144 ragged having rough projections (referring to his pinned-together clothes) 146 superfluous i.e., to "prick him," pin his clothes together 149 you . . . it you know how to joke

SHALLOW What trade art thou, Feeble?

FEEBLE A woman's tailor, sir.

SHALLOW Shall I prick him, sir?

FALSTAFF You may. But if he had been a man's 155
tailor, he'd a' pricked you. Wilt thou make as many
holes in an enemy's battle° as thou hast done in a
woman's petticoat?

FEEBLE I will do my good will, sir. You can have no
more.

FALSTAFF Well said, good woman's tailor! Well said, 160
courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the
wrathful dove or most magnanimous° mouse. Prick
the woman's tailor well,° Master Shallow, deep,°
Master Shallow.

FEEBLE I would Wart might have gone, sir.

FALSTAFF I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou
mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot
put him to° a private soldier that is the leader of so
many thousands.° Let that suffice, most forcible 170
Feeble.

FEEBLE It shall suffice, sir.

FALSTAFF I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who
is next?

SHALLOW Peter Bullcalf o' th' green! 175

FALSTAFF Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

BULLCALF Here, sir.

FALSTAFF 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick°
Bullcalf till he roar again.

BULLCALF O Lord, good my lord captain— 180

FALSTAFF What, dost thou roar before thou art
pricked?

BULLCALF O Lord, sir, I am a diseased man.

FALSTAFF What disease hast thou?

BULLCALF A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I 185
caught with ringing in° the king's affairs upon his
coronation day, sir.

FALSTAFF Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown.°
We will have away thy cold, and I will take such
order that thy friends shall ring for thee.° Is here all? 190

SHALLOW Here is two more called than your number.
You must have but four° here, sir. And so, I pray you,
go in with me to dinner.

FALSTAFF Come, I will go drink with you, but I
cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, 195
Master Shallow.

SHALLOW O, Sir John, do you remember since we
lay all night in the Windmill° in Saint George's Field?

FALSTAFF No more of that, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW Ha! 'Twas a merry night, And is Jane 200
Nightwork alive?

FALSTAFF She lives, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW She never could away with° me.

FALSTAFF Never, never, she would always say she
could not abide Master Shallow. 205

SHALLOW By the mass, I could anger° her to th'

heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her
own well?

FALSTAFF Old, old, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW Nay, she must be old. She cannot choose 210
but be old. Certain she's old, and had Robin Night-
work by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's
Inn.

SILENCE That's fifty-five year ago.

SHALLOW Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen 215
that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John,
said I well?

FALSTAFF We have heard the chimes at midnight,
Master Shallow.

SHALLOW That we have, that we have, that we have, 220
in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watchword was
"Hem,° boys!" Come, let's to dinner, come, let's to
dinner. Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come,
come.

Exeunt [FALSTAFF and the JUSTICES].
BULLCALF Good Master Corporate° Bardolph, stand 225
my friend, and here's four Harry ten shillings in French
crowns° for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be
hanged, sir, as go. And yet for mine own part, sir, I
do not care, but rather, because I am unwilling, and,
for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my 230
friends. Else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so
much.

BARDOLPH Go to, stand aside.

MOLDY And, good Master Corporal Captain, for my
dame's sake, stand my friend. She has nobody to do 235
anything about her when I am gone, and she is old
and cannot help herself. You shall have forty,° sir.

BARDOLPH Go to, stand aside.

FEEBLE By my troth, I care not. A man can die but
once. We owe God a death.° I'll ne'er bear a base 240
mind. And't be my destiny, so. And't be not, so. No
man's too good to serve's prince. And let it go which
way it will, he that dies this year is quit° for the next.

BARDOLPH Well said. Th' art a good fellow.

FEEBLE Faith, I'll bear no base mind. 245

Enter FALSTAFF and the JUSTICES.

FALSTAFF Come, sir, which men shall I have?

SHALLOW Four of which you please.

BARDOLPH Sir, a word with you. [*Aside.*] I have three
pound to free Moldy and Bullcalf.

FALSTAFF Go to, well.

SHALLOW Come, Sir John, which four will you 250
have?

FALSTAFF Do you choose for me.

SHALLOW Marry, then, Moldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and
Shadow. 255

FALSTAFF Moldy and Bullcalf. For you, Moldy, stay
at home till you are past service.° And for your part,
Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it. I will none of you.

SHALLOW Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong.

157 battle battle line 163 magnanimous big-spirited 164
well, deep quibbles on Shallow's name 169 put him to set
him to the occupation of 170 thousands of lice 178 prick
here the word refers to the sticking of a bull with a goad
in bullbaiting 186 ringing in ringing the church bells to
celebrate 188 gown dressing gown 190 ring for thee toll
your funeral 192 four he settles for three 198 Windmill
evidently a brothel 203 away with put up with 206 anger
inflamm

222 Hem the equivalent of "Bottoms up!" 225 Corporate
blunder for corporal 226-27 four . . . crowns a country
way of counting out £1: the amount of four pieces, formerly
of ten shillings' value but currently five, rendered in five four-
shilling pieces, "French crowns"; Bullcalf is offering around
\$200 in today's values 237 forty forty shillings (about \$400
today) 240 death pronounced like debt, hence a pun 243 is
quit owes nothing 257 service (1) military (2) domestic
(3) bull's

They are your likeliest men, and I would have you 260
served with the best.

FALSTAFF Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to
choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews,^o the
stature, bulk, and big assemblance^o of a man? Give me
the spirit, Master Shallow! Here's Wart. You see what 265
a ragged appearance it is. 'A shall charge you and dis-
charge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer,^o
come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the
brewer's bucket.^o And this same half-faced fellow,
Shadow. Give me this man. He presents no mark to 270
the enemy: the foeman may with as great aim level
at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat, how
swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off!
O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great
ones. Put me a caliver^o into Wart's hand, Bardolph. 275

BARDOLPH Hold, Wart, traverse.^o Thus, thus, thus.

FALSTAFF Come, manage me your caliver. So. Very
well. Go to. Very good, exceeding good. O, give me
always a little, lean, old, chopped,^o bald shot.^o Well
said, i' faith. Wart. Th'art a good scab.^o Hold, there's 280
a tester^o for thee.

SHALLOW He is not his craft's master, he doth not do
it right. I remember at Mile-End Green, when I lay at
Clement's Inn—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's
show^o—there was a little quiver^o fellow, and 'a would 285
manage you his piece thus, and 'a would about and
about, and come you in and come you in. "Rah, tah,
tah," would 'a say, "Bounce," would 'a say, and away
again would 'a go, and again would 'a come. I shall
ne'er see such a fellow. 290

FALSTAFF These fellows would do well, Master
Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence. I will not use
many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both.
I thank you. I must a dozen mile tonight. Bardolph,
give the soldiers coats. 295

SHALLOW Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper
your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit
our house, let our old acquaintance be renewed.
Peradventure I will with ye to the court.

FALSTAFF 'Fore God, would you would. 300

SHALLOW Go to, I have spoke at a word.^o God keep
you.

FALSTAFF Fare you well, gentle gentlemen [*Exeunt*
JUSTICES.] On, Bardolph, lead the men away.
[*Exeunt all but FALSTAFF.*] As I return, I will fetch 305
off^o these justices. I do see the bottom of Justice
Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are
to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath
done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his
youth and the feats he hath done about Turnbull 310
Street,^o and every third word a lie, duer^o paid to

the hearer than the Turk's tribute.^o I do remember
him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper
of a cheese-paring. When 'a was naked, he was, for
all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fan- 315
tastically carved upon it with a knife. 'A was so
forlorn that his dimensions to any thick^o sight were
invisible. 'A was the very genius^o of famine, yet
lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him
mandrake.^o 'A came ever in the rearward of the 320
fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched
huswives^o that he heard the carmen whistle, and
sware they were his fancies or his goodnights.^o And
now is this Vice's dagger^o become a squire, and talks
as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn 325
brother to him, and I'll be sworn 'a ne'er saw him but
once in the Tilt-yard, and then he^o burst his head for
crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told
John a Gaunt he beat his own name, for you might
have thrust him and all his apparel into an eelskin— 330
the case of a treble hautboy^o was a mansion for him,
a court. And now has he land and beeves. Well, I'll
be acquainted with him, if I return, and't shall go hard
but I'll make him a philosopher's two stones^o to me.
If the young dace^o be a bait for the old pike, I see no 335
reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let
time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*]

[A C T I V]

[Scene I. *With the rebel army.*]

Enter the ARCHBISHOP [of York], MOWBRAY,
HASTINGS [and others], within the Forest of Gaultree.

ARCHBISHOP

What is this forest called?

HASTINGS

'Tis Gaultree Forest, and't shall please your grace.

ARCHBISHOP

Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers^o forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.

HASTINGS

We have sent forth already.

ARCHBISHOP

'Tis well done. 5

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland,
Their cold intent, tenor, and substance, thus:
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers^o 10
As might hold sortance with his quality,^o

312 than . . . tribute than tribute is paid to the Turk 317
thick imperfect 318 genius spirit 320 mandrake forked
root, shaped like the lower half of a man 321-22 over-
scutched huswives often-whipped whores 323 his . . .
his goodnights goodnight songs or his own musical improvisa-
tions 324 Vice's dagger thin wooden dagger carried by the
Vice, clown in the old morality plays 327 he John of Gaunt
331 treble hautboy smallest oboe 334 philosopher's
two stones twice as profitable as one philosopher's stone
which would transmute base metals to gold—and a ribald
second sense 335 dace thin, small fish
IV.i.3 discoverers spies 10 powers armies 11 hold . . .
quality accord with his rank

263 thews bodily forces 264 assemblance appearance 267
motion . . . hammer a rapid tap-tap 268-69 gibbets . . .
bucket hoists with the beam ("bucket") of a brewer's crane
275 caliver light musket 276 traverse cross over 279
chopped chapped; shot shooter (musketeers had to run nimbly
behind the pikemen or spearmen to reload) 280 scab wart
281 tester sixpence 284-85 Arthur's show an annual archery
show at Mile-End Green in which the contestants took the
names of knights of the Round Table; Sir Dagonet was
Arthur's fool 285 quiver nimble 301 at a word on an
impulse 305-06 fetch off trick 310-11 Turnbull Street
a red-light district 311 duer more duly, regularly

The which he could not levy. Whereupon
He is retired, to ripe° his growing fortunes,
To Scotland, and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive° the hazard
And fearful meeting of° their opposite.

MOWBRAY

Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground°
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter MESSENGER.

HASTINGS

Now, what news?

MESSENGER

West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy,
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

MOWBRAY

The just proportion that we gave them out.°
Let us sway° on and face them in the field.

ARCHBISHOP

What well-appointed° leader fronts° us here?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

MOWBRAY

I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

WESTMORELAND

Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

ARCHBISHOP

Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace.
What doth concern your coming?

WESTMORELAND

Then, my lord,

Unto your grace do I in chief° address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,°
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,°
And countenanced° by boys and beggary,°

I say, if damned commotion° so appeared,
In his true, native and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords

Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection

With your fair honors. You, Lord Archbishop,
Whose see° is by a civil peace maintained,

Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touched,
Whose learning and good letters° peace hath tutored,
Whose white investments figure° innocence,

The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate° yourself

Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war,

Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,

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Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?°

ARCHBISHOP

Wherefore do I this? So the question stands.

Briefly to this end: we are all diseased,
And with our surfeiting and wanton° hours

Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed° for it. Of which disease

Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,

I take not on me here as a physician,°

Nor do I as an enemy to peace

Troop in the throngs of military men,

But rather show awhile like fearful war,

To diet rank° minds sick of happiness

And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop

Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.

I have in equal° balance justly weighed

What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we
suffer,

And find our griefs° heavier than our offenses.

We see which way the stream of time doth run,

And are enforced from our most quiet there

By the rough torrent of occasion,

And have the summary of all our griefs,

When time shall serve, to show in articles;°

Which long ere this we offered to the king,

And might by no suit gain our audience.

When we are wronged and would unfold our griefs,

We are denied access unto his person

Even by those men that most have done us wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly gone,

Whose memory is written on the earth

With yet-appearing blood, and the examples

Of every minute's instance,° present now,

Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,

Not to break peace or any branch of it,

But to establish here a peace indeed,

Concurring both in name and quality.°

WESTMORELAND

When ever yet was your appeal denied?

Wherein have you been gallèd° by the king?

What peer hath been suborned to grate on° you,

That you should seal this lawless bloody book

Of forged rebellion with a seal divine?°

ARCHBISHOP

My brother general,° the commonwealth,

I make my quarrel in particular.

WESTMORELAND

There is no need of any such redress,

Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

MOWBRAY

Why not to him in part, and to us all

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13 ripe ripen 15 overlive survive 15-16 hazard . . . of the fearful risk of meeting 17 touch ground like a ship 23 just . . . out exact number we allowed for 24 sway move 25 well-appointed well-furnished; fronts confronts 31 in chief chiefly 33 routs mobs 34 guarded with rage trimmed with false bluster (and pun on rag) 35 countenanced faced out, added to; beggary beggars 36 commotion rebellion 42 see seat, throne, hence diocese 44 good letters humane scholarship 45 investments figure vestments symbolize 47 translate transform (but note the extended metaphor of language in lines 48-52)

52 point of war bugle call 55 wanton self-indulgent 57 bleed be bled (as a purgative) 60 I . . . physician I do not presume to act as the doctor (to do the bleeding; I will but "show"—line 63) 64 rank swollen 67 equal unbiased 69 griefs grievances 74 articles formal listing 83 Of . . . instance proof in every minute 87 quality substance 89 gallèd irritated 90 suborned . . . on set on to vex 92 divine see A Note on the Text, p. 685 93 brother general brother in a general sense as opposed to my brother by birth; Henry IV had executed the archbishop's brother—1 Henry IV, I.iii; see A Note on the Text, p. 685

That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times.
To lay a heavy and unequal^o hand
Upon our honors?

WESTMORELAND O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,^o
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me
Either from the king or in the present time
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restored
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,^o
Your noble and right well-rememb'ed father's?

MOWBRAY

What thing, in honor, had my father lost,
That need to be revived and breathed in me?
The king that loved him, as the state stood then,
Was force perforce^o compelled to banish him.
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,
Being mounted and both roused in their seats,^o
Their neighing coursers daring of^o the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers^o down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
Then, then, when there was nothing could have
stayed

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke—
O, when the king did throw his warder^o down
His own life hung upon the staff he threw.
Then threw he down himself and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint^o of sword
Have since miscarried^o under Bolingbroke.

WESTMORELAND

You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not
what.

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman.
Who knows on whom Fortune would then have
smiled?

But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it^o out of Coventry.^o
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him, and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
And blessed and graced—and did more than^o the
king.

But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs, to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience, and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, everything set off^o
That might so much as think you enemies.

100 **unequal** not impartial 102 **Construe** . . . **necessities** interpret the present state of things according to the forces that inevitably make them the way they are 109 **signories** lands 114 **force perforce** willy-nilly (for the trial by battle described in lines 115–37, see *Richard II*, I.iii 116 **seats** saddles 117 **daring of** ready for 118 **armed** . . . **beavers** lances at the ready, their helmet-visors 123 **warder** ceremonial baton 126 **dint** force 127 **miscarried** perished 133 **it** the prize; **Coventry** the scene of this trial by battle 137 **did more than** did so more than for 143 **set off** put aside, ignored

MOWBRAY

But he hath forced us to compel this offer, 145
And it proceeds from policy,^o not love.

WESTMORELAND

Mowbray, you overween^o to take it so.
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For, lo, within a ken^o our army lies,
Upon mine honor, all too confident 150
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle^o is more full of names^o than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armor all as strong, our cause the best.
Then reason will^o our hearts should be as good. 155
Say you not then our offer is compelled.

MOWBRAY

Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

WESTMORELAND

That argues but the shame of your offense.
A rotten^o case abides no handling.

115 HASTINGS

Hath the Prince John a full commission, 160
In very ample virtue^o of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

WESTMORELAND

That is intended in the general's name.^o
I muse^o you make so slight a question. 165

ARCHBISHOP

Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances.
Each several article herein redressed,^o
All members of our cause, both here and hence^o
That are insinewed^o to this action, 170
Acquitted by a true substantial form^o
And present execution of our wills
To us and our purposes confined,^o
We^o come within our awful banks^o again
And knit our powers to the arm of peace. 175

WESTMORELAND

This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet,
And either end in peace—which God so frame—
Or to the place of diff'rence^o call the swords
Which must decide it.

ARCHBISHOP

My lord, we will do so. 180

Exit WESTMORELAND.

MOWBRAY

There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions^o of our peace can stand.

HASTINGS

Fear you not that. If we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute

146 **policy** statecraft 147 **overween** calculate too much 149 **ken** look 152 **battle** battle line; **names** men with warlike reputations 155 **reason will** it will be reasonable that 159 **rotten** fragile (proverbial statement) 161 **In** . . . **virtue** with exactly the ample power 164 **intended** . . . **name** implicit in the king's making his son the general 165 **muse** am puzzled 168 **Each** . . . **redressed** if each . . . is redressed, etc. 169 **hence** elsewhere 170 **insinewed** bound by strong sinews 171 **substantial form** firm formal agreement 172–73 **will** . . . **confined** demands restricted (in scope) to us and our grievances 174 **We** then we; **banks** i.e., they will subside like a stream that had been in flood 179 **diff'rence** conflict 182 **conditions** provisions in the contract

As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

185

[Scene II. *The same.*]^o

MOWBRAY

Yea, but our valuation^o shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton^o reason
Shall to the king taste of this action,
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,^o
We shall be winnowed with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition.^o

ARCHBISHOP

No, no, my lord. Note this. The king is weary
Of dainty^o and such picking^o grievances.
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,^o
And therefore will he wipe his tables^o clean
And keep no telltale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows
He cannot so precisely^o weed this land
As his misdoubts^o present occasion.
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up
And hangs resolved correction^o in the arm
That was upreared to execution.

HASTINGS

Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement.
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer,^o but not hold.

ARCHBISHOP

'Tis very true.

And therefore be assured, my good Lord Marshal,
If we do now make our atonement^o well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

MOWBRAY

Be it so.

Here is returned my Lord of Westmoreland.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

WESTMORELAND

The prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance^o 'tween our armies.

Enter Prince John [of LANCASTER] and his ARMY.

MOWBRAY

Your Grace of York, in God's name then, set forward. 225

ARCHBISHOP

Before, and greet his grace, my lord; we come.

LANCASTER

You are well encount' red here, my cousin Mowbray.
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop.
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better showed with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell, 5
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text
Than now to see you here an iron^o man talking,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death. 10
That man that sits within a monarch's heart
And ripens in the sunshine of his favor,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad^o
In shadow of such greatness! With you, Lord Bishop, 15
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in His parliament,
To us th' imagined voice of God himself,
The very opener and intelligencer^o 20
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven
And our dull workings.^o O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favorite doth his prince's name, 25
In deeds dishonorable? You have ta'en up,^o
Under the counterfeited zeal^o of God,
The subjects of His substitute,^o my father,
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here upswarmed^o them.

215

ARCHBISHOP

Good my Lord of Lancaster,

30

I am not here against your father's peace,
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misord' red doth, in common sense,^o
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous^o form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace 35
The parcels^o and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the
court,
Whereon this Hydra^o son of war is born,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charmed asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires, 40
And true obedience, of this madness cured,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

MOWBRAY

If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

HASTINGS

And though we here fall down,

We have supplies to second^o our attempt. 45

If they miscarry, theirs^o shall second them,

187 valuation i.e., in the king's eyes 189 nice, and wanton petty and frivolous 191 were . . . love even if we were as faithful in love to his royal self as martyrs 194 partition dividing 196 dainty, picking finicky 197-98 to end . . . life to rid himself of one doubtful subject by executing him creates two even more treacherous foes in those who live on after the dead man 199 tables notebook 203 precisely thoroughly 204 misdoubts suspicions 211 resolved correction a check on his resolution 217 offer threaten 219 atonement becoming at one 224 just distance halfway

IV.ii.s.d. notice there should be no scene division, the action being continuous and the stage not having emptied 8 iron (1) armored (2) merciless 14 abroad open (like a cask) 20 opener and intelligencer interpreter and informant 22 workings mental operations 26 ta'en up enlisted 27 zeal with a pun on seal 28 substitute deputy 30 upswarmed made (them) swarm up 33 in common sense to anybody's senses 34 monstrous unnatural 36 parcels small parts 38 Hydra many-headed monster 45 supplies to second reinforcements to back up 46 theirs their supplies

And so success° of mischief shall be born
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
Whiles England shall have generation.°

LANCASTER

You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow, 50
To sound° the bottom of the after-times.

WESTMORELAND

Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly
How far forth you do like their articles.

LANCASTER

I like them all, and do allow them well, 55
And swear here, by the honor of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook,
And some about him have too lavishly°
Wrested° his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redressed.
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you, 60
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours. And here between the armies
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity. 65

ARCHBISHOP

I take your princely word for these redresses.

LANCASTER

I give it you, and will maintain my word.
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

[He drinks.]

HASTINGS

Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace. Let them have pay, and part.° 70
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.
[Exit OFFICER.]

ARCHBISHOP

To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.
[He drinks.]

WESTMORELAND

I pledge your grace, and, if you knew what pains
I have bestowed to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely. But my love to ye 75
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

ARCHBISHOP

I do not doubt you.

WESTMORELAND I am glad of it.

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

MOWBRAY

You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am, on the sudden, something° ill. 80

ARCHBISHOP

Against° ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

WESTMORELAND

Therefore be merry, coz, since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, "Some good thing comes to-
morrow."

ARCHBISHOP

Believe me, I am passing° light in spirit. 85

MOWBRAY

So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

Shout [within].

LANCASTER

The word of peace is rend'red. Hark, how they shout!

MOWBRAY

This had been cheerful after victory.

ARCHBISHOP

A peace is of the nature of a conquest,
For then both parties nobly are subdued, 90
And neither party loser.

LANCASTER

Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.
[Exit WESTMORELAND.]

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains°
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.°

ARCHBISHOP

Go, good Lord Hastings, 95
And, ere they be dismissed, let them march by.
[Exit HASTINGS.]

LANCASTER

I trust, lords, we shall lie tonight together.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Now cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

WESTMORELAND

The leaders, having charge from you to stand, 100
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

LANCASTER

They know their duties.

Enter HASTINGS.

HASTINGS

My lord, our army is dispersed already.
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses
East, west, north, south, or, like a school broke up, 105
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.°

WESTMORELAND

Good tidings, my Lord Hastings, for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason.
And you, Lord Archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,
Of capital° treason I attach° you both. 110

MOWBRAY

Is this proceeding just and honorable?

WESTMORELAND

Is your assembly so?

ARCHBISHOP [To LANCASTER.]

Will you thus break your faith?

LANCASTER

I pawned° thee none. 115
I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain, which, by mine honor,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly° brought here and foolishly sent hence. 120
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatt' red stray.

47 success succession 49 generation offspring 51 sound
measure the depth of 57 lavishly loosely 58 Wrested
twisted 70 part depart 80 something somewhat 81 Against
expecting 85 passing surpassingly

93 our trains those who follow us 95 coped withal been
matched with 105 sporting-place playground 109 capital
punishable by death; attach arrest 112 pawned pledged 119
Fondly foolishly

God, and not we, hath safely fought today.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene III. *The same.*]^o

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF [and COLEVILLE, meeting].
Excursions.^o

FALSTAFF What's your name, sir? Of what condition^o
are you, and of what place?

COLEVILLE I am a knight, sir, and my name is
Coleville of the Dale.^o

FALSTAFF Well, then, Coleville is your name, a knight 5
is your degree, and your place the Dale. Coleville
shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the
dungeon your place, a place deep enough. So shall
you be still Coleville of the Dale.

COLEVILLE Are not you Sir John Falstaff? 10

FALSTAFF As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do
ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat,
they are the drops of thy lovers,^o and they weep for
thy death. Therefore rouse up fear and trembling,
and do observance to my mercy. 15

COLEVILLE I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in
that thought yield me.

FALSTAFF I have a whole school^o of tongues in this
belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks
any other word but my name. And I had but a belly 20
of any indifferency,^o I were simply the most active
fellow in Europe. My womb,^o my womb, my womb
undoes^o me. Here comes our general.

*Enter [Prince] John [of LANCASTER], WESTMORE-
LAND, [BLUNT,] and the rest. Retreat [sounded].*

LANCASTER

The heat^o is past, follow no further now.

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland. 25
[*Exit WESTMORELAND.*]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When everything is ended, then you come.

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back

FALSTAFF I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be 30
thus. I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the
reward of valor. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow,
or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the
expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the
very extremest inch of possibility. I have found'red^o 35
nine score and odd posts,^o and here, travel-tainted as
I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valor, taken
Sir John Coleville of the Dale, a most furious knight
and valorous enemy. But what of that? He saw me,
and yielded, that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed 40

fellow of Rome, "There, cousin,^o I came, saw, and
overcame."

LANCASTER It was more of his courtesy than your
deserving.

FALSTAFF I know not. Here he is, and here I yield 45
him. And I beseech your grace, let it be booked with
the rest of this day's deeds, or, by the Lord, I will have
it in a particular ballad else,^o with mine own picture
on the top on't, Coleville kissing my foot. To the
which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show 50
like gilt twopences^o to^o me, and I in the clear sky of
fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the
cinders of the element,^o which show like pins' heads
to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore
let me have right, and let desert mount. 55

LANCASTER Thine's too heavy to mount.

FALSTAFF Let it shine, then.

LANCASTER Thine's too thick to shine.

FALSTAFF Let it do something, my good lord, that
may do me good, and call it what you will. 60

LANCASTER Is thy name Coleville?

COLEVILLE It is, my lord.

LANCASTER A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

FALSTAFF And a famous true subject took him.

COLEVILLE

I am, my lord, but as my betters are 65
That led me hither. Had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.
FALSTAFF I know not how they sold themselves. But
thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis,
and I thank thee for thee. 70

Enter WESTMORELAND.

LANCASTER

Now, have you left pursuit?

WESTMORELAND

Retreat is made^o and execution stayed.^o

LANCASTER

Send Coleville with his confederates

To York, to present^o execution.

Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure. 75

[*Exeunt BLUNT and others with COLEVILLE.*]

And now dispatch^o we toward the court, my lords.

I hear the king my father is sore sick.

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,

Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him,

And we with sober speed will follow you. 80

FALSTAFF

My lord, I beseech you give me leave to go

Through Gloucestershire. And when you come to court,

Stand^o my good lord in your good report.

LANCASTER

Fare you well, Falstaff. I, in my condition,^o

Shall better speak of you than you deserve. 85

[*Exeunt all but FALSTAFF.*]

IV.iii.s.d. again, there should be no scene division; see
A Note on the Text, p. 685; **Excursions** brief combats **I**
condition rank **4 Dale** deep place **13 drops . . . lovers**
teardrops of those who love you **18 school** multitude (he is
saying "my belly proclaims my identity as loudly as a multi-
tude") **21 indifferency** undistinguished quality **22 womb**
belly **23 undoes** unmans **24 heat** hot fighting **35 found'red**
lamed **36 posts** post horses (Falstaff is, after all, heavy)

41 There, cousin a gross familiarity to Prince John; the
Folio reads "their Caesar" **48 particular ballad else**
special broadside ballad otherwise **51 gilt twopences** silver
twopenny pieces, if gilded, could pass for gold half crowns;
to in comparison to **53 cinders . . . element** stars **72**
Retreat is made the order for retreat has been given;
stayed halted **74 present** immediate **76 dispatch** hurry
83 Stand act as **84 condition** present state of mind (but Fal-
staff takes his meaning as "rank")

FALSTAFF I would you had the wit. 'Twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh. But that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure 90 boys come to any proof,° for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male greensickness,° and then, when they marry, they get° wenches. They are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should 95 be too, but for inflammation.° A good sherris-sack° hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish and dull and cruddy° vapors which environ it, makes it apprehensive,° quick, forgetive,° full of nimble, fiery, and 100 delectable shapes, which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.° The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood, which, before cold and settled, left the liver° white and pale, which is the badge of 105 pusillanimity and cowardice. But the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extremes. It illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm, and then the vital commoners and inland 110 petty spirits° muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage, and this valor comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work, and learning a mere 115 hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it° and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant, for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured,° husbanded, and tilled 120 with excellent endeavor of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack. 125

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

BARDOLPH The army is discharged all and gone.

FALSTAFF Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire, and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire. I have him already temp'ring° between my finger 130 and my thumb, and shortly will I seal° with him. Come away. [Exeunt.]

91 come . . . proof stand much testing 93 green-sickness anemia common to young girls 94 get beget 96 inflammation i.e., of the spirits with liquor; sherris-sack sherry (wine from the Jerez district in Spain; "sack" is from the French, *sec* = dry) 99 cruddy curded 99-100 apprehensive quick to take in 100 forgetive begetting, procreative 102 wit intelligence 105 liver seat of the passions, including courage 110-11 vital . . . spirits fluids within the body that give it life and motion 116-17 commences it gives it a university degree (licensing it to act) 120 manured tilled by hand 130 temp'ring softening (like sealing wax) 131 seal (1) squeeze (2) close the deal

[Scene IV. Westminster.]

Enter the KING, WARWICK, KENT, Thomas Duke of CLARENCE, Humphrey [Duke] of GLOUCESTER, [and others].

KING

Now, lords, if God doth give successful end To this debate that bleedeth at our doors, We will our youth lead on to higher fields And draw no swords but what are sanctified.° Our navy is addressed,° our power° collected, 5 Our substitutes in absence well invested,° And everything lies level° to our wish. Only, we want° a little personal strength And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot, Come underneath the yoke of government. 10

WARWICK

Both which we doubt not but your majesty Shall soon enjoy.

KING

Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,

Where is the prince your brother?

GLOUCESTER

I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

KING

And how accompanied?

GLOUCESTER

I do not know, my lord. 15

KING

Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

GLOUCESTER

No, my good lord, he is in presence° here.

CLARENCE

What would my lord and father?

KING

Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence. How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother? 20 He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him Thomas; Thou hast a better place in his affection Than all thy brothers. Cherish it, my boy, And noble offices thou mayst effect Of mediation, after I am dead, 25 Between his greatness and thy other brethren. Therefore omit him not, blunt not his love, Nor lose the good advantage of his grace By seeming cold or careless of his will. For he is gracious,° if he be observed.° 30 He hath a tear for pity and a hand Open as day for meeting charity. Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint, As humorous° as winter and as sudden As flaws congealèd° in the spring of day. 35 His temper, therefore, must be well observed. Chide him for faults, and do it reverently, When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth, But, being moody, give him time and scope, Till that his passions, like a whale on ground, 40 Confound° themselves with working.° Learn this, Thomas,

IV.iv.4 sanctified i.e., in a crusade 5 addressed at the ready; power army 6 invested clothed (with authority) 7 level according 8 want lack 17 presence the royal presence 30 gracious full of royal grace; observed respected 34 humorous given to whims 35 flaws congealèd snowstorms turned to sleet 41 Confound defeat; working acting out

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion°—
As, force perforce,° the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum° or rash gunpowder.

CLARENCE

I shall observe him with all care and love.

KING

Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas? 50

CLARENCE

He is not there today. He dines in London.

KING

And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?

CLARENCE

With Poins and other his continual followers.

KING

Most subject is the fattest° soil to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth, 55
Is overspread with them. Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape
In forms imaginary th' unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon 60
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage° and hot blood are his counselors,
When means and lavish manners° meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections° fly 65
Towards fronting° peril and opposed decay!

WARWICK

My gracious lord, you look beyond° him quite.
The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word 70
Be looked upon and learned, which once attained,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers, and their memory 75
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete° the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

KING

'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.° Who's here? Westmoreland? 80

Enter WESTMORELAND.

WESTMORELAND

Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver.
Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's hand.
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all 85
Are brought to the correction of your law.
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,

But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course° of his particular. 90

KING

O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch° of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter HARCOURT.

Look, here's more news.

HARCOURT

From enemies, heavens keep your majesty,
And, when they stand against you, may they fall 95
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the shrieve° of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight 100
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

KING

And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still° in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach° and no food— 105
Such are the poor, in health—or else a feast
And takes away the stomach—such are the rich
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy. 110
O me! Come near me. Now I am much ill.

GLOUCESTER

Comfort, your majesty!

CLARENCE

O my royal father!

WESTMORELAND

My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.

WARWICK

Be patient, princes. You do know these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary. 115
Stand from him, give him air, he'll straight° be well.

CLARENCE

No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs.
Th' incessant care and labor of his mind
Hath wrought the mure° that should confine it in
So thin that life looks through and will break out. 120

GLOUCESTER

The people fear me,° for they do observe
Unfathered° heirs and loathly° births off nature.
The seasons change their manners, as° the year
Had found some months asleep and leaped them over.

CLARENCE

The river° hath thrice flowed,° no ebb between, 125
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward,° sicked and died.

WARWICK

Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

45 suggestion insinuations 46 force perforce willy-nilly 48
aconitum wolfsbane (a poison) 54 fattest richest 63 rage
passion 64 lavish manners loose behavior 65 affections
desires 66 fronting confronting 67 look beyond misjudge,
i.e., you look further into the future than the evidence warrants
77 mete measure, judge 79–80 'Tis . . . carrion The bee
who has created sweetness in rottenness rarely abandons it

90 course occurrence 92 haunch back portion 99 shrieve
sheriff 104 still ever 105 stomach appetite 116 straight
straightway 119 wrought the mure worked the wall 121
fear me make me fear 122 Unfathered supernaturally
begotten; loathly monstrous 123 as as if 125 river Thames;
flowed flooded 128 Edward Edward III

GLOUCESTER

This apoplexy will certain be his end.

KING

I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber. Softly, pray.[*They bear him to another part of the stage.*][Scene V. *The same.*]

[KING]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Unless some dull and favorable^o hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

WARWICK

Call for the music in the other room.

KING

Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

CLARENCE

His eye is hollow, and he changes^o much.

WARWICK

Less noise, less noise!

Enter [PRINCE] *Harry.*

PRINCE

Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

CLARENCE

I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

PRINCE

How now! Rain^o within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

GLOUCESTER

Exceeding ill.

PRINCE

Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

GLOUCESTER

He altered much upon the hearing it.

PRINCE

If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.

WARWICK

Not so much noise, my lords. Sweet prince, speak low. 15
The king your father is disposed to sleep.

CLARENCE

Let us withdraw into the other room.

WARWICK

Will't please your grace to go along with us?

PRINCE

No, I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but PRINCE Hal.*]Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow, 20
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polished perturbation! Golden care!

That keep'st the ports^o of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet 25

As he whose brow with homely biggen^o bound

IV.v.s.d. the stage is not emptied, the king being lifted onto a bed and moved to the inner stage or another part of the outer stage, and the quarto and the Folio indicate no scene division; the conventional nineteenth-century scene division is superfluous 2 dull and favorable drowsy and kindly 6 changes changes color 9 Rain tears 23 ports city gates (as the eyes are to the mind) 26 biggen nightcap

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

130

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,

That scald'st with safety.^o By his gates of breath^o 30

There lies a downy feather which stirs not.

Did he suspire,^o that light and weightless down

Perforce must move. My gracious lord, my father!

This sleep is sound indeed. This is a sleep

That from this golden rigol^o hath divorced 35

So many English kings. Thy due from me

Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,

Which nature, love, and filial tenderness

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously.

My due from thee is this imperial crown, 40

Which, as immediate from^o thy place and blood,Derives^o itself to me. [*Puts on the crown.*] Lo, where it
sits,Which God shall guard. And put the world's whole
strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force

This lineal^o honor from me. This from thee 45Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. *Exit.*KING [*Waking.*]

Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE.

CLARENCE

Doth the king call?

WARWICK

What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

KING

Why did you leave me here alone, my lords? 50

CLARENCE

We left the prince my brother here, my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

KING

The Prince of Wales! Where is he? Let me see him.

He is not here.

WARWICK

This door is open. He is gone this way. 55

GLOUCESTER

He came not through the chamber where we stayed.

KING

Where is the crown? Who took it from my pillow?

WARWICK

When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

KING

The prince hath ta'en it hence. Go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose 60

My sleep my death?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick, chide him hither.

[*Exit* WARWICK.]This part^o of his conjoins with my disease

And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt 65

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish overcareful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts,

Their brains with care, their bones with industry.

30 scald'st with safety scorches while it protects; gates of breath lips 32 suspire breathe 35 rigol circle 41 as immediate from as nothing is between me and 42 Derives flows down 45 lineal inherited (as against taken) 63 part act

For this they have engrossèd° and piled up
 The cank' red° heaps of strange-achievèd° gold;
 For this they have been thoughtful° to invest
 Their sons with arts° and martial exercises.
 When, like the bee, culling from every flower
 The virtuous sweets, our thighs packed with wax,
 Our mouths with honey, we bring it to the hive,
 And, like the bees, are murdered for our pains.
 This bitter taste yields his engrossments°
 To the ending father.

Enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
 Till his friend sickness hath determinèd° me?

WARWICK

My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
 Washing with kindly° tears his gentle cheeks,
 With such a deep demeanor° in great sorrow
 That tyranny, which never quaffed but blood,
 Would, by beholding him, have washed his knife
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

KING

But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Enter [PRINCE] Harry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

Exeunt [WARWICK and the others].

PRINCE

I never thought to hear you speak again.

KING

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
 I stay too long by thee,° I weary thee.
 Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honors
 Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
 Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
 Stay but a little, for my cloud of dignity
 Is held from falling with so weak a wind°
 That it will quickly drop. My day is dim.
 Thou hast stol'n that which after some few hours
 Were thine without offense, and at my death
 Thou hast sealed up° my expectation.
 Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
 And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 To stab at half an hour of my life.
 What! Canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
 Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
 That thou art crownèd, not that I am dead.
 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
 Be drops of balm° to sanctify thy head.
 Only compound° me with forgotten dust.
 Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.

70

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees,

For now a time is come to mock at form.°

Harry the Fifth is crowned. Up, vanity!

Down, royal state! All you sage counselors, hence!

120

And to the English court assemble now,

From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbor confines,° purge you of your scum.

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit

125

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more.

England shall double gild his treble guilt,

England shall give him office, honor, might,

For the fifth Harry from curbed license plucks

130

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog

Shall flesh° his tooth on every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!

When that my care could not withhold thy riots,

85

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?

135

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,

Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

PRINCE

O, pardon me, my liege! But for my tears,

The moist impediments unto my speech,

I had forestalled this dear° and deep rebuke

140

Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard

The course of it so far. There is your crown,

And He that wears the crown immortally

Long guard it yours. If I affect° it more

Than as your honor and as your renown,

145

Let me no more from this obedience° rise,

Which my most inward true and duteous spirit

Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.

God witness with me, when I here came in,

And found no course° of breath within your majesty,

150

How cold it struck my heart. If I do feign,

O, let me in my present wildness die

And never live to show th' incredulous world

The noble change that I have purposed.

Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,

100

155

And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,

I spake unto this crown as having sense,

And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending

Hath fed upon the body of my father.

Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold.

105

160

Other, less fine in carat,° is more precious,

Preserving life in medicine potable,°

But thou, most fine, most honored, most renowned,

Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head,

110

165

To try with it, as with an enemy

That had before my face murdered my father,

The quarrel of a true inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with joy,

Or swell my thoughts to any strain° of pride,

115

170

If any rebel or vain spirit of mine

Did with the least affection of a welcome

70 engrossèd bought up 71 cank' red (1) rusting (2) malignant;
 strange-achievèd hard-won 72 thoughtful careful 73 arts
 liberal arts 78 yields his engrossments his accumulations
 yield 81 determinèd ended 83 kindly natural 84 deep
 demeanor intense manner 93 by thee (1) with thee (2) in thy
 opinion 99 wind breath 103 sealed up confirmed 114
 balm coronation oil 115 Only compound just mix

118 form order 123 neighbor confines nearby regions
 132 flesh sink in flesh 140 dear heartfelt 144 affect desire
 146 obedience low curtsy 150 course occurrence 161 carat
 with pun on charact, character 162 medicine potable gold
 in solution (prescribed as medicine) 170 strain musical theme
 (i.e., feeling)

Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God forever keep it from my head
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

KING

O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest^o counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what bypaths and indirect crooked ways
I met^o this crown, and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation,
For all the soil^o of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seemed in me
But as an honor snatched with boisterous^o hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances,
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears^o
Thou see'st with peril I have answered,
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument.^o And now my death
Changes the mood,^o for what in me was purchased^o
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort,
So thou the garland wear'st successively.^o
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green.^o
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out,
By whose fell^o working I was first advanced
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced. Which to avoid,
I cut them off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near^o unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne out,^o
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive,
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

PRINCE

My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me.
Then plain and right must my possession be,
Which I with more than with a common pain^o
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter [Prince John of] LANCASTER [and WARWICK].

182 latest last 185 met i.e., as one meets one's fate 189 soil dirt 191 boisterous rough 195 fears things causing fear 198 argument plot (in a play) 199 mood punning on *mode*; purchased a legal term: acquired by deed rather than inheritance 201 successively by hereditary succession 203 green fresh and growing 206 fell fierce 211-12 look Too near (1) examine (2) aspire too closely 214 hence borne out carried on elsewhere 223 pain effort (and note the formal rhymes)

KING

Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

225

175 LANCASTER

Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!

KING

Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John,
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, withered trunk. Upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

180

230

PRINCE

My Lord of Warwick!

KING

Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

185

WARWICK

'Tis called "Jerusalem,"^o my noble lord.

KING

Laud^o be to God! Even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years
I should not die but "in Jerusalem,"
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie.
In that "Jerusalem" shall Harry die.

190

235

195

[Exeunt.] 240

[A C T V]

[Scene I. *Justice Shallow's home.*]

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, and BARDOLPH [and PAGE].

SHALLOW By cock and pie,^o sir, you shall not away tonight. What, Davy, I say!

FALSTAFF You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

SHALLOW I will not excuse you. You shall not be excused. Excuses shall not be admitted. There is no excuse shall serve. You shall not be excused. Why, Davy!

[Enter DAVY.]

DAVY Here, sir.

SHALLOW Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy. Let me see, Davy, let me see. Yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

DAVY Marry, sir, thus, those precepts^o cannot be served. And, again, sir, shall we sow the headland^o with wheat?

SHALLOW With red wheat,^o Davy. But for William cook—are there no young pigeons?

DAVY Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note^o for shoeing and plow-irons.

20

234 Jerusalem Holinshed states correctly that the "Jerusalem chamber" is in Westminster Abbey, not Westminster Palace; Shakespeare leaves the setting of IV.iv and IV.v ambiguous until this line—see the stage direction at IV.iv.1 235 Laud praise

V.i.1 By . . . pie a mild oath 14 precepts orders 15 headland unploughed strip between two ploughed fields 17 red wheat sown in late August 19 note bill

SHALLOW Let it be cast^o and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

DAVY Now, sir, a new link to the bucket^o must needs be had. And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley 25 Fair?^o

SHALLOW 'A shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws,^o tell William cook.

DAVY Doth the man of war stay all night, sir? 30

SHALLOW Yea, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' th' court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves and will backbite.

DAVY No worse than they are backbitten,^o sir, for 35 they have marvelous foul linen.

SHALLOW Well conceited,^o Davy. About thy business, Davy.

DAVY I beseech you, sir, to countenance^o William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes o' th' hill. 40

SHALLOW There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor. That Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

DAVY I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir, but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some 45 countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years—and I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out^o a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little 50 credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir. Therefore, I beseech you, let him be countenanced.

SHALLOW Go to, I say he shall have no wrong. Look about,^o Davy! [Exit DAVY.] Where are you, Sir 55 John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

BARDOLPH I am glad to see your worship.

SHALLOW I thank thee with my heart, kind Master Bardolph. [To the PAGE.] And welcome, my tall 60 fellow. Come, Sir John.

FALSTAFF I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [Exit SHALLOW.] Bardolph, look to our horses. [Exeunt BARDOLPH and PAGE.] If I were sawed into quantities,^o I should make four dozen of such 65 bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence^o of his men's spirits and his. They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices. He, by conversing with them, is turned into a justicelike serving- 70 man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society^o that they flock together in consent,^o like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humor his men with the imputation of being near their master. If to his men, 75 I would curry^o with Master Shallow that no man

could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing^o or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another. Therefore let men take heed of their company.^o I will devise matter 80 enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms,^o or two actions,^o and 'a shall laugh without intervallums.^o O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a 85 fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!^o

SHALLOW [Within.] Sir John!

FALSTAFF I come, Master Shallow. I come, Master 90 Shallow. [Exit.]

[Scene II. London.]

Enter the Earl of WARWICK and the Lord CHIEF JUSTICE [meeting].

WARWICK

How now, my Lord Chief Justice! Whither away?

CHIEF JUSTICE

How doth the king?

WARWICK

Exceeding well. His cares are now all ended.

CHIEF JUSTICE

I hope, not dead.

WARWICK

He's walked the way of nature, And to our^o purposes he lives no more. 5

CHIEF JUSTICE

I would his majesty had called me with him. The service that I truly^o did his life Hath left me open to all injuries.

WARWICK

Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

CHIEF JUSTICE

I know he doth not, and do arm myself 10 To welcome the condition of the time, Which cannot look more hideously upon me Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter [Prince] John [of LANCASTER], Thomas [of CLARENCE], and Humphrey [of GLOUCESTER].

WARWICK

Here come the heavy issue^o of dead Harry. O that the living Harry had the temper^o 15 Of he,^o the worst of these three gentlemen! How many nobles then should hold their places That must strike^o sail to spirits of vile sort!

CHIEF JUSTICE

O God, I fear all will be overturned!

LANCASTER

Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow. 20

21 cast checked 23 link . . . bucket chain link for the yoke 25–26 Hinckley Fair held on August 26, thirty miles northeast of Stratford 29 kickshaws fancy things (French, *quelque chose*) 35 backbitten i.e., with lice 37 conceited conceived 39 countenance show favor to 49 bear out help out 54–55 Look about look sharp! 65 quantities lengths 67 semblable coherence visible similarity 72 society association 73 in consent unanimously 76 curry curry favor

78 bearing behavior 80 take . . . company ironical, coming from Falstaff 83 terms court sessions (four in the year); actions lawsuits 84 intervallums intersessions 88 ill laid up put away wrinkled V.ii.5 our living men's as contrasted to God's 7 truly faithfully 14 heavy issue grieving sons 15 temper temperament 16 he whoever is 18 strike lower (i.e., submit to pirates)

GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE

Good morrow, cousin.

LANCASTER

We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

WARWICK

We do remember, but our argument^o
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

LANCASTER

Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy. 25

CHIEF JUSTICE

Peace be with us, lest we be heavier.

GLOUCESTER

O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed,
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow—it is sure your own.

LANCASTER

Though no man be assured what grace to find, 30
You stand in coldest expectation.
I am the sorrier. Would 'twere otherwise.

CLARENCE

Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair,
Which swims against your stream of quality.^o

CHIEF JUSTICE

Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor, 35
Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul,
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestalled remission.^o
If truth and upright innocence fail me, 40
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

WARWICK

Here comes the prince.

Enter the prince [as KING Henry the Fifth] and BLUNT.

CHIEF JUSTICE

Good morrow, and God save your majesty!

KING

This new and gorgeous garment, majesty, 45
Sits not so easy on me as you think.
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear.
This is the English, not the Turkish court.
Not Amurath^o an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you. 50
Sorrow so royally in you appears^o
That I will deeply^o put the fashion on
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad,
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden paid upon us all. 55
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,
I'll be your father and your brother too.
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I,
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears 60
By number into hours of happiness.

BROTHERS

We hope no otherwise from your majesty.

23 argument situation 34 swims . . . quality goes against
the current of your disposition and rank 38 ragged . . .
remission beggarly and already prevented pardon 48
Amurath Amurath IV of Turkey strangled his brothers on
his accession in 1574 51 appears they are wearing black, he
royal red 52 deeply (1) solemnly (2) within

KING

You all look strangely on me. [*To the CHIEF JUSTICE.*]

And you most.

You are, I think, assured I love you not.

CHIEF JUSTICE

I am assured, if I be measured rightly, 65
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

KING

No?

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! Rate,^o rebuke, and roughly send to prison 70
Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy?^o
May this be washed in Lethe,^o and forgotten?

CHIEF JUSTICE

I then did use the person^o of your father.
The image of his power lay then in me.
And, in th' administration of his law, 75
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleasèd to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment. 80
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority
And did commit^o you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought? 85
To pluck down justice from your awful^o bench?
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person?
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body?^o 90
Question your royal thoughts. Make the case yours.
Be now the father and propose^o a son:
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdained, 95
And then imagine me taking your part
And in your power soft silencing your son.
After this cold considerance,^o sentence me,
And, as you are a king, speak in your state^o
What I have done that misbecame my place, 100
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

KING

You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well.
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword.
And I do wish your honors may increase, 105
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you—and obey you—as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
"Happy am I, that have a man so bold
That dares do justice on my proper^o son, 110
And not less happy, having such a son
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice." You did commit me.

70 Rate berate 71 easy unimportant (the legend was well
known; see above, note to I.ii.55–56) 72 Lethe the river
of forgetfulness in Hades 73 use the person act in the character
83 commit send to prison 86 awful causing awe 90 in . . .
body i.e., one who uses your person (see line 73) 92 propose
put the case of (legal term) 98 cold considerance cool con-
sideration 99 state station 109 proper own

For, which, I do commit into your hand
 Th' unstained sword that you have used to bear,
 With this remembrance,^o that you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
 You shall be as a father to my youth.
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practiced wise directions.
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you,
 My father is gone wild^o into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections,^o
 And with his spirits^o sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectation of the world,
 To frustrate prophecies, and to raze^o out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming.^o The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flowed in vanity till now.
 Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods^o
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament.
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best-governed nation;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us,
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
 Our coronation done, we will accite,^o
 As I before rememb'red,^o all our state,^o
 And, God consigning^o to my good intents,
 No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
 God shorten Harry's happy life one day!
Exit [with the rest].

[Scene III. Justice Shallow's home.]

Enter Sir John [FALSTAFF], SHALLOW, SILENCE,
 DAVY, BARDOLPH, PAGE.

SHALLOW Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in
 an arbor, we will eat a last year's pippin^o of mine own
 grafting,^o with a dish of caraways,^o and so forth.
 Come, cousin Silence. And then to bed.
 FALSTAFF 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling
 and a rich.
 SHALLOW Barren, barren, barren. Beggars all, beggars
 all, Sir John. Marry, good air. Spread, Davy, spread,
 Davy. Well said, Davy.
 FALSTAFF This Davy serves you for good uses. He is
 your servingman and your husband.^o
 SHALLOW A good varlet,^o a good varlet, a very good
 varlet, Sir John. By the mass, I have drunk too much

sack at supper. A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit
 down. Come, cousin. 15

115 SILENCE Ah, sirrah, quoth-a,^o we shall
 [Sings.]

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
 And praise God for the merry year,
 When flesh^o is cheap and females dear,
 And lusty lads roam here and there 20
 So merrily,

And ever among so merrily.
 FALSTAFF There's a merry heart! Good Master
 Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.
 SHALLOW Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy. 25
 DAVY Sweet sir, sit, I'll be with you anon. Most sweet
 sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. [Makes
 them sit down, at another table.] Proface!^o What you
 want^o in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must
 bear,^o the heart's all. [Exit.] 30

SHALLOW Be merry, Master Bardolph, and, my little
 soldier there, be merry.

SILENCE [Sings.]
 135 Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,
 For women are shrews, both short and tall.
 'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all, 35
 And welcome merry Shrovetide.^o
 Be merry, be merry.

140 FALSTAFF I did not think Master Silence had been a
 man of this mettle.

SILENCE Who, I? I have been merry^o twice and once 40
 ere now.

Enter DAVY.

DAVY [To BARDOLPH.] There's a dish of leather-
 coats^o for you.

SHALLOW Davy!

DAVY Your worship! [To BARDOLPH.] I'll be with 45
 you straight.—A cup of wine, sir?

SILENCE [Sings.]
 A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,
 And drink unto the leman^o mine,
 And a merry heart lives long-a.

FALSTAFF Well said, Master Silence. 50

SILENCE [Sings.] And we shall be merry, now comes
 in the sweet o' the night.

FALSTAFF Health and long life to you, Master
 Silence.

SILENCE [Sings.]
 Fill the cup, and let it come, 55
 I'll pledge you a mile^o to th' bottom.

SHALLOW Honest Bardolph, welcome. If thou
 want'st anything, and wilt not call, beshrew^o thy
 heart. [To the PAGE.] Welcome, my little tiny thief,
 and welcome indeed too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, 60
 and to all the cabileros^o about London.

DAVY I hope to see London once ere I die.

16 quoth-a said he 19 flesh meat (with a ribald second sense)
 28 Proface a dinner welcome 29 want lack 30 bear endure
 36 Shrovetide period of feasting just before Lent 40 merry
 tipsy (?) 42-43 leather-coats russet apples 48 leman sweet-
 heart 56 pledge . . . mile drink in one draught though it
 were a mile deep 58 beshrew cursed be 61 cabileros
 cavaliers

115 remembrance entry in the records (legal term) 123
 wild uncivilized 124 affections appetites 125 spirits
 character (based on his humors) 127 raze erase 129 my
 seeming the way I seem outwardly 132 state of floods
 majesty of the ocean 141 accite summon 142 rememb'red
 noted (cf. line 115); state great men of the land 143 con-
 signing signing ratification (legal term; notice Hal's know-
 ledge of different "languages")
 V.iii.2 pippin type of apple 3 grafting grafting; caraways
 caraway seeds 11 husband housemanager 12 varlet servant

BARDOLPH And I might see you there, Davy—

SHALLOW By the mass, you'll crack° a quart together,
ha! Will you not, Master Bardolph? 65

BARDOLPH Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.°

SHALLOW By God's liggens,° I thank thee. The
knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. 'A will
not out,° 'a. 'Tis true bred.

BARDOLPH And I'll stick by him, sir. 70

One knocks at door.

SHALLOW Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing.
Be merry. Look who's at door there, ho! Who
knocks? [Exit DAVY.]

FALSTAFF [To SILENCE, seeing him drinking.] Why,
now you have done me right.° 75

SILENCE [Kneels, drinks and sings.]
Do me right,
And dub me knight.°
Samingo.°

Is't not so?

FALSTAFF 'Tis so. 80

SILENCE Is't so? Why then, say an old man can do
somewhat.

[Enter DAVY.]

DAVY And't please your worship, there's one Pistol
come from the court with news.

FALSTAFF From the court! Let him come in. 85

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol!

PISTOL Sir John, God save you!

FALSTAFF What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

PISTOL Not the ill wind which blows no man to
good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest 90
men in this realm.

SILENCE By'r lady, I think 'a be, but goodman Puff°
of Barson.

PISTOL Puff!°

Puff i' thy teeth, most recreant coward base! 95
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring and lucky joys
And golden times and happy news of price.

FALSTAFF I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of 100
this world.°

PISTOL

A foutra° for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa° and golden joys.

FALSTAFF

O base Assyrian° knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua° know the truth thereof. 105

64 crack split, share 66 pottle-pot two-quart tankard
67 By God's liggens an oath of unknown meaning, possibly
because Shallow is tipsy 69 out pass out 75 done me right
pledged to my pledge 77 knight drinking a deep draught
while kneeling entitled one to be called "knight" 78 Samingo
Monsieur Mingo, the hero of the song 92 but goodman Puff
except for yeoman Puff (whose name suggests a shape and size
as "great" as Falstaff's) 94 Puff swaggerer 100-01 man
. . . world ordinary man 102 foutra French, foutre,
accompanied by an indecent gesture 103 Africa where the
gold comes from 104 Assyrian pun on ass (?) (Falstaff adopts
Pistol's style in hopes of communicating with him) 105
Cophetua African king in a famous ballad

SILENCE [Sings.]

"And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John."

PISTOL

Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?°

And shall good news be baffled?°

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

SHALLOW Honest gentleman, I know not your 110
breeding.

PISTOL Why then, lament therefore.°

SHALLOW Give me pardon, sir. If, sir, you come with
news from the court, I take it there's but two ways,
either to utter them, or conceal them. I am, sir, 115
under the king, in some authority.

PISTOL

Under which king, Besonian?° Speak, or die.

SHALLOW

Under King Harry.

PISTOL

Harry the Fourth, or Fifth?

SHALLOW

Harry the Fourth.

PISTOL

A foutra for thine office!°

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king. 120

Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth.

When Pistol lies, do this,° and fig me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

FALSTAFF

What, is the old king dead?

PISTOL

As nail in door. The things I speak are just. 125

FALSTAFF Away, Bardolph! Saddle my horse. Master
Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the
land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge° thee with
dignities.

BARDOLPH

O joyful day! 130

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

PISTOL

What! I do bring good news.°

FALSTAFF Carry Master Silence to bed. Master
Shallow, my Lord Shallow—be what thou wilt, I am
fortune's steward! Get on thy boots! We'll ride all 135
night! O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! [Exit
BARDOLPH.] Come, Pistol, utter more to me, and
withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot,
boot, Master Shallow. I know the young king is sick
for me. Let us take any man's horses;° the laws of 140
England are at my commandment. Blessed are they
that have been my friends, and woe to my Lord Chief
Justice!

PISTOL

Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

"Where is the life that late I led?"° say they. 145

Why, here it is. Welcome these pleasant days!

Exit [with the rest].

107 Helicons poets (?) 108 baffled treated shamefully 112
therefore for that 117 Besonian beggarly recruit 119 thine
office the king's death terminated Shallow's appointment 122
do this make an insulting gesture, the "fig," by putting the
thumb between the index and third fingers 128 double-
charge twice-load (a pistol) 132 What! . . . news a knight-
hood is evidently not enough for Pistol or perhaps he is
responding to Silence's sudden collapse 140 take . . . horses
"press" them (for they are on the king's service) 145 Where
. . . led scrap of an old song

[Scene IV. London.]

Enter BEADLE° and three or four OFFICERS [with HOSTESS Quickly and DOLL Tearsheet].

HOSTESS No, thou arrant knave, I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged.° Thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

BEADLE The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer,° I warrant 5 her. There hath been a man or two killed about° her.

DOLL Nut-hook,° nut-hook, you lie. Come on, I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged° rascal, and the child I go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced° villain. 10

HOSTESS O the Lord, that Sir John were come! I would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!°

BEADLE If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again. You have but eleven° now. Come, I charge 15 you both go with me, for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

DOLL I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer,° I will have you as soundly swung° for this—you blue-bottle° rogue, you filthy famished correctioner, if you 20 be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.°

BEADLE Come, come, you she-knight-errant, come.

HOSTESS O God, that right should thus overcome might!° Well, of sufferance° comes ease.

DOLL Come, you rogue, come. Bring me to a justice. 25

HOSTESS Ay, come, you starved bloodhound.

DOLL Goodman death, goodman bones!

HOSTESS Thou atomy,° thou!

DOLL Come, you thin thing! Come, you rascal!°

BEADLE Very well. [Exeunt.] 30

[Scene V. London.]

Enter STREWERS of rushes.

FIRST STREWER More rushes, more rushes!°

SECOND STREWER The trumpets have sounded twice.

THIRD STREWER 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Dispatch, dispatch. 5 [Exeunt.]

Trumpets sound, and the KING and his TRAIN pass over the stage. After them enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the boy [PAGE].

V.iv.s.d. Beadle parish officer (who punished petty offenders) 2 **hanged** for murdering me 5 **whipping-cheer** hospitality of the whip 6 **about** (1) because of, or (2) in the presence of 7 **Nut-hook** slang for the "catchpole" carried by beadles 8 **tripe-visaged** pock-marked 10 **paper-faced** thin and pale 13 **miscarry** she goes along with Doll's threat 15 **eleven** Doll having used one to simulate pregnancy 18 **thin . . . censer** figure of a man stamped on the lid of a pan for burning incense (?) 19 **swung** beaten 19–20 **blue-bottle** beadles, like modern policemen, wore blue coats 21 **half-kirtles** skirts 23–24 **O . . . might** a typical Quickly blunder 24 **of sufferance** out of suffering (but "sufferance" means tolerance) 28 **atomy** atom (does she mean *anatomy* = cadaver?) 29 **rascal** lean dear

V.v.i **rushes** the usual floor covering; here, strewn in the streets

FALSTAFF Stand here by me, Master Shallow. I will make the king do you grace.° I will leer° upon him as 'a comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

PISTOL God bless thy lungs, good knight. 10

FALSTAFF Come here, Pistol, stand behind me. [To SHALLOW.] O, if I had had time to have made new liveries,° I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better. This doth infer° the zeal I had to see him. 15

PISTOL It doth so.

FALSTAFF It shows my earnestness of affection—

PISTOL It doth so.

FALSTAFF My devotion—

PISTOL It doth, it doth, it doth. 20

FALSTAFF As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me°—

SHALLOW It is best, certain.

FALSTAFF But to stand stained with travel, and 25 sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

PISTOL 'Tis "semper idem,"° for "obsque hoc nihil est."° 'Tis all in every part.° 30

SHALLOW 'Tis so, indeed.

PISTOL

My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,°

And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,

Is in base durance and contagious° prison, 35

Haled thither by most mechanical° and dirty hand.

Rouse up revenge from ebon° den with fell Alecto's° snake,

For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

FALSTAFF

I will deliver her.

PISTOL

There roared the sea, and trumpet clangor sounds. 40

[Trumpets sound.] *Enter the KING and his TRAIN [including the Lord CHIEF JUSTICE].*

FALSTAFF

God save thy grace, King Hal, my royal Hal!

PISTOL

The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp° of fame!

FALSTAFF

God save thee, my sweet boy!

KING

My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

CHIEF JUSTICE

Have you your wits? Know you what 'tis you speak? 45

7 **do you grace** show you favor; **leer** glance slyly (instead of reverently bowing his head) 13 **liveries** servants' uniforms 15 **infer** imply 23 **shift me** change my clothes 29 **semper idem** ever the same 29–30 **obsque . . . est** without this, nothing (both phrases are mottoes, the second garbled 30 **all . . . part** absolute (another motto) 32 **liver** seat of the passions (love as well as rage) 35 **contagious** pestilential 36 **mechanical** working-class 37 **ebon** black; **Alecto** one of the Furies 42 **imp** (1) scion (2) graft (in falconry or gardening—that which adds to)

FALSTAFF

My king! My Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

KING

I know thee not,° old man. Fall to thy prayers.

How ill white hairs becomes a fool and jester!

I have long dreamt of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane,

But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence,° and more thy grace.

Leave gormandizing. Know the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born° jest.

Presume not that I am the thing I was,

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turned away my former self.

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots.

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life° I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evils.

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will, according to your strengths and qualities,

Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,

To see performed the tenor of my word.

Set on. [Exeunt the KING and his TRAIN.]

FALSTAFF Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

SHALLOW Yea, marry, Sir John, which I beseech you 75 to let me have home with me.

FALSTAFF That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this. I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that 80 shall make you great.

SHALLOW I cannot perceive how, unless you give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand. 85

FALSTAFF Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard was but a color.°

SHALLOW A color° that I fear you will die° in, Sir John.

FALSTAFF Fear no colors.° Go with me to dinner. 90 Come, Lieutenant° Pistol. Come, Bardolph. I shall be sent for soon at night.°

Enter [Lord CHIEF] JUSTICE and Prince John [of LANCASTER, and OFFICERS].

CHIEF JUSTICE

Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.°

Take all his company along with him.

47 I . . . not see Matthew 25:10-12 52 hence henceforth 55 fool-born note the pun 66 competence of life allowance for necessities 87 color pretense 88 color punning on choler, and collar, i.e., noose); die punning on dye 90 colors enemy flags (a proverb) 91 Lieutenant note the promotion 92 soon at night at early evening 93 Fleet prison for distinguished prisoners temporarily detained for inquiry ("I will hear you soon"—line 96)

FALSTAFF

My lord, my lord—

95

CHIEF JUSTICE

I cannot now speak. I will hear you soon.

Take them away.

PISTOL

50 "Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta."°

Exeunt [all but Prince John of LANCASTER and the CHIEF JUSTICE].

LANCASTER

I like this fair proceeding of the king's.

55 He hath intent his wonted° followers

100

Shall all be very well provided for,

But all are banished till their conversations

Appear more wise and modest to the world.

CHIEF JUSTICE

60 And so they are.

LANCASTER

The king hath called his parliament, my lord.

105

CHIEF JUSTICE

He hath.

65 LANCASTER

I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,

We bear our civil swords° and native fire

As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,

Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.

110

Come, will you hence?

[Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE °

[Spoken by a DANCER.]

First my fear,° then my curtsy, last my speech. My fear is your displeasure; my curtsy my duty; and my speech to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo° me, for what I have to say is of mine own making, and what indeed I should say 5 will, I doubt,° prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play,° to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with 10 this, which, if like an ill venture° it come unluckily home, I break,° and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be and here I commit my body to your mercies. Bate me some° and I will pay you some and, as most debtors do, promise you 15 infinitely, and so I kneel down before you, but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? And yet that were

98 Si . . . contenta if fortune torments me, hope contents me 100 wonted customary 108 civil swords swords presently used in civil war

Epilogue evidently, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, a mingling of epilogues: the first paragraph is for one occasion, the second and third for another, and epilogues for any occasion could be built up out of separate parts 1 fear stage fright (pretended) 4 undo ruin 6 doubt fear 9 displeasing play unidentified 11 venture business venture 12 break (1) break my promise (2) go bankrupt 14 Bate me some forgive part of my debt

but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a
good conscience will make any possible satisfaction,
and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have for-
given me.²⁰ If the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen
do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never
seen in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too
much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will
continue the story, with Sir John in it,²⁵ and make you
merry with fair Katharine of France. Where, for any-
thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless³⁰
already 'a be killed with your hard opinions, for

22-23 have forgiven me perhaps the Epilogue was spoken
by the Page **28 Sir . . . it** but Falstaff does not appear in
Henry V

Oldcastle^o died martyr, and this is not the man. My
tongue is weary. When my legs are too, I will bid you
good night.

[End with a dance.]

32 Oldcastle Sir John Oldcastle was the name of the prince's
boon companion in the source play, *The Famous Victories of*
Henry V, and, evidently, in Shakespeare's first versions of the
Henry IV plays. *Old.* appears as a speech tag at quarto 2
Henry IV, I.ii.125. (See also 1 *Henry IV*, I.ii.42.) In this Epi-
logue, Shakespeare is saying his Falstaff is not the historical
Oldcastle, executed in 1417 and honored by Protestant chron-
iclers as a Lollard martyr (though Catholic chroniclers said he
was a drunkard and a robber). The name was probably removed
from Shakespeare's plays at the behest of Oldcastle's descendant,
Lord Cobham—who was promptly nicknamed by the Essex
faction Sir John Falstaff.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

EDITED BY DAVID L. STEVENSON

Introduction

Much Ado About Nothing presents an editor with no significant problems as to when it was written, the correctness of the text, the kind of source material that it reanimates and makes into a play. It was published in quarto in 1600, when Shakespeare was thirty-six, with his name on the title page, and was further identified as having been "publicly acted" by the acting company for which he wrote and of which he was a member. The evidence is quite clear that it had been written within a year or a year and a half of its publication (that is, at about mid-point in Shakespeare's career as a dramatist). The text itself is an excellent one, the basis of the posthumous Folio text of 1623, with only a few minor difficulties as to the assignment of lines and as to the intent, here and there, of the original punctuation. The Hero-Claudio-Don John plot, with its lady's maid, caught with her lover, being mistaken for the lady herself, has been traced back to a Greek source of about the year 400. The sixteenth-century Italian collector of tales, Bandello, used the plot in Story XXII of his *Novelle* (1554), as did Ariosto somewhat earlier in Book V of his *Orlando Furioso*,¹ and as did Spenser in Book II, Canto 4, of *The Faerie Queene* (1590). Beatrice and Benedick, if one wishes to abstract them from the play to view them in historical context, are part of a battle of the sexes with deep roots in the culture and in the literature of the Western world (as I have tried to demonstrate in *The Love-Game Comedy*, 1946). Dogberry and Verges have self-evident origins in that which they parody.

Much Ado About Nothing, moreover, has never provoked elaborate critical appraisal, perhaps because it has always seemed serenely self-contained, a comedy that does its work so well when seen on a stage, or when read, that it does not particularly invite extended comment. Its brilliance as a comedy, then (to justify the admirable quietness of its critics), can be briefly verbalized in two interrelated ways. We can describe the dramatic strategies employed in the play, which create its idiosyncratic "tone" as a comedy. We can also try to define the unique identity of *Much Ado* by an exploration of its substance, the special

aspect of existence blocked out for dramatization in the play.

The primary identifying fact about *Much Ado*, I think, is that it is the most realistic of Shakespeare's love comedies written during the reign of Elizabeth. And it is realistic despite the basic improbability (or conventionality) of Claudio's deception by Don John. It abandons completely the romantic landscape, the romantic disguisings, the romantic dialogue of Portia's and Bassanio's Belmont, of Rosalind's and Orlando's Forest of Arden, of Viola's and Duke Orsino's Illyria. In *Much Ado* we enter a dramatic world created in very close imitation of the habitable one we know outside the theater.

From its very beginning, the play forces this real world upon us. Its characters are a small group of aristocrats who have all known each other a long time and who are introduced to us, in I.i, talking about each other on the basis of old familiarity. Hero, for example, recognizes at once Beatrice's oblique reference to Benedick as "Signior Mountanto." Beatrice, we are to understand, has taunted Benedick's valor sometime before the immediate moments of the play and remembers that she has promised "to eat all of his killing" in the wars that have just concluded. She has also previously ridiculed his pretensions as a lover. She recalls: "He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight." Leonato refers easily to the long-standing "merry war betwixt Signior Benedick" and Beatrice. Claudio confesses to earlier amorous thoughts about Hero before he went off to the "rougher task" of the wars. Even Don John (I.iii) has already been sufficiently irritated by the "exquisite" Claudio to abhor the elegance of this "very forward March-chick," this "start-up," and to be "sick in displeasure to him" (II.ii).

Our sense of the close approximation of *Much Ado* to an actual social world is further enhanced by a certain casualness and easiness in the confrontations of one character with another. In this respect, and scene by scene, *Much Ado* is more like *Hamlet*, for example, than it is like *As You Like It* or *Twelfth Night*. The first and the last scene in the play are perhaps the most brilliant illustrations of this casualness, this incredible ease with which characters react to each other. But it is an ease that is completely

¹ The famous Elizabethan translation (1591) was by Sir John Harington, the favorite of the queen.

sustained as "tone" or manner throughout the play. One finds it in Don Pedro's teasing of Balthasar (and in Benedick's teasing of him as he is hidden in the arbor), for example, for his reluctance to sing in front of them (II.iii). It is the element which gives credibility to Borachio's rambling discourse to Conrade on fashion (III.iii). It is what makes Benedick's sudden playing the role of school-teacher and grammarian ("How now? Interjections?") in the church scene (IV.i) so believable and so desperately ironic. It is what makes so devastating the unexpected and embarrassed encounter that Don Pedro and Claudio have with Leonato and Antonio after the disgracing of Hero (V.i).

Another aspect of the sustained, mimetic realism of *Much Ado* has to do with the kind of language that makes up the complex, closely interwoven dialogue of the play. The language used to carry the interchanges between Rosalind and Orlando, or between Viola and Duke Orsino, is romantically stylized and tempts us to immerse ourselves in some ideal, golden world of love. The language used for the interchanges between characters in *Much Ado* constantly reminds us of the flow of clever discourse in the best moments of the actual world we all inhabit. And the potency of this language of *Much Ado* is such that it seems capable of generating the natural, this-worldly atmosphere of the play just in itself. It is not the formalized repartee, the carefully contrived and balanced give and take of wit in Restoration comedy. Rather, its special quality is its air of the spontaneous. In *Much Ado* it is as if the characters themselves were inventing in front of us their quick ironic retorts and their exultant gaiety at the accomplishment.

The characters in this play take their dramatic world to be so much alive that they are constantly remembering what they have said to each other earlier in the action. The most striking example of this sort of realism is the acid repetition to Benedick by Don Pedro and by Claudio (V.i and V.iv) of Benedick's extravagant description (I.i) of what may be done to him if he ever falls in love. But Beatrice, who turns the word "stuffed" inside out in her ridicule of Benedick (I.i), later tempts Margaret to use it against her (III.iv): "A maid, and stuffed!" Don Pedro, with Claudio by (V.i), catches his anger at Leonato's importunate language in the deftly sardonic phrase, "we will not wake your patience." Claudio, moments later in the same scene (after he learns that he has been grossly fooled), expresses his genuine contrition to Leonato by slightly varying the same phrase: "I know not how to pray your patience." Even the two members of the watch, who are worried about "one Deformed" in III.iii, find Dogberry carefully remembering in V.i to have Borachio examined "upon that point."

The sustained, conversational quality of the dialogue of *Much Ado*, which accompanies and gives body to the nonchalant casualness of the character confrontations in the play, is perhaps the ultimate essence of the play's mimetic richness. The characters may individualize what they say, but they all speak essentially the same sophisticated-realistic language of their group. In its imagery it is much concerned with the act of sex and with the expected cuckoldry of their society ("he that is less than a man, I am not for him"; "Tush, fear not, man! We'll tip thy horns with gold"). It is also full of the kind of literary reference that would be known to a person of such a

society. Hercules, Ate, Europa and Jove, Baucis and Philemon are tossed into the stream of discourse; Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* and *A Handful of Pleasant Delights* are quoted; Beatrice makes use of current attitudes already exploited in Davies' poem *Orchestra* in her description of marriage as a dance. But beyond all this sort of identifying conversational style is an "aliveness" in what the characters say to one another. It is this extravagant "aliveness," in combination with the play's other dramatic devices, that gives to *Much Ado* its separate identity of discourse. In no other of Shakespeare's comedies could one of its characters call another, with such eloquent understatement, "my Lady Tongue."

The substance of *Much Ado* is that of the romantic comedies, sex, love, and marriage. But this play's differentiated way of regarding this substance, its sophisticated realism, is certainly intentionally suggested by its title. Within the play itself there are two views of this substance. One view is that assumed by Claudio, Don Pedro, Leonato, and Hero. Claudio is the central, dominating voice of this group as he acts out its social assumptions. He is presented as a conventional young man, one who regards love and marriage as the making of a sensible match with a virtuous and attractive young girl who brings a good dowry and the approval of her father and of his friends. Although a young man today, a member of a similar social group, might put his feelings in somewhat more romantic terms, if he were of a "good" family in any city of the Western world, he might essentially agree with Claudio's view.

Claudio is certainly no passionate Romeo, and there is no indication in the play that he has done more than regard Hero as an attractive member of the aristocratic society to which they both belong. He is (perhaps somewhat in the position of Paris, in *Romeo and Juliet*) a young man capable of an easy romanticizing of sexual attraction, as his comment on Hero to Don Pedro fully reveals:

now I am returned and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying I liked her ere I went to wars. (I.i.294-98)

Claudio, again like Paris, is the young man bent on doing "the right thing" in his society. He is attractive as a man, as his worst enemy, Don John, lets us know by his envy. But Claudio is also, as people aware only of the right thing to do tend to be, terrifyingly naive (and terrifyingly obtuse). As Benedick puts it, Claudio reacts like a hurt bird when he thinks Don Pedro has taken Hero from him ("Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges," II.i.196-97). And Benedick places Claudio's romantic inclinations toward Hero at the level of the feelings of a small child by comparing Claudio to a "schoolboy who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he [Don Pedro] steals it" (II.i.214-16). Claudio's politeness, his sense of the socially appropriate, even leads him to suggest that he abandon his bride immediately after his marriage and accompany his sponsor, Don Pedro, from Messina to Aragon. Don Pedro again identifies for us the childlike quality of Claudio's feelings for Hero when he replies: "that would be as great

a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it" (III.ii.5-7).

In the church scene, Claudio's turning on Hero for her supposed assignation on the eve of her marriage is wholly in keeping with the nature of his feelings for her and with the codes of his group. He moves toward his denunciation in the sententiously arrogant, teasing manner of the overly conventional person who has been fooled about something rather important and who will now take great pleasure in a measured retaliation. Claudio, the exquisite, reacts appropriately like a child cheated over a toy promised to him. And the absolute "rightness" of his attitude in the play is made quite clear by the fact that Hero's father and Don Pedro instantly agree with it. Leonato, who was as concerned as Claudio and Don Pedro with a "good" marriage, reacts, indeed, much as Capulet (also a socially conventional man) had reacted when Juliet had refused to marry Paris:

Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

And mine that I was proud on, mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her—why she, O, she is fall'n
Into a pit of ink.

(IV.i.128-29, 136-39)

Beatrice and Benedick, wholly unchildlike, present another view of the essential stuff of this play, a view that cuts across the conventional one, and insinuates doubts lurking in sophisticated minds as to its necessary validity. They are everywhere presented as completely aware of the fact that they are playing roles with and for each other—Beatrice as shrew, Benedick as misogynist—and enjoying the playing. The subject matter of their game is a distaste for institutionalized romantic love leading to marriage, the precise kind of "love" that Claudio and Hero accept easily and without thought. The only obstacle to Claudio's pursuit would be the sort of thing he thinks has happened, a lack of sexual virtue on the part of the girl who has caught his fancy. The subtle obstacle to the union of Benedick and Beatrice is that neither is ever sure of what he or she would be like if they agreed to quit playing their respective roles. Indeed, part of the dramatic (and psychological) excitement at the play's end is that neither one of this pair is yet certain of what emotions really lie below the level of the role-playing.

The love game of Beatrice and Benedick is an intricate one in *Much Ado*, because both of them are teasing something more complicated than just conventional romantic love. They are dramatized as testing the antiromantic roles they are actually playing against their sense of what it would be like to be a Hero or a Claudio, to fall into the words and phrases and stances of institutionalized romance. Moreover, in their dueling in the self-accepted roles of the man and the woman too knowing to wear the yoke of marriage and to "sigh away Sundays," it is always made dramatically obvious that both characters are aware that with any slipping either or both could easily *become* a Hero or a Claudio and turn husband and wife. Benedick's first direct comment on Beatrice, early in the play (I.i. 186-88), is, it seems to me, self-evident acknowledgment

of this fact: "and she were not possessed with a fury, [Beatrice] exceeds [Hero] as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December."

It is this ambivalent element of their love game, I think, that made Beatrice and Benedick so fascinating to their own age, and now also to us. And the basis of the fascination is that in their own probing of their reactions to ritualized romantic love, they invite us to probe the usually inaccessible areas of our own knowing, our own awareness in such matters. More important, if we think, at the play's end, that Beatrice and Benedick merely exist for five acts to be tricked into admitting that they are fundamentally as conventionally involved in sex, love, and marriage as Hero and Claudio, we have missed the essential purport of the play.

Beatrice is the more open of the two in her acknowledgment of the ambiguity of her role-playing. Her acid remarks in the first scene of Act I concerning Benedick's challenge to Cupid, and her uncle's fool's response (that is, Beatrice herself?), carry the suggestion, never made overt in the play, either that Beatrice had never been sure of her role as Lady Tongue or that she had once tried out a romantic role with Benedick himself. She is presented as openly uneasy (II.i) over the fact that Hero has got herself a husband ("I may sit in a corner and cry 'Heigh-ho for a husband!'"). And she once darkly hints an earlier involvement with Benedick when she tells Don Pedro that Benedick lent his heart to her for a while, "and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one. Marry, once before he won it of me with false dice" (II.i.268-70).

The ambiguousness in Benedick's role as misogynic bachelor is perhaps best suggested by the extravagant language he always uses to defend his role:

Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad maker's pen and hang me up at the door of a brothel house for the sign of blind Cupid.

(I.i.243-47)

His taunt to Claudio concerning Hero ("Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?" I.i.175-76), and his headlong flight from Beatrice (II.i) with the bitter comment that "while she is here" he could live as quietly in hell, are but further illustrations of this extravagance. Dramatically, to be sure, such soaring flights of words prepare us for the irony of his surrender to love of a sort. Psychologically, they tempt us to wonder that a man could hate so vehemently what he professes to have no interest in.

The marriage of Hero and Claudio turns on the simple problem as to whether Hero is a virgin or not, that is, as to whether she is socially and therefore personally acceptable to Claudio in his aristocratic world of arranged marriages. The marriage of Beatrice and Benedick turns on the ability of their peers to trick them out of their self-conscious role-playing. It is of interest to note that the latter pair's willingness to surrender to love and marriage takes place while Hero's virtue is still under a cloud as far as Claudio is concerned, and therefore at a moment when their previous bantering would be inappropriate. It is equally important to note that both Beatrice and Benedick, if somewhat subdued, actually bring alive again, at the play's end, something of the ambiguity toward love that they had had from the beginning of the play.

Beatrice's final words are not those of a Rosalind or a Viola:

I yield upon great persuasion, and partly to save your life,
for I was told you were in a consumption. (V.iv.95-96)

Benedick's penultimate comments are addressed not to Beatrice, but rather to Don Pedro. And Benedick insists upon being as ambiguous about his feelings, now that he has agreed to conform to marriage, as he had been earlier, when he could only exclaim against it. He insists to Don Pedro that "since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it" (V.iv.104-06). He concludes that Don Pedro himself had better marry in order that he too may join the gay company of cuckolds-to-be:

get thee a wife, get thee a wife! There is no staff more
reverend than one tipped with horn. (V.iv.122-24)

In *Romeo and Juliet*, written about four years before *Much Ado*, Shakespeare had dramatized the lyric, fragile love of very young people not yet wise enough to yield to the social realities—and therefore broken by them. He had presented their love as a highly perishable commodity, one as subject to accident as to time. It is not only Romeo and Juliet, but we, as audience, who acquiesce in their deaths because we are fully aware that in "reality" there can only be either slow dilution or abrupt extinction of such flowerlike love. In *Twelfth Night*, written probably a year or so later than *Much Ado*, we are kept within the elegant, golden confines of courtly, aristocratic romance—a place full of music and of bodily forms (to borrow from Yeats) "of hammered gold and gold enameling," set singing to keep some "drowsy Emperor awake."

The kind of love encompassed by the dialogue of *Much Ado*, and by its two sets of lovers, is love in the social world. This comedy, indeed, is a highly novel one for Shakespeare to have written. The play ends with its characters and the audience accepting the two marriages that have been in the making from its beginning. But the power of the comedy lies not in our accepting the fragility of youthful passion or in our surrender to idyllic romance. Rather, *Much Ado*, by all its strategies of language and characterization, moves so close to reality that it cannot reach a denouement in which the simply understood mood or attitude of *Romeo and Juliet* or of *Twelfth Night* reaches final focus.

The essential uniqueness of *Much Ado* as a comedy, and its fascination, lies in the fact that it invokes our awareness of the complicated relationship between the indeterminate nature of private feeling and the simplicities of the decorous behavior which is supposed to embody such feeling. That is to say, *Much Ado* dramatizes sex, love, and marriage in close imitation of their complexity in actuality. This play, of course, is far too stylized to be "real," and it keeps us comically insulated from too deep involvement with its characters and its substance. The play's final moment of balance, of standing still, then, is necessarily somewhat different from that of the Shakespearean romances where a long ritual of wooing comes to a ritualized conclusion. In *Much Ado* we are given, in its last scene, the dramatic illusion that the pair of marriages

has been created by the volition of the characters themselves. They seem to be marrying out of their own desire to find, if only momentarily, a way of being at peace with themselves and with each other.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

Much Ado About Nothing combines two plots, the Hero-Claudio tragicomic one and the Beatrice-Benedick comic one. Shakespeare himself seems to have hit on the idea of joining the two, though if he knew of an earlier work in which they had already been combined, he surely would not have scrupled to follow suit.

The gist of the Hero-Claudio plot—a girl is said to be false and her fiancé is so deceived that he denounces her, though later they are reconciled—is ancient. It is also the basis of a series of stories popular in the sixteenth century. It can scarcely be doubted that Shakespeare knew it in the versions of Ariosto (*Orlando Furioso* was translated by Sir John Harington and plundered by Edmund Spenser) and Bandello (the *Novelle* were translated into French by Belleforest). Quite possibly Shakespeare was acquainted with a number of other versions. Shakespeare's own addition of Dogberry and Verges, for which at best he had only bare hints, gives this Hero-Claudio plot most of its vitality.

The comic intrigue of Beatrice and Benedick is scarcely a plot, and it would be foolish to attempt to isolate a source for it. Sixteenth-century literature offers numerous ladies and gentlemen who wittily scorn each other. In the English drama before Shakespeare, John Lyly had made something of a specialty of such combats. There are, moreover, nondramatic works (Lyly is again relevant) that may also have given Shakespeare hints. Possibly a paragraph in Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano* (translated by Sir Thomas Hoby) sparked his imagination:

I have also seen a most fervent love spring in the heart of a woman toward one that seemed at first not to bear him the least affection in the world, only for that they heard say that the opinion of many was that they loved together.

It should be remembered, too, that Beatrice and Benedick are not Shakespeare's first witty, bickering lovers. In *Love's Labor's Lost*, Biron ("not a word with him but a jest") and Rosaline ("a wightly wanton") anticipate Beatrice and Benedick.

Passages from several books that probably influenced *Much Ado* are given in the second volume of Geoffrey Bullough's *Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare*, but when one has read *Much Ado* each source seems like Charles Lamb's poor relation: "the most irrelevant thing in nature—a piece of impertinent correspondence."

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The present text of *Much Ado About Nothing* is based upon the quarto edition of the play, published in 1600. The Folio text of 1623 is a slightly edited version of this quarto.

In I.ii Antonio is designated "Old" in the quarto, meaning old man. In II.i Antonio's speeches are assigned to "Brother." In IV.ii "Kemp" and "Cowley," the actors intended for the roles, are assigned the speeches for Dogberry and Verges. The present edition regularizes all speech prefixes. All act and scene divisions are bracketed, since (like indications of locale) these are not in the quarto. Spelling and punctuation have been modernized, and obvious typographical errors have been corrected. The positions of a few stage directions have been slightly altered; necessary directions that are not given in the quarto are added in brackets. Other substantial departures from the quarto are listed below, the adopted reading first, in boldface, and then the quarto's reading in roman type.

If the adopted reading comes from the Folio, the fact is indicated by [F] following it.

I.i.s.d. [Q has "Innogen his wife," i.e., Leonato's wife, before "Hero"; she does not appear in the play] **I Don Pedro** Don Peter **9 Don Pedro** Don Peter **197 s.d. Enter Don Pedro** Enter don Pedro, Iohn the bastard

II.i.s.d. Hero his wife, Hero; **niece** neece, and a kinsman **80 s.d. Don John** or dumb Iohn **203 s.d.** [Q adds "Iohn and Borachio, and Conrade"]

II.iii.137 us of [F] of vs

III.ii.51 Don Pedro [F] Bene

IV.ii.s.d. [Q places "Borachio" immediately after "Constables"]

V.iii.10 dumb [F] dead **22 Claudio** Lo[rd]

V.iv.54 Antonio Leo **97 Benedick** Leon



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

[Dramatis Personae]

DON PEDRO *Prince of Aragon*
DON JOHN *his bastard brother*
CLAUDIO *a young lord of Florence*
BENEDICK *a young lord of Padua*
LEONATO *Governor of Messina*
ANTONIO *an old man, his brother*
BALTHASAR *attendant on Don Pedro*
BORACHIO } *followers of Don John*
CONRADE }
FRIAR FRANCIS

DOGBERRY *a constable*
VERGES *a headborough*
A SEXTON
A BOY
HERO *daughter to Leonato*
BEATRICE *niece to Leonato*
MARGARET } *gentlewomen attending on Hero*
URSULA }
MESSENGERS WATCH ATTENDANTS ETC.

Scene: Messina]

[A C T I]

[Scene I. Before Leonato's house.]

Enter LEONATO, Governor of Messina, HERO his daughter, and BEATRICE his niece, with a MESSENGER.
LEONATO I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Aragon comes this night to Messina.
MESSENGER He is very near by this. He was not three leagues off when I left him.
LEONATO How many gentlemen^o have you lost in this action?
MESSENGER But few of any sort,^o and none of name.^o
LEONATO A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honor on a young Florentine¹⁰ called Claudio.
MESSENGER Much deserved on his part, and equally rememb'ed by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of

a lamb, the feats of a lion. He hath indeed better¹⁵ bett'ed expectation^o than you must expect of me to tell you how.
LEONATO He hath an uncle^o here in Messina will be very much glad of it.
MESSENGER I have already delivered him letters, and²⁰ there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge^o of bitterness.
LEONATO Did he break out into tears?
MESSENGER In great measure.²⁵
LEONATO A kind overflow of kindness.^o There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!
BEATRICE I pray you, is Signior Mountanto^o returned from the wars or no?³⁰
MESSENGER I know none of that name, lady. There was none such in the army of any sort.
LEONATO What is he that you ask for, niece?
HERO My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

The decorative border shown above appeared on the title page of the quarto edition of Much Ado About Nothing, 1600.

I.i.5 gentlemen men of upper class **7 sort** rank; **name** distinguished family

15–16 better bett'ed expectation greatly exceeded anticipated valor **18 uncle** does not appear in the play **23 badge** emblem **26 kind . . . kindness** natural overflow of tenderness **29 Mountanto** a fencing thrust

MESSENGER O, he's returned, and as pleasant^o as ever 35
he was.

BEATRICE He set up his bills^o here in Messina and
challenged Cupid at the flight;^o and my uncle's fool,
reading the challenge, subscribed^o for Cupid and
challenged him at the burbolt.^o I pray you, how 40
many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how
many hath he killed? For indeed, I promised to eat all
of his killing.

LEONATO Faith, niece, you tax^o Signior Benedick too
much; but he'll be meet^o with you, I doubt it not. 45

MESSENGER He hath done good service, lady, in
these wars.

BEATRICE You had musty victual, and he hath help
to eat it. He is a very valiant trencherman;^o he hath an
excellent stomach. 50

MESSENGER And a good soldier too, lady.

BEATRICE And a good soldier to^o a lady. But what is
he to a lord?

MESSENGER A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed
with all honorable virtues. 55

BEATRICE It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed
man.^o But for the stuffing—well, we are all mortal.

LEONATO You must not, sir, mistake my niece.
There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick
and her. They never meet but there's a skirmish of wit 60
between them.

BEATRICE Alas, he gets nothing by that! In our last
conflict four of his five wits^o went halting^o off, and
now is the whole man governed with one; so that if he
have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear 65
it for a difference between himself and his horse. For
it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known a
reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He
hath every month a new sworn brother.

MESSENGER Is't possible? 70

BEATRICE Very easily possible. He wears his faith but
as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next
block.^o

MESSENGER I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your
books.^o 75

BEATRICE No. And^o he were, I would burn my study.
But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no
young squarer^o now that will make a voyage with
him to the devil?

MESSENGER He is most in the company of the right 80
noble Claudio.

BEATRICE O Lord, he will hang upon him like a
disease. He is sooner caught than the pestilence, and
the taker runs presently^o mad. God help the noble
Claudio if he have caught the Benedict;^o it will cost 85
him a thousand pound ere 'a^o be cured.

MESSENGER I will hold friends with you, lady.

BEATRICE Do, good friend.

LEONATO You will never run mad,^o niece.

BEATRICE No, not till a hot January. 90

MESSENGER Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BAL-
THASAR, and [DON] JOHN the bastard.*

DON PEDRO Good Signior Leonato, are you come to
meet your trouble? The fashion of the world is to
avoid cost, and you encounter it.

LEONATO Never came trouble to my house in the 95
likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone,
comfort should remain. But when you depart from
me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

DON PEDRO You embrace your charge^o too willingly.
I think this is your daughter. 100

LEONATO Her mother hath many times told me so.

BENEDICK Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked
her?

LEONATO Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a
child. 105

DON PEDRO You have it full, Benedick. We may
guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly the
lady fathers herself.^o Be happy, lady, for you are like
an honorable father.

BENEDICK If Signior Leonato be her father, she would 110
not have his head^o on her shoulders for all Messina, as
like him as she is.

BEATRICE I wonder that you will still^o be talking,
Signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

BENEDICK What, my dear Lady Disdain! Are you 115
yet living?

BEATRICE Is it possible Disdain should die while she
hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick?
Courtesy itself must convert to Disdain if you come
in her presence. 120

BENEDICK Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is
certain I am loved of all ladies,^o only you excepted;
and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a
hard heart; for truly I love none.

BEATRICE A dear happiness to women! They would 125
else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I
thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humor for
that.^o I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than
a man swear he loves me.

BENEDICK God keep your ladyship still in that mind, 130
so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate
scratched face.

BEATRICE Scratching could not make it worse and
'twere such a face as yours were.

BENEDICK Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.^o 135

BEATRICE A bird of my tongue is better than a beast
of yours.

BENEDICK I would my horse had the speed of your
tongue, and so good a continuer.^o But keep your way,
a God's name! I have done. 140

35 pleasant lively 37 bills advertising placards 38 flight
shooting contest (i.e., he thought himself a lady-killer) 39
subscribed signed up 40 burbolt blunt arrow 44 tax i.e.,
tease too hard 45 meet even 49 trencherman eater
52 to in comparison with 56–57 stuffed man dummy
63 five wits common sense, imagination, fancy, estimation,
memory; halting limping 72–73 next block most recent
shape 75 books favor 76 And if 78 squarer brawler 84
presently immediately (the usual sense in Shakespeare) 85
Benedict the change in spelling suggests a disease based on
Benedick's name 86 'a he

89 run mad catch the Benedict 99 charge burden (of my visit)
108 fathers herself shows who her father is by resembling him
111 his head white-haired and bearded (?) 113 still always
(the usual sense in Shakespeare) 122 loved . . . ladies
he had "challenged Cupid" 127–28 of . . . that in agree-
ment on that 135 parrot-teacher monotonous speaker of
nonsense 139 continuer staying power

BEATRICE You always end with a jade's trick.^o I know you of old.

DON PEDRO That is the sum of all,^o Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

LEONATO If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [*To DON JOHN.*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord; being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

DON JOHN I thank you. I am not of many words, but I thank you.

LEONATO Please it your grace lead on?

DON PEDRO Your hand, Leonato. We will go together.

Exeunt. Manent^o BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.

CLAUDIO Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

BENEDICK I noted^o her not, but I looked on her.

CLAUDIO Is she not a modest young lady?

BENEDICK Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? Or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

CLAUDIO No, I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

BENEDICK Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise. Only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

CLAUDIO Thou thinkest I am in sport. I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

BENEDICK Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

CLAUDIO Can the world buy such a jewel?

BENEDICK Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow?^o Or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder and Vulcan a rare carpenter?^o Come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the song?

CLAUDIO In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

BENEDICK I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter. There's her cousin, and she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

CLAUDIO I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

BENEDICK Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion?^o Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore

again? Go to, i' faith! And thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it and sigh away Sundays.^o Look! Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Enter DON PEDRO.

DON PEDRO What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

BENEDICK I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

DON PEDRO I charge thee on thy allegiance.^o

BENEDICK You hear, Count Claudio; I can be secret as a dumb man. I would have you think so. But, on my allegiance—mark you this—on my allegiance! He is in love. With who? Now that is your grace's part. Mark how short his answer is—with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

CLAUDIO If this were so, so were it utt' red.

BENEDICK Like the old tale, my lord: "It is not so, nor 'twas not so, but indeed, God forbid it should be so!"

CLAUDIO If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

DON PEDRO Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy.

CLAUDIO You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

DON PEDRO By my troth, I speak my thought.

CLAUDIO And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

BENEDICK And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

CLAUDIO That I love her, I feel.

DON PEDRO That she is worthy, I know.

BENEDICK That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me. I will die in it at the stake.

DON PEDRO Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of^o beauty.

CLAUDIO And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.^o

BENEDICK That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks. But that I will have a rechate^o winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,^o all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine^o is (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

DON PEDRO I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

BENEDICK With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love. Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad maker's pen and hang me up at the door of a brothel house for the sign of blind Cupid.

DON PEDRO Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.^o

141 jade's trick trick of a vicious horse (i.e., a sudden stop?)
143 sum of all end of the sparring match 157 s.d. Manent remain (Latin) 160 noted (1) scrutinized (2) set to music (3) stigmatized 179 with . . . brow seriously 180-81 to . . . carpenter to mock us with nonsense (Cupid was blind, Vulcan was a blacksmith) 193-94 but . . . suspicion who (because he is unmarried) will not fear that he has a cuckold's horns

195-97 thrust . . . Sundays enjoy the tiresome bondage of marriage 202 allegiance solemn obligation to a prince 228-29 in . . . of in contempt of 231 will sexual appetite 234 rechate recheate, notes on a hunting horn 236 baldrick belt, sling (the reference here, and in "rechate," is to the horns of a cuckold) 238 fine finis, result 249 notable argument famous example

BENEDICK If I do, hang me in a bottle^o like a cat and 250
shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped
on the shoulder and called Adam.^o

DON PEDRO Well, as time shall try:

"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."

BENEDICK The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible 255
Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set
them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted,
and in such great letters as they write "Here is good
horse to hire," let them signify under my sign "Here
you may see Benedick the married man." 260

CLAUDIO If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be
horn-mad.^o

DON PEDRO Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his
quiver in Venice,^o thou wilt quake for this shortly.

BENEDICK I look for an earthquake too then. 265

DON PEDRO Well, you will temporize with the
hours.^o In the meantime, good Signior Benedick,
repair to Leonato's. Commend me to him and tell him
I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made
great preparation. 270

BENEDICK I have almost matter^o enough in me for
such an embassy, and so I commit you—

CLAUDIO To the tuition^o of God. From my house, if
I had it—

DON PEDRO The sixth of July. Your loving friend, 275
Benedick.

BENEDICK Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of
your discourse is sometime guarded^o with fragments,
and the guards are but slightly basted on neither.
Ere you flout old ends^o any further, examine your 280
conscience. And so I leave you. *Exit.*

CLAUDIO My liege, your highness now may do me
good.

DON PEDRO

My love is thine to teach. Teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn 285
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

CLAUDIO

Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

DON PEDRO

No child but Hero; she's his only heir.
Dost thou affect^o her, Claudio?

CLAUDIO

O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,^o 290
I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love.
But now I am returned and that^o war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms 295
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying I liked her ere I went to wars.

DON PEDRO

Thou wilt be like a lover presently

250 bottle basket 252 Adam Adam Bell, one of the three
superlative archers in the ballad "Adam Bell" 262 horn-mad
mad with jealousy (perhaps also "sexually insatiable") 264
Venice famous for sexual license 266-67 temporize . . .
hours change temper or attitude with time 271 matter sense
273 tuition custody 278 guarded trimmed (used of clothing)
280 flout old ends i.e., indulge in derision at my expense
289 affect love 290 ended action war just concluded 294
that because

And tire the hearer with a book of words. 300

If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break^o with her and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

CLAUDIO

How sweetly you do minister to love, 305
That know love's grief by his complexion!^o
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

DON PEDRO

What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.^o 310
Look, what will serve is fit. 'Tis once,^o thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have reveling tonight.
I will assume thy part in some disguise
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio, 315
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale;
Then after to her father will I break,
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine. 320
In practice let us put it presently. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. Leonato's house.]

*Enter LEONATO and an old man [ANTONIO], brother to
Leonato.*

LEONATO How now, brother? Where is my cousin^o
your son? Hath he provided this music?

ANTONIO He is very busy about it. But, brother, I
can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

LEONATO Are they^o good? 5

ANTONIO As the events stamps them.^o But they have
a good cover, they show well outward. The prince
and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley
in mine orchard,^o were thus much overheard by a man
of mine. The prince discovered^o to Claudio that he 10
loved my niece your daughter and meant to acknow-
ledge it this night in a dance, and if he found her
accordant,^o he meant to take the present time by the
top^o and instantly break with you of it.

LEONATO Hath the fellow any wit that told you this? 15

ANTONIO A good sharp fellow. I will send for him,
and question him yourself.

LEONATO No, no. We will hold it as a dream till it
appear itself. But I'll acquaint my daughter withal,
that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if 20
peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it.

[Enter ATTENDANTS.]

Cousin, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you
mercy,^o friend. Go you with me, and I will use your
skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time. *Exeunt.*

302 break open negotiations 306 complexion appearance
310 The . . . necessity The most attractive giving is when the
receiver really needs something 311 'Tis once in short
I.ii.1 cousin kinsman 5 they the news (plural in the sixteenth
century) 6 As . . . them as the outcome proves them to be
(a plural noun, especially when felt to be singular, often has
a verb ending in -s) 8-9 thick-pleached . . . orchard
walk or arbor fenced by interwoven branches in my garden
10 discovered disclosed 13 accordant agreeing 14 top
forelock 22-23 cry you mercy beg your pardon

[Scene III. *Leonato's house.*]

Enter Sir [DON] JOHN the bastard and CONRADE, his companion.

CONRADE What the goodyear,^o my lord! Why are you thus out of measure sad?^o

DON JOHN There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

CONRADE You should hear reason.

DON JOHN And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

CONRADE If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

DON JOHN I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st¹⁰ thou art) born under Saturn,^o goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief.^o I cannot hide what I am. I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy,¹⁵ and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.^o

CONRADE Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he²⁰ hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself. It is needful that you frame^o the season for your own harvest.

DON JOHN I had rather be a canker^o in a hedge than²⁵ a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage^o to rob love from any. In this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and³⁰ enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking. In the meantime let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

CONRADE Can you make no use of your discontent?³⁵

DON JOHN I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO.

What news, Borachio?

BORACHIO I came yonder from a great supper. The prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato,⁴⁰ and I can give you intelligence^o of an intended marriage.

DON JOHN Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

BORACHIO Marry,^o it is your brother's right hand.⁴⁵

DON JOHN Who? The most exquisite Claudio?

BORACHIO Even he.

DON JOHN A proper squire!^o And who? And who? Which way looks he?

BORACHIO Marry, one Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

DON JOHN A very forward March-chick!^o How came you to this?

BORACHIO Being entertained for^o a perfumer, as I⁵⁵ was smoking^o a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand in sad^o conference. I whipped me behind the arras and there heard it agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

DON JOHN Come, come, let us thither. This may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow. If I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both⁶⁰ sure,^o and will assist me?

CONRADE To the death, my lord.

DON JOHN Let us to the great supper. Their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were^o my mind! Shall we go prove^o what's to be done?

BORACHIO We'll wait upon your lordship.

Exit [with others].

[A C T I I]

[Scene I. *Leonato's house.*]

Enter LEONATO, his brother [ANTONIO], HERO his daughter, and BEATRICE his niece, [also MARGARET and URSULA].

LEONATO Was not Count John here at supper?

ANTONIO I saw him not.

BEATRICE How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heartburned an hour after.

HERO He is of a very melancholy^o disposition.

BEATRICE He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick. The one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son,^o evermore tattling.

LEONATO Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in¹⁰ Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face—

BEATRICE With a good leg and a good foot,^o uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if 'a could get her good¹⁵ will.

LEONATO By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd^o of thy tongue.

ANTONIO In faith, she's too curst.^o

BEATRICE Too curst is more than curst. I shall lessen²⁰ God's sending that way, for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns"; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

I.iii.1 What the goodyear an expletive **2** out . . . sad unduly morose **11** under Saturn i.e., naturally sullen **12** mortifying mischief killing calamity **17** claw . . . humor flatter no man ("claw" = pat or scratch on the back; "humor" = whim) **24** frame bring about **25** canker wild rose **27** fashion a carriage contrive a behavior **41** intelligence information **46** Marry an expletive, from "By the Virgin Mary"

49 proper squire fine young fellow **53** forward March-chick precocious fellow (i.e., born in early spring) **55** entertained for employed as **56** smoking fumigating (or possibly merely perfuming) **57** sad serious **65** sure reliable **69** prove try **II.i.5** melancholy ill-tempered **9** eldest son i.e., overly confident (as heir presumptive) **13** foot perhaps with a pun on French *foutre* = to copulate—i.e., a good lover **18** shrewd sharp **19** curst shrewish

LEONATO So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.^o

BEATRICE Just,^o if he send me no husband; for the 25 which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face. I had rather lie in the woolen!^o

LEONATO You may light on a husband that hath no 30 beard.

BEATRICE What should I do with him? Dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more 35 than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest^o of the berrord^o and lead his apes into hell.^o

LEONATO Well then, go you into hell? 40

BEATRICE No; but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me like an old cuckold with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven. Here's no place for you maids." So deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter. For the heavens, 45 he shows me where the bachelors^o sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

ANTONIO [*To HERO.*] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

BEATRICE Yes, faith. It is my cousin's duty to make 50 cursy^o and say, "Father, as it please you." But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another cursy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

LEONATO [*To BEATRICE.*] Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted^o with a husband. 55

BEATRICE Not till God make men of some other metal^o than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? To make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl?^o No, uncle, I'll none. Adam's sons are my brethren, and 60 truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

LEONATO Daughter, remember what I told you. If the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

BEATRICE The fault will be in the music, cousin, if 65 you be not wooed in good time. If the prince be too important,^o tell him there is measure^o in everything, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinquepace.^o The first suit is hot and 70 hasty like a Scotch jig (and full as fantastical); the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes Repentance and with

his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faster and faster till he sink into his grave. 75

LEONATO Cousin, you apprehend passing shewdly.

BEATRICE I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

LEONATO The revelers are ent'ring, brother. Make good room. 80

[*All put on their masks.*]

Enter Prince [DON] PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK, and BALTHASAR [masked; and without masks BORACHIO and] DON JOHN.

DON PEDRO Lady, will you walk about with your friend?^o

HERO So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away. 85

DON PEDRO With me in your company?

HERO I may say so when I please.

DON PEDRO And when please you to say so?

HERO When I like your favor,^o for God defend^o the lute should be like the case!^o 90

DON PEDRO My visor^o is Philemon's^o roof; within the house is Jove.

HERO Why then, your visor should be thatched.

DON PEDRO Speak low if you speak love.

[*Draws her aside.*]

BENEDICK^o Well, I would you did like me. 95

MARGARET So would not I for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

BENEDICK Which is one?

MARGARET I say my prayers aloud.

BENEDICK I love you the better. The hearers may cry 100 amen.

MARGARET God match me with a good dancer!

BALTHASAR [*Interposing.*] Amen.

MARGARET And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk. 105

BALTHASAR No more words. The clerk is answered.

URSULA I know you well enough. You are Signior Antonio.

ANTONIO At a word, I am not.

URSULA I know you by the waggling^o of your head. 110

ANTONIO To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

URSULA You could never do him so ill-well unless you were the very man. Here's his dry^o hand up and down. You are he, you are he!

ANTONIO At a word I am not. 115

URSULA Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he. Graces will appear, and there's an end.

BEATRICE Will you not tell me who told you so? 120

BENEDICK No, you shall pardon me.

BEATRICE Nor will you not tell me who you are?

BENEDICK Not now.

82 friend lover 89 favor face; defend forbid 89-90 the lute . . . case your face be as ugly as your mask 91 visor mask; Philemon peasant who entertained Jove in his house 95 Benedick many editors emend the quarto, and give this and Benedick's two subsequent speeches to Balthasar; but in V.ii Benedick and Margaret spar, and they may well do so here 110 waggling palsy 113 dry dried-up (with age)

24 no horns horn used as phallic symbol, as Beatrice's next remark makes plain 25 Just exactly 28-29 in the woolen between scratchy blankets 38 in earnest (1) advance payment (2) in all seriousness; berrord bearward, animal keeper 38-39 lead . . . hell traditional punishment for dying unwed 46 bachelors unwed persons (female as well as male) 51 cursy curtsy 55 fitted continues playful sexual innuendo of the scene 57 metal substance 59 marl earth 67 important importunate; measure (1) discernible time sequence (2) moderation (the entire speech is a light parody of Sir John Davies' *Orchestra, A Poem of Dancing* [1596]; cf. stanza 23: "Time the measure of all moving is/And dancing is a moving all in measure") 70 cinquepace lively dance

BEATRICE That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred Merry Tales."° Well, 125 this was Signior Benedick that said so.

BENEDICK What's he?

BEATRICE I am sure you know him well enough.

BENEDICK Not I, believe me.

BEATRICE Did he never make you laugh? 130

BENEDICK I pray you, what is he?

BEATRICE Why, he is the prince's jester, a very dull fool. Only his° gift is in devising impossible slanders. None but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both 135 pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet;° I would he had boarded me.

BENEDICK When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say. 140

BEATRICE Do, do. He'll but break a comparison or two on me; which peradventure (not marked or not laughed at), strikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [Music.] We must follow the 145 leaders.

BENEDICK In every good thing.

BEATRICE Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Dance.

Exeunt [all except DON JOHN, BORACHIO and CLAUDIO].

DON JOHN Sure my brother is amorous on Hero and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her and but one visor remains. 150

BORACHIO And that is Claudio. I know him by his bearing.

DON JOHN Are not you Signior Benedick? 155

CLAUDIO You know me well. I am he.

DON JOHN Signior, you are very near my brother in his love. He is enamored on Hero. I pray you dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth. You may do the part of an honest man in it. 160

CLAUDIO How know you he loves her?

DON JOHN I heard him swear his affection.

BORACHIO So did I too, and he swore he would marry her tonight.

DON JOHN Come, let us to the banquet.° 165

Exeunt. Manet CLAUDIO.

CLAUDIO

Thus answer I in name of Benedick
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so. The prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office° and affairs of love. 170
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.°

125 **Hundred Merry Tales** a popular collection of amusing, coarse anecdotes 133 **only his** his only 137 **fleet** group (the related meaning, group of ships, leads to "boarded me," but perhaps too there is an allusion to Fleet Prison) 165 **banquet** light meal, or course, of fruit, wine, and dessert 170 **office** business 174 **blood** passion, desire

This is an accident of hourly proof,° 175
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore Hero!

Enter BENEDICK.

BENEDICK Count Claudio?

CLAUDIO Yea, the same.

BENEDICK Come, will you go with me?

CLAUDIO Whither? 180

BENEDICK Even to the next° willow,° about your own business, county.° What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? Or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your 185 Hero.

CLAUDIO I wish him joy of her.

BENEDICK Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier.° So they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus? 190

CLAUDIO I pray you leave me.

BENEDICK Ho! Now you strike like the blind man! 'Twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.°

CLAUDIO If it will not be, I'll leave you. *Exit.* 195

BENEDICK Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges. But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha! It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong. I am not so reputed. 200 It is the base (though bitter) disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person and so gives me out.° Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Enter the prince [DON PEDRO], HERO, LEONATO.

DON PEDRO Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him? 205

BENEDICK Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame.° I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren.° I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady, and I off'ed him my company to a willow 210 tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

DON PEDRO To be whipped? What's his fault?

BENEDICK The flat transgression of a schoolboy who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his 215 companion, and he steals it.

DON PEDRO Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

BENEDICK Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might 220 have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who (as I take it) have stol'n his bird's nest.

DON PEDRO I will but teach them to sing and restore them to the owner. 225

BENEDICK If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

175 **accident** . . . **proof** common happening 181 **next** nearest; **willow** symbol of unrequited love 182 **county** count 188 **drovier** cattle dealer 193-94 **beat the post** strike out blindly 201-03 **It** . . . **out** It is the low and harsh disposition of Beatrice to assume her opinion of me is the world's opinion of me 207 **Lady Fame** goddess of rumor 208 **in a warren** in a lonely place

DON PEDRO The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you. The gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

BENEDICK O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! An oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance^o upon me that I stood like a man at a mark,^o with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs. If her breath were as terrible as her terminations,^o there were no living near her; she would infect to the North Star. I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed. She would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her. You shall find her the infernal Ate^o in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her,^o for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

Enter CLAUDIO and BEATRICE.

DON PEDRO Look, here she comes.

BENEDICK Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's^o foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's^o beard; do you any embassy to the Pygmies—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

DON PEDRO None, but to desire your good company.

BENEDICK O God, sir, here's a dish I love not! I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. *Exit.*

DON PEDRO Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

BEATRICE Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile, and I gave him use^o for it, a double heart for his single one. Marry, once before he won it of me with false dice; therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

DON PEDRO You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.

BEATRICE So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools.^o I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

DON PEDRO Why, how now, count? Wherefore are you sad?

CLAUDIO Not sad, my lord.

DON PEDRO How then? Sick?

CLAUDIO Neither, my lord.

BEATRICE The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor

merry, nor well; but civil count, civil^o as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.^o

DON PEDRO I' faith, lady, I think your blazon^o to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit^o is false. Here, Claudio. I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won. I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained. Name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

LEONATO Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes. His grace hath made the match, and all grace say amen to it!

BEATRICE Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

CLAUDIO Silence is the perfectest herald of joy. I were but little happy if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours. I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange.

BEATRICE Speak, cousin; or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kiss and let not him speak neither.

DON PEDRO In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

BEATRICE Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy^o side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

CLAUDIO And so she doth, cousin.

BEATRICE Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes everyone to the world but I, and I am sunburnt.^o I may sit in a corner and cry "Heigh-ho for a husband!"

DON PEDRO Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

BEATRICE I would rather have one of your father's getting.^o Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

DON PEDRO Will you have me, lady?

BEATRICE No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days; your grace is too costly to wear every day. But I beseech your grace pardon me. I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

DON PEDRO Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you, for out o' question you were born in a merry hour.

BEATRICE No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

LEONATO Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

BEATRICE I cry you mercy,^o uncle. By your grace's pardon. *Exit BEATRICE.*

DON PEDRO By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

LEONATO There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord. She is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever^o sad then; for I have heard my daughter say she hath often dreamt of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.

DON PEDRO She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

LEONATO O, by no means! She mocks all her wooers out of suit.

237 impossible conveyance incredible dexterity 238 mark target 240 terminations words 247 Ate goddess of discord 248 conjure her exorcise the devil out of her 258-59 Prester John legendary Christian king in remote Asia 259 Cham Khan 269 use interest 275 fools babies

283 civil polite (with a pun on orange of Seville) 284 complexion (1) disposition (2) color (i.e., yellowish for jealousy) 285 blazon description 286 conceit idea, concept 303 windy windward, safe 306-07 Good . . . sunburnt Everyone gets a husband but me, and I am ugly ("sunburnt" = tanned, and therefore ugly in the sixteenth century) 311 getting begetting 327 cry you mercy beg your pardon 332 ever always

DON PEDRO She were an excellent wife for Benedick.
 LEONATO O Lord, my lord! If they were but a week 340
 married, they would talk themselves mad.
 DON PEDRO County Claudio, when mean you to go
 to church?
 CLAUDIO Tomorrow, my lord. Time goes on
 crutches till Love have all his rites. 345
 LEONATO Not till Monday, my dear son, which is
 hence a just sevennight; and a time too brief too, to
 have all things answer my mind.
 DON PEDRO Come, you shake the head at so long a
 breathing; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall 350
 not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one
 of Hercules' labors, which is, to bring Signior Benedick
 and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection th'
 one with th' other. I would fain have it a match, and
 I doubt not but to fashion it if you three will but 355
 minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.
 LEONATO My lord, I am for you, though it cost me
 ten nights' watchings.^o
 CLAUDIO And I, my lord.
 DON PEDRO And you too, gentle Hero? 360
 HERO I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my
 cousin to a good husband.
 DON PEDRO And Benedick is not the unhopefullest
 husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him: he is
 of a noble strain, of approved^o valor and confirmed 365
 honesty. I will teach you how to humor your cousin,
 that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I [to
 LEONATO and CLAUDIO], with your two helps, will
 so practice on^o Benedick that, in despite of his quick
 wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with 370
 Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an
 archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only
 love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.
Exit [with the others].

[Scene II. Leonato's house.]

Enter [DON] JOHN and BORACHIO.
 DON JOHN It is so. The Count Claudio shall marry
 the daughter of Leonato.
 BORACHIO Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.
 DON JOHN Any bar, any cross, any impediment will
 be medicinal to me. I am sick in displeasure to him, 5
 and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges
 evenly^o with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?
 BORACHIO Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly
 that no dishonesty shall appear in me.
 DON JOHN Show me briefly how. 10
 BORACHIO I think I told your lordship, a year since,
 how much I am in the favor of Margaret, the waiting
 gentlewoman to Hero.
 DON JOHN I remember.
 BORACHIO I can, at any unseasonable instant of the 15
 night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber
 window.

358 ten nights' watchings ten nights awake 365 approved
 tested 369 practice on deceive
 II.ii.6-7 ranges evenly goes in a straight line (i.e., suits me
 exactly)

DON JOHN What life is in that to be the death of this
 marriage?
 BORACHIO The poison of that lies in you to temper. 20
 Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell
 him that he hath wronged his honor in marrying the
 renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily
 hold up) to a contaminated stale,^o such a one as Hero.
 DON JOHN What proof shall I make of that? 25
 BORACHIO Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex
 Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you
 for any other issue?
 DON JOHN Only to despite them I will endeavor
 anything. 30
 BORACHIO Go then; find me a meet hour^o to draw
 Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone; tell them
 that you know that Hero loves me; intend^o a kind of
 zeal both to the prince and Claudio (as in love of your
 brother's honor, who hath made this match, and his 35
 friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened^o
 with the semblance of a maid) that you have discovered
 thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial.
 Offer them instances;^o which shall bear no less likeli-
 hood than to see me at her chamber window, hear me 40
 call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio;
 and bring them to see this the very night before the
 intended wedding. For in the meantime I will so
 fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent; and there
 shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty 45
 that jealousy^o shall be called assurance and all the
 preparation overthrown.
 DON JOHN Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I
 will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this,
 and thy fee is a thousand ducats. 50
 BORACHIO Be you constant in the accusation, and my
 cunning shall not shame me.
 DON JOHN I will presently go learn their day of
 marriage. *Exit [with BORACHIO].*

[Scene III. Leonato's garden.]

Enter BENEDICK alone.
 BENEDICK Boy!
[Enter BOY.]
 BOY Signior?
 BENEDICK In my chamber window lies a book. Bring
 it hither to me in the orchard.^o
 BOY I am here already, sir. 5
 BENEDICK I know that, but I would have made thee
 hence and here again. (*Exit [BOY].*) I do much wonder
 that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool
 when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he
 hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become 10
 the argument^o of his own scorn by falling in love; and
 such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was
 no music with him but the drum and the fife; and
 now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe.^o I have

24 stale prostitute 31 meet hour suitable time 33 intend
 pretend 36 cozened cheated 39 instances proofs 46
 jealousy mistrust
 II.iii.4 orchard garden II argument subject matter 14
 tabor . . . pipe music of an unmartial sort

known when he would have walked ten mile afoot to 15
 see a good armor; and now will he lie ten nights awake
 carving the fashion° of a new doublet. He was wont to
 speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and
 a soldier; and now is he turned orthography;° his
 words are a very fantastical banquet—just so many 20
 strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with
 these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be
 sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but
 I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of
 me he shall never make me such a fool. One woman 25
 is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well;
 another virtuous, yet I am well. But till all graces be
 in one woman, one woman shall not come in my
 grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll
 none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen° her; fair, or I'll 30
 never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble,
 or not I for an angel;° of good discourse,° an excellent
 musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please
 God. Ha, the prince and Monsieur Love! [*Retiring.*] I
 will hide me in the arbor. 35

*Enter Prince [DON PEDRO], LEONATO, CLAUDIO, [to
 the sound of] music.*

DON PEDRO

Come, shall we hear this music?

CLAUDIO

Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
 As hushed on purpose to grace harmony!

DON PEDRO

See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

CLAUDIO

O, very well, my lord. The music ended, 40
 We'll fit the kid fox with a pennyworth.°

Enter BALTHASAR with music.

DON PEDRO

Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

BALTHASAR

O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
 To slander music any more than once.

DON PEDRO

It is the witness still of excellency 45
 To put a strange face on his own perfection.
 I pray thee sing, and let me woo no more.

BALTHASAR

Because you talk of wooing, I will sing,
 Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
 To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos, 50
 Yet will he swear he loves.

DON PEDRO

Nay, pray thee come;

Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
 Do it in notes.

BALTHASAR

Note this before my notes:

There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

DON PEDRO

Why, these are very crotchets° that he speaks! 55
 Note notes, forsooth, and nothing!°

[*Music.*]

BENEDICK [*Aside.*] Now divine air! Now is his soul
 ravished! Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale
 souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money,
 when all's done. 60

[BALTHASAR *sings.*]

The Song.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever,
 One foot in sea, and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never.
 Then sigh not so, 65
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe, 70
 Of dumps° so dull and heavy;
 The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leavy.
 Then sigh not so, &c.

DON PEDRO By my troth, a good song. 75

BALTHASAR And an ill singer, my lord.

DON PEDRO Ha, no, no, faith! Thou sing'st well
 enough for a shift.°

BENEDICK [*Aside.*] And he had been a dog that should
 have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and 80
 I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as
 live° have heard the night raven, come what plague
 could have come after it.

DON PEDRO Yea, marry. Dost thou hear, Balthasar? I
 pray thee get us some excellent music; for tomorrow 85
 night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber
 window.

BALTHASAR The best I can, my lord.

DON PEDRO Do so. Farewell.

Exit BALTHASAR [with MUSICIANS].

45 Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of
 today? That your niece Beatrice was in love with
 Signior Benedick?

CLAUDIO O, ay! [*In a low voice to DON PEDRO.*]
 Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. [*In full voice.*] I did
 never think that lady would have loved any man. 95

50 LEONATO No, not I neither; but most wonderful that
 she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she
 hath in all outward behaviors seemed ever to abhor.

BENEDICK [*Aside.*] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that
 corner? 100

LEONATO By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to
 think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged
 affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

DON PEDRO May be she doth but counterfeit.

CLAUDIO Faith, like enough. 105

LEONATO O God, counterfeit? There was never

17 carving the fashion considering the design 19 ortho-
 graphy i.e., into a pedant (?) 30 cheapen bargain for
 31-32 noble . . . angel puns: both words are Elizabethan
 coins 32 discourse conversation 41 We'll . . . penny-
 worth We'll give Benedick a little something (perhaps "kid
 fox" means "young fox," perhaps "known fox")

55 crotchets (1) whims (2) musical notes 56 nothing
 pronounced "noting," hence a pun 71 dumps sad songs 78
 shift makeshift 82 live lief

counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers^o it.

DON PEDRO Why, what effects of passion shows she?

CLAUDIO [*In a low voice.*] Bait the hook well! This ¹¹⁰ fish will bite.

LEONATO What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

CLAUDIO She did indeed.

DON PEDRO How, how, I pray you? You amaze me! ¹¹⁵

I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

LEONATO I would have sworn it had, my lord—especially against Benedick.

BENEDICK [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull^o but that ¹²⁰ the white-bearded fellow speaks it. Knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

CLAUDIO [*In a low voice.*] He hath ta'en th' infection; hold^o it up.

DON PEDRO Hath she made her affection known to ¹²⁵ Benedick?

LEONATO No, and swears she never will. That's her torment.

CLAUDIO 'Tis true indeed. So your daughter says. "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encount'ed him ¹³⁰ with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

LEONATO This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper. My daughter tells us all. ¹³⁵

CLAUDIO Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

LEONATO O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found "Benedick" and "Beatrice" between the sheet? ¹⁴⁰

CLAUDIO That.

LEONATO O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence,^o railed at herself that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her. "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I ¹⁴⁵ should flout him if he writ to me. Yea, though I love him, I should."

CLAUDIO Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, bears her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses—"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!" ¹⁵⁰

LEONATO She doth indeed; my daughter say so; and the ecstasy^o hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

DON PEDRO It were good that Benedick knew of it ¹⁵⁵ by some other, if she will not discover it.

CLAUDIO To what end? He would make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

DON PEDRO And he should, it were an alms^o to hang him! She's an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all ¹⁶⁰ suspicion, she is virtuous.

CLAUDIO And she is exceeding wise.

DON PEDRO In everything but in loving Benedick.

LEONATO O, my lord, wisdom and blood^o combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that ¹⁶⁵

blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

DON PEDRO I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daffed all other respects^o and made her half myself. I pray you tell Benedick of it and hear ¹⁷⁰ what'a will say.

LEONATO Were it good, think you?

CLAUDIO Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo her, ¹⁷⁵ rather than she will bate^o one breath of her accustomed crossness.

DON PEDRO She doth well. If she should make tender^o of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible^o spirit. ¹⁸⁰

CLAUDIO He is a very proper^o man.

DON PEDRO He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

CLAUDIO Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

DON PEDRO He doth indeed show some sparks that ¹⁸⁵ are like wit.^o

CLAUDIO And I take him to be valiant.

DON PEDRO As Hector, I assure you. And in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise, for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes ¹⁹⁰ them with a most Christianlike fear.

LEONATO If he do fear God, 'a must necessarily keep peace. If he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

DON PEDRO And so will he do; for the man doth fear ¹⁹⁵ God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests^o he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick and tell him of her love?

CLAUDIO Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel. ²⁰⁰

LEONATO Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

DON PEDRO Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter. Let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself ²⁰⁵ to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

LEONATO My lord, will you walk? Dinner is ready.

[*They walk away.*]

CLAUDIO If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

DON PEDRO Let there be the same net spread for her, ²¹⁰ and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry.^o The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter. That's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show.^o Let us send her to call him in to dinner. ²¹⁵

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.*]

BENEDICK [*Advancing.*] This can be no trick; the conference was sadly^o borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent.^o Love me? Why, it

169 daffed . . . respects put aside all other considerations (i.e., of disparity in rank) **176 bate** abate, give up **178 tender** offer **180 contemptible** disdainful **181 proper** handsome **186 wit** intelligence **196-97 large jests** broad jokes **212 carry** manage **215 dumb show** pantomime (because of embarrassment) **217 sadly** seriously **219 affections** . . . **bent** emotions are tightly stretched (like a bent bow)

108 discovers reveals, betrays **120 gull** trick **124 hold** keep **142-43 halfpence** i.e., small pieces **152 ecstasy** madness **159 an alms** a charity **164 blood** passion

must be requited. I hear how I am censured. They say 220
 I will bear myself proudly if I perceive the love come
 from her. They say too that she will rather die than
 give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry;
 I must not seem proud. Happy are they that hear their
 detractions and can put them to mending. They say 225
 the lady is fair—'tis a truth, I can bear them witness;
 and virtuous—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but
 for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her
 wit, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be
 horribly in love with her. I may chance have some 230
 odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me because
 I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not
 the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth
 that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sen-
 tences° and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man 235
 from the career° of his humor? No, the world must be
 peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not
 think I should live till I were married. Here comes
 Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady. I do spy some
 marks of love in her. 240

Enter BEATRICE.

BEATRICE Against my will I am sent to bid you come
 in to dinner.

BENEDICK Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

BEATRICE I took no more pains for those thanks than
 you take pains to thank me. If it had been painful, I 245
 would not have come.

BENEDICK You take pleasure then in the message?

BEATRICE Yea, just so much as you may take upon a
 knife's point, and choke a daw withal.° You have no
 stomach,° signior? Fare you well. Exit. 250

BENEDICK Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you
 come in to dinner." There's a double meaning in that.
 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took
 pains to thank me.' That's as much as to say, "Any
 pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks." If I do 255
 not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her,
 I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. Exit.

[ACT III]

[Scene I. Leonato's garden.]

Enter HERO and two gentlewomen, MARGARET and
 URSULA.

HERO

Good Margaret, run thee to the parlor.
 There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
 Proposing with° the prince and Claudio.
 Whisper her ear and tell her, I and Ursley
 Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse 5
 Is all of her. Say that thou overheard'st us;
 And bid her steal into the pleachèd bower,

Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
 Forbid the sun to enter—like favorites,
 Made proud by princes, that advance their pride 10
 Against that power that bred it.° There will she hide
 her
 To listen our propose. This is thy office;°
 Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.

MARGARET

I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [Exit.]

HERO

Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, 15
 As we do trace° this alley up and down,
 Our talk must only be of Benedick.
 When I do name him, let it be thy part
 To praise him more than ever man did merit.
 My talk to thee must be how Benedick 20
 Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
 Is little Cupid's crafty° arrow made,
 That only° wounds by hearsay.

Enter BEATRICE.

Now begin;
 For look where Beatrice like a lapwing runs
 Close by the ground, to hear our conference. 25

URSULA

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
 Cut with her golden oars the silver stream
 And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
 So angle we for Beatrice, who even now
 Is couchèd in the woodbine coverture.° 30
 Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

HERO

Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
 Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

[They approach the bower.]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful.
 I know her spirits are as coy° and wild 35
 As haggards° of the rock.

URSULA

But are you sure
 That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

HERO

So says the prince, and my new-trothèd lord.

URSULA

And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

HERO

They did entreat me to acquaint her of it; 40
 But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
 To wish him wrestle with affection
 And never to let Beatrice know of it.

URSULA

Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
 Deserve as full as fortunate a bed 45
 As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

HERO

O god of love! I know he doth deserve
 As much as may be yielded to a man;
 But Nature never framed a woman's heart

234-35 sentences maxims 236 career course 249 withal
 with 249-50 no stomach no wish to argue (as well as "no
 appetite")

III.i.3 Proposing with talking to

10-11 Made . . . it an Elizabethan audience of c. 1600
 would be reminded of the Earl of Essex 12 office duty 16
 trace walk 22 crafty skillfully wrought 23 only solely 30
 woodbine coverture honeysuckle thicket 35 coy disdainful
 36 haggards wild and intractable hawks

Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
 Disdain and Scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
 Misprizing^o what they look on; and her wit
 Values itself so highly that to her
 All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,
 Nor take no shape nor project^o of affection,
 She is so self-endear'd.

URSULA Sure I think so;
 And therefore certainly it were not good
 She knew his love, lest she'll make sport of it.

HERO
 Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
 How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured, 60
 But she would spell him backward. If fair-faced,
 She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
 If black,^o why, Nature, drawing of an antic,^o
 Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
 If low, an agate very vilely cut;^o
 If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
 If silent, why, a block mov'd with none.
 So turns she every man the wrong side out
 And never gives to truth and virtue that
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth. 70

URSULA
 Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

HERO
 No, not to be so odd, and from all fashions,^o
 As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
 But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
 She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me 75
 Out of myself, press me to death with wit!
 Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire,
 Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly.
 It were a better death than die with mocks,
 Which is as bad as die with tickling.

URSULA
 Yet tell her of it. Hear what she will say.

HERO
 No; rather I will go to Benedick
 And counsel him to fight against his passion.
 And truly, I'll devise some honest^o slanders
 To stain my cousin with. One doth not know
 How much an ill word may empoison liking.

URSULA
 O, do not do your cousin such a wrong!
 She cannot be so much without true judgment
 (Having so swift and excellent a wit
 As she is prized to have) as to refuse
 So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

HERO
 He is the only man of Italy,
 Always excepted my dear Claudio.

URSULA
 I pray you be not angry with me, madam,
 Speaking my fancy. Signior Benedick,
 For shape, for bearing, argument, and valor,
 Goes foremost in report through Italy.

HERO
 Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

50 URSULA
 His excellence did earn it ere he had it.
 When are you married, madam? 100

HERO
 Why, everyday tomorrow!^o Come, go in.
 55 I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel
 Which is the best to furnish^o me tomorrow.

[*They walk away.*]

URSULA
 She's limed,^o I warrant you! We have caught her,
 madam.

HERO
 If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;^o 105
 Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt HERO and URSULA.*]

BEATRICE [*Coming forward.*]
 65 What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
 Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?
 Contempt, farewell! And maiden pride, adieu!
 No glory lives behind the back of such. 110
 And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
 Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
 If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
 To bind our loves up in a holy band;
 For others say thou dost deserve, and I 115
 Believe it better than reportingly.^o *Exit.*

[*Scene II. Leonato's house.*]

*Enter prince [DON PEDRO], CLAUDIO, BENEDICK,
 and LEONATO.*

DON PEDRO I do but stay till your marriage be con-
 summate, and then go I toward Aragon. 80

CLAUDIO I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll
 vouchsafe^o me.

DON PEDRO Nay, that would be as great a soil in the 5
 new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new
 coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with
 Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his
 head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth. He hath 85
 twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring,^o and the little
 hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as
 sound as a bell; and his tongue is the clapper, for what
 his heart thinks, his tongue speaks. 10

BENEDICK Gallants, I am not as I have been.

90 LEONATO So say I. Methinks you are sadder.^o 15

CLAUDIO I hope he be in love.

DON PEDRO Hang him truant?^o There's no true drop
 of blood in him to be truly touched with love. If he be
 sad, he wants money.

BENEDICK I have the toothache. 20

95 DON PEDRO Draw it.^o

101 everyday tomorrow tomorrow I shall be married forever
 103 furnish dress 104 limed caught (as a bird is caught in
 birdlime, a sticky substance smeared on branches) 105 haps
 chance 116 reportingly mere hearsay
 III.ii.4 vouchsafe permit 10 cut Cupid's bowstring
 avoided falling in love 15 sadder graver 17 truant i.e., as
 unfaithful to his anti-romantic stance 21 Draw it Extract
 it (but "draw" also means eviscerate; traitors were hanged,
 drawn, and quartered. "Draw it" thus leads to the exclamation
 "Hang it")

52 Misprizing despising 55 project notion 63 black
 dark-complexioned; antic grotesque figure 65 agate . . .
 cut poorly done miniature 72 from all fashions contrary
 84 honest appropriate

BENEDICK Hang it!

CLAUDIO You must hang it first and draw it afterwards.

DON PEDRO What? Sigh for the toothache? 25

LEONATO Where is but a humor or a worm.°

BENEDICK Well, everyone cannot master a grief but he that has it.°

CLAUDIO Yet say I he is in love.

DON PEDRO There is no appearance of fancy° in him, 30 unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as to be a Dutchman today, a Frenchman tomorrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downward, all slops,° and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet.° Unless he have a 35 fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

CLAUDIO If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs; 'a brushes his hat o' mornings. What should that bode? 40

DON PEDRO Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

CLAUDIO No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis balls.°

LEONATO Indeed he looks younger than he did, by 45 the loss of a beard.

DON PEDRO Nay, 'a rubs himself with civet.° Can you smell him out by that?

CLAUDIO That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love. 50

DON PEDRO The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

CLAUDIO And when was he wont to wash his face?

DON PEDRO Yea, or to paint himself?° For the which I hear what they say of him.

CLAUDIO Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now 55 crept into a lutestring, and now governed by stops.°

DON PEDRO Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

CLAUDIO Nay, but I know who loves him.

DON PEDRO That would I know too. I warrant, one 60 that knows him not.

CLAUDIO Yes, and his ill conditions;° and in despite of all,° dies° for him.

DON PEDRO She shall be buried with her face upwards.° 65

BENEDICK Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobbyhorses° must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK and LEONATO.]

DON PEDRO For my life, to break with him about 70 Beatrice!

26 **humor** . . . **worm** supposed causes of tooth decay; "humor = secretion" 27-28 **Well** . . . **it** A man has to have a grief first before he can master it (Benedick does not admit that he has a grief; but some editors emend "cannot" to "can") 30 **fancy** love 34 **slops** loose breeches 35 **doublet** close-fitting jacket 43-44 **the** . . . **balls** cf. Beatrice's remark, II.i.27-28, "I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face" 47 **civet** perfume 53 **to paint himself** to use cosmetics 56 **stops** frets (on the lute) 62 **conditions** qualities 62-63 **in** . . . **all** notwithstanding 63 **dies** (1) pines away (2) is willing to "die" in the act of sex 64-65 **She** . . . **upwards** continues sexual innuendo 68-69 **hobbyhorses** jesters (originally an imitation horse fastened around the waist of a morris dancer)

CLAUDIO 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter [DON] JOHN the bastard.

DON JOHN My lord and brother, God save you. 75

DON PEDRO Good den,° brother.

DON JOHN If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

DON PEDRO In private?

DON JOHN If it please you. Yet Count Claudio may 80 hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

DON PEDRO What's the matter?

DON JOHN [*To* CLAUDIO.] Means your lordship to be married tomorrow?

DON PEDRO You know he does. 85

DON JOHN I know not that, when he knows what I know.

CLAUDIO If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

DON JOHN You may think I love you not; let that 90 appear hereafter, and aim better at me° by that° I now will manifest. For my brother (I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart) hath help to effect your ensuing marriage—surely suit ill spent and labor ill bestowed! 95

DON PEDRO Why, what's the matter?

DON JOHN I came hither to tell you, and, circumstances short'ned (for she has been too long a-talking of), the lady is disloyal.

CLAUDIO Who? Hero? 100

DON JOHN Even she—Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

CLAUDIO Disloyal?

DON JOHN The word is too good to paint out her wickedness. I could say she were worse. Think you of 105 a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant. Go but with me tonight, you shall see her chamber window ent'red, even the night before her wedding day. If you love her then, tomorrow wed her. But it would better fit your honor to change your 110 mind.

CLAUDIO May this be so?

DON PEDRO I will not think it.

DON JOHN If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show 115 you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

CLAUDIO If I see anything tonight why I should not marry her tomorrow, in the congregation where I should wed, there will I shame her. 120

DON PEDRO And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

DON JOHN I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses. Bear it coldly° but till midnight, and let the issue show itself. 125

DON PEDRO O day untowardly turned!

CLAUDIO O mischief strangely thwarting!

DON JOHN O plague right well prevented! So will you say when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*]

76 **Good den** good evening 91 **aim** . . . **me** judge better of me; **that** that which 124 **coldly** calmly

[Scene III. *A street.*]

Enter DOGBERRY and his compartner [VERGES,] with the WATCH.

DOGBERRY Are you good men and true?

VERGES Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation,^o body and soul.

DOGBERRY Nay, that were a punishment too good for them if they should have any allegiance in them, s being chosen for the prince's watch.

VERGES Well, give them their charge,^o neighbor Dogberry.

DOGBERRY First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable? 10

FIRST WATCH High Oatcake, sir, or George Seacole, for they can write and read.

DOGBERRY Come hither, neighbor Seacole. God hath blessed you with a good name. To be a well-favored^o man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes 15 by nature.

SECOND WATCH Both which, Master Constable—

DOGBERRY You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks and make no boast of it; and for your writing 20 and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch. Therefore bear you the lanthorn. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom^o men; you are to 25 bid any man stand,^o in the prince's name.

SECOND WATCH How if 'a will not stand?

DOGBERRY Why then, take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave. 30

VERGES If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

DOGBERRY True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and to talk 35 is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

WATCH^o We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

DOGBERRY Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should 40 offend. Only, have a care that your bills^o be not stol'n. Well, you are to call at all the alehouses and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

WATCH How if they will not?

DOGBERRY Why then, let them alone till they are 45 sober. If they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

WATCH Well, sir.

DOGBERRY If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and for 50 such kind of man, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

WATCH If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

DOGBERRY Truly, by your office you may; but I 55 think they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

VERGES You have been always called a merciful man, 60 partner.

DOGBERRY Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

VERGES If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it. 65

WATCH How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

DOGBERRY Why then, depart in peace and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf 70 when he bleats.

VERGES 'Tis very true.

DOGBERRY This is the end of the charge: you, constable, are to present the prince's own person. If you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him. 75

VERGES Nay, by'r Lady, that I think 'a cannot.

DOGBERRY Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him! Marry, not without the prince be willing; for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offense to stay a 80 man against his will.

VERGES By'r Lady, I think it be so.

DOGBERRY Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night. And there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good 85 night. Come, neighbor.

WATCH Well, masters, we hear our charge. Let us go sit here upon the church bench till two, and then all to bed.

DOGBERRY One word more, honest neighbors. I 90 pray you watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there tomorrow, there is a great coil^o tonight. Adieu. Be vigilant, I beseech you.

Exeunt [DOGBERRY and VERGES].

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

BORACHIO What, Conrade!

WATCH [*Aside.*] Peace! Stir not! 95

BORACHIO Conrade, I say!

CONRADE Here, man. I am at thy elbow.

BORACHIO Mass,^o and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab^o follow.

CONRADE I will owe thee an answer for that; and now 100 forward with thy tale.

BORACHIO Stand thee close then under this penthouse,^o for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard,^o utter all to thee.

WATCH [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand 105 close.

BORACHIO Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

92 coil to-do, turmoil 98 Mass an interjection, from "By the Mass" 99 scab (1) crust over a wound (2) contemptible person 102-03 penthouse shed, lean-to 104 drunkard his name is based on the Spanish *borracho* = drunkard

III.iii.3 salvation damnation (the beginning of the malapropisms basic to the comedy of Dogberry and Verges) 7 charge instructions 14 well-favored handsome 25 comprehend all vagrom apprehend all vagrant 26 stand halt, stop 37 Watch neither the quarto nor the Folio differentiates again between First Watch and Second Watch until the end of this scene 41 bills constables' pikes

CONRADE It is possible that any villainy should be so dear?

110

BORACHIO Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

CONRADE I wonder at it.

115

BORACHIO That shows thou art unconfirmed.^o Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.^o

CONRADE Yes, it is apparel.

BORACHIO I mean the fashion.

120

CONRADE Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

BORACHIO Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

WATCH [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed; 'a has been a vile thief this seven year; 'a goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.

BORACHIO Didst thou not hear somebody?

CONRADE No; 'twas the vane on the house.

BORACHIO See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? How giddily 'a turns about all the hotbloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? Sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy^o painting, sometime like god Bel's priests^o in the old church window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece^o seems as massy as his club?

CONRADE All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

BORACHIO Not so neither. But know that I have tonight wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero. She leans me out at her mistress' chamber window, bids me a thousand times good night. I tell this tale vilely—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed and possessed^o by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

150

CONRADE And thought they Margaret was Hero?

BORACHIO Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'ernight and send her home again without a husband.

160

FIRST WATCH We charge you in the prince's name stand!

SECOND WATCH Call up the right Master Constable.

We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

116 unconfirmed innocent 118 is . . . man fails to reveal his actual character 134 reechy grimy, filthy; god Bel's priests from the Apocrypha 137 codpiece decorative pouch at the fly on a sixteenth-century man's breeches 149 possessed informed, deluded

FIRST WATCH And one Deformed is one of them; I know him; 'a wears a lock.^o

CONRADE Masters, masters—

SECOND WATCH You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

170

CONRADE Masters, never speak; we charge you let us obey you to go with us.^o

BORACHIO We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.^o

175

CONRADE A commodity in question,^o I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you.

Exeunt.

[Scene IV. Leonato's house.]

Enter HERO, and MARGARET, and URSULA.

HERO Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice and desire her to rise.

URSULA I will, lady.

HERO And bid her come hither.

URSULA Well.

[Exit.] 5

MARGARET Troth, I think your other rabato^o were better.

HERO No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

MARGARET By my troth, 'snot so good, and I warrant your cousin will say so.

10

HERO My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

MARGARET I like the new tire^o within^o excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

15

HERO O, that exceeds, they say.

MARGARET By my troth, 'sbut a nightgown^o in respect of yours—cloth o' gold and cuts,^o and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side-sleeves,^o and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel. But for a fine, quaint,^o graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

20

HERO God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

25

MARGARET 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

HERO Fie upon thee! Art not ashamed?

MARGARET Of what, lady? Of speaking honorably? Is not marriage honorable in a beggar? Is not your lord honorable without marriage? I think you would have me say, "saving your reverence, a husband." And bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in "the heavier for a husband"? None, I think, and it be the right

35

168 lock lovelock, curl of hair hanging by the ear 172-73

Masters . . . us Conrade is mocking the language of the Second Watch; he means, "Say no more, we will go along with you" 174-75 We . . . bills Borachio continues the mockery with a series of puns: "commodity" = (1) merchandise (2) profit; "taken up" = (1) arrested (2) bought on credit; "bills" = (1) pikes (2) bonds or sureties 176 in question (1) subject to judicial examination (2) of doubtful value

III.iv.6 rabato ruff 13 tire headdress; within in the next room 18 nightgown dressing gown 19 cuts slashes to show rich fabric underneath 20 down sleeves, side-sleeves long sleeves covering the arms, open sleeves hanging from the shoulder 22 quaint pretty, dainty

husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light,^o and not heavy. Ask my Lady Beatrice else. Here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

HERO Good morrow, coz.

BEATRICE Good morrow, sweet Hero.

HERO Why, how now? Do you speak in the sick 40 tune?

BEATRICE I am out of all other tune, methinks.

MARGARET Clap's into^o "Light o' love." That goes without a burden.^o Do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

BEATRICE Ye light o' love with your heels!^o Then, if 45 your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.^o

MARGARET O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

BEATRICE 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time 50 you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill. Heigh-ho!

MARGARET For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

BEATRICE For the letter that begins them all, H.^o

MARGARET Well, and you be not turned Turk,^o 55 there's no more sailing by the star.

BEATRICE What means the fool, trow?^o

MARGARET Nothing I; but God send everyone their heart's desire!

HERO These gloves the count sent me, they are an 60 excellent perfume.

BEATRICE I am stuffed,^o cousin; I cannot smell.

MARGARET A maid, and stuffed!^o There's goodly catching of cold.

BEATRICE O, God help me! God help me! How long 65 have you professed apprehension?^o

MARGARET Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

BEATRICE It is not seen enough. You should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick. 70

MARGARET Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus^o and lay it to your heart. It is the only thing for a qualm.^o

HERO There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

BEATRICE Benedictus? Why Benedictus? You have 75 some moral^o in this Benedictus.

MARGARET Moral? No, by my troth, I have no moral meaning. I meant plain holy thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love. Nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list;^o nor I list not 80 to think what I can; nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man. He swore he would never marry; and 85 yet now in despite of his heart he eats his meat without grudging.^o And how you may be converted I know

not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

BEATRICE What pace is this that thy tongue keeps? 90

MARGARET Not a false gallop.

Enter URSULA.

URSULA Madam, withdraw. The prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

HERO Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good 95 Ursula.
[*Exeunt.*]

[Scene V. Another room in Leonato's house.]

Enter LEONATO and the Constable [DOGBERRY], and the Headborough [VERGES].

LEONATO What would you with me, honest neighbor?

DOGBERRY Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

LEONATO Brief, I pray you, for you see it is a busy 5 time with me.

DOGBERRY Marry, this it is, sir.

VERGES Yes, in truth it is, sir.

LEONATO What is it, my good friends?

DOGBERRY Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off 10 the matter—an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

VERGES Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honestest than I. 15

DOGBERRY Comparisons are odorous; palabras,^o neighbor Verges.

LEONATO Neighbors, you are tedious.

DOGBERRY It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own 20 part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

LEONATO All thy tediousness on me, ah?

DOGBERRY Yea, and 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your 25 worship as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

VERGES And so am I.

LEONATO I would fain know what you have to say.

VERGES Marry, sir, our watch tonight, excepting 30 your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

DOGBERRY A good old man, sir; he will be talking. As they say, "When the age is in, the wit is out." God help us! It is a world to see! Well said, i' faith, neighbor 35 Verges. Well, God's a good man. And two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshiped; all men are not alike, alas, good neighbor! 40

LEONATO Indeed, neighbor, he comes too short of you.

DOGBERRY Gifts that God gives.

LEONATO I must leave you.

III.v.16 *palabras* for Spanish *pocas palabras* = few words

36 *light* pun on *wanton* 43 *Claps's into* let us sing 44 *burden* bass part (with pun on "the heavier for a husband") 45 *Ye . . . heels* sexual innuendo 47 *barns* pun on *bairns*, children 54 *H ache* was pronounced "aitch" 55 *turned Turk* completely changed 57 *trow* I wonder 62 *I am stuffed* I have a head cold 63 *stuffed* filled (as with a child) 66 *apprehension* wit 71-72 *Carduus Benedictus* blessed thistle, a medicinal herb 73 *qualm* sensation of sickness 76 *moral* special meaning 80 *list* please 86-87 *he . . . grudging* he finds that he can still eat

DOGBERRY One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have in- 45
deed comprehended two aspicuous persons, and we
would have them this morning examined before your
worship.

LEONATO Take their examination yourself and bring
it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto 50
you.

DOGBERRY It shall be suffigance.

LEONATO Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you
well.

[Enter a MESSENGER.]

MESSENGER My lord, they stay for you to give your 55
daughter to her husband.

LEONATO I'll wait upon them. I am ready.

Exit [LEONATO, with MESSENGER].

DOGBERRY Go, good partner, go get you to Francis
Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail.
We are now to examination these men. 60

VERGES And we must do it wisely.

DOGBERRY We will spare for no wit, I warrant you;
here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come.^o
Only get the learned writer to set down our excom-
munication, and meet me at the jail. [Exeunt.] 65

[A C T I V]

[Scene I. A church.]

*Enter prince [DON PEDRO], [DON JOHN the] bastard,
LEONATO, FRIAR [Francis], CLAUDIO, BENEDICK,
HERO, and BEATRICE [and ATTENDANTS].*

LEONATO Come, Friar Francis, be brief. Only to the
plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their
particular^o duties afterwards.

FRIAR You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?
CLAUDIO No. 5

LEONATO To be married to her; friar, you come to
marry her.

FRIAR Lady, you come hither to be married to this
count?

HERO I do. 10

FRIAR If either of you know any inward impediment
why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your
souls to utter it.

CLAUDIO Know you any, Hero?

HERO None, my lord. 15

FRIAR Know you any, count?

LEONATO I dare make his answer, none.

CLAUDIO O, what men dare do! What men may do!
What men daily do, not knowing what they do!

BENEDICK How now? Interjections? Why then, some 20
be of^o laughing, as, ah, ha, he!^o

CLAUDIO

Stand thee by,^o friar. Father, by your leave,
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid your daughter?

LEONATO

As freely, son, as God did give her me. 25

CLAUDIO

And what have I to give you back whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

DON PEDRO

Nothing, unless you render her again.

CLAUDIO

Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again. 30

Give not this rotten orange to your friend.

She's but the sign and semblance of her honor.

Behold how like a maid she blushes here!

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal! 35

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows? But she is none.

She knows the heat of a luxurious^o bed; 40

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

LEONATO

What do you mean, my lord?

CLAUDIO

Not to be married,

Not to knit my soul to an approvèd^o wanton.

LEONATO

Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,^o

Have vanquished the resistance of her youth 45

And made defeat of her virginity—

CLAUDIO

I know what you would say: if I have known^o her,

You will say she did embrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the 'forehand sin. 50

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large,

But, as a brother to his sister, showed

Bashful sincerity and comely love.

HERO

And seemed I ever otherwise to you?

CLAUDIO

Out on thee, seeming! I will write against it. 55

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;^o

But you are more intemperate in your blood^o

Than Venus, or those pamp' red animals

That rage in savage sensuality. 60

HERO

Is my lord well that he doth speak so wide?^o

LEONATO

Sweet prince, why speak not you?

DON PEDRO

What should I
speak?

I stand dishonored that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.^o

LEONATO

Are these things spoken, or do I but dream? 65

DON JOHN

Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

63 non-come non compos mentis

IV.i.3 particular personal 20-21 some be of some are con-
cerned with 21 ah, ha, he examples of interjections 22
Stand thee by stand aside

40 luxurious lustful 43 approvèd tested 44 proof experience
47 known had intercourse with 57 blown blossomed 58
blood sexual desire 61 so wide so far from the truth 64
stale prostitute

- BENEDICK
This looks not like a nuptial.
- HERO "True," O God!
- CLAUDIO
Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
- LEONATO
All this is so. But what of this, my lord?
- CLAUDIO
Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And by that fatherly and kindly° power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
- LEONATO
I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
- HERO
O, God defend me! How am I beset!
What kind of catechizing call you this?
- CLAUDIO
To make you answer truly to your name.
- HERO
Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
- CLAUDIO Marry, that can Hero!
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talked with you yesternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
- HERO
I talked with no man at that hour, my lord.
- DON PEDRO
Why, then are you no maiden, Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear. Upon mine honor
Myself, my brother, and this grievèd count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal° villain,
Confessed the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
- DON JOHN
Fie, fie! They are not to be named, my lord—
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language
Without offense to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
- CLAUDIO
O Hero! What a Hero hadst thou been
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair, farewell;
Thou pure impiety and impious purity,
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture° hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.
- LEONATO
Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
[HERO swoons.]
- BEATRICE
Why, how now, cousin? Wherefore sink you down?
- DON JOHN
Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light, 110
Smother her spirits up.
[Exeunt DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, and CLAUDIO.]
- BENEDICK
How doth the lady?
- 70 BEATRICE Dead, I think. Help, uncle!
Hero! Why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick!
Friar!
- LEONATO
O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame 115
That may be wished for.
- BEATRICE How now, cousin Hero?
- 75 FRIAR
Have comfort, lady.
- LEONATO
Dost thou look up?
- FRIAR Yea, wherefore should she not?
- LEONATO
Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny 120
The story that is printed in her blood?°
- 80 Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would on the rearward of reproaches 125
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?°
- 85 O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand 130
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirchèd thus and mired with infamy,
I might have said, "No part of it is mine;
This shames derives itself from unknown loins"? 135
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her—why she, O, she is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea 140
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give°
To her foul tainted flesh!
- BENEDICK Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.
- 100 BEATRICE
O, on my soul, my cousin is belied! 145
- BENEDICK
Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
- BEATRICE
105 No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
- LEONATO
Confirmed, confirmed! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barred up with ribs of iron! 150
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so that, speaking of her foulness,
Washed it with tears? Hence from her! Let her die.

FRIAR

Hear me a little;
 For I have only been silent so long,
 And given way unto this course of fortune,
 By noting of the lady. I have marked
 A thousand blushing apparitions
 To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
 In angel whiteness beat away those blushes,
 And in her eye there hath appeared a fire
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
 Trust not my reading nor my observations,
 Which with experimental seal^o doth warrant
 The tenor^o of my book; trust not my age,
 My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
 Under some biting error.

LEONATO

Friar, it cannot be.

Thou see'st that all the grace that she hath left
 Is that she will not add to her damnation
 A sin of perjury; she not denies it.
 Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
 That which appears in proper nakedness?

FRIAR

Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

HERO

They know that do accuse me; I know none.
 If I know more of any man alive
 Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
 Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
 Prove you that any man with me conversed
 At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
 Maintained the change^o of words with any creature,
 Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

FRIAR

There is some strange misprision^o in the princes.

BENEDICK

Two of them have the very bent^o of honor;
 And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
 The practice^o of it lives in John the bastard,
 Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

LEONATO

I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
 These hands shall tear her. If they wrong her honor,
 The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
 Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
 Nor age so eat up my invention,^o
 Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
 Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
 But they shall find awaked in such a kind
 Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
 Ability in means, and choice of friends,
 To quit^o me of them throughly.

FRIAR

Pause awhile

And let my counsel sway you in this case.
 Your daughter here the princes left for dead.
 Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
 And publish it that she is dead indeed;

Maintain a mourning ostentation,^o

And on your family's old monument

155

Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
 That appertain unto a burial.

LEONATO

What shall become of this? What will this do?

FRIAR

160

Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf
 Change slander to remorse; that is some good.
 But not for that dream I on this strange course,
 But on this travail look for greater birth.
 She dying, as it must be so maintained,
 Upon the instant that she was accused,
 Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused

165

Of every hearer. For it so falls out
 That what we have we prize not to the worth
 Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
 Why, then we rack^o the value, then we find
 The virtue that possession would not show us
 Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio.
 When he shall hear she died upon his words,
 Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep

170

Into his study of imagination,^o
 And every lovely organ^o of her life
 Shall come appareled in more precious habit,^o
 More moving, delicate, and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul
 Than when she lived indeed. Then shall he mourn,
 If ever love had interest in his liver,^o

180

And wish he had not so accusèd her,
 No, though he thought his accusation true.

Let this be so, and doubt not but success^o

Will fashion the event^o in better shape

Than I can lay it down in likelihood.

But if all aim, but this, be leveled false,^o

The supposition of the lady's death

Will quench the wonder of her infamy;

185

And if it sort^o not well, you may conceal her,

As best befits her wounded reputation,

In some reclusive and religious life,

Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

BENEDICK

Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you;

And though you know my inwardness^o and love

Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,

Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this

As secretly and justly as your soul

Should with your body.

195

LEONATO Being that I flow in grief,

The smallest twine may lead me.

FRIAR

'Tis well consented. Presently away;

For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.

Come, lady, die to live. This wedding day

200

Perhaps is but prolonged. Have patience and endure.

Exit [with all but BEATRICE and BENEDICK].

204 **Maintain** . . . ostentation perform the outward show of mourning 219 **rack** stretch 224 **study of imagination** meditation, musing 225 **organ** physical feature 226 **habit** dress 230 **liver** supposed seat of love 233 **success** what follows 234 **event** outcome 236 **But** . . . false but if all conjecture, except this (i.e., the mere supposition of Hero's death), be aimed ("leveled") falsely 239 **sort** turn out 244 **inwardness** most intimate feelings

165 **experimental seal** seal of experience 166 **tenor** purport
 182 **maintained the change** held exchange 184 **misprision**
 mistaking 185 **bent** shape (or perhaps "inclination") 187
practice scheming 193 **invention** inventiveness 199 **quit**
 revenge

BENEDICK Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while? 255
 BEATRICE Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
 BENEDICK I will not desire that.
 BEATRICE You have no reason. I do it freely.
 BENEDICK Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged. 260
 BEATRICE Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!
 BENEDICK Is there any way to show such friendship?
 BEATRICE A very even^o way, but no such friend.
 BENEDICK May a man do it? 265
 BEATRICE It is a man's office, but not yours.
 BENEDICK I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is not that strange?
 BEATRICE As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you. 270
 But believe me not; and yet I lie not. I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.
 BENEDICK By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.
 BEATRICE Do not swear and eat it.
 BENEDICK I will swear by it that you love me, and I 275
 will make him eat it that says I love not you.
 BEATRICE Will you not eat your word?
 BENEDICK With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest^o I love thee.
 BEATRICE Why then, God forgive me! 280
 BENEDICK What offense, sweet Beatrice?
 BEATRICE You have stayed me in a happy hour.^o I was about to protest I loved you.
 BENEDICK And do it with all thy heart.
 BEATRICE I love you with so much of my heart that 285
 none is left to protest.
 BENEDICK Come, bid me do anything for thee.
 BEATRICE Kill Claudio.
 BENEDICK Ha! Not for the wide world!
 BEATRICE You kill me to deny it. Farewell. 290
 BENEDICK Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

[*He holds her.*]

BEATRICE I am gone, though I am here; there is no love in you. Nay, I pray you let me go!
 BENEDICK Beatrice—
 BEATRICE In faith, I will go! 295
 BENEDICK We'll be friends first.

[*He lets her go.*]

BEATRICE You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.
 BENEDICK Is Claudio thine enemy?
 BEATRICE Is 'a not approved in the height a villain, 300
 that hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand^o until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor—
 O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the 305
 market place!
 BENEDICK Hear me, Beatrice—
 BEATRICE Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!

BENEDICK Nay, but Beatrice— 310
 BEATRICE Sweet Hero, she is wronged, she is sland' red, she is undone.
 BENEDICK Beat—
 BEATRICE Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect;^o a sweet 315
 gallant surely! O that I were a man for his sake! Or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into cursies,^o valor into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too. He is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a 320
 lie, and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing; therefore I will die a woman with grieving.
 BENEDICK Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.
 BEATRICE Use it for my love some other way than 325
 swearing by it.
 BENEDICK Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?
 BEATRICE Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.
 BENEDICK Enough, I am engaged. I will challenge 330
 him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go comfort your cousin. I must say she is dead. And so farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Scene II. A prison.*]

Enter the constables [DOGBERRY and VERGES] and the town clerk [SEXTON] in gowns, BORACHIO, [CONRADE, and WATCH].

DOGBERRY Is our whole dissembly appeared?
 VERGES O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.
 SEXTON Which be the malefactors?
 DOGBERRY Marry, that am I and my partner.
 VERGES Nay, that's certain. We have the exhibition 5
 to examine.
 SEXTON But which are the offenders that are to be examined? Let them come before Master Constable.
 DOGBERRY Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend? 10
 BORACHIO Borachio.
 DOGBERRY Pray write down Borachio. Yours, sirrah?^o
 CONRADE I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade. 15
 DOGBERRY Write down Master Gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?
 BOTH Yea, sir, we hope.
 DOGBERRY Write down that they hope they serve God; and write God first, for God defend but God 20
 should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?
 CONRADE Marry, sir, we say we are none. 25
 DOGBERRY A marvelous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.^o Come you hither, sirrah;

315 *Comfect* sugar candy 318 *cursies* curtsies

IV.ii.13 *sirrah* term of address used to an inferior 27 *go . . . him* get the better of him

264 *even* direct 279 *protest* avow 282 *in . . . hour* just in time 302 *bear . . . hand* fool her

a word in your ear. Sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

BORACHIO Sir, I say to you we are none.^o 30

DOGBERRY Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both of a tale.^o Have you writ down that they are none?

SEXTON Master Constable, you go not the way to examine. You must call forth the watch that are their 35 accusers.

DOGBERRY Yea, marry, that's the efast^o way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you in the prince's name, accuse these men.

FIRST WATCH This man said, sir, that Don John the 40 prince's brother was a villain.

DOGBERRY Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

BORACHIO Master Constable!

DOGBERRY Pray thee, fellow, peace. I do not like thy 45 look, I promise thee.

SEXTON What heard you him say else?

SECOND WATCH Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully. 50

DOGBERRY Flat burglary as ever was committed.

VERGES Yea, by mass, that it is.

SEXTON What else, fellow?

FIRST WATCH And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole 55 assembly, and not marry her.

DOGBERRY O villain! Thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

SEXTON What else?

WATCH This is all. 60

SEXTON And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stol'n away. Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master Constable, let these men be bound and brought 65 to Leonato's. I will go before and show him their examination. [Exit.]

DOGBERRY [To the WATCH.] Come, let them be opinioned.^o

VERGES Let them be in the hands of Coxcomb.^o 70

DOGBERRY God's my life, where's the sexton? Let him write down the prince's officer Coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty^o varlet!

CONRADE Away! You are an ass, you are an ass.

DOGBERRY Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost 75 thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass. Though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I 80 am a wise fellow; and which is more, an officer; and which is more, a householder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina, and one that

knows the law, go to! And a rich fellow enough, go to! And a fellow that hath had losses; and one that 85 hath two gowns and everything handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! Exit [with the others.]

[A C T V]

[Scene I. Before Leonato's house.]

Enter LEONATO and his brother [ANTONIO].

ANTONIO

If you go on thus, you will kill yourself,
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second^o grief
Against yourself.

LEONATO I pray thee cease thy counsel,

Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel, 5
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with^o mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speak of patience. 10

Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain^o for strain,
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form.
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard, 15
And sorrow wag,^o cry "hem" when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters;^o bring him yet^o to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man. For, brother, men 20
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine^o to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, 25
Charm ache with air and agony with words.
No, no! 'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency 30
To be so moral^o when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.^o

ANTONIO

Therein do men from children nothing differ.

LEONATO

I pray thee peace. I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher 35
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and sufferance.^o

30 none apparently pronounced the same as *known*, and so taken by Dogberry in his next speech 31-32 they . . . tale their stories agree 37 efast quickest 69 opinioned he means *pinioned* 70 Coxcomb apparently Verges thinks this is an elegant name for one of the Watch; editors commonly emend "of Coxcomb" to "off, coxcomb," and give to Conrade 73 naughty wicked

V.i.2 second assist 7 suit with accord with 12 strain quality, trait 16 wag wave away 18 candle-wasters revelers (?) philosophers (?); yet then 24 preceptual medicine medicine of precepts (cf. line 17, "Patch grief with proverbs") 30 moral moralizing 32 advertisement counsel 38 made . . . sufferance defied mischance and suffering

ANTONIO

Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself.
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

LEONATO

There thou speak'st reason. Nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonor her.

Enter prince [DON PEDRO] and CLAUDIO.

ANTONIO

Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

DON PEDRO

Good den, good den.

CLAUDIO

Good day to both of you.

LEONATO

Hear you, my lords—

DON PEDRO

We have some haste, Leonato.

LEONATO

Some haste, my lord! Well, fare you well, my lord.
Are you so hasty now? Well, all is one.

DON PEDRO

Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

ANTONIO

If he could right himself with quarreling,
Some of us would lie low.

CLAUDIO

Who wrongs him?

LEONATO

Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou!
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.

CLAUDIO

Marry, beshrew^o my hand

If it should give your age such cause of fear.

In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

LEONATO

Tush, tush, man! Never fleer^o and jest at me.

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,

As under privilege of age to brag

What I have done being young, or what would do,

Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,^o

Thou hast so wronged mine innocent child and me

That I am forced to lay my reverence by

And, with gray hairs and bruise of many days,

Do challenge thee to trial of a man.^o

I say thou hast belied mine innocent child.

Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors;

O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,

Save this of hers, framed^o by thy villainy!

CLAUDIO

My villainy?

LEONATO

Thine, Claudio; thine I say.

DON PEDRO

You say not right, old man.

LEONATO

My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body if he dare,

Despite his nice fence^o and his active practice,

His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

CLAUDIO

Away! I will not have to do with you.

55 **beshrew** curse (but not a strong word) 58 **fleer** sneer
62 **head** face 66 **trial** . . . **man** manly test, i.e., a duel 71
framed made 75 **nice fence** elegant fencing

LEONATO

Canst thou so daff^o me? Thou hast killed my child.

40 If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

ANTONIO

He shall kill two of us, and men indeed.

80

But that's no matter; let him kill one first.

Win me and wear me! Let him answer me.

Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy; come, follow me.

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining^o fence!

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

85

45 LEONATO Brother—

ANTONIO

Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece;

And she is dead, slandered to death by villains,

That dare as well answer a man indeed

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.

90

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks,^o milksops!

LEONATO

Brother

Anthony—

ANTONIO

Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple;^o

Scambling,^o outfacing, fashionmonging^o boys,

That lie and cog^o and flout, deprave and slander,

95

Go anticly,^o and show outward hideousness,

And speak off half a dozen dang'rous words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;

And this is all.

LEONATO

But, brother Anthony—

55

ANTONIO

Come, 'tis no matter.

100

Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

DON PEDRO

Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.^o

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death.

But, on my honor, she was charged with nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

105

LEONATO

My lord, my lord!

DON PEDRO

I will not hear you.

65

LEONATO

No? Come, brother, away! I will be heard!

ANTONIO

And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

Exeunt ambo^o [LEONATO and ANTONIO].

70

Enter BENEDICK.

DON PEDRO See, see! Here comes the man we went 110
to seek.

CLAUDIO Now, signior, what news?

BENEDICK Good day, my lord.

DON PEDRO Welcome, signior. You are almost come
to part almost a fray.

115

CLAUDIO We had liked to have had our two noses
snapped off with two old men without teeth.

75

78 **daff** put off 84 **foining** thrusting 91 **Jacks** a con-
temptuous term of no precise meaning 93 **scruple** smallest
unit 94 **Scambling** brawling; **fashionmonging** fashion-
following 95 **cog** cheat 96 **anticly** grotesquely dressed
102 **wake your patience** arouse your indulgence (heavily
ironic) 109 **s.d. ambo** both (Latin)

DON PEDRO Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt° we should have been too young for them.

BENEDICK In a false quarrel there is no true valor. I came to seek you both.

CLAUDIO We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof° melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

BENEDICK It is in my scabbard. Shall I draw it?

DON PEDRO Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

CLAUDIO Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels: draw° to pleasure us.

DON PEDRO As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry?

CLAUDIO What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

BENEDICK Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career° and you charge° it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

CLAUDIO Nay then, give him another staff. This last was broke cross°.

DON PEDRO By this light, he changes more and more. I think he be angry indeed.

CLAUDIO If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle°.

BENEDICK Shall I speak a word in your ear?

CLAUDIO God bless me from a challenge!

BENEDICK [*Aside to CLAUDIO.*] You are a villain; I jest not; I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest° your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

CLAUDIO Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

DON PEDRO What, a feast, a feast?

CLAUDIO I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously,° say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock° too?

BENEDICK Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

DON PEDRO I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said thou hadst a fine wit. "True," said she, "a fine little one." "No," said I, "a great wit." "Right," says she, "a great gross one." "Nay," said I, "a good wit." "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody." "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise." "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman," "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues." "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues." Thus did she an hour together transshape° thy particular virtues. Yet at last she

concluded with a sigh, thou wast the prop' rest° man in Italy.

CLAUDIO For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not.

DON PEDRO Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

CLAUDIO All, all! And moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

DON PEDRO But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

CLAUDIO Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick, the married man"?

BENEDICK Fare you well, boy; you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossiplike humor; you break jests as braggards do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not. [*To DON PEDRO.*] My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you. I must discontinue your company. Your brother the bastard is fled from Messina. You have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and till then peace be with him. [*Exit.*]

DON PEDRO He is in earnest.

CLAUDIO In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

DON PEDRO And hath challenged thee?

CLAUDIO Most sincerely.

DON PEDRO What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!

Enter constables [DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the WATCH, with] CONRADE and BORACHIO.

CLAUDIO He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man°.

DON PEDRO But, soft you, let me be! Pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say my brother was fled?

DOGBERRY Come you, sir. If justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, and you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

DON PEDRO How now? Two of my brother's men bound? Borachio one.

CLAUDIO Harken after° their offense, my lord.

DON PEDRO Officers, what offense have these men done?

DOGBERRY Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and to conclude, they are lying knaves.

DON PEDRO First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offense; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

CLAUDIO Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited°.

DON PEDRO Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound° to your answer? This learned

119 **doubt** suspect 124 **high-proof** in the highest degree
130 **draw** draw not a sword but a fiddle bow 135 **in the career** headlong 136 **charge** i.e., as in tilting with staves or lances 139 **broke cross** ineptly broken (by crossing the opponent's shield instead of striking it headlong) 142 **turn his girdle** challenge me (by reaching for his dagger?) 148 **protest** proclaim 156 **curiously** skillfully 157 **woodcock** stupid bird (Claudio reduces the duel to a carving up of symbols of stupidity—a calf's head, a capon, and a woodcock) 165–66 **hath the tongues** knows foreign languages 170 **transshape** distort

171 **prop' rest** most handsome 200–01 **He . . . man** An ape would consider him important, but an ape is actually a scholar ("doctor") compared to such a fool 210 **Harken after** inquire into 223 **well suited** well dressed out 225 **bound** arraigned

constable is too cunning^o to be understood. What's your offense?

BORACHIO Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer. Do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes. What your 230 wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret 235 in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and briefly, I desire nothing 240 but the reward of a villain.

DON PEDRO Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

CLAUDIO I have drunk poison whiles he uttered it.

DON PEDRO But did my brother set thee on to this? 245

BORACHIO Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

DON PEDRO He is composed and framed of treachery, And fled he is upon this villainy.

CLAUDIO Sweet Hero, now the image doth appear 250 In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

DOGBERRY Come, bring away the plaintiffs. By this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass. 255

VERGES Here, here comes Master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Enter LEONATO, his brother [ANTONIO], and the SEXTON.

LEONATO

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him. Which of these is he? 260

BORACHIO

If you would know your wronger, look on me.

LEONATO

Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast killed
Mine innocent child?

BORACHIO Yea, even I alone.

LEONATO

No, not so, villain! Thou beliest thyself.
Here stand a pair of honorable men;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death.
Record it with your high and worthy deeds.
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

CLAUDIO

I know not how to pray your patience;^o
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention^o
Can lay upon my sin. Yet sinned I not
But in mistaking.

DON PEDRO By my soul, nor I;

And yet, to satisfy this good old man, 275

226 cunning intelligent 270 pray your patience ask your forgiveness 272 invention imagination

I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

LEONATO

I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible; but I pray you both,
Possess^o the people in Messina here 280
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labor aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones, sing it tonight.
Tomorrow morning come you to my house; 285
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us.
Give her the right^o you should have giv'n her cousin, 290
And so dies my revenge.

CLAUDIO

O noble sir!

Your overkindness doth wring tears from me.
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

LEONATO

Tomorrow then I will expect your coming; 295
Tonight I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was packed^o in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

BORACHIO

No, by my soul, she was not;

Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me; 300
But always hath been just and virtuous
In anything that I do know by her.

DOGBERRY Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under
white and black,^o this plaintiff here, the offender, did
call me ass. I beseech you let it be rememb'ed in his 305
punishment. And also the watch heard them talk of one
Deformed; they say he wears a key^o in his ear, and a
lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's
name, the which he hath used so long and never paid
that now men grow hardhearted and will lend nothing 310
for God's sake. Pray you examine him upon that point.

LEONATO I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

DOGBERRY Your worship speaks like a most thankful
and reverent youth, and I praise God for you.

LEONATO There's for thy pains. 315

[Gives money.]

DOGBERRY God save the foundation!^o

LEONATO Go, I discharge^o thee of thy prisoner, and I
thank thee. 265

DOGBERRY I leave an arrant knave with your worship,
which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for 320
the example of others. God keep your worship! I
wish your worship well. God restore you to health!
I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry
meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come,
neighbor. [Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.] 325

280 Possess inform 290 right Hero had a right to claim
Claudio as her husband; probably there is also a pun on rite
298 packed combined, i.e., an accomplice 303-04 not . . .
black not in the official record 307 key ring (but perhaps
Dogberry merely assumes that if a man wears a lock in his
hair he must wear a key too) 316 the foundation as if
Leonato were a charitable institution 317 discharge relieve

LEONATO

Until tomorrow morning, lords, farewell.

ANTONIO

Farewell, my lords. We look for you tomorrow.

DON PEDRO

We will not fail.

CLAUDIO

Tonight I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*]

LEONATO [*To the WATCH.*]

Bring you these fellows on.

We'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd^o fellow.

Exeunt [separately].

[*Scene II. Leonato's garden.*]

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET [meeting].

BENEDICK Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

MARGARET Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

BENEDICK In so high a style,^o Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for in most comely truth thou deservest it.

MARGARET To have no man come over me!^o Why, shall I always keep belowstairs?^o

BENEDICK Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

MARGARET And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit but hurt not.

BENEDICK A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman. And so, I pray thee call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.^o

MARGARET Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

BENEDICK If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes^o with a vice;^o and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

MARGARET Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

Exit MARGARET.

BENEDICK And therefore will come.

[*Sings.*] The god of love,
That sits above

And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve—

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus^o the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpetmongers,^o whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse—why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme. I have tried. I can find out no rhyme

331 lewd low

V.ii.6 style pun on *stile*, a set of steps for passing over a fence 9 come over me the beginning of an interchange of sexual innuendoes 10 keep belowstairs dwell in the servants' quarters 16–17 I give . . . bucklers I yield 21 pikes spikes in the center of bucklers; vice screw 30–31 Leander . . . Troilus legendary lovers; Leander nightly swam the Hellespont to visit Hero, Troilus was aided in his love for Cressida by Pandarus 32 quondam carpetmongers ancient boudoir knights

to "lady" but "baby," an innocent rhyme; for "scorn," "horn," a hard rhyme; for "school," "fool," a babbling rhyme. Very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

BEATRICE Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

BENEDICK O, stay but till then!

BEATRICE "Then" is spoken. Fare you well now. And yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

BENEDICK Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

BEATRICE Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome. Therefore I will depart unknissed.

BENEDICK Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him or I will subscribe him^o a coward. And I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

BEATRICE For them all together, which maintained so politic a state^o of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

BENEDICK Suffer love! A good epithet. I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

BEATRICE In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hates.

BENEDICK Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

BEATRICE It appears not in this confession. There's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

BENEDICK An old, an old instance,^o Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbors. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

BEATRICE And how long is that, think you?

BENEDICK Question: why, an hour in clamor and a quarter in rheum;^o therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

BEATRICE Very ill.

BENEDICK And how do you?

BEATRICE Very ill too.

BENEDICK Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

URSULA Madam, you must come to your uncle.

58 subscribe him write him down 62 politic a state well-ordered a community 75 instance example 82 rheum tears

Yonder's old coil^o at home. It is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio 95 mightily abused, and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

BEATRICE Will you go hear this news, signior?

BENEDICK I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover, I will go with 100 thee to thy uncle's.

Exit [with BEATRICE and URSULA].

[Scene III. A church.]

Enter CLAUDIO, prince [DON PEDRO, LORD,] and three or four with tapers [followed by MUSICIANS].

CLAUDIO Is this the monument of Leonato?

LORD It is, my lord.

CLAUDIO [*Reads from a scroll.*]

Epitaph.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies;
Death, in guerdon^o of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

[*Hangs up the scroll.*]

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.

CLAUDIO

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

Song.

Pardon, goddess of the night,^o
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily.
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be utterèd,
Heavily, heavily.

CLAUDIO

Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

DON PEDRO

Good morrow, masters; put your torches out.

The wolves have preyed, and look, the gentle day, 25
Before the wheels of Phoebus,^o round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.
Thanks to you all, and leave us. Fare you well.

CLAUDIO

Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

DON PEDRO

Come, let us hence and put on other weeds,^o 30
And then to Leonato's we will go.

CLAUDIO

And Hymen^o now with luckier issue speeds^o
Than this for whom we rend'red up this woe. *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV. Leonato's house.]

Enter LEONATO, BENEDICK, [BEATRICE,] MARGARET, URSULA, old man [ANTONIO], FRIAR [Francis], HERO.

FRIAR

Did I not tell you she was innocent?

LEONATO

So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
Upon the error that you heard debated.
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears 5
In the true course of all the question.^o

ANTONIO

Well, I am glad that all things sorts^o so well.

BENEDICK

And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

LEONATO

Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, 10
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither masked.
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter, 15
And give her to young Claudio. *Exeunt LADIES.*

ANTONIO

Which I will do with confirmed^o countenance.

BENEDICK

Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

FRIAR

To do what, signior?

BENEDICK

To bind me, or undo me—one of them. 20
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favor.

LEONATO

That eye my daughter lent her; 'tis most true.

20 BENEDICK

And I do with an eye of love requite her.

LEONATO

The sight whereof I think you had from me, 25
From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will?

BENEDICK

Your answer, sir, is enigmatical.

But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoined
In the state of honorable marriage; 30
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

LEONATO

My heart is with your liking.

FRIAR

And my help.

Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter prince [DON PEDRO] and CLAUDIO and two or three other.

94 old coil plenty of confusion

V.iii.5 guerdon reward 12 goddess . . . night Diana, goddess of the moon and of chastity 26 wheels of Phoebus wheels of the sun god's chariot 30 weeds apparel

32 Hymen god of marriage; speeds succeeds

V.iv.6 question investigation 7 sorts turn out 17 confirmed steady

DON PEDRO

Good morrow to this fair assembly.

LEONATO

Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio.

We here attend you. Are you yet determined

Today to marry with my brother's daughter?

CLAUDIO

I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

LEONATO

Call her forth, brother. Here's the friar ready.

[Exit ANTONIO.]

DON PEDRO

Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter

That you have such a February face,

So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

CLAUDIO

I think he thinks upon the savage bull.^oTush, fear not, man! We'll tip thy horns with gold,^oAnd all Europa^o shall rejoice at thee,

As once Europa did at lusty Jove

When he would play the noble beast in love.

BENEDICK

Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low,

And some such strange bull leaped your father's cow

And got a calf in that same noble feat

Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Enter [Leonato's] brother [ANTONIO], HERO, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, [the ladies wearing masks].

CLAUDIO

For this I owe you.^o Here comes other reck'nings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

ANTONIO

This same is she, and I do give you her.

CLAUDIO

Why then, she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

LEONATO

No, that you shall not till you take her hand

Before this friar and swear to marry her.

CLAUDIO

Give me your hand; before this holy friar

I am your husband if you like of me.

HERO

And when I lived I was your other wife; [unmasking]

And when you loved you were my other husband.

CLAUDIO

Another Hero!

HERO

Nothing certainer.

One Hero died defiled; but I do live,

And surely as I live, I am a maid.

DON PEDRO

The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

LEONATO

She died, my lord, but whiles^o her slander lived.

FRIAR

All this amazement can I qualify,^o

When, after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely^o of fair Hero's death.

Meantime let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

BENEDICK

Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

BEATRICE [Unmasking.]

I answer to that name. What is your will?

BENEDICK

Do not you love me?

BEATRICE

Why, no; no more than reason.

BENEDICK

Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio

Have been deceived—they swore you did.

BEATRICE

Do not you love me?

BENEDICK

Troth, no; no more than reason.

BEATRICE

Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula

Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.

BENEDICK

They swore that you were almost sick for me.

BEATRICE

They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

BENEDICK

'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

BEATRICE

No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

LEONATO

Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

CLAUDIO

And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;

For here's a paper written in his hand,

A halting^o sonnet of his own pure brain,

Fashioned to Beatrice.

HERO

And here's another,

Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick.

BENEDICK

A miracle! Here's our own hands against

our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I

take thee for pity.

BEATRICE

I would not deny you; but, by this good

day, I yield upon great persuasion, and partly to save

your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

BENEDICK^o

Peace! I will stop your mouth.

[Kisses her.]

DON PEDRO

How dost thou, Benedick, the married

man?

BENEDICK

I'll tell thee what, prince: a college of

witcrackers cannot flout me out of my humor. Dost

thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No. If a

man will be beaten with brains, 'a shall wear nothing

handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to

marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the

world can say against it; and therefore never flout at

me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy

thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio,

I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art

43 **savage bull** refers to I.i.254 44 **tip . . . gold** make your cuckolding something to be proud of 45 **Europa** Europe (though in the next line the word designates the girl that Jupiter wooed in the guise of a bull) 52 **I owe you** I will pay you back (for calling me a calf and a bastard) 66 **but whiles** only while 67 **qualify** abate

69 **largely** in detail 87 **halting** limping 97 **Benedick** both quarto and Folio assign this line to Leonato; possibly the original reading is correct, and Leonato forces Benedick to kiss Beatrice

like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my 110
cousin.

CLAUDIO I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied
Beatrice, that I might have cudged thee out of thy
single life, to make thee a double-dealer,^o which out
of question thou wilt be if my cousin do not look 115
exceeding narrowly to thee.

BENEDICK Come, come, we are friends. Let's have a
dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our
own hearts and our wives' heels.

LEONATO We'll have dancing afterward. 120

BENEDICK First, of my word; therefore play, music.

114 **double-dealer** (1) married man (2) unfaithful husband

Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife!
There is no staff more reverend than one tipped with
horn.^o

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, 125
And brought with armèd men back to Messina.

BENEDICK Think not on him till tomorrow. I'll
devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up,
pipers!

Dance.

[*Exeunt.*]

123-24 **with horn** final reference to the horns of a cuckold

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH

EDITED BY JOHN RUSSELL BROWN

Introduction

In the theater *The Life of Henry the Fifth* is renowned for pageantry, battles, and crowd scenes, its varied collection of minor characters, and the unquestioned dominance of its hero. After Shakespeare's day it first became popular as the theaters began to use ambitious stage settings and more elaborate stage management. Shakespeare's play was embellished in 1761 by a coronation scene, and in 1839 with a moving "diorama"—an extensive panoramic view which moved across the back of the stage—that depicted the journey from Southampton to Harfleur. In recent years it has been performed in battle-dress against film sequences showing twentieth-century warfare or, as at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1964, with painstaking realism of gunsmoke and bloody shattered bodies. (Sir Laurence Olivier made it the subject of a film.) For actors the play has always been hard work, with many changes of costume as pageantry is displaced by mobilization and then by warfare and hardship; and then there is another switch back to pageantry. But rewards are there, too, in the great number of parts that Shakespeare has individually realized for two or three episodes, or even a single scene: Mistress Quickly, Bardolph, Nym, the boy; William and Bates—or even a strangely effective gentleness in the one-line part of Court; Jamy, Gower, MacMorris; the dauphin, Princess Katherine, the King of France, Montjoy, Burgundy. Press criticisms show that *Henry V* is the minor actor's opportunity; a boy or Mistress Quickly, a princess or Burgundy can steal a large part of the notice.

Yet it also has an undoubted hero. For other history plays, the leading actor in a company might play the Bastard rather than King John, Falstaff or Hotspur rather than Prince Hal or Henry IV—even Bolingbroke in preference to Richard II. But here Fluellen and Pistol are the most considerable rivals to the hero, and neither is effectively present in more than six or seven scenes, or has more than incidental contact with the king.

Written in 1599, a year or so before *Hamlet*, *Henry V* was Shakespeare's last history play for ten years or more, and he appears to have taken no risks. Despite its crowd scenes and wide range of characters, it has a simple plot of wars, a battle, and a peace, centered on its undoubted hero. A Chorus, before each act, encourages the audience's

warmest responses, and invites its imagination to see two mighty monarchies and to follow Harry as a type of virtue, "the mirror of all Christian kings" (II.Cho.6). For most of the play, the king appears publicly, in ceremonial consultation or address, or as leader of his army; his words are well-ordered, and clearly and fully understood. When he surprises the French ambassador with defiance or the three traitors with a knowledge of their crimes, the audience has been prepared in advance so that its understanding suffers no shock. The minor characters are all dependent on Harry and yet make only occasional appearances in unconsecutive scenes, usually without the hero, so that the independent plot-interest they awaken is both small and quickly answered. Except for the French royal house, none already established has a place in the last long scene; but two entirely new characters are then introduced to eminence, Isabel and the Duke of Burgundy. The play's structure is firmly centered; its setting splendid, varied, broad. In its sweeping, general impression, and usually in performance, *Henry V* is a popular pageant-play of the "star of England," and incidentally of his people and his victories.

But this view of Shakespeare's achievement will not satisfy many critics and scholars who have studied the play and resisted the confident tone of the Chorus. They can see it as a routine and unwieldy continuation of other histories, without the imaginative argumentation or consistency of earlier plays. Or, especially if they concentrate attention on the words of the hero, they can read it as a careful investigation of the human failings of a politician. (E. M. W. Tillyard's *Shakespeare's History Plays* and Honor Matthews' treatment of the play in her *Character and Symbol in Shakespeare's Plays* are eloquent spokesmen for these opposing views.) In the theater, too, the play can seem merely routine, especially in association with Shakespeare's other histories. When acted at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1951, as the fourth of a continuous series of plays, from *Richard II* and the two parts of *Henry IV*, it seemed something of an appendix. The stage designer was led to elaborate the single setting that had served for the other three plays with flags, drapes, and properties. The official book on the season speaks of the play in these terms:

By the time we reach *Henry V* the particular interest of the "presentation in cycle" is all but over.

When *Henry V* was performed at the same theater in 1964 in a longer series after the two parts of *Henry IV* and before *Richard III* and the three parts of *Henry VI*, its Harry ("the mirror of all Christian kings") was hailed as a plain man's king, a pacifist warrior, or, fashionably, a self-questioning antihero. Shakespeare's ground plan for the hero-centered pageant narrative can sustain very different edifices.

Indeed, in many small details of the play's structure Shakespeare seems to be guarding against too broad or relaxed a reception of the play. The comedy is carefully restricted, its incidents being short-lived and its characters severely limited in sensibility—that is, in vocabulary and ideas. And on the other hand, Shakespeare used contrasts between consecutive scenes to sharpen the audience's appreciation: so Harry's "Once more unto the breach, dear friends . . .," confident that there is none "so mean and base" that has not a "noble luster" in his eyes (III.i.1 ff.), is followed by Bardolph's mimicry and by thoughts of "a pot of ale, and safety" (III.ii.1-13); such "friends" have to be driven to the breach by Fluellen calling them "dogs" and "cullions." The broad expanse of the stage-picture has no dark shadows in which attention can dwell and no individual issues on which it can concentrate; but, cunningly, its lines are kept sharp and agile. In particular Shakespeare has ensured by small details that the central figure can arouse the keenest perceptions. The duologue of two bishops that prepares the audience for Harry's first appearance presents two differing qualities in the man without suggesting conflict: his "grace," or "celestial spirits," and his "policy" that makes even God's ministers circumspect toward him. His own early speeches easily command the responses he wishes from those presented with him, thus suggesting a superior awareness not fully explicit in his words; and for all their verbal control, they are fired by a wide range of ideas, thus hinting at a varied awareness stretching beyond the immediate context. His reply to the French ambassador (I.ii.259 ff.), for instance, gives jest for jest, mentions his "wilder days" with equal firmness as his present "majesty," and moves lightly from his own will ("I will keep my state . . . When I do rouse me . . . But I will rise there . . . I will dazzle") to the will of God ("But this lies all within the will of God . . . in whose name . . ."). These last transitions may also cause some of the audience to see Harry as a limited figure, apparently unaware of the size of the assumptions he makes; and so may the manner in which he speaks of widows, curses, and tears with no slackened pace or tender epithet. Yet these incipient inquiries are never made a dramatic issue by presenting alternative courses, or by criticism of Harry on stage, or by a hint of his private thoughts, such as Shakespeare had already achieved for Prince Hal or Henry IV and was to develop so fully in *Julius Caesar* and *Hamlet*, written one or two years later. The Chorus is at hand to keep the picture fully animated and expectation forward, with:

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies. (II.Cho.1-2)

So the predominant focus is maintained, a wide view of a pageant narrative.

But even the first act is not superficial. Because Shakespeare has not sharpened the focus by his usual devices as he could so effectively have done, this needs to be especially noticed. The audience's appreciation is quickened without bringing the hero closely and intimately to its attention; there is no soliloquy, no aside, no self-conscious or nervous speech, no sudden, unprepared exit or utterance or transition of mood. The audience's view is centered on Harry and its perception is acute, but Harry is always the central figure of a group, and the audience knows him in the same kind of terms as it knows the other characters.

The second act, like the first, gives no occasion for an intense focus on Harry, but Shakespeare has ensured still greater clarity, and more deeply questioning responses. Among the noisy quarrels of Pistol and his fellows comes news that Falstaff is sick and broken in heart after Harry has banished him; and this, in turn, is followed by the contrasting affirmation, "The king is a good king . . . it must be as it may. . . . lambkins, we will live"; here the audience cannot give one simple emotional response. Then Harry in public discloses the treachery of three friends, elaborating formally on the evil hearts under their apparent goodness:

thy fall hath left a kind of blot
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. (II.ii.138-40)

The audience is being made aware that the wide scene can be viewed in more than one way. Harry himself may be moved, for before pronouncing judgment he speaks a short sentence:

I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. (II.ii.140-42)

This is not a clear intensification of the focus in a deeply revealing soliloquy, for the words are spoken formally for all to hear; but it makes sure that any questioning aroused by this incident may touch Harry as well as others. Then he concludes the scene securely, with a final conciseness that is habitual to him:

Let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not King of France! (II.ii.189-93)

But now even this does not remain simple: Harry's confident committal into the "hand of God" is followed by the Hostess' reflective account of Falstaff fumbling with the sheets and playing with flowers, and crying out, "God, God, God!" three or four times:

Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of
God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with
any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on
his feet. (II.iii.19-23)

Harry went to France asserting that he went hand in hand with God; Falstaff is said to have gone "away and it had

been any christom child"; and then Pistol leaves to follow the king:

Let us to France, like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck! (II.iii.55-56)

Contrasts sharpen the wide view; and some of the audience, if they stopped to consider, would think they knew more of the overall issues than any one of the *dramatis personae*.

Bickering at the French court, differences among Harry's soldiers, the charm, absurdity and prim bawdiness of the French Princess learning English, all may cause the audience to question, in a general way, the motives and comprehension of the characters. And Harry's invocation of the "fleshed soldier, rough and hard of heart . . . With conscience wide as hell" as a threat to Harfleur (III.iii.1-43), may heighten its sense of what is involved and cause it to question Harry's attitude to the brutality he is prepared to encourage. Then, as the battle of Agincourt approaches, his reply to Montjoy, the French herald, shows all his earlier resource—vaunting wit, pride, modest self-blame, confidence in God, unhesitating threat of carnage, concise utterance. Expectation for the crisis of the action is heightened and wide, but in a new manner "objective" or watchful. The audience has seen more aspects of each figure in the picture than those figures seem to have seen themselves.

Yet the battle is prepared for in leisurely manner. The Chorus describes its setting with careful artistry, as in the multiple epithets of "cripple tardy-gaited night," or the Spenserian prettiness of "paly flames." Then Harry, disguised in a great cloak, wanders alone, meeting his various soldiers. He is no longer attended as a king, and speaking as a man in isolation he comes closer to the audience. Two very brief soliloquies are his first in the play. Then, talking to Williams, a tendentious, "ordinary" soldier, he considers the responsibility for life and death and deeds in a new vein:

some (peradventure) have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins . . .; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. (IV.i.161-68)

This is the voice of Hamlet:

That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if 'twere Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches, one that would circumvent God, might it not? (V.i.75-80)

These thoughts were to stay in Shakespeare's mind as he wrote *Macbeth*, five or six years later:

Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven. (II.iii.8-11)

Despite its length, Harry's meditative, elaborating prose has the conviction to keep Williams silent until its conclusion, when his only comment is simple agreement. For the audience, the unusual lack of concision, meter, and pace gives Harry a new voice, helping to realize the new range of his thought and feeling which may well embody some of their own incipient comments on the action. As the soldiers move off and Harry is alone, the dramatic focus will be, for the first time, potentially intense and deep. There follows a questioning, yet formal consideration of the cares of kingship, and a lyrical, yet still formal, consideration of a peasant's laboring life. This is yet another aspect of Harry's response, but he seems to shape his thoughts consciously and concludes as if presenting another concise summing-up in public. When Erpingham enters to call him to battle, the widest view seems about to be reestablished. But this valued messenger is sent away and Harry falls on his knees and prays: "O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts" (IV.i.289). He knows their weakness:

Possess them not with fear! Take from them now
The sense of reck'ning, or th' opposèd numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. (IV.i.290-92)

Then he speaks of himself, urgently, repetitively, impulsively. He mentions precisely a fear which hitherto has not been made an issue anywhere on the surface of the drama:

Not today, O Lord,
O, not today, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interrèd new,
And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay. (IV.i.292-98)

The expression of purpose—"to pardon blood"—is emphasized by word order and by meter, and twice the lines break before their end, to give urgency and weight to a new idea:

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood;
And I have built two chantries,
Where the sad and solemn priests sing still
For Richard's soul. More will I do:
Though all that I can do is nothing worth;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon. (IV.i.298-306)

There is a half-line pause, then Gloucester enters and Harry is once more the leader, assured and ready:

GLOUCESTER My liege!
KING
My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay.
I know thy errand; I will go with thee.
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. (IV.i.307-10)

This sequence has shown Harry as king, son, and man, conscious of his responsibility and that of other men in war as in peace, and acknowledging a fear within himself, an awareness that, though he may outstrip the judgment of men, he has "no wings to fly from God." As he prepares for battle a short moment of intense focus has revealed his inmost secrets, and his knowledge that no human help can redress the past.

It is possible to read Harry's prayer as another calculated maneuver—to judge, with Una Ellis-Fermor in her *Frontiers of Drama*, that:

when he prays, . . . he is more than ever in the council chamber driving an astute bargain, a piece of shrewd diplomacy, between one king and another.

But this is to disregard the newly urgent style of utterance, and the considerable preparation for this moment. Harry had perhaps wept for the traitors as they reminded him that a "full-fraught" man may be suspected. He had earnestly commanded the archbishop to justify his title to the French crown with

conscience washed
As pure as sin with baptism. (I.ii.31-32)

Moreover, the need for an honest heart and Harry's equal responsibility with all men are taken up in the following scenes in ways which can betray to the audience's intensified interest his deep concern with these issues.

His address to the soldiers before battle is not a spurring on of others, in the vein of "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more." Compared with that conjuring up of the blood before Harfleur, it is thoughtful:

if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive. (IV.iii.28-29)

Because it is their feast day, he remembers the two noble brothers, Crispin and Crispian, who during the Roman persecution served as shoemakers yet were still martyred for their obvious Christianity; and they become an image for his men in battle:

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he today that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition. (IV.iii.60-63)

Harry covets honor in his heart and would have his soldiers do so with him; and this is his battle cry. In fight he is still valiant, gay almost with hardiness, angry, ruthless, efficient. He is again the Harry of the first three acts, ready in anger to kill all his prisoners. But afterward there are further reminders of his inward knowledge and need. Perhaps the repeated insistence with which he gives all credit to God is one. Certainly when Fluellen, the robustly confident Welshman, claims brotherhood—

I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it!
. . . I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be
God, so long as your majesty is an honest man—
(IV.vii.110-113)

Harry answers directly and simply, "God keep me so"—that is, an "honest man"—and only then turns to public, urgent matters. Later, when Williams excuses his quarrel, his words must strike the monarch more deeply than the puzzled soldier could guess:

All offenses, my lord, come from the heart: never came
any from mine that might offend your majesty.
(IV.viii.46-48)

Some of the audience, at least, will remember that this king has recognized an "offending" heart within himself. (As Shakespeare directed Harry to listen to Williams after battle, the seed for the Epilogue to *The Tempest* may have been in his mind: "As you from crimes would pardoned be,/Let your indulgence set me free.")

In that *Henry V* has a central scene of intense focus that shows the king acknowledging his guilt, it is obviously indebted to 2 *Henry IV*. But Shakespeare has modified his purpose and his technique. Harry does not win peace like his father, only a recognition of the need for pardon; moreover, he remains a figure in the center of others. In this play, the predominantly wide view is reestablished and the audience's inward knowledge of Harry's personal crisis is used to deepen the view of the whole scene, and of the many other characters to whom, unlike Henry IV, this king is dramatically related. Williams, Fluellen, Montjoy, and the soldiers are only the first to reenter the picture; the whole fifth act sustains and develops this experience.

It begins with the ludicrous unmasking of the braggart, Pistol, who is forced to eat Fluellen's leek. This is more than a comic counterpart to heroism, for he is left alone onstage and in a direct and immediate soliloquy he may briefly provoke empathetic sympathy:

Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honor is cudged. (V.i.85-86)

The moment is passed as he gathers confidence and decides to return to England to cheat and steal. And the audience's view is fully extended as the kings of France and England and their nobility fill the stage for the final scene in quiet and formal meeting. In a long, deliberate speech, the peace-maker, the Duke of Burgundy, describes France ravaged by war and a generation of her sons growing

like savages—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood. (V.ii.59-60)

The whole play, its action and consequences, passes in general review, seen this time with French eyes—or rather with a timeless concern with the arts and sciences of peace, and with natural affections. This new perspective is generalized, but as the two parties leave the stage to debate the terms of peace, Harry remains with Katherine, Princess of France, and her maid: here the dramatic interest is as narrow as before Agincourt. As Harry woos his bride, he speaks sometimes as if in soliloquy, for she cannot understand all he says. It is a complex scene: clearly this is to be a political, but also a personally felt, marriage; clearly Harry offers himself as a simple man, but he does so with wit and eloquence; clearly he is confident and a conqueror, but he is also suitor. And as he warms to his

theme he speaks again, directly and with immediacy, of a "good heart":

a good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon, or rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. (V.ii.161-67)

Katherine questions, "Is it possible dat I sould love de ennemie of France?" And he can answer only with a riddle:

No, it is not possible . . . but in loving me you should love the friend of France: for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it—I will have it all mine. And, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine. (V.ii.173-78)

He gets the deserved response: "I cannot tell wat is dat," and the plain soldier is forced to attempt "false French." Yet now they speak more freely, and as Harry's blood "begins to flatter" him that he is loved, he speaks lightly of his father's ambition, which had held him in prayer before battle:

Now beshrew my father's ambition! He was thinking of civil wars when he got me, therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. (V.ii.227-30)

Too much should not be made of this reference; it shows a relaxation of mind, not a conscious change of attitude. Soon, against the "custom" of France, they kiss, and are silent together. And then, gently and with an intimate, relaxing jest, Harry acknowledges what has been given and taken, and understood without words:

You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council (V.ii.279-81)

The stage fills again, the relaxed mood being sustained by Burgundy's heavy teasing of the bridegroom. The latter still insists on receiving the cities of the bride's dowry and the title of Inheritor of France, but with a general "Amen," the contesting sides stand solemnly side by side in agreement. As the focus thus widens fully again, and steadies, there is another silence as Harry kisses Kate before them all, as his "sovereign queen." But the view is also acute and questioning. Shakespeare has not attempted to show a love match, or a union in which the audience may be easily confident; and now the bride's mother reminds them frankly of

fell jealousy,

Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage.

(V.ii.363-64)

The long wooing scene—far more elaborate than at first seems to be required by the dramatic context—serves to show afresh and with an intermittent intensity the need for an honest heart, and the danger and embarrassment of relying on words alone; and, in the kiss, it suggests an inward understanding, peace, affection, unity, that is a greater solvent, a more powerful reorganizing power,

than words or battles: the silence of the kiss is a shared silence in which the audience instinctively participates.

Representatives of two societies take up, with remembrances of past action and hopes and prayers for the future, their final positions of concord; and Harry, speaking formally within the wide picture, closes the play with a further pointer to the heart of all matters:

we'll take your oath,

And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.

Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me,

*And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be!*¹

(V.ii.371-74)

Shakespeare has finished his long series of history plays by presenting a group of people standing together: behind appearances and oaths there is need for an "honest heart"; within the wide range, the audience is invited to search for signs of inward peace, good faith, affection, trust, of that which "never changes, but keeps his course truly." When the stage empties and the Chorus announces the end of the action, he also speaks of later times when all France was lost and England bled again. If this play has received its intended "acceptance," it will not be destructive or irrelevant to remind the audience that the final, peaceful grouping was neither fully honest nor fully permanent.

Henry V is a hero-centered historical pageant that presents a clear narrative and varied characters. In that respect it differs from Shakespeare's earlier histories, with their concern with political necessity or "commodity," with rebellion, power, and conscience, and with God's providence. But it was not an easy, or routine, declension from a more serious drama. The play tries to relate the personal, instinctive, and affectionate truth of human relationships, exemplified in the acceptance of Kate and Harry, with warfare, politics, and national rivalries; and it has effected this in the wide range of characters that is such an important aid to the full acceptance of this play. Mistress Quickly's account of Falstaff's death, Fluellen's incongruous loyalty and familiarity with his king, Williams' defense of his honest heart, Pistol's recognition of the end of his campaign, and Kate and Harry's kiss, all represent the necessary element of human understanding, as eloquent as Burgundy's general evocation of the virtues of peace. The audience's involvement in these moments is of a different nature from its involvement in the narrative of war and politics, and is of pervasive, because unthinking, importance in the reception of the play as a whole.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

Shakespeare's main source for this play was Holinshed's *Chronicles*. He simplified the king's continual wars in France by concentrating on the siege of Harfleur, the battle of Agincourt, and the Treaty of Troyes; in his play the successful negotiations for peace immediately follow victory, without the abortive discussions and further years of fighting recounted by Holinshed. Shakespeare also omitted all but one early reference to the Scots and every incident concerned with the dissenting Lollards in England and the execution of Sir John Oldcastle.

¹ Editor's italics.

In this source Shakespeare found no doubt expressed about the greatness of Henry V: the character sketch included in the account of his death speaks, in terms similar to the Chorus of the play, of "a pattern in princehood, a lodestar in honor, and mirror of magnificence," and marginal notes highlight his various wise decisions and valiant acts. Yet at the same time the terrible effects of Henry's wars are considered by Holinshed with sympathy for their victims, and something of Shakespeare's complexity of view may have been suggested by the chronicler; accounts of the sieges of Harfleur and Rouen and comments on the killing of prisoners are particularly relevant here. The Duke of Burgundy's affecting introduction to the peace talks at the beginning of V.ii may owe something to Holinshed's account of French opinion after Agincourt. Henry's prayer for pardon, which details his penance for his father's "fault . . . in compassing the crown" (IV.i.293 ff.), obviously owes something to Holinshed's description of Richard II's burial at the beginning of the reign and possibly to his comment on the Earl of Cambridge; Holinshed, like Shakespeare, recognized the weakness of Henry's claim to the English throne while showing that he claimed the French in the name of justice and right.

A further source for the play was the anonymous history play, *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, published in 1598. Some resemblances may well be accidental, but the handling of the English claims to the French crown, the tennis ball challenge, the Treaty of Troyes, and the royal wooing suggests a direct indebtedness. Some of Pistol's episodes may derive from low comedy scenes in *The Famous Victories*.

Even while following Holinshed in story and occasionally in words, Shakespeare also referred to Hall's *The Union of the Noble and Illustre Famelies of Lancastre and York* (1542). This earlier version of the chronicle seems to have influenced the first act especially, and perhaps Exeter's speech on the calamities of war in II.iv and the French view of the English in III.v and III.vii.

For various small details in the narrative and for discussions of military discipline and the rights of war and government, Shakespeare echoed numerous Elizabethan books. Among these are John Lyly's *Euphues and his England* (1580) for the archbishop's account of the kingdom of the bees in I.ii, Tacitus' *Annals* (translated 1598) for Henry's talk with the common soldiers before battle, and *A Brief Discourse of War* (1590) written by the Welsh knight Sir Roger Williams for some parts of Fluellen's disquisitions.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The first edition of *Henry V* was a quarto published in 1600 with a title page reading:

THE CRONICLE

History of Henry the fift,
With his battell fought at Agin Court in
France. Together with Auntient
Pistoll.

*As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the
Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.*

This was a shortened version and a "bad" text; probably some actors had pieced together their own text, which was subsequently cut and rearranged a little for the convenience of a touring company.

Two more quarto editions followed in 1602 and 1619 (its title page, however, being dated 1608); both were reprints from the first edition.

The first, and only, authoritative edition appeared in the collected folio of Shakespeare's *Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies* that was published in 1623. Spellings, punctuation, variations in nomenclature, and the nature of some of the stage directions and of some of the errors all suggest that this was printed either from Shakespeare's autograph working-manuscript (or "foul papers" as bibliographers usually term this, despite its general clarity and uniformity), or else from a good copy of Shakespeare's manuscript. A few directions for noises and a duplicate entry suggest that the manuscript may have been annotated lightly by a bookkeeper (or stage manager).

This Folio text is divided into five unequal acts by the occurrence of entries for the Chorus to speak appropriate prologues, but another division, running the first two acts together and dividing Act IV into two after its sixth scene, is marked with act headings. Both arrangements involve difficulties: that of the printed headings disregards the Chorus' prologues that clearly belong to the original composition of the play; that of the Chorus suggests that the play was partly rewritten at some stage of composition. This rewriting must have involved the early Pistol and Mrs. Quickly episodes: the Chorus before Act II announces that the scene

Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.

There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,

And thence to France (II.Cho.35-37)

but in II.i the scene is still London, in Eastcheap, and then, after one scene at Southampton, II.iii is again London for the account of Falstaff's death. These confusions are partly covered up by the concluding lines to II.Cho.:

But, till the king come forth, and not till then,

Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

Probably II.i and II.iii were both invented and inserted after the composition of the first two acts had been completed, or nearly completed, in a form that is now lost. If so, it seems likely that Shakespeare began the play intending to fulfill his promise in the Epilogue to *2 Henry IV*, and take Falstaff to France—and that he then decided to omit Falstaff and so had to effect some cutting, rewriting, and patching. Such a decision may have affected later parts of the play as well: some editors believe that Pistol has inherited some of the business originally designed for Falstaff (but not his idiom); others that Henry's talk with Pistol and the soldiers before Agincourt is a late addition. There can, of course, be no certain knowledge of such processes of composition; what is undoubted is that the Folio text is a good, authoritative version of the play as Shakespeare wrote or rewrote it.

Obviously the Folio must be the basis for any modern text. This edition reproduces it wherever possible, modernizing spelling, and altering punctuation and verse lineations

where the editor's sense of literary and dramatic fitness dictated. Abbreviations have been expanded and speech prefixes regularized. Stage directions have been amplified where necessary, such additions being printed within brackets. Obvious typographical errors have been corrected and eccentric spellings regularized where appropriate without notice, but all significant emendations are noted below. In this list the adopted reading is given in boldface type and is followed by the rejected Folio reading in roman or a note of the Folio's omission within brackets. If the adopted reading occurs in the first quarto edition it is followed by "Q" within brackets.

I.ii.74 **heir** [Q] th'Heire 131 **blood** Bloods 163 **her** their 197 **majesty** [Q] Maiesties 212 **End** [Q] And
II.i.24 **mare** name 43, 44 **Iceland** Island 74 **thee** defy [Q] defie thee 81 **enough** [Q] enough to 106-07 **Nym**. I shall . . . **betting?** [Q; F omits] 117 **that's** that 119 **Ah** A
II.ii.87 **him** with with 107 a an 139 **mark** the make thee 147 **Henry** [Q] Thomas 159 **I** in in 176 **have** sought [Q] sought 181 s.d. **Exeunt** Exit
II.iii.17 'a **babbled** a Table 25 **so** upward [Q] so vp-peer'd 49 **word** [Q] world
II.iv.107 **pinning** [Q] priuy
III.Cho.4 **Hampton** Douer 6 **fanning** fayning
III.i.7 **conjure** commune 17 **noble** Noblish 24 **men** me 32 **Straining** Straying
III.iii.32 **heady** headly 35 **Defile** Desire
III.iv.1 **été** este 1-2 **parles bien** bien parlas 8-13 **Et les doigts** . . . **écolier** [F assigns "Et les doigts" to Alice, lines 9-11 to Katherine, and "La main . . . écolier" (in lines 12-13) to Alice] 10

souviendrai souemeray 16 **Nous** [F omits] 41 **pas déjà** y desia 43 **Non** Nome 47 **Sauf** Sans
III.v.11 **Dieu** du 45 **Foix** Loys 46 **knights** Kings
III.vi.31 **her** [Q] his 103 o' **fire** a fire 112 **lenity** [Q] Leuitie
III.vii.12 **pasterns** postures 13 **Ça, ha!** ch' ha: 61 **lief** liue 67 **et la truie** est la leuye
IV.Cho.27 **Presenteth** Presented
IV.i.3 **Good** God 35 **Qui va là?** Che vous la? 94 **Thomas** Iohn 179 **mote** Moth 229 s.d. **Exeunt** **Soldiers** Exit Souldiers [after line 229] 245 **What** What?; **adoration** Odoration 291 **or** of 310 **friends** [Q] friend
IV.ii.2 **Montez à Monte**; **Varlet** Verlot 5 **eaux et la terre** ewes & terre 6 **le feu** feu 7 **Ciel** Cein 26 'gainst against 50 **gimmaled** Iymold
IV.iii.13-14 **Exeter**. **And yet . . . valor** [F gives after lines 11 and 12, spoken by Bedford] 26 **earns** yernes 48 **And say . . . Crispin's day**. [Q; F omits] 105 **grazing** crazing
IV.iv.15 **Or** for 36 **à cette heure** asture 37 **couper** coupes 54 **l'avez promis** layt a promets 57 **remercîments** remerciours 57-58 **suis tombé** intombe 59 **distingué** distinie 67 **Suivez** Saaue
IV.v.2-3 **perdu . . . perdu** perdia . . . **perdie** 4 **Mort** Mor 13 **in honor** in 17 **by a** [Q] a base
IV.vi.34 **mistful** mixtfull
IV.vii.16 **great** gear 77 **their** with 109 **countryman** [Q] countrymen 114 **God** [Q] Good
IV.viii.44 **martial** Marshall 112 **we** me
V.i.72 **begun** began 83 **Of** of a 90 **swear** swore
V.ii.12 **England** Ireland 50 **all** withall 72 **tenors** Tenures 77 **cursitory** curselarie 93 **Haply** Happily 118 **pleines** plein 191 **est meilleur** & melieus 256 **abaissiez** abbaisse 257 **d'une de** votre d'une nostre 262 **baisées** baisee; **coutume** costume 266 **baiser** buisse 324 **never** ent'red entred 365 **paction** Pation



THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH

[Dramatis Personae]

CHORUS

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

DUKES OF GLOUCESTER AND BEDFORD *brothers
of the king*

DUKE OF EXETER *uncle of the king*

DUKE OF YORK *cousin of the king*

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND,
WARWICK, AND CAMBRIDGE

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

BISHOP OF ELY

LORD SCROOP

SIR THOMAS GREY

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM

GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY *officers
in the English army*

JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, MICHAEL
WILLIAMS *soldiers in the English army*

PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH

BOY

AN ENGLISH HERALD

CHARLES THE SIXTH *King of France*

LEWIS *the dauphin*

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, BOURBON,
BERRI, AND BRETAGNE

CONSTABLE OF FRANCE

RAMBURES AND GRANDPRÉ *French lords*

GOVERNOR OF HARFLEUR

MONTJOY *a French herald*

AMBASSADORS *to King Henry*

ISABEL *Queen of France*

KATHERINE *daughter of the French king and queen*

ALICE *an attendant to Katherine*

HOSTESS QUICKLY *of an Eastcheap tavern, married
to Pistol*

LORDS LADIES OFFICERS SOLDIERS

CITIZENS MESSENGERS ATTENDANTS

Scene: England; France]

Enter PROLOGUE.

O for a Muse of fire,^o that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention:^o

A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling^o scene!

Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,^o 5
Assume the port of Mars,^o and at his heels
(Leashed in, like hounds) should famine, sword, and
fire

The decorative border shown above appeared on the title page of the quarto edition of Henry V, 1608.

I.Pro.1 fire (1) most airy (sublime) of the four elements (2) warlike nature (cf. line 6 below and II.Cho.1) **2 invention** imaginative creation **4 swelling** stately **5 like himself** (1) incomparable (2) worthy of himself **6 port of Mars** bearing of the god of war

Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles^o all,
The flat unraisèd spirits^o that hath dared

On this unworthy scaffold^o to bring forth 10

So great an object. Can this cockpit hold

The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram

Within this wooden O^o the very casques^o

That did affright the air at Agincourt?

O, pardon—since a crooked figure^o may 15

Attest in little place a million;

And let us, ciphers^o to this great accompt,^o

8 gentles gentlefolk **9 flat unraisèd spirits** i.e., dull, un-inspired actors and playwright **10 scaffold** stage (technical term) **13 wooden O** small wooden circle; i.e., the theater of the King's Men (at the first performance, this was probably the curtain); **very casques** helmets, even without the men who wore them **15 crooked figure** a nought, that could change 100,000 into 1,000,000 **17 ciphers** nothings; **accompt** (1) sum total (2) story

On your imaginary° forces work.
 Suppose within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
 Whose high, upreared and abutting fronts°
 The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.°
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
 Into a thousand parts divide one man
 And make imaginary puissance.°
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud° hoofs i' th' receiving earth;
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
 Carry them° here and there, jumping o'er times,
 Turning th' accomplishment of many years
 Into an hourglass; for the which supply,°
 Admit me Chorus to this history;
 Who, Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge our play. *Exit.*

A C T I

Scene I. [*London. An antechamber in the king's palace.*]

*Enter the two bishops [the Archbishop] of CANTERBURY
 and [the Bishop of] ELY.*

CANTERBURY

My lord, I'll tell you, that self° bill is urged
 Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign°
 Was like,° and had indeed against us passed
 But that the scrambling° and unquiet time
 Did push it out of farther question.

ELY

But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

CANTERBURY

It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
 We lose the better half of our possession;
 For all the temporal° lands which men devout
 By testament have given to the Church
 Would they strip from us; being valued thus—
 As much as would maintain, to the king's honor,
 Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
 Six thousand and two hundred good esquires,
 And to relief of lazars,° and weak age
 Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
 A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
 And to the coffers of the king beside,
 A thousand pounds by th' year. Thus runs the bill.

ELY

This would drink deep.

CANTERBURY 'Twould drink the cup and all. 20

ELY

But what prevention?

CANTERBURY

The king is full of grace and fair regard.°

18 **imaginary** imaginative 21 **fronts** frontiers 21–22 **high**
 . . . **asunder** i.e., the cliffs of Dover and Calais, on opposite
 sides of the English Channel 25 **puissance** (trisyllabic) armed
 force 27 **proud** spirited 29 **them** i.e., thoughts (?) kings (?)
 31 **for** . . . **supply** to help you in which
 I.i.1 **self** same 2 **eleventh** . . . **reign** 1410 3 **like** likely
 (to be passed) 4 **scrambling** scuffling, disordered 9 **temporal**
 secular (as opposed to sacred) 15 **lazars** lepers 22 **regard**
 repute

ELY

And a true lover of the holy Church.

CANTERBURY

The courses of his youth promised it not.
 The breath no sooner left his father's body
 But that his wildness, mortified° in him,
 Seemed to die too; yea, at that very moment
 Consideration° like an angel came
 And whipped th' offending Adam° out of him,
 Leaving his body as a paradise
 T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made;
 Never came reformation in a flood
 With such a heady currance° scouring faults;
 Nor never Hydra-headed° willfulness
 So soon did lose his seat°—and all at once—
 As in this king.

ELY

We are blessed in the change.

CANTERBURY

Hear him but reason° in divinity,
 And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire the king were made a prelate;
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You would say it hath been all in all° his study;
 List° his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle rend'red you in music;°
 Turn him to any cause of policy,°
 The Gordian knot° of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter; that when he speaks,
 The air, a chartered libertine,° is still,
 And the mute wonder° lurketh in men's ears
 To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;°
 So that the art and practic part of life
 Must be the mistress to this theoric;°
 Which is a wonder how his grace° should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain,
 His companies° unlettered, rude, and shallow,
 His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports;
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.°

ELY

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
 Neighbored by fruit of baser quality;
 And so the prince obscured his contemplation°
 Under the veil of wildness, which (no doubt)
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
 Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.°

26 **mortified** dead (a religious usage) 28 **Consideration** medi-
 tation 29 **whipped** . . . **Adam** drove original sin 34 **heady**
currance headlong current 35 **Hydra-headed** Hydra was a
 mythological beast with nine heads, growing two more for every
 one cut off 36 **seat** throne 38 **reason** debate 42 **all in all** all
 things in all respects 43 **List** listen to 44 **rend'red** . . .
music recounted with harmonious and stirring eloquence
 45 **cause of policy** political problem 46 **Gordian knot** tied
 by Gordius when chosen King of Gordium; the oracle declared
 that whoever loosened it would rule Asia; Alexander the Great
 cut through it with his own sword 48 **chartered libertine**
 one licensed to go his own way 49 **wonder** wonderer 50
sentences sayings 51–52 **art** . . . **theoric** practice and experi-
 ence must have taught him theory 53 **grace** majesty (a formal
 title) 55 **companies** companions 59 **open** . . . **popularity**
 public places and familiarity 63 **contemplation** study of life
 66 **crevice** . . . **faculty** growing because that is its nature

CANTERBURY

It must be so, for miracles are ceased;^o
And therefore we must needs admit the means^o
How things are perfected.

ELY But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged by the commons?^o Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

CANTERBURY He seems indifferent;^o
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing th' exhibitors^o against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty—
Upon our spiritual convocation,^o
And in regard of causes^o now in hand,
Which I have opened^o to his grace at large,
As touching France—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

ELY How did this offer seem received, my lord?

CANTERBURY With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceived his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages^o
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France,
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.

ELY What was th' impediment that broke this off?

CANTERBURY The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour I think is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

ELY It is.

CANTERBURY Then go we in to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

ELY I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. The presence chamber in the palace.]

*Enter the KING, Humphrey [Duke of GLOUCESTER],
BEDFORD, CLARENCE, WARWICK, WESTMORE-
LAND, and EXETER, [with ATTENDANTS].*

KING Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

EXETER Not here in presence.

KING Send for him, good uncle.

WESTMORELAND Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege?

KING

Not yet, my cousin.^o We would be resolved,^o
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task^o our thoughts concerning us and France. 5

70 *Enter two bishops [the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and
the Bishop of ELY].*

CANTERBURY

God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

KING Sure we thank you.

75 My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the Law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should or^o should not bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
80 That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,^o
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate,^o whose right^o
Suits not in native colors with the truth;^o
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation^o
Of what your reverence shall incite us to. 20

85 Therefore take heed how you impawn^o our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war.
We charge you in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops 25
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrongs^o gives edge unto the swords
That makes such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord:
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart 30
That what you speak is in your conscience washed
As pure as sin with baptism.

CANTERBURY

95 Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make^o against your highness' claim to France
But this which they produce from Pharamond:^o
"In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant";
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land."
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze^o
40 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe; 45
Where Charles the Great having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners^o of their life,
Established then this law: to wit, no female 50

I.ii.4 cousin kinsman; be resolved have doubts removed
6 task burden 12 Or . . . or either . . . or 14 reading
interpretation 15–16 nicely . . . miscreate by subtle
reasoning lay to the charge of your soul—which knows right
and wrong—the fault of advancing illegitimate claims 16
right claim 17 Suits . . . truth plainly told would not be
taken as true 19 approbation support 21 impawn pledge,
hazard 27 wrongs wrongdoings 36 make i.e., be made
37 Pharamond legendary king of Salian Franks 40 gloze
interpret 49 dishonest manners unchaste conduct

67 miracles are ceased Protestants believed miracles ceased to
occur after the revelation of Christ 68 means i.e., natural cause
71 commons House of Commons in the parliament of England
72 indifferent impartial 74 exhibitors presenters of the bill
76 convocation formal meeting of the clergy 77 causes
affairs 78 opened revealed 86 severals . . . passages
details and clear (obvious) lines of descent

Should be inheritrix in Salique land;
 Which Salique (as I said) 'twixt Elbe and Sala
 Is at this day in Germany, called Meisen.
 Then doth it well appear the Salique Law
 Was not devised for the realm of France;
 Nor did the French possess the Salique land
 Until four hundred one and twenty years
 After defunction^o of King Pharamond,
 Idly supposed the founder of this law,
 Who died within the year of our redemption
 Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
 Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the river Sala, in the year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King Pepin,^o which deposèd Childeric,
 Did, as heir general,^o being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.
 Hugh Capet also—who usurped the crown
 Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great—
 To find^o his title with some shows of truth,
 Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
 Conveyed^o himself as heir to th' Lady Lingard,
 Daughter to Charlemain,^o who was the son
 To Lewis the Emperor, and Lewis the son
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,^o
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
 That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal^o of the Lady Ermengard,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorraine;
 By the which marriage the line of Charles the
 Great
 Was reunited to the crown of France.
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction,^o all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female:
 So do the kings of France unto this day.
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique Law
 To bar your highness claiming from the female,
 And rather choose to hide them in a net
 Than amply to imbar their crooked titles^o
 Usurped from you and your progenitors.

KING

May I with right and conscience make this claim?

CANTERBURY

The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
 For in the Book of Numbers is it writ:
 When the man dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,
 Look back into your mighty ancestors;

55

60

65

70

75

80

85

90

95

100

Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's^o tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
 Who on the French ground played a tragedy,^o
 Making defeat on the full power^o of France,
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
 Forge in blood of French nobility.
 O noble English, that could entertain
 With half their forces^o the full pride of France,
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work, and cold for^o action!

105

110

115

120

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145

ELY

Awake remembrance of these valiant dead
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
 You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
 The blood and courage that renownèd them
 Runs in your veins: and my thrice-puissant^o liege
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

EXETER

Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of your blood.

WESTMORELAND

They know your grace hath^o cause and means and
 might;
 So hath your highness. Never king of England
 Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
 And lie pavilioned in the fields of France.

CANTERBURY

O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
 With blood, and sword and fire, to win your right!
 In aid whereof we of the spirituality
 Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
 As never did the clergy at one time
 Bring in to any of your ancestors.

KING

We must not only arm t' invade the French,
 But lay down our proportions^o to defend
 Against the Scot, who will make road^o upon us
 With all advantages.^o

CANTERBURY

They of those marches,^o gracious sovereign,
 Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
 Our inland^o from the pilfering borderers.

KING

We do not mean the coursing^o snatchers only;
 But fear the main intendment^o of the Scot,
 Who hath been still^o a giddy neighbor to us;
 For you shall read that my great-grandfather
 Never went with his forces into France

98 **defunction** discharge, death 65 **Pepin** King of Franks
 56 **general** through male or female line of descent 72 **find**
 provide 74 **Conveyed** passed on 75 **Charlemain** Holin-
 shed's error for Charles the Bold 77 **Tenth** Holinshed's error
 for Ninth 82 **lineal** lineally descended 88 **his satisfaction**
 see line 80 93-94 **to hide** . . . **titles** to take refuge in a
 tangle of sophistical arguments than make the most of (bar in,
 secure) their own false claims (by admitting female succession)

103 **great-grandsire's** Edward III's (whose mother, Isabella,
 was daughter of Philip IV of France) 106 **a tragedy** the
 battle of Crécy (1346) 107 **power** army 112 **half their forces**
 one third was held in reserve with the king 114 **for** for lack of
 119 **thrice-puissant** i.e., for the three reasons just stated 125
hath accented 137 **lay** . . . **proportions** estimate the size of
 our forces 138 **road** raid 139 **With all advantages** at every
 favorable opportunity, with everything in their favor 140
marches border country 142 **inland** heart of the country
 143 **coursing** marauding 144 **main intendment** general
 purpose 145 **still** always

But that the Scot on his unfurnished° kingdom
 Came pouring like the tide into a breach,
 With ample and brim fullness of his force,
 Galling the gleanèd° land with hot assays,
 Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
 That England, being empty of defense,
 Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighborhood.°

CANTERBURY

She hath been then more feared° than harmed, my
 liege;

For hear her but exampled° by herself:

When all her chivalry hath been in France,

And she a mourning widow of her nobles,

She hath herself not only well defended

But taken and impounded as a stray°

The King of Scots;° whom she did send to France

To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,

And make her chronicle as rich with praise

As is the ooze and bottom° of the sea

With sunken wrack° and sumless treasures.

ELY

But there's a saying very old and true—

“If that you will France win,

Then with Scotland first begin.”

For once the eagle (England) being in prey,°

To her unguarded nest the weasel (Scot)

Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs

(Playing the mouse in absence of the cat)

To tame° and havoc more than she can eat.

EXETER

It follows then, the cat must stay at home;

Yet that is but a crushed° necessity,

Since we have locks to safeguard necessities

And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.

While that the armèd hand doth fight abroad,

Th' advisèd° head defends itself at home;

For government, though high, and low, and lower,

Put into parts,° doth keep in one consent,°

Congreeing° in a full and natural close,°

Like music.

CANTERBURY Therefore doth heaven divide

The state° of man in divers functions,

Setting endeavor in continual motion;°

To which is fixèd, as an aim or butt,

Obedience; for so work the honeybees,

Creatures that by a rule in nature° teach

The act° of order to a peopled kingdom.

They have a king, and officers of sorts,°

Where some like magistrates correct° at home,

Others like merchants venture trade abroad,

150

Others like soldiers armèd in their stings

Make boot upon° the summer's velvet buds,

Which pillage they with merry march bring home 195

To the tent-royal of their emperor—

Who, busied in his majesty, surveys

The singing masons building roofs of gold,

The civil citizens kneading up the honey,

The poor mechanic° porters crowding in 200

Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,

155

The sad-eyed justice, with his surly° hum,

Delivering o'er to executors° pale

The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,°

That many things, having full reference° 205

To one consent, may work contrariously;

160

As many arrows loosèd several ways°

Come to one mark, as many ways meet in one town,

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea,

As many lines close in the dial's center,

210

So may a thousand actions, once afoot,

165

End in one purpose, and be all well borne°

Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege!

Divide your happy England into four,

Whereof take you one quarter into France,

215

And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.

If we, with thrice such powers left at home,

170

Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,

Let us be worried, and our nation lose

The name of hardiness and policy.° 220

KING

Call in the messengers sent from the dauphin.

[*Exeunt some ATTENDANTS.*]

175

Now are we well resolved,° and by God's help

And yours, the noble sinews of our power,

France being ours,° we'll bend it to our awe,°

Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit, 225

Ruling in large and ample empery°

O'er France and all her (almost) kingly dukedoms,

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,°

Tombless, with no remembrance° over them.

Either our history shall with full mouth 230

Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,

Like Turkish mute,° shall have a tongueless mouth,

185

Not worshippèd° with a waxen° epitaph.

Enter AMBASSADORS of France [and ATTENDANTS].

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure

Of our fair cousin dauphin; for we hear

235

190

Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

AMBASSADOR

May't please your majesty to give us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge;

Or shall we sparingly° show you far off

The dauphin's meaning, and our embassy? 240

148 unfurnished undefended **151 gleanèd** i.e., stripped of
 defenders **154 neighborhood** neighborliness **155 feared**
 alarmed **156 exampled** furnished with a precedent **160**
stray animal found wandering out of bounds **161 King of**
Scots David II **164 ooze and bottom** oozy bottom **165**
wrack wreck **169 in prey** engaged in preying **173 tame**
 broach (as a weasel breaks into eggs to suck their meat) **175**
crushed strained, needless **179 advisèd** prudent **181 parts**
 (1) members of the body politic (2) melodies of the various
 instruments in concerted music; **consent** (1) agreement (2)
 harmony **182 Congreeing** agreeing; **close** (1) union (2)
 conclusion of a piece of music **184 state** estate, kingdom
185 Setting . . . motion giving a perpetual stimulus to effort
188 in nature instinctive **189 act** operation **190 sorts**
 various kinds **191 correct** administer justice

194 Make boot upon plunder **200 mechanic** engaged in
 manual labor **202 surly** stern **203 executors** executioners
204 infer adduce **205 reference** relation **207 loosèd**
several ways shot from various places **212 borne** carried
 out **220 policy** statesmanship **222 resolved** (1) convinced
 (2) determined **224 ours** i.e., by right of inheritance;
bend . . . awe subdue it to our authority **226 empery**
 dominion **228 urn** grave **229 remembrance** memorial
 inscription **232 Turkish mute** certain slaves in the Turkish
 royal household had their tongues cut out to ensure secrecy
233 worshipped honored; **waxen** easily effaced **239 spar-**
ingly with reserve, discreetly

KING

We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
Unto whose grace^o our passion is as subject
As is our wretches fett' red in our prisons;
Therefore with frank and with uncurbèd plainness,
Tell us the dauphin's mind.

AMBASSADOR

Thus then, in few:^o

245

Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savor too much of your youth, 250
And bids you be advised:^o There's naught in France
That can be with a nimble galliard^o won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun^o of treasure; and in lieu of this, 255
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the dauphin speaks.

KING

What treasure, uncle?

EXETER

Tennis balls, my liege.

KING

We are glad the dauphin is so pleasant^o with us—
His present, and your pains, we thank you for. 260
When we have matched our rackets to these balls,
We will in France^o (by God's grace) play a set
Shall strike his father's crown^o into the hazard.^o
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler^o
That all the courts^o of France will be disturbed 265
With chases.^o And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with^o our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat^o of England,
And therefore, living hence,^o did give ourself 270
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the dauphin I will keep my state,^o
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,^o
When I do rouse me in my throne of France. 275
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working days;^o
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the dauphin blind to look on us.^o 280
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turned his balls to gunstones,^o and his soul
Shall stand sore chargèd for the wasteful vengeance

242 **grace** gracious disposition 245 **few** few words 251 **be advised** take care 252 **galliard** lively dance 255 **tun** cask 259 **pleasant** jocular, merry 262 **France** (1) tennis court (2) the country 263 **crown** (1) coin (stake money) (2) throne and power; **hazard** (1) opening in the walls of an old-fashioned tennis court; the ball entering it became "dead" and a point was scored (2) peril, jeopardy 264 **wrangler** (1) adversary (2) disputant 265 **courts** (1) tennis courts (2) courts of princes 266 **chases** (1) bouncings twice of tennis ball (scoring points) (2) pursuits 267 **comes** . . . **with** affects superiority over us by reason of 269 **seat** throne (lines 269–72 are ironical) 270 **hence** i.e., away from the court 273 **state** position of power 274 **show** . . . **greatness** demean myself proudly 276–77 **For** . . . **days** To be able to achieve this I have divested myself of greatness and learned what it is to live as a laboring man 278–80 **But** . . . **us** cf. 1 *Henry IV*, I.ii.192–214 282 **gunstones** stones used for cannonballs

That shall fly with them; for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands, 285
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the dauphin's scorn.^o
But this lies all within^o the will of God,
To whom I do appeal, and in whose name, 290
Tell you the dauphin, I am coming on
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallowed cause.
So get you hence in peace. And tell the dauphin
His jest will savor but of shallow wit, 295
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt AMBASSADORS [*and* ATTENDANTS].

EXETER

This was a merry message.

KING

We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour^o 300
That may give furth'rance to our expedition;^o
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before^o our business.
Therefore let our proportions^o for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon 305
That may with reasonable swiftmess add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,^o
We'll chide this dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought
That this fair action may on foot^o be brought. 310

Exeunt.

[A C T I I]

Flourish.^o Enter CHORUS.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;^o
Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought
Reigns solely^o in the breast of every man. 5
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
Following the mirror^o of all Christian kings
With wingèd heels, as English Mercuries.^o
For now sits Expectation in the air
And hides a sword, from hilts^o unto the point, 10
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence^o
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy^o

288 **scorn** taunt 289 **lies all within** depends wholly upon 300 **omit** . . . **hour** lose no favorable occasion 301 **expedition** enterprise 303 **run before** i.e., as prayers precede 304 **proportions** forces and supplies 307 **God before** God leading us 310 **on foot** in active operation II. **Cho.s.d.** *Flourish* trumpet fanfare 2 **silken** . . . **lies** pastimes and luxuries are laid aside like clothes 4 **solely** alone 6 **mirror** model 7 **Mercuries** in classical mythology Mercury, or Hermes, was the gods' messenger; he was pictured as wearing winged helmet and sandals 9 **hilts** hilt (plural for singular, as frequently) 12 **advised** . . . **intelligence** informed by efficient espionage 14 **pale policy** contrivance inspired by fear

Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O England, model^o to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What mightst thou do, that honor would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!^o
 But see, thy fault^o France^o hath in thee found out—
 A nest of hollow^o bosoms—which he fills
 With treacherous crowns;^o and three corrupted men—
 One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland—
 Have, for the gilt^o of France (O guilt indeed!),
 Confirmed conspiracy with fearful France,
 And by their hands this grace^o of kings must die,
 If hell and treason hold their promises,
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
 Th' abuse of distance;^o force^o a play:—
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
 The king is set from London; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas^o
 To give you gentle pass;^o for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach^o with our play.
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. *Exit.*

[Scene I. London. A street.]

Enter Corporal NYM and Lieutenant BARDOLPH.

BARDOLPH Well met, Corporal Nym.

NYM Good morrow, Lieutenant^o Bardolph.

BARDOLPH What, are Ancient^o Pistol and you friends yet?

NYM For my part, I care not; I say little; but when
 time shall serve,^o there shall be smiles—but that shall
 be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink^o and
 hold out mine iron.^o It is a simple one; but what
 though? It will toast cheese, and it will endure cold,^o
 as another man's sword will—and there's an end.^o

BARDOLPH I will bestow^o a breakfast to make you
 friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers^o to
 France. Let't be so, good Corporal Nym.

NYM Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the

15 certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will
 do as I may.^o That is my rest,^o that is the rendezvous^o
 of it.

BARDOLPH It is certain, corporal, that he is married
 to Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong,
 for you were troth-plight^o to her. 20

NYM I cannot tell. Things must be as they may; men
 may sleep, and they may have their throats about
 them at that time, and some say knives have edges.
 It must be as it may; though patience be a tired mare,
 yet she will plod;^o there must be conclusions. Well, 25
 I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and [HOSTESS] Quickly.

BARDOLPH Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife.
 Good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host
 Pistol?

PISTOL
 Base tyke, call'st thou me host?
 Now by this hand I swear I scorn the term;
 Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers! 30

HOSTESS No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot
 lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen
 that live honestly^o by the prick of their needles, but 35
 it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight.
 [NYM draws his sword.] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be
 not hewn now! We shall see willful adultery and
 murder committed.

[PISTOL draws.]

BARDOLPH Good lieutenant—good corporal—offer 40
 nothing here.

NYM Pish!

PISTOL Pish for thee, Iceland dog;^o thou prick-eared
 cur of Iceland!

HOSTESS Good Corporal Nym, show thy valor, and 45
 put up your sword.^o

NYM Will you shog off?^o I would have you solus.^o

PISTOL
 “Solus,” egregious^o dog? O viper vile!
 The “solus” in thy most marvelous face!
 The “solus” in thy teeth, and in thy throat, 50
 And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw,^o perdy!^o
 And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
 I do retort the “solus” in thy bowels;
 For I can take,^o and Pistol's cock is up,^o
 And flashing fire will follow. 55

16 **model** form 19 **kind and natural** loving and naturally
 affectionate 20 **fault** imperfection; **France** the King of France
 21 **hollow** (1) false (2) empty 22 **crowns** coins 26 **gilt**
 i.e., golden crowns 28 **grace** ornament 31–32 **digest** . . .
distance dispose of the wrong done to fact in moving from
 place to place in the play's action 32 **force** cram full 38
charming . . . **seas** laying spells on the English Channel 39
pass passage 40 **offend one stomach** (1) displease anyone (2)
 make anyone seasick

II.i.2 **Lieutenant** Bardolph was a corporal in 2 *Henry IV* and
 Nym calls him so again at III.ii.3, below 3 **Ancient** ensign,
 standard bearer 6 **serve** be opportune 7 **wink** (1) shut my
 eyes (2) give a meaningful look 8 **iron** sword 9 **will**
endure cold does not mind being naked 10 **there's an end**
 that's all there is to it 11 **bestow** treat you to 12 **sworn**
brothers comrades pledged to share each other's fortunes
 (cf. III.ii.44–45)

15–16 **I will . . . may** cf. the proverb, “He that cannot do as
 he would must do as he may” 16 **rest** what I stand to win or
 lose (the stakes in a game of primero, the loss of which brings
 about the end of the game); **rendezvous** last resort
 20 **troth-plight** betrothed (more binding than a modern
 engagement) 24–25 **patience** . . . **plod** patience is wear-
 some, yet it achieves its purpose in the end 35 **honestly** (1)
 decently (2) chastely (“prick” of the same line sustains the
 bawdy allusion) 43 **Iceland dog** white sharp-eared dog, so
 shaggy that neither its face nor body can be seen (a favorite
 lapdog) 45–46 **show** . . . **sword** unintentionally apposite,
 for Nym had so little valor that he could not fight 47
shog off move off (slang); **solus** alone (Pistol takes it to
 mean single, i.e., unmarried; or, ignorant of Latin, some great
 insult) 48 **egregious** outsized 51 **maw** stomach; **perdy**
 by God 54 **take** (1) cause harm to befall (by his elaborate
 exorcism or curse) (2) strike (3) take fire; **cock is up** is cocked for
 firing (punning on his name)

NYM I am not Barbason;° you cannot conjure° me;
I have an humor to knock you indifferently° well. If
you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with
my rapier,° as I may, in fair terms.° If you would walk
off, I would prick your guts a little in good terms,° as 60
I may, and that's the humor° of it.

PISTOL

O braggard vile, and damnèd furious wight,°
The grave doth gape,° and doting° death is near;
Therefore exhale!°

BARDOLPH Hear me, hear me what I say! He that 65
strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts,° as
I am a soldier.

[Draws.]

PISTOL

An oath of mickle° might, and fury shall abate.

[PISTOL and NYM sheathe their swords.]

Give me thy fist, thy forefoot° to me give.

Thy spirits are most tall.°

NYM I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair
terms, that is the humor of it. 70

PISTOL

Couple a gorge!°

That is the word. I thee defy° again.

O hound of Crete,° think'st thou my spouse to get? 75

No; to the spital° go,

And from the powd'ring tub° of infamy

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,°

Doll Tearsheet,° she by name, and her espouse.

I have, and I will hold, the quondam° Quickly 80

For the only she;° ar d—pauca,° there's enough.

Go to!

Enter the BOY.

BOY Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master°—
and your hostess. He is very sick and would to bed.
Good Bardolph, put thy face° between his sheets, 85
and do the office of a warming pan. Faith, he's very ill.

BARDOLPH Away, you rogue!

HOSTESS By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding°

56 Barbason name of a fiend; conjure exorcise 57 indiffer-
ently fairly 57-59 If . . . rapier a pistol was said to be
"foul" after firing, and was normally cleaned with a ramrod
or scouring rod 59 in fair terms fairly (a fashionable cliché)
60 in good terms on a good footing (another fashionable
 cliché) 61 humor fancy, inclination (yet another cliché)
62 wight person 63 gape (1) open (2) greedily desire;
doting loving, fond 64 exhale draw forth 66 run . . .
hilts drive the whole sword blade into him 68 mickle great
(already, in Shakespeare's day, archaistic) 69 forefoot paw
70 tall courageous 73 Couple a gorge cut the throat (a
comic version of the French *couper la gorge*, appropriate to the
coming campaign) 74 defy challenge 75 hound of Crete
another shaggy dog; cf. note to line 43 76 spital hospital
77 powd'ring tub pickling vat (frequently applied to the
sweating tub used for curing venereal disease) 78 lazar . . .
kind leprous whore (a stock phrase; a kite is a bird of prey)
79 Doll Tearsheet cf. 2 Henry IV, II.ii.165-67 and V.iv
80 quondam former 81 only she one woman in the world;
pauca few words (Latin *pauca verba*) 83 my master Falstaff
(the boy is the page given to Falstaff by Prince Hal, 2 Henry IV,
I.ii) 85 thy face Bardolph's was red, like fire 88 he'll . . .
pudding i.e., the boy will make food (*pudding* = stuffed
intestines) for crows on the gallows (proverbial)

one of these days. The king has killed his heart.° Good
husband, come home presently.° Exit. 90

BARDOLPH Come, shall I make you two friends? We
must to France together: why the devil should we
keep knives to cut one another's throats?

PISTOL

Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!°

NYM You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you 95
at betting?

PISTOL

Base is the slave that pays.°

NYM That now I will have; that's the humor of it.

PISTOL

As manhood shall compound.° Push° home.

[They] draw.

BARDOLPH By this sword, he that makes the first 100
thrust, I'll kill him! By this sword, I will.

[Draws.]

PISTOL

"Sword" is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

[Sheathes his sword.]

BARDOLPH Corporal Nym, and° thou wilt be friends,
be friends; and thou wilt not, why then be enemies
with me too. Prithee put up.° 105

NYM I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at
betting?

PISTOL

A noble° shalt thou have, and present° pay;

And liquor likewise will I give to thee,

And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood. 110

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.

Is not this just? For I shall sutler° be

Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

Give me thy hand.

[NYM sheathes his sword.]

NYM I shall have my noble? 115

PISTOL

In cash, most justly paid.

NYM Well then, that's the humor of't.

Enter HOSTESS.

HOSTESS As ever you come of women, come in
quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken
of a burning quotidian tertian° that it is most lament- 120
able to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

NYM The king hath run bad humors° on the knight;
that's the even° of it.

89 king . . . heart by rejecting Falstaff; cf. 2 Henry IV,
V.v.47-72 90 presently immediately 94 Let . . . on
Let riot thrive and the devils be deprived of their prey 97
Base . . . pays a corruption of the proverb, "The poor man
always pays" 99 manhood shall compound valor decides;
Push thrust (of a sword) 103 and if 105 put up sheathe
108 noble coin worth six shillings and eight pence; present
immediate 112 sutler seller of provisions to a camp or garrison
120 quotidian tertian two kinds of intermittent fevers, the
first recurring daily, the second every third day (a nonsensical
phrase) 122 run bad humors vented his ill humor 123
even truth

PISTOL

Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fractured and corroborate.^o

NYM The king is a good king, but it must be as it may:
he passes some humors, and careers.^o

PISTOL

Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.
[*Exeunt.*]

[Scene II. Southampton.]

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

BEDFORD

'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.

EXETER

They shall be apprehended by and by.^o

WESTMORELAND

How smooth and even^o they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty!

BEDFORD

The king hath note^o of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

EXETER

Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,^o
Whom he hath dulled and cloyed^o with gracious
favors—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE,
and GREY, [LORDS, and ATTENDANTS].

KING

Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of
Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the pow'rs we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head^o assembled them?

SCROOP

No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

KING

I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows^o not in a fair consent^o with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

CAMBRIDGE

Never was monarch better feared and loved
Than is your majesty. There's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade^o of your government.

GREY

True. Those that were your father's enemies

125 **fractured and corroborate** broken and joined together (?)
127 **passes . . . careers** indulges some whims and liveliness
II.ii.2 **apprehended by and by** arrested soon 3 **even**
unruffled 6 **note** knowledge 8 **bedfellow** Scroop 9 **dulled**
and **cloyed** bored and overindulged 18 **in head** as an
organized force 22 **grows** lives; **consent** agreement 28
shade protection

Have steeped their galls^o in honey, and do serve you 30
With hearts create^o of duty, and of zeal.

125 KING

We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office^o of our hand
Sooner than quittance^o of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness. 35

SCROOP

So service shall with steelèd sinews toil,
And labor shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

KING

We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge^o the man committed yesterday 40
That railed against our person. We consider
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice,^o we pardon him.

SCROOP

That's mercy, but too much security:^o
Let him be punished, sovereign, lest example 45
Breed (by his sufferance^o) more of such a kind.

KING

O, let us yet^o be merciful!

CAMBRIDGE

So may your highness, and yet punish too.

GREY

Sir,
You show great mercy if you give him life 50
After the taste^o of much correction.

KING

Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons^o 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults proceeding on distemper^o
Shall not be winked^o at, how shall we stretch^o our eye 55
When capital^o crimes, chewed, swallowed, and
digested,
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear^o
care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punished. And now to our French
causes.^o 60

Who are the late^o commissioners?

CAMBRIDGE

I one, my lord.
Your highness bade me ask for it^o today. 20

SCROOP

So did you me, my liege.

GREY

And I, my royal sovereign. 65

KING

Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:

30 **galls** bitterness 31 **create** created 33 **office** proper func-
tion 34 **quittance** requital 40 **Enlarge** set at liberty 43
on . . . advice on maturer reflection 44 **security** want of
caution 46 **by his sufferance** by not checking him 47 **yet**
now as always 51 **taste** experience 53 **heavy orisons**
weighty pleas 54 **proceeding on distemper** i.e., com-
mitted when drunk 55 **winked** connived; **stretch** open wide
56 **capital** punishable by death 58 **dear** (1) deeply felt (2)
dire 60 **causes** affairs 61 **late** recently appointed 63 **it**
the written commission

Read them, and know I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter, 70
We will aboard tonight.—Why, how now, gentlemen?

What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there
That have so cowarded and chased your blood 75
Out of appearance?

CAMBRIDGE I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

GREY, SCROOP
To which we all appeal.

KING
The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppressed and killed. 80
You must not dare (for shame) to talk of mercy,
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge
here— 85

You know how apt our love was to accord°
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honor; and this man
Hath, for a few light° crowns, lightly° conspired
And sworn unto the practices° of France 90
To kill us here in Hampton; to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature? 95
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That (almost) mightst have coined me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practiced on me for thy use?°

May it be possible that foreign hire 100
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross°
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together, 105
As two yoke-devils° sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause
That admiration did not hoop at them;°
But thou ('gainst all proportion°) didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder; 110
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously°
Hath got the voice° in hell for excellence;
And other devils that suggest° by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation 115
With patches, colors, and with forms being fetched
From glist'ring semblances of piety;°

73 complexion color 76 appearance sight 86 accord agree 89 light trivial; lightly readily 90 practices intrigues 99 practiced . . . use plotted against me for your own profit 103 off as gross out as plain 106 yoke-devils fellow-devils 107–08 so . . . them so obviously in a matter natural to them that no one cried out in wonder 109 proportion propriety 112 preposterously unnaturally 113 voice vote 114 suggest tempt 115–17 Do . . . piety disguise the fact of damnation with folly, false pretexts, and behavior borrowed from bright outward manifestations of piety

But he that tempered° thee bade thee stand up,°
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub° thee with the name of traitor. 120
If that same demon that hath gulled thee thus
Should with his lion gait° walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar° back
And tell the legions,° "I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's." 125

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected°
The sweetness of affiance!° Show° men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious? 130
Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,°
Garnished and decked in modest complement,°
Not working with the eye without the ear,° 135
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted° didst thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot
To mark the full-fraught° man and best indued°
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; 140
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open.°
Arrest them to the answer° of the law;
And God acquit° them of their practices!

EXETER I arrest thee of high treason by the name of 145
Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason by the name of Henry
Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason by the name of Thomas
Grey, knight, of Northumberland. 150

SCROOP
Our purposes God justly hath discovered,
And I repent my fault more than my death—
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

CAMBRIDGE
For me, the gold of France did not seduce, 155
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended.
But God be thanked for prevention,°
Which I in sufferance° heartily will rejoice,°
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me. 160

GREY
Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damnèd enterprise.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign. 165

118 tempered worked upon; stand up make a stand straightforwardly 120 dub invest (with a title) 122 lion gait cf. I Peter 5:8, "Your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour" 123 Tartar Tartarus, hell 124 legions i.e., of devils 126 jealousy infected suspicion tainted 127 affiance confidence; Show seem 133 swerving . . . blood erring after the flesh 134 modest complement unostentatious demeanor 135 Not . . . ear i.e., listening as well as seeing 137 bolted sifted (as flour) 139 full-fraught completely gifted; indued endowed 142 open patent 143 answer punishment 144 acquit requite 158 prevention four syllables 159 sufferance suffering the penalty; rejoice i.e., rejoice at

KING

God quit° you in His mercy! Hear your sentence.
 You have conspired against our royal person,
 Joined with an enemy proclaimed, and from his coffers
 Received the golden earnest° of our death;
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter, 170
 His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge,
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,°
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence
 (Poor miserable wretches) to your death;
 The taste° whereof God of His mercy give
 You patience to endure, and true repentance
 Of all your dear° offenses! Bear them hence.

Exeunt [CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, and GREY, guarded].

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
 Shall be to you as us, like° glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way
 To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
 But every rub° is smoothèd on our way.

Then, forth, dear countrymen. Let us deliver
 Our puissance° into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.°

Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:°

No king of England, if not King of France!

Flourish. [Exeunt.]

[Scene III. London. Before a tavern.]

Enter PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH, BOY, and HOSTESS.

HOSTESS Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring
 thee to Staines.°

PISTOL

No; for my manly heart doth earn.°
 Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;°
 Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead, 5
 And we must earn therefore.

BARDOLPH Would I were with him, wheresome'er
 he is, either in heaven or in hell!

HOSTESS Nay sure, he's not in hell! He's in Arthur's
 bosom,° if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A° 10
 made a finer end,° and went away and° it had been
 any christom child.° 'A parted ev'n just between
 twelve and one, ev'n at the turning o' th' tide.° For
 after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with
 flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there 15
 was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen,°

166 quit absolve 169 golden earnest advance payment
 175 tender care for 179 taste experience 181 dear dire
 183 like equally 188 rub obstacle 190 puissance armed
 force 191 expedition motion 192 signs . . . advance
 raise up the banners

II.iii.2 Staines on the road to Southampton 3 earn grieve
 4 vaunting veins rising spirits 9-10 Arthur's bosom a
 mistake for Abraham's bosom 10 'A he 11 finer end i.e., than
 going to hell; and as if 12 christom child infant in christen-
 ing robe (the proper form was "chrisom"), innocent babe
 13 at . . . tide according to popular belief, persons near
 the sea died at the turn of the tide 14-16 fumble . . . pen
 traditionally accepted signs of the imminence of death

and 'a babbled° of green fields. "How now, Sir John?"
 quoth I. "What, man? Be o' good cheer." So 'a cried
 out, "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I,
 to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; 20
 I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any
 such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on
 his feet. I put my hand into the bed, and felt them,
 and they were as cold as any stone. Then I felt to his
 knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold 25
 as any stone.

175 NYM They say he cried out of° sack.

HOSTESS Ah, that 'a did.

BARDOLPH And of women.

HOSTESS Nay, that 'a did not. 30

BOY Yes, that 'a did, and said they were devils
 180 incarnate.°

HOSTESS 'A could never abide carnation;° 'twas a
 color he never liked.

BOY 'A said once, the devil would have him about 35
 women.

185 HOSTESS 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle° women;
 but then he was rheumatic,° and talked of the Whore
 of Babylon.°

BOY Do you not remember 'a saw a flea stick upon 40
 Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning
 in hell?

190 BARDOLPH Well, the fuel° is gone that maintained
 that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

NYM Shall we shog?° The king will be gone from 45
 Southampton.

PISTOL

Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my movables.

Let senses rule. The word is "Pitch and pay."°

Trust none; 50

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,°

And Hold-fast is the only dog,° my duck.

Therefore Caveto° be thy counselor.

Go, clear thy crystals.° Yokefellows in arms,

Let us to France, like horse-leeches, my boys, 55

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

BOY And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

17 'a babbled the Folio has "a Table," which seems meaningless
 to most readers. Lewis Theobald's conjecture, in 1726, that a
 compositor misread the copy's "a babld" has been widely
 accepted. One might argue that the compositor misread "a
 talkd," but "babbled" is more appropriate than "talked" to
 the childishness—referred to earlier in the speech—of an old
 man's last moments. Recently the Folio reading has been
 defended, though not convincingly. One student, for example,
 takes "Table" in the sense of "picture" or "tableau," and
 paraphrases thus: Falstaff's nose was sharp as the pointed stakes
 of a pinfold, in a picture of green fields. Various interpretations
 are usefully surveyed in E. G. Fogel, *Shakespeare Quarterly*,
 IX [1958], 485-92; but Theobald's conjecture seems better
 sense and better Shakespeare 27 cried out of complained
 loudly of 32 incarnate in human shape 33 carnation flesh
 color 37 handle speak of 38 rheumatic perhaps a mistake
 for lunatic; probably pronounced "rome-atic"; see next note
 38-39 Whore of Babylon (1) the "scarlet woman" of
 Revelation 17:4-5 (2) the Church of Rome 43 fuel liquor
 provided by Falstaff 45 shog move off 49 Let . . . pay
 Keep your wits about you. The motto is "Cash down" 51
 wafer-cakes i.e., easily broken 52 Hold-fast . . . dog
 cf. the proverb, "Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better"
 53 Caveto take care 54 clear thy crystals wipe your eyes

PISTOL

Touch her soft mouth, and march.

BARDOLPH Farewell, hostess.

[Kisses her.]

NYM I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it; but adieu! 60

PISTOL

Let housewifery° appear; keep close,° I thee command.

HOSTESS Farewell! Adieu! *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV. France. The French king's palace.]

Flourish. Enter the French KING, the DAUPHIN, the Dukes of BERRI and BRETAGNE, [the CONSTABLE, and others].

KING

Thus comes the English with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defenses.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth, 5
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch
To line° and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage, and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.° 10
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples°
Left by the fatal and neglected° English
Upon our fields.

DAUPHIN

My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe; 15
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom
(Though war nor no known quarrel were in question)
But that defenses, musters, preparations
Should be maintained, assembled, and collected,°
As were a war in expectation. 20
Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France;
And let us do it with no show of fear—
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris dance;° 25
For, my good liege, she is so idly kinged,
Her scepter so fantastically borne,°
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous° youth,
That fear attends° her not.

CONSTABLE

O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king. 30
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counselors,
How modest in exception,° and withal
How terrible in constant resolution; 35
And you shall find his vanities forespent°

61 **housewifery** good housekeeping; **keep close** stay at home
II.iv.7 line fortify 10 **gulf** whirlpool 12 **late examples**
i.e., battles of Crécy (1346) and Poitiers (1356) 13 **fatal**
and **neglected** fatally underestimated 19 **maintained** . . .
collected these verbs refer singly to the nouns of the
previous line, in order 25 **Whitsun morris dance** folk dance
celebrating the coming of summer 27 **Her** . . . **borne** her
royal powers so freakishly exercised 28 **humorous** capricious
29 **attends** accompanies 34 **exception** expressing disapproval
36 **forespent** already used up

Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,°
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate. 40

DAUPHIN

Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable!
But though we think it so, it is no matter;
In cases of defense, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems;
So the proportions of defense are filled, 45
Which of a weak and niggardly projection°
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting°
A little cloth.

KING

Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleshed° upon us; 50
And he is bred out of that bloody strain°
That haunted° us in our familiar paths;
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Crécy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captived, by the hand 55
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire°—on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crowned with the golden sun—
Saw his heroical seed,° and smiled to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface 60
The patterns° that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate° of him.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Ambassadors from Harry, King of England, 65
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

KING

We'll give them present° audience. Go, and bring
them. [*Exeunt MESSENGER and certain LORDS.*]
You see this chase is hotly followed, friends.

DAUPHIN

Turn head,° and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths° when what they seem to 70
threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head.
Self-love,° my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Enter [LORDS, with] EXETER [and TRAIN].

KING

From our brother of England? 75

EXETER

From him, and thus he greets your majesty:

37 **Brutus** Lucius Junius Brutus feigned stupidity in order to
escape repressive action when planning to free Rome from the
Tarquin tyranny 45–46 **So** . . . **projection** in this way the
defending forces are fully mustered which if on a weak and
sparing scheme 47 **scanting** stinting 50 **fleshed** (1) encour-
aged by a foretaste of success (2) initiated to bloodshed 51
strain stock 52 **haunted** pursued 57 **mountain sire** father
of more than human proportions 59 **seed** issue, son 61
patterns examples of Frenchmen 64 **fate** what he is destined
to achieve 67 **present** immediate 69 **Turn head** stand at
bay (like stags) 70 **spend their mouths** give cry 74 **Self-**
love i.e., in praising oneself

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrowed glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'longs
To him and to his heirs—namely, the crown
And all wide-stretchèd honors that pertain
By custom, and the ordinance of times,^o
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward^o claim,
Picked from the wormholes^o of long-vanished days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,^o

[giving a paper]

In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook^o this pedigree;
And when you find him evenly^o derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly^o held
From him, the native^o and true challenger.

KING

Or else what follows?

EXETER

Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove;
That if requiring^o fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,^o
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothèd lovers
That shall be swallowed in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
Unless the dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

KING

For us, we will consider of this further.
Tomorrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

DAUPHIN

For the dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

EXETER

Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: and if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it
That caves and womby vaultages^o of France

83 ordinance of times established usage 85 no sinister
. . . awkward neither irregular nor illegitimate 86 Picked
. . . wormholes ingeniously derived from neglected (worm-
eaten) books 88 memorable line noteworthy pedigree
90 Willing you overlook desiring you to peruse 91 evenly
directly 94 indirectly wrongfully 95 native rightful 101
requiring demand 102 in . . . Lord a phrase found in
Holinshed, and derived from Philippians 1:8 124 womby
vaultages hollow caverns

Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.^o 125

DAUPHIN

80 Say: if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England. To that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity, 130
I did present him with the Paris balls.^o

85 EXETER

He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress^o court of mighty Europe;
And be assured, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found, 135
Between the promise of his greener^o days
And these he masters now. Now he weighs^o time
Even to the utmost grain: that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

KING

Tomorrow shall you know our mind at full. 140
Flourish.

95

EXETER

Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

KING

You shall be soon dispatched, with fair conditions.
100 A night is but small breath and little pause 145
To answer matters of this consequence. *Exeunt.*

105

A C T [I I I]

Flourish. Enter CHORUS.

Thus with imagined^o wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave^o fleet 5
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning.^o
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle shipboys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle^o which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaten sails, 10
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms^o through the furrowed sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage,^o and behold
120 A city on th' inconstant billows dancing; 15
For so appears this fleet majestic,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of^o this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women, 20

126 second . . . ordinance echo of his cannon 131 Paris
balls tennis balls 133 mistress chief 136 greener more
inexperienced 137 weighs values
III.Cho.I imagined of imagination 5 brave splendid 6
young Phoebus fanning seen fluttering against the rising sun
9 whistle blown by the master of a ship 12 bottoms ships
14 rivage shore 18 to sternage of astern

Either past or not arrived to pith^o and puissance;
 For who is he whose chin is but enriched
 With one appearing hair that will not follow
 These culled and choice-drawn^o cavaliers to France?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege: 25
 Behold the ordinance^o on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded^o Harfleur.
 Suppose th' ambassador from the French comes back;
 Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
 Katherine his daughter, and with her to dowry 30
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
 With linstock^o now the devilish cannon touches,^o
Alarum, and chambers^o go off.

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind. *Exit.* 35

[Scene I. France. Harfleur.]

Enter the KING, EXETER, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER. Alarum. [Enter SOLDIERS carrying] scaling ladders at Harfleur.

KING
 Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness^o and humility;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears, 5
 Then imitate the action of the tiger:
 Stiffen the sinews, conjure up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect:
 Let it pry through the portage^o of the head 10
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a gallèd^o rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded^o base,
 Swilled^o with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide, 15
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up^o every spirit
 To his full height! On, on, you noble English,
 Whose blood is fet^o from fathers of war-proof;^o
 Fathers that like so many Alexanders^o
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought 20
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.^o
 Dishonor^o not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you called fathers did beget you!
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood
 And teach them how to war! And you, good yeomen, 25
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture.^o Let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,

21 **pith** strength 24 **choice-drawn** chosen with special care
 26 **ordinance** ordnance, cannon 27 **girded** besieged 33
linstock staff holding lighted match; **touches** touches off,
 fires 33 **s.d. chambers** small pieces of ordnance (usually for
 ceremonial purposes)

III.i.4 **stillness** silence, staidness (?) 10 **portage** portholes
 12 **gallèd** sea-beaten 13 **confounded** demolished 14
Swilled greedily swallowed 16 **bend up** strain 18 **fet**
 fetched; **war-proof** proved in war 19 **Alexanders** i.e.,
 sighing for more worlds to conquer 21 **argument** i.e.,
 opponents 22 **Dishonor** i.e., by throwing doubts on your
 paternity 27 **mettle** . . . **pasture** fine quality of your rearing

For there is none of you so mean and base
 That hath not noble luster in your eyes. 30
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,^o
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot!
 Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,^o
 Cry, "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"
[Exeunt.] Alarum, and chambers go off.

[Scene II. Harfleur.]

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and BOY.

BARDOLPH On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the
 breach!

NYM Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knocks are too
 hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case^o of lives.
 The humor of it is too hot; that is the very plain-song^o 5
 of it.

PISTOL

The plain-song is most just; for humors do abound.
 Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
 And sword and shield

In bloody field 10

Doth win immortal fame.

BOY Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would
 give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

PISTOL

And I:

If wishes would prevail with me, 15

My purpose should not fail with me,

But thither would I hie.

BOY As duly, but not as truly,^o
 As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

FLUELLEN Up to the breach, you dogs! Avaunt, you 20
 cullions!^o

PISTOL

Be merciful, great duke, to men of mold!^o

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,

Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage! Use lenity, sweet
 chuck!^o 25

NYM These be good^o humors. Your honor wins bad
 humors.^o *Exit, [with all but BOY].*

BOY As young as I am, I have observed these three
 swashers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, 30
 though they would serve me, could not be man to
 me; for indeed three such antics^o do not amount to a
 man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered^o and red-
 faced; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights
 not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet
 sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words,^o and 35
 keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that
 men of few words are the best men, and therefore he

31 **slips** leashes 33 **upon this charge** as you charge

III.ii.4 **case** set 5 **plain-song** simple air without variations,
 i.e., simple truth 18 **truly** (1) honorably (2) in tune 21
cullions base fellows 22 **mold** clay 25 **bawcock** . . . **chuck**
 ingratiating familiarities 26 **good** ironical 26-27 **Your** . . .
humors Valor is dangerous (so he runs off) 31 **antics** buffoons
 32 **white-livered** cowardly 35 **breaks words** (1) breaks
 promises (2) exchanges words

scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward; but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds, for 'a never broke any man's head 40 but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase.^o Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a 45 fire-shovel. I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals.^o They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; 50 for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs.^o I must leave them, and seek some better service. Their villainy goes against my weak stomach,^o and therefore I must cast it up.^o *Exit.*

Enter GOWER [and FLUELLEN].

GOWER Captain Fluellen, you must come presently^o 55 to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

FLUELLEN To the mines? Tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war.^o The 60 concavities of it is not sufficient; for look you, th' athversary, you may discuss^o unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines.^o By Cheshu, I think 'a will plow^o up all, if there is not better directions. 65

GOWER The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i faith.

FLUELLEN It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

GOWER I think it be. 70

FLUELLEN By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world! I will verify as much in his beard.^o He has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and Captain JAMY.

GOWER Here 'a comes, and the Scots captain, Captain 75 Jamy, with him.

FLUELLEN Captain Jamy is a marvelous falorous gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition^o and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular^o knowledge of his directions. By Cheshu, he will main- 80 tain his argument as well as any military man in the world in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

JAMY I say gud day, Captain Fluellen.

FLUELLEN God-den to your worship, good Captain 85 James.

GOWER How now, Captain Macmorris? Have you quit the mines? Have the pioners^o given o'er?

MACMORRIS By Chrish, law, tish ill done! The work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my 90 hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done! It ish give over. I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, law, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done! By my hand, tish ill done!

FLUELLEN Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, 95 will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars?—in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satis- 100 faction, look you, of my mind—as touching the direction of the military discipline, that is the point.

JAMY It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captens bath, and I sall quit^o you with gud leve, as I may pick 105 occasion. That sall I, mary.^o

MACMORRIS It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me! The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse; the town is beseeched,^o and the trumpet call us to the breach, and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing; 'tis 110 shame for us all, so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still, it is shame, by my hand! And there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, law!

JAMY By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, I'll do gud service, or I'll lig i' th' grund for it! Ay or go to death! And I'll pay't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway. 115 120

FLUELLEN Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

MACMORRIS Of my nation? What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a basterd, and a knave, and a rascal. 125 What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

FLUELLEN Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you, being as 130 good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

MACMORRIS I do not know you so good a man as myself; so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head! 135

GOWER Gentlemen both, you will^o mistake each other.

JAMY Ah, that's a foul fault!

A parley [sounded].

GOWER The town sounds a parley.

FLUELLEN Captain Macmorris when there is more 140 better opportunity to be required,^o look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. *Exit [with others].*

88 pioners pioneers, miners 104 quit answer 105 mary Jamy's pronunciation of "marry," a mild oath, from "By the Virgin Mary" 109 beseeched for besieged 136 will are determined to 141 to be required serves

42 purchase booty (thieves' slang) 47 carry coals (1) do dirty work (2) submit to insult 51 pocketing . . . wrongs (1) receiving stolen goods (2) submitting to insult 52-53 goes . . . stomach (1) is against my disposition (2) makes me sick 53-54 cast it up (1) run from their service (2) be sick 55 presently immediately 60 disciplines . . . war military experience 62 discuss declare 63 four . . . countermines countermines four yards under the mines 64 plow the first of Fluellen's dialect substitutions of p for b 72 verify . . . beard prove it to his face 78 expedition readiness in disputation (rhetorical term) 79 particular personal

[Scene III. Before the gates of Harfleur.]

Enter the KING [Henry] and all his TRAIN before the gates.

KING

How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or, like to men proud of destruction,^o
Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the fleshed^o soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh fair virgins and your flow'ring infants.
What is it then to me if impious war,
Arrayed in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do with his smirched complexion all fell^o feats
Enlinked to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?^o
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil^o
As send precepts^o to the leviathan^o
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command,
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.
If not—why, in a moment look to see
The blind^o and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defense,^o be thus destroyed?

Enter GOVERNOR [on the wall].

GOVERNOR

Our expectation hath this day an end;
The dauphin, whom of succors we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.^o

III.iii.4 proud of destruction glorying in death II fleshed initiated in slaughter 17 fell savage 23 career gallop 25 spoil plundering 26 precepts written instructions; leviathan legendary aquatic animal of enormous size (common in Hebrew poetry) 34 blind reckless 43 guilty in defense to blame for holding out 50 defensible able to make a defense

KING

Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French.
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing 55
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
Tonight in Harfleur will we be your guest;
Tomorrow for the march are we address.^o
Flourish, and enter the town.

[Scene IV. Rouen. A room in the palace.]

10

Enter KATHERINE and [ALICE,] an old gentlewoman.

KATHERINE Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

ALICE Un peu, madame.

15

KATHERINE Je te prie m'enseigne; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main 5 en anglais?

ALICE La main? Elle est appelée de hand.

KATHERINE De hand. Et les doigts?

20

ALICE Les doigts? Ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? Je pense qu'ils sont 10 appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres.

KATHERINE La main, de hand; les doigts, le fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'anglais vitelement. Comment appelez-vous les 25 ongles? 15

ALICE Les ongles? Nous les appelons de nails.

KATHERINE De nails. Ecoutez; dites-moi si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

30

ALICE C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon anglais.

KATHERINE Dites-moi l'anglais pour le bras. 20

ALICE De arm, madame.

KATHERINE Et le coude.

ALICE D' elbow.

35

KATHERINE D' elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent. 25

ALICE Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

58 address prepared

III.iv (translated)

40

KATHERINE Alice, you have been in England and speak the language well.

ALICE A little, my lady.

KATHERINE I pray you, teach me; I have to learn to speak it. What do you call *la main* in English?

ALICE *La main*? It is called de hand.

KATHERINE De hand. And *les doigts*?

ALICE *Les doigts*? Oh dear, I forget *les doigts*; but I shall remember. *Les doigts*? I think that they are called de fingres; yes, de fingres.

45

KATHERINE *Le main*, de hand; *les doigts*, le fingres. I think that I am an apt scholar; I have learned two words of English quickly. What do you call *les ongles*?

ALICE *Les ongles*? We call them de nails.

KATHERINE De nails. Listen; tell me if I speak correctly: de hand, de fingres, and de nails.

50

ALICE Well said, my lady; it is very good English.

KATHERINE Tell me the English for *le bras*.

ALICE De arm, my lady.

KATHERINE And *le coude*.

ALICE D' elbow.

KATHERINE D' elbow. I shall repeat all the words you have taught me so far.

ALICE It is too hard, my lady, I think.

KATHERINE Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: d' hand, de fingre, de nails, d' arma, de bilbow.
 ALICE D' elbow, madame.
 KATHERINE O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! D' 30 elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?
 ALICE De nick, madame.
 KATHERINE De nick. Et le menton?
 ALICE De chin.
 KATHERINE De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin. 35
 ALICE Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.
 KATHERINE Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps. 40
 ALICE N'avez-vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?
 KATHERINE Non, je réciterai à vous promptement: d' hand, de fingre, de mails—
 ALICE De nails, madame. 45
 KATHERINE De nails, de arm, de ilbow—
 ALICE Sauf votre honneur, d' elbow.
 KATHERINE Ainsi dis-je; d' elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?
 ALICE Le foot, madame; et le count. 50
 KATHERINE Le foot et le count! O Seigneur Dieu! Ils sont les mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh, le foot et le count! 55
 Néanmoins, je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: d' hand, de fingre, de nails, d' arm, d' elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, le count.
 ALICE Excellent, madame!
 KATHERINE C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à 60 diner. *Exit, [with ALICE].*
 KATHERINE Pardon me, Alice; listen: d' hand, de fingre, de nails, d' arma, de bilbow.
 ALICE D' elbow, my lady.
 KATHERINE O dear Lord, I forget. D' elbow. What do you call *le col*?
 ALICE De nick, my lady.
 KATHERINE De nick. And *le menton*?
 ALICE De chin.
 KATHERINE De sin. *Le col*, de nick; *le menton*, de sin.
 ALICE Yes. By your leave, indeed you pronounce the words just like a native of England.
 KATHERINE I have no doubt that I shall learn, with God's help, and in little time.
 ALICE Have you not already forgotten what I have taught you?
 KATHERINE No, I shall recite to you now: d' hand, de fingre, de mails—
 ALICE De nails, my lady.
 KATHERINE De nails, de arm, de ilbow—
 ALICE By your leave, d' elbow.
 KATHERINE That's what I said: d' elbow, de nick, and de sin. What do you call *le pied* and *la robe*?
 ALICE The foot, my lady; and the count. [editor's note: these words are similar in sound to the French equivalents of the English "four-letter" words; "count" is an attempt at "gown"]
 KATHERINE The foot and the count! O dear Lord! Those are bad words, wicked, vulgar, and indecent, and respectable ladies don't use them. I wouldn't utter those words before French gentlemen for the whole world. Fie, the foot and the count! Still, I shall recite once more my whole lesson: d' hand, de fingre, de nails, d' arm, d' elbow, de sin, de foot, the count.
 ALICE Excellent, my lady.
 KATHERINE That's enough for one session; let's go to dinner.

[Scene V. Rouen. A room in the palace.]

Enter the KING of France, the DAUPHIN, [BRETAGNE], the CONSTABLE of France, and others.

KING

'Tis certain he hath passed the river Somme.

CONSTABLE

And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
 Let us not live in France; let us quit all
 And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

DAUPHIN

O Dieu vivant! Shall a few sprays of us,° 5
 The emptying° of our father's luxury,
 Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,°
 Spirt° up so suddenly into the clouds
 And overlook their grafters?

BRETAGNE

Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards! 10
 Mort Dieu! Ma vie! if they march along
 Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom
 To buy a slobb'ry° and a dirty farm
 In that nook-shotten° isle of Albion.°

CONSTABLE

Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle? 15
 Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
 On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
 Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden° water,
 A drench for sur-reined jades, their barley broth,°
 Decoct° their cold blood to such valiant heat? 20
 And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
 Seem frosty? O, for honor of our land,
 Let us not hang like roping° icicles
 Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
 Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields— 25
 "Poor" we call them° in their native lords!

DAUPHIN

By faith and honor,
 Our madams mock at us and plainly say
 Our mettle is bred out,° and they will give
 Their bodies to the lust of English youth, 30
 To new-store France with bastard warriors.

BRETAGNE

They bid us to the English dancing schools
 And teach lavoltas° high, and swift corantos,°
 Saying our grace° is only in our heels,°
 And that we are most lofty° runaways. 35

KING

Where is Montjoy, the herald? Speed him hence;
 Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
 Up, princes, and with spirit of honor edged
 More sharper than your swords, hie to the field.

III.v.5 **sprays of us** offshoots, bastards 6 **emptying** expenditure 7 **scions** . . . **stock** i.e., Norman French mating with Anglo-Saxon (scions are shoots, for grafting) 8 **Spirt** sprout, shoot 13 **slobb'ry** waterlogged 14 **nook-shotten** full of odd angles, shapeless; **Albion** an ancient poetical name for Britain, alluding to the white cliffs visible from France 18 **sodden** boiled 19 **drench** . . . **broth** medicinal draught (or mash) given to overridden nags, (which is much the same as) their beer 20 **Decoct** warm up 23 **roping** hanging down together like rope 26 **them** i.e., the "rich fields" of France 29 **bred out** exhausted, degenerate 33 **lavoltas** dances with high leaps; **corantos** dances with a running step 34 **grace** virtue, saving grace (?); **our heels** (1) dancing (2) running away 35 **lofty** stately, pompous

Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
 You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
 Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Faulconbridge,
 Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois,
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
 For your great seats^o now quit you of great shames:
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur;
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the valleys whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his^o rheum upon.
 Go down upon him—you have power enough—
 And in a captive chariot into Rouen
 Bring him our prisoner.

CONSTABLE This becomes the great. 55
 Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick, and famished in their march;
 For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink^o of fear
 And, for achievement,^o offer us his ransom. 60

KING
 Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on Montjoy,
 And let him say to England that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

DAUPHIN
 Not so, I do beseech your majesty. 65

KING
 Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
 Now forth, Lord Constable, and princes all,
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall. *Exeunt.*

[Scene VI. France. The English camp in Picardy.]

Enter captains, English and Welsh: GOWER and FLUELLEN.

GOWER How now, Captain Fluellen, come you from the bridge?^o

FLUELLEN I assure you, there is very excellent services^o committed at the bridge.

GOWER Is the Duke of Exeter safe? 5

FLUELLEN The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon, and a man that I love and honor with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my live, and my living, and my uttermost power. He is not—God be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the world, 10 but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant^o there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Anthony, and he is a man of no estimation in the world, but I did see him do as gallant 15 service.

GOWER What do you call him?

FLUELLEN He is called Aunchient Pistol.

GOWER I know him not.

47 seats estates 52 his the Alps' 59 sink pit 60 achievement acquisition (i.e., for France)

III.vi.2 the bridge over the Ternoise, captured on October 23, 1415, two days before the battle of Agincourt 4 services exploits 12 aunchient lieutenant sublieutenant

Enter PISTOL.

FLUELLEN Here is the man. 20

PISTOL

Captain, I thee beseech to do me favors;
 The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

FLUELLEN Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

PISTOL

Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart, 25
 And of buxom^o valor, hath by cruel fate,
 And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel—
 That goddess blind,
 That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

FLUELLEN By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. 30
 Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes,
 to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is
 painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is
 the moral of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and
 mutability, and variation; and her foot, look you, is 35
 fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and
 rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent
 description of it; Fortune is an excellent moral.^o

PISTOL

Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
 For he hath stol'n a pax,^o and hangèd must 'a be— 40
 A damnèd death!

Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free,
 And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate.
 But Exeter hath given the doom^o of death
 For pax of little price. 45

Therefore, go speak—the duke will hear thy voice;
 And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
 With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach.
 Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

FLUELLEN Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand 50
 your meaning.

PISTOL

Why then, rejoice therefore!

FLUELLEN Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and 55
 put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

PISTOL

Die and be damned! and figo^o for thy friendship!

FLUELLEN It is well.

PISTOL

The fig of Spain!^o *Exit.*

FLUELLEN Very good. 60

GOWER Why, this is an arrant^o counterfeit rascal! I remember him now—a bawd, a cutpurse.

FLUELLEN I'll assure you, 'a utt'red as prave words at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well. What he has spoke to me, that is well, I 65
 warrant you, when time is serve.

GOWER Why, 'tis a gull,^o a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his

26 buxom lively 38 moral symbolical figure 40 pax tablet depicting the Crucifixion, kissed by priest and then communicants at Mass 44 doom sentence 57 figo Spanish for fig (see next note) 59 fig of Spain contemptuous and obscene gesture made by thrusting the thumb between the fingers or into the mouth 61 arrant out-and-out 67 gull simpleton

return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' 70 names, and they will learn you by rote where services^o were done: at such and such a sconce,^o at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off^o bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on;^o and this they con^o perfectly in the phrase of war, which 75 they trick up with new-tuned oaths;^o and what a beard of the general's cut^o and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may 80 be marvelously mistook.

FLUELLEN I tell you what, Captain Gower: I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is. If I find a hole in his coat,^o I will tell him my mind. [*Drum within.*] Hark you, the 85 king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and colors. Enter the KING and his poor SOLDIERS [and GLOUCESTER].

God pless your majesty!

KING

How now, Fluellen, cam'st thou from the bridge?

FLUELLEN Ay, so please your majesty: the Duke of 90 Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge; the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages.^o Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can 95 tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

KING What men have you lost, Fluellen?

FLUELLEN The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is 100 like to be executed for robbing a church—one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man. His face is all bubukles and whelks,^o and knobs, and flames o' fire, and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is 105 executed,^o and his^o fire's out.

KING We would have all such offenders so cut off;^o and we give express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of 110 the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket.^o Enter MONTJOY.

MONTJOY You know me by my habit.^o

KING Well then, I know thee. What shall I know of 115 thee?

MONTJOY My master's mind.

KING Unfold it.

MONTJOY Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England, though we seemed dead, we did but sleep. 120 Advantage^o is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury^o till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weak- 125 ness, and admire our sufferance.^o Bid him therefore consider of his ransom, which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re- answer, his pettiness would bow under.^o For our 130 losses, his exchequer is too poor; for th' effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person kneeling at our feet but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him for conclusion, he hath 135 betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

KING

What is thy name? I know thy quality.

MONTJOY Montjoy.^o

140

KING

Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy king, I do not seek him now, But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment;^o for, to say the sooth, 145 Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,^o My people are with sickness much enfeebled, My numbers lessened; and those few I have Almost no better than so many French, Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald, 150 I thought upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me, God, That I do brag thus! This your air of France Hath blown that vice in me. I must repent. Go therefore tell thy master, here I am; 155 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk; My army but a weak and sickly guard; Yet, God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himself and such another neighbor Stand in our way. There's for thy labor, Montjoy. 160

[*Gives a purse.*]

Go bid thy master well advise himself:

If we may pass, we will; if we be hind'red,

We shall your tawny ground with your red blood

Discolor; and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

The sum of all our answer is but this:

165

We would not seek a battle as we are,

Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it.

So tell your master.

121 Advantage favorable opportunity 123 bruise an injury squeeze out a festering wound 126 admire our sufferance wonder at our patience 129-30 in . . . under to compensate in full would be too much for his small resources 140 Montjoy title of chief herald of France, not his name 144 impeachment hindrance 146 craft and vantage cunning and superiority

71 services exploits 72 sconce small fort or earthwork 73 came off got clear 74 what . . . on what the position of the enemy depended on 75 con learn 76 trick . . . oaths adorn with newly phrased oaths 77 of . . . cut shaped in the same fashion as the general's 84 hole . . . coat some fault in him 93 passages i.e., of arms 103 bubukles and whelks abscesses-and-carbuncles (a confusion of two words) and pimples 106 executed i.e., slit (as he stood in the pillory before being hanged); his its 107 cut off put to death 113 s.d. Tucket a personal trumpet call 114 habit i.e., the herald's tabard

MONTJOY

I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [Exit.]

GLOUCESTER

I hope they will not come upon us now.

KING

We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge, it now draws toward night;

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,

And on tomorrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

[Scene VII. France. The French camp, near Agincourt.]

Enter the CONSTABLE of France, the Lords RAMBURES, ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, with others.

CONSTABLE Tut! I have the best armor of the world.

Would it were day!

ORLEANS You have an excellent armor; but let my horse have his due.

CONSTABLE It is the best horse of Europe.

ORLEANS Will it never be morning?

DAUPHIN My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armor?

ORLEANS You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

DAUPHIN What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ça, ha! He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs;° le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu!° When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it. The basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.°

ORLEANS He's of the color of the nutmeg.

DAUPHIN And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus:° he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him. He is indeed a horse, and all other jades° you may call beasts.

CONSTABLE Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

DAUPHIN It is the prince of palfreys;° his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

ORLEANS No more, cousin.

DAUPHIN Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary° deservèd praise on my palfrey; it is a theme as fluent as the sea. Turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument° for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason° on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us

and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus, "Wonder of nature!"

ORLEANS I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

DAUPHIN Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

ORLEANS Your mistress bears well.°

DAUPHIN Me well, which is the prescript° praise and perfection of a good and particular° mistress.

CONSTABLE Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly° shook your back.

DAUPHIN So perhaps did yours.

CONSTABLE Mine was not bridled.°

DAUPHIN O, then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a kern° of Ireland, your French hose° off, and in your strait strossers.°

CONSTABLE You have good judgment in horsemanship.°

DAUPHIN Be warned by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

CONSTABLE I had as lief have my mistress a jade.°

DAUPHIN I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.°

CONSTABLE I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

DAUPHIN "Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier."° Thou mak'st use of anything.

CONSTABLE Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

RAMBURES My Lord Constable, the armor that I saw in your tent tonight—are those stars or suns upon it?

CONSTABLE Stars, my lord.

DAUPHIN Some of them will fall tomorrow, I hope.

CONSTABLE And yet my sky shall not want.

DAUPHIN That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away.

CONSTABLE Ev'n as your horse bears your praises, who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

DAUPHIN Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot tomorrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

CONSTABLE I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way;° but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

RAMBURES Who will go to hazard° with me for twenty prisoners?

CONSTABLE You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

III.vii.13-14 as if . . . hairs i.e., as if he were a tennis ball (or perhaps "hairs" = hares) 14-15 cheval . . . feu the flying horse, Pegasus, with fiery nostrils 17-18 The basest . . . Hermes the winged horse, Pegasus, struck Mount Helicon with his hoof and the fountain of the Muses sprang forth; Hermes, alias Mercury, invented the pipe and charmed to sleep Argus of the hundred eyes 21 Perseus Pegasus sprang from the blood of the gorgon, Medusa, when Perseus cut off her head 24 jades nags 28 palfreys saddle horses (too light for use in battle) 33 vary express in different ways 36 argument subject 37 reason discourse

46 bears well carries her rider well 47 prescript prescribed 48 particular private 50 shrewdly (1) severely (2) shrewishly (cf. line 52) 52 bridled as (1) a horse (2) a shrew compelled to wear a bridle 54 kern lightly armed Irish foot soldier; French hose loose, wide breeches 55 strait strossers tight trousers (i.e., bare-legged) 56-57 horsemanship with a pun on *whores-manship* 61 jade (1) poor horse (2) loose woman 62-63 wears . . . hair i.e., doesn't need a (fashionable) wig 66-67 Le chien . . . boubier cf. II Peter 2:22, "The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire" 84-85 faced . . . way (1) put out of countenance (2) driven off 87 go to hazard take a wager

DAUPHIN 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. *Exit.*
 ORLEANS The dauphin longs for morning.
 RAMBURES He longs to eat the English.
 CONSTABLE I think he will eat all he kills.
 ORLEANS By the white hand of my lady, he's a 95
 gallant prince.
 CONSTABLE Swear by her foot, that she may tread
 out° the oath.
 ORLEANS He is simply the most active gentleman of
 France. 100
 CONSTABLE Doing is activity, and he will still be
 doing.°
 ORLEANS He never did harm, that I heard of.
 CONSTABLE Nor will do none tomorrow; he will
 keep that good name still. 105
 ORLEANS I know him to be valiant.
 CONSTABLE I was told that, by one that knows him
 better than you.
 ORLEANS What's he?
 CONSTABLE Marry, he told me so himself, and he said 110
 he cared not who knew it.
 ORLEANS He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.
 CONSTABLE By my faith, sir, but it is! Never any-
 body saw it but his lackey;° 'tis a hooded valor, and
 when it appears, it will bate.° 115
 ORLEANS Ill will never said well.
 CONSTABLE I will cap that proverb with, "There is
 flattery in friendship."
 ORLEANS And I will take up that with, "Give the
 devil his due." 120
 CONSTABLE Well placed! There stands your friend
 for the devil. Have at the very eye of that proverb
 with, "A pox of the devil!"
 ORLEANS You are the better at proverbs, by how
 much "a fool's bolt is soon shot." 125
 CONSTABLE You have shot over.°
 ORLEANS 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.°

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER My Lord High Constable, the English
 lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.
 CONSTABLE Who hath measured the ground? 130
 MESSENGER The Lord Grandpré.
 CONSTABLE A valiant and most expert gentleman.
 Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England!
 He longs not for the dawning, as we do.
 ORLEANS What a wretched and peevish° fellow is 135
 this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained
 followers so far out of his knowledge!
 CONSTABLE If the English had any apprehension,°
 they would run away.
 ORLEANS That they lack; for if their heads had any 140
 intellectual armor, they could never wear such heavy
 headpieces.
 RAMBURES That island of England breeds very valiant
 creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

97-98 tread out (1) obliterate (2) treat with contempt 102
 doing having sexual intercourse 114 but his lackey i.e., he
 has beaten no one but his footboy 114-15 hooded . . . bate
 valor like a hawk hooded before action, which flutters and
 beats its wings when its hood is removed 115 bate (1)
 beat its wings (2) become dejected 126 over beyond the
 mark 127 overshot (1) wide of the mark (2) beaten in shooting
 135 peevish senseless 138 apprehension understanding,
 grasp of mind

ORLEANS Foolish curs, that run winking° into the 145
 mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed
 like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant
 flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.
 CONSTABLE Just, just! And the men do sympathize
 with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, 150
 leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them
 great meals of beef, and iron and steel; they will eat like
 wolves and fight like devils.
 ORLEANS Ay, but these English are shrewdly° out of
 beef. 155
 CONSTABLE Then shall we find tomorrow they have
 only stomachs° to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time
 to arm; come, shall we about it?
 ORLEANS
 It is now two o'clock; but let me see—by ten
 We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. *Exeunt.* 160

ACT [I V]

[*Enter*] CHORUS.

Now entertain conjecture of a time
 When creeping murmur and the poring° dark
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
 From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly° sounds; 5
 That the fixed sentinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch.
 Fire answers fire, and through their paly° flames
 Each battle° sees the other's umbered° face.
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs 10
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
 The armorers accomplishing° the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note° of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll; 15
 And the third hour of drowsy morning named.
 Proud of their numbers, and secure° in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty° French
 Do the low-rated English play° at dice;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night 20
 Who like a foul and ugly witch doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemnèd English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful° fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger; and their gesture° sad, 25
 Investing° lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruined band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, 30
 Let him cry, "Praise and glory on his head!"
 For forth he goes and visits all his host,

145 winking with eyes shut 154 shrewdly very much 157
 stomachs disposition

IV.Cho.2 poring eye-straining 5 stilly softly 8 paly pale
 (poetic) 9 battle army; umbered shadowed 12 accom-
 plishing equipping 14 note indication 17 secure confident
 18 over-lusty too lively 19 play play for 23 watchful used
 for keeping watch 25 gesture bearing 26 Investing
 accompanying

Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
 And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color
 Unto° the weary and all-watchèd° night;
 Bur freshly looks, and overbears attaint°
 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
 A largess universal, like the sun,
 His liberal eye doth give to everyone,
 Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,°
 A little touch of Harry in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly;
 Where (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace,
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils°
 Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
 The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things by what their mock'ries° be.

Exit.

[Scene I. France. The English camp at Agincourt.]

Enter the KING, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER.

KING

Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
 The greater therefore should our courage be.
 Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distill it out;
 For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry.°
 Besides, they are our outward° consciences,
 And preachers to us all, admonishing
 That we should dress us° fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed
 And make a moral° of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of France.

ERPINGHAM

Not so, my liege. This lodging likes me better,
 Since I may say, "Now lie I like a king."

KING

'Tis good for men to love their present pains
 Upon° example: so the spirit is eased;
 And when the mind is quick'ned, out of doubt
 The organs,° though defunct° and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave, and newly° move
 With casted slough and fresh legerity.°

37-38 **dedicate** . . . **Unto** look pale on account of 38
all-watchèd entirely spent in watches 39 **overbears attaint**
 overcomes any sign of exhaustion 46 **as** . . . **define** as far as
 our unworthy selves can present it 50 **foils** light fencing
 weapons 53 **mock'ries** imitations

IV.i.7 **husbandry** careful management 8 **outward** i.e., not
 our own inner 10 **dress us** prepare ourselves 12 **moral**
 improving lesson 19 **Upon** in pursuance of 21 **organs** parts
 of the body; **defunct** out of use 22 **newly** a snake is torpid
 before casting its slough 23 **legerity** nimbleness

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
 Commend me to the princes in our camp;
 Do my good morrow to them, and anon
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

25

GLOUCESTER

We shall, my liege.

ERPINGHAM

Shall I attend your grace?

KING

No, my good knight.

Go with my brothers to my lords of England.

30

I and my bosom must debate awhile,

And then I would no other company.

ERPINGHAM

The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

Exeunt [all but the KING].

KING

God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

PISTOL Qui va là?°

35

KING A friend.

PISTOL

Discuss° unto me; art thou officer,

Or art thou base, common, and popular?°

KING I am a gentleman of a company.

PISTOL

Trail'st thou the puissant pike?°

40

KING Even so. What are you?

PISTOL

As good a gentleman as the emperor.

KING Then you are a better than the king.

PISTOL

The king's a bawcock,° and a heart of gold,

A lad of life, an imp° of fame,

Of parents good, of fist most valiant.

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heartstring

I love the lovely bully.° What is thy name?

45

KING Harry le Roy.

PISTOL

Le Roy? A Cornish name. Art thou of Cornish crew? 50

KING No, I am a Welshman.

PISTOL

Know'st thou Fluellen?

KING Yes.

PISTOL

Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate

Upon Saint Davy's day.°

55

KING Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that
 day, lest he knock that about yours.

PISTOL

Art thou his friend?

KING And his kinsman too.

PISTOL

The figo° for thee then!

60

KING I thank you. God be with you!

PISTOL

My name is Pistol called.

Exit.

35 **Qui va là** Who goes there? 37 **Discuss** declare 38
popular vulgar 40 **Trail'st** . . . **pike** i.e., Are you an
 infantryman? (a pike was held below its head, the butt trailing
 behind on the ground) 44 **bawcock** fine fellow (familiar
 term) 45 **imp** child 48 **bully** fine fellow (familiar, endearing
 term) 55 **Saint Davy's day** March 1 60 **figo** fig (Spanish),
 contemptuous and obscene gesture

KING It sorts^o well with your fierceness.

Manet^o KING [*aside*].

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

GOWER Captain Fluellen!

FLUELLEN So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak 65
fewer.^o It is the greatest admiration in the universal
world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and
laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the
pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great,
you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle 70
taddle nor pibble babble in Pompey's camp; I warrant
you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and
the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of
it, and the modesty^o of it, to be otherwise.

GOWER Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all 75
night.

FLUELLEN If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a
prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should
also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating
coxcomb, in your own conscience now? 80

GOWER I will speak lower.

FLUELLEN I pray you, and beseech you that you will.
Exit, [with GOWER].

KING

Though it appear a little out of fashion,^o
There is much care and valor in this Welshman.

*Enter three soldiers: John BATES, Alexander COURT,
and Michael WILLIAMS.*

COURT Brother John Bates, is not that the morning 85
which breaks yonder?

BATES I think it be; but we have no great cause to
desire the approach of day.

WILLIAMS We see yonder the beginning of the day,
but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes 90
there?

KING A friend.

WILLIAMS Under what captain serve you?

KING Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

WILLIAMS A good old commander, and a most kind 95
gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?^o

KING Even as men wracked upon a sand, that look to
be washed off the next tide.

BATES He hath not told his thought to the king?

KING No; nor it is not meet he should. For though I 100
speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am:
the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element
shows^o to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but
human conditions.^o His ceremonies^o laid by, in his
nakedness he appears but a man; and though his 105
affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they
stoop,^o they stoop with the like wing: therefore,
when he sees reason of^o fears, as we do, his fears, out
of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are. Yet, in
reason, no man should possess him with any appearance 110

of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his
army.

BATES He may show what outward courage he will;
but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish 115
himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he
were, and I by him, at all adventures,^o so we were quit
here.^o

KING By my troth, I will speak my conscience^o of the
king: I think he would not wish himself anywhere but
where he is. 120

BATES Then I would he were here alone; so should
he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's
lives saved.

KING I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him
here alone; howsoever you speak this to feel other 125
men's minds. Methinks I could not die anywhere so
contented as in the king's company, his cause being
just and his quarrel honorable.

WILLIAMS That's more than we know.

BATES Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we 130
know enough if we know we are the king's subjects:
if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes
the crime of it out of us.

WILLIAMS But if the cause be not good, the king
himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all 135
those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle,
shall join together at the latter day and cry all, "We
died at such a place," some swearing, some crying for
a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind
them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their 140
children rawly^o left. I am afeard there are few die well^o
that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose
of anything when blood is their argument? Now, if
these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for
the king that led them to it; who to disobey, were 145
against all proportion of subjection.^o

KING So, if a son that is by his father sent about
merchandise do sinfully miscarry^o upon the sea, the
imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be
imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, 150
under his master's command transporting a sum of
money, be assailed by robbers and die in many
irreconciled^o iniquities, you may call the business of
the master the author of the servant's damnation. But
this is not so. The king is not bound to answer^o the 155
particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son,
nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not
their death when they purpose their services. Besides,
there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it
come to the arbitrament of swords, can try it out with 160
all unspotted soldiers: some (peradventure) have on
them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder;
some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals^o of
perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark,^o that
have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with 165
pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated

63 sorts suits (the Elizabethan pistol was notably noisy and ineffective) 63 s.d. Manet remains (Latin) 66 fewer less 74 modesty moderation 83 out of fashion odd 96 estate state, condition 102-03 element shows sky appears 104 conditions characteristics; ceremonies accompaniments of royalty 107 stoop used of a hawk swooping down on its prey 108 of for

116 at all adventures whatever the consequences 116-17 quit here done with this job 118 conscience inmost thought 141 rawly (1) unprepared (2) at immature age; well i.e., a Christian death 146 proportion of subjection due relation of subject to monarch 148 sinfully miscarry perish in his sins 153 irreconciled not atoned for 155 answer render account for 163 seals sealed covenants 164 bulwark defense (against pursuing justice)

the law and outrun native° punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle,° war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach° of the king's laws 170 in now the king's quarrel. Where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided,° no more is the king guilty of their damnation that he was before guilty of those impieties for the 175 which they are now visited.° Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed—wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, 180 the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free° an offer, He let him outlive that day, to see His greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare. 185

WILLIAMS 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head; the king is not to answer it.

BATES I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

KING I myself heard the king say he would not be 190 ransomed.

WILLIAMS Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

KING If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after. 195

WILLIAMS You pay him° then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun,° that a poor and a private° displeasure can do against a monarch! You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word 200 after! Come, 'tis a foolish saying.

KING Your reproof is something too round;° I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

WILLIAMS Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

KING I embrace it. 205

WILLIAMS How shall I know thee again?

KING Give me any gage° of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet. Then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

WILLIAMS Here's my glove. Give me another of 210 thine.

KING There.

WILLIAMS This will I also wear in my cap. If ever thou come to me and say, after tomorrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take° thee a box on the 215 ear.

KING If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

WILLIAMS Thou dar'st as well be hanged.

KING Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the 220 king's company.

WILLIAMS Keep thy word. Fare thee well.

BATES Be friends, you English fools, be friends! We

have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

KING Indeed the French may lay twenty French 225 crowns° to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders;° but it is no English treason° to cut French crowns, and tomorrow the king himself will be a clipper.

Exeunt SOLDIERS.

"Upon the king! Let us our lives, our souls, 230

Our debts, our careful° wives,

Our children, and our sins, lay on the king!"

We must bear all. O hard condition,

Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath°

Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel 235

But his own wringing!° What infinite heart's-ease

Must kings neglect that private men enjoy!

And what have kings that privates have not too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony? 240

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? What are thy comings-in?

O Ceremony, show me but thy worth!

What is thy soul of adoration?° 245

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,°

Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy, being feared, Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet, 250

But poisoned flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Thinks thou the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown° from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure° and low bending? 255

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose.

I am a king that find° thee; and I know

'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,° 260

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,

The farcèd° title running 'fore the king,

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp

That beats upon the high shore° of this world— 265

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,

Who, with a body filled, and vacant mind,

Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful° bread; 270

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;

But like a lackey,° from the rise to set,

Sweats in the eye of Phoebus,° and all night

226 crowns (1) coins, worth about six shillings each (2) heads
226-27 for . . . shoulders i.e., the French can lay such bets
because (1) they so outnumber the English (2) they are still
alive 227 treason it was a treasonable offense to debase
the coinage by "clipping," or paring the edges of coins, to
take their gold 231 careful anxious 234 breath speech
236 wringing stomach ache 245 thy . . . adoration the
real nature of thy worship 246 form good order 254
blown inflated 255 flexure obsequious bowing 259 find
discover the true character of 260 ball orb 263 farcèd
stuffed out with pompous phrases 265 high shore exalted
places 270 distressful gained by hard toil 272 lackey
footman who ran by the coach of his master 273 Phoebus
sun-god

167 native rightful 169 beadle parish officer for punishing
petty offenders 170 before-breach previous breach 173-74
unprovided unprepared 176 visited punished 183 free
complete, wholehearted 196 pay him pay him out 197
elder-gun popgun (child's toy); private single and common
man's 202 round plainspoken 207 gage pledge 215 take
strike

Sleeps in Elysium;° next day after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion° to his horse;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labor to his grave;
 And but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up° days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Had the forehand° and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of° the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross° brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.°

Enter ERPINGHAM.

ERPINGHAM

My lord, your nobles, jealous° of your absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you.

KING

Good old knight,

Collect them all together at my tent.
 I'll be before thee.

ERPINGHAM

I shall do't, my lord.

Exit.

KING

O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts,
 Possess them not with fear! Take from them now
 The sense of reck'ning, or th' opposèd numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them. Not today, O Lord,
 O, not today, think not upon the fault°
 My father made in compassing the crown!
 I Richard's body have interrèd new,
 And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
 Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood.
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood;
 And I have built two chantries,
 Where the sad and solemn priests sing still
 For Richard's soul. More will I do:
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth;
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

GLOUCESTER My liege!

KING

My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay.
 I know thy errand; I will go with thee.
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

310

Exeunt.

[Scene II. France. The French camp.]

*Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and
 BEAUMONT.*

ORLEANS

The sun doth gild our armor. Up, my lords!

DAUPHIN Montez à cheval!° My horse! Varlet,
 lacquais! Ha!

274 **Elysium** in mythology, the abode of the blessed after death 275 **Hyperion** sun-god (more correctly, his father)
 279 **Winding up** passing 280 **forehand** upper hand 281
member of sharer in 282 **gross** stupid 284 **peasant best**
advantages most benefit the peasant 285 **jealous** anxious
 293 **the fault** i.e., the deposition of Richard II, and the sugges-
 tion for his subsequent murder

IV.ii.2 **Montez à cheval** To horse!

ORLEANS O brave spirit!

275 DAUPHIN Via! les eaux et la terre°— 5

ORLEANS Rien puis? L'air et le feu.

DAUPHIN Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Enter CONSTABLE.

280 Now, my Lord Constable?

CONSTABLE

Hark how our steeds for present service neigh!

DAUPHIN

Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
 That their hot blood may spin° in English eyes
 And dout them with superfluous courage,° ha!

10

RAMBURES

What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
 How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

The English are embattailed, you French peers.

15

CONSTABLE

To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
 Do but behold yond poor and starvèd band,
 And your fair show° shall suck away their souls,
 Leaving them but the shales° and husks of men.
 There is not work enough for all our hands,
 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
 To give each naked curtle ax° a stain
 That our French gallants shall today draw out
 And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them,
 The vapor of our valor will o'erturn them.
 'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions,° lords,
 That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
 Who in unnecessary action swarm
 About our squares of battle, were enow
 To purge this field of such a hilding° foe,
 Though we upon this mountain's basis by
 Took stand for idle speculation:°
 But that our honors must not. What's to say?
 A very little little let us do,
 And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
 The tucket sonance° and the note to mount;
 For our approach shall so much dare° the field
 That England shall couch° down in fear and yield.

20

25

30

35

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

GRANDPRÉ

Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
 Yond island carrions,° desperate° of their bones,
 Ill-favoredly become the morning field.
 Their ragged curtains° poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing° scornfully.
 Big Mars seems bankrout° in their beggared host,

40

5 **Via . . . terre** Begone, water and earth (the dauphin is still thinking of his horse; Orleans asks if he does not wish to ride further, to "air and fire"; the dauphin replies, "Heaven")
 11 **spin** gush forth 12 **dout** . . . **courage** extinguish them with overflowing blood (the supposed source of courage)
 18 **fair show** spectacular appearance 19 **shales** shells 22 **curtle ax** cutlass (broad-cutting sword) 26 **exceptions** objections 30 **hilding** worthless 32 **speculation** looking on 36 **sonance** sound 37 **dare** dazzle 38 **couch** crouch 40 **carrions** skeletons; **desperate** careless, without hope of saving 42 **curtains** banner 43 **passing** extremely 44 **bankrout** bankrupt

And faintly through a rusty beaver° peeps. 45
 The horsemen sit like fixèd candlesticks
 With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
 Lob° down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
 The gum down roping° from their pale-dead eyes,
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmaled° bit 50
 Lies foul with chewed grass, still and motionless;
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words
 To demonstrate the life of° such a battle 55
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

CONSTABLE

They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

DAUPHIN

Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
 And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after fight with them? 60

CONSTABLE

I stay but for my guard. On to the field!
 I will the banner from a trumpet° take
 And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
 The sun is high, and we outwear the day. *Exeunt.*

[Scene III. France. The English camp.]

Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPING-
 HAM *with all his* HOST, SALISBURY, and WESTMORE-
 LAND.

GLOUCESTER

Where is the king?

BEDFORD

The king himself is rode to view their battle.°

WESTMORELAND

Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

EXETER

There's five to one; besides they all are fresh.

SALISBURY

God's arm strike with us! 'Tis a fearful odds. 5
 God bye° you, princes all; I'll to my charge.
 If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
 Then joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
 My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
 And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu! 10

BEDFORD

Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee!

EXETER

Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly today;
 And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
 For thou art framed of the firm truth of valor.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

BEDFORD

He is as full of valor as of kindness, 15
 Princely in both.

Enter the KING.

WESTMORELAND O that we now had here

45 **beaver** face guard of a helmet 48 **Lob** droop 49 **roping**
 hanging like rope 50 **gimmaled** jointed 55 **the life of**
 to the life 62 **trumpet** trumpeter
 IV.iii.2 **battle** battle array 6 **bye** be with

But one ten thousand of those men in England
 That do no work today!

KING

What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin. 20
 If we are marked to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
 God's will! I pray thee wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold, 25
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
 It earns° me not if men my garments wear;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
 But if it be a sin to covet honor,
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England. 30
 God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor
 As one man more methinks would share from me
 For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he which hath no stomach° to this fight, 35
 Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse;
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship° to die with us.
 This day is called the Feast of Crispian:° 40
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall see this day, and live old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors 45
 And say, "Tomorrow is Saint Crispian."
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
 And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember, with advantages,° 50
 What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words—
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly rememb'ed. 55
 This story shall the good man teach his son;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be rememberèd—
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers; 60
 For he today that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother;° be he ne'er so vile,°
 This day shall gentle his condition.°
 And gentlemen in England, now abed,
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here; 65
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

SALISBURY

My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:

26 **earns** grieves 35 **stomach** inclination 39 **fellowship**
 participation 40 **Crispian** the brothers Crispin and Crispian
 (cf. line 57) fled from Rome during the persecutions of Dio-
 cletian and supported and hid themselves as humble shoe-
 makers; they were martyred A.D. 286 50 **advantages** added
 luster 60–62 **brothers** . . . **brother** like the brother martyrs;
 see note to line 40 62 **vile** low of birth 63 **gentle his con-**
dition ennoble his rank

The French are bravely° in their battles set
And will with all expedience° charge on us.

KING

All things are ready, if our minds be so.

WESTMORELAND

Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

KING

Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

WESTMORELAND

God's will, my liege! would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

KING

Why, now thou hast unwished five thousand men!
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

MONTJOY

Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,°
Before thy most assurèd overthrow;
For certainly thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted.° Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind°
Thy followers of repentance, that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire°
From off these fields, where (wretches!) their poor
bodies
Must lie and fester.

KING

Who hath sent thee now?

MONTJOY

The Constable of France.

KING

I pray thee bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve° me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work.
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them
And draw their honors reeking° up to heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valor in our English:
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.°
Let me speak proudly. Tell the constable,
We are but warriors for the working day:°
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirched
With rainy marching in the painful° field.
There's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—

70

75

80

85

90

95

100

105

110

And time hath worn us into slovenry.

But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;°

And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night

They'll be in fresher robes,° or they will pluck

The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads

And turn them° out of service. If they do this

(As, if God please, they shall), my ransom then

Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labor.

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;

They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;

Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,

Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

MONTJOY

I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:

Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

Exit.

KING

I fear thou wilt once more come again for a ransom.°

Enter YORK.

YORK

My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg

The leading of the vaward.°

KING

Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away;

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV. France. The field of battle.]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter PISTOL, FRENCH SOLDIER, BOY.

PISTOL Yield, cur!

FRENCH SOLDIER Je pense que vous êtes le gentil-
homme de bonne qualité.°

PISTOL Qualitie calmie custure me!° Art thou a
gentleman? What is thy name? Discuss.

FRENCH SOLDIER O Seigneur Dieu!

PISTOL

O Signieur Dew should be a gentleman.

Perpend° my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:

O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,°

Except, O signieur, thou do give to me

Egregious° ransom.

FRENCH SOLDIER O, prenez miséricorde, ayez pitié
de moi!°

PISTOL

Moy° shall not serve; I will have forty moys,

Or I will fetch thy rim° out at thy throat

In drops of crimson blood.

FRENCH SOLDIER Est-il impossible d'échapper la
force de ton bras?°

PISTOL Brass, cur?

115 in the trim (1) in fine fettle (2) fashionably attired 117
in fresher robes i.e., in heavenly robes 119 them the
soldiers 128 I . . . ransom (ironic) 130 vaward vanguard
IV.iv.2-3 Je . . . qualité I think you are a gentleman of
high rank 4 Qualitie . . . me possibly a corruption of an
Irish refrain to a popular song: "Calen o custure me," for "the
girl from the (river) Suir" 8 Perpend consider 9 fox kind of
sword 11 Egregious huge 12-13 O . . . moi O, have
mercy, take pity on me! 14 Moy no coin so called existed;
possibly a reference to the measure, about a bushel 15 rim
lining of the stomach 17-18 Est-il . . . bras Is there no
way to escape the strength of your arm? (in Shakespeare's time
the s in bras was still sounded before a pause)

69 bravely finely arrayed 70 expedience expedition, speed
80 compound make terms 83 englutted swallowed 84
mind remind 86 retire retreat (sarcastic) 91 achieve kill
101 reeking exhaling, rising 107 relapse of mortality (1)
renewed deadliness (2) with a deadly rebound (?) 109 for
. . . day i.e., (1) who mean business (2) who are not dressed in
finery 111 painful arduous

Thou damnèd and luxurious mountain goat,^o
Offer'st me brass?

FRENCH SOLDIER O, pardonnez-moi!

PISTOL

Say'st thou me so? Is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy; ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

BOY Ecoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?

FRENCH SOLDIER Monsieur le Fer.

BOY He says his name is Master Fer.

PISTOL Master Fer? I'll fer him, and firk^o him, and
ferret^o him! Discuss the same in French unto him.

BOY I do not know the French for "fer," and "ferret,"
and "firk."

PISTOL Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

FRENCH SOLDIER Que dit-il, monsieur?

BOY Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites
vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure
de couper votre gorge.^o

PISTOL

Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy!

Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;

Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

FRENCH SOLDIER O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour
de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de
bonne maison. Gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai
deux cents écus.^o

PISTOL

What are his words?

BOY He prays you to save his life; he is a gentleman
of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you
two hundred crowns.

PISTOL

Tell him my fury shall abate, and I

The crowns will take.

FRENCH SOLDIER Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

BOY Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de par-
donner aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour les écus
que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner
la liberté, le franchisement.

FRENCH SOLDIER Sur mes genoux je vous donne
mille remerciements; et je m'estime heureux que je suis
tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus
brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.^o

PISTOL

Expound unto me, boy.

BOY He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks,
and he esteems himself happy that he hath fall'n into
the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous,
and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

20 **luxurious mountain goat** lustful wild lecher 29 **firk**
a euphemistic pronunciation of the common four-letter
obscenity 30 **ferret** go for, search out 34-37 **Que . . .**
gorge What does he say, sir? Boy He bids me tell you that
you must prepare yourself, for this soldier intends to cut your
throat immediately 41-44 **O . . . écus** O, I pray you, for
the love of God, to pardon me. I am a gentleman of good
house. Preserve my life, and I will give you two hundred écus
52-59 **Encore . . . d'Angleterre** I say again that it is against
his oath to spare any prisoner; nevertheless, because of the
écus you have promised him, he is willing to give you liberty,
freedom. *French Soldier* On my knees I give you a thousand
thanks; and I count myself happy that I have fallen into the
hands of a knight, as I think, the bravest, most valiant, and
eminent gentleman in England

PISTOL

As I suck blood, I will some mercy show!

Follow me.

BOY Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [*Exeunt* PISTOL
and FRENCH SOLDIER.] I did never know so full a
voice issue from so empty^o a heart; but the saying is
true, "The empty vessel makes the greatest sound." 70
Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valor than
this roaring devil i' th' old play that everyone may pare
his nails^o with a wooden dagger;^o and they are both
hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything
adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys with the 75
luggage of our camp—the French might have a good
prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard
it but boys. *Exit.*

[Scene V. France. Another part of the field.]

Enter CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON, DAUPHIN,
and RAMBURES.

CONSTABLE O diable!

ORLEANS O Seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est
perdu!^o

DAUPHIN

Mort Dieu, ma vie! all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.

A short alarum.

O méchante^o fortune! Do not run away.

CONSTABLE

Why, all our ranks are broke.

DAUPHIN

O perdurable^o shame! Let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we played at dice for? 10

ORLEANS

Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

BOURBON

Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die in honor. Once more back again!

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

Like a base pander hold the chamber door

Whilst by a slave, no gentler^o than my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

CONSTABLE

Disorder, that hath spoiled^o us, friend us now!

Let us on^o heaps go offer up our lives.

ORLEANS

We are enow yet living in the field

To smother up the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought upon.

BOURBON

The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;

Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

Exit [with others.]

69 **empty** cowardly 72-73 **pare his nails** clip his wings (a
proverbial phrase) 73 **wooden dagger** weapon of the Vice
in early Elizabethan plays

IV.v.2-3 **O . . . perdu** O sir, the day is lost, all is lost
7 **méchante** evil, spiteful 9 **perdurable** lasting 17 **gentler**
(1) more noble (2) less rough 19 **spoiled** ruined 20 **on** in

[Scene VI. France. Another part of the field.]

Alarum. Enter the KING and his TRAIN, [EXETER, and others,] with PRISONERS.

KING

Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen,
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

EXETER

The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

KING

Lives he, good uncle? Thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again and fighting.
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

EXETER

In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding° the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing° wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled° over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face.

He cries aloud, "Tarry, my cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven.
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast;
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!"

Upon these words I came, and cheered him up;
He smiled me in the face, raught° me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kissed his lips;
And so, espoused to death, with blood he sealed
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty° and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopped;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother° came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

KING

I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound°
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

Alarum.

But hark, what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforced their scattered men.
Then every soldier kill his prisoners!
Give the word through.

Exit, [with others].

[Scene VII. France. Another part of the field.]

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

FLUELLEN Kill the poys and the luggage? 'Tis
expressly against the law of arms; 'tis as arrant a piece
of knavery, mark you now, as can be offert—in your
conscience, now, is it not?

GOWER 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive, and
the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done
this slaughter; besides, they have burned and carried
away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the
king most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut
his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

FLUELLEN Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain
Gower. What call you the town's name where
Alexander the Pig was born?

GOWER Alexander the Great.

FLUELLEN Why, I pray you, is not "pig" great? The
pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the
magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase
is a little variations.°

GOWER I think Alexander the Great was born in
Macedon; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as
I take it.

FLUELLEN I think it is in Macedon where Alexander
is porn. I tell you, Captain, if you look in the maps of
the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons
between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations,
look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon,
and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth. It is
called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains
what is the name of the other river. But 'tis all one;
'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is
salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well,
Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent
well, for there is figures° in all things. Alexander, God
knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies,
and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and
his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a
little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his
angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

GOWER Our king is not like him in that; he never
killed any of his friends.

FLUELLEN It is not well done, mark you now, to take
the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished.
I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as
Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales
and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his
right wits and his good judgments, turned away the
fat knight with the great-belly° doublet—he was full
of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have
forgot his name.

GOWER Sir John Falstaff.

FLUELLEN That is he: I'll tell you there is good men
porn at Monmouth.

GOWER Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING Harry and BOURBON, [WARWICK,
GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and others,] with PRISONERS.
Flourish.

KING

I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet,° herald,
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field: they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,

IV.vi.8 Larding enriching 9 owing owning 11 haggled
mangled 21 raught reached 28 pretty lovely 31 mother
inherited womanly feelings 33 compound come to terms

IV.vii.18 variations for varied 33 figures parallels 47
great-belly (1) styled with stuffed lining (2) large-sized
(appropriate to Falstaff's girth) 55 trumpet trumpeter

And make them skirr^o away, as swift as stones
Enforcèd from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

EXETER

Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

GLOUCESTER

His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

KING

How now? What means this, herald? Know'st thou
not
That I have finèd^o these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

HERALD

No, great king.

I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book^o our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes (woe the while!)
Lie drowned and soaked in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes, and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock-deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk^o out their armèd heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

KING

I tell thee truly, herald,

I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen peer^o
And gallop o'er the field.

HERALD

The day is yours.

KING

Praised be God, and not our strength for it!
What is this castle called that stands hard by?

HERALD

They call it Agincourt.

KING

Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

FLUELLEN Your grandfather^o of famous memory,
an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward
the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the
chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

KING They did, Fluellen.

FLUELLEN Your majesty says very true. If your
majesties is rememb'red of it, the Welshmen did good
service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing
leeks in their Monmouth caps; which your majesty
know to this hour is an honorable badge of the service;^o
and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear
the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

KING

I wear it for a memorable honor;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

60 **skirr** scurry 68 **finèd** paid as a fine (he staked his bones,
and having won he now has every right to them) 72 **book**
record 79 **Yerk** kick 84 **peer** are in sight 91 **grandfather**
in fact Edward III was Henry V's great-grandfather 97-100
Welshmen . . . the **service** the custom is usually said to
commemorate a British victory over the Saxons, A.D. 540

60 FLUELLEN All the water in Wye cannot wash your 105
Majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you
that: God pless it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases
his grace, and his majesty too!

KING Thanks, good my countryman.

FLUELLEN By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, 110
I care not who know it! I will confess it to all the 'orld;
I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be
God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

KING

God keep me so!

Enter WILLIAMS.

Our heralds go with him;
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead 115
On both our parts.

[*Exeunt HERALDS, MONTJOY, and others,
including GOWER.*]

Call yonder fellow hither.

EXETER Soldier, you must come to the king.

KING Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

WILLIAMS And't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of 120
one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

KING An Englishman?

WILLIAMS And't please your majesty, a rascal that
swaggered with me last night; who, if alive, and ever
dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take^o him
a box o' th' ear; or if I can see my glove in his cap, 125
which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear
(if alive), I will strike it out soundly.

KING What think you, Captain Fluellen, is it fit this
soldier keep his oath?

FLUELLEN He is a craven and a villain else, and't 130
please your majesty, in my conscience.

KING It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great
sort,^o quite from the answer of his degree.^o

FLUELLEN Though he be as good a gentleman as the 135
devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary,
look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath.
If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as
arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce^o as ever his black shoe
trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my con-
science, law! 140

KING Then keep thy vow, sirrah,^o when thou meet'st
the fellow.

WILLIAMS So I will, my liege, as I live.

KING Who serv'st thou under?

WILLIAMS Under Captain Gower, my liege. 145

FLUELLEN Gower is a good captain, and is good
knowledge and literated in the wars.

KING Call him hither to me, soldier.

WILLIAMS I will, my liege. *Exit.*

KING Here, Fluellen, wear thou this favor for me, 150
and stick it in thy cap; when Alençon and myself were
down together, I plucked this glove from his helm.
If any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon
and an enemy to our person. If thou encounter any
such, apprehend him, and^o thou dost me love. 155

FLUELLEN Your grace doo's me as great honors as
can be desired in the hearts of his subjects. I would fain

124 **take** strike 133 **sort** rank; **from** . . . **degree** above that
corresponding to his own rank 138 **Jack-sauce** saucy Jack
141 **sirrah** term of address to an inferior 155 **and** if

see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove; that is all. But I would fain see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see. 160

KING Know'st thou Gower?

FLUELLEN He is my dear friend, and please you.

KING Pray thee go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

FLUELLEN I will fetch him.

Exit. 165

KING

My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester, Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.

The glove which I have given him for a favor

May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;

It is the soldier's. I by bargain should

170

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him—as I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word—

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

175

And, touched° with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury.

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

Exeunt.

[Scene VIII. France. Another part of the field.]

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS I warrant it is to knight you, Captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

FLUELLEN God's will and his pleasure, Captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the king. There is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of. 5

WILLIAMS Sir, know you this glove?

FLUELLEN Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

WILLIAMS I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

FLUELLEN 'Sblood, an arrant traitor as any's in the 10 universal world, or in France, or in England!

GOWER How now, sir? You villain!

WILLIAMS Do you think I'll be forsworn?

FLUELLEN Stand away, Captain Gower. I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you. 15

WILLIAMS I am no traitor.

FLUELLEN That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER.

WARWICK How now, how now? What's the matter? 20

FLUELLEN My Lord of Warwick, here is (praised be God for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING and EXETER.

KING How now? What's the matter? 25

FLUELLEN My liege, here is a villain and a traitor that,

look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

WILLIAMS My liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised 30 to wear it in his cap. I promised to strike him if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

FLUELLEN Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, 35 lousy knave it is! I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment,° that this is the glove of Alençon that your majesty is give me, in your conscience, now.

KING

Give me thy glove, soldier. Look, here is the fellow of it. 40

'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike;

And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

FLUELLEN And please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

KING How canst thou make me satisfaction? 45

WILLIAMS All offenses, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

KING It was ourself thou didst abuse.

WILLIAMS Your majesty came not like yourself: you 50 appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness. And what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offense. Therefore I 55 beseech your highness pardon me.

KING

Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow,

And wear it for an honor in thy cap,

Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns; 60

And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

FLUELLEN By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you. 65

WILLIAMS I will none of your money.

FLUELLEN It is with a good will, I can tell you; it will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? Your shoes is not so good. 70 'Tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter [an English] HERALD.

KING

Now, herald, are the dead numb'red?

HERALD

Here is the number of the slaught'red French.

[*Gives a paper.*]

KING

What prisoners of good sort° are taken, uncle?

EXETER

Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king; 75

John Duke of Bourbon and Lord Bouciqualt:

A C T V

Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

KING

This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain. Of princes, in this number, 80
And nobles bearing banners,^o there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six; added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubbed knights. 85
So that in these ten thousand they have lost
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead: 90
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;
Jacques of Chatillon, Admiral of France;
The master of the crossbows, Lord Rambures;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard
Dauphin;
John Duke of Alençon; Anthony Duke of Brabant, 95
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy;
And Edward Duke of Bar; of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Faulconbridge and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death! 100
Where is the number of our English dead?

[HERALD gives another paper.]

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;
None else of name; and of all other men
But five-and-twenty. O God, thy arm was here! 105
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th' other? Take it, God, 110
For it is none but thine!

EXETER

'Tis wonderful!

KING

Come, go we in procession to the village;
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this, or take that praise from God
Which is His only. 115

FLUELLEN Is it not lawful, and please your majesty,
to tell how many is killed?

KING

Yes, Captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

FLUELLEN Yes, my conscience, he did us great good. 120

KING

Do we all holy rites:
Let there be sung "Non nobis" and "Te Deum,"
The dead with charity^o enclosed in clay,
And then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men. 125

Exeunt.

Enter CHORUS.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story
That I may prompt them; and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse^o
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things
Which cannot in their huge and proper life 5
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais. Grant him there. There seen,
Heave him away upon your wingèd thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold the English beach
Pales in^o the flood, with men, wives, and boys, 10
Whose shouts and claps outvoice the deep-mouthed sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler^o fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way. So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now 15
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city. He forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride; 20
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent^o
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort^o— 25
Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels—
Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring Caesar in;
As, by a lower but by loving^o likelihood,
Were now the general^o of our gracious empress 30
(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broachèd^o on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him! Much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him; 35
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites^o the King of England's stay at home;
The emperor's coming^o in behalf of France
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced, 40
Till Harry's back-return again to France.
There must we bring him; and myself have played^o
The interim, by rememb'ring you 'tis past.
Then brook^o abridgment; and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France. 45

Exit.

81 bearing banners i.e., with coats of arms 123 charity pious concern

V.Cho.3 th' excuse i.e., the reasons why the actors rely on the Chorus rather than full stage enactment 10 Pales in encloses 12 whiffler officer who clears the way for a procession 21 trophy . . . ostent token, sign, and show (of victory) 25 sort array 29 loving lovingly anticipated 30 general i.e., the Earl of Essex, who left to suppress rebellion in Ireland on March 27, 1599 (by the end of June 1599 Essex's failure became obvious) 32 broachèd impaled 37 Invites i.e., gives excuse and safety for 38 emperor's coming the Holy Roman Emperor came to England, May 1, 1416 42 played filled up, represented 44 brook tolerate

[Scene I. *France. The English camp.*]

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

GOWER Nay, that's right. But why wear you your leek today? Saint Davy's day is past.

FLUELLEN There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you ass my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scauld,^o beggarly, lousy, 5 praggings knave, Pistol—which you and yourself, and all the world, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not breed no 10 contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

GOWER Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey cock. 15

FLUELLEN 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! You scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you!

PISTOL

Ha, art thou bedlam?^o Dost thou thirst, base Trojan,^o To have me fold up Parca's^o fatal web? 20 Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

FLUELLEN I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek. Because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites and 25 your disgestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

PISTOL

Not for Cadwallader^o and all his goats.^o

FLUELLEN There is one goat for you. (*Strikes him.*)

Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it? 30

PISTOL

Base Trojan, thou shalt die!

FLUELLEN You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is. I will desire you to live in the meantime, and eat your victuals. Come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You called me yesterday mountain- 35 squire;^o but I will make you today a squire of low degree.^o I pray you fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

GOWER Enough, captain, you have astonished^o him.

FLUELLEN I say I will make him eat some part of my 40 leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green^o wound, and your ploody coxcomb.^o

PISTOL Must I bite?

FLUELLEN Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out 45 of question too, and ambiguities.

PISTOL By this leek, I will most horribly revenge—I eat and eat—I swear^o—

FLUELLEN Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? There is not enough leek to swear 50 by.

PISTOL Quiet thy cudgel, thou dost see I eat.

FLUELLEN Much good do^o you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take 55 occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at 'em; that is all.

PISTOL Good.

FLUELLEN Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate. 60

PISTOL Me a groat?

FLUELLEN Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket which you shall eat.

PISTOL

I take thy groat in earnest^o of revenge. 65

FLUELLEN If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God bye^o you, and keep you, and heal your pate. *Exit.*

PISTOL

All hell shall stir for this! 70

GOWER Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honorable respect,^o and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valor, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and 75 galling^o at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel. You find it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. *Exit.* 80

PISTOL

Doth Fortune play the huswife^o with me now?

News have I, that my Doll^o is dead i' th' spital Of malady of France;^o

And there my rendezvous^o is quite cut off.

Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs 85 Honor is cudgeled. Well, bawd I'll turn,

And something lean to^o cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;

And patches will I get unto these cudgeled scars, And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. *Exit.* 90

V.i.5 scauld scurvy **19 bedlam** mad; **Trojan** boon companion, dissolute adventurer (slang) **20 Parca** i.e., Parcae, the three Fates, said to spin the web of man's destiny (they cut the thread when the pattern was completed, so ending a life) **28 Cadwallader** the last British king; **goats** inhabitants of the Welsh mountains and, hence, used contemptuously of Welshmen **35–36 mountain-squire** owner of worthless land (term of contempt) **36–37 squire . . . degree** reference to the title of a medieval metrical romance; also a quibble on "low," as opposed to "mountain," line 35 **39 astonished** stunned, dismayed **42 green** raw **43 coxcomb** (1) cap worn by a fool (2) head (ludicrously)

47–48 By . . . swear Pistol changes his tune as his view of the situation changes; Fluellen probably cudgels him on "revenge" and "swear" and is placated while he is actually eating **53 do** i.e., may it do you **65 in earnest** as a token **68 bye** be with **73 respect** regard, consideration **75–76 gleeking and galling** gibing and annoying **81 huswife** hussy **82 my Doll** Doll Tearsheet (said to be in the spital—i.e., hospital—in II.i.76–79; a change or confusion in Shakespeare's mind must have been involved here, for Pistol's wife was Nell Quickly; or, perhaps, for "Doll" the text should read "Nell"—other proper names are confused in the Folio) **83 malady of France** venereal disease **84 rendezvous** refuge, retreat **87 something lean to** have a leaning toward the profession of

[Scene II. *France. An apartment in the French king's palace.*]

Enter, at one door, KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, [GLOUCESTER,] WARWICK, [WESTMORELAND,] and other lords; at another, QUEEN Isabel, the King [of FRANCE], the Duke of BURGUNDY, [the Princess KATHERINE, ALICE,] and other FRENCH.

KING HENRY

Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!^o
Unto our brother France and to our sister
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katherine;
And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

FRANCE

Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met;
So are you, princes English, every one.

QUEEN

So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting
As we are now glad to behold your eyes—
Your eyes which hitherto have borne in them,
Against the French that met them in their bent,^o
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks.^o
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

KING HENRY

To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

QUEEN

You English princes all, I do salute you.

BURGUNDY

My duty to you both, on^o equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have
labored
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavors
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar^o and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since, then, my office hath so far prevailed
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted,^o let it not disgrace me
If I demand before this royal view,
What rub,^o or what impediment there is
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage.
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased!
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,^o
Corrupting in it^o own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleached,^o

Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disordered twigs; her fallow leas^o
The darnel,^o hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter^o rusts
That should deracinate^o such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness,^o and nothing teems^o
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies,^o burrs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffused^o attire,
And everything that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce^o into our former favor^o
You are assembled; and my speech entreats
That I may know the let^o why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

KING HENRY

If, Duke of Burgundy, you would^o the peace,
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenors and particular effects
You have, enscheduled briefly, in your hands.

BURGUNDY

The king hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no answer made.

KING HENRY

Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

FRANCE

I have but with a cursitory^o eye
O'er glanced the articles. Pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To resurvey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.^o

KING HENRY

Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick, and Huntingdon—go with the king,
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Anything in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign^o thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes or stay here with us?

V.ii.1 Peace . . . met Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting **16 bent** direction **17 basilisks** (1) fabulous reptiles, said to kill with their breath and look (2) large cannon **23 on** of **27 bar** place of judgment **31 congreeted** exchanged greetings **33 rub** obstacle **39 on heaps** fallen in ruin **40 it** its **42 even-pleached** neatly interwoven and trimmed

44 fallow leas unsown arable land **45 darnel** ryegrass (injurious to growing grain) **46 coulter** knife that precedes the ploughshare **47 deracinate** root up **51 Conceives by idleness** cf. the proverb, "Idleness is the mother of vice"; **teems** is brought forth **52 kecksies** umbelliferous plants (e.g., cow parsley) **61 diffused** disorderly **63 reduce** restore; **favor** appearance **65 let** hindrance **68 would** desire **77 cursitory** cursory **81–82 suddenly . . . answer** in very short time deliver our accepted and conclusive answer **90 consign** agree

QUEEN

Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply a woman's voice may do some good
When articles too nicely^o urged be stood^o on.

KING HENRY

Yet leave our cousin Katherine here with us. 95
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

QUEEN

She hath good leave.

*Exeunt omnes. Manet^o KING [HENRY] and
KATHERINE, [with the gentlewoman ALICE].*

KING HENRY

Fair Katherine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear, 100
And plead his love suit to her gentle heart?

KATHERINE Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot
speak your England.

KING HENRY O fair Katherine, if you will love me
soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear 105
you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do
you like me, Kate?

KATHERINE Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell wat is "like
me."

KING HENRY An angel is like you, Kate, and you are 110
like an angel.

KATHERINE Que dit-il? Que je suis semblable à les
anges?

ALICE Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.^o

KING HENRY I said so, dear Katherine, and I must not 115
blush to affirm it.

KATHERINE O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes
sont pleines de tromperies.

KING HENRY What says she, fair one? That the
tongues of men are full of deceits? 120

ALICE Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of
deceits:—dat is de princesse.^o

KING HENRY The princess is the better English-
woman.^o I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy 125
understanding; I am glad thou canst speak no better
English, for if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me
such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold
my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince
it^o in love, but directly to say, "I love you." Then, if
you urge me farther than to say, "Do you in faith?" 130
I wear out my suit.^o Give me your answer, i' faith, do;
and so clap hands,^o and a bargain. How say you,
lady?

KATHERINE Sauf votre honneur, me understand well.

KING HENRY Marry, if you would put me to verses, 135
or to dance for your sake, Kate, why, you undid me.
For the one I have neither words nor measure;^o and
for the other, I have no strength in measure,^o yet a
reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at

94 **nicely** minutely, scrupulously; **stood** insisted 98 **s.d.**
Manet remains (in Elizabethan stage directions the Latin third
person singular commonly occurs with a plural subject)
112–14 **Que . . . dit-il** What does he say? That I am like the
angels? **Alice** Yes, truly, save your grace, he says so 122
dat . . . princesse that is what the princess says 123–24 **is**
. . . Englishwoman because she sees through flattery 128–29
mince it speak prettily 131 **wear . . . suit** spend all my
courtship 132 **clap hands** shake hands (in token of a bargain)
137 **measure** meter 138 **strength in measure** ability for
dancing

leapfrog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor 140
on my back, under the correction of bragging be it
spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife.^o Or if I might
buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors,
I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jackanapes,^o
never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look 145
greenly,^o nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no
cunning in protestation: only downright oaths, which
I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If
thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose
face is not worth sunburning,^o that never looks in his 150
glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be
thy cook.^o I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst
love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I
shall die, is true—but for thy love, by the Lord, no;
yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, 155
take a fellow of plain and uncoined^o constancy, for he
perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the
gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite
tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors,
they do always reason themselves out again. What! A 160
speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad;^o a good
leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard
will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair
face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow: but a good
heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon, or rather, the sun, 165
and not the moon, for it shines bright and never
changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would
have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier;
take a soldier, take a king. And what say'st thou then
to my love? Speak, my fair—and fairly, I pray thee. 170

KATHERINE Is it possible dat I sould love de ennemie
of France?

KING HENRY No, it is not possible you should love
the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me you
should love the friend of France: for I love France so 175
well, that I will not part with a village of it—I will
have it all mine. And, Kate, when France is mine and
I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

KATHERINE I cannot tell wat is dat.

KING HENRY No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, 180
which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a
new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to
be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et
quand vous avez le possession de moi (let me see, what
then? Saint Denis^o be my speed!), donc votre est 185
France, et vous êtes mienne.^o It is as easy for me, Kate,
to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more
French; I shall never move thee in French, unless it be
to laugh at me.

KATHERINE Sauf votre honneur, le français que vous 190
parlez, il est meilleur que l'anglais lequel je parle.^o

139–42 **win . . . wife** to "leap" and "vault" were common
in bawdy senses, and clearly used so by Shakespeare
in other plays 144 **jackanapes** ape 146 **greenly** foolishly,
sheepishly 150 **not worth sunburning** so ugly that the sun
cannot make it more so 151–52 **thine . . . cook** your eye
present me more attractively than I would be without its help
156 **uncoined** (1) not yet current (2) unalloyed 161 **ballad**
the most popular and unsophisticated verse form 185 **Saint**
Denis patron saint of France 183–86 **Je . . . mienne**
When I have possession of France, and when you have
possession of me . . . then France is yours, and you are mine
190–91 **Sauf . . . parle** Save your honor, the French that you
speak is better than the English that I speak

KING HENRY No, faith, is't not, Kate. But thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely,^o must needs be granted to be much at one.^o But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou 195 love me?

KATHERINE I cannot tell.^o

KING HENRY Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night, when you come into your closet,^o you'll 200 question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate—as I have a 205 saving faith within me tells me thou shalt—I get thee with scrambling,^o and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople,^o 210 and take the Turk by the beard? Shall we not? What say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

KATHERINE I do not know dat.

KING HENRY No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise. Do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavor 215 for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the word of a king, and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katherine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?^o

KATHERINE Your majestee ave fausse French enough 220 to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

KING HENRY Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honor in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering^o effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! He was thinking of civil wars when he got me, therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. 230 But in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear. My comfort is that old age, that ill layer-up^o of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me,^o better and better; and 235 therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say, "Harry of England, I am thine!" which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, 240 but I will tell thee aloud, "England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine"; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken^o music; 245

193 truly-falsely in good faith but bad French and English
194 at one (1) alike (2) in sympathy 197 I cannot tell (1) I don't know (2) I cannot speak 200 closet private chamber
207 scrambling scrimmaging 210 Constantinople taken by the Turks in 1453, thirty-one years after Henry's death; throughout the sixteenth century Christian princes aspired to crusade against the Turks 218-19 la . . . déesse the fairest Katherine in the world, my dearest and divine goddess
226 untempering without softening influence 232 ill layer-up ill preserver, wrinkler 235 if . . . me if you possess me
245 broken arranged for parts

for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katherine, break thy mind to me in broken English: Wilt thou have me?

KATHERINE Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

KING HENRY Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it 250 shall please him, Kate.

KATHERINE Den it sall also content me.

KING HENRY Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

KATHERINE Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma 255 foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur. Excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.^o

KING HENRY Then I will kiss your lips, Kate. 260

KATHERINE Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.^o

KING HENRY Madame my interpreter, what says she?

ALICE Dat it is not be de fashion pour le ladies of 265 France—I cannot tell wat is "baiser" en Anglish.

KING HENRY To kiss.

ALICE Your majestee entendre better que moi.

KING HENRY It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say? 270

ALICE Oui, vraiment.

KING HENRY O Kate, nice^o customs cursy^o to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list^o of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows 275 our places^o stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss. Therefore patiently, and yielding. [*Kisses her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them 280 than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French POWER and the English LORDS.

BURGUNDY God save your majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English? 285

KING HENRY I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

BURGUNDY Is she not apt?

KING HENRY Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition^o is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice 290 nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her that he will appear in his true likeness.

BURGUNDY Pardon the frankness of my mirth if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you 295 must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin-crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance

255-59 Laissez . . . seigneur Stop, my lord, stop, stop! Indeed, I do not wish to lower your greatness by kissing the hand of your unworthy servant. Excuse me, I beg you, my most powerful lord 261-63 Les . . . France It is not customary in France for ladies and young girls to be kissed before their marriage 272 nice fastidious; cursy curtsy, bow 274 list limit, bound 275-76 follows our places is the consequence of our royal status 289-90 condition temperament

of a naked blind boy in her naked° seeing self? It were, 300
my lord, a hard condition° for a maid to consign° to.

KING HENRY Yet they do wink° and yield, as love is
blind and enforces.

BURGUNDY They are then excused, my lord, when
they see not what they do. 305

KING HENRY Then, good my lord, teach your cousin
to consent winking.

BURGUNDY I will wink° on her to consent, my lord,
if you will teach her to know my meaning; for maids
well summered, and warm kept, are like flies at 310
Bartholomew-tide,° blind, though they have their
eyes; and then they will endure handling which before
would not abide looking on.

KING HENRY This moral ties me over° to time and a
hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, 315
in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

BURGUNDY As love is, my lord, before it loves.

KING HENRY It is so; and you may, some of you,
thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a
fair French city for one fair French maid that stands 320
in my way.

FRANCE Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively,°
the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled
with maiden walls that war hath never ent'red.

KING HENRY Shall Kate be my wife? 325

FRANCE So please you.

KING HENRY I am content, so the maiden cities you
talk of may wait on her; so the maid that stood in the
way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.°

FRANCE
We have consented to all terms of reason. 330

KING HENRY
Is't so, my lords of England?

WESTMORELAND
The king hath granted every article:
His daughter first; and in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposèd natures.

EXETER Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where 335
your majesty demands that the King of France, having
any occasion to write for matter of grant,° shall name
your highness in this form, and with this addition, in
French, "Notre très cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre,
Héritier de France"; and thus in Latin, "Praeclarissimus 340
filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliae, et Haeres
Franciae."

FRANCE
Nor this I have not, brother, so denied
But your request shall make me let it pass.

KING HENRY
I pray you then, in love and dear alliance, 345
Let that one article rank with the rest,
And thereupon give me your daughter.

FRANCE
Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms

300 **naked** unprotected 301 **condition** (1) stipulation (2) state
of being; **consign** agree 302 **wink** shut their eyes 308 **wink**
give a significant look 311 **Bartholomew-tide** Saint
Bartholomew's day is August 24; by this time flies have
become torpid 314 **ties me over** restricts me 322 **per-**
spectively as through an optical glass giving strange, displaced
or broken images 329 **will** (1) desire (2) sexual desire 337
grant granting lands or titles

Of France and England, whose very shores look pale° 350
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear° conjunction
Plant neighborhood° and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms; that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France. 355

LORDS Amen!

KING HENRY
Now, welcome, Kate; and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

Flourish.

QUEEN
God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one! 360
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal
That never may ill office,° or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction° of these kingdoms 365
To make divorce of their incorporate° league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other! God speak this Amen!

ALL Amen!

KING HENRY
Prepare we for our marriage; on which day, 370
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me,
And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be!

Sennet.° Exeunt.

[E P I L O G U E]

Enter CHORUS.

Thus far with rough, and all-unable pen,
Our bending° author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts° the full course of their glory. 5
Small time: but in that small, most greatly lived
This star of England. Fortune made his sword;
By which, the world's best garden° he achieved;
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned king
Of France and England, did this king succeed; 10
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown;° and for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.°

350 **pale** an allusion to the white cliffs bordering the English
Channel 352 **dear** (1) significant (2) loving (3) dearly bought
(?) 353 **neighborhood** neighborliness 363 **office** perform-
ance of a function or duty 365 **paction** compact 366
incorporate united in one body (appropriate to both marriage
and peace settlement) 374 **s.d.** *Sennet* trumpet call for the
departure of a procession

Epi.2 bending (1) bending under the weight of his task (2)
"stooping to your clemency" (*Hamlet*, III.ii.153) 4 **starts**
fits and starts 7 **world's best garden** i.e., France (cf. V.ii.36)
13 **oft** . . . **shown** a reference to 1, 2, and 3 *Henry VI* 14
this acceptance take this play find favor

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR

EDITED BY WILLIAM AND BARBARA ROSEN

Introduction

Thomas Platter, a Swiss traveler to England, recorded his visit of September 21, 1599, to a London theater: at about two o'clock, after lunch, he and his party crossed the river, and in a house with a thatched roof saw an excellent performance of the tragedy of the first Emperor Julius Caesar. (Platter was mistaken in giving to Caesar the title of "Emperor," either because he was weak in history or because he was impressed by the imperious portrayal of the title role.) He went on to note that there was a cast of about fifteen, and that after the play, according to custom, there was a most elegant and curious dance, two participants being dressed in men's clothes, and two in women's.

The dance that Platter saw was the jig, and the play was undoubtedly Shakespeare's *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar*, performed at the newly constructed Globe Theatre. It is quite probable that Shakespeare wrote the play early in 1599, and it marks an important stage in his development. His previous work, *Henry V* (1599), was the last of a long series of English history plays; and while attention shifts to Roman times in *Julius Caesar*, Shakespeare incorporates those ideas of history that grew through the English plays. Starting as a chronicle of wars and bloody events, the histories progressively move toward a recognition of tragedy through historical process. As the histories unfold, Shakespeare's horror of civil war becomes increasingly apparent; and as the focus narrows to individual rulers, we see the development of his intense belief in the divine quality of kingship as the only possible safeguard against civil dissension.

In *Julius Caesar* Shakespeare continues to explore the drama of power politics and personal conscience; only now, as if to gain perspective on the great issues of the histories, he moves the setting to a more distant time. The shift to ancient history would have sharpened rather than blunted the play's contemporary relevance because of the acknowledged Elizabethan habit of viewing history as a series of object lessons for present conduct.

We must not forget how widespread was the longing for unshakable rule and how overwhelming was the dread of civil war at the time *Julius Caesar* was first performed. Elizabeth I had come to the throne in 1558 when the country was in such a state of rebellion and confusion that

it seemed likely to slip back into the horrors of the Wars of the Roses. Elizabeth had given her subjects peace, and the nation had prospered; for many years she had been a strong ruler, despite the repeated Catholic claims that she was illegitimate and therefore not a true successor. Attempts at assassination had been many. By 1599 she was old and visibly failing. She had no direct heir; there was no one whose claim to the throne after her was beyond dispute. Childless like Caesar, she could pass on the office only by naming an heir, and this she refused to do, perhaps in order to prevent the growth of factions. The shadow of war and dissension grew ominous. In such circumstances, we see first among the issues of *Julius Caesar* the very topical and concrete problem of a disputed succession, and the more abstract problem of killing—and replacing—the ruler.

Even without Machiavelli many Elizabethans knew that the moral problems of government are not necessarily the same as the moral problems of men. It was precisely because Elizabeth had compromised her personal beliefs whenever the public interest demanded it that she had been so successful a ruler; indeed, in many cases it is still impossible to know what she as a private person believed. Mary Tudor, who had tried to rule in accordance with religious principles, had brought about years of bloodshed. The theory of divine grace accorded to the public actions of a duly appointed ruler was not childish authoritarianism but a philosophical way of resolving the well-perceived gap between what the man might believe and what the ruler must do.

When we view *Julius Caesar* in the light of the political considerations of its own time, many of the difficulties of the play can be seen in perspective. Caesar is proud, and destined for the punishment of *hubris*; he is, nonetheless, "the ruler" by ability as well as power, as Plutarch himself suggests in *The Life of Julius Caesar*, a primary source for Shakespeare's work:

. . . the Romans, inclining to Caesar's prosperity and taking the bit in the mouth, supposing that to be ruled by one man alone, it would be a good mean for them to take breath a little, after so many troubles and miseries as they had abidden in these civil wars, they chose him perpetual Dictator. . . . And now for himself, after he had ended

his civil wars, he did so honorably behave himself, that there was no fault to be found in him. . . .

Plutarch goes on to list Caesar's achievements and enterprises, and suggests that his only failing is a desire to be *called* king. However, Caesar's personal faults have no bearing upon his public abilities.

Brutus is high-minded and disinterested, even though his love of political liberty leads him to transgress the rules of allegiance to a ruler and gratitude to a benefactor. His personal virtues, however, have no bearing upon his public abilities. He is naive enough to believe that a republic needs no power structure, that the removal of Caesar will simply allow power to flow back to the officers of the republic. But of course events prove otherwise, and he and Cassius are forced in their turn to assume power against those who would "destroy the revolution." Neither Brutus nor Cassius has the ability—or the right—to rule, and both are defeated. Yet the man who ultimately replaces them is not the man who roused the public against them, but the one whose impersonal manner from the beginning marks him as the next possessor of the power to rule—Octavius Caesar.

Brutus, Octavius, and Antony all become guilty as men. Brutus kills his friend; Octavius joins the others of the triumvirate in condemning innocent men to death; Antony deliberately rouses a mob and turns it loose to do what mischief it will. What they do, however, does not matter in considering the fitness of each to rule. Personal innocence or guilt is not in question, and we are not asked to feel that one man or another is "right." We are asked to see that while a just man in private life is to be praised, a just man in public life may very well bring about catastrophe. The wicked—or, like Caesar, the conceited and superstitious—may be the genius as a ruler. Man's worth as a private individual does not necessarily ensure his value as a public ruler. Less sentimental than many of his critics, Shakespeare sees that a morally repulsive act may at times be a politically desirable one; that a man who acts from the highest of motives may be too busy keeping his conscience clean to lead well; that a man who once does evil in the expectation that good will be the final result may be forced more deeply into self-deception and impotence than a man who acts simply from expediency. But he also sees that the pursuit of expediency and lack of scruple do not in themselves guarantee ability to govern—else why not, ultimately, an Antony in command?

There is a natural inclination to desire unequivocal answers and absolute judgments, to simplify events until they can be seen as black or white; and we are naturally bewildered when forced into a position that requires us to judge but forbids us the use of simple terms of reference. It is not surprising, therefore, that we may be confounded by *Julius Caesar*, for often we confront situations in which personalities and actions are neither wholly right nor wholly wrong. We cannot feel unreserved hate or love for any character; each seems to call for a different response as he reacts to the seemingly irreconcilable demands of public and private life. Caesar is deaf, aging, subject to epileptic fits, inclined to superstition, warmhearted to his friends in private yet inflexible in public. But if we can believe Antony at all, Caesar has a genuine love of his country. His fault is a kind of ecstasy that the exercise of his office brings upon him. As a private individual he shows many weaknesses;

as a public institution he sees himself superior to all ordinary dangers, and believes that his office is a power that must not be opposed. Indeed, Caesar constantly uses his name to speak of his alter ego, the dictator, and in an early speech to Antony, in which he reveals his distrust of Cassius, he sums up the two views of himself as he unwittingly contrasts two attitudes: the public office that is perfect, and the private individual who is defective. It is as though his public self is quite dissociated from his personal weaknesses:

I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him. (I.ii.211–14)

Caesar may have a number of weaknesses, but none of the personal defects impair the spirit of Caesar—the capacity to rule. The play vividly demonstrates that there is more stability, freedom, and justice in Rome with Caesar alive than with Caesar dead.

We may be far more sympathetic to the personality of Brutus; yet we must admit that neither he nor Cassius has any specific charges that would warrant the killing of Caesar. Cassius derides Caesar's weaknesses. His attacks are the result of personal envy—why should the fact that Caesar failed in a swimming contest, or suffered from fever, make him contemptible as a ruler? And Brutus admits that he has no immediate cause for indicting his friend. His soliloquy at the beginning of Act II is an agonized attempt to reconcile the idea of tyranny with the personal Caesar he knows. He begins his analysis of the situation with the conclusion—"It must be by his death"—and then, unable to find anything concrete for which Caesar deserves death, he has to resort to possibilities and probabilities: "He would be crowned./How that might change his nature, there's the question." In the end he convinces himself of the necessity of murder by thinking not of what is but what might be, by imagining the future abuse of power, and finally, by employing false analogy:

And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which hatched, would as his kind grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell. (II.i.32–34)

But Caesar is a man, not a serpent's egg; and Brutus is no less mistaken when he tries to kill the spirit of Caesar by doing away with the man. He only succeeds in killing the man, not his spirit—and this is forcefully dramatized when, after the assassination, the people are eager to transfer their allegiance to Brutus, just as they had abandoned Pompey for Caesar:

THIRD PLEBEIAN
Let him be Caesar.
FOURTH PLEBEIAN Caesar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus. (III.ii.51–52)

It is not only Brutus' misfortune but his fault that his achievements turn out, ironically, to be the reverse of his best intentions. He brings to Rome anarchy and the horrors of civil war, not "Peace, freedom, and liberty."

In dramatizing the complex issues of power politics,

Julius Caesar offers no easy solution to problems that are no less baffling to our own age. Many will find that this work is one of Shakespeare's most perplexing, for it is disconcerting when a play—or history itself—appeals to man's earnest desire to judge actions in terms of simple, personal standards of right and wrong and then betrays and mocks his deepest convictions by suggesting that Power is better than Virtue, that efficiency may be preferable to goodness, or that conscience may be dangerously inadequate in determining political action.

An individual's scrupulous concern for morality may, indeed, be disastrously impolitic. Cassius leads Brutus to an abhorrent deed, but when the consequences involve Brutus in the exercise of power, Brutus continues to think and act in accordance with private morality. His scruples about killing Antony or about unjustly raising money hinder the success of the conspiracy. His wish to fight a pitched battle, to decide the matter once and for all, instead of following stratagems and winning by attrition, is also the decision of a man who refuses to take on the role of politician. It is noteworthy that Cassius, after his initial victory, consistently defers to Brutus' moral scruples; knowing him to be wrong in his strategy, he is still swayed by the very image of nobility for which Brutus was chosen as the figurehead of the conspiracy. The irony is unmistakable: the politic man sets up an image of virtue, dissociated from politics, to serve his own purposes, to endear him to the populace; but once that image is established, his freedom to act without it is curbed, and he is hampered in the achievement of his political ends by the very image he has fostered.

The spirit of Caesar that dominates the play is to be associated, finally, with the exercise of supreme power. When Caesar dies, power is without a master, and as such, indiscriminately destructive. Each man in his turn tries to grasp the lightning that has been set free, and is fearfully transformed, until finally it comes to rest upon the man who alone, by gift of personality and legitimate succession, may wield it unscathed.

Shakespeare fully delineates the intriguing pattern of shifting power as an old Caesar is succeeded by a young one. The politic Cassius gives in to an impolitic Brutus and both fail as a result. Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus begin with complete ruthlessness; however, this does not guarantee them power or even win the battle for them—their opponents defeat themselves through mistakes. Lepidus, the "straw man," is first burdened with responsibility, then eliminated; and afterward, effortlessly, Antony, the ruthless and emotional partner, is displaced by the man without a temperament, the personification of impersonal rule.

The transfer of power from Antony to Octavius is subtly and swiftly dramatized in V.i, when Octavius suddenly opposes Antony's command and leads his troops in his own way—"I do not cross you," he tells Antony, "but I will do so." From this point Antony refers to his partner as "Caesar," whereas until that moment he had called him only "Octavius." Even when Octavius asks for advice immediately after he has asserted his independence (V.i.23), Antony calls him "Caesar" before bidding him "Make forth." And soon afterward Octavius is seen as the one who is beginning to prevail; it is he who gives directions: "Come, Antony; away!" In the last scene of the play

Octavius is in total charge of the action, while Antony is returned to his first prominent role, that of funeral orator. Antony may deliver the wonderful eulogy for Brutus, but Octavius, in businesslike fashion, gives the orders for burial, and without consulting or mentioning Antony, says to his former adversaries: "All that served Brutus, I will entertain them," as if he were in sole command. Finally, Octavius renders the play's concluding speech, which is conventionally given by the person of highest rank, whose task is to restore order to the state.

In portraying Octavius and describing his rise to power, Shakespeare departs from his primary source, Plutarch's *Lives*, and his changes are important for our understanding of the play. Plutarch's Octavius is not an exceptional soldier but an outwardly pleasant person of charm and wit, the very opposite of Shakespeare's characterization. And whereas Shakespeare's Octavius gains stature at the battle of Philippi, in Plutarch's *The Life of Marcus Antonius* he is sick at this time, and Antony "had the chiefest glory of all this victory." In Plutarch's *Life of Marcus Brutus* it is further reported that Octavius was absent from the battle; he had himself carried from his camp because of a friend's ominous dream, "and no man could tell what became of Octavius Caesar after he was carried out of his camp."

Shakespeare's independent treatment of Octavius reveals his conception of the kind of man who can wield power in the spirit of Caesar. Brutus, Cassius, and Antony grasp at power and are unable to retain it, perhaps because in exercising it they are more swayed by personal passions than Caesar. Octavius had no part in the murder; he is the only person in the play as free of the passions of love or hate as Caesar claimed to be. In his speech at the beginning of Act V he identifies himself with the spirit of Caesar, makes himself spiritually his heir, and assumes the duty of revenge:

Look,
I draw a sword against conspirators.
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

(V.i.50-55)

At the close of the play we are meant to feel that the exercise of power necessary for these times has once more been placed in adequate hands. The spirit of Caesar, for good or ill, has not been put to rest.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

Shakespeare's main source for *Julius Caesar* was Sir Thomas North's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*, printed in 1579 and again in 1595, an English translation of Jacques Amyot's French version of Plutarch's Greek. A number of other sources have been suggested for this play, and discussions of these may be found in Geoffrey Bullough's *Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare* (Vol. V), in the introduction to the New Arden edition of *Julius Caesar*, edited by T. S. Dorsch, and in Kenneth Muir's book, *Shakespeare's Sources* (Vol. I). None of the problematic sources has more than peripheral importance,

whereas Shakespeare's use of Plutarch throughout the play is detailed, literal, and incontrovertible.

Sometimes Shakespeare seems to versify directly from the *Lives*; at other times he selects, cuts, compresses, and amalgamates events from the full range of Plutarch's material dealing with the history of Julius Caesar. One comes to a full understanding of Shakespeare's dramatic skills only by reading through Plutarch's comparisons of Demetrius with Antony, of Dion with Brutus, and the chapters on Julius Caesar, Brutus, and Antony, where we sometimes find three variant accounts of the same event, from each of which Shakespeare has taken some details to construct his own version.

The most puzzling aspect of *Julius Caesar* is its ambivalent attitude toward the main characters. The play is not wholly sympathetic to Caesar, the conspirators, Antony, or Octavius. Caesar is killed at the beginning of the third act, and the audience's involvement is so divided among the other characters that the play seems to have no single "hero." Shakespeare's dramatic construction here and in the other Roman plays may well be a reflection of Plutarch's method in the *Comparisons*, where he strives for an objective view of his subjects by alternating favorable and unfavorable assessments without giving final approval to either.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The First Folio of 1623 provides us with the text for *Julius Caesar*; there are no early quarto editions. In setting this play for the press, the printer's compositors probably

worked from the playhouse promptbook, for the Folio text contains remarkably few misprints, serious errors in punctuation, or misattribution of speeches. The stage directions, unusually numerous and detailed, also suggest a stage manager's prompt copy; stage directions like "*Alarum still*" and "*Enter boy with wine and tapers*" are obviously closely connected with actual performance.

In the present edition, the names of characters have been normalized so that *Marullus* appears for the Folio Murellus (and Murrellus), *Casca* for Caska, *Lucilius* for Lucillius. Occasionally the Folio uses the forms "Antonio" (I.ii.3, 4, 6, 190; I.iii.37), "Claudio" (IV.iii.239, 241, 241 s.d., 286), "Flavio," "Labio" (V.iii.108), "Octavio" (III.i.275 s.d., V.ii.4), "Varrus" (IV.iii.241, 241 s.d., 286); these are standardized, appearing as *Antonius*, *Claudius*, *Flavius*, *Labeo*, *Octavius*, and *Varro*. The present edition modernizes spelling and punctuation, corrects a few obvious misprints, translates the act divisions from Latin into English, expands the speech prefixes, and alters the lineation of a few passages. The only other substantial departures from the Folio are listed below, the present reading in boldface type and then the Folio's reading in roman.

I.iii.129 **In favor's** Is Fauors

II.i.40 **ides** first 213 **eighth** eight

II.ii.19 **fought** fight 23 **did neigh** do neigh 46 **are** heare

III.i.39 **law** lane 113 **states** State 115 **lies** lye 283 **for** from

III.ii.105 **art** are

IV.iii.247 **not** it not

V.i.41 **teeth** teethes

V.iii.104 **Thasos** Tharsus

V.iv.7 **Lucilius** [F omits, and prints "Lucilius" as the prefix to line 9]



THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR

[Dramatis Personae]

JULIUS CAESAR
OCTAVIUS CAESAR
MARCUS ANTONIUS
M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS } *triumvirs after the death
of Julius Caesar*
CICERO
PUBLIUS } *senators*
POPILIUS LENA
MARCUS BRUTUS
CASSIUS
CASCA
TREBONIUS
LIGARIUS } *conspirators against Julius
Caesar*
DECIUS BRUTUS
METELLUS CIMBER
CINNA
FLAVIUS } *tribunes*
MARULLUS
ARTEMIDORUS OF CNIDOS *a teacher of rhetoric*
A SOOTHSAYER

CINNA *a poet*
ANOTHER POET
LUCILIUS
TITINIUS
MESSALA
YOUNG CATO } *friends to Brutus and Cassius*
VOLUMNIUS
VARRO
CLITUS
CLAUDIUS } *servants to Brutus*
STRATO
LUCIUS
DARDANIUS
PINDARUS *servant to Cassius*
CALPHURNIA *wife to Caesar*
PORTIA *wife to Brutus*
SENATORS CITIZENS GUARDS
ATTENDANTS ETC.

Scene: During most of the play, at Rome; afterward near Sardis, and near Philippi]

A C T I

Scene I. [Rome. A street.]

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain COMMONERS
over the stage.*

FLAVIUS

Hence! Home, you idle creatures, get you home!
Is this a holiday? What, know you not,
Being mechanical,^o you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession?^o Speak, what trade art thou? 5

*The decorative border shown above appeared on the first page of
Julius Caesar in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays,
1623.*

I.i.3 mechanical of the working class 4-5 **sign . . . profes-
sion** mark of your trade, i.e., working clothes

CARPENTER Why, sir, a carpenter.

MARULLUS

Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?

COBBLER Truly, sir, in respect of a fine^o workman, I 10
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.^o

MARULLUS

But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.^o

COBBLER A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a
safe conscience, which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad
soles.^o 15

10 in . . . fine in comparison with a skilled **11 cobbler** (1)
shoemaker (2) bungler **12 directly** straightforwardly **15**
soles pun on *souls*

FLAVIUS

What trade, thou knave? Thou naughty^o knave, what trade?

COBBLER Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out^o with me: yet, if you be out,^o sir, I can mend you.^o

MARULLUS

What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

COBBLER Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

COBBLER Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters; but withal,^o I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes: when they are in great danger, I recover^o them. 25 As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather^o have gone upon my handiwork.

FLAVIUS

But wherefore art not in thy shop today?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

COBBLER Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get 30 myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.^o

MARULLUS

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries^o follow him to Rome,

To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels? 35

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

Knew you not Pompey?^o Many a time and oft

Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,

To tow'rs and windows, yea, to chimney tops, 40

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat

The livelong day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.

And when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have you not made an universal shout,

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks

To hear the replication^o of your sounds

Made in her concave shores?^o

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?^o

Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit^o the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAVIUS

Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;

Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream

Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.^o

Exeunt all the COMMONERS.

16 naughty worthless **17 out** angry **18 be out** have worn-out shoes; **mend you** (1) mend your shoes (2) improve your character **24 withal** (1) nevertheless (2) with awl (3) with all **25 recover** (1) resole (2) cure **26 neat's leather** cattle's hide **32 triumph** triumphal celebration **34 tributaries** captives **38 Pompey** defeated by Caesar in 48 B.C., later murdered **47 replication** echo **48 concave shores** hollowed-out banks **52 in . . . blood** as the conqueror of Pompey's sons **55 intermit** hold back **61 most . . . all** highest water mark

See, whe'r^o their basest mettle^o be not moved;

They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol;

This way will I. Disrobe the images, 65

If you do find them decked with ceremonies.^o

MARULLUS

May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.^o

FLAVIUS

It is not matter; let no images

Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about 70

And drive away the vulgar^o from the streets;

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers plucked from Caesar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,^o

Who else would soar above the view of men 75

And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

Exeunt.

[Scene II. *A public place.*]

Enter CAESAR, ANTONY (*for the course*), CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, *a* SOOTHSAYER; *after them*, MARULLUS *and* FLAVIUS.

CAESAR

Calphurnia!

CASCA Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

CAESAR

Calphurnia!

CALPHURNIA Here, my lord.

CAESAR

Stand you directly in Antonius' way

When he doth run his course. Antonius!

ANTONY

Caesar, my lord? 5

CAESAR

Forget not in your speed, Antonius,

To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say

The barren, touchèd in this holy chase,

Shake off their sterile curse.

ANTONY

I shall remember:

When Caesar says "Do this," it is performed. 10

CAESAR

Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

SOOTHSAYER Caesar!

CAESAR Ha! Who calls? 55

CASCA

Bid every noise be still; peace yet again!

CAESAR

Who is it in the press^o that calls on me? 15

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry "Caesar." Speak; Caesar is turned to hear.

SOOTHSAYER

Beware the ides of March.^o

CAESAR

What man is that?

62 whe'r whether; **mettle** (1) substance (2) disposition **66 ceremonies** robes (or ornaments) **68 Lupercal** fertility festival held on February 15; Caesar's triumph really took place in the previous October, but Shakespeare combines events and shortens time spans for dramatic effect **71 vulgar** common people **74 pitch** height

I.ii.15 press crowd **18 ides of March** March 15

BRUTUS

A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

Set him before me; let me see his face.

20

CASSIUS

Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

CAESAR

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

SOOTHSAYER

Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

He is a dreamer, let us leave him. Pass.

Sennet.° Exeunt. Mane[n]t° BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

CASSIUS

Will you go see the order of the course?°

25

BRUTUS Not I.

CASSIUS I pray you do.

BRUTUS

I am not gamesome:° I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit° that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

30

I'll leave you.

CASSIUS

Brutus, I do observe you now of late;

I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of love as I was wont° to have;

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand°

35

Over your friend that loves you.

BRUTUS

Cassius,

Be not deceived: if I have veiled my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself.° Vexèd I am

Of late with passions of some difference,°

40

Conceptions only proper to myself,°

Which give some soil,° perhaps, to my behaviors;

But let not therefore my good friends be grieved

(Among which number, Cassius, be you one)

Nor construe° any further my neglect

45

Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,

Forgets the shows° of love to other men.

CASSIUS

Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;°

By means whereof° this breast of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

50

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself

But by reflection, by some other things.

CASSIUS

'Tis just:°

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,

55

That you have no such mirrors as will turn

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,

That you might see your shadow.° I have heard

Where many of the best respect° in Rome

(Except immortal Caesar), speaking of Brutus,

60

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,

Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRUTUS

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself

For that which is not in me?

65

CASSIUS

Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear;

And since you know you cannot see yourself

So well as by reflection, I, your glass,°

Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself which you yet know not of.

70

And be not jealous on° me, gentle Brutus:

Were I a common laughter,° or did use

To stale with ordinary oaths my love

To every new protester;° if you know

That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,

75

And after scandal° them; or if you know

That I profess myself° in banqueting

To all the rout,° then hold me dangerous.

Flourish° and shout.

BRUTUS

What means this shouting? I do fear the people

Choose Caesar for their king.

CASSIUS

Ay, do you fear it?

80

Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS

I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,°

85

Set honor in one eye and death i' th' other,

And I will look on both indifferently;°

For let the gods so speed me,° as I love

The name of honor more than I fear death.

CASSIUS

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

90

As well as I do know your outward favor.°

Well, honor is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life, but for my single self,

I had as lief not be,° as live to be

95

In awe of such a thing as I myself.°

I was born free as Caesar; so were you:

We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he:

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

100

58 shadow reflection, i.e., yourself as others see you 59 best

respect highest reputation 68 glass mirror 71 jealous on

suspicious of 72 laughter object of mockery 72-74 did

. . . protester were accustomed to make cheap with glib and

frequent avowals to every new promiser of friendship

("ordinary" = [1] tavern [2] everyday) 76 scandal slander

77 profess myself declare my friendship 78 rout vulgar

crowd 78 s.d. Flourish ceremonial sounding of trumpets

85 general good public welfare 87 indifferently impar-

tially 88 speed me make me prosper 91 favor appearance

95 as . . . be just as soon not exist 96 such . . . myself i.e.,

another human being (Caesar)

24 s.d. Sennet flourish of trumpets marking ceremonial entrance or exit; Mane[n]t (they) remain 25 order . . . course progress of the race 28 gamesome (1) fond of sport (2) merry 29 quick spirit (1) lively nature (2) prompt obedience 34 wont accustomed 35 bear . . . hand treat too haughtily and distantly, keep at arm's length (the metaphor is from horsemanship) 37-39 if . . . myself If I have seemed withdrawn, it is because I am displeased with myself and no one else ("Merely" = wholly) 40 passions . . . difference conflicting emotions 41 Conceptions . . . myself ideas concerning me only 42 soil blemish 45 construe interpret 47 shows manifestations 48 passion feelings 49 By means whereof as a consequence of which 54 just true

The troubled Tiber chafing with^o her shores,
 Caesar said to me "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
 Accout' red^o as I was, I plungèd in
 And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
 The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.^o
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
 Caesar cried "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
 I, as Aeneas,^o our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body
 If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake.
 His coward lips did from their color fly,^o
 And that same eye whose bend^o doth awe the world
 Did lose his^o luster; I did hear him groan;
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
 As a sick girl. Ye gods! It doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper^o should
 So get the start of^o the majestic world,
 And bear the palm^o alone.

Shout. Flourish.

BRUTUS

Another general shout?
 I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honors that are heaped on Caesar.

CASSIUS

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus,^o and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonorable^o graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,^o
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that "Caesar"?
 Why should that name be sounded^o more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

105

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Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
 "Brutus" will start^o a spirit as soon as "Caesar."
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,^o
 But it was famed with^o more than with one man?
 When could they say (till now) that talked of Rome,
 That her wide walks encompassed but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room^o enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus^o once that would have brooked^o
 Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
 As easily as a king.

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BRUTUS

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;^o
 What you would work me to,^o I have some aim;^o
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
 I would not so (with love I might entreat you)
 Be any further moved. What you have said
 I will consider; what you have to say
 I will with patience hear, and find a time
 Both meet^o to hear and answer such high things.
 Till then, my noble friend, chew^o upon this:
 Brutus had rather be a villager
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under these hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

165

170

CASSIUS

I am glad

175

That my weak words have struck but thus much show
 Of fire from Brutus.

Enter CAESAR and his TRAIN.^o

BRUTUS

The games are done, and Caesar is returning.

CASSIUS

As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
 And he will (after his sour fashion) tell you
 What hath proceeded worthy note today.

180

BRUTUS

I will do so. But look you, Cassius,
 The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
 And all the rest look like a chidden train:
 Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
 Looks with such ferret^o and such fiery eyes
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,
 Being crossed in conference^o by some senators.

185

CASSIUS

Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CAESAR Antonius.

190

ANTONY Caesar?

147 start raise **152 great flood** classical story told of the drowning of all mankind except Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha, spared by Zeus because of their virtue **153 But . . . with** without the age being made famous by **156 Rome . . . room** homonyms, hence a pun **159 a Brutus** Lucius Junius Brutus helped expel the Tarquins and found the Republic in 509 B.C.; **brooked** tolerated **162 nothing jealous** not at all doubtful **163 work me to** persuade me of; **aim** idea **170 meet** suitable **171 chew** reflect **177 s.d. Train** retinue **186 ferret** ferretlike (a ferret is a vicious, weasel-like animal with red eyes) **188 conference** debate

101 chafing with raging against **105 Accout' red** fully armed **109 stemming . . . controversy** moving forward against it (1) aggressively (2) in rivalry **112 Aeneas** legendary founder of the Roman state, and hero of Virgil's *Aeneid*; Anchises was his feeble father **122 His . . . fly** the color fled from his lips like a deserter fleeing from his banner in battle ("color" = [1] hue [2] banner) **123 bend** glance **124 his** its **129 feeble temper** weak constitution **130 get . . . of** outdistance **131 bear the palm** carry off the victor's prize **136 Colossus** an immense statue of Apollo, said to straddle the entrance to the harbor of Rhodes so that ships sailed under its legs **138 dishonorable** because we are dominated by Caesar **140 stars** destinies (in Shakespeare's day one's temperament, and therefore one's actions and course of life, were thought to be largely determined by the position of the planets at one's birth) **143 sounded** (1) spoken (2) proclaimed by trumpet

CAESAR

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

195

ANTONY

Fear him not, Caesar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.^o

CAESAR

Would he were fatter! But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,^o
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds^o of men. He loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;^o
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort^o
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

200

205

210

Sennet. Exeunt CAESAR and his TRAIN.

CASCA

You pulled me by the cloak; would you speak with
me?

215

BRUTUS

Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced today,
That Caesar looks so sad.^o

CASCA

Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRUTUS

I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

CASCA

Why, there was a crown offered him; and
being offered him, he put it by^o with the back of his
hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

220

BRUTUS

What was the second noise for?

CASCA

Why, for that too.

225

CASCA

Why, for that too.

BRUTUS

Was the crown offered him thrice?
CASCA Ay, marry,^o was't, and he put it by thrice,
every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by
mine honest neighbors shouted.

230

CASSIUS

Who offered him the crown?

CASCA

Why, Antony.

BRUTUS

Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA

I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it:
it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark

197 given disposed 199 if . . . fear if the idea of fear could
ever be associated with me 203 through the deeds to the
hidden motives of actions 204 hears no music cf. *Merchant*
of Venice, V.i.83 ff.: "The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for
treasons . . . Let no such man be trusted" 205 sort manner
217 sad serious 221 put it by pushed it aside 228 marry
truly (originally an oath, "By the Virgin Mary")

Antony offer him a crown—yet 'twas not a crown 235
neither, 'twas one of these coronets^o—and, as I told
you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking,
he would fain^o have had it. Then he offered it to him
again; then he put it by again; but to my thinking, he
was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he 240
offered it the third time. He put it the third time by;
and still^o as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and
clapped their chopt^o hands, and threw up their sweaty
nightcaps,^o and uttered such a deal of stinking breath
because Caesar refused the crown, that it had, almost, 245
choked Caesar; for he swounded^o and fell down at it.
And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of
opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS

But, soft,^o I pray you; what, did Caesar swoound?

CASCA

He fell down in the market place, and foamed
at mouth, and was speechless.

BRUTUS

'Tis very like he hath the falling-sickness.^o

CASSIUS

No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.^o

CASCA

I know not what you mean by that, but I am
sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people^o did not
clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and
displeased them, as they use^o to do the players in the
theater, I am no true man.

BRUTUS

What said he when he came unto himself?

260

CASCA

Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived
the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he
plucked me ope his doublet^o and offered them his
throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation,^o
if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I 265
might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell.
When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done
or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to
think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches,
where I stood, cried "Alas, good soul!" and forgave 270
him with all their hearts; but there's no heed to be
taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers,
they would have done no less.

BRUTUS

And after that, he came thus sad away?

CASCA

Ay.

275

CASSIUS

Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA

Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS

To what effect?

CASCA

Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th'
face again. But those that understood him smiled at 280
one another and shook their heads; but for mine own
part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news

236 coronets small crowns 238 fain gladly 242 still
every time 243 chopt rough, chapped 244 nightcaps
contemptuous term for workingmen's caps 246 swounded
fainted 249 soft slowly, "wait a minute" 252 falling-sick-
ness epilepsy 254 we . . . falling-sickness we are
becoming powerless and are declining under Caesar's rule
256 tag-rag people ragged mob 258 use are accustomed
263 ope his doublet open his jacket 264 man . . .
occupation (1) workingman, i.e., one of those to whom
Caesar's speech was addressed (2) "man of action"

too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence.^o Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 285

CASSIUS Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

CASCA No, I am promised forth.^o

CASSIUS Will you dine with me tomorrow?

CASCA Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold,^o and your dinner worth the eating. 290

CASSIUS Good; I will expect you.

CASCA Do so. Farewell, both. *Exit.*

BRUTUS

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle^o when he went to school.

CASSIUS

So is he now in execution 295

Of any bold or noble enterprise, However he puts on this tardy form.^o This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,^o Which gives men stomach^o to digest^o his words With better appetite. 300

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

I will do so. Till then, think of the world.^o 305

Exit BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see Thy honorable mettle^o may be wrought From that it is disposed;^o therefore it is meet^o That noble minds keep ever with their likes; For who so firm that cannot be seduced? 310

Caesar doth bear me hard,^o but he loves Brutus. If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius, He should not humor^o me. I will this night, In several hands,^o in at his windows throw, As if they came from several citizens, 315

Writings, all tending to^o the great opinion That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at.^o And after this, let Caesar seat him sure;^o For we will shake him, or worse days endure. *Exit.* 320

[Scene III. A street.]

Thunder and lightning. Enter [from opposite sides] CASCA and CICERO.

CICERO

Good even, Casca; brought you Caesar home?

Why are you breathless? And why stare you so?

284 **put to silence** silenced (by being stripped of their tribuneships, and perhaps exiled or executed) 287 **am promised forth** have a previous engagement 289 **hold** does not change 294 **quick mettle** of a lively disposition 297 **tardy form** sluggish appearance 298 **wit** intelligence 299 **stomach** appetite; **digest** digest 305 **the world** the current state of affairs 307 **mettle** (1) disposition (2) metal 307–08 **wrought** . . . **disposed** shaped (like iron) contrary to its natural form 308 **meet** fitting 311 **bear me hard** hold a grudge against me 313 **humor** cajole, influence by flattery 314 **several hands** different handwritings 316 **tending to** bearing on 318 **glanced at** indirectly touched upon 319 **seat him sure** make his position secure

CASCA

Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth^o Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds 5 Have rived^o the knotty oaks, and I have seen Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam, To be exalted with^o the threat'ning clouds; But never till tonight, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10

Either there is a civil strife in heaven, Or else the world, too saucy^o with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO

Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

295 CASCA

A common slave—you know him well by sight— 15 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn Like twenty torches joined, and yet his hand, Not sensible of^o fire, remained unscorched. Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword— 20 Against^o the Capitol I met a lion, Who glazed^o upon me and went surly by Without annoying me. And there were drawn Upon a heap^o a hundred ghastly^o women, Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets. 25

And yesterday the bird of night^o did sit Even at noonday upon the market place, Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies^o Do so conjointly meet,^o let not men say, "These are their reasons, they are natural," 30

For I believe they are portentous things Unto the climate^o that they point upon.

CICERO

Indeed, it is a strange-disposed^o time: But men may construe things after their fashion,^o Clean from the purpose^o of the things themselves. 35

Comes Caesar to the Capitol tomorrow?

CASCA

He doth; for he did bid Antonius Send word to you he would be there tomorrow.

CICERO

Good night then, Casca; this disturbèd sky Is not to walk in.

CASCA

Farewell, Cicero. *Exit CICERO.* 40

Enter CASSIUS.

CASSIUS

Who's there?

CASCA

A Roman.

CASSIUS

Casca, by your voice.

CASCA

Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

I.iii.3 all . . . earth the whole scheme of things ("sway" = ruling principle) 6 rived split 8 exalted with elevated to 12 saucy presumptuous 18 sensible of sensitive to 20 Against directly opposite (?) near (?) 21 glazed stared 22–23 drawn . . . heap huddled together 23 ghastly white as ghosts 26 bird of night owl (a bird of ill omen) 28 prodigies unnatural events 29 conjointly meet coincide 32 climate region 33 strange-disposed abnormal 34 after their fashion in their own way 35 Clean . . . purpose quite contrary to the real meaning

CASSIUS

A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA

Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS

Those that have known the earth so full of faults. 45
 For my part, I have walked about the streets,
 Submitting me unto the perilous night,
 And thus unbracèd,° Casca, as you see,
 Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;°
 And when the cross° blue lightning seemed to open 50
 The breast of heaven, I did present myself
 Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA

But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
 It is the part° of men to fear and tremble
 When the most mighty gods by tokens° send 55
 Such dreadful heralds to astonish° us.

CASSIUS

You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
 That should be in a Roman you do want,°
 Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
 And put on° fear, and cast yourself in wonder,° 60
 To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
 But if you would consider the true cause
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
 Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,°
 Why old men,° fools, and children calculate,° 65
 Why all these things change from their ordinance,°
 Their natures and preformèd faculties,°
 To monstrous quality,° why, you shall find
 That heaven hath infused them with these spirits°
 To make them instruments of fear and warning 70
 Unto some monstrous state.°
 Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
 Most like this dreadful night,
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol; 75
 A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
 In personal action, yet prodigious° grown
 And fearful,° as these strange eruptions° are.

CASCA

'Tis Caesar that you mean, is it not, Cassius?

CASSIUS

Let it be who it is; for Romans now 80
 Have thews° and limbs like to their ancestors;
 But, woe the while!° Our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are governed with our mothers' spirits;
 Our yoke and sufferance° show us womanish.

CASCA

Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow 85

Mean to establish Caesar as a king;
 And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
 In every place save here in Italy.

CASSIUS

I know where I will wear this dagger then;
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius. 90
 Therein,° ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to° the strength of spirit; 95
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny that I do bear
 I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.*

CASCA

So can I; 100
 So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

CASSIUS

And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
 Poor man, I know he would not be a wolf
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep; 105
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.°
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
 Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,
 What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate 110
 So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
 Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing bondman; then I know
 My answer must be made.° But I am armed,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.° 115

CASCA

You speak to Casca, and to such a man
 That is no fleering° tell-tale. Hold, my hand.
 Be factious° for redress of all these griefs,
 And I will set this foot of mine as far
 As who goes farthest. [*They clasp hands.*]

CASSIUS

There's a bargain made. 120
 Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
 To undergo° with me an enterprise
 Of honorable dangerous consequence;
 And I do know, by this° they stay for me 125
 In Pompey's porch;° for now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir or walking in the streets,
 And the complexion of the element°
 In favor's like° the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130

Enter CINNA.

CASCA

Stand close° awhile, for here comes one in haste.

91 *Therein* i.e., in suicide 95 *be retentive to* hold in
 106 *hinds* (1) female deer (2) peasants (3) servants 114
 My . . . made I shall have to answer for my words
 115 *indifferent* unimportant 117 *fleering* flattering 118
factious active in forming a political party 123 *undergo*
 undertake 125 *by this* by this time 126 *Pompey's porch*
 portico of Pompey's Theater 128 *complexion . . . element*
 condition of the sky 129 *In favor's like* in appearance is
 like 131 *close* hidden

48 *unbracèd* with doublet unfastened 49 *thunder-stone*
 lightning bolt 50 *cross* jagged 54 *part* role 55 *tokens*
 prophetic signs 56 *astonish* stun 58 *want* lack 60 *put on*
 display; *cast . . . wonder* are amazed 64 *from . . . kind*
 (act) against their natures 65 *old men* the senile, in second
 childhood; *calculate* make predictions (cf. proverb, "Fools and
 children often do prophesy") 66 *ordinance* natural order of
 behavior 67 *preformèd faculties* innate qualities 68
monstrous quality unnatural condition 69 *spirits* super-
 natural powers 71 *monstrous state* abnormal state of
 affairs 77 *prodigious* ominous 78 *fearful* causing fear;
eruptions disturbances of nature 81 *thews* sinews 82 *woe*
 the while alas for the times 84 *yoke and sufferance* servi-
 tude and the meek endurance of it

CASSIUS

'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA

To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

CASSIUS

No, it is Casca, one incorporate
To^o our attempts. Am I not stayed^o for, Cinna?

CINNA

I am glad on't.^o What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS

Am I not stayed for? Tell me.

CINNA

Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

CASSIUS

Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,^o
Where Brutus may but find it;^o and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus'^o statue. All this done,
Repair^o to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius^o Brutus and Trebonius there?

CINNA

All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,^o
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CASSIUS

That done, repair to Pompey's Theater. *Exit CINNA.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

CASCA

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offense in us,
His countenance,^o like richest alchemy,^o
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

CASSIUS

Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited.^o Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. *Exeunt.*

A C T I I

[Scene I. Rome.]

Enter BRUTUS in his orchard.^o

BRUTUS

What, Lucius, ho!

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.

When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius! 5

135

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS Called you, my lord?

BRUTUS

Get me a taper^o in my study, Lucius.
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS I will, my lord.

Exit.

BRUTUS

140

It must be by his death; and for my part, 10
I know no personal cause to spurn at^o him,
But for the general.^o He would be crowned.
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves^o wary walking. Crown him that, 15
And then I grant we put a sting in him
That at his will he may do danger^o with.
Th' abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse^o from power; and, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections swayed^o 20
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof^o
That lowliness^o is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,^o 25
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees^o
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may;
Then lest he may, prevent.^o And, since the quarrel^o
Will bear no color^o for the thing he is, 30
Fashion it^o thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;^o
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which hatched, would as his kind^o grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell. 160

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS

The taper burneth in your closet,^o sir. 35
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper thus sealed up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Gives him the letter.

BRUTUS

Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not tomorrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

LUCIUS I know not, sir.

7 taper candle 11 spurn at rebel (literally, "kick") against
12 general public welfare 15 craves demands 17
danger harm 18-19 disjoins Remorse separates mercy
20 affections swayed emotions ruled 21 common proof
matter of common experience 22 lowliness humility 24
round rung 26 base degrees (1) low steps of the ladder
(2) less important grades of office (3) common people 28
prevent take action to forestall; quarrel cause of complaint
29 bear no color have no excuse 30 Fashion it construct
the case 31 these . . . extremities such and such extremes
(of tyranny) 33 as his kind according to its nature 35
closet study

135-36 incorporate To intimately bound up with 136
stayed waited 137 on't of it (i.e., that Casca has joined the
conspiracy) 143 praetor's chair official chair in which Brutus
would sit as chief magistrate, an office next in rank to consul
144 Where . . . it where only Brutus may find it 146 old
Brutus' Lucius Junius Brutus, founder of the Roman Republic
147 Repair go 148 Decius actually Decimus, a kinsman of
Marcus Brutus; the error is found in North's Plutarch 150
hie hurry 159 countenance support; alchemy the "science"
by which many experimenters tried to turn base metals into
gold 162 conceited (1) understood (2) described in an
elaborate simile
II.i.s.d. orchard garden

BRUTUS

Look in the calendar and bring me word.

LUCIUS I will, sir.

Exit.

BRUTUS

The exhalations° whizzing in the air

Give so much light that I may read by them.

45

Opens the letter and reads.

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c.° Speak, strike, redress.

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake."

Such instigations have been often dropped

Where I have took them up.

50

"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out:°

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?° What,

Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.

"Speak, strike, redress." Am I entreated

55

To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of° Brutus!

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS

Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

Knock within.

BRUTUS

'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

60

*[Exit LUCIUS.]*Since Cassius first did whet° me against Caesar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion,° all the interim is

Like a phantasma,° or a hideous dream.

65

The genius° and the mortal instruments°

Are then in council, and the state of a man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.°

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS

Sir, 'tis your brother° Cassius at the door,

70

Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS

Is he alone?

LUCIUS

No, sir, there are moe° with him.

BRUTUS

Do you know them?

LUCIUS

No, sir; their hats are plucked about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover° them

75

By any mark of favor.°

BRUTUS

Let 'em enter. *[Exit LUCIUS.]*

44 **exhalations** meteors 47, 51 **&c.** read "et cetera" 51 **piece it out** develop the meaning 52 **under . . . awe** in awe of one man 58 **Thy . . . of** all you ask from 61 **whet** incite 64 **motion** prompting 65 **phantasma** hallucination 66 **genius** guardian spirit (?) reasoning spirit (?); **mortal instruments** the emotions and physical powers (which should be ruled and guided by reason) 69 **nature . . . insurrection** a kind of insurrection 70 **brother** brother-in-law (Cassius was married to Brutus' sister) 72 **moe** more 75 **discover** recognize 76 **favor** appearance

They are the faction. O conspiracy,

Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,

When evils are most free?° O, then by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

80

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:

For if thou path,° thy native semblance° on,

Not Erebus° itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.°

85

Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS [Cimber], and TREBONIUS.

CASSIUS

I think we are too bold upon° your rest.

Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

BRUTUS

I have been up this hour, awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

CASSIUS

Yes every man of them; and no man here

90

But honors you; and every one doth wish

You had but that opinion of yourself

Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

BRUTUS

He is welcome hither.

CASSIUS

This, Decius Brutus.

BRUTUS

He is welcome too.

95

CASSIUS

This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

BRUTUS

They are all welcome.

What watchful cares° do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

CASSIUS

Shall I entreat a word?

100

They whisper.

DECIUS

Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?

CASCA No.

CINNA

O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines

That fret° the clouds are messengers of day.

CASCA

You shall confess that you are both deceived.

105

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,

Which is a great way growing on° the south,

Weighing° the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the north

He first presents his fire; and the high° east

110

Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

BRUTUS

Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS

And let us swear our resolution.

79 **evils . . . free** evil things roam most freely 83 **path** walk (verb); **native semblance** true appearance 84 **Erebus** dark region between earth and Hades 85 **from prevention** from being forestalled and hindered 86 **upon** in intruding on 98 **watchful cares** cares that keep you awake 104 **fret** pattern, interlace 107 **growing on** tending toward 108 **Weighing** considering 110 **high** due

BRUTUS

No, not an oath. If not the face of men,[°]
 The sufferance[°] of our souls, the time's abuse[°]—
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes,[°]
 And every man hence to his idle bed.
 So let high-sighted[°] tyranny range[°] on
 Till each man drop by lottery.[°] But if these
 (As I am sure they do) bear fire enough
 To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
 The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
 What need we any spur but our own cause
 To prick[°] us to redress? What other bond
 Than secret Romans[°] that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter?[°] And what other oath
 Than honesty[°] to honesty engaged[°]
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 Swear[°] priests and cowards and men cautelous,[°]
 Old feeble carrions[°] and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
 The even[°] virtue of our enterprise,
 Nor th' insuppressive mettle[°] of our spirits,
 To think that or our cause or[°] our performance
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy[°]
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath passed from him.

CASSIUS

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

CASCA

Let us not leave him out.

CINNA

No, by no means.

METELLUS

O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,[°]
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
 It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands;
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit[°] appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.[°]

BRUTUS

O, name him not! Let us not break with him;[°]
 For he will never follow anything
 That other men begin.

CASSIUS

Then leave him out.

CASCA

Indeed, he is not fit.

114 face of men sincere and resolute appearance of the conspirators, which should not be distrusted **115 sufferance** patient endurance; **time's abuse** corruption of the age (i.e., Caesar's assumption of unconstitutional powers) **116 betimes** immediately **118 high-sighted** arrogant (viewing widely from on high, like a falcon ready to swoop on prey); **range** rove or fly in search of prey **119 by lottery** by chance, i.e., at the tyrant's whim **124 prick** urge **125 secret Romans** the fact that we are Romans capable of maintaining secrecy **126 palter** equivocate **127 honesty** personal honor; **engaged** pledged **129 Swear** bind by oath; **cautelous** deceitful **130 carrions** wretches almost dead and rotting **133 even** unblemished, perfect **134 insuppressive mettle** indomitable temper **135 or . . . or** either . . . or **138 guilty . . . bastardy** guilty of an act not truly Roman **145 opinion** reputation **148 no whit** not in the slightest **149 gravity** sobriety and stability (Latin *gravitas*) **150 break with him** divulge our plan to him

DECIUS

Shall no man else be touched but only Caesar?

115 CASSIUS

Decius, well urged.[°] I think it is not meet
 Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
 Should outlive Caesar; we shall find of[°] him
 A shrewd contriver;[°] and you know, his means,
 If he improve[°] them, may well stretch so far
 As to annoy[°] us all; which to prevent,[°]
 Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

BRUTUS

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
 To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
 Like wrath in death and envy[°] afterwards;
 For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
 Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
 We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,[°]
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood.
 O, that we then could come by[°] Caesar's spirit,
 And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
 Caesar must bleed for it. And, gentle[°] friends,
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
 Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants[°] to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious;[°]
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be called purgers,[°] not murderers.
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
 For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
 When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS

Yet I fear him;

For in the ingrafted[°] love he bears to Caesar—

BRUTUS

Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him.
 If he love Caesar, all that he can do
 Is to himself—take thought[°] and die for Caesar.
 And that were much he should,[°] for he is given
 To sports, to wildness, and much company.

TREBONIUS

There is no fear[°] in him; let him not die,
 For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

Clock strikes.

BRUTUS

Peace! Count the clock.

CASSIUS

The clock hath stricken three.

TREBONIUS

'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS

But it is doubtful yet

Whether Caesar will come forth today or no;

155 urged suggested **157 of** in **158 shrewd contriver** cunning and malicious plotter **159 improve** make good use of **160 annoy** harin; **prevent** forestall **164 envy** malice, i.e., as though we were killing Caesar for personal spite and hatred **167 spirit of Caesar** principles (of tyranny) for which Caesar stands **169 come by** get possession of **171 gentle** noble **176 servants** (1) the hands (2) the passions **178 envious** malicious **180 purgers** healers **184 ingrafted** firmly rooted **187 take thought** grow melancholy with brooding **188 that . . . should** that would be too much to expect of him **190 no fear** nothing to fear

For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main^o opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.^o
It may be these apparent prodigies,^o
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers^o
May hold him from the Capitol today.

DECIUS

Never fear that. If he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him;^o for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,^o
And bears with glasses,^o elephants with holes,^o
Lions with toils,^o and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flatterèd.
Let me work;
For I can give his humor^o the true bent,^o
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?^o

CINNA

Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

METELLUS

Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,^o
Who rated^o him for speaking well of Pompey.
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

BRUTUS

Now, good Metellus, go along by him.^o
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion^o him.

CASSIUS

The morning comes upon's; we'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans.

BRUTUS

Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on^o our purposes,
But bear it^o as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy.^o
And so good morrow to you every one.

Exeunt. Manet^o BRUTUS.

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew^o of slumber.
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies^o
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

195 PORTIA

Brutus, my lord.

BRUTUS

Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

235

200 PORTIA

Nor for yours neither. Y'have ungently,^o Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;^o
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
I urged you further; then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot.
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not,
But with an angry wafter^o of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal^o
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,^o
Which sometime hath his^o hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,^o
I should not know you^o Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

240

245

210

250

255

BRUTUS

I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA

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

220 BRUTUS

Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

260

PORTIA

Is Brutus sick, and is it physical^o
To walk unbracèd^o and suck up the humors^o
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,^o
And tempt the rheumy and unpurgèd air^o
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offense^o within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place^o
I ought to know of; and upon my knees
I charm^o you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate^o and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy,^o and what men tonight
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

265

225

270

230

275

BRUTUS

Kneel not, gentle Portia.

237 ungently discourteously 240 across folded (a sign of melancholy) 246 wafter waving 249 withal also 250 effect of humor sign of a temporary mood 251 his its 254 condition disposition 255 know you recognize you as 261 physical healthy 262 unbracèd with doublet unfastened; humors dampness, mist 265 night night air was thought to be harmful, even poisonous 266 tempt . . . air risk the damp and unpurified (by the sun) air 268 sick offense sickness that harms 269 place situation (as wife) 271 charm entreat 273 incorporate make us one flesh (cf. Matthew 19:5, "They twain shall be one flesh") 275 heavy dejected

196 Quite . . . main at variance with the strong 197 ceremonies omens 198 apparent prodigies obvious signs of disaster 200 augurers augurs (priests who foretold, from omens, the future) 203 o'ersway him persuade him to change his mind 204 betrayed with trees tricked into running at a tree (at the last moment its prey steps aside so that the horn is deeply embedded and the unicorn is helpless) 205 glasses mirrors; holes pitfalls 206 toils nets, snares 210 humor temperament; bent direction 213 uttermost latest 215 bear Caesar hard has a grudge against Caesar 216 rated berated 218 him his house 220 fashion shape (to our designs) 225 put on display 226 bear it play our parts 227 formal constancy consistent decorum 228 s.d. Manet remains 230 dew refreshment 231 figures . . . fantasies both words specify figments of the imagination

PORTIA

I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280
 Is it excepted° I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? Am I your self
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation,°
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs° 285
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

BRUTUS

You are my true and honorable wife,
 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart. 290

PORTIA

If this were true, then should I know this secret.
 I grant I am a woman; but withal°
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.
 I grant I am a woman; but withal
 A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.°
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so fathered and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels,° I will not disclose 'em.
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,°
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here in the thigh; can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets?

BRUTUS

O ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife!

Knock.

Hark, hark! One knocks. Portia, go in a while,
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake 305
 The secrets of my heart.
 All my engagements° I will construe° to thee,
 All the charactery of° my sad brows.
 Leave me with haste. *Exit PORTIA.*

Enter LUCIUS and [CAIUS] Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knocks?

LUCIUS

Here is a sick man that would speak with you. 310

BRUTUS

Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
 Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! How?°

CAIUS

Vouchsafe° good morrow from a feeble tongue.

BRUTUS

O, what a time have you chose out, brave° Caius,
 To wear a kerchief!° Would you were not sick! 315

281 **excepted** made an exception that 283 **in . . . limitation** after a fashion or within a certain restriction (legal terms) 285 **suburbs** outlying districts (where the brothels and least respectable taverns were found) 292 **withal** at the same time 295 **Cato's daughter** Marcus Porcius Cato was famous for his integrity; he joined Pompey against Caesar and killed himself at Utica in 46 B.C. to avoid capture; he was Brutus' uncle as well as father-in-law 298 **counsels** secrets 299 **proof . . . constancy** trial of my resolution 307 **engagements** commitments; **construe** explain 308 **charactery of** writing upon, i.e., wrinkles of grief and worry 312 **How** How are you? 313 **Vouchsafe** please accept 314 **brave** noble 315 **To . . . kerchief** as a protection against drafts, i.e., to be sick

CAIUS

I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
 Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

BRUTUS

Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
 Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

CAIUS

By all the gods that Romans bow before, 320
 I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome,
 Brave son, derived from honorable loins,°
 Thou, like an exorcist,° hast conjured up
 My mortifièd° spirit. Now bid me run,
 And I will strive with things impossible, 325
 Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

BRUTUS

A piece of work that will make sick men whole.°

CAIUS

But are not some whole that we must make sick?

BRUTUS

That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
 I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330
 To whom° it must be done.

CAIUS

Set on° your foot,
 And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
 To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
 That Brutus leads me on. *Thunder.*

BRUTUS

Follow me, then. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. Caesar's house.]

Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius CAESAR in his nightgown.° 305

CAESAR

Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace tonight:
 Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
 "Help, ho! They murder Caesar!" Who's within?

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT My lord?

CAESAR

Go bid the priests do present° sacrifice, 5
 And bring me their opinions of success.°

SERVANT I will, my lord. *Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

CALPHURNIA

What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
 You shall not stir out of your house today.

CAESAR

Caesar shall forth. The things that threatened me 10
 Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see
 The face of Caesar, they are vanishèd.

CALPHURNIA

Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,°
 Yet now they fright me. There is one within,

322 **from honorable loins** i.e., descent from Lucius Junius Brutus, founder of the Roman Republic 323 **exorcist** conjurer 324 **mortifièd** deadened 327 **whole** healthy 331 **To whom** to the house of him to whom; **Set on** advance II.ii.s.d. **nightgown** dressing gown 5 **present** immediate 6 **opinions of success** judgment as to the future course of events 13 **stood on ceremonies** paid attention to omens

Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.^o
 A lioness hath whelped in the streets,
 And graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead;
 Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds
 In ranks and squadrons and right form^o of war,
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
 The noise of battle hurtled^o in the air,
 Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
 And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
 O Caesar, these things are beyond all use,^o
 And I do fear them.

CAESAR What can be avoided
 Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
 Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
 Are to^o the world in general as to Caesar.

CALPHURNIA
 When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
 The heavens themselves blaze forth^o the death of
 princes.

CAESAR
 Cowards die many times before their deaths;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come when it will come.

Enter a SERVANT.

What say the augurers?

SERVANT
 They would not have you to stir forth today.
 Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
 They could not find a heart within the beast.

CAESAR
 The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
 Caesar should^o be a beast without a heart^o
 If he should stay at home today for fear.
 No, Caesar shall not. Danger knows full well
 That Caesar is more dangerous than he.
 We are two lions littered in one day,
 And I the elder and more terrible,
 And Caesar shall go forth.

CALPHURNIA Alas, my lord,
 Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.^o
 Do not go forth today. Call it my fear
 That keeps you in the house and not your own.
 We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate House,
 And he shall say you are not well today.
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CAESAR
 Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
 And for thy humor,^o I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

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

DECIUS
 Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar;
 I come to fetch^o you to the Senate House.

16 **watch** night watchmen 20 **right form** proper military formation 22 **hurtled** clashed 25 **use** normal experience 29 **Are to** apply to 31 **blaze forth** proclaim (by comets and meteors) 42 **should** would; **heart** the organ of courage 49 **consumed in confidence** destroyed by too much confidence 56 **humor** whim 59 **fetch** escort

CAESAR
 And you are come in very happy time^o
 To bear my greeting to the senators,
 And tell them that I will not come today.
 Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:
 I will not come today. Tell them so, Decius.

CALPHURNIA

Say he is sick.

CAESAR Shall Caesar send a lie?
 Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far
 To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
 Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS

Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
 Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.

CAESAR

The cause is in my will: I will not come.
 That is enough to satisfy the Senate.

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

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays^o me at home.
 She dreamt tonight^o she saw my statue,^o

Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
 Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
 Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it.

And these does she apply for^o warnings and
 portents^o

And evils imminent, and on her knee
 Hath begged that I will stay at home today.

DECIUS

This dream is all amiss interpreted;
 It was a vision fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
 In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
 Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
 Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
 For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.^o
 This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

CAESAR

And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS

I have, when you have heard what I can say;
 And know it now, the Senate have concluded
 To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
 If you shall send them word you will not come,
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
 Apt to be rendered,^o for someone to say,
 "Break up the Senate till another time,
 When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
 If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
 "Lo, Caesar is afraid"?

Pardon me, Caesar, for my dear dear love

60 **happy time** favorable time (i.e., just at the right moment) 75 **stays** keeps 76 **tonight** last night; **statue** trisyllabic; pronounced "stat-u-a" 80 **apply for** explain as; **portents** accent on last syllable 89 **tinctures** . . . **cognizance** Samuel Johnson paraphrases the line: "The Romans, says Decius, all come to you, as to a saint, for relics; as to a prince, for honors"; **tinctures** (1) alchemical elixirs (2) colors, metals, etc. used in heraldry; **stains** colors in a coat of arms; **relics** venerated property of a martyr; **cognizance** mark of identification worn by a nobleman's followers 96-97 **mock** . . . **rendered** jeering remark likely to be made

To your proceeding° bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.°

CAESAR

How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia! 105
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe,° for I will go.

Enter BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS [*Cimber*],
CASCA, TREBONIUS, CINNA, and PUBLIUS.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUBLIUS

Good morrow, Caesar.

CAESAR

Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too? 110

Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy°
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o'clock?

BRUTUS

Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

CAESAR

I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long a-nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

ANTONY

So to most noble Caesar.

CAESAR

Bid them prepare° within.

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius, 120
I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me today;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREBONIUS

Caesar, I will [*aside*] and so near will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been further. 125

CAESAR

Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me,

And we (like friends) will straightway go together.

BRUTUS [*Aside*].

That every like is not the same,° O Caesar,

The heart of Brutus earns° to think upon. *Exeunt.*

[Scene III. A street near the Capitol, close to Brutus' house.]

Enter ARTEMIDORUS [*reading a paper*].

[ARTEMIDORUS] "Caesar, beware of Brutus; take
heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to
Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cim-
ber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged
Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, 5
and it is bent° against Caesar. If thou beest not immor-
tal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy.°

103 proceeding advancement 104 reason . . . liable my
affection proves stronger than my judgment (of impropriety)
in telling you this ("liable" = subordinate) 107 robe toga
112 enemy Ligarius had supported Pompey against Caesar in
the Civil War and had recently been pardoned by Caesar
118 prepare set out the wine mentioned in line 126 128 That
. . . same what a pity that those who appear like friends may
actually be enemies 129 earns grieves

II.iii.6 bent directed 7 security . . . conspiracy over-
confidence gives conspiracy its opportunity

The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover,° *Artemidorus*."

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along, 10

And as a suitor° will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.°

If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayest live;

If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.° *Exit.* 15

[Scene IV. Another part of the street.]

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

PORTIA

I prithee, boy, run to the Senate House;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.

Why dost thou stay?

LUCIUS

To know my errand, madam.

PORTIA

I would have had thee there and here again 115

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.

O constancy,° be strong upon my side;

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.°

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!°

Art thou here yet?

LUCIUS

Madam, what should I do? 10

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

PORTIA

Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth; and take good note

What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him. 15

Hark, boy, what noise is that?

LUCIUS I hear none, madam.

PORTIA

Prithee, listen well.

I heard a bustling rumor like a fray,°

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

LUCIUS

Sooth,° madam, I hear nothing. 20

Enter the SOOTHSAYER.

PORTIA

Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been?

SOOTHSAYER

At mine own house, good lady.

PORTIA

What is't o'clock?

SOOTHSAYER

About the ninth hour, lady.

PORTIA

Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

SOOTHSAYER

Madame, not yet; I go to take my stand, 25

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

9 lover devoted friend 11 as a suitor like a petitioner 13
Out . . . emulation beyond the reach of envious rivalry 15
contrive conspire

II.iv.6 constancy resolution 8 might physical strength
9 counsel secret (Brutus has obviously told her of the con-
spiracy, though "stage time" has allowed no opportunity for
this; the inconsistency is not noticeable during a performance)
18 bustling . . . fray confused noise as of battle 20 Sooth
truly

PORTIA

Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

SOOTHSAYER

That I have, lady; if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

30

PORTIA

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

SOOTHSAYER

None that I know will be, much that I fear may
chance.^o

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow;
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.
I'll get me to a place more void,^o and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

Exit.

PORTIA

I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed^o thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me—Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant—O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me^o to my lord;
Say I am merry;^o come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

40

Exeunt [severally].

A C T I I I

[Scene I. Rome. Before the Capitol.]

*Flourish. Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA,
DECIUS, METELLUS [Cimber], TREBONIUS, CINNA,
ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ARTEMIDORUS, PUBLIUS,
[POPILIUS,] and the SOOTHSAYER.*

CAESAR

The ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER

Ay, Caesar, but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS

Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.^o

DECIUS

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

5

ARTEMIDORUS

O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches^o Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.

CAESAR

What touches us ourself shall be last served.

ARTEMIDORUS

Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

CAESAR

What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS

Sirrah, give place.^o

10

32 **chance** happen 37 **more void** more empty (less crowded)
41 **speed** prosper 44 **commend me** give my love 45
merry cheerful

III.i.3 **schedule** scroll 7 **touches** concerns 10 **Sirrah, give
place** Fellow, get out of the way

CASSIUS

What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

[CAESAR goes to the Capitol, the rest following.]

POPILIUS

I wish your enterprise today may thrive.

CASSIUS

What enterprise, Popilius?

POPILIUS

Fare you well.

[Advances to CAESAR.]

BRUTUS

What said Popilius Lena?

15

CASSIUS

He wished today our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discoverèd.

BRUTUS

Look how he makes to^o Caesar; mark him.

CASSIUS

Casca, be sudden,^o for we fear prevention.^o
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,^o
For I will slay myself.

20

BRUTUS

Cassius, be constant.^o

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.^o

CASSIUS

Trebonius knows his time; for look you, Brutus,
He marks Mark Antony out of the way.

25

[Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS.]

DECIUS

Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go
And presently prefer^o his suit to Caesar.

BRUTUS

He is addressed.^o Press near and second him.

CINNA

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

30

CAESAR

Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Caesar and his Senate must redress?

METELLUS

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant^o Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart. [Kneeling.]

CAESAR

I must prevent thee, Cimber.

35

These couchings^o and these lowly courtesies^o
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn preordinance and first decree^o

Into the law of children. Be not fond^o
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood^o

40

That will be thawed from the true quality^o
With that^o which melteth fools—I mean sweet words,
Low-crookèd curtsies, and base spaniel^o fawning.

18 **makes to** heads for 19 **sudden** swift; **prevention** being
forestallèd 21 **turn back** return alive 22 **constant** calm 24
change change his expression 28 **presently prefer** immedi-
ately present 29 **addressed** ready 33 **puissant** powerful
36 **couchings** low bowings; **lowly courtesies** humble
obeisances 38 **preordinance** . . . **decree** customs and laws
established from antiquity 39 **fond** so foolish as 40 **bears**
. . . **blood** has such uncontrolled emotions 41 **true quality**
proper quality (i.e., firmness) 42 **With that** by those things
43 **spaniel** doglike, cringing

Thy brother by decree is banishèd.
 If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS

Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
 To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear
 For the repealing° of my banished brother?

BRUTUS

I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar,
 Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
 Have an immediate freedom of repeal.°

CAESAR

What, Brutus?

CASSIUS Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon!

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall
 To beg enfranchisement° for Publius Cimber.

CAESAR

I could be well moved, if I were as you;
 If I could pray to move,° prayers would move me;
 But I am constant as the Northern Star,°
 Of whose true-fixed and resting° quality
 There is no fellow° in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumb'red° sparks,
 They are all fire and every one doth shine;
 But there's but one in all doth hold° his place.

So in the world; 'tis furnished well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;°

Yet in the number I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,°

Unshaked of motion;° and that I am he,
 Let me a little show it, even in this—

That I was constant° Cimber should be banished,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

CINNA

O Caesar—

CAESAR Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?°

DECIUS

Great Caesar—

CAESAR Doth not Brutus bootless° kneel?

CASCA Speak hands for me!

They stab CAESAR.

CAESAR

Et tu, Brutè?° Then fall Caesar.

Dies.

CINNA

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CASSIUS

Some to the common pulpits,° and cry out

"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

BRUTUS

45 People, and senators, be not affrighted.

Fly not; stand still; ambition's debt is paid.°

CASCA

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS

And Cassius too.

BRUTUS

50 Where's Publius?°

85

CINNA

Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.°

METELLUS

Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
 Should chance—

BRUTUS

55 Talk not of standing.° Publius, good cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,

90

Nor to no Roman else. So tell them, Publius.

CASSIUS

And leave us, Publius, lest that the people
 Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.

BRUTUS

60 Do so; and let no man abide° this deed

But we the doers.

95

Enter TREBONIUS.

65

CASSIUS

Where is Antony?

TREBONIUS

Fled to his house amazed.°

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out and run,
 As° it were doomsday.

70

BRUTUS

Fates, we will know your pleasures.

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,

And drawing days out, that men stand upon.°

100

CASCA

Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRUTUS

Grant that, and then is death a benefit.

So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged

75

His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,

105

And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood

Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords.

Then walk we forth, even to the market place,°

And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,

Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

110

CASSIUS

Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over

In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

80

BRUTUS

How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,°

51 **repealing** recalling 54 **freedom of repeal** permission to be recalled from exile 57 **enfranchisement** recall, freedom 59 **pray to move** beg others to change their minds 60 **constant** . . . **Star** unchanging as the polestar 61 **resting** changeless 62 **fellow** equal 63 **unnumb'red** innumerable 65 **hold** keep 67 **apprehensive** capable of reason 69 **holds** . . . **rank** maintains his position 70 **Unshaked of motion** unmoved by internal or external forces 72 **constant** firmly determined 74 **Olympus** a mountain in Greece where the gods lived and held court 75 **bootless** in vain 77 **Et tu, Brutè** And you (too), Brutus? 80 **pulpits** platforms for public speakers

83 **ambition's . . . paid** ambition has received what was due to it 85 **Publius** an old senator, too infirm to flee 86 **confounded** . . . **mutiny** overwhelmed by this uproar 89 **Talk . . . standing** Don't worry about making a stand, organizing resistance 94 **abide** bear the consequences of 96 **amazed** utterly confused 98 **As** as if 100 **drawing . . . upon** (hope of) prolonging life, that men are concerned about 108 **the market place** the Roman Forum, center of business and public affairs 114 **in sport** for entertainment, i.e., as part of a play

That now on Pompey's basis° lies along°
No worthier than the dust!

CASSIUS So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot° of us be called
The men that gave their country liberty.

DECIUS
What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS Ay, every man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace° his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a SERVANT.

BRUTUS
Soft,° who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

SERVANT
Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;°
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal,° and loving.
Say I love Brutus and I honor him;
Say I feared Caesar, honored him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved°
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough° the hazards of this untrod state°
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

BRUTUS
Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so° please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.

SERVANT I'll fetch him presently.°
Exit SERVANT.

BRUTUS
I know that we shall have him well to friend.°

CASSIUS
I wish we may. But yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.°

Enter ANTONY.

BRUTUS
But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY
O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

115 Who else must be let blood,° who else is rank.°
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich 155
With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,°
Now, whilst your purpled° hands do reek and smoke,°
Fulfill your pleasure. Live° a thousand years,
120 I shall not find myself so apt° to die; 160
No place will please me so, no mean° of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRUTUS
O Antony, beg not your death of us!
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel, 165
As by our hands and this our present act
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done.
125 Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;°
And pity to the general wrong of Rome— 170
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity°—
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
130 To you our swords have leaden° points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper,° do receive you in 175
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS
135 Your voice° shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.°

BRUTUS
Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear, 180
And then we will deliver° you the cause
140 Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

ANTONY I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you; 185
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
145 Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say? 190
My credit° now stands on such slippery ground
That one of two bad ways you must conceit° me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true!
If then thy spirit look upon us now, 195
Shall it not grieve thee dearer° than thy death
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

150 **152 let blood** (1) bled, purged (common Elizabethan practice of drawing blood to cure those swollen with disease) (2) put to death; **rank** (1) swollen with disease (2) overgrown, i.e., too powerful **157 bear me hard** have a grudge against me **158 purpled** (1) made scarlet (with blood) (2) made royal (?); **reek and smoke** steam (with freshly shed warm blood) **159 Live** though I live **160 apt** prepared **161 mean** manner **169 pitiful** full of pity **171 pity pity** pity for Rome's subjection drove out pity for Caesar **173 leaden** blunt **174-75 Our arms . . . temper** our arms, strong with the might inspired by enmity, and our hearts, full of brotherly feeling **177 voice** vote **178 dignities** offices **181 deliver** communicate to **191 credit** reputation **192 conceit** judge **196 dearer** more deeply

115 basis pedestal of statue; **along** stretched out **117 knot** closely bound group **120 grace** do honor to **122 Soft** wait a moment **126 honest** honorable **127 royal** of princely generosity **131 be resolved** have it explained to his satisfaction **136 Thorough** through; **untrod state** new and uncertain state of affairs **140 so** if it should **142 presently** immediately **143 well to friend** as a good friend **145-46 my . . . purpose** my forebodings always turn out to be justified

Most noble, in the presence of thy corse?°
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better than to close°
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bayed,° brave hart;°
 Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
 Signed in thy spoil° and crimsoned in thy lethe.°
 O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
 And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
 How like a deer, stroken° by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie!

CASSIUS

Mark Antony—

ANTONY Pardon me, Caius Cassius.

The enemies of Caesar shall say this;

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.°

CASSIUS

I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
 But what compact mean you to have with us?
 Will you be pricked in number° of our friends,
 Or shall we on,° and not depend on you?

ANTONY

Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
 Swayed from the point by looking down on Caesar.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
 Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS

Or else were this a savage spectacle.
 Our reasons are so full of good regard°
 That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
 You should be satisfied.

ANTONY

That's all I seek;

And am moreover suitor that I may
 Produce° his body to the market place,
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
 Speak in the order° of his funeral.

BRUTUS

You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS

Brutus, a word with you.

[*Aside to BRUTUS.*]

You know not what you do; do not consent
 That Antony speak in his funeral.
 Know you how much the people may be moved
 By that which he will utter?

BRUTUS

By your pardon:

I will myself into the pulpit first,
 And show the reason of our Caesar's death.
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest°
 He speaks by leave and by permission,
 And that we are contented Caesar shall

Have all true° rites and lawful ceremonies.
 It shall advantage° more than do us wrong.°

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
 You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
 But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
 And say you do't by our permission;
 Else shall you not have any hand at all
 About his funeral. And you shall speak
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
 After my speech is ended.

210

250

ANTONY

Be it so;

I do desire no more.

BRUTUS

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Exeunt. Manet ANTONY.

ANTONY

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever livèd in the tide of times.°
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy
 (Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber° all the parts of Italy;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,°
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quartered with the hands of war,
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;°
 And Caesar's spirit, ranging° for revenge,
 With Atè° by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines° with a monarch's voice
 Cry "Havoc,"° and let slip° the dogs of war,
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion° men, groaning for burial.

215

255

220

260

225

265

230

270

275

Enter Octavius' SERVANT.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

SERVANT

I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

235

SERVANT

He did receive his letters and is coming,
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
 O Caesar!

280

[*Seeing the body.*]

240

ANTONY

Thy heart is big;° get thee apart and weep.

241 true proper 242 advantage benefit; wrong harm 243 fall happen 257 tide of times course (ebb and flow) of history 264 cumber burden, oppress 265 in use customary 269 custom . . . deeds habituation to cruel acts 270 ranging roving widely in search of prey 271 Atè Greek goddess of discord and vengeance 272 confines boundaries, regions 273 Cry "Havoc" give the signal for unrestricted slaughter and looting; let slip unleash 275 carrion dead and rotting 282 big swollen (with grief)

199 corse corpse 202 close make an agreement 204 bayed brought to bay; hart (1) deer (2) heart 206 Signed . . . spoil marked with the signs of your slaughter; lethe dissyllabic; the river of oblivion from which the dead drank in Hades; here, by extension, "stream of death," of "lifeblood" 209 stroken struck down 213 modesty moderation 216 pricked in number marked down (the modern "ticks off names"; the Roman made small holes in his wax-covered tablets) 217 on proceed 224 good regard sound considerations 228 Produce bring forth 230 order course of ceremonies 238 protest declare

Passion,^o I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming? 285

SERVANT

He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.

ANTONY

Post^o back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced.^o
 Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome^o of safety for Octavius yet.
 Hie^o hence and tell him so. Yet stay awhile; 290
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
 Into the market place; there shall I try^o
 In my oration how the people take
 The cruel issue^o of these bloody men;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse 295
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. The Forum.]

*Enter BRUTUS and goes into the pulpit, and CASSIUS,
 with the PLEBEIANS.*

PLEBEIANS

We will be satisfied!^o Let us be satisfied!

BRUTUS

Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
 Cassius, go you into the other street
 And part the numbers.^o
 Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here; 5
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
 And public reasons shall be renderèd
 Of Caesar's death.

FIRST PLEBEIAN I will hear Brutus speak.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons,
 When severally^o we hear them renderèd. 10

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the PLEBEIANS.*]

THIRD PLEBEIAN

The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

BRUTUS Be patient till the last.^o

Romans, countrymen, and lovers,^o hear me for my
 cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for
 mine honor, and have respect^o to mine honor, that you 15
 may believe. Censure^o me in your wisdom, and awake
 your senses,^o that you may the better judge. If there
 be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to
 him I say that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than
 his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against 20
 Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Caesar
 less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather
 Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar
 were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I
 weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he 25

was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I
 slew him. There is tears, for his love; joy, for his
 fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his
 ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bond-
 man?^o If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is 30
 here so rude,^o that would not be a Roman? If any,
 speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile,
 that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him
 have I offended. I pause for a reply.

ALL None, Brutus, none! 35

BRUTUS Then none have I offended. I have done no
 more to Caesar than you shall do^o to Brutus. The
 question of his death is enrolled^o in the Capitol; his
 glory not extenuated,^o wherein he was worthy, nor
 his offenses enforced,^o for which he suffered death. 40

Enter Mark ANTONY, with Caesar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony,
 who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive
 the benefit of his dying, a place^o in the common-
 wealth, as which of you shall not? With this I depart,
 that, as I slew my best lover^o for the good of Rome, 45
 I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please
 my country to need my death.

ALL Live, Brutus! Live, live!

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Give him a statue with his ancestors. 50

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Let him be Caesar.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Caesar's better parts^o

Shall be crowned in Brutus.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

BRUTUS

My countrymen—

SECOND PLEBEIAN Peace! Silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Peace, ho! 55

BRUTUS

Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
 And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
 Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech^o
 Tending^o to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony,
 By our permission, is allowed to make. 60
 I do entreat you, not a man depart,
 Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. *Exit.*

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Stay, ho! And let us hear Mark Antony.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Let him go up into the public chair;^o
 We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up. 65

ANTONY

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding^o to you.

283 **Passion** intense emotion, grief 287 **Post** ride post (with
 relays of horses), hasten; **chanced** happened 289 **Rome**
 another play on the pronunciation "room"; cf. I.ii.156 290
Hie hurry 292 **try** test 294 **cruel issue** outcome of the
 cruelty

III.ii.1 **will be satisfied** want a full explanation 4 **part**
the numbers divide the crowd 10 **severally** separately 12
last conclusion (of my speech) 13 **lovers** dear friends 15
respect regard 16 **Censure** judge 17 **senses** powers of
 understanding, reason

29-30 **bondman** slave 31 **rude** barbarous 37 **shall do** i.e., if
 I should become equally tyrannical 37-38 **The question** . . .
enrolled the considerations that made necessary his death are
 recorded 39 **extenuated** depreciated 40 **enforced** ex-
 aggerated 43 **place** i.e., as a free citizen 45 **lover** friend
 51 **parts** qualities 58 **Do** . . . **speech** show respect to dead
 Caesar and listen respectfully to Antony's speech 59 **Tending**
 relating 64 **public chair** pulpit, rostrum 66 **beholding**
 beholden, indebted

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

What does he say of Brutus?

THIRD PLEBEIAN He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here!

FIRST PLEBEIAN

This Caesar was a tyrant.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Nay, that's certain.

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Peace! Let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY

You gentle Romans—

ALL Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

ANTONY

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interrèd with their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious.

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Caesar answered^o it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest

(For Brutus is an honorable man,

So are they all, all honorable men),

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me;

But Brutus says he was ambitious,

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers^o fill;

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And sure he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason! Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Caesar has had great wrong.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown,

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

If it be found so, some will dear abide it.^o

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Poor soul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

70 ANTONY

But yesterday the word of Caesar might

Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

And none so poor to^o do him reverence.

O masters! If I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honorable men.

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;

I found it in his closet;^o 'tis his will.Let but the commons^o hear this testament,

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,

And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,

And dip their napkins^o in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.^o

80 FOURTH PLEBEIAN

We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.

90 ALL

The will, the will! We will hear Caesar's will!

ANTONY

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it.

It is not meet^o you know how Caesar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And being men, hearing the will of Caesar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it?

95 FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Read the will! We'll hear it, Antony!

You shall read us the will, Caesar's will!

100 ANTONY

Will you be patient? Will you stay^o awhile?I have o'ershot myself^o to tell you of it.

105 I fear I wrong the honorable men

Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I do fear it.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

They were traitors. Honorable men!

ALL

The will! The testament!

110 SECOND PLEBEIAN

They were villains,

Murderers! The will! Read the will!

ANTONY

You will compel me then to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,

115 dear abide it pay dearly for it 121 so poor to so low in rank as to 130 closet study (?) desk (?) 131 commons plebeians 134 napkins handkerchiefs 138 issue heirs 142 meet fitting 150 stay wait 151 o'ershot myself gone further than I intended

81 answered paid the penalty for 90 general coffers public treasury

And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

ALL Come down.

SECOND PLEBEIAN Descend.

[ANTONY comes down.]

THIRD PLEBEIAN You shall have leave.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN A ring! Stand round.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Stand from the hearse, stand from the body!

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Room for Antony, most noble Antony!

ANTONY

Nay, press not so upon me; stand far^o off.

ALL Stand back! Room! Bear back.

ANTONY

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle;^o I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on:

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.^o

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;

See what a rent the envious^o Casca made;

Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed,

And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,

Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,

As^o rushing out of doors, to be resolved^o

If Brutus so unkindly^o knocked, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.^o

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!

This was the most unkindest^o cut of all;

For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base^o of Pompey's statue^o

(Which all the while ran blood) great Caesar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourished^o over us.

O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel

The dint^o of pity; these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what^o weep you when you but behold

Our Caesar's vesture^o wounded? Look you here,

Here is himself, marred^o as you see with^o traitors.

FIRST PLEBEIAN O piteous spectacle!

SECOND PLEBEIAN O noble Caesar!

THIRD PLEBEIAN O woeful day!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN O traitors, villains!

FIRST PLEBEIAN O most bloody sight!

SECOND PLEBEIAN We will be revenged.

[ALL] Revenge! About!^o Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!

Slay! Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY Stay, countrymen.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

160 SECOND PLEBEIAN We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
we'll die with him!

ANTONY

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable.

What private griefs^o they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,

165 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But (as you know me all) a plain blunt man

That love my friend, and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak^o of him.

For I have neither writ, nor words, nor worth,

170 Action, nor utterance,^o nor the power of speech

To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.^o

I tell you that which you yourselves do know,

Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb

mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,

175 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up^o your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Caesar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ALL

180 We'll mutiny.

FIRST PLEBEIAN We'll burn the house of Brutus.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Away, then! Come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY

185 Yet hear me, countrymen. Yet hear me speak.

ALL

Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

ANTONY

Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

190 Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

ALL

Most true, the will! Let's stay and hear the will.

195 ANTONY

Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several^o man, seventy-five drachmas.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

200 Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death!

THIRD PLEBEIAN O royal^o Caesar!

ANTONY Hear me with patience.

ALL Peace, ho!

ANTONY

205 Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,^o

His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,^o

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

167 far farther 170 mantle cloak (here, the toga) 173 Nervii
a fierce tribe decisively conquered by Caesar in 57 B.C. 175
envious spiteful 179 As as though; to be resolved to learn
for certain 180 unkindly (1) cruelly (2) unnaturally 181
angel favorite (i.e., considered incapable of evil) 183 most
unkindest most cruel and unnatural 188 base pedestal;
statue pronounced "stat-u-a" 192 flourished (1) swaggered
(2) brandished a sword in triumph 194 dint stroke 195
what why 196 vesture clothing 197 marred mangled;
with by 204 About Let's go!

213 private griefs personal grievances 220 public . . . speak
permission to speak in public 221-22 neither . . . utterance
neither a written speech, nor fluency, nor reputation, nor (an
orator's) gestures, nor good delivery (perhaps "writ" should be
emended to "wit," meaning "intellectual cleverness") 223
right on directly, without premeditation 228 ruffle up incite
to rage 242 several individual 244 royal nobly generous
247 walks parks 248 orchards gardens

And to your heirs forever: common pleasures,^o
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

SECOND PLEBEIAN Go fetch fire.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Pluck down benches.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Pluck down forms, windows,^o
anything! *Exeunt PLEBEIANS [with the body].* 260

ANTONY

Now let it work:^o Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter SERVANT.

How now, fellow?

SERVANT

Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY Where is he?

SERVANT

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

ANTONY

And thither will I straight^o to visit him;
He comes upon a wish.^o Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

SERVANT

I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid^o like madmen through the gates of Rome. 270

ANTONY

Belike^o they had some notice of^o the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

Exeunt.

[Scene III. A street.]

Enter CINNA the poet, and after him the PLEBEIANS.

CINNA

I dreamt tonight^o that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy.^o
I have no will to wander forth^o of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

FIRST PLEBEIAN What is your name? 5

SECOND PLEBEIAN Whither are you going?

THIRD PLEBEIAN Where do you dwell?

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Are you a married man or a
bachelor?

SECOND PLEBEIAN Answer every man directly.^o 10

FIRST PLEBEIAN Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Ay, and wisely.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Ay, and truly, you were best.

CINNA What is my name? Whither am I going?

250 Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? 15
Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely
and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

SECOND PLEBEIAN That's as much as to say, they are
fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang^o for that, I fear.
Proceed directly. 20

255 CINNA Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

FIRST PLEBEIAN As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA As a friend.

SECOND PLEBEIAN That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN For your dwelling, briefly. 25

CINNA Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Tear him to pieces! He's a conspira-
tor. 30

CINNA I am Cinna the poet! I am Cinna the poet!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Tear him for his bad verses! Tear
him for his bad verses!

CINNA I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN It is no matter, his name's Cinna; 35
pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him
going.^o 265

THIRD PLEBEIAN Tear him, tear him! [*They attack
him.*] Come, brands, ho! Firebrands! To Brutus', to
Cassius'! Burn all! Some to Decius' house, and some 40
to Casca's; some to Ligarius'! Away, go!

Exeunt all the PLEBEIANS, [with CINNA].

ACT IV

[Scene I. A house in Rome.]

Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS.

ANTONY

These many then shall die; their names are pricked.^o

OCTAVIUS

Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS

I do consent—

OCTAVIUS Prick him down, Antony.

LEPIDUS

Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony. 5

ANTONY

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

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge^o in legacies.

LEPIDUS

What, shall I find you here? 10

OCTAVIUS

Or^o here or at the Capitol.

Exit LEPIDUS.

19 bear . . . bang get a blow from me 36-37 turn him
going dispatch him

IV.i.i pricked ticked off, marked on the list 6 with . . . him
with a dot (on the wax tablet) I condemn him 9 cut . . .
charge reduce expenses (by altering the amount left in be-
quests) 11 Or either

250 common pleasures public places of recreation 259
forms, windows long benches (and) shutters 261 work (1)
ferment (as yeast) (2) work itself out 266 will I straight
will I (go) at once 267 upon a wish just as I wished 270
Are rid have ridden 271 Belike probably; notice of news
about

III.iii.i tonight last night 2 things . . . fantasy events
give ominous weight to my imaginings 3 forth out 10
directly straightforwardly

ANTONY

This is a slight unmeritable° man,
Meet° to be sent on errands; is it fit,
The threefold world° divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

OCTAVIUS

So you thought him, 15

And took his voice° who should be pricked to die
In our black sentence° and proscription.°

ANTONY

Octavius, I have seen more days° than you;
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers sland'rous loads,° 20
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,°
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,° 25
(Like to the empty° ass) to shake his ears
And graze in commons.°

OCTAVIUS

You may do your will;

But he's a tried and valiant soldier.°

ANTONY

So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store° of provender. 30
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind,° to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal° motion governed by my spirit.°
And, in some taste,° is Lepidus but so.°
He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth. 35
A barren-spirited° fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,°
Which, out of use and staled° by other men,
Begin his fashion.° Do not talk of him
But as a property.° And now, Octavius, 40
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers;° we must straight make head.°
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made,° our means stretched;°
And let us presently° go sit in council 45
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answerèd.°

OCTAVIUS

Let us do so; for we are at the stake,°

12 slight unmeritable insignificant and undeserving 13 Meet fit 14 threefold world three areas of the Roman empire, Europe, Asia, and Africa 16 voice vote 17 black sentence sentence of death; proscription condemnation to death or exile 18 have . . . days am older (and more experienced) 20 divers sland'rous loads blame which will be laid upon us for our various actions 22 business hard labor 25 turn him off drive him away 26 empty unburdened 27 in commons on public pasture 28 soldier trisyllabic 30 appoint him store allot him a supply 32 wind turn 33 corporal physical; spirit mind 34 taste measure; so the same 36 barren-spirited lacking initiative or ideas of his own 37 objects . . . imitations curiosities, artifices, and fashions (or styles) 38 staled made common 39 Begin his fashion i.e., he is always far behind the times 40 property mere tool (a thing rather than a person) 42 powers armed forces; straight make head immediately gather troops 44 Our . . . made let our closest allies be selected; stretched be used to the fullest advantage 45 presently immediately 46-47 How . . . answerèd to decide how hidden dangers may best be discovered and open dangers most safely encountered 48 at the stake metaphor derived from Elizabethan sport of bearbaiting: like a bear tied to a stake and set upon by many dogs

And bayed about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, 50
Millions of mischiefs.° *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. Camp near Sardis.]

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, [LUCIUS,] and the ARMY. TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.

BRUTUS Stand ho!

LUCILIUS Give the word, ho! and stand.

BRUTUS

What now, Lucilius, is Cassius near?

LUCILIUS

He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master. 5

BRUTUS

He greets me well.° Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,°
Hath given me some worthy° cause to wish
Things done undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.°

PINDARUS

I do not doubt 10

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard° and honor.

BRUTUS

He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he received you; let me be resolved.°

LUCILIUS

With courtesy and with respect enough, 15
But not with such familiar instances,°
Nor with such free and friendly conference°
As he hath used of old.

BRUTUS

Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay 20
It useth an enforced ceremony.°
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow° men, like horses hot at hand,°
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;°
Low march within.

But when they should endure the bloody spur, 25
They fall their crests,° and like deceitful jades°
Sink in the trial.° Comes his army on?

LUCILIUS

They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered;
The greater part, the horse in general,°
Are come with Cassius.

Enter CASSIUS and his POWERS.

BRUTUS

Hark! He is arrived. 30

March gently° on to meet him.

51 mischiefs plans to injure us

IV.ii.6 He . . . well he sends greetings by a very good man
7 In . . . officers either from a change in his feelings toward
me or through the actions of bad subordinates 8 worthy
substantial 10 be satisfied receive a satisfactory explanation
12 full of regard worthy of respect 14 resolved fully
informed 16 familiar instances marks of friendship 17
conference conversation 21 enforced ceremony strained
formality 23 hollow insincere; hot at hand overspirited at
the start 24 mettle quality, courage 26 fall their crests
let fall the ridges of their necks; jades nags 27 Sink . . .
trial fail when put to the test 29 the horse in general all
the cavalry 31 gently slowly

CASSIUS Stand, ho!

BRUTUS Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

[FIRST SOLDIER] Stand!

[SECOND SOLDIER] Stand!

[THIRD SOLDIER] Stand!

CASSIUS

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS

Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?

And if not so, how should I wrong a brother.

CASSIUS

Brutus, this sober form° of yours hides wrongs;

And when you do them—

BRUTUS

Cassius, be content.°

Speak your griefs° softly; I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our armies here

(Which should perceive nothing but love from us)

Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge° your griefs,

And I will give you audience.

CASSIUS

Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges° off

A little from this ground.

BRUTUS

Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man

Come to our tent till we have done our conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

Exeunt. Mane[n]t BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

[Scene III. Brutus' tent.]

CASSIUS

That you have wronged me doth appear in this:

You have condemned and noted° Lucius Pella

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein my letters, praying on his side,°

Because I knew the man, was slighted off.°

BRUTUS

You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

CASSIUS

In such a time as this it is not meet

That every nice offense should bear this comment.°

BRUTUS

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

Are much condemned to have an itching palm,°

To sell and mart° your offices for gold

To undeservers.

CASSIUS I an itching palm?

You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,

Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS

The name of Cassius honors° this corruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CASSIUS Chastisement!

BRUTUS

Remember March, the ides of March remember.

35 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

What villain touched his body, that did stab,

And not° for justice? What, shall one of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this world

But for supporting robbers,° shall we now

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,

And sell the mighty space of our large honors°

For so much trash° as may be graspèd thus?°

40 I had rather be a dog, and bay° the moon,

Than such a Roman.

CASSIUS

Brutus, bait° not me;

I'll not endure it. You forget yourself

To hedge me in.° I am a soldier, I,

Older in practice, abler than yourself

45 To make conditions.°

BRUTUS

Go to! You are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS I am.

BRUTUS I say you are not.

CASSIUS

Urge° me no more, I shall forget myself;

Have mind upon your health;° tempt° me no farther.

50 BRUTUS Away, slight° man!

CASSIUS

Is't possible?

BRUTUS

Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?°

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?°

CASSIUS

O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?

BRUTUS

All this? Ay, more: fret till your proud heart break.

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?°

Must I observe° you? Must I stand and crouch°

5 Under your testy humor?° By the gods,

You shall digest the venom° of your spleen,°

Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

CASSIUS

Is it come to this?

BRUTUS

You say you are a better soldier:

10 Let it appear so; make your vaunting° true,

21 And not except 23 supporting robbers protecting dishonest officials (a point made by Plutarch but mentioned only now by Shakespeare) 25 mighty . . . honors vast capacity to be honorable and magnanimous (with suggestion of potentiality for making other men free, and honorable in office) 26 trash rubbish, i.e., money; graspèd thus the small confined area of the closed fist contrasts with the "mighty space" gained by their honorable deeds in abolishing injustice and corruption 27 bay howl at 28 bait harass and worry (as a bear tied to a stake is baited by dogs) 30 hedge me in limit my freedom of action 32 make conditions manage practical matters 35 Urge drive, bully 36 health safety; tempt provoke 37 slight insignificant 39 give . . . choler let your hasty temper have free vent and run its course unchecked 40 stares glares 44 budge defer to it 45 observe wait on; crouch bow 46 testy humor irritability 47 digest the venom swallow the poison; spleen considered the source of sudden passion: i.e., fiery temper 52 vaunting boasting

40 sober form staid manner 41 be content keep calm 42 griefs grievances 46 enlarge freely express 48 charges troops

IV.iii.2 noted publicly disgraced 4 praying . . . side appealing on his behalf 5 was slighted off was contemptuously disregarded ("letters" takes a singular verb because of its singular meaning) 8 nice . . . comment trivial fault should receive criticism ("his" = its) 10 condemned . . . palm accused of being mercenary 11 mart traffic in 15 honors lends an air of respectability

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of° noble men.

CASSIUS

You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus; 55
I said, an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say, better?

BRUTUS If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS

When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved°
me.

BRUTUS

Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted° him.

CASSIUS I durst not? 60

BRUTUS No.

CASSIUS

What? Durst not tempt him?

BRUTUS For your life you durst not.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

You have done that you should be sorry for. 65
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty°
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect° not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means. 70
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart
And drop my blood for drachmas than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.° I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions, 75
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal counters° from his friends, 80
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

CASSIUS I denied you not.

BRUTUS

You did.

CASSIUS I did not. He was but a fool

That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived° my
heart.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities; 85
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS

I do not, till you practice them on me.

CASSIUS

You love me not.

BRUTUS

I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS

A flatterer's would not, though they do appear 90
As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone° on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved° by his brother; 95
Checked° like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a notebook, learned and conned by rote°
To cast into my teeth.° O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart 100
Dearer than Pluto's mine,° richer than gold;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Caesar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
better 105
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

BRUTUS

Sheathe your dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope.°
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.°
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire, 110
Who, much enforcèd,° shows a hasty spark,
And straight° is cold again.

CASSIUS

Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus
When grief and blood ill-temperèd° vexeth him?

BRUTUS

When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too. 115

CASSIUS

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS And my heart too.

CASSIUS

O Brutus!

BRUTUS

What's the matter?

CASSIUS

Have not you love enough to bear with me
When that rash humor° which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

BRUTUS

Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth, 120

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother° chides, and leave you
so.°

Enter a POET, [followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS].

POET

Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge° between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

LUCILIUS

You shall not come to them. 125

54 **learn of** (1) hear about the exploits of (2) take lessons from 58 **moved** exasperated 59 **tempted** provoked 67 **honesty** integrity 69 **respect** heed 75 **indirection** irregular methods 80 **rascal counters** base (and worthless) coins 84 **rived** broken

93 **alone** only 95 **braved** defied 96 **Checked** rebuked 97 **conned by rote** learned by heart 98 **cast** . . . **teeth** throw in my face 101 **Dearer** . . . **mine** more precious than all the riches in the earth (Pluto, god of the underworld, and Plutus, god of riches, were frequently confused) 107 **shall have scope** (your anger) shall have free play 108 **dishonor** . . . **humor** insults shall be regarded as quirks of temperament 111 **much enforcèd** greatly provoked 112 **straight** immediately 114 **blood ill-temperèd** a "black mood" 119 **rash humor** hasty temperament 122 **your mother** i.e., your inherited temperament; **leave you so** leave it at that 124 **grudge** bad feeling

POET

Nothing but death shall stay me.

CASSIUS

How now. What's the matter?

POET

For shame, you generals! What do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

CASSIUS

Ha, ha! How vilely doth this cynic° rhyme!

BRUTUS

Get you hence, sirrah! Saucy° fellow, hence!

CASSIUS

Bear with him, Brutus, 'tis his fashion.

BRUTUS

I'll know his humor when he knows his time.°

What should the wars do with these jigging° fools?

Companion,° hence!

CASSIUS

Away, away, be gone!

Exit POET.

BRUTUS

Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies tonight.

CASSIUS

And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.]

BRUTUS

Lucius, a bowl of wine.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

CASSIUS

I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

CASSIUS

Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place° to accidental evils.°

BRUTUS

No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS Ha? Portia?

BRUTUS She is dead.

CASSIUS

How scaped I killing when I crossed° you so?

O insupportable and touching° loss!

Upon° what sickness?

BRUTUS

Impatient of° my absence,

And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

Have made themselves so strong—for with her death

That tidings came°—with this she fell distract,°

And (her attendants absent) swallowed fire.°

CASSIUS

And died so?

BRUTUS Even so.

CASSIUS

O ye immortal gods!

Enter boy [LUCIUS] with wine and tapers.

BRUTUS

Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

Drinks.

CASSIUS

My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[Drinks. Exit LUCIUS.]*Enter* TITINIUS and MESSALA.

BRUTUS

Come in, Titinius! Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question° our necessities.

CASSIUS

Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS

No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters

That young Octavius and Mark Antony

Come down upon us with a mighty power,°

Bending their expedition° toward Philippi.

MESSALA

Myself have letters of the selfsame tenure.°

BRUTUS

With what addition?

MESSALA

That by proscription° and bills of outlawry°

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus

Have put to death an hundred senators.

BRUTUS

Therein our letters do not well agree.

Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CASSIUS

Cicero one?

MESSALA Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRUTUS No, Messala.

MESSALA

Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

BRUTUS

Nothing, Messala.

MESSALA

That methinks is strange.

BRUTUS

Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

MESSALA No, my lord.

BRUTUS

Now as you are a Roman, tell me true.

MESSALA

Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell,

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

BRUTUS

Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala.

130 cynic rude fellow 131 Saucy impertinent 133 I'll . . .
time I'll accept his eccentricity when he can judge the suitable
time for it 134 jigging doggerel-writing, rhyming 135
Companion base fellow 143 place way; accidental evils
misfortunes brought on by chance (Brutus seems not to be
behaving as a Stoic philosopher should) 147 crossed con-
tradicted 148 touching wounding, grievous 149 Upon as
a result of; Impatient of unable to endure 151-52 for . . .
came news of her death came at the same time as news of
their strength 152 fell distract became distraught 153
swallowed fire (according to Plutarch she choked herself by
putting hot coals into her mouth)

155

160

165

170

175

180

185

With meditating that she must die once,^o
I have the patience to endure it now.

MESSALA

Even so great men great losses should endure. 190

CASSIUS

I have as much of this in art^o as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.^o

BRUTUS

Well, to our work alive.^o What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?^o

CASSIUS

I do not think it good.

BRUTUS

Your reason?

CASSIUS

This it is: 195

'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offense,^o whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS

Good reasons must of force^o give place to better. 200
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection;^o
For they have grudged us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-added^o and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

CASSIUS

Hear me, good brother.

BRUTUS

Under your pardon.^o You must note beside 210
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brimful, our cause is ripe.
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted,^o all the voyage of their life
Is bound in^o shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves, 220
Or lose our ventures.^o

CASSIUS

Then, with your will,^o go on;

We'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.^o 225
There is no more to say?

188 **once** at some time 191 **this in art** i.e., this Stoicism in theory 178-92 **Had . . . so** some editors suggest that this was the original version of Shakespeare's account of Portia's death and that he later deleted this and wrote in lines 140-54, preferring to demonstrate Brutus' humanity rather than his Stoicism; the Folio printer then set up both versions by mistake; line 155 would follow 139—as 193 would follow 177—neatly enough to make this an attractive theory 193 **alive** as men still living 194 **presently** immediately 198 **offense** harm 200 **force** necessity 202 **Do . . . affection** support us only under compulsion 206 **new-added** reinforced 210 **Under your pardon** excuse me 217 **Omitted** neglected 218 **bound in** limited to 221 **ventures** shipping trade, i.e., risks; **with your will** as you wish 225 **niggard** . . . **rest** put off with the shortest possible sleep

CASSIUS

No more. Good night.

Early tomorrow will we rise and hence.^o

Enter LUCIUS.

BRUTUS

Lucius, my gown.^o *Exit LUCIUS.*

Farewell, good Messala.

Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,

Good night, and good repose.

CASSIUS

O my dear brother, 230

This was an ill beginning of the night

Never come^o such division 'tween our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS with the gown.

BRUTUS

Everything is well.

CASSIUS

Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS

Good night, good brother.

TITINIUS, MESSALA

Good night, Lord Brutus.

BRUTUS

Farewell, every one. *Exeunt.* 235

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?^o

LUCIUS

Here in the tent. 205

BRUTUS

What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave,^o I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.^o

Call Claudius and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent. 240

LUCIUS

Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

210

VARRO Calls my lord?

BRUTUS

I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep.

It may be I shall raise^o you by and by

215

On business to my brother Cassius. 245

VARRO

So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.^o

BRUTUS

I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.^o 220

[VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down.]

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown. 250

LUCIUS

I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

225

BRUTUS

Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,

And touch^o thy instrument a strain^o or two?

LUCIUS

Ay, my lord, an't^o please you.

BRUTUS

It does, my boy. 255

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

227 **hence** leave this place 228 **gown** dressing gown 232 **Never come** may there never again come 236 **instrument** probably a lute 238 **knave** boy; **o'erwatched** tired out from lack of sleep 244 **raise** rouse 246 **watch your pleasure** be on the watch for your command 248 **otherwise bethink me** change my mind 254 **touch** play on; **strain** tune 255 **an't** if it

LUCIUS It is my duty, sir.

BRUTUS

I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods° look for a time of rest.

LUCIUS I have slept, my lord, already.

BRUTUS

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

Music, and a song.

This is a sleepy tune. O murd'rous° slumber!
Layest thou thy leaden° mace° upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turned down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the GHOST of Caesar.

How ill this taper burns.° Ha! Who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon° me. Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?°
Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST

Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS Why com'st thou?

GHOST

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST Ay, at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Why, I will see thee at Philippi then. [*Exit GHOST.*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

LUCIUS The strings, my lord, are false.°

BRUTUS

He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

LUCIUS My lord?

BRUTUS

Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

LUCIUS

My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRUTUS

Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see anything?

LUCIUS Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS

Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!

[*To VARRO.*]

Fellow thou, awake!

VARRO My lord?

CLAUDIUS My lord?

BRUTUS

Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

260 BOTH

Did we, my lord?

BRUTUS Ay. Saw you anything?

300

VARRO

No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAUDIUS

Nor I, my lord.

BRUTUS

265 Go and commend me° to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his pow'rs betimes before,°
And we will follow.

BOTH

It shall be done, my lord. *Exeunt.*

270

A C T V

[Scene I. *The plains of Philippi.*]

275 *Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their ARMY.*

OCTAVIUS

Now, Antony, our hopes are answerèd;
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so; their battles° are at hand;
They mean to warn° us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand° of them.

5

280 ANTONY

Tut, I am in their bosoms,° and I know
Wherefore they do it. They could be content
To visit other places,° and come down
With fearful° bravery,° thinking by this face°
To fasten in our thoughts° that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

10

285

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER Prepare you, generals,
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign° of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

15

290 ANTONY

Octavius, lead your battle softly° on
Upon the left hand of the even° field.

OCTAVIUS

Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

ANTONY

Why do you cross° me in this exigent?°

OCTAVIUS

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

20

295

302 commend me give my greetings 303 set . . . before
advance his forces early in the morning before me
V.i.4 battles armies 5 warn challenge 6 Answering . . .
demand appearing in opposition before we force a meeting
7 I . . . bosoms I understand their inmost thoughts 8-9
They . . . places they would prefer to be somewhere else
10 fearful(1) frightened (2) awe-inspiring; bravery bravado
(and show of splendor); face appearance 11 fasten . . .
thoughts persuade us 14 bloody sign red flag 16 battle
softly army slowly 17 even level 19 cross oppose,
contradict 19 exigent crisis

259 young bloods youthful constitutions 264 murd'rous
deathlike 265 leaden heavy (association also with death, for
lead was used in coffinmaking); mace staff of office (with
which a man was touched on the shoulder when arrested)
272 How . . . burns lights allegedly burned dimly or blue in
the presence of a supernatural being 275 upon toward 277
stare stand on end 288 false out of tune

March. Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their ARMY; [LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others].

BRUTUS

They stand, and would have parley.

CASSIUS

Stand fast, Titinius, we must out and talk.

OCTAVIUS

Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

ANTONY

No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.^o

Make forth;^o the generals would have some words. 25

OCTAVIUS

Stir not until the signal.

BRUTUS

Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS

Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS

Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

ANTONY

In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words; 30

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,

Crying "Long live! Hail, Caesar!"

CASSIUS

Antony,

The posture^o of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla^o bees,

And leave them honeyless.

ANTONY

Not stingless too. 35

BRUTUS

O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

ANTONY

Villains! You did not so, when your vile daggers

Hacked one another in the sides of Caesar. 40

You showed your teeth^o like apes, and fawned like hounds,

And bowed like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;

Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

CASSIUS

Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself; 45

This tongue had not offended so today,

If Cassius might have ruled.^o

OCTAVIUS

Come, come, the cause.^o If arguing make us sweat,

The proof^o of it will turn to redder drops.

Look, 50

I draw a sword against conspirators.

When think you that the sword goes up^o again?

Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds

Be well avenged; or till another Caesar^o

Have added slaughter to^o the sword of traitors. 55

BRUTUS

Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCTAVIUS

So I hope.

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRUTUS

O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,^o

Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable. 60

CASSIUS

A peevish^o schoolboy, worthless^o of such honor,

Joined with a masker and a reveler.^o

ANTONY

Old Cassius still!

OCTAVIUS

Come, Antony; away!

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.

If you dare fight today, come to the field; 65

If not, when you have stomachs.^o

Exit OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and ARMY.

CASSIUS

Why, now blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.^o

BRUTUS

Ho, Lucilius, hark, a word with you.

LUCILIUS and MESSALA stand forth.

LUCILIUS

My lord?

[BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.]

CASSIUS

Messala.

MESSALA What says my general?

CASSIUS

Messala, 70

This is my birthday; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness that against my will

(As Pompey was)^o am I compelled to set^o

Upon one battle all our liberties. 75

You know that I held Epicurus strong,^o

And his opinion; now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.^o

Coming from Sardis, on our former^o ensign

Two mighty eagles fell,^o and there they perched, 80

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,

Who to Philippi here consorted^o us.

This morning are they fled away and gone,

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites^o

Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us 85

As we were sickly^o prey; their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal,^o under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MESSALA

Believe not so. 50

CASSIUS

I but believe it partly,

59 strain family, line of descent 61 peevish childish (Octavius was 21); worthless unworthy 62 masker . . . reveler i.e., that dissipated Antony, who loved participating in masques and wild parties (cf. I.ii.203-04, II.i.188-89, II.ii.116) 66 stomachs inclination, appetite 68 on the hazard at stake 74 As Pompey was at Pharsalus where, having been persuaded to give battle against his will, he was decisively defeated and later murdered; set stake 76 held Epicurus strong believed strongly in the philosophy of Epicurus (a materialist who believed that because the gods were not interested in human affairs omens were to be discounted) 78 presage foretell the future 79 former foremost 80 fell swooped down 82 consorted accompanied 84 ravens . . . kites scavengers; traditionally, they know when a battle is pending and accompany the armies 86 sickly ready for death 87 fatal presaging death

24 answer . . . charge meet them when they attack 25

Make forth go forward 33 posture nature, quality 34

Hybla a Sicilian town famous for its sweet honey 41

showed your teeth grinned 47 ruled had his way (i.e.,

in urging that Antony be slain) 48 cause business at hand

49 proof test 52 up into the sheath 54 another Caesar

i.e., Octavius himself 55 Have . . . to has also been killed by

For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.°

BRUTUS

Even so, Lucilius.

CASSIUS Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods today stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers° in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rests still incertain,°
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.°
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determinèd to do?

BRUTUS

Even by the rule of that philosophy°
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself; I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall,° so to prevent°
The time° of life, arming myself with patience
To stay the providence° of some high powers
That govern us below.

CASSIUS Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph°
Thorough the streets of Rome?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius, no; think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

CASSIUS

Forever, and forever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

BRUTUS

Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! Away!

Exeunt.

[Scene II. *The field of battle.*]

Alarum.° Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

BRUTUS

Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills°
Unto the legions on the other side.°

Loud alarum.

Let them set on at once; for I perceive

90 But cold demeanor° in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push° gives them the overthrow. 5
Ride, ride, Messala! Let them all come down. *Exeunt.*

[Scene III. *The field of battle.*]

95 *Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

CASSIUS

O, look, Titinius, look, the villains° fly!
Myself have to mine own° turned enemy.
This ensign° here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it° from him.

100 TITINIUS

O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early, 5
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,°
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

105

Enter PINDARUS.

PINDARUS

Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord. 10
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far° off!

CASSIUS

110 This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius!
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

TITINIUS

They are, my lord.

CASSIUS

115 Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him 15
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again, that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

TITINIUS

I will be here again even with a thought.° *Exit.*

120

CASSIUS

Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; 20
My sight was ever thick.° Regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

[*Exit PINDARUS.*]

125

This day I breathèd first. Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end.

My life is run his compass.° Sirrah, what news? 25

PINDARUS (*Above.*)° O my lord!

CASSIUS What news?

PINDARUS [*Above.*]

Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur;°
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him. 30
Now, Titinius! Now some light.° O, he lights too!
He's ta'en!° (*Shout.*) And, hark! They shout for joy.

CASSIUS

Come down; behold no more.

4 But cold demeanor marked lack of spirit in fighting 5
push attack

V.iii.i villains cowardly soldiers of his own side 2 mine own
my own men 3 ensign standard-bearer 4 it the standard
7 spoil looting 11 far farther 19 even . . . thought as
quickly as thought 21 My . . . thick I have always been
nearsighted 25 is . . . compass has completed its circuit
26 s.d. Above on the upper stage 29 make . . . spur ride
toward him at top speed 31 light dismount 32 ta'en
taken, captured

91 constantly resolutely 94 Lovers devoted friends 95 rests
still incertain always stand in doubt 96 reason . . . befall
consider what must be done if the worst happens 100 that
philosophy Stoicism 104 fall befall; prevent anticipate 105
time term, natural end 106 stay the providence await the
ordained fate 108 in triumph (as a captive) in the victor's
procession

V.ii. s.d. Alarum call to arms (drums or trumpets) 1 bills
written orders 2 side wing (commanded by Cassius)

O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of° thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath. 40
Now be a freeman, and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search° this bosom.
Stand° not to answer. Here, take thou the hilts,
And when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword—Caesar, thou art revenged, 45
Even with the sword that killed thee. [*Dies.*]

PINDARUS

So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*] 50

Enter TITINIUS and MESSALA.

MESSALA

It is but change,° Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TITINIUS

These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MESSALA

Where did you leave him?

TITINIUS

All disconsolate, 55
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

MESSALA

Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS

He lies not like the living. O my heart!

MESSALA

Is not that he?

TITINIUS

No, this was he, Messala, 60
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set.
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews,° and dangers come; our deeds are
done!
Mistrust of° my success hath done this deed. 65

MESSALA

Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child,°
Why dost thou show to the apt° thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceived, 70
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother° that engend' red thee!

TITINIUS

What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

MESSALA

Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears. I may say "thrusting" it; 75
For piercing steel and darts envenomèd
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

TITINIUS

Hie° you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit MESSALA.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave° Cassius? 80
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything!
But hold thee,° take this garland on thy brow; 85
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,°
And see how I regarded° Caius Cassius.
By your leave,° gods. This is a Roman's part:°
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. *Dies.* 90

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, MESSALA, young CATO,
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.*

BRUTUS

Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

MESSALA

Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

BRUTUS

Titinius' face is upward.

CATO

He is slain. 55

BRUTUS

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords 95
In our own proper° entrails. *Low alarums.*

CATO

Brave° Titinius!
Look, whe'r° he have not crowned dead Cassius.

BRUTUS

Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome 100
Should breed thy fellow.° Friends, I owe moe° tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius; I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos° send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp, 105
Lest it discomfort us.° Lucilius, come,
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius set our battles° on.
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt.* 110

38 swore . . . of made you swear, when I spared 42 search
penetrate 43 Stand delay 51 change exchange (of fortune)
64 dews considered unwholesome 65 Mistrust of lack
of confidence in 67 Melancholy's child i.e., those of
despondent temperament are likely to be introspective and
full of imaginary fears 68 apt easily impressed 71 mother
the melancholy person, Cassius, who conceived the error

78 Hie hasten 80 brave noble 85 hold thee wait a moment
87 apace quickly 88 regarded honored 89 By your leave
with your permission (because he is ending his life before the
time appointed by the gods); part role, duty 96 own
proper (emphatic) very own; Brave noble 97 whe'r
whether 101 fellow equal; moe more 104 Thasos an
island near Philippi 106 discomfort us dishearten our troops
108 battles armies

[Scene IV. *The field of battle.*]

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, MESSALA, [young] CATO, LUCILIUS, and FLAVIUS.

BRUTUS

Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
[Exit, with FOLLOWERS.]

CATO

What bastard^o doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the son of Marcus Cato,^o ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Enter SOLDIERS and fight.

[LUCILIUS]^o

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[Young CATO falls.]

O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.

[FIRST] SOLDIER

Yield, or thou diest.

LUCILIUS Only I yield to die.^o

There is so much^o that thou wilt kill me straight;^o
Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

[FIRST] SOLDIER

We must not. A noble prisoner!

Enter ANTONY.

SECOND SOLDIER

Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

FIRST SOLDIER

I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

ANTONY Where is he?

LUCILIUS

Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus.

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.^o

ANTONY

This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe;

Give him all kindness. I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead,

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent

How everything is chanced.^o

Exeunt.

V.iv.2 What bastard who is such a low fellow that he 4
son . . . Cato son of Cato of Utica, hence, brother of
Brutus' wife 7 Lucilius the Folio fails to provide a speech
prefix for lines 7-8, but because it is clear from Plutarch and
from line 14 that Lucilius impersonates Brutus it is plausible
to attribute 7-8 to Lucilius 12 Only . . . die I yield only to
die 13 so much so great an inducement, i.e., gaining great
honor by killing Brutus (?), so much to be blamed for (?), a
sum of money (offered to the soldier) (?); straight immediately
25 like himself behaving in accordance with his noble nature
32 is chanced has turned out

[Scene V. *The field of battle.*]

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS.

BRUTUS

Come, poor remains^o of friends, rest on this rock.

CLITUS

Statilius showed the torchlight,^o but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.

BRUTUS

Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

[Whispers.]

CLITUS

What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world!

BRUTUS

Peace then, no words.

CLITUS

I'll rather kill myself.

BRUTUS

Hark thee, Dardanius. [Whispers.]

DARDANIUS

Shall I do such a deed?

CLITUS O Dardanius!

DARDANIUS O Clitus!

CLITUS

What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DARDANIUS

To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLITUS

Now is that noble vessel^o full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

BRUTUS

Come hither, good Volumnius; list^o a word.

VOLUMNIUS

What says my lord?

BRUTUS

Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Caesar hath appeared to me

Two several^o times by night; at Sardis once,

And this last night here in Philippi fields.

I know my hour is come.

VOLUMNIUS

Not so, my lord.

BRUTUS

Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit.^o

Low alarums.

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together;

Even for that our love of old, I prithee

Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

VOLUMNIUS

That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

Alarum still.^o

V.v.1 poor remains wretched survivors 2 showed the
torchlight Statilius had volunteered to see if Cassius' camp was
occupied by the enemy; he signaled on arrival there but was
obviously captured thereafter 13 vessel figurative for
"human being"; also an allusion to the small jars of tears
offered to the dead 15 list hear 18 several separate 23 pit
(1) trap for capturing wild animals (2) grave 29 s.d. still
continuing

CLITUS

Fly, fly, my lord, there is no tarrying here.

BRUTUS

Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest° shall attain unto.

So far you well at once,° for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history.

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labored to attain this hour.°

Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"

CLITUS Fly, my lord, fly!

BRUTUS Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord,

Thou art a fellow of a good respect.°

Thy life hath had some smatch° of honor in it;

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

STRATO

Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

BRUTUS

Farewell, good Strato—Caesar, now be still;

I killed not thee with half so good a will. *Dies.**Alarum. Retreat. Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the ARMY.*

OCTAVIUS

What man is that?

MESSALA

My master's man.° Strato, where is thy master?

STRATO

Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him.

38 **vile conquest** overthrow of the revolution against tyranny 39 **at once** without further delay 42 **but . . . hour** worked hard only to reach this goal of death (which brings, for a Stoic, rest from life's trials) 45 **respect** reputation 46 **smatch** smack, taste 53 **man** servant

30

For Brutus only overcame himself,°

And no man else hath honor by his death.

LUCILIUS

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

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying° true.

OCTAVIUS

All that served Brutus, I will entertain° them.

35

Fellow, wilt thou bestow° thy time with me?

STRATO

Ay, if Messala will prefer° me to you.

OCTAVIUS

Do so, good Messala.

40

MESSALA

How died my master, Strato?

STRATO

I held the sword, and he did run on it.

65

MESSALA

Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest° service to my master.

ANTONY

This was the noblest Roman of them all.

All the conspirators save only he

45

Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;

He, only in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of them.°

His life was gentle,° and the elements°

So mixed° in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

75

OCTAVIUS

According to his virtue,° let us use° him

With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie,

Most like a soldier ordered honorably.°

So call the field° to rest, and let's away

80

To part° the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

56 **Brutus . . . himself** only Brutus overcame Brutus 59 **saying** see V.iv.21-25 60 **entertain** take into service 61 **bestow** spend 62 **prefer** recommend 67 **latest** last 71-72 **He . . . them** he, moved only by impersonal motives directed to the good of the community, joined the conspirators 73 **gentle** noble; **elements** the four opposed elements, of which all nature was thought to be composed, were represented in the human body by the four liquids, bile, phlegm, blood, and choler; the dominance of these determined a man's temperament—melancholic, phlegmatic, sanguine, or choleric) 74 **So mixed** so well-balanced 76 **virtue** excellence; **use** treat 79 **ordered honorably** arrayed (and treated) with all honor 80 **field** army 81 **part** divide

AS YOU LIKE IT

EDITED BY ALBERT GILMAN

Introduction

Samuel Johnson found the story of *As You Like It* "wild and pleasing," the dialogue "sprightly," but regretted Shakespeare's "hastening to the end of his work," especially because it meant suppressing the "dialogue between the usurper and the hermit" and thereby losing "an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson." From the eighteenth century on, critics have often said that Shakespeare's craftsmanship in *As You Like It* is poor. G. B. Shaw, perhaps with tongue in cheek, in *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets* has Will Shakespeare say to Queen Elizabeth: "I have also stole from a book of idle wanton tales two of the most damnable foolishnesses in the world, in the one of which a woman goeth in man's attire and maketh impudent love to her swain, who pleaseth the groundlings by overthrowing a wrestler. . . . I have writ these to save my friends from penury, yet shewing my scorn for such follies and for them that praise them by calling the one *As You Like It*, meaning that it is not as *I* like it."

Some critics have complained of inconsistencies in the plotting. From several speeches in the play, it would appear that Duke Senior has been banished to the Forest of Arden for a long time, but other speeches suggest that his banishment is recent. In the first scene of the play Shakespeare gives the name Jaques to the middle son of Sir Rowland de Boys, but this Jaques does not appear until the close of the play and his speeches are simply marked "Second Brother." In the meantime we have heard much from another Jaques, the melancholy Jaques, who is one of Duke Senior's retainers. Two characters called by the same name can make for some confusion. These bits of carelessness, if that is what they are, are not unusual in Shakespeare and not peculiar to this play. What is unusual is the extraordinary dispatch with which the plot unfolds. Almost everything that is to happen, happens in the first act; murders are attempted, ribs are cracked, and several major characters are packed off to the Forest of Arden. In the ensuing acts Shakespeare scarcely concerns himself with the troubles that were introduced in the first act. Except for three short scenes we are always in Arden, where the dangers we are chiefly aware of are falling in love or being worsted in a discussion. So that the audience may go home, the two villains are reported to have been converted and four pairs of lovers are lined up to be wed.

Shakespeare has certainly handled the narrative expeditiously. It is very much as if he were eager to be in Arden to "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." We cannot regret that he missed the "opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson." Nor can we regret that he gave himself a holiday from the intricate plotting that marks what seems to be the comedy anterior to *As You Like It*, *Much Ado About Nothing*. Who has not looked at his watch during the last act of a well-made plot and sighed to think of the knots still to be untied? We had rather be in Arden where the wicked are converted by fiat and lovers marry in half-dozen lots.

The plot moves swiftly in the beginning of *As You Like It* (and then stands almost still until the fifth act) because the interest of the play is not intended to arise out of the action or situation. And, as William Hazlitt has remarked, it does not. The play is chiefly concerned with two enduring human illusions—the pastoral ideal, or the dream of a simple life, and the ideal of romantic love. These are given an extremely complex representation through dialogue and contrasting relationships. The plot creates the conditions for this representation. The characters are given reason to wander in the woodland, the proper setting in which to develop the theme of pastoralism. Four diverse pairs are caused to fall in love and their contrasting romances will exemplify the varieties of love. Rosalind, given a double identity, can spoof love and yet be a lover. The plot does very well what it is designed to do.

The motives of the chief characters in *As You Like It* are as simple and abrupt as the action of the play, and they could surely be put in evidence by those who think the play a piece of indifferent craftsmanship. Oliver would see an end to his brother Orlando. Why? "For my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he." Duke Frederick, the usurper who has banished Duke Senior, would now banish Rosalind. The reason? "Grounded upon no other argument/But that the people praise her for her virtues." In her scenes with Orlando, Rosalind is in no danger; thus her original reason for pretending to be a man does not apply. Yet she does pretend, and it is only her disguise that prevents their immediate marriage. How is so crucial a decision motivated? "I will speak to him like

a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him." Which is to say that she did it because she would do it.

In *As You Like It* each action follows directly from the uncomplicated nature of the person acting. It is his natural wickedness that impels Oliver to hate Orlando, and it is wickedness that causes Frederick to banish Rosalind. Antonio, in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, is another younger brother who banishes his elder brother (Prospero) and usurps the dukedom. But Antonio's case is more complex than Frederick's, since, while the usurpation is not justified, there is the excuse that Prospero had neglected his duties as a ruler, and Antonio, Prospero's delegate, through the exercise of ducal power, came to believe (as a liar may come to believe his lie) that he was in fact the duke. But neither Rosalind nor Duke Senior is culpable, and Duke Frederick's usurpation is not said to result from any such interesting state of mind as Antonio's. Duke Frederick's crimes derive from his nature alone. In *As You Like It* a good nature is as unfailingly manifest as a bad one. Because their hearts are blithe, Celia and Rosalind are able to go into exile saying: "Now go in we content/To liberty, and not to banishment." Because his nature is noble, Duke Senior can say "Sweet are the uses of adversity" and can find "good in everything." The good in this play will be good whatever the occasion seems to warrant and the evil, at first, will be evil. Of Shakespeare's comedies only *The Comedy of Errors* makes so simple a connection between temperament and action. *The Comedy of Errors* is a farce, but *As You Like It* is not.

Englishmen in the Renaissance liked to construe life as an interaction of Fortune and Nature, and in *As You Like It* there is some talk of these two goddesses. Rosalind, for instance, instructs Celia: "Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature." The only tension in the plot of *As You Like It*, set up in the first act, derives from Fortune's unjust distribution of the gifts of the world. The nobler natures, Duke Senior, Rosalind, Celia, and Orlando, are made to suffer by Fortune while the wicked, Oliver and Duke Frederick, thrive. This imbalance between Fortune and Nature requires resolution. The resolution provided is exceptionally good-humored, far more so than in either *Much Ado About Nothing* or *Twelfth Night*, the two plays with which *As You Like It* is conventionally grouped. The wicked are not punished or left rancorous but are converted and, now as virtuous men, Frederick and Oliver bring the fortunes of Duke Senior, Rosalind, and Orlando into harmony with their natures. Frederick's conversion is accomplished by contact with an old religious man, Oliver's by Orlando's generosity in saving his life. Fortunes are adjusted and dark natures are brightened by the simple impact of virtue. All of this makes a tidy package if Fortune and Nature are conceived as the major forces in life and if these forces are thought to work toward human happiness. Shakespeare's world view was ordinarily more complex.

It is, after all, a kind of innocence to believe that evil is certain men and that goodness is certain other men. And it is the sunniest optimism to believe that the evil are converted by contact with the good. In other plays of Shakespeare, even in the other comedies, temperaments are not so consistently agreeable or disagreeable and resolutions are not so sweet. Orsino, in *Twelfth Night*, is as romantic as

Orlando but, where Orlando is vigorous and sensible, Orsino is passive and self-indulgent. Orsino is a generally sympathetic character, but there is something in him which dissatisfies us. Beatrice, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, is as witty as Rosalind but lacks her self-knowledge and is sometimes near to shrewishness. Beatrice is an attractive figure, but she has traits that threaten her happiness. The unsympathetic Malvolio, in *Twelfth Night*, is not transformed by contact with goodness; his last line is: "I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you." Shakespeare's characters ordinarily mix good with evil. His dramatic tension often derives from irreconcilable desires within each nature rather than from an easily corrected malallocation of Fortune's gifts. The exercise of virtue in some of his plays only stimulates the wicked to further wickedness. Why are these darker principles suspended in *As You Like It*?

The play is intended to suggest that human life can be harmoniously lived; that good sense, love, humor, and a generous disposition will produce happiness. Such a view requires not suppression of, but inattention to, those aspects of motivation and of human relationship that, in life, continually postpone a general harmony. A world that includes irreconcilable personal conflict and unrepenting evil can achieve justice, but not universal happiness.

As You Like It causes us to entertain seriously an illusion—a view of life in which a human wish plays a greater role than reality. Yet the play is far from being continuously idyllic. It is filled with sharp comment and disillusioning fact, particularly in connection with its chief subjects—the simple life and romantic love. These subjects are themselves illusions, conventional illusions, sentimental and foolish. Shakespeare laughs at their conventional treatment, threatens them with contrary views and conflicting facts, but in the end preserves them. The play reconciles the ideal with the actual. But not all of the actual. Shakespeare has looked away from the uglier facts, the ultimate ironies that cannot be integrated into a vision of harmony and happiness. Perhaps it is only *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale*, plays written after the great tragedies, that make happiness seem to be generally possible and yet also offer powerful representations of evil and suffering.

If *As You Like It* offered a completely one-sided presentation of harmony, we might be armed against it. But it does not. It presents numerous contrary arguments, and the tension they bring to the debate in Arden lends credence to the resolution. For as long as the play lasts we do not notice that the case against the ideal has not been as strong as it could be; that matters that cannot be reconciled with the ideal have been passed over. It is an illusion that *As You Like It* creates, but an illusion that admits so much of life as to seem possible.

What is the nature of the contrarieties that are reconciled with the pastoral ideal and the ideal of romantic love? Arrived in Arden, Touchstone is asked how he likes the shepherd's life and he replies:

In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. (III.ii.15-21)

The expression of one idea stimulates Touchstone to the expression of its contrary. But the ideas are not contraries of objective fact. To be solitary is to be private; to be in the fields is to be not in the court; to lead a spare life is to lead a life that has no more plenty in it. The objective facts are the same and the opposition is one of sentiment. A life spent apart from others can be agreeable or it can be disagreeable. When it is agreeable Touchstone would call it solitary and when it is disagreeable he would call it private. What can cause the same objective condition to change its nature?

Rosalind, who stands in the center of all things in this play, answers our question, but with reference to time rather than life in the forest. "Time," she says, "travels in divers paces with divers persons." She goes on to particularize. For a young maid "between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized" time trots too slowly. For a rich man who "hath not the gout" time ambles most agreeably. For a thief on his way to the gallows time goes too swiftly. To generalize Rosalind's remarks: time and life in the forest are apprehended differently by different persons and differently by one person according to his condition of life and state of appetite. Life in the forest and romantic love are ideal in their season but they are not for all seasons. Like a holiday, the greenwood and true love offer refreshment and regeneration. Prolonged beyond their season they become absurd and distasteful.

Touchstone concludes the speech quoted above by asking Corin: "Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?" Corin's response begins: "No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is." At first this reply seems a simple extension of Touchstone's list of on-the-one-hand-this, but-on-the-other-hand-that. Then one realizes that the contrast between Corin's two terms, "the more one sickens" and "the worse at ease," does not follow Touchstone's principle. Corin's terms are objective synonyms as are Touchstone's, but Corin's are also subjective synonyms; to be sick and to be ill at ease are both disagreeable. It seems then that simple Corin has missed the point. Except that sickness is one of the things in life that is not psychologically relative; we never have an appetite for it. It is an absolute evil. Without knowing just how much philosophy the old shepherd had in him, we can take his line as the text for another proposition about *As You Like It*. The relativism of the play's discourse is bounded by a set of moral absolutes that cannot be taken as you like it.

Touchstone's speech concerns the pastoral life and this is a major subject of the conversations in Arden through III.ii. Pastoralism is a place and time apart. It is the restorative greenwood, where men live in the simplicity of nature. It is a remote Golden Age of harmony and innocence. The modern time and the corrupt court are its antithesis.

Duke Senior realizes the pastoral dream in Arden, finding "books in the running brooks" and "sermons in stones." Amiens sings sweetly of pastoralism in "Under the Greenwood Tree." But Jaques, who is of another humor, adds a jaundiced verse calling that man a fool who leaves wealth and ease for the wilderness. In course of time it develops that the winds are cold in Arden and the ground is hard, that the deer, "native burghers of this desert city," can be as indifferent to the misery of one of their kind as human beings can be, and that at least one lion and one snake are

among the animal life. Life in the forest is not a fixed reality. It is able to produce happiness and able to produce misery. Love has potentialities that are more complex.

Love is revealed directly in the romance of Rosalind and Orlando and, by contrast, in the matching of Silvius with Phebe, and the mating of Audrey with Touchstone. The former pair disenchant us with certain aspects of both pastoralism and love. Silvius at first appears as the lovelorn shepherd of pastoral romance and Phebe as his pouting shepherdess. The sighing and spurning that are so graceful in the classical picture are distasteful when we see a little more of them. Silvius is an abject figure with his "Sweet Phebe, pity me." He shows what love can descend to when it is not combined with good sense. Phebe shows the response such love will inspire in a petulant nature:

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too.
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.
(III.v.94-98)

We delight in Rosalind's pungent advice to Phebe: "Sell when you can, you are not for all markets."

For Touchstone love is a ubiquitous human need that seeks an object; it is very like a need that in animals is seasonal. Audrey, falling within his tolerance limits, is taken as an object. Romantic love does not have an object; it has an incomparable inspiration. Orlando, with Rosalind for inspiration, hangs love poems on trees and cries her name throughout the forest. Rosalind, hearing that Celia has seen Orlando, excitedly asks: "What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here?"

The several aspects of love are revealed by the three unlike love affairs. They are revealed also in the running discourse in Arden. There is no scene in which the nature of love is debated. No one keeps to the subject for long; Rosalind ends her catechism of love, in which Orlando and Phebe echo Silvius' exalted sentiments, with: "Pity you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon." The discourse is composed of an ironic remark from Touchstone in one scene, something extravagantly amorous from Orlando in another, a joke from Celia in still another. The touches of color, the shading, the points of light, are distributed in time, but they come together to make a rather complex representation.

The disillusioned remarks on love, as on pastoralism, come chiefly from Jaques and Touchstone. Jaques is a man who has traveled and come back a weary malcontent; he stands somewhat detached from life. He is a variation on a familiar kind of stage figure in Shakespeare's day, a type first found in the snarling verse satires written by John Marston and Joseph Hall in the 1590's. After 1599 the type appears in the drama: the bitter critic who defends his railing and abusive language by saying that such attacks as his are the only way to purge the world of its vices. In II.vii, Duke Senior attacks Jaques as if he were a perfect instance of this type, and Jaques responds with the critic's familiar defense. In fact, however, Shakespeare has departed from the type.

Jaques ridicules human ideals, but his attacks are not

corrosive and they are entertainingly expressed. Seeing Touchstone and Audrey press in among the country copulatives, Jaques remarks: "There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark." That he enjoys hearing Amiens sing argues a certain sweetness of nature, sweeter at any rate than the nature of Shylock, to whom music is the "vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife." The other characters appear to enjoy the company of Jaques as they would not the company of so vicious a satirist as Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*. Duke Senior loves to be with him in his "sullen fits," for then Jaques is "full of matter," and at the end the duke urges Jaques to return with him to the court.

The darker potentialities of Jaques are hinted at, but on the whole he is an entertaining fellow and much that he says about love is true—when one is not in love. However, those who are most in love do not envy Jaques' detachment and knowledge of life. Rosalind gives her opinion that those who are either too sad or too merry are "abominable fellows," but between the two she would rather "have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad."

In Touchstone we have the fool Rosalind asks for. He sees as little in life to make one sad as Jaques sees to make one merry. Jaques is perhaps a disappointed idealist; but Touchstone is a realist who believes that happiness derives from the satisfactions of the body and from a wit that is quick to see the absurdity and folly in life. As Miss Gardner and Professor Goldsmith point out, Touchstone is the great parodist of the play (see, for instance, his love poem to Rosalind following those of Orlando). Touchstone's marriage to Audrey, the simple-minded shepherdess, who in fact is a goatherd, is itself a parody, but one of Shakespeare's making rather than Touchstone's. It is a parody on romance and pastoralism; but it is also the author's comment on the limitations of Touchstone's view of life.

Touchstone and Jaques are alike in their rejection of the ideal and alike therefore in their incompleteness. They show us the ideal as absurdity and sentimentality. Orlando and Rosalind show us romantic love as the best part of life so long as it is understood to be only a part, something that is here and now and should be enjoyed in its time. The play as a whole presents this view, but it is fully articulated by Rosalind alone.

Many romantic lines come from Orlando and Rosalind, and if they were to follow one upon another it would be "to have honey a sauce to sugar." Between sweets, however, there is always something sharp to taste. Sometimes it is provided by Jaques or Touchstone or Celia but most often perhaps by Rosalind as Ganymede. The contrast preserves the flavor. When Orlando swears that he will die of love if he cannot have Rosalind, she gives him her answer: "Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

To speak of contrast is to suggest that one aspect is subordinate to the others; in the extreme case, that it exists only to set off the others. This is not the case with Rosalind's statements about love. Rosalind's line is comically matter-of-fact, very flat, but, after all, true. It checks Orlando just as he is about to move into absurdity. He loves her and it seems to him now that he cannot live without her, but if, in fact, he could not have her he would find reason to live.

Romantic love strains toward eternity. Memory and observation and the foresight they give are its enemies.

When Orlando swears that he will love forever and a day, Rosalind responds: "Say 'a day' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando. Men are April when they woo, December when they wed. Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives."

On another occasion Rosalind as Ganymede teases Orlando by insisting that he has not the look of the distracted lover. "You are rather point-device in your accouterments, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other." Here again she is ridiculing the extremities of romantic love. At times she makes jokes that are bawdy and so reveal a facet of love. Orlando brings his destiny with him, she says. "What's that?" he asks. "Why horns; which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for." And when Orlando asks if she will love him—"Ay, and twenty such."

Yet Rosalind is unquestionably in love. To Celia she confides "that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love. But it cannot be sounded. My affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal." Rosalind's disguise as Ganymede and her game with Orlando in which she is supposed to try to cure him of love provide an excuse for the expression of her many unromantic sentiments. But they are not to be understood as ideas invented for Ganymede with no validity for Rosalind. While in love she is able to realize what love may become in time and how it can appear to those who are not in love. She sees all around her subject, combining perspectives in the manner of certain Picasso portraits. In Rosalind's conversation we see love's two eyes and also its profile and the back of its neck.

Rosalind integrates the ideal and the workaday world; love is a good time of life, it is youth and springtime. It is not everything, but in its season it would be folly not to enjoy it. "Come, woo me, woo me," she says, "for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent." Rosalind, whose nature unites ardor and intelligence, synthesizes the ideas of the play.

When so much has been said about cuckoldry and about April turning to December, it may be a little difficult to accept the four marriages of the last scene as a happy ending. But the jokes and the irony and the mockery have been directed primarily at love, not at marriage. Marriage belongs to the institutions of a stable society, and these are never questioned in the play. The responsibility of an elder brother for a younger is the institutional frame that immediately establishes Oliver's villainy. The respect a younger brother owes an elder is the standard that marks Frederick a scoundrel. And the last words about love, the words that assign it to its proper place in an orderly society and prepare for the festive dance at the end, are delivered by Hymen:

Wedding is great Juno's crown,
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honored.

(V.iv.141-44)

A note on the date:

On August 4, 1600, the Lord Chamberlain's Men entered *As You Like It* and three other plays in the Stationers' Register "to be staied" as a way of preventing their unauthorized publication. This entry sets the later limit for the date of *As You Like It*. An earlier limit is set by its

absence from the list of Shakespeare's plays given by Francis Meres in *Palladis Tamia* (1598). In one of her speeches Celia says: "Since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show" (I.ii). This remark may be a reference to an official order of June 1, 1599, whereby the published writings of a number of satirists were burnt and the future printing of satires prohibited. In view of this possibility and the two limiting dates, the best supposition is that the play was written in the latter half of 1599 or early in 1600.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

Shakespeare's source for *As You Like It* is Thomas Lodge's pastoral romance, *Rosalynde or Euphues' Golden Legacy*, printed in 1590. This romance in turn is based in part on a short narrative poem of the fourteenth century, "The Tale of Gamelyn," telling of the unjust treatment of Gamelyn by his older brother, the bloody fights between them, Gamelyn's flight to the greenwood, where he becomes the leader of a happy band of outlaws, and the eventual recovery of his land after his brother has been hanged. The only reference to love comes in the last lines, where we are told that Gamelyn took a "wyf bothe good and feyr."

To this rapid and brutally humorous narrative, Lodge added the story of a banished king, Gerismond, and three love stories: one of these concerns Rosader (Gamelyn of the early poem and Shakespeare's Orlando) and Rosalynde; the others, Alinda and Saladyne (Shakespeare's Celia and Oliver) and Phoebe and Montanus (Shakespeare's Phebe and Silvius). Interspersed throughout *Rosalynde* are elegant love poems. The whole, a medley of folk tale, pastoral love eclogue, and pastoral romance, is predominantly written in the highly mannered style known as euphuism, a style made popular by John Lyly in the 1570's, but it is enlivened by homely phrases and proverbs.

Although there is no evidence that Shakespeare drew directly upon any work other than Lodge's, it is possible that three plays were in Shakespeare's mind when he came to write *As You Like It*. Two Robin Hood plays performed in 1598 by the Admiral's Company, *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon* and *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, may have inspired Shakespeare's treatment of the singing outlaws, and *Sir Clyomon and Clamydes* (printed in 1599) may have suggested the rustics, Audrey and William. (In *Sir Clyomon* a princess disguised as a man meets a crude but amusing shepherd named Corin who describes in plain language the love-making of real shepherds and country girls.)

To return from conjecture to fact: *As You Like It* owes a great deal to *Rosalynde*. Shakespeare follows the outline of Lodge's plot closely and develops many of its situations, such as the enmity of two sets of characters, the wrestling match, the flight to the forest, Orlando's desperate demand for food, the momentary hesitation of Orlando to save his brother from the lioness, the wooing of Rosalind disguised as Ganymede, the marriage of Celia and Oliver, the disdain of Phebe and her use of Silvius as messenger, and the return to the court. The title too may come from Lodge, who in a note to his "gentlemen readers," says, "If you like it, so."

It is not only in plot and situation that Shakespeare is

indebted to Lodge. Lodge's two princesses possess in embryo almost all the characteristics of their counterparts, but compared to Shakespeare's heroine Lodge's Rosalynde is wooden. She does not master events as does Rosalind, and as a woman in love she is scarcely differentiated from Alinda (Shakespeare's Celia) or, at some points, from Phoebe.

The differences are as striking as the resemblances. Some of the changes were required by the genre. For example, Shakespeare omits an internal debate of Rosader's on whether to save his brother, condensing the gist of a passage of over five hundred words into two and a half lines. Separate events are combined and compressed. Shakespeare omits two reconciliations between Rosader and Saladyne and in place of a sequence where Rosader is chained as a lunatic by Saladyne and then set free by Adam with whose help he kills some of his brother's guests, Shakespeare has the brief third scene of the second act. Some material is rearranged so that major plot lines are not long lost to sight. Whereas in Lodge the Rosader-Saladyne plot is dropped for about fifteen pages when Alinda and Rosalynde appear in the forest, in Shakespeare Orlando flees to the forest at about the same time as the two girls. Lodge develops his three love affairs consecutively; one is virtually completed before the next is begun, and each is developed at almost equal length. Shakespeare quickly disposes of the Celia-Oliver romance and has Phebe fall in love with Ganymede much earlier than does Lodge. He is thus able to develop the love affairs concurrently, including the added one of Audrey and Touchstone, and to play them off one against the other.

Shakespeare retains little of the brutality of the novel. Orlando is far gentler than Rosader, the wrestler and his young opponents are injured rather than killed, and Saladyne's rescue of the ladies from a band of robbers is omitted. For Lodge's final battle in which Torismond, the usurper, dies, Shakespeare substitutes the miraculous conversion of Duke Frederick. The diminution of action and violence is in harmony with the spirit of the play and allows Shakespeare to develop contrasting emotions, values, and attitudes. Even when Shakespeare adheres to the general outline of a conversation in Lodge, he so alters the details that what is stilted in the novel becomes vivid, natural, engaging.

A few of Shakespeare's smaller changes can be mentioned here. Shakespeare gives far greater emphasis to Adam's age and long, faithful service. He links the two groups of court characters by making the two dukes brothers and the dead Sir Rowland de Boys an enemy of Duke Frederick. In Lodge, Rosalynde and Alinda see Rosader-Orlando in the forest at the same time; in Shakespeare, Celia sees him first, and her report to Rosalind allows us to see Rosalind's impulsive reaction and to hear some witty byplay.

Perhaps the most significant change is the addition of Jaques and Touchstone (Audrey, William, Mar-text, and Le Beau are far less important additions). Jaques and Touchstone have little effect on the development of the plot, but the Forest of Arden would be a duller and less realistic place without their presence. They help transform a piece of prose fiction, which is charming and often skillfully narrated but intellectually thin and sometimes tedious, into a play as rich in wisdom and knowledge as it is in laughter.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

As You Like It did not appear in print until the First Folio of 1623. The text is a good one and may represent a carefully prepared promptbook. Act and scene division is intelligent; exits and entrances are for the most part correctly indicated; and the stage directions are brief but generally adequate. The present edition follows the Folio text closely, admitting only those emendations that seem clearly necessary. A few directions not in the Folio but helpful in clarifying the action are placed in brackets. Spelling and punctuation are modernized, speech prefixes are extended from abbreviations, obvious typographical errors and mislineation are corrected, and the Latin divisions into act and scene are translated. Other significant departures from the Folio (F) are listed below, the present reading in boldface type followed by F's reading in roman.

I.i.107 **she** hee 158 **Oliver** [F omits]

I.ii.3 **yet I were** yet were 51 **goddesses and hath** goddesses, hath 82 **Celia** Ros 90 **Le Beau** the Beu 285 **Rosalind** Rosaline [from here on, F uses either form]

I.iii.77 **her patience** per patience

II.i.49 **much** must 59 **of the country** of Countrie

II.iii.10 **some** seeme 16 **Orlando** [F omits] 29 **Orlando** Ad[am] 71 **seventeen** seauentie

II.iv.1 **weary** merry 42 **thy wound** they would 67 **you, friend** your friend

II.v.1 **Amiens** [F omits] 41-42 **no enemy . . . weather &c** 46 **Jaques** Amy [i.e., Amiens]

II.vii.55 **Not to seem** Seeme 87 **comes** come 173 **Amiens** [F omits] 181 **Then** the

III.ii.125 **this a desert** this Desert 145 **her** his 155 **pulpiter** Iupiter 258 **b' wi' buy** 361 **deifying** defying

III.iv.29 **of a lover** of Louer

III.v.127-28 **yet I have** yet Haue

IV.i.1 **me be better** me better 18 **my** by 29 **b' wi' buy** 208 **in, it** in, in

IV.ii.7 **Another Lord** Lord

IV.iii.5 s.d. **Enter Silvius** [F places after "brain"] 8 **Phebe bid** Phebe, did bid 141 **In I** 154 **his blood** this bloud

V.ii.7 **nor her sudden** nor sodaine

V.iii.18 **In springtime** In the spring time 15-32 [the fourth stanza here appears as the second in F] 39 **b' wi' buy**

V.iv.34 s.d. **Enter . . . Audrey** [F prints after line 33] 81 **so to the** so ro 114 **her hand** his hand 164 **them** him 197 **we will** wee'l



AS YOU LIKE IT

[Dramatis Personae]

DUKE SENIOR *in banishment in the Forest of Arden*
DUKE FREDERICK *his brother, usurper of the dukedom*

AMIENS } *lords attending on Duke Senior*
JAQUES }

LE BEAU *a courtier*

CHARLES *a wrestler*

OLIVER } *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys*
JAQUES }
ORLANDO }

ADAM } *servants to Oliver*
DENNIS }

TOUCHSTONE *a clown*

SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT *a vicar*

CORIN } *shepherds*
SILVIUS }

WILLIAM *a country fellow*

HYMEN

ROSALIND *daughter to Duke Senior*

CELIA *daughter to Duke Frederick*

PHEBE *a shepherdess*

AUDREY *a country girl*

LORDS PAGES FORESTERS ATTENDANTS

Scene: Oliver's house; the court; the Forest of Arden]

A C T I

Scene I. [Orchard of Oliver's house.]

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

ORLANDO As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a° thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report s speaks goldenly of his profit.° For my part, he keeps me rustically° at home or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept;° for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better, 10 for, besides that they are fair° with their feeding, they are taught their manage,° and to that end riders dearly

The decorative border shown above appeared on the first page of As You Like It in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.

I.i.2 poor a a mere 6 goldenly . . . profit glowingly of his progress 6-7 keeps me rustically supports me like a peasant 8 unkept uncared for 11 fair handsome 12 manage paces

hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing 15 that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance° seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds,° bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility° with my education. This is it, Adam, that 20 grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

ADAM Yonder comes my master, your brother. 25

ORLANDO Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.°

OLIVER Now, sir, what make you° here?

17 countenance behavior **18** hinds farm hands **19-20** mines my gentility undermines my good birth **27** shake me up berate me **28** make you are you doing (in the next line Orlando pretends to take the phrase to mean "accomplish")

ORLANDO Nothing. I am not taught to make anything. 30
 OLIVER What mar you then, sir?
 ORLANDO Marry,^o sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.
 OLIVER Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught 35 awhile.^o
 ORLANDO Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent^o that I should come to such penury?
 OLIVER Know you where^o you are, sir? 40
 ORLANDO O, sir, very well. Here in your orchard.
 OLIVER Know you before whom, sir?
 ORLANDO Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood^o you should so know me. 45 The courtesy of nations^o allows you my better in that you are the first born, but the same tradition takes not away my blood were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you, albeit I confess your coming before me is nearer to his 50 reverence.^o
 OLIVER What, boy!
 [Strikes him.]
 ORLANDO Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.
 [Seizes him.]
 OLIVER Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?^o 55
 ORLANDO I am no villain. I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy 60 tongue for saying so. Thou hast railed on thyself.
 ADAM Sweet masters, be patient. For your father's remembrance, be at accord.
 OLIVER Let me go, I say.
 ORLANDO I will not till I please. You shall hear me. My 65 father charged you in his will to give me good education. You have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities.^o The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it. Therefore allow me such exercises^o 70 as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery^o my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.
 OLIVER And what wilt thou do? Beg when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled 75 with you. You shall have some part of your will. I pray you leave me.

32 **Marry** an expletive, from "By the Virgin Mary" 35-36 **be naught awhile** don't bother me 37-38 **Shall . . . spent** an allusion to the story of the Prodigal Son. See Luke 15:11-32 40 **where** in whose presence (Orlando pretends to take it literally) 44-45 **in . . . blood** of the same good blood 46 **courtesy of nations** sanctioned custom of primogeniture 50-51 **your . . . reverence** as the eldest son you are head of the family and therefore entitled to respect 55 **villain** Oliver uses it in the sense of "wicked person," but Orlando plays on its other meaning, "low-born person" 68 **qualities** accomplishments 70 **exercises** occupations 72 **allottery** share

ORLANDO I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.
 OLIVER Get you with him, you old dog. 80
 ADAM Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master; he would not have spoke such a word.
Exeunt ORLANDO, ADAM.
 OLIVER Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me?^o I will physic your rankness^o and yet give no thousand 85 crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!
Enter DENNIS.
 DENNIS Calls your worship?
 OLIVER Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?
 DENNIS So please you, he is here at the door and 90 importunes access to you.
 OLIVER Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.] 'Twill be a good way; and tomorrow the wrestling is.
Enter CHARLES.
 CHARLES Good morrow to your worship.
 OLIVER Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new 95 news at the new court?
 CHARLES There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news. That is, the old duke^o is banished by his younger brother the new duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, 100 whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.
 OLIVER Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?
 CHARLES O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, 105 so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter, and never two ladies loved as they do. 110
 OLIVER Where will the old duke live?
 CHARLES They say he is already in the Forest of Arden,^o and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, 115 and fleet the time carelessly^o as they did in the golden world.^o
 OLIVER What, you wrestle tomorrow before the new duke?
 CHARLES Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you 120 with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall.^o Tomorrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit 125 him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loath to foil^o him, as I must for my own honor if he come in. Therefore, out of

84 **grow upon me** usurp my place 85 **physic your rankness** purge your overgrowth 98 **old duke** Duke Senior 112-13 **Forest of Arden** Ardennes (in France; though Shakespeare may also have had in mind the Forest of Arden near his birthplace) 116 **fleet . . . carelessly** pass the time at ease 116-17 **golden world** the Golden Age of classical mythology, when men were free of sin, want, and care 123 **fall** bout 127 **foil** throw, defeat

my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, 130 or brook° such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

OLIVER Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself 135 notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by underhand means° labored to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator° of every man's good parts,° a 140 secret and villainous contriver against me his natural° brother. Therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief° thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee,° he will 145 practice° against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I 150 speak but brotherly of him, but should I anatomize° him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

CHARLES I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come tomorrow, I'll give him his payment. If ever he 155 go alone° again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so God keep your worship. *Exit.*

OLIVER Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester.° I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than 160 he. Yet he's gentle,° never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device,° of all sorts° enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprized.° But it shall not be so long; 165 this wrestler shall clear all.° Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

Exit.

Scene II. [*The duke's palace.*]

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

CELIA I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz,° be merry.

ROSALIND Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn° me how to remember any extra- 5 ordinary pleasure.

CELIA Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father,

so° thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught 10 my love to take thy father for mine. So wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered° as mine is to thee.

ROSALIND Well, I will forget the condition of my estate° to rejoice in yours. 15

CELIA You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce,° I will render thee again in affection. By mine honor, I will, and when I break that 20 oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

ROSALIND From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see, what think you of falling in love?

CELIA Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal; but 25 love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure° blush thou mayst in honor come off° again.

ROSALIND What shall be our sport then?

CELIA Let us sit and mock the good housewife° 30 Fortune from her wheel,° that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

ROSALIND I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women. 35

CELIA 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair,° she scarce makes honest,° and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoredly.°

ROSALIND Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office° to Nature's. Fortune reigns in gifts of the world,° 40 not in the lineaments of Nature.°

Enter [TOUCHSTONE the] clown.

CELIA No; when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? 45

ROSALIND Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature when Fortune makes Nature's natural° the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

CELIA Peradventure° this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's, who perceiveth our natural wits 50 too dull to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this natural for our whetstone. For always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit; whither wander you?

TOUCHSTONE Mistress, you must come away to your 55 father.

CELIA Were you made the messenger?

TOUCHSTONE No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

ROSALIND Where learned you that oath, fool? 60

131 brook endure 136-37 by underhand means indirectly 140 envious emulator malicious rival; parts abilities 141 natural blood 142 lief soon 145 grace . . . thee gain credit at your expense 146 practice plot 151 anatomize fully describe 156 go alone walk without crutches 159 gamester athlete, sportsman 161 gentle endowed with the qualities of a gentleman 162 noble device gentlemanlike purposes; all sorts all kinds of people 165 misprized scorned 166 clear all settle matters

I.ii.1 sweet my coz my sweet cousin 5 learn teach

10 so provided that 12-13 righteously tempered perfectly composed 15 estate fortune 19 perforce forcibly 27 pure mere 28 come off get away 30 housewife (1) woman of the house (with a spinning wheel) (2) inconstant hussy 31 wheel the wheel turned by Fortune, blind goddess who distributed her favors at random, elevated some men and hurled others down 36 fair beautiful 37 honest chaste 38 ill-favoredly ugly 40 office function; gifts . . . world e.g., wealth, power 41 lineaments of Nature e.g., virtue, intelligence 47 natural born fool, halfwit 49 Peradventure perhaps

TOUCHSTONE Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught.^o Now I'll stand to it,^o the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.^o 65

CELIA How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

ROSALIND Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

TOUCHSTONE Stand you both forth now. Stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a 70 knave.

CELIA By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

TOUCHSTONE By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn; no more was this knight, swearing by his 75 honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

CELIA Prithee, who is't that thou mean'st?

TOUCHSTONE One that old Frederick, your father, 80 loves.

CELIA My father's love is enough to honor him enough. Speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation^o one of these days.

TOUCHSTONE The more pity that fools may not 85 speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

CELIA By my troth,^o thou sayest true, for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau. 90

Enter LE BEAU.

ROSALIND With his mouth full of news.

CELIA Which he will put^o on us as pigeons feed their young.

ROSALIND Then shall we be news-crammed.

CELIA All the better; we shall be the more marketable. 95 Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau, what's the news?

LE BEAU Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CELIA Sport? Of what color?^o

LE BEAU What color, madam? How shall I answer 100 you?

ROSALIND As wit and fortune^o will.

TOUCHSTONE Or as the Destinies decrees.^o

CELIA Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

TOUCHSTONE Nay, if I keep not my rank— 105

ROSALIND Thou lovest thy old smell.

LE BEAU You amaze^o me, ladies. I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.^o

ROSALIND Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling. 110

LE BEAU I will tell you the beginning; and if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do,^o and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

CELIA Well, the beginning that is dead and buried. 115

LE BEAU There comes an old man and his three sons—

CELIA I could match this beginning with an old tale.^o

LE BEAU Three proper^o young men, of excellent growth and presence.

ROSALIND With bills^o on their necks "Be it known 120 unto all men by these presents."^o

LE BEAU The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him. So he served the second, and 125 so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole^o over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

ROSALIND Alas!

TOUCHSTONE But what is the sport, monsieurs that 130 the ladies have lost?

LE BEAU Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCHSTONE Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies. 135

CELIA Or I, I promise thee.

ROSALIND But is there any^o else longs to see this broken music^o in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LE BEAU You must, if you stay here, for here is the 140 place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

CELIA Yonder sure they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish.^o Enter DUKE [FREDERICK], LORDS, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and ATTENDANTS.

DUKE FREDERICK Come on. Since the youth will not 145 be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

ROSALIND Is yonder the man?

LE BEAU Even he, madam.

CELIA Alas, he is too young; yet he looks successfully.^o

DUKE FREDERICK How now, daughter and cousin; 150 are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

ROSALIND Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

DUKE FREDERICK You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man.^o In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain^o dissuade him, but 155 he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

CELIA Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

DUKE FREDERICK Do so. I'll not be by.

LE BEAU Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls 160 for you.

ORLANDO I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROSALIND Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

ORLANDO No, fair princess. He is the general chal- 165 lenger; I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

CELIA Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for

63 naught worthless; stand to it swear 65 forsworn perjured 84 taxation slander 87 troth faith 92 put force 99 color sort 102 fortune good luck 103 decrees the ending -s was a common variant in the third person plural 107 amaze confuse 108-09 lost . . . of missed 113 do be done

117 old tale Le Beau's story has a "Once upon a time" beginning 118 proper fine 120 bills notices 121 by these presents part of the opening formula of many legal documents; Rosalind puns on Le Beau's use of "presence," meaning "bearing" 127 dole lamentation 137 any anyone 138 broken music music arranged in parts for different instruments 144 s.d. Flourish trumpet fanfare 149 successfully able to succeed 154 such . . . man the odds are all in Charles' favor 155 fain like to

your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength; if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you for your own sake to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

ROSALIND Do, young sir. Your reputation shall not therefore be misprized;° we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

ORLANDO I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled,° there is but one shamed that was never gracious;° if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing. Only in the world I° fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

ROSALIND The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

CELIA And mine to eke° out hers.

ROSALIND Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you!°

CELIA Your heart's desires be with you!

CHARLES Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

ORLANDO Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.°

DUKE FREDERICK You shall try but one fall.

CHARLES No, I warrant your grace you shall not entreat him to a second that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

ORLANDO You mean to mock me after. You should not have mocked me before. But come your ways.°

ROSALIND Now Hercules be thy speed,° young man!

CELIA I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

Wrestle.

ROSALIND O excellent young man!

CELIA If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[CHARLES is thrown.] *Shout.*

DUKE FREDERICK No more, no more.

ORLANDO Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.°

DUKE FREDERICK How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE FREDERICK Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

ORLANDO Orlando, my liege, the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

DUKE FREDERICK

I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteemed thy father honorable,

But I did find him still mine enemy.

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

Exit DUKE [FREDERICK, with TRAIN].

CELIA

Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

ORLANDO

I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,

His youngest son, and would not change that calling°

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

ROSALIND

My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was of my father's mind.

Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given him tears unto° entreaties

Ere he should thus have ventured.

CELIA

Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him.

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks° me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved;

If you do keep your promises in love

But justly° as you have exceeded all promise,

Your mistress shall be happy.

ROSALIND

Gentleman, [*gives chain*]

Wear this for me, one out of suits° with Fortune,

That could° give more but that her hand lacks means.

Shall we go, coz?

CELIA

Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORLANDO

Can I not say, "I thank you"? My better parts°

Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up

Is but a quintain,° a mere lifeless block.

ROSALIND

He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes;

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown

More than your enemies.

CELIA

Will you go, coz?

ROSALIND

Have with you.° Fare you well. *Exit, [with CELIA].*

ORLANDO

What passion° hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.°

CELIA

Enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

LE BEAU

Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved

High commendation, true applause, and love,

Yet such is now the duke's condition

That he misconsters° all that you have done.

222 still always 229 calling name 234 unto as well as
238 Sticks pains 240 justly exactly 242 out of suits in
disfavor 243 could would 245 parts qualities 247 quintain
wooden post (used for tilting practice) 252 Have with you
I'm coming 253 passion strong feeling 254 conference
conversation 261 misconsters misinterprets

176 misprized despised 182 foiled thrown 183 gracious
graced by Fortune 186 Only . . . I in the world I only
191 eke stretch 192-193 deceived in you wrong in my
estimation of your strength 198 modest working humble
aim 204 come your ways let's get started 205 Hercules
. . . speed may Hercules help you 213 well breathed
fully warmed up

The duke is humorous.^o What he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive^o than I to speak of.

ORLANDO

I thank you, sir; and pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

LE BEAU

Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners,
But yet indeed the taller^o is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banished duke,
And here detained by her usurping uncle
To keep his daughter company, whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument^o
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well.
Hereafter, in a better world^o than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

ORLANDO

I rest much bounden^o to you. Fare you well.

[Exit LE BEAU.]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,^o
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.
But heavenly Rosalind!

Exit. 285

Scene III. [The palace.]

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

CELIA Why, cousin, why, Rosalind! Cupid have
mercy, not a word?

ROSALIND Not one to throw at a dog.

CELIA No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame s
me with reasons.

ROSALIND Then there were two cousins laid up,
when the one should be lamed with reasons and the
other mad^o without any.

CELIA But is all this for your father?

ROSALIND No, some of it is for my child's father.^o O,
how full of briers is this working-day world!

CELIA They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee
in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden
paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

ROSALIND I could shake them off my coat; these
burrs are in my heart.

CELIA Hem^o them away.

ROSALIND I would try, if I could cry "hem,"^o and
have him.

CELIA Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.^o

262 **humorous** moody 263 **conceive** understand 268
taller unless "taller" is a printer's slip for "smaller," Shakespeare
here erred; Rosalind is later said to be taller 275 **argument**
basis 280 **a better world** better times 282 **bounden** in-
debted 283 **smother** smothering smoke (the idea is: "Out of
the frying pan into the fire")

I.iii.9 **mad** melancholy 11 **child's father** future husband,
Orlando 18 **Hem** (1) cough (2) tuck 19 **cry "hem"** clear
my throat (with a pun on *him*) 21 **affections** feelings

ROSALIND O, they take the part of a better wrestler
than myself!

CELIA O, a good wish upon you! You will try^o in
time, in despite of a fall. But turning these jests out of 25
service,^o let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible on
such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking
with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

ROSALIND The duke my father loved his father
dearly.

CELIA Doth it therefore ensue that you should love
his son dearly? By this kind of chase,^o I should hate
him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate
not Orlando.

ROSALIND No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

CELIA Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?^o

Enter DUKE [FREDERICK], with LORDS.

ROSALIND Let me love him for that,^o and do you love
him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

CELIA With his eyes full of anger.

DUKE FREDERICK

Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

ROSALIND Me. uncle?

DUKE FREDERICK You, cousin.^o

Within these ten days if that thou beest found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

ROSALIND I do beseech your grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence^o
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,^o
As I do trust I am not; then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

DUKE FREDERICK Thus do all traitors.

If their purgation^o did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace^o itself.
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

ROSALIND

Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me whereon the likelihoods^o depends.

DUKE FREDERICK

Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

ROSALIND

So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banished him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord,
Or if we did derive it from our friends,^o
What's that to me? My father was no traitor.
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

CELIA

Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

24 **try** chance a bout 25-26 **turning** . . . **service** to stop
joking 32 **chase** pursuit (of the argument) 36 **deserve well**
deserve to be hated (if Rosalind's reasoning is valid, it follows
that Celia should hate Orlando) 37 **for that** for his virtues
(Rosalind takes "deserve well" in its usual sense) 41 **cousin**
kinsman 46 **hold intelligence** communicate 48 **frantic**
insane 52 **purgation** clearance 53 **grace** virtue 56 **likeli-**
hoods possibilities 61 **friends** relatives

DUKE FREDERICK

Ay, Celia. We stayed° her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged° along.

CELIA

I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.°
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,
Why, so am I. We still° have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat° together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

DUKE FREDERICK

She is too subtile° for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more
virtuous°
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.
Firm and irrevocable is my doom°
Which I have passed upon her; she is banished.

CELIA

Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

DUKE FREDERICK

You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself;
If you outstay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatness° of my word, you die.

Exit DUKE [FREDERICK], &c.

CELIA

O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee be not thou more grieved than I am.

ROSALIND

I have more cause.

CELIA

Thou hast not, cousin.

Prithee be cheerful. Know'st thou not the duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?

ROSALIND

That he hath not.

CELIA

No? Hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sund'red, shall we part, sweet girl?
No, let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change° upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,°
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

ROSALIND

Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA

To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

ROSALIND

Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

CELIA

I'll put myself in poor and mean° attire
And with a kind of umber° smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

ROSALIND

Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common° tall,
That I did suit me all points° like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax° upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We'll have a swashing° and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface° it with their semblances.°

CELIA

What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

ROSALIND

I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called?

CELIA

Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.°

ROSALIND

But, cousin, what if we assayed° to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court;
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

CELIA

He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo° him. Let's away
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go in we content
To liberty, and not to banishment.

Exeunt.

A C T I I

Scene I. [*The Forest of Arden.*]

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and two or three LORDS,
like foresters.*

DUKE SENIOR

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,°
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not° the penalty of Adam;°
The seasons' difference, as° the icy fang
And churlish° chiding of the winter's wind,

110 mean lowly 111 umber reddish-brown color 114
common usually 115 suit . . . points dress myself entirely
116 curtle-ax cutlass 119 swashing blustering 121 out-
face bluff; semblances appearances (of bravery) 127 Aliena
Latin = the estranged one 128 assayed attempted 132 woo
coax

II.i.1 exile accent on second syllable 5 feel we not we do not
feel (some editors emend "not" to "but"); penalty of Adam
loss of Eden 6 as for example 7 churlish harsh

66 stayed kept 67 ranged wandered 69 remorse pity
72 still always 73 eat eaten 76 subtile crafty 80 virtuous
full of good qualities 82 doom sentence 88 greatness
power 101 change change of fortune 103 now . . . pale
now pale at our sorrows

Which, when it bites and blows upon my body
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
 "This is no flattery; these are counselors
 That feelingly° persuade me what I am."
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel° in his head;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,°
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

AMIENS

I would not change it; happy is your grace
 That can translate the stubbornness° of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

DUKE SENIOR

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,°
 Being native burghers° of this desert° city,
 Should, in their own confines, with forkèd heads°
 Have their round haunches gored.

FIRST LORD

Indeed, my lord,

The melancholy Jaques° grieves at that,
 And in that kind° swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
 Today my Lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him as he lay along°
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls° along this wood
 To the which place a poor sequest' red° stag
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt
 Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much markèd of° the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE SENIOR

But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize° this spectacle?

FIRST LORD

O, yes, into a thousand similes.
 First, for his weeping into the needless° stream:
 "Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much." Then, being there
 alone,
 Left and abandoned of his velvet° friend:
 "'Tis right," quoth he, "thus misery doth part
 The flux° of company." Anon a careless° herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
 And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth Jaques,

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,
 'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look°
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals and to kill them up
 In their assigned° and native dwelling place.

DUKE SENIOR

And did you leave him in this contemplation?

SECOND LORD

We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing deer.

DUKE SENIOR

Show me the place.

I love to cope° him in these sullen fits,
 For then he's full of matter.

FIRST LORD

I'll bring you to him straight.°

Exeunt.

Scene II. [*The palace.*]

Enter DUKE [FREDERICK], *with* LORDS.

DUKE FREDERICK

Can it be possible that no man saw them?
 It cannot be; some villains of my court
 Are of consent and sufferance° in this.

FIRST LORD

I cannot hear of any that did see her.
 The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
 Saw her abed, and in the morning early
 They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

SECOND LORD

My lord, the roynish° clown at whom so oft
 Your grace was wont to laugh is also missing.
 Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
 Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
 Your daughter and her cousin much commend
 The parts and graces° of the wrestler
 That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles,
 And she believes, wherever they are gone,
 That youth is surely in their company.

DUKE FREDERICK

Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither;
 If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
 I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,°
 And let not search and inquisition quail°
 To bring again these foolish runaways.

Exeunt.

Scene III. [*Oliver's house.*]

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

ORLANDO Who's there?

ADAM

What, my young master, O my gentle master,

56 **wherefore** . . . **look** why should you bother looking
 63 **assigned** allotted (by nature) 67 **cope** encounter 69
 straight at once

II.ii.3 **Are** . . . **sufferance** approved and helped 8 **roynish**
 scurvy 13 **parts and graces** good qualities and manner
 19 **suddenly** immediately 20 **quail** fail

11 **feelingly** (1) through the senses (2) with intensity 14 **a precious jewel** the fabled toadstone 15 **public haunt** society
 19 **stubbornness** hardness 22 **fools** simple creatures 23 **burghers** citizens; **desert** deserted 24 **forkèd heads** arrows
 26 **Jaques** dissyllabic, pronounced "Jā' kis" 27 **kind** way
 30 **along** stretched out 32 **brawls** makes noise 33 **sequest'-red** separated 41 **markèd of** noted by 44 **moralize** sermonize
 46 **needless** needing no more water 50 **velvet** i.e., courtierlike (the furry skin on the antlers, or the sleek hide, makes the deer resemble a velvet-clad courtier) 52 **flux** stream; **Anon a careless** soon an untroubled

O my sweet master, O you memory
 Of old Sir Rowland, why, what make you^o here?
 Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you? 5
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
 Why would you be so fond^o to overcome
 The bonny prizer^o of the humorous^o duke?
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men 10
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?
 No more^o do yours. Your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.^o
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it! 15

ORLANDO

Why, what's the matter?

ADAM

O unhappy youth,
 Come not within these doors; within this roof
 The enemy of all your graces lives.
 Your brother—no, no brother, yet the son—
 Yet not the son, I will not call him son,
 Of him I was about to call his father—
 Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
 To burn the lodging where you use^o to lie
 And you within it. If he fail of that,
 He will have other means to cut you off. 20
 I overheard him, and his practices;^o
 This is no place, this house is but a butchery;^o
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it!

ORLANDO

Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

ADAM

No matter whither, so you come not here. 30

ORLANDO

What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food,
 Or with a base and boist'rous^o sword enforce
 A thievish living on the common road?^o
 This I must do, or know not what to do;
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted^o blood and bloody brother.

ADAM

But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
 The thrifty hire I saved^o under your father,
 Which I did store to be my foster nurse
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame
 And unregarded age in corners thrown.
 Take that, and he that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,^o
 Be comfort to my age. Here is the gold;
 All this I give you. Let me be your servant;
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious^o liquors in my blood,
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead^o woo 50

II.iii.4 **make you** are you doing 7 **fond** foolish 8 **bonny prizer** stout fighter; **humorous** moody, temperamental 12 **No more** no better 12–13 **Your . . . you** Orlando's blessed virtues have worked against him 23 **use** are accustomed 26 **practices** plots 27 **butchery** slaughterhouse 32 **base and boist'rous** low and swaggering 33 **common road** highway 37 **diverted** estranged 39 **thrifty . . . saved** wages I carefully saved 43–44 **he . . . sparrow** see Psalms 147:9, Luke 12:6 49 **rebellious** causing the flesh to rebel 50 **unbashful forehead** bold face

The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities. 55

ORLANDO

O good old man, how well in thee appears
 The constant^o service of the antique world,^o
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!^o
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat but for promotion, 60
 And having that, do choke their service up
 Even with the having; it is not so with thee.
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield
 In lieu of^o all thy pains and husbandry. 65
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.^o

20 ADAM

Master, go on, and I will follow thee
 To the last gasp with truth and loyalty. 70
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
 Here livèd I, but now live here no more;
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
 But at fourscore it is too late a week;^o
 Yet fortune cannot recompense be better 75
 Than to die well and not my master's debtor. *Exeunt.*

Scenc IV. [*The Forest of Arden.*]

Enter ROSALIND for Ganymede, CELIA for Aliena, and clown, alias TOUCHSTONE.

ROSALIND O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

TOUCHSTONE I care not for my spirits if my legs were
 not weary. 35

ROSALIND I could find in my heart to disgrace my
 man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must 5
 comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose^o ought
 to show itself courageous to petticoat. Therefore,
 courage, good Aliena!

40 CELIA I pray you bear with me; I cannot go no further.

TOUCHSTONE For my part, I had rather bear with 10
 you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross^o if I did
 bear you, for I think you have no money in your
 purse.

45 ROSALIND Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

TOUCHSTONE Ay, now am I in Arden, the more fool 15
 I. When I was at home, I was in a better place, but
 travelers must be content.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

ROSALIND

Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes
 here,

A young man and an old in solemn talk.

57 **constant** faithful; **the antique world** the past 58 **meed**
 reward 65 **In lieu of** in return for 68 **low content** humble
 way of life 74 **week** time

II.iv.6 **doublet and hose** jacket and breeches II **cross** (1)
 trouble (2) coin stamped with a cross

CORIN

That is the way to make her scorn you still. 20

SILVIUS

O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

CORIN

I partly guess, for I have loved ere now.

SILVIUS

No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
 Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
 As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow. 25
 But if thy love were ever like to mine,
 As sure I think did never man love so,
 How many actions most ridiculous
 Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?°

CORIN

Into a thousand that I have forgotten. 30

SILVIUS

O, thou didst then never love so heartily!
 If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly
 That ever love did make thee run into,
 Thou hast not loved.
 Or if thou hast not sat as I do now, 35
 Wearing° thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
 Thou hast not loved.
 Or if thou hast not broke from company
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
 Thou has not loved. 40
 O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! *Exit.*

ROSALIND

Alas, poor shepherd! Searching of° thy wound,
 I have by hard adventure° found mine own.

TOUCHSTONE And I mine. I remember, when I was
 in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him 45
 take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I
 remember the kissing of her batler,° and the cow's
 dugs that her pretty chopt° hands had milked; and I
 remember the wooing of a peascod° instead of her,
 from whom I took two cods, and giving her them 50
 again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my
 sake." We that are true lovers run into strange capers;
 but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love
 mortal in folly.°

ROSALIND Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware° of. 55

TOUCHSTONE Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own
 wit° till I break my shins against it.

ROSALIND

Jove, Jove! This shepherd's passion
 Is much upon my fashion.

TOUCHSTONE And mine, but it grows something 60
 stale with me.

CELIA

I pray you, one of you question yond man
 If he for gold will give us any food.
 I faint almost to death.

TOUCHSTONE Holla, you clown!°

ROSALIND

Peace, fool! He's not thy kinsman. 65

29 **fantasy** love (and all its fancies) 36 **Wearing** exhausting
 42 **Searching of** probing 43 **hard adventure** bad luck
 47 **batler** wooden paddle (used in washing clothes) 48 **chopt**
 chapped 49 **peascod** peapod 52-54 **as . . . folly** just as
 everything that lives must die, so all who love inevitably do
 foolish things 55 **art ware** know 57 **wit** wisdom 64 **clown**
 (1) rustic (2) fool

CORIN

Who calls?

TOUCHSTONE Your betters, sir.

CORIN Else are they very wretched.

ROSALIND

Peace, I say! Good even to you, friend.

CORIN

And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

ROSALIND

I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
 Can in this desert place buy entertainment,° 70
 Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
 Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed,
 And faints for succor.

CORIN

Fair sir, I pity her
 And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
 My fortunes were more able to relieve her; 75
 But I am shepherd to another man
 And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.
 My master is of churlish° disposition
 And little recks° to find the way to heaven 80
 By doing deeds of hospitality.
 Besides, his cote,° his flocks, and bounds of feed°
 Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
 By reason of his absence, there is nothing
 That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
 And in my voice° most welcome shall you be. 85

ROSALIND

What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

CORIN

That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,°
 That little cares for buying anything.

ROSALIND

I pray thee, if it stand° with honesty,
 Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock, 90
 And thou shalt have° to pay for it of us.

CELIA

And we will mend° thy wages. I like this place
 And willingly could waste° my time in it.

CORIN

Assuredly the thing is to be sold.
 Go with me; if you like upon report 95
 The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
 I will your very faithful feeder° be
 And buy it with your gold right suddenly. *Exeunt.*

Scene V. [*The forest.*]*Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.**Song.*

AMIENS

Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn° his merry note

70 **entertainment** food and shelter 78 **churlish** miserly
 79 **recks** thinks 81 **cote** cottage; **bounds of feed** pastures
 85 **in my voice** as far as my position allows 87 **erewhile** a
 short while ago 89 **stand** be consistent 91 **have** have the
 money 92 **mend** improve 93 **waste** spend 97 **feeder**
 servant

II.v.3 **turn** attune, adapt

Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither. 5
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

JAQUES More, more, I prithee more!

AMIENS It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques. 10

JAQUES I thank it. More, I prithee more! I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee more!

AMIENS My voice is ragged. I know I cannot please you. 15

JAQUES I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more, another stanza! Call you 'em stanzas?

AMIENS What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQUES Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me 20 nothing. Will you sing?

AMIENS More at your request than to please myself.

JAQUES Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you. But that they call compliment° is like th' encounter of two dog-apes,° and when a man thanks me 25 heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

AMIENS Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while;° the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all 30 this day to look you.

JAQUES And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company. I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come. 35

Song.

All together here.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither. 40
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

JAQUES I'll give you a verse to this note° that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.°

AMIENS And I'll sing it. 45

JAQUES Thus it goes.

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please, 50
Ducdame,° ducdame, ducdame.
Here shall he see gross fools as he,
An if° he will come to me.

AMIENS What's that "duc dame"?

JAQUES 'Tis a Greek° invocation to call fools into a 55 circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.°

AMIENS And I'll go seek the duke. His banquet° is prepared. *Exeunt.*

Scene VI. [*The forest.*]

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

ADAM Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food. Here lie I down and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

ORLANDO Why, how now, Adam? No greater heart in thee? Live a little, comfort° a little, cheer thyself a 5 little. If this uncouth° forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit° is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently,° and if I bring 10 thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said; thou look'st cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt 15 not die for lack of a dinner if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam. *Exeunt.*

Scene VII. [*The forest.*]

Enter DUKE SENIOR, and LORDS, like outlaws.

DUKE SENIOR

I think he be transformed into a beast,
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

FIRST LORD

My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

DUKE SENIOR

If he, compact of jars,° grow musical, 5
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.°
Go seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

FIRST LORD

He saves my labor by his own approach.

DUKE SENIOR

Why, how now, monsieur, what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company? 10
What, you look merrily.

JAQUES

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' th' forest,

55 **Greek** unintelligible 57 **first-born of Egypt** perhaps "persons of high rank," but perhaps an allusion to life in the Forest of Arden; Exodus II,12 reports that when the first-born of Egypt died, the Israelites were sent into the wilderness 58 **banquet** light meal

II.vi.5 **comfort** take comfort 6 **uncouth** wild 8 **conceit** thought 10 **presently** at once

II.vii.5 **compact of jars** made up of discord 6 **discord** . . . **spheres** Ptolemaic astronomy taught that the planetary spheres produced a ravishing harmony as they revolved

20-21 **names** . . . **nothing** Jaques plays on the word *name*, a term for the borrower's signature on a loan 24 **compliment** politeness 25 **dog-apes** baboons 25-27 **and when** . . . **thanks** the hearty thanks of polite society are no more sincere than the extravagant gratitude of a beggar given a small coin 29 **cover the while** lay the table in the meantime 43 **note** tune 44 **in** . . . **invention** without using my imagination 51 **Ducdame** various derivations have been suggested: Romany *dukrā mē* ("I tell fortunes"); Welsh *dewch 'da mi* ("come with me"); Latin *duc ad me* ("bring [him] to me"); Italian *Duc' da mè* ("duke by myself" or "duke without a dukedom"); probably the word is nonsense 53 **An if** if only

A motley° fool! A miserable world!
 As I do live by food, I met a fool
 Who laid him down and basked him in the sun 15
 And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
 In good set terms,° and yet a motley fool.
 "Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,
 "Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."°
 And then he drew a dial from his poke,° 20
 And looking on it with lack-luster eye,
 Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock.
 Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags.°
 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
 And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
 And so, from hour to hour,° we ripe and ripe,
 And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
 And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral° on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer° 30
 That fools should be so deep contemplative;
 And I did laugh sans intermission°
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
 A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

DUKE SENIOR

What fool is this?

JAQUES

O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
 And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
 They have the gift to know it. And in his brain,
 Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit°
 After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed 40
 With observation, the which he vents°
 In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE SENIOR

Thou shalt have one.

JAQUES

It is my only suit,°
 Provided that you weed your better judgments 45
 Of all opinion that grows rank° in them
 That I am wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter° as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please, for so fools have.
 And they that are most gallèd° with my folly, 50
 They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
 The why is plain as way to parish church:
 He that a fool doth very wisely hit
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob.° If not, 55
 The wise man's folly is anatomized°
 Even by the squand'ring glances° of the fool.
 Invest° me in my motley, give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world, 60
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

DUKE SENIOR

Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

JAQUES

What, for a counter,° would I do but good?

DUKE SENIOR

Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin.
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine, 65
 As sensual as the brutish sting° itself;
 And all th' embossèd° sores and headed evils
 That thou with license of free foot° hast caught,
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

JAQUES

Why, who cries out on pride 70
 That can therein tax any private party?°
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea
 Till that the weary very means do ebb?°
 What woman in the city do I name
 When that I say the city woman bears 75
 The cost° of princes on unworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in and say that I mean her,
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbor?
 Or what is he of basest function° 80
 That says his bravery is not on my cost,°
 Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
 His folly to the mettle of my speech?°
 There then, how then, what then? Let me see wherein
 My tongue hath wronged him. If it do him right, 85
 Then he hath wronged himself. If he be free,°
 Why, then my taxing like a wild goose flies
 Unclaimed of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO [with his sword drawn].

ORLANDO

Forbear, and eat no more!

JAQUES

Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO

Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

JAQUES

Of what kind° should this cock come of? 90

DUKE SENIOR

Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress,
 Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

ORLANDO

You touched my vein at first.° The thorny point 95
 Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
 Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred°
 And know some nurture.° But forbear, I say!
 He dies that touches any of this fruit
 Till I and my affairs are answerèd.°

13 **motley** garbed in the multicolored costume of the court fool (a motley costume is commonly thought to be checkered or patched; Leslie Hotson, in *Shakespeare's Motley*, argues it was of varicolored threads but drab, like a tweed) 17 **set terms** precise phrases 19 **Call . . . fortune** fortune proverbially favors fools 20 **dial . . . poke** sundial from his pocket 23 **wags** goes 26 **hour to hour** perhaps with a pun on *whore* 29 **moral** moralize 30 **chanticleer** traditional name for a rooster 32 **sans intermission** without stop 39 **remainder biscuit** leftover hardtack 41 **vents** gives forth 44 **suit** (1) garment (2) petition 46 **rank** luxuriant 48 **large a charter** liberal license 50 **gallèd** chafed 55 **senseless . . . bob** unaware of the hit 56 **anatomized** revealed 57 **squand'ring glances** chance hits 58 **Invest** clothe

63 **counter** worthless coin 66 **the brutish sting** lust 67 **embossèd** swollen 68 **license . . . foot** complete freedom 71 **tax . . . party** criticize any particular person 73 **weary . . . ebb** perhaps: "ostentation eventually exhausts the wealth that makes it possible"; some editors emend "weary" to "wearer's" 76 **cost** wealth 79 **function** position 80 **his . . . cost** his fine dress is not paid for by me (and therefore is not my business) 81-82 **suits . . . speech** matches his folly to the substance of my words 85 **free** innocent 90 **kind** breed 94 **You . . . first** the duke's first supposition is correct 96 **inland bred** brought up in civilized society 97 **nurture** good breeding 99 **answerèd** provided for

JAQUES

An° you will not be answered with reason,° I must die. 100

DUKE SENIOR

What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

ORLANDO

I almost die for food, and let me have it!

DUKE SENIOR

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORLANDO

Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you. 105

I thought that all things had been savage here,

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are

That in this desert inaccessible,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs, 110

Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;

If ever you have looked on better days,

If ever been where bells have knolled° to church,

If ever sat at any good man's feast,

If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear 115

And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,

Let gentleness my strong enforcement° be;

In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

DUKE SENIOR

True is it that we have seen better days,

And have with holy bell been knolled to church, 120

And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engend'red;

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,

And take upon command° what help we have

That to your wanting° may be minist'red. 125

ORLANDO

Then but forbear your food a little while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn

And give it food. There is an old poor man

Who after me hath many a weary step

Limped in pure love. Till he be first sufficed, 130

Oppressed with two weak evils,° age and hunger,

I will not touch a bit.

DUKE SENIOR

Go find him out,

And we will nothing waste° till you return.

ORLANDO

I thank ye, and be blest for your good comfort!

[Exit.]

DUKE SENIOR

Thou see'st we are not all alone unhappy: 135

This wide and universal theater

Presents more woeful pageants° than the scene

Wherein we play in.

JAQUES

All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players;

They have their exits and their entrances, 140

And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages.° At first, the infant,

Mewling° and puking in the nurse's arms.

Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like snail 145

Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad

Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,

Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,°

Jealous° in honor, sudden° and quick in quarrel, 150

Seeking the bubble reputation

Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,

In fair round belly with good capon lined,°

With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,

Full of wise saws° and modern instances;° 155

And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,°

With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;

His youthful hose,° well saved, a world too wide

For his shrunk shank. and his big manly voice, 160

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

And whistles in his° sound. Last scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history,

Is second childishness and mere° oblivion,

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. 165

Enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome. Set down your venerable burden

And let him feed. 120

ORLANDO

I thank you most for him.

ADAM

So had you need.

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. 125

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome, fall to. I will not trouble you 170

As yet to question you about your fortunes.

Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

Song.

AMIENS

Blow, blow, thou winter wind, 130

Thou art not so unkind°

As man's ingratitude: 175

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, unto the green holly.

Most friendship is faining,° most loving mere folly: 180

Then, heigh-ho, the holly.

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky

That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot: 185

Though thou the waters warp,°

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend rememb'red not.

Heigh-ho, sing, &c.

100 An if; **reason** perhaps Jaques puns, eating a raisin (grape) 113 **knolled** rung 117 **enforcement** support 124 **upon command** as you wish 125 **wanting** need 131 **weak evils** evils causing weakness 133 **waste** consume 137 **pageants** scenes 142 **seven ages** for a survey in art and literature of the image of man's life divided into ages, see Samuel C. Chew, "This Strange Eventful History," in *Joseph Quincy Memorial Studies*, ed. James G. McManaway et al.

143 **Mewling** bawling 149 **pard** leopard 150 **Jealous** touchy; **sudden** rash 153 **capon lined** perhaps an allusion to the practice of bribing a judge with a capon 155 **saws** sayings; **modern instances** commonplace examples 157 **pantaloan** ridiculous old man (from Pantalone, a stock figure in Italian comedy) 159 **hose** breeches 162 **his** its 164 **mere** utter 174 **unkind** unnatural 180 **faining** longing (perhaps with a pun on *feigning*, pretending) 186 **warp** turn (into ice)

DUKE SENIOR

If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
 As you have whispered faithfully you were,
 And as mine eye doth his effigies^o witness
 Most truly limned^o and living in your face,
 Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke
 That loved your father. The residue of your fortune 195
 Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome, as thy master is.
 Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand. *Exeunt.*

A C T I I I

Scene I. [*The palace.*]*Enter* DUKE [FREDERICK], LORDS, and OLIVER.

DUKE FREDERICK

Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be.
 But were I not the better part made mercy,^o
 I should not seek an absent argument^o
 Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
 Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn^o thou no more
 To seek a living in our territory.
 Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands
 Till thou canst quit^o thee by thy brother's mouth^o
 Of what we think against thee.

OLIVER

O that your highness knew my heart in this!
 I never loved my brother in my life.

DUKE FREDERICK

More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors,
 And let my officers of such a nature^o
 Make an extent upon^o his house and lands.
 Do this expediently^o and turn him going. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. [*The forest.*]*Enter* ORLANDO [*with a paper*].

ORLANDO

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
 And thou, thrice-crownèd Queen of Night,^o survey
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
 Thy huntress' name^o that my full life doth sway.
 O Rosalind! These trees shall be my books,
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,^o
 That every eye which in this forest looks
 Shall see thy virtue witnessed^o everywhere.

Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.^o

Exit. 10*Enter* CORIN and [TOUCHSTONE *the*] clown.

CORIN And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

TOUCHSTONE Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught.^o In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private,^o it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare^o life, look you, it fits my humor^o well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much 20 against my stomach. Hast any philosophy^o in thee, shepherd?

CORIN No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants^o money, means, and content is without three good 25 friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art^o may complain^o of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred. 30

TOUCHSTONE Such a one is a natural philosopher.^o
 Wast ever in court, shepherd?

CORIN No, truly.

TOUCHSTONE Then thou art damned.

CORIN Nay, I hope.

TOUCHSTONE Truly thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

CORIN For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCHSTONE Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners;^o if thou never saw'st good 40 manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous^o stage, shepherd.

CORIN Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country 45 as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court but you kiss^o your hands. That courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCHSTONE Instance,^o briefly. Come, instance. 50

CORIN Why, we are still^o handling our ewes, and their fells^o you know are greasy.

TOUCHSTONE Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? And is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better 55 instance, I say. Come.

CORIN Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCHSTONE Your lips will feel them the sooner.
 Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

CORIN And they are often tarred over with the surgery^o 60

192 effigies likeness (accent on second syllable) 193 limned depicted

III.i.2 the . . . mercy so merciful 3 argument object (i.e., Orlando) 7 turn return 11 quit acquit; mouth testimony 16 of . . . nature appropriate 17 Make . . . upon seize by writ 18 expediently speedily

III.ii.2 thrice-crownèd . . . Night Diana (goddess of the moon, the hunt, and chastity) 4 Thy huntress' name Rosalind, who, because she is chaste, serves Diana 6 character write 8 virtue witnessed power attested to

10 unexpressive she woman beyond description 15 naught worthless 16 private lonely 19 spare frugal; humor disposition 21 philosophy learning 24 wants lacks 29 by . . . art by birth or education; complain cry the lack 31 a natural philosopher (1) wise by nature (2) a wise idiot 40 manners (1) behavior (2) morals 43 parlous dangerous 47-48 but you kiss without kissing 50 Instance proof 51 still always 52 fells fleeces 60-61 tarred . . . surgery shepherds used tar as an ointment

of our sheep, and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.^o

TOUCHSTONE Most shallow man! Thou worms' meat^o in respect of^o a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend.^o Civet is of a baser 65 birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux^o of a cat. Mend the instance,^o shepherd.

CORIN You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

TOUCHSTONE Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee!^o Thou 70 art raw.^o

CORIN Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that^o I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm;^o and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze 75 and my lambs suck.

TOUCHSTONE That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle, to be bawd to a bell-wether^o and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve- 80 month to a crookèd-pated^o old cuckoldly^o ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

CORIN Here comes young Master Ganymede, my 85 new mistress' brother.

Enter ROSALIND, [reading a paper].

ROSALIND

"From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind. 90
All the pictures fairest lined^o
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair^o of Rosalind."

TOUCHSTONE I'll rhyme you so eight years together, 95 dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted. It is the right butterwomen's rank to market.^o

ROSALIND Out, fool!

TOUCHSTONE For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind, 100
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,^o
So be sure will Rosalind.
Wintred^o garments must be lined,^o
So must slender Rosalind. 105
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart^o with Rosalind.

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.

He that sweetest rose will find 110
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you infect yourself with them?

ROSALIND Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree. 115

TOUCHSTONE Truly the tree yields bad fruit.

ROSALIND I'll graff^o it with you and then I shall graff it with a medlar.^o Then it will be the earliest fruit i' th' country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue^o of the medlar. 120

TOUCHSTONE You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA with a writing.

ROSALIND Peace! Here comes my sister reading; stand aside.

CELIA

"Why should this a desert be? 125
For^o it is unpeopled? No.

Tongues I'll hang on every tree
That shall civil sayings^o show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage, 130
That the stretching of a span^o
Buckles in^o his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the fairest boughs, 135
Or at every sentence end,
Will I 'Rosalinda' write,

Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite^o
Heaven would in little^o show. 140
Therefore heaven Nature charged
That one body should be filled
With all graces wide-enlarged.

Nature presently^o distilled
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,^o 145
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,^o
Sad^o Lucretia's^o modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod^o was devised, 150
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches^o dearest prized.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave."

ROSALIND O most gentle pulpiter, what tedious 155 homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people"!

117 **graff** graft 118 **medlar** (1) an applelike fruit, not ready to eat until it is almost rotten (2) interferer 120 **right virtue** true quality 126 **For** because 128 **civil sayings** civilized maxims 131 **stretching** . . . **span** span of an open hand 132 **Buckles in** limits 139 **sprite** soul 140 **in little** in miniature (i.e., the microcosm) 144 **presently** thereupon 145 **cheek** . . . **heart** Helen's beauty but not her false heart 147 **Atalanta's better part** Rosalind has the gracefulness but not the cruelty of Atalanta, a huntress famed in Greek mythology for her fleetness 148 **Sad** dignified; **Lucretia** a Roman matron who killed herself rather than live dishonored 150 **synod** council 152 **touches** features

62 **civet** perfume obtained from the civet cat 63-64 **worms' meat** food for worms 64 **respect of** comparison with 65 **perpend** consider 66 **flux** secretion 66-67 **Mend the instance** give a better example 70 **make** . . . **thee** let your blood (a common cure, here for folly) 71 **raw** (1) inexperienced (2) sore 72 **that** what 74 **content** . . . **harm** bear with my troubles 80 **bell-wether** the leading sheep of a flock carries a bell 81 **crookèd-pated** with crooked horns; **cuckoldly** because horned 91 **lined** drawn 94 **fair** lovely face 97 **right** . . . **market** the verses jog along exactly like a procession of women riding to market 102 **kind** its own kind 104 **Wintred** prepared for winter; **lined** stuffed 107 **to cart** perhaps an allusion not only to the harvest but to the custom of transporting prostitutes to jail in a cart

CELIA How now? Back, friends. Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

TOUCHSTONE Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.^o *Exit, [with CORIN].*

CELIA Didst thou hear these verses?

ROSALIND O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet^o than the verses would bear.

CELIA That's no matter. The feet might bear the verses.

ROSALIND Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

CELIA But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

ROSALIND I was seven of the nine days^o out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras^o time that^o I was an Irish rat,^o which I can hardly remember.

CELIA Trow^o you who hath done this?

ROSALIND Is it a man?

CELIA And a chain that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

ROSALIND I prithee who?

CELIA O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

ROSALIND Nay, but who is it?

CELIA Is it possible?

ROSALIND Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence,^o tell me who it is.

CELIA O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!^o

ROSALIND Good my complexion!^o Dost thou think, though I am caparisoned^o like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery.^o I prithee tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace.^o I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

CELIA So you may put a man in your belly.

ROSALIND Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

CELIA Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROSALIND Why, God will send more, if the man will

be thankful. Let me stay^o the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

CELIA It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

ROSALIND Nay, but the devil take mocking! Speak sad brow and true maid.^o

CELIA I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND Orlando?

CELIA Orlando.

ROSALIND Alas the day! What shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he?^o What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

CELIA You must borrow me Gargantua's^o mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say "ay" and "no" to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

ROSALIND But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly^o as he did the day he wrestled?

CELIA It is as easy to count atomies^o as to resolve the propositions^o of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance.^o I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

ROSALIND It may well be called Jove's tree^o when it drops forth fruit.

CELIA Give me audience,^o good madam.

ROSALIND Proceed.

CELIA There lay he stretched along like a wounded knight.

ROSALIND Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

CELIA Cry "holla"^o to the tongue, I prithee; it curvets^o unseasonably. He was furnished^o like a hunter.

ROSALIND O, ominous! He comes to kill my heart.^o

CELIA I would sing my song without a burden.^o Thou bring'st me out of tune.

ROSALIND Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

CELIA You bring me out. Soft. Comes he not here?

ROSALIND 'Tis he! Slink by, and note him.

JAQUES I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

ORLANDO And so 'had I; but yet for fashion sake I thank you too for your society.

JAQUES God b' wi' you; let's meet as little as we can.

ORLANDO I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQUES I pray you mar no more trees with writing love songs in their barks.

ORLANDO I pray you mar no moe^o of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.^o

162 scrip and scrippage shepherd's pouch and its contents
165 feet metrical units 175 seven . . . days cf. the phrase *nine days's wonder* 178 Pythagoras Greek philosopher who taught the doctrine of the transmigration of souls; that when; Irish rat it was believed that Irish sorcerers could kill rats with rhymed spells 180 Trow know 190-91 with . . . vehemence i.e., I beg you 194 out . . . hooping beyond all measure 195 Good my complexion a mild expletive 196 caparisoned dressed 197-98 One . . . discovery Another minute more will seem as long as it takes to voyage to the South Seas 199 apace quickly

211 stay wait for 216 sad . . . maid seriously and truth fully 222-23 Wherein went he How was he dressed? 226 Gargantua a giant in Rabelais and other writers 231 freshly handsome 233 atomies notes 233-34 resolve the propositions answer the questions 235 good observance close attention 237 Jove's tree the oak, sacred to Jove 239 Give me audience listen 245 holla whoa; curvets frolics 246 furnished dressed 247 heart pun on hart 248 burden refrain 262 moe more 263 ill-favoredly badly

JAQUES Rosalind is your love's name?
 ORLANDO Yes, just. 265
 JAQUES I do not like her name.
 ORLANDO There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.
 JAQUES What stature is she of?
 ORLANDO Just as high as my heart. 270
 JAQUES You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?^o
 ORLANDO Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,^o from whence you have studied your questions. 275
 JAQUES You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels.^o Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.
 ORLANDO I will chide no breather^o in the world but 280 myself, against whom I know most faults.
 JAQUES The worst fault you have is to be in love.
 ORLANDO 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.
 JAQUES By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I 285 found you.
 ORLANDO He is drowned in the brook. Look but in and you shall see him.
 JAQUES There I shall see mine own figure.
 ORLANDO Which I take to be either a fool or a 290 cipher.^o
 JAQUES I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.
 ORLANDO I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [Exit JAQUES.] 295
 ROSALIND I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit^o play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?
 ORLANDO Very well. What would you?
 ROSALIND I pray you, what is't o'clock? 300
 ORLANDO You should ask me, what time o' day. There's no clock in the forest.
 ROSALIND Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect^o the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock. 305
 ORLANDO And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?
 ROSALIND By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time 310 gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.
 ORLANDO I prithee, who doth he trot withal?
 ROSALIND Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage^o and the day it is solemnized. If the interim be but a se'nnight,^o 315 Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.
 ORLANDO Who ambles Time withal?
 ROSALIND With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich

man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily 320 because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful^o learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal. 325
 ORLANDO Who doth he gallop withal?
 ROSALIND With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly^o as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.
 ORLANDO Who says it still withal? 330
 ROSALIND With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term^o and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.
 ORLANDO Where dwell you, pretty youth?
 ROSALIND With this shepherdess, my sister; here in 335 the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.
 ORLANDO Are you native of this place?
 ROSALIND As the cony^o that you see dwell where she is kindled.^o
 ORLANDO Your accent is something finer than you 340 could purchase^o in so removed^o a dwelling.
 ROSALIND I have been told so of many. But indeed an old religious^o uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland^o man; one that knew courtship^o too well, for there he fell in love. I have 345 heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched^o with so many giddy^o offenses as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.
 ORLANDO Can you remember any of the principal 350 evils that he laid to the charge of women?
 ROSALIND There were none principal. They were all like one another as halfpence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it. 355
 ORLANDO I prithee recount some of them.
 ROSALIND No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks, hangs odes upon hawthorns, and 360 elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger,^o I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian^o of love upon him.
 ORLANDO I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you 365 tell me your remedy.
 ROSALIND There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes^o I am sure you are not prisoner.
 ORLANDO What were his marks? 370
 ROSALIND A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye^o and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable^o spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not—but I pardon you for that, for

272-73 conned . . . rings memorized the sentimental sayings inscribed in rings 274-75 painted cloth cheap substitute for tapestry, on which were painted pictures with trite sayings 277 Atalanta's heels Atalanta was a symbol of speed 280 breather creature 291 cipher zero 297 habit guise 305 detect show 314 contract . . . marriage betrothal 315 a se'nnight seven days, a week

323 wasteful causing one to waste away 328 softly slowly 332 term court session 338 cony rabbit 339 kindled born 341 purchase acquire; removed remote 343 religious a member of a religious order 344 inland city 345 courtship (1) court manners (2) wooing 347 touched tainted 348 giddy frivolous 362 fancy-monger dealer in love 364 quotidian daily fever 369 cage of rushes prison easy to escape from 371-72 a blue eye dark circles under the eyes 372-73 unquestionable averse to conversation

simply your having^o in beard is a younger brother's 375
revenue.^o Then your hose should be ungartered, your
bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe
untied, and everything about you demonstrating a
careless desolation.^o But you are no such man: you are
rather point-device in your accouterments,^o as loving 380
yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORLANDO Fair youth, I would I could make thee
believe I love.

ROSALIND Me believe it? You may as soon make her
that you love believe it, which I warrant she is apter 385
to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points
in the which women still give the lie to their con-
sciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the
verses on the trees wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORLANDO I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand 390
of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROSALIND But are you so much in love as your
rhymes speak?

ORLANDO Neither rhyme nor reason can express how
much. 395

ROSALIND Love is merely^o a madness, and, I tell you,
deserves as well a dark house and a whip^o as madmen
do; and the reason why they are not so punished and
cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers
are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel. 400

ORLANDO Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to
imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every
day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a
moonish^o youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, 405
longing and liking, proud, fantastical,^o apish, shallow,
inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every
passion something and for no passion truly anything,
as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this
color; would now like him, now loathe him; then 410
entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him,
then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad
humor^o of love to a living^o humor of madness, which
was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to
live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; 415
and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver^o
as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be
one spot of love in't.

ORLANDO I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND I would cure you, if you would but call 420
me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and
woo me.

ORLANDO Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell
me where it is.

ROSALIND Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; 425
and by^o the way you shall tell me where in the forest
you live. Will you go?

ORLANDO With all my heart, good youth.

ROSALIND Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come,
sister, will you go? *Exeunt.* 430

375 simply your having truthfully what you have 375-76
younger brother's revenue small portion 378-79 a careless
desolation indifferent despondency 380 point-device . . .
accouterments precise in your dress 396 merely com-
pletely 397 a dark . . . whip the usual treatment of the
insane in Shakespeare's day 405 moonish changeable 406
fantastical capricious 413 humor condition; living real
416 liver thought to be the seat of love 426 by along

Scene III. [*The forest.*]

Enter [TOUCHSTONE *the*] clown, AUDREY; and
JAQUES [*apart*].

TOUCHSTONE Come apace,^o good Audrey. I will
fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey, am I
the man yet? Doth my simple feature^o content you?

AUDREY Your features, Lord warrant^o us! What
features? 5

TOUCHSTONE I am here with thee and thy goats, as
the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the
Goths.^o

JAQUES [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited,^o worse
than Jove in a thatched house! 10

TOUCHSTONE When a man's verses cannot be under-
stood, nor a man's good wit seconded with^o the for-
ward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead
than a great reckoning in a little room.^o Truly, I
would the gods had made thee poetical. 15

AUDREY I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest
in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

TOUCHSTONE No, truly; for the truest poetry is the
most feigning, and lovers are given to poetry, and
what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they 20
do feign.^o

AUDREY Do you wish then that the gods had made
me poetical?

TOUCHSTONE I do truly; for thou swear'st to me
thou art honest. Now, if thou wert a poet, I might 25
have some hope thou didst feign.

AUDREY Would you not have me honest?

TOUCHSTONE No, truly, unless thou wert hard-
favored;^o for honesty coupled to beauty is to have
honey a sauce to sugar. 30

JAQUES [*Aside.*] A material^o fool.

AUDREY Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the
gods make me honest.

TOUCHSTONE Truly, and to cast away honesty upon
a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish. 35

AUDREY I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am
foul.

TOUCHSTONE Well, praised be the gods for thy
foulness! Sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as
it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have 40
been with Sir^o Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next
village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of
the forest and to couple us.

JAQUES [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

AUDREY Well, the gods give us joy! 45

TOUCHSTONE Amen. A man may, if he were of a
fearful heart, stagger^o in this attempt; for here we have
no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-
beasts.^o But what though? Courage! As horns are

III.iii.i apace swiftly 3 feature appearance 4 warrant
save 7-8 capricious . . . Goths the Roman poet Ovid
was exiled among the Goths—pronounced in Elizabethan
England the same as “goats”—for the immorality of his
verses: Touchstone plays on the words “honest” (chaste)
and “capricious” (derived from Latin *caper* = male goat)
9 ill-inhabited ill-housed 12 with by 14 great . . . room
large bill for poor accommodations 21 feign (1) pretend
(2) desire (a pun on *fain*) 28-29 hard-favored ugly 31
material full of good matter 41 Sir an old form of address
for a priest 47 stagger tremble 48-49 horn-beasts (1) horned
animals (2) cuckolds

odious, they are necessary.° It is said, "Many a man so knows no end of his goods." Right! Many a man has good horns and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns! Even so, poor men alone. No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.° Is the single man 55 therefore blessed? No; as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defense° is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.° 60

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes Sir Oliver. Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met. Will you dispatch us° here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

OLIVER MAR-TEXT Is there none here to give the woman? 65

TOUCHSTONE I will not take her on gift of any man.

OLIVER MAR-TEXT Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JAQUES [*Comes forward.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give 70 her.

TOUCHSTONE Good even, good Master What-ye-call't.° How do you, sir? You are very well met. God 'ield you for your last company;° I am very glad to see you. Even a toy° in hand here, sir. Nay, pray be 75 covered.°

JAQUES Will you be married, motley?

TOUCHSTONE As the ox hath his bow,° sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be 80 nibbling.

JAQUES And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is. This fellow will but join you together as 85 they join wainscot;° then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

TOUCHSTONE [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but° I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well 90 married,° it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

JAQUES Go thou with me and let me counsel thee.

TOUCHSTONE

Come, sweet Audrey.

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. 95

Farewell, good Master Oliver: not

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee;

but

Wind° away,

Be gone, I say;

I will not to wedding with thee.

OLIVER MAR-TEXT 'Tis no matter. Ne'er a fantastical° knave of them all shall flout me out of my 105 calling. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV. [*The forest.*]

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

ROSALIND Never talk to me; I will weep.

CELIA Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

ROSALIND But have I not cause to weep?

CELIA As good cause as one would desire; therefore 5 weep.

ROSALIND His very hair is of the dissembling color.°

CELIA Something browner than Judas'. Marry, his kisses are Judas' own children.

ROSALIND I' faith, his hair is of a good color. 10

CELIA An excellent color. Your chestnut was ever the only color.

ROSALIND And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.°

CELIA He hath bought a pair of cast° lips of Diana.° A 15 nun of winter's sisterhood° kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

ROSALIND But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

CELIA Nay, certainly there is no truth in him. 20

ROSALIND Do you think so?

CELIA Yes; I think he is not a pickpurse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave° as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

ROSALIND Not true in love? 25

CELIA Yes, when he is in, but I think he is not in.

ROSALIND You have heard him swear downright he was.

CELIA "Was" is not "is." Besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster;° they are 30 both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

ROSALIND I met the duke yesterday and had much question° with him. He asked me of what parentage I was. I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and 35 let me go. But what talk we of fathers when there is such a man as Orlando?

CELIA O, that's a brave° man; he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse,° athwart the heart of 40 his lover, as a puisny° tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's

101 Wind turn 104-05 fantastical odd

III.iv.7 dissembling color red, like the hair of Judas 14 holy bread not the sacramental wafer, but bread brought to church to be blessed and then distributed to the poor 15 cast (1) molded (2) castoff; Diana goddess of chastity 16 winter's sisterhood the most rigorous chastity 24 concave hollow 30 tapster waiter in a tavern 34 question talk 38 brave fine 40 traverse at an angle (instead of head-on) 41 puisny inexperienced

50 necessary inevitable 55 rascal inferior deer 59 defense the art of defense 60 want lack horns 62 dispatch us finish our business 72-73 Master What-ye-call't Touchstone delicately avoids the name "Jaques," which could be pronounced "jakes," a privy 73-74 God . . . company God reward you for the last time we met 75 toy trifle 75-76 pray be covered Jaques has removed his hat 78 bow yoke 86 wainscot wood paneling 88 I . . . but I am not sure but that 90-91 well married (1) legally married (2) happily married (3) married into wealth

brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

CORIN

Mistress and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complained^o of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

CELIA

Well, and what of him?

CORIN

If you will see a pageant^o truly played
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

ROSALIND

O, come, let us remove:

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.

Bring us to this sight, and you shall say

I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

Exeunt.

Scene V. [*The forest.*]

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe!
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustomed sight of death makes hard,
Falls^o not the ax upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives^o by bloody drops?

Enter [apart] ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.

PHEBE

I would not be thy executioner.
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,^o
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
Now counterfeit to swoond;^o why, now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure^o
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

SILVIUS

O dear Phebe,

If ever, as that ever may be near,^o

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,^o

Then shall you know the wounds invisible

That love's keen arrows make.

PHEBE

But till that time

Come thou not near me; and when that time comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,

As till that time I shall not pity thee.

ROSALIND

And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once,

Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you

Than without candle may go dark to bed^o)

Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary

Of nature's sale-work.^o 'Od's^o my little life,

I think she means to tangle my eyes too!

No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;

'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,

Your bugle^o eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream

That can entame my spirits to your worship.

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,

Like foggy south,^o puffing with wind and rain?

You are a thousand times a properer^o man

Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you

That makes the world full of ill-favored children.

'Tis not her glass,^o but you, that flatters her,

And out of you she sees herself more proper

Than any of her lineaments can show her.

But mistress, know yourself. Down on your knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,

Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.

Cry the man mercy,^o love him, take his offer;

Foul^o is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer;

So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

PHEBE

Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

ROSALIND [*Aside.*] He's fall'n in love with your foul-

ness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as

fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll

sauce her with bitter words. [*To PHEBE.*] Why look

you so upon me?

PHEBE

For no ill will I bear you.

ROSALIND

I pray you do not fall in love with me,

For I am falser than vows made in wine.

Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard^o by.

Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.

Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better

And be not proud. Though all the world could see,

46 **complained** lamented 50 **pageant** scene, show
III.v.5 **Falls** lets fall 7 **dies and lives** earns his living 13
atomies motes 17 **counterfeit to swoond** pretend to swoon
23 **cicatrice** . . . **impressure** mark and visible impression

28 **as** . . . **near** and may the time be soon 29 **fancy** love
39 **Than** . . . **bed** your beauty is not so dazzling as to light up
the room 42-43 **ordinary** . . . **sale-work** usual product of
nature's manufacture 43 **'Od's** God save 47 **bugle** black and
glassy 50 **south** south wind 51 **properer** more handsome
54 **glass** mirror 61 **Cry** . . . **mercy** ask the man's forgiveness
62 **Foul** (1) ugliness (2) wickedness 75 **hard** near

None could be so abused° in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. *Exit, [with CELIA and CORIN].* 80

PHEBE

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw° of might,
"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"°

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe.

PHEBE

Ha! What say'st thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHEBE

Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

85

SILVIUS

Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love your sorrow and my grief

Were both exterminated.°

PHEBE

Thou hast my love. Is not that neighborly?°

90

SILVIUS

I would have you.

PHEBE

Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;

And yet it is not that I bear thee love,

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst° was irksome to me,

95

I will endure; and I'll employ thee too;

But do not look for further recompense

Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.

SILVIUS

So holy and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,°

100

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps. Loose now and then

A scatt' red° smile, and that I'll live upon.

PHEBE

Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?°

105

SILVIUS

Not very well, but I have met him oft,

And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds

That the old carlot° once was master of.

PHEBE

Think not I love him, though I ask for him;

'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well.

110

But what care I for words? Yet words do well

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth. Not very pretty.

But sure he's proud. And yet his pride becomes him.

He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him

115

Is his complexion. And faster than his tongue

Did make offense, his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall. Yet for his years he's tall.

His leg is but so so. And yet 'tis well.

There was a pretty redness in his lip,

120

A little riper and more lusty red

Than that mixed in his cheek. 'Twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant° red and mingled damask.°

There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him

In parcels° as I did, would have gone near

125

To fall in love with him; but, for my part,

I love him not nor hate him not. And yet

I have more cause to hate him than to love him;

For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;

130

And, now I am rememb' red,° scorned at me.

I marvel why I answered not again.

But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.°

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

And thou shalt bear it. Wilt thou, Silvius?

135

SILVIUS

Phebe, with all my heart.

PHEBE

I'll write it straight;°

The matter's in my head and in my heart;

I will be bitter with him and passing short.°

Go with me, Silvius.

Exeunt.

A C T I V

Scene I. [*The forest.*]

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA and JAQUES.

JAQUES I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better
acquainted with thee.

100

ROSALIND They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQUES I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

ROSALIND Those that are in extremity of° either are
abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every
modern censure° worse than drunkards.

5

JAQUES Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

ROSALIND Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

JAQUES I have neither the scholar's melancholy,
which is emulation;° nor the musician's, which is
fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the
soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is
politic;° nor the lady's, which is nice;° nor the lover's,
which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own,
compounded of many simples,° extracted from many
objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my
travels, in which my often rumination° wraps me in a
most humorous sadness.

10

15

ROSALIND A traveler! By my faith, you have great
reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands
to see other men's. Then to have seen much and to
have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

20

JAQUES Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

123 constant uniform; mingled damask pink and white

125 In parcels piece by piece 131 rememb' red reminded

133 omittance . . . quittance the fact that I did not reply
does not mean I will not do so later 136 straight at once

138 passing short very curt

IV.i.5 are . . . of go to extremes in 6-7 every modern

censure the average man's disapproval 11 emulation envy

14 politic i.e., put on to seem grave; nice fastidious 16

simples ingredients 18 often rumination constant reflection

79 abused deceived 81 saw saying 82 Who . . . sight
a line from Christopher Marlowe's poem *Hero and Leander*,
published in 1598; the "dead shepherd" is Marlowe, who
died in 1593 89 exterminated ended 90 neighborly
friendly (perhaps alluding to the commandment to love one's
neighbor) 95 erst formerly 100 a poverty of grace small
favor 104 scatt' red stray 105 erewhile a short time ago
108 carlot countryman

ROSALIND And your experience makes you sad. I had 25
rather have a fool to make me merry than experience
to make me sad—and to travel° for it too.

ORLANDO Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind.

JAKUES Nay then, God b' wi' you, an° you talk in
blank verse. [Exit.] 30

ROSALIND Farewell, Monsieur Traveler. Look you
lisp° and wear strange suits, disable° all the benefits of
your own country, be out of love with your nativity,°
and almost chide God for making you that counte-
nance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam 35
in a gundello.° Why, how now, Orlando, where have
you been all this while? You a lover? An you serve me
such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORLANDO My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour
of my promise. 40

ROSALIND Break an hour's promise in love? He that
will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break
but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the
affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath
clapped° him o' th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him 45
heart-whole.

ORLANDO Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROSALIND Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in
my sight. I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

ORLANDO Of a snail? 50

ROSALIND Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly,
he carries his house on his head; a better jointure,° I
think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his
destiny with him.

ORLANDO What's that? 55

ROSALIND Why, horns; which such as you are fain
to be beholding to your wives for; but he comes
armed° in his fortune and prevents° the slander of his
wife.

ORLANDO Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind 60
is virtuous.

ROSALIND And I am your Rosalind.

CELIA It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a
Rosalind of a better leer° than you.

ROSALIND Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am 65
in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What
would you say to me now, an I were your very very
Rosalind?

ORLANDO I would kiss before I spoke.

ROSALIND Nay, you were better speak first, and when 70
you were graveled for lack of matter,° you might take
occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are
out,° they will spit; and for lovers, lacking—God
warn° us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORLANDO How if the kiss be denied? 75

ROSALIND Then she puts you to entreaty, and there
begins new matter.

ORLANDO Who could be out, being before his
beloved mistress?

ROSALIND Marry, that should you, if I were your 80

mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker° than my
wit.

ORLANDO What, of my suit?

ROSALIND Not out of your apparel, and yet out of
your suit.° Am not I your Rosalind? 85

ORLANDO I take some joy to say you are, because I
would be talking of her.

ROSALIND Well, in her person, I say I will not have
you.

ORLANDO Then, in mine own person, I die. 90

ROSALIND No, faith, die by attorney.° The poor
world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this
time there was not any man died in his own person,°
videlicet,° in a love cause. Troilus° had his brains
dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he 95
could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of
love. Leander,° he would have lived many a fair year
though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for
a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went
but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being 100
taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish
chroniclers of that age found° it was "Hero of Sestos."
But these are all lies. Men have died from time to
time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORLANDO I would not have my right Rosalind of this 105
mind, for I protest her frown might kill me.

ROSALIND By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But
come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-
on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will
grant it. 110

ORLANDO Then love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays
and all.

ORLANDO And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND Ay, and twenty such. 115

ORLANDO What sayest thou?

ROSALIND Are you not good?

ORLANDO I hope so.

ROSALIND Why then, can one desire too much of a
good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and 120
marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you
say, sister?

ORLANDO Pray thee marry us.

CELIA I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND You must begin, "Will you, Orlando—" 125

CELIA Go to.° Will you, Orlando, have to wife this
Rosalind?

ORLANDO I will.

ROSALIND Ay, but when?

ORLANDO Why now, as fast as she can marry us. 130

ROSALIND Then you must say, "I take thee, Rosalind,
for wife."

ORLANDO I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROSALIND I might ask you for your commission;° but
I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a 135

27 travel pun on travail 29 an if 32 lisp speak affectedly;
disable disparage 33 nativity birthplace 36 gundello
gondola 45 clapped touched 52 jointure marriage settle-
ment 58 armed i.e., with horns; prevents (1) forestalls (2)
anticipates (?) 64 leer face 71 graveled . . . matter hard
put for something to say 73 out out of material 74 warn
protect (warrant)

81 honesty ranker virtue fouler 85 suit (1) apparel (2)
entreaty 91 attorney proxy 93 in . . . person in real life
(as opposed to fiction) 94 videlicet that is to say; Troilus
Priam's son, betrayed in love by Cressida and killed by the
spear of Achilles; "as true as Troilus" became a proverbial
expression 97 Leander a prototype of dedicated love, who
swam the Hellespont nightly to see his mistress, Hero of
Sestos 102 found gave the verdict 126 Go to that's enough
134 commission license

girl goes before° the priest, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

ORLANDO So do all thoughts; they are winged.

ROSALIND Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her. 140

ORLANDO For ever and a day.

ROSALIND Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no, Orlando. Men are April when they woo, December when they wed. Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be 145 more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon° over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against° rain, more newfangled° than an ape, more giddy° in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,° and I will do that when 150 you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORLANDO But will my Rosalind do so?

ROSALIND By my life, she will do as I do.

ORLANDO O, but she is wise. 155

ROSALIND Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder. Make° the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney. 160

ORLANDO A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, "Wit, whither wilt?"°

ROSALIND Nay, you might keep that check° for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor's bed. 165

ORLANDO And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

ROSALIND Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that 170 cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,° let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

ORLANDO For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee. 175

ROSALIND Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

ORLANDO I must attend the duke at dinner. By two o'clock I will be with thee again.

ROSALIND Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew 180 what you would prove. My friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away,° and so, come death! Two o'clock is your hour?

ORLANDO Ay, sweet Rosalind. 185

ROSALIND By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you

the most pathological° break-promise, and the most 190 hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross° band of the unfaithful. Therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

ORLANDO With no less religion° than if thou wert 195 indeed my Rosalind. So adieu.

ROSALIND Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu.

Exit [ORLANDO].

CELIA You have simply misused° our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose 200 plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

ROSALIND O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded. My affection hath an un- 205 known bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

CELIA Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

ROSALIND No, that same wicked bastard of Venus° that was begot of thought,° conceived of spleen,° and 210 born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come. 215

CELIA And I'll sleep. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. [*The forest.*]

Enter JAQUES; and LORDS, [like] foresters.

JAQUES Which is he that killed the deer?

LORD Sir, it was I.

JAQUES Let's present him to the duke like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory. Have you 5 no song, forester, for this purpose?

ANOTHER LORD Yes, sir.

JAQUES Sing it. 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Music.

Song.

What shall he have that killed the deer? 10
His leather skin and horns to wear:
Then sing him home. The rest shall bear
This burden.°

Take thou no scorn° to wear the horn,
It was a crest ere thou wast born, 15

190 **pathetical** (1) pitiful (2) passionate (?) 192 **gross** large
195 **religion** faith 199 **simply misused** completely abused
209 **bastard of Venus** Cupid 210 **thought** despondency;
spleen sheer impulse

IV.ii.12-13 **The rest** . . . **burden** i.e., not only the forester who killed the deer but all men will wear the horns of cuckoldry (many editors read the line as a stage direction: the other foresters ["the rest"] are to join in the refrain ["burden"] after one forester has sung the first three lines of the song; if the Folio version—here followed—is correct, it is likely that all sing the song from the beginning) 14 **Take** . . . **scorn** do not be ashamed

136 **goes before** runs ahead (Rosalind has not waited for Celia to say, "Will you, Rosalind, have to husband") 146 **Barbary cock-pigeon** Barb pigeon ("Barbary" suggests jealousy) 147 **against** before 148 **newfangled** given to novelty; **giddy** changeable 150 **like** . . . **fountain** i.e., steadily (Diana was a popular subject for fountain statuary) 157 **Make** shut 162 **Wit, whither wilt** where are your senses 163 **check** rebuke 171 **make** . . . **occasion** turn defense of her own actions into an accusation of her husband's 183 **one cast away** one girl deserted

Thy father's father wore it,
 And thy father bore it.
 The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.° *Exeunt.*

Scene III. [*The forest.*]

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

ROSALIND How say you now, is it not past two o'clock? And here much° Orlando!

CELIA I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. 5

Enter SILVIUS.

Look who comes here.

SILVIUS

My errand is to you, fair youth.
 My gentle Phebe bid me give you this.
 I know not the contents, but, as I guess
 By the stern brow and waspish action 10
 Which she did use as she was writing of it,
 It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me;
 I am but as a guiltless messenger.

ROSALIND

Patience herself would startle at this letter
 And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all! 15
 She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
 She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
 Were man as rare as phoenix.° 'Od's my will!
 Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
 Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well, 20
 This is a letter of your own device.

SILVIUS

No, I protest, I know not the contents.
 Phebe did write it.

ROSALIND

Come, come, you are a fool,
 And turned into the extremity° of love.
 I saw her hand. She has a leathern hand, 25
 A freestone-colored° hand. I verily did think
 That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands.
 She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter:
 I say she never did invent° this letter;
 This is a man's invention and his hand. 30

SILVIUS

Sure it is hers.

ROSALIND

Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
 A style for challengers. Why, she defies me
 Like Turk to Christian. Woman's gentle brain
 Could not drop forth such giant-rude° invention, 35
 Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
 Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

SILVIUS

So please you, for I never heard it yet;
 Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

ROSALIND

She Phebes me.° Mark how the tyrant writes. (*Read.*) 40
 "Art thou god, to shepherd turned,
 That a maiden's heart hath burned?"

Can a woman rail thus?

SILVIUS

Call you this railing?

ROSALIND (*Read.*)

"Why, thy godhead laid apart,°
 Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?" 45

Did you ever hear such railing?

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
 That could do no vengeance° to me."

Meaning me a beast.

"If the scorn of your bright eyne° 50

Have power to raise such love in mine,

Alack, in me what strange effect

Would they work in mild aspect!°

Whiles you chid me, I did love;

How then might your prayers move! 55

He that brings this love to thee

Little knows this love in me;

And by him seal up thy mind,°

Whether that thy youth and kind°

Will the faithful offer take 60

Of me and all that I can make,°

Or else by him my love deny,

And then I'll study how to die."

SILVIUS

Call you this chiding?

CELIA

Alas, poor shepherd!

ROSALIND Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity. 65

Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument,° and play false strains upon thee? Not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake,° and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, 70 I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. *Exit SILVIUS.*

Enter OLIVER.

OLIVER

Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,
 Where in the purlieu° of this forest stands 75
 A sheepcote, fenced about with olive trees?

CELIA

West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom.°
 The rank of osiers° by the murmuring stream
 Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
 But at this hour the house doth keep itself; 80
 There's none within.

OLIVER

If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
 Then should I know you by description,
 Such garments and such years: "The boy is fair,

19 laugh to scorn ridicule

IV.iii.2 much i.e., not much 18 phoenix a legendary bird, of which there was only one in the world at any time 24 turned . . . extremity became the very essence 26 freestone-colored yellowish-brown 29 invent compose 35 giant-rude incredibly rude

40 She Phebes me She writes with her customary disdain 44 thy . . . apart having assumed human form 48 vengeance harm 50 eyne eyes 53 aspect (1) look (2) planetary influence 58 seal . . . mind tell your feelings in a letter 59 youth and kind youthful nature 61 make give 66-67 make . . . instrument use you 69 tame snake poor worm 75 purlieu borders 77 neighbor bottom nearby valley 78 rank of osiers row of willows

Of female favor,^o and bestows^o himself
Like a ripe sister;^o the woman low,^o
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

CELIA

It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.

OLIVER

Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that you he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin.^o Are you he?

ROSALIND

I am. What must we understand by this?

OLIVER

Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how and why and where
This handkercher was stained.

CELIA

I pray you tell it.

OLIVER

When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,^o
Lo, what befell. He threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an old oak, whose boughs were mossed with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself
And with indented^o glides did slip away
Into a bush, under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching,^o head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CELIA

O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
And he did render^o him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

OLIVER

And well he might so do,

For well I know he was unnatural.

ROSALIND

But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the sucked and hungry lioness?

OLIVER

Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness,^o nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,^o
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

85

CELIA

Are you his brother?

ROSALIND

Was't you he rescued?

CELIA

Was't you that did so oft contrive^o to kill him?

OLIVER

'Twas I. But 'tis not I. I do not shame

90

To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

135

ROSALIND

But, for the bloody napkin?

OLIVER

By and by.^o

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments^o had most kindly bathed,

95

As how I came into that desert place:

140

In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,

Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,^o

Committing me unto my brother's love,

Who led me instantly unto his cave,

There stripped himself, and here upon his arm

145

The lioness had torn some flesh away,

100

Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.

Brief, I recovered^o him, bound up his wound;

And after some small space, being strong at heart,

150

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,

105

To tell this story, that you might excuse

His broken promise, and to give this napkin,

Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

155

110

[ROSALIND swoons.]

CELIA

Why, how now, Ganymede, sweet Ganymede!

OLIVER

Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

115

CELIA

There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

OLIVER

Look, he recovers.

ROSALIND

I would I were at home.

120

CELIA

We'll lead you thither.

160

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

OLIVER

Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! You
lack a man's heart.

ROSALIND

I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body
would think this was well counterfeited.^o I pray you
tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

165

125

OLIVER

This was not counterfeit. There is too great
testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of
earnest.^o

ROSALIND

Counterfeit, I assure you.

170

OLIVER

Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit
to be a man.

130

ROSALIND

So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a
woman by right.

CELIA

Come, you look paler and paler. Pray you
draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

175

85 **favor** features; **bestows** carries 86 **ripe sister** grown-up woman (some editors emend "sister" to "forester"); **low** short 92 **napkin** handkerchief 100 **fancy** love 111 **indented** serpentine 114 **couching** crouching 121 **render** describe 127 **kindness** familial affection 128 **occasion** opportunity

133 **contrive** plot 137 **By and by** soon 139 **recountments** recital (of our adventures since we last met) 142 **entertainment** hospitality 149 **recovered** revived 165 **counterfeited** pretended 168-69 **passion of earnest** real emotion

OLIVER

That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

ROSALIND I shall devise something. But I pray you
commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? 180
Exeunt.

A C T V

Scene I. [*The forest.*]

Enter [TOUCHSTONE the] clown and AUDREY.

TOUCHSTONE We shall find a time, Audrey. Patience,
gentle Audrey.

AUDREY Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the
old gentleman's saying.

TOUCHSTONE A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a 5
most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here
in the forest lays claim to you.

AUDREY Ay, I know who 'tis. He hath no interest in
me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

TOUCHSTONE It is meat and drink to me to see a 10
clown;° by my troth, we that have good wits have
much to answer for. We shall be flouting;° we cannot
hold.°

WILLIAM Good ev'n, Audrey.

AUDREY God ye° good ev'n, William. 15

WILLIAM And good ev'n to you, sir.

TOUCHSTONE Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy
head,° cover thy head. Nay, prithee be covered. How
old are you, friend?

WILLIAM Five-and-twenty, sir. 20

TOUCHSTONE A ripe° age. Is thy name William?

WILLIAM William, sir.

TOUCHSTONE A fair name. Wast born i' th' forest
here?

WILLIAM Ay, sir, I thank God. 25

TOUCHSTONE "Thank God." A good answer. Art
rich?

WILLIAM Faith, sir, so so.

TOUCHSTONE "So so" is good, very good, very
excellent good; and yet it is not, it is but so so. Art 30
thou wise?

WILLIAM Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCHSTONE Why, thou say'st well. I do now
remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise,
but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The 35
heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a
grape, would open his lips when he put it into his
mouth, meaning thereby that grapes were made to
eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

WILLIAM I do, sir. 40

TOUCHSTONE Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILLIAM No, sir.

TOUCHSTONE Then learn this of me: to have is to

have; for it is a figure° in rhetoric that drink, being
poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth 45
empty the other; for all your writers do consent that
ipse° is he. Now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

WILLIAM Which he, sir?

TOUCHSTONE He, sir, that must marry this woman.
Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the 50
vulgar, leave—the society—which in the boorish is,
company—of this female—which in the common is,
woman. Which together is, abandon the society of this
female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better
understanding, diest; or to wit, I kill thee, make thee 55
away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into
bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastin-
ado,° or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction;° I
will o'errun thee with policy;° I will kill thee a
hundred and fifty ways. Therefore tremble and depart. 60

AUDREY Do, good William.

WILLIAM God rest you merry, sir. *Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

CORIN Our master and mistress seeks you. Come
away, away!

TOUCHSTONE Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey. I attend,° 65
I attend. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. [*The forest.*]

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

ORLANDO Is't possible that on so little acquaintance
you should like her? That but seeing, you should love
her? And loving, woo? And wooing, she should grant?
And will you persevere to enjoy her?

OLIVER Neither call the giddiness° of it in question, 5
the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden
wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me,
I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent
with both that we may enjoy each other. It shall be to
your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue 10
that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate° upon you,
and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

ORLANDO You have my consent. Let your wedding
be tomorrow: thither will I invite the duke and all's
contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for 15
look you, here comes my Rosalind.

ROSALIND God save you, brother.

OLIVER And you, fair sister. *[Exit.]*

ROSALIND O my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to
see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!° 20

ORLANDO It is my arm.

ROSALIND I thought thy heart had been wounded
with the claws of a lion.

ORLANDO Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROSALIND Did your brother tell you how I 25

V.i.ii clown yokel 12 flouting mocking 13 hold keep
from mocking 15 God ye God give you 17-18 Cover thy
head William has removed his hat 21 ripe fine

44 figure figure of speech 47 ipse he himself (Latin)
57-58 bastinado cudgeling 58 bandy . . . faction argue
with you as do politicians 59 o'errun . . . policy over-
whelm you with craft 65 attend come
V.ii.5 giddiness suddenness 11 estate settle 20 scarf sling

counterfeited to sound° when he showed me your handkercher?

ORLANDO Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROSALIND O, I know where you are! Nay, 'tis true. There was never anything so sudden but the fight of 30 two rams and Caesar's thrasonical° drag of "I came, saw, and overcame"; for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; 35 no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees° have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent° before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs 40 cannot part them.

ORLANDO They shall be married tomorrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I tomorrow be 45 at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

ROSALIND Why then, tomorrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORLANDO I can live no longer by thinking. 50

ROSALIND I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit.° I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know 55 you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me.° Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, conversed° with a magician, 60 most profound in his art and yet not damnable.° If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture° cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, 65 if it appear not inconvenient° to you, to set her before your eyes tomorrow, human as she is,° and without any danger.

ORLANDO Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

ROSALIND By my life, I do, which I tender dearly,° 70 though I say I am a magician.° Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married tomorrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers. 75

PHEBE

Youth, you have done me much ungentleness To show the letter that I writ to you.

26 sound swoon **31 thrasonical** boastful (after the braggart soldier Thraso in Terence's comedy *Eunuchus*) **37 degrees** a pun on the literal meaning, "steps" **38-39 incontinent** . . . **incontinent** with all haste . . . unchaste **54 conceit** understanding **58 to grace me** to do credit to myself **60 conversed** spent time **61 not damnable** because he practices white, not black, magic **63 gesture** conduct **66 inconvenient** unfitting **67 human** . . . is Rosalind herself, not a spirit **70 tender dearly** hold precious **71 though** . . . **magician** a magician could be punished with death

ROSALIND

I care not if I have. It is my study° To seem spiteful° and ungentle to you. You are there followed by a faithful shepherd: 80 Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

PHEBE

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SILVIUS

It is to be all made of sighs and tears; And so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE

And I for Ganymede. 85

ORLANDO

And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And I for no woman.

SILVIUS

It is to be all made of faith and service; And so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE

And I for Ganymede. 90

ORLANDO

And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And I for no woman.

SILVIUS

It is to be all made of fantasy,° All made of passion, and all made of wishes, All adoration, duty, and observance,° 95 All humbleness, all patience, and impatience, All purity, all trial, all observance;° And so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE

And so am I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And so am I for Rosalind. 100

ROSALIND

And so am I for no woman.

PHEBE

If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

SILVIUS

If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ORLANDO

If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ROSALIND Why do you speak too,° "Why blame 105 you me to love you?"

ORLANDO

To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROSALIND Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To SILVIUS.*] I will help you if I can. [*To PHEBE.*] I 110 would love you if I could. Tomorrow meet me all together. [*To PHEBE.*] I will marry you if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married tomorrow. [*To ORLANDO.*] I will satisfy you if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married tomorrow. [*To SILVIUS.*] I will content 115 you if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married tomorrow. [*To ORLANDO.*] As you love Rosalind, meet. [*To SILVIUS.*] As you love Phebe,

78 study intention **79 spiteful** scornful **93 fantasy** fancy **95 observance** devoted attention **97 observance** some editors emend to "obedience" **105 Why** . . . **too** some editors emend to "Who do you speak to"

meet. And as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well. I have left you commands.

120

SILVIUS I'll not fail if I live.

PHEBE Nor I.

ORLANDO Nor I.

Exeunt.

Scene III. [*The forest.*]

Enter [TOUCHSTONE the] clown and AUDREY.

TOUCHSTONE Tomorrow is the joyful day, Audrey; tomorrow will we be married.

AUDREY I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world.° Here come two of the banished duke's pages. 5

Enter two PAGES.

FIRST PAGE Well met, honest° gentleman.

TOUCHSTONE By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song!

SECOND PAGE We are for you. Sit i' th' middle.

FIRST PAGE Shall we clap into't roundly,° without 10
hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only° prologues to a bad voice?

SECOND PAGE I' faith, i' faith! and both in a tune,°
like two gypsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a lover and his lass,

15

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield° did pass

In springtime, the only pretty ringtime,°
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.

20

Between the acres° of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie
In springtime, &c.

This carol they began that hour,

25

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In springtime, &c.

And therefore take° the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime°
In springtime, &c.

30

TOUCHSTONE Truly, young gentlemen, though
there was no great matter in the ditty,° yet the note°
was very untuneable.

35

FIRST PAGE You are deceived, sir. We kept time, we
lost not our time.

TOUCHSTONE By my troth, yes; I count it but time
lost to hear such a foolish song. God b' wi' you, and
God mend your voices. Come, Audrey. *Exeunt.* 40

V.iii.4-5 a woman . . . world (1) married (2) fashionable
6 honest honorable 10 clap into't roundly begin directly
12 the only merely the 13 in a tune in unison 17
cornfield wheatfield 18 ringtime the time for giving
marriage rings 21 Between the acres in the strips of
unploughed land 29 take seize 31 prime spring 34 ditty
words of the song; note melody

Scene IV. [*The forest.*]

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO,
OLIVER, CELIA.*

DUKE SENIOR

Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORLANDO

I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not,
As those that fear they hope,° and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

ROSALIND

Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged.° 5
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE SENIOR

That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

ROSALIND

And you say you will have her when I bring her?

ORLANDO

That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. 10

ROSALIND

You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?

PHEBE

That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROSALIND

But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

PHEBE

So is the bargain. 15

ROSALIND

You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

SILVIUS

Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROSALIND

I have promised to make all this matter even.°
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter; 20
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her
If she refuse me; and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even. 25

Exit ROSALIND and CELIA.

DUKE SENIOR

I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively° touches of my daughter's favor.°

ORLANDO

My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter. 30
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutored in the rudiments
Of many desperate° studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscurèd° in the circle of this forest.

Enter [TOUCHSTONE the] clown and AUDREY.

V.iv.4 hope hope in vain 5 compact is urged agreement is
restated 18 make . . . even straighten out everything 27
lively living; favor features 32 desperate dangerous 34
Obscurèd hidden

JAQUES There is, sure, another flood toward,^o and 35
these couples are coming to the ark.^o Here comes a
pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are
called fools.

TOUCHSTONE Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQUES Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the 40
motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met
in the forest. He hath been a courtier, he swears.

TOUCHSTONE If any man doubt that, let him put me
to my purgation.^o I have trod a measure;^o I have
flattered a lady; I have been politic^o with my friend, 45
smooth with mine enemy; I have undone^o three
tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have
fought one.^o

JAQUES And how was that ta'en up?^o

TOUCHSTONE Faith, we met, and found the quarrel 50
was upon the seventh cause.

JAQUES How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this
fellow.

DUKE SENIOR I like him very well.

TOUCHSTONE God 'ield^o you, sir; I desire you of the 55
like.^o I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the
country copulatives,^o to swear and to forswear,
according as marriage binds and blood breaks.^o A poor
virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own; a
poor humor^o of mine, sir, to take that that no man else 60
will. Rich honesty^o dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor
house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

DUKE SENIOR By my faith, he is very swift and
sententious.^o

TOUCHSTONE According to the fool's bolt,^o sir, and 65
such dulcet diseases.^o

JAQUES But, for the seventh cause. How did you find
the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCHSTONE Upon a lie seven times removed—
bear your body more seeming,^o Audrey—as thus, sir. 70
I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard. He sent
me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in
the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous.
If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would
send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called 75
the Quip Modest.^o If again, it was not well cut, he
disabled^o my judgment: this is called the Reply
Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer
I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If
again, it was not well cut, he would say I lie: this is 80
called the Countercheck^o Quarrelsome: and so to the
Lie Circumstantial^o and the Lie Direct.

JAQUES And how oft did you say his beard was not
well cut?

TOUCHSTONE I durst go no further than the Lie 85

35 toward approaching 36 couples . . . ark cf. Genesis
7:2, "and of beasts that are not clean by two, the male and
his female" 43-44 put . . . purgation test me 44 measure
stately dance 45 politic crafty 46 undone ruined (by not
paying his bills) 47-48 like . . . one almost fought over one
49 ta'en up settled 55 God 'ield God reward 56-57 I . . .
like may I return the compliment 57 copulatives couples
soon to be wed 58 blood breaks sexual interest wanes 60
humor whim 61 honesty virtue 63-64 swift and
sententious quick-witted and pithy 65 According . . .
bolt cf. the proverb "A fool's bolt (arrow) is soon shot"
66 dulcet diseases pleasing weaknesses 70 seeming becom-
ingly 76 Modest moderate 77 disabled did not value 81
Countercheck contradiction 82 Circumstantial indirect

Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie
Direct; and so we measured swords^o and parted.

JAQUES Can you nominate^o in order now the degrees
of the lie?

TOUCHSTONE O sir, we quarrel in print, by the 90
book,^o as you have books for good manners. I will
name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous;
the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply
Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth,
the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with 95
Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these
you may avoid but the Lie Direct, and you may avoid
that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could
not take up^o a quarrel, but when the parties were met
themselves, one of them thought but of an If: as, "If 100
you said so, then I said so"; and they shook hands and
swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker. Much
virtue in If.

JAQUES Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as
good at anything, and yet a fool. 105

DUKE SENIOR He uses his folly like a stalking horse,^o
and under the presentation^o of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN,^o ROSALIND, and CELIA. Still^o music.

HYMEN

Then is there mirth in heaven
When earthly things made even^o

Atone together.^o 110

Good duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her,

Yea, brought her hither,

That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is. 115

ROSALIND [*To DUKE.*]

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To ORLANDO.*]

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

DUKE SENIOR

If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

ORLANDO

If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

PHEBE

If sight and shape be true,

Why then, my love adieu! 120

ROSALIND [*To DUKE.*]

I'll have no father, if you be not he.

[*To ORLANDO.*]

I'll have no husband, if you be not he.

[*To PHEBE.*]

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

HYMEN Peace ho! I bar confusion: 125

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events.

87 measured swords swords were measured before a duel
88 nominate name 90-91 by the book according to the rules
99 take up settle 106 stalking horse any object under
cover of which a hunter pursues his game 107 presentation
protection 107 s.d. Hymen god of marriage; Still soft
109 made even reconciled 110 Atone together are set at
one

Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.°

130

[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.]

You and you no cross° shall part.

[To OLIVER and CELIA.]

You and you are heart in heart.

[To PHEBE.]

You to his love must accord,°
Or have a woman to your lord.

[To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.]

You and you are sure together°
As the winter to foul weather.

135

[To all.]

Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish
How thus we met, and these things finish.

140

Song.

Wedding is great Juno's crown,
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High° wedlock then be honorèd.
Honor, high honor, and renown
To Hymen, god of every town!

145

DUKE SENIOR

O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter,° welcome, in no less degree!

PHEBE [To SILVIUS.]

I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.°

150

Enter SECOND BROTHER [Jaques de Boys].

SECOND BROTHER

Let me have audience for a word or two.
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Addressed a mighty power,° which were on foot
In his own conduct,° purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword;
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,°
After some question° with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true
I do engage° my life.

160

DUKE SENIOR Welcome, young man.
Thou offer'st fairly° to thy brothers' wedding:

130 If . . . contents if the truth is true 131 cross quarrel
133 accord agree 135 sure together securely bound
144 High solemn 148 Even daughter even as a daughter
150 combine unite 156 Addressed . . . power prepared
a mighty army 157 conduct leadership 160 old religious
man a hermit (?) 161 question talk 166 engage pledge
167 offer'st fairly bring a good gift

To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself as large, a potent° dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends°
That here were well begun and well begot;
And after, every° of this happy number
That have endured shrewd° days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returnèd fortune,
According to the measure° of their states.
Meantime forget this new-fall'n° dignity
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music, and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heaped in joy, to th' measures° fall.

170

175

JAQUES

Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life

180

And thrown into neglect the pompous court.°

SECOND BROTHER He hath.

JAQUES

To him will I. Out of these convertites°
There is much matter to be heard and learned.

185

[To DUKE.]

You to your former honor I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it.

[To ORLANDO.]

You to a love that your true faith doth merit;

[To OLIVER.]

You to your land and love and great allies;

[To SILVIUS.]

You to a long and well-deservèd bed;

190

[To TOUCHSTONE.]

And you to wrangling, for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victualled. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE SENIOR Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQUES

To see no pastime I. What you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave.

195

Exit.

DUKE SENIOR

Proceed, proceed. We will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

155

Exit [after the dance].

[E P I L O G U E]

ROSALIND It is not the fashion to see the lady the
epilogue, but it is no more unhandsome° than to see
the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs
no bush,° 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue;
yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good

165

169 potent powerful 170 do those ends complete those
purposes 172 every each one 173 shrewd hard 175
measure rank 176 new-fall'n newly acquired 179 measures
dance steps 182 thrown . . . court given up the cere-
monious life of the court 184 convertites converts
Epi.2 unhandsome unbecoming 4 no bush no advertisement
(in Shakespeare's time vintners used an ivy bush as a sign)

plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you^o in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished^o like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to ¹⁰ conjure^o you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive

8 insinuate with you slyly get your approval **9 furnished** dressed **11 conjure** (1) solemnly entreat (2) charm (by magic)

by your simpering none of you hates them—that ¹⁵ between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman,^o I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked^o me, and breaths that I defied^o not; and I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, ²⁰ will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.^o

Exit.

16-17 If . . . woman Rosalind, of course, was played by a boy **18 liked** pleased **19 defied** disliked **21-22 bid me farewell** applaud

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR, WHAT YOU WILL

EDITED BY HERSCHEL BAKER

Introduction

Twelfth Night is such a genial, charming play that for a certain kind of reader its charm is self-defeating. Johnson, for example, admired its elegance and ease and its exquisite humor, and he conceded that it might be diverting on the stage; but because the principal action "wants credibility" and "exhibits no just picture of life," he remarked with disapproval, it cannot be instructive or tell us anything important. In short, it fails the test of relevance.

This great critic's cold opinion of the most profound of Shakespeare's so-called "golden comedies" presents us with a hard decision: either to dismiss *Twelfth Night* as false and fatuous or to accept it as a version of romance—deft and entertaining, to be sure, but remote from our concerns and exempt from any common-sense appraisal. As usual, Johnson, a man not given to unconsidered judgments, seems to argue from the facts. For one thing, what we know or may infer about the circumstances of its first production would indicate that *Twelfth Night* was conceived and written as a kind of bagatelle. If, as many scholars think, it was commissioned for performance by the fledgling lawyers of the Middle Temple at the romp that crowned their Christmas celebration, the play was tailored to an annual frolic when duty and convention were ignored, and when, in a saturnalian Feast of Misrule, mirth became the order of the day. Even the subtitle—*What You Will*—repudiates, or so it seems, the drab and probable for the promise of the unexpected.¹ Life, as most men come to know it, is a

frayed and tattered thing of unexpressed desires and disappointed hopes, and its tumults rarely find repose. In the world depicted by *Twelfth Night*, however, it would seem that perturbation leads to calm and all suspensions are resolved, so that by happy if implausible coincidence afflicted virtue is rewarded, folly is exposed, and error yields to knowledge.

The ingredients of this consoling fiction are the staple items of romance: shipwreck, alienation, and wandering in a remote realm where a pair of high-born lovers melodiously indulge a set of attitudes untested by experience, where a maiden in distress by luck and pluck gets everything she wants, and where the pretensions of an "affectioned ass" are demolished by a pack of gay tormentors. The main plot, articulated by the ancient devices of disguise and mistaken identity, presents a love story (or a brace of interlocking love stories) that leads through skillful convolutions to a final recognition scene; and the subplot—a kind of antimasque—involves the "lighter people" in a complicated jest. Finally, all these knotted strands of action are conducted in a language so precise that form and function seem to coincide, with Orsino's artful "fancy" and Viola's deep but muted love as charmingly conveyed as Sir Toby's burly humor and the wit and music of the Clown.

Indeed, this play, which starts and ends with music, and which is studded with so many lovely songs, might be said to approach the condition of that art where form and style are everything, and where there is, or should be, no appeal to values and criteria not inherent in the work itself. In more severely imitative kinds of art, the reverse, of course, is true. Because Holbein's portrait of Sir Thomas More or Richardson's *Clarissa*—which, incidentally, was one of Johnson's favorite books—seek in different, complicated ways to represent contemporary experience with fidelity, at least a part of our response to them is based on what we know of life, and therefore we require that they express some aspect of the truth about the things they represent. On the other hand, a Mozart serenade stands for nothing but itself; it has a logic of its own, and it creates an independent frame of reference that baffles any moral or utilitarian test. *Twelfth Night* is not this kind of

¹ Despite Leslie Hotson's interesting attempt in *The First Night of Twelfth Night* (1954) to show that the play was commissioned for performance before the Queen and court at Whitehall on Twelfth Night (January 6) in 1601 to celebrate the splendid visit of Virginio Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, most scholars still accept an entry of February 2, 1602, in the diary of John Manningham, a barrister of the Middle Temple, as pointing to its first production in the Middle Temple hall on Twelfth Night of that year: "At our feast we had a play called *Twelve Night, or What You Will*, much like the *Comedy of Errors* or *Menechmi* in Plautus, but most like and near to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practice in it to make the steward believe his Lady widow was in love with him, by counterfeiting a letter as from his Lady in general terms, telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparel, etc., and then when he came to practice making him believe they took him to be mad." On Manningham's clever guess about Nicolò Secchi's *Gl'Inganni*, see A Note on the Source, pp. 878-79.

work, of course, but it is such a triumph of artifice and style, and shows such mastery of convention, that some readers might regard it as a self-subsistent artifact, or, at any rate, as a work invulnerable to the expectations and probabilities derived from everyday experience. Beguiled by its mazy plot and music, they would not even dare to ask if it is "true." For them, therefore, Johnson's test of relevance would appear to be irrelevant, and his common-sense, adverse opinion merely an impertinence.

To regard *Twelfth Night* either as escapist folderol or adroit but meaningless romance is, however, to forget its function as a play. But since it is a play, and since a play, as Aristotle said, is the imitation of an action, it must meet the test of relevance. This test can never be evaded in a literary production, because no true work of literature ignores what Johnson means by "life," and no honest writer, however much concerned with form and style, neglects his only proper subject, which is the human situation. It is not that we require an easy calculus of triumph for the good and disaster for the bad, but that a play reveal—or permit us to infer—a necessary connection between what happens to a man and the kind of man he is. When this requirement is evaded, as it seems to be evaded, for example, in the last act of *Measure for Measure*, we are baffled and uneasy because we feel a lack of moral sequence. Conversely, when the conduct of the action, however painful, satisfies our moral expectations, we are forced to yield assent. Thus, although the conclusion of *King Lear* is as harrowing as anything in drama, we accept it, in our anguish, because we recognize its dreadful logic.

We do not look for dreadful logic in *Twelfth Night*, of course, but we do expect to find a real connection between its artful, entertaining fiction and those aspects of experience that it seeks to represent. We expect to find some reference, even if oblique and stylized, to the world which each of us inhabits—a refinement of our own perceptions, an enlargement of our knowledge or compassion, a demonstration of how men and women act, and why. Otherwise art deteriorates to mere technique, and literature becomes gesticulation.

What, then, is there in *Twelfth Night* to save it from this danger? For one thing, there is a shaping theme that enables us to view the conventions of romance as a paradigm of our own behavior; for another, there is, in the subplot, such skillful use of sharp and even topical detail in depicting various kinds of folly that the effect is almost photographic. These two features of the work remove it from the realm of pure romance and attach it to our own experience. They remind us that despite its old-fashioned apparatus, its lyric grace, and what Johnson called its lack of "credibility," *Twelfth Night* should not be thought of as a piece of music or as an empty virtuoso exercise in style, but as a play that we may verify by what we know of life.

Twelfth Night meets this test with ease, for it concerns a basic human problem; or, if that sounds too severe for such a gay and sprightly work of art, it records and comments on a mode of human action that all men everywhere exhibit. This might be defined as our native bent for self-deception, or, conversely, as our difficulty in achieving self-awareness. Here the theme is given comic statement and presented as romance, but it has a universal application. Is it possible, *Twelfth Night* makes us wonder, for us to know the truth about ourselves? And even if we gain such

knowledge, Shakespeare asks in other, darker plays, can such knowledge be endured? We see these questions posed when Richard II, stripped of crown and power and even of his misconceptions, sits in Pomfret Castle and explores his final, humbling recognition of himself; when Henry V, on the eve of Agincourt, expounds the wide distinction between the common notion of a king and the kingly burden that he bears; when Othello is compelled to face the horror of the deed he did "in honor"; when Lear tears off his clothing to reveal the "unaccommodated man." Such analogues in plays so different from *Twelfth Night* suggest how often, and in what varied contexts, Shakespeare used the theme. For him—as for Sophocles and Pirandello—to show one's growth toward self-awareness is almost coextensive with the art of drama.

This theme, so massive and protean, receives consummate comic statement in *Twelfth Night*. Here Shakespeare has to trim it not merely to the comic form (which requires a complex plot directed toward a happy ending) but also, presumably, to the interests of a special clientele—the debonair young lawyers at their revels in the Middle Temple. Almost inevitably, therefore, he writes a play of love: not love as the annihilating passion shared by Romeo and Juliet or the febrile lust of Troilus, but as a mode of social intercourse that works its way through opposition to eventual satisfaction. He had done this sort of thing before, of course, in such plays as *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *As You Like It*; but in *Twelfth Night* he makes a signal innovation, for here the lovers' triumph is delayed not by the customary impediments of parental disapproval or insolvency or politics, but by their own deceptions and self-deceptions. To secure this innovation he manipulates the old conventions of romance—notably the stock devices of disguise and mistaken identity—not merely that they might complicate the action and so provide diversion but that they might serve almost as metaphors or emblems for mental obfuscation. The perplexity of the plot—where, among many other sources of confusion, a girl disguised as a boy loves a man who commissions her to woo a lady whose advances she must check—represents in concrete terms the intellectual and emotional bewilderment that almost every character in the play exhibits. As a consequence, the machinery of romance acquires the novel function of articulating theme. To be sure, the convolutions of the plot provide diversion of a sort, but they also bind the characters in a web of interwoven error, and thus they underscore the meaning of the play: that most men never know, and maybe never have a chance to know, the truth about themselves.

But if, as the knotty and perplexing plot suggests, men are forced by circumstances into compounded misconceptions, they are also trapped by their illusions. Between the errors thrust upon them and those they generate themselves, they are caught as in a vise—victims not merely of deceit but also of their own folly. Orsino, for example, though

Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant,
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person. (I.v.257-60)

is in fact so blinded by his image of himself as an ardent but despairing lover that he is maimed by his obsession.

We see him first as he indulges this obsession with his famous speech on music as the food of love, and this speech, however lovely to the ear, reveals the speaker as a narcissistic fool. Much given to discussions about his complicated states of mind, he, like most self-centered persons, is really very simple. Whereas he tells Viola that

such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. (II.iv.17-20)

the only thing he loves is his romantic notion of the lover that he himself exemplifies, and he finds it so appealing that he never even asks if it is true. He leaves the play as he had entered it, with highfalutin talk about his "fancy," but this "fancy" is no more to be confused with love than his lyric self-descriptions are to be confused with fact. His soft, unmanly pleasure in caressing his emotions, his delight in "old and antic" songs as a solace for his "passion," even his petulant threat of violence against Olivia and "Cesario" for their presumed unfaithfulness reveal the sentimentalist who prefers the comfort of his own illusions to the dangers of candid self-appraisal.

In varying degrees, almost all the other characters in the play are shackled by their inability or refusal to comprehend their own emotions, or even to discern their blunders. Olivia's preoccupation with "a brother's dead love" is so unreal that a single visit from "Cesario" is enough to shatter it—and to provide her with a new obsession that is even more absurd, because it rests upon a yet more rudimentary error. Malvolio, "sick of self-love," is so easily led to self-exposure and humiliation that even as we laugh we pity him: "Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!" Sir Andrew's imposing list of follies, both natural and acquired, makes him everybody's fool; and although Sir Toby has a searching eye for other people's foibles, he is usually much too drunk to recognize his own. Even Viola, who at least is in possession of the facts that save her from Olivia's type of blunder, thinks she must embark upon a program of deceit in order to survive. "Conceal me what I am," she tells the captain,

and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. (I.ii.53-55)

Her finest moment in the play—the speech about the love-lorn girl who never told her love—is charming and pathetic, but it shows a certain pleasure in equivocation. Indeed, her skill and relish for the kind of organized deceit on which the action hangs are appropriate for the heroine of a play in which dissimulation and deception are routine. Only the Clown, it seems, is clear-eyed and wise enough to stand somewhat above the antics of the others and to comment on their follies. Knowing that foolery "does walk about the orb like the sun," he is as quick to puncture Orsino's egomania as to expose Olivia's silly posture of bereavement; and it is he, in the amusing but disturbing interview with the "lunatic" Malvolio, who makes us trace the narrow line between the madman and the sage. The Clown alone is immune to the pandemic error in Illyria—but he must wear a mask against contagion and infection, and he must hide his wisdom as the babble

of a licensed fool. In a world where everyone is slightly mad, his motley is a badge of knowledge.

Finally, the plotting, which Johnson found offensive, is also made to demonstrate the fact that most men live by error and illusion. The three main lines of action—Orsino's languid courtship of Olivia, Olivia's imbroglio with Viola and Sebastian, and Malvolio's disgrace—do not appear as isolated plots that run their parallel and independent courses; they come to us instead as reciprocal and reverberating statements of a single situation, which is the gulling of a fool. Writers from Aristophanes to Shaw have used this situation, in one form or another, to pedagogic purpose, for they have brought the gull through ridicule to exposure and correction. It is significant that although Orsino, Olivia, and Malvolio are all the victims of deception fostered either by themselves or others, they learn nothing from experience. Two of them are unmolested in their folly, and the third, though harshly treated, clings to his absurd illusions. Malvolio's credulity—which is no sillier than that which goes unpunished in his betters—is chastised so severely that he becomes, as Lamb observed, an almost tragic figure; but Orsino and Olivia are never even chided. None of them is changed, however, and none surrenders his obsession. The denouement affords a kind of liberation, to be sure, for the proper pairing off of lovers signifies release from labyrinthine misconception. But the ease with which Orsino shifts his "fancy" from Olivia to Viola matches that with which, earlier, Olivia turns from anchorite to ardent lover and then substitutes Sebastian for "Cesario." Neither of these self-indulgent egoists has been compelled to shake off his illusion, and in a sense, therefore, neither earns the triumph he enjoys. Perhaps, as Johnson thought, Sir Andrew's "natural fatuity" renders him ineligible for comic therapy, but at any rate he stays, as he will always stay, a fool. Sir Toby, too, remains what he had been before—a sot and parasite—and in addition he acquires Maria. As for Malvolio, he not only profits nothing from his hard instruction, but as he takes his angry leave we see his self-love stiffened by his sense of injured merit. "I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you," he snarls as he departs.

Hazlitt thought that Shakespeare was "too good-natured and magnanimous" to treat his comic knaves and fools as they deserve. Perhaps for this reason or perhaps because he makes us recognize ourselves in them, we are glad for these deluded people in Illyria, for they teach us what, alas, we need to know: that since we rarely win our way to truth, we must settle for illusion.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

The plot of *Twelfth Night*—the adventures and misadventures of a pair of identical twins—is so old that its origins are lost in the prehistory of European literature. It had been a commonplace in Greek comedy long before Plautus and Terence imported it to Rome; and when young Shakespeare, at the start of his career, fashionably pillaged Plautus for *The Comedy of Errors*, he was following a distinguished Renaissance tradition of Italian, Spanish, French, and English writers who had worked their artful (and sometimes tedious) changes on the basic situation. One such change was the sexual differentiation of the twins, a refinement affording endless possibilities for intrigue and

complication. It may be, as John Manningham suggested in the first known comment on *Twelfth Night* (see p. 876 n.), that for this embellishment he drew on Nicolò Secchi's *Gl'Inganni* (1562), but he could have gone to Secchi's source, which was *Gl'Ingannati* ("The Deceived"), a Plautine comedy, produced at Siena in 1531 and published six years later, that had spawned a dozen translations and adaptations through the later sixteenth century. Despite the formidable scholarship that has been brought to bear upon the question,² Shakespeare's knowledge of and obligation to most of this material is still a matter of dispute, but concerning his debt to one late recension of *Gl'Ingannati* there is no dispute whatever. This was Barnabe Rich's "Of Apolonius and Silla," the second of a set of eight prose narratives that was published in 1581 as *Riche his Farewell to Militarie profession: conteinyng verie pleasaunt discourses fit for a peaceable tyme*.

The genealogy of "Of Apolonius and Silla" is an instructive example of the free and easy ways of sixteenth-century writers: Rich found the tale (which he eked out with incidental and unacknowledged pilferings from William Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, a big collection of stories first published in 1566) in Pierre de Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques* (1579), which was translated from Matteo Bandello's *Novelle* (1554), which was based on *Gl'Ingannati*. Although Shakespeare could have read, and perhaps did read, these and other cognate versions of the story, his use of the *Farewell* would seem to be established by the fact that he took from it four words—*coistrel*, *gaskins*, *pavin*, and *galliard*—that appear in *Twelfth Night* and not elsewhere in his plays. Moreover, the fifth tale in Rich's collection ("Of Two Brethren and Their Wives") supplies an analogue for the scene (IV.ii) in which Malvolio is punished, although the subplot of the arrogant steward was apparently Shakespeare's own creation. He may have drawn on other things for this or that detail—for example, on Emanuel Forde's prose romance, *The Famous History of Parismus* (1598), for the shipwreck and for the names Olivia and Violetta, or on the anonymous play *Sir Clyomon and Clamydes* (1599) for the device (which he himself had used in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*) of a girl disguised as a man in the service of her lover—but of all the alleged or possible sources, "Of Apolonius and Silla" stands closest to *Twelfth Night*. The bibliographical history of the *Farewell*—a book so popular that it was reprinted in 1583, 1594, and 1606—has been treated by Thomas Mabry Cranfill in his edition of the work (1959), pp. liii–lxxxi.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The text of *Twelfth Night*, for which the sole source is the Folio of 1623, is, if not immaculate, so clean and tidy that it presents almost no problems. Apparently set up from the prompt copy or a transcript of it, the Folio of course contains a few misprints (like *incardinate* for *incardinate* at V.i.180–81), a few presumed or obvious errors in speech-headings (like those at II.v.32, 36, where Sir Toby is perhaps confused with Fabian, or at III.iv.24, where Malvolio is assigned a speech that clearly is not his), and a

few lines (for example, II.ii.12 and III.iii.15) that seem to need some sort of emendation. Moreover, the fact that the Clown is given all the lovely songs that were perhaps originally Viola's (as suggested at I.ii.57–59 and II.iv.42–43) has been cited as a token of revision. In general, however, the text, as all its editors have gratefully conceded, is one of almost unexampled purity.

In the present edition, therefore, it is followed very closely, even in such forms as *student*, *jealous*, *wrack* (for *wreck*), and *vild*, which preserve, we may suppose, not only Shakespeare's spelling but also his pronunciation. But *prethee*, *divil*, *murther*, *Sathan* (for *Satan*), *Anthonio*, and *berd* (which occurs once for *beard*) are given in modern spelling. A few emendations sanctioned by long and universal approbation—like Pope's *Arion* for *Orion* at I.ii.15, Theobald's inspired *curl by* for *coole my* at I.iii.95, and Hanmer's *staniel* for *stallion* at II.v.112—have been admitted here, as have one or two superior readings from the later Folios (for example, *tang* for *langer* at III.iv.74). However, such attractive but unnecessary emendations as Pope's *south* for *sound* at I.i.5 have been rejected, and the few real cruxes have been allowed to stand, so that each reader must struggle all alone with Sir Andrew's *damned-colored stock* at I.iii.130, make what he can of the mysterious Lady of the Strachy at II.v.37–38, and unravel Viola's puzzling pronouncement at II.ii.12 without the aid of emendation.

In this edition the spelling has been modernized (with the exceptions noted above), the Latin act and scene divisions of the Folio translated, the punctuation brought into conformity with modern usage, a few lines that through compositorial error were printed as prose restored to verse (IV.ii.74–75), and a few stage directions (like the one at III.iv.14) shifted to accommodate the text. At the conclusion of the first, second, and fourth acts, the Folio has "*Finis Actus . . .*," here omitted. All editorial interpolations such as the list of characters, indications of place, and stage directions implied by the text but not indicated in the Folio are enclosed in square brackets. Other material departures from the copy text (excluding obvious typographical errors) are listed below in boldface type, followed in roman by the Folio reading. It will be apparent that most of them required no agonizing reappraisal.

I.ii.15 *Arion* Orion

I.iii.28 *all, most almost 50 Andrew Ma. 95 curl by coole my 97 me we 111 kickshawses kicke-chawses 130 set sit 134 That's That*

I.iv.28 *nuncio's* Nuntio's

I.v.146 *H' as Ha's 164 s.d. Viola Uiolenta 253 with fertile tears fertill teares 299 county's countes*

II.ii.20 *That sure methought That me thought 31 our frailty O frailtie 32 of if*

II.iii.25 *leman Lemon 34 give a— giue a 135 a nayword an ayword*

II.iv.53 *Fly . . . fly Fye . . . fie 55 yew Ew 88 I It 103 know— know*

II.v.12 *metal Mettle 112 staniel stallion 141 born become; achieve atcheeues 154–56 thee, The Fortunate Unhappy./ Daylight thee, tht fortunate vnhappy daylight 173 dear deero*

III.i.8 *king lies Kings lyes 69 wise men wisemens 84 gait gate 93 all ready already 114 here heare*

III.ii.8 *see thee the see the 68 renegado Renegatho*

III.iv.24 *Olivia Mal. 74 tang langer 92 How is't with you, man [The Folio assigns this speech to Fabian] 119 Ay, biddy I biddy 150 Ay, is't, I, ist? 178 You . . . for't Yon . . . fot't*

252 *competent* computent

IV.ii.6 *in in in 15 Gorboduc Gorbodacke 38 clerestories cleere stores 72 sport to the sport the*

V.i.199 *pavin pany*

² This scholarship is knowledgeably surveyed by Kenneth Muir, *Shakespeare's Sources*, Vol. 1, *Comedies and Tragedies* (1957), pp. 66–77; and Geoffrey Bullough (ed.), *Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare*, Vol. 2 (1958), pp. 269–85.



TWELFTH NIGHT, OR, WHAT YOU WILL

[Dramatis Personae]

ORSINO *Duke of Illyria*
SEBASTIAN *brother of Viola*
ANTONIO *a sea captain, friend to Sebastian*
A SEA CAPTAIN *friend to Viola*
VALENTINE } *gentlemen attending on the duke*
CURIO }
SIR TOBY BELCH *uncle to Olivia*
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

MALVOLIO *steward to Olivia*
FABIAN } *servants to Olivia*
FESTE *a clown* }
OLIVIA *a countess*
VIOLA *sister to Sebastian*
MARIA *Olivia's woman*
LORDS A PRIEST SAILORS OFFICERS
MUSICIANS ATTENDANTS

Scene: Illyria]

A C T I

Scene I. [*The duke's palace.*]

Enter ORSINO, DUKE of Illyria, CURIO, and other LORDS [with MUSICIANS].

DUKE

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite^o may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! It had a dying fall;^o
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor. Enough, no more!
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh^o art thou,
That,^o notwithstanding thy capacity,
Receiveth as the sea. Nought enters there,^o
Of what validity and pitch^o soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price^o

The decorative border shown above was used in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.

I.i.3 **appetite** the lover's appetite for music 4 **fall** cadence
9 **quick and fresh** lively and eager 10 **That** in that 11 **there**
in the lover's "capacity" 12 **validity and pitch** value and
superiority (in falconry, pitch is the highest point of a bird's
flight) 13 **price** esteem

Even in a minute. So full of shapes^o is fancy^o
That it alone is high fantastical.^o

15

CURIO

Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE

What, Curio?

CURIO The hart.

DUKE

Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence.
That instant was I turned into a hart,
And my desires, like fell^o and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.^o

20

Enter VALENTINE.

10

How now? What news from her?

VALENTINE

So please my lord, I might not be admitted;

25

14 **shapes** fantasies; **fancy** love 15 **high fantastical** pre-
eminently imaginative 23 **fell** fierce 22-24 **That . . . me**
Orsino's mannered play on *hart/heart*—which exemplifies the
lover's "high fantastical" wit—derives from the story of
Actaeon, a famous hunter who, having seen Diana bathing,
was transformed into a stag and torn to pieces by his hounds

But from her handmaid do return this answer:
 The element° itself, till seven years' heat,°
 Shall not behold her face at ample view;
 But like a cloistress she will veiled walk,
 And water once a day her chamber round
 With eye-offending brine: all this to season°
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
 And lasting in her sad remembrance.°

DUKE

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love when the rich golden shaft°
 Hath killed the flock of all affections else°
 That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,°
 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and filled,
 Her sweet perfections,° with one self° king.
 Away before me to sweet beds of flow'rs;
 Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bow'rs.
Exeunt.

Scene II. [*The seacoast.*]

Enter VIOLA, a CAPTAIN, and SAILORS.

VIOLA

What country, friends, is this?

CAPTAIN

This is Illyria,° lady.

VIOLA

And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.°

Perchance he is not drowned. What think you, sailors? 5

CAPTAIN

It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA

O my poor brother, and so perchance may he be.

CAPTAIN

True, madam; and, to comfort you with chance,°

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,

When you, and those poor number saved with you, 10

Hung on our driving° boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself

(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice°)

To a strong mast that lived° upon the sea;

Where, like Arion° on the dolphin's back, 15

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves

So long as I could see.

VIOLA

For saying so, there's gold.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,°

Whereto thy speech serves for authority° 20

The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

CAPTAIN

Ay, madam, well, for I was bred and born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIOLA

Who governs here?

35

CAPTAIN

A noble duke, in nature as in name. 25

VIOLA

What is his name?

CAPTAIN Orsino.

40

VIOLA

Orsino! I have heard my father name him.

He was a bachelor then.

CAPTAIN

And so is now, or was so very late; 30

For but a month ago I went from hence,

And then 'twas fresh in murmur° (as you know

What great ones do, the less will prattle of)

That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIOLA What's she?

35

CAPTAIN

A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count

That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother,

Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,

They say, she hath abjured the sight 40

And company of men.

VIOLA

O that I served that lady,

And might not be delivered° to the world,

Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,

What my estate is.°

CAPTAIN

That were hard to compass,°

Because she will admit no kind of suit, 45

No, not° the duke's.

VIOLA

There is a fair behavior in thee, captain,

And though that° nature with a beauteous wall

Doth oft close in° pollution, yet of thee

I will believe thou hast a mind that suits 50

With this thy fair and outward character.°

I prithee (and I'll pay thee bounteously)

Conceal me what I am, and be my aid

For such disguise as haply shall become

The form of my intent.° I'll serve this duke. 55

Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him;

It may be worth thy pains. For I can sing,

And speak to him in many sorts of music

That will allow° me very worth his service.

What else may hap, to time I will commit; 60

Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.°

19 unfoldeth . . . hope reinforces my hope for my brother's safety 20 serves for authority tends to justify 32 fresh in murmur being rumored 42 delivered disclosed 43-44 made . . . is found an appropriate time to reveal my status 44 compass effect 46 not not even 48 though that even though 49 close in conceal 51 character appearance and demeanor 54-55 become . . . intent suit my purpose 59 allow certify 61 wit skill in carrying out my plan

27 element sky; heat course 31 season preserve (by the salt in her tears) 33 remembrance pronounced with four syllables, "re-mem-ber-ance" 36 golden shaft the shaft, borne by Cupid, that causes love (as distinguished from the leaden shaft, which causes aversion and disdain) 37 all affections else all other emotions but love 38 liver . . . heart the seats respectively of sexual desire, thought, and feeling 40 perfections pronounced with four syllables; self sole

I.ii.2 Illyria region bordering the east coast of the Adriatic 4 Elysium heaven (in classical mythology, the abode of the happy dead) 8 chance possibility 11 driving drifting 13 practice procedure 14 lived floated 15 Arion in classical mythology, a bard who, having leapt into the sea to escape from murderous sailors, was borne to shore by a dolphin that he charmed by his songs

CAPTAIN

Be you his eunuch,^o and your mute I'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

VIOLA

I thank thee. Lead me on.

*Exeunt.*Scene III. [*Olivia's house.*]*Enter Sir TOBY and MARIA.*

TOBY What a plague means my niece to take the death
of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

MARIA By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in
earlier o' nights. Your cousin,^o my lady, takes great
exceptions to your ill hours.

TOBY Why, let her except before excepted.^o

MARIA Ay, but you must confine yourself within the
modest limits of order.^o

TOBY Confine? I'll confine^o myself no finer than I am.
These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be
these boots too. And^o they be not, let them hang
themselves in their own straps.

MARIA That quaffing and drinking will undo you. I
heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish
knight that you brought in one night here to be her
wooer.

TOBY Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA Ay, he.

TOBY He's as tall^o a man as any's in Illyria.

MARIA What's that to th' purpose?

TOBY Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats.
He's a very fool and a prodigal.

TOBY Fie that you'll say so! He plays o' th' viol-de-
gamboys,^o and speaks three or four languages word
for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of
nature.

MARIA He hath indeed all, most natural;^o for, besides
that he's a fool, he's a great quarreler; and but that he
hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust^o he hath in
quarreling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would
quickly have the gift of a grave.

TOBY By this hand, they are scoundrels and sub-
stractors^o that say so of him. Who are they?

MARIA They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly
in your company.

TOBY With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to
her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink
in Illyria. He's a coward and a coistrel^o that will not
drink to my niece till his brains turn o' th' toe like a

parish top.^o What, wench? Castiliano vulgo;^o for here
comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir ANDREW.

ANDREW Sir Toby Belch. How now, Sir Toby Belch?

TOBY Sweet Sir Andrew.

ANDREW Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA And you too, sir.

TOBY Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

ANDREW What's that?

TOBY My niece's chambermaid.^o

ANDREW Good Mistress Accost, I desire better
acquaintance.

MARIA My name is Mary, sir.

ANDREW Good Mistress Mary Accost.

TOBY You mistake, knight. "Accost" is front her,
board her, woo her, assail her.

ANDREW By my troth, I would not undertake her in
this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?

MARIA Fare you well, gentlemen.

TOBY And thou let part so,^o Sir Andrew, would thou
mightst never draw sword again.

ANDREW And you part so, mistress, I would I might
never draw sword again! Fair lady, do you think you
have fools in hand?^o

MARIA Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

ANDREW Marry,^o but you shall have, and here's my
hand.

MARIA Now, sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring
your hand to th' butt'ry^o bar and let it drink.

ANDREW Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your
metaphor?

MARIA It's dry,^o sir.

ANDREW Why, I think so. I am not such an ass but I
can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

MARIA A dry jest, sir.

ANDREW Are you full of them?

MARIA Ay, sir, I have them at my finger's ends.
Marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.^o

Exit MARIA.

TOBY O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary!^o When
did I see thee so put down?

ANDREW Never in your life, I think, unless you see
canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no
more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has.
But I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does
harm to my wit.

41 parish top according to George Steevens, a large top
"formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty
weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise,
and out of mischief while they could not work"; however,
the allusion may be to the communal top-spinning whose
origins are buried in religious ritual; **Castiliano vulgo** a
phrase of uncertain meaning; perhaps Sir Toby is suggesting
that Maria assume a grave and ceremonial manner—like that
of the notoriously formal Castilians—for Sir Andrew's
benefit **48–49 What's . . . chambermaid** Sir Andrew
asks the meaning of the word "accost," but Sir Toby thinks
that he is referring to Maria; actually, she was not Olivia's
chambermaid, but rather her companion, or lady in waiting,
as is made clear at I.v.161 **59 so** i.e., without ceremony **63**
have . . . hand are dealing with fools **65 Marry** indeed (a
mild interjection, originally an oath, "By the Virgin Mary")
68 butt'ry buttery, a storeroom for butts or casks of liquor
71 dry (1) thirsty (2) indicative of impotence **77 barren** (1)
without more jests (2) dull-witted **78 canary** a sweet wine
from the Canary Islands

62 Be . . . eunuch this part of the plan was not carried out
I.iii.4 cousin a term indicating various degrees of kinship; here,
niece **6 except before excepted** Sir Toby parodies the legal
jargon *exceptis exceptiendis* ("with the exceptions previously
noted") commonly used in leases and contracts **8 modest**
. . . **order** reasonable limits of good behavior **9 confine**
clothe **11 And** if (a common Elizabethan usage) **19 tall**
bold and handsome **24–25 viol-de-gamboys** bass viol **28**
natural like a natural fool or idiot **30 gust** gusto **33–34**
subtractors slanderers **39 coistrel** knave (literally, a
groom who takes care of a knight's horse)

TOBY No question. 85
 ANDREW And I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.
 TOBY Pourquoi,^o my dear knight?
 ANDREW What is "pourquoi"? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I 90 have in fencing, dancing, and bearbaiting. O, had I but followed the arts!
 TOBY Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.^o
 ANDREW Why, would that have mended my hair?
 TOBY Past question, for thou see'st it will not curl by 95 nature.
 ANDREW But it becomes me well enough, does't not?
 TOBY Excellent. It hangs like flax on a distaff;^o and I hope to see a huswife^o take thee between her legs and spin it off.
 ANDREW Faith, I'll home tomorrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The count himself here hard by woos her.
 TOBY She'll none o' th' count. Shell not match above 105 her degree, neither in estate,^o years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't,^o man.
 ANDREW I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind i' th' world. I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.
 TOBY Art thou good at these kickshawses,^o knight? 110
 ANDREW As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters,^o and yet I will not compare with an old^o man.
 TOBY What is thy excellence in a galliard,^o knight? 115
 ANDREW Faith, I can cut a caper.^o
 TOBY And I can cut the mutton to't.
 ANDREW And I think I have the back-trick^o simply as strong as any man in Illyria.
 TOBY Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore 120 have these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to take^o dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto?^o My very walk should be a jig. I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace.^o What 125 dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues^o in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.^o
 ANDREW Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a damned-colored stock.^o Shall we set about some 130 revels?

TOBY What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?^o
 ANDREW Taurus? That's sides and heart.
 TOBY No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee 135 caper. Ha, higher; ha, ha, excellent! *Exeunt.*

Scene IV. [*The duke's palace.*]

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

VALENTINE If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced. He hath known you but three days and already you are no stranger.
 VIOLA You either fear his humor^o or my negligence, 5 that^o you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?
 VALENTINE No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and ATTENDANTS.

VIOLA I thank you. Here comes the count.
 DUKE Who saw Cesario, ho? 10
 VIOLA On your attendance, my lord, here.
 DUKE
 Stand you awhile aloof. Cesario,
 Thou know'st no less but all.^o I have unclasped
 To thee the book even of my secret soul.
 Therefore, good youth, address thy gait^o unto her; 15
 Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
 And tell them there thy fixèd foot shall grow
 Till thou have audience.
 VIOLA Sure, my noble lord,
 If she be so abandoned to her sorrow
 As it is spoke, she never will admit me. 20
 DUKE
 Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
 Rather than make unprofited^o return.
 VIOLA
 Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?
 DUKE
 O, then unfold the passion of my love;
 Surprise her with discourse of my dear^o faith; 25
 It shall become thee well to act my woes.
 She will attend it better in thy youth
 Than in a nuncio's^o of more grave aspect.^o
 VIOLA
 I think not so, my lord.
 DUKE Dear lad, believe it;
 For they shall yet belie thy happy years 30
 That say thou art a man. Diana's lip
 Is not more smooth and rubious;^o thy small pipe^o
 Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,^o
 And all is semblative^o a woman's part.

133 **Taurus** the Bull (one of the twelve signs of the zodiac, each of which was thought to influence a certain part of the human body; most authorities assigned Taurus to neither "sides and heart" nor "legs and thighs," but to neck and throat) **I.iv.5 humor** changeable disposition **6 that** in that **13 no** . . . all everything **15 address thy gait** direct your steps **22 unprofited** unsuccessful **25 dear** intense **28 nuncio's** messenger's; **aspect** accent on second syllable **32 rubious** ruby-red; **pipe** voice **33 shrill and sound** high and clear **34 semblative** like

88 **Pourquoi** why (French) 93 **Then . . . hair** perhaps Sir Toby is punning on Sir Andrew's "tongues" (line 90) as "tongs" or curling irons 98 **distaff** stick used in spinning 99 **huswife** housewife 106 **estate** fortune 107 **there's life in't** there's hope for you yet 111 **kickshawses** trifles (French *quelque chose*) 113 **under . . . betters** so long as he is not my social superior 114 **old** experienced (?) 115 **galliard** lively dance in triple time 116 **caper** (1) frisky leap (2) spice used to season mutton (hence Sir Toby's remark in the next line) 118 **back-trick** reverse step in dancing 122 **take** gather 124 **coranto** quick running dance 125 **sink-a-pace** cinque-pace (French *cinq pas*), a kind of galliard of five steps (but there is also a scatological pun here) 126 **virtues** talents, accomplishments 128 **star . . . galliard** a dancing star 130 **damned-colored stock** of the many emendations proposed for this stocking of uncertain color—"damasked-colored," "dun-colored," "dove-colored," "damson-colored," and the like—Rowe's "flame-colored" has been most popular

I know thy constellation° is right apt° 35
 For this affair. Some four or five attend him,
 All, if you will; for I myself am best
 When least in company. Prosper well in this,
 And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord
 To call his fortunes thine.

VIOLA I'll do my best 40
 To woo your lady. [*Aside.*] Yet a barful° strife!
 Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

Scene V. [*Olivia's house.*]

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

MARIA Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I
 will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in
 way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy
 absence.

CLOWN Let her hang me. He that is well hanged in s
 this world needs to fear no colors.°

MARIA Make that good.°

CLOWN He shall see none to fear.

MARIA A good lenten° answer. I can tell thee where
 that saying was born, of "I fear no colors." 10

CLOWN Where, good Mistress Mary?

MARIA In the wars; and that may you be bold to say
 in your foolery.

CLOWN Well, God give them wisdom that have it,
 and those that are fools, let them use their talents.° 15

MARIA Yet you will be hanged for being so long
 absent, or to be turned away. Is not that as good as a
 hanging to you?

CLOWN Many a good hanging prevents a bad
 marriage, and for turning away, let summer bear it 20
 out.°

MARIA You are resolute then?

CLOWN Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two
 points.°

MARIA That if one break, the other will hold; or if 25
 both break, your gaskins° fall.

CLOWN Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy
 way! If Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as
 witty a piece of Eve's flesh° as any in Illyria.

MARIA Peace, you rogue; no more o' that. Here 30
 comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were
 best.° [*Exit.*]

*Enter Lady OLIVIA, with MALVOLIO [and other
 ATTENDANTS].*

CLOWN Wit, and't° be thy will, put me into good
 fooling. Those wits that think they have thee do very
 oft prove fools, and I that am sure I lack thee may pass 35

35 **constellation** predetermined qualities; **apt** suitable 41
barful full of impediments

I.v.6 **fear no colors** fear nothing (with a pun on *color* meaning
 "flag" and *collar* meaning "hangman's noose") 7 **Make that
 good** explain it 9 **lenten** thin, meager (perhaps an allusion to
 the colorless, unbleached linen that replaced the customary
 liturgical purple or violet during Lent) 15 **talents** native
 intelligence (with perhaps a pun on *talons* meaning "claws")
 20-21 **let . . . out** let the warm weather make it endurable
 24 **points** counts (but Maria takes it in the sense of tagged laces
 serving as suspenders) 26 **gaskins** loose breeches 28-29 **thou
 . . . flesh** you would make as clever a wife 31-32 **you were
 best** it would be best for you 33 **and't** if it

for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus?° "Better
 a witty fool than a foolish wit." God bless thee, lady.

OLIVIA Take the fool away.

CLOWN Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the
 lady. 40

OLIVIA Go to,° y' are a dry° fool! I'll no more of you.
 Besides, you grow dishonest.°

CLOWN Two faults, madonna,° that drink and good
 counsel will amend. For give the dry° fool drink, then
 is the fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend 45
 himself: if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he
 cannot, let the botcher° mend him. Anything that's
 mended is but patched; virtue that transgresses is but
 patched with sin, and sin that amends is but patched
 with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; 50
 if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold
 but calamity,° so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take
 away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

OLIVIA Sir, I bade them take away you.

CLOWN Misprision in the highest degree.° Lady, 55
 cucullus non facit monachum.° That's as much to say
 as, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna,
 give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA Can you do it?

CLOWN Dexteriously,° good madonna. 60

OLIVIA Make your proof.

CLOWN I must catechize you for it, madonna. Good
 my mouse of virtue,° answer me.

OLIVIA Well, sir, for want of other idleness,° I'll bide
 your proof. 65

CLOWN Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

OLIVIA Good fool, for my brother's death.

CLOWN I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLIVIA I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

CLOWN The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your 70
 brother's soul, being in heaven. Take away the fool,
 gentlemen.

OLIVIA What think you of this fool, Malvolio? Doth
 he not mend?

MALVOLIO Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death 75
 shake him. Infirmary, that decays the wise, doth ever
 make the better fool.

CLOWN God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the
 better increasing your folly. Sir Toby will be sworn
 that I am no fox,° but he will not pass his word for 80
 twopence that you are no fool.

OLIVIA How say you to that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO I marvel your ladyship takes delight in
 such a barren° rascal. I saw him put down the other day
 with° an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a 85

36 **Quinapalus** a sage of the Clown's invention 41 **Go to**
 enough; **dry** stupid 42 **dishonest** unreliable 43 **madonna**
 my lady 44 **dry** thirsty 47 **botcher** mender of clothes
 51-52 **there . . . calamity** although the Clown's chatter should
 not be pressed too hard for significance, Kittredge's paraphrase
 of this difficult passage is perhaps the least unsatisfactory:
 "Every-man is wedded to fortune; hence, when one's fortune
 is unfaithful, one may in very truth be called a cuckold—the
 husband of an unfaithful wife" 55 **Misprision . . . degree**
 an egregious error in mistaken identity 56 **cucullus . . .**
monachum a cowl does not make a monk 60 **Dexteriously**
 dexterously 62-63 **Good . . . virtue** my good virtuous
 mouse (a term of playful affection) 64 **idleness** trifling 80
I . . . fox i.e., sly and dangerous (like you) 84 **barren**
 stupid 84-85 **put down . . . with** bested . . . by

stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard^o already. Unless you laugh and minister occasion^o to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men that crow^o so at these set^o kind of fools no better than the fools' zanies.^o

OLIVIA O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and 90 taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous,^o guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for birdbolts^o that you deem cannon bullets. There is no slander in an allowed^o fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, 95 though he do nothing but reprove.

CLOWN Now Mercury indue thee with leasing,^o for thou speak'st well of fools.

Enter MARIA.

MARIA Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you. 100

OLIVIA From the Count Orsino, is it?

MARIA I know not, madam. 'Tis a fair young man and well attended.

OLIVIA Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman. 105

OLIVIA Fetch him off, I pray you. He speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio. If it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home. What you will, to dismiss it. (*Exit MALVOLIO.*) Now you see, sir, how your fooling 110 grows old,^o and people dislike it.

CLOWN Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove^o cram with brains, for—here he comes—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.^o 115

Enter Sir TOBY.

OLIVIA By mine honor, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

TOBY A gentleman,

OLIVIA A gentleman? What gentleman?

TOBY 'Tis a gentleman here. A plague o' these pickle- 120 herring!^o How now, sot?^o

CLOWN Good Sir Toby.

OLIVIA Cousin,^o cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

TOBY Lechery? I defy lechery. There's one at the gate. 125

OLIVIA Ay, marry, what is he?

TOBY Let him be the devil and he will, I care not. Give me faith,^o say I. Well, it's all one. *Exit.*

OLIVIA What's a drunken man like, fool?

CLOWN Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman. 130 One draught above heat^o makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

OLIVIA Go thou and seek the crowner,^o and let him sit o' my coz;^o for he's in the third degree of drink—he's drowned. Go look after him. 135

CLOWN He is but mad yet, madonna, and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? He's fortified against any denial. 140

OLIVIA Tell him he shall not speak with me. 145

MALVOLIO H' as^o been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,^o and be the supporter to a bench, but^o he'll speak with you.

OLIVIA What kind o' man is he?

MALVOLIO Why, of mankind.^o 150

OLIVIA What manner of man?

MALVOLIO Of very ill manner. He'll speak with you, will you or no.

OLIVIA Of what personage and years is he?

MALVOLIO Not yet old enough for a man nor young enough for a boy; as a squash^o is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling^o when 'tis almost an apple. 'Tis with him in standing water,^o between boy and man. He is very well-favored and he speaks very shrewishly.^o One would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him. 155

OLIVIA Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman. 160

MALVOLIO Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *Exit.*

Enter MARIA.

OLIVIA Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

VIOLA The honorable lady of the house, which is she? 165

OLIVIA Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

VIOLA Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty—I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con^o it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn. I am very comptible,^o even to the least sinister^o usage. 170

OLIVIA Whence came you, sir? 175

VIOLA I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest^o assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

133 crowner coroner 134 sit . . . coz hold an inquest on my kinsman 146 H' as he has 147 sheriff's post post set up before a sheriff's door for placards, notices, and such 148 but except 150 of mankind like other men 156 squash unripe peascod (peapod) 157 codling unripe apple 158 standing water at the turning of the tide, between ebb and flood, when it flows neither way 159 shrewishly tartly 172 con learn 173 comptible sensitive 174 sinister discourteous 178 modest reasonable

86 out . . . guard defenseless 87 minister occasion afford opportunity (for his fooling) 88 crow with laughter 89 set artificial; zanies inferior buffoons 91 generous liberal-minded 93 birdbolts blunt arrows 94 allowed licensed, privileged 97 Mercury . . . leasing may the god of trickery endow you with the gift of deception 111 old stale, tedious 113 Jove if, as is likely, Shakespeare here and elsewhere wrote "God," the printed text reflects the statute of 1606 that prohibited profane stage allusions to the deity 115 pia mater brain 120–21 pickle-herring to which the drunken Sir Toby attributes his hiccoughing 121 sot fool 123 Cousin i.e., uncle (see I.iii.4) 128 faith in order to resist the devil 131 above heat above what is required to make a man normally warm

OLIVIA Are you a comedian?^o 180
 VIOLA No, my profound heart;^o and yet (by the very fangs of malice I swear) I am not that^o I play. Are you the lady of the house?
 OLIVIA If I do not usurp^o myself, I am.
 VIOLA Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp 185 yourself; for what^o is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission.^o I will on with my speech in your praise and then show you the heart of my message.
 OLIVIA Come to what is important in't. I forgive 190 you^o the praise.
 VIOLA Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.
 OLIVIA It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and 195 allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief. 'Tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.^o
 MARIA Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way. 200
 VIOLA No, good swabber; I am to hull^o here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant,^o sweet lady. Tell me your mind. I am a messenger.^o
 OLIVIA Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful.^o Speak your 205 office.^o
 VIOLA It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of^o homage. I hold the olive^o in my hand. My words are as full of peace as matter.^o
 OLIVIA Yet you began rudely. What are you? What 210 would you?
 VIOLA The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment.^o What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead:^o to your ears, divinity;^o to any other's, profanation. 215
 OLIVIA Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity. [*Exit MARIA and ATTENDANTS.*] Now, sir, what is your text?
 VIOLA Most sweet lady—
 OLIVIA A comfortable^o doctrine, and much may be 220 said of it. Where lies your text?
 VIOLA In Orsino's bosom.
 OLIVIA In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?
 VIOLA To answer by the method,^o in the first of his heart. 225
 OLIVIA O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

180 **comedian** actor (because he has had to "con" a "part")
 181 **my profound heart** my sagacious lady (a bantering compliment) 182 **that** that which 184 **usurp** counterfeit (but Viola takes it in the sense "betray," "wrong") 186 **what** your hand in marriage 187 **from my commission** beyond my instructions 190–91 **forgive you** excuse you from repeating 198–99 **'Tis . . . dialogue** I am not in the mood to sustain such aimless banter 201 **hull** lie adrift 202 **giant** an ironical reference to Maria's small size 203 **Tell . . . messenger** many editors have divided these sentences, assigning the first to Olivia and the second to Viola 205 **when . . . fearful** since your manner is so truculent 206 **office** business 208 **taxation of demand for; olive** the symbol of peace 209 **matter** significant content 213 **entertainment** reception 214 **maidenhead** maidenhood 215 **divinity** a sacred message 220 **comfortable** comforting 224 **method** in the theological style suggested by "divinity," "profanation," "text," and "doctrine"

VIOLA Good madam, let me see your face.
 OLIVIA Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your 230 text.^o But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. [*Unveils.*] Look you, sir, such a one I was this present.^o Is't not well done?
 VIOLA Excellently done, if God did all.
 OLIVIA 'Tis in grain,^o sir; 'twill endure wind and 235 weather.
 VIOLA
 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning^o hand laid on. Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive If you will lead these graces to the grave, 240 And leave the world no copy.
 OLIVIA O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules^o of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil^o labeled to my will:^o as, item,^o two lips, indifferent red; item, 245 two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise^o me?
 VIOLA
 I see you what you are; you are too proud; But if^o you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you. O, such love 250 Could be but recompensed though you were crowned The nonpareil of beauty.
 OLIVIA How does he love me?
 VIOLA
 With adorations, with fertile^o tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.
 OLIVIA
 Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him. 255 Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulged,^o free, learned, and valiant, And in dimension^o and the shape of nature A gracious person. But yet I cannot love him. 260 He might have took his answer long ago.
 VIOLA
 If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suff'ring, such a deadly^o life, In your denial I would find no sense; I would not understand it.
 OLIVIA Why, what would you? 265
 VIOLA
 Make me a willow^o cabin at your gate And call upon my soul^o within the house; Write loyal cantons^o of contemnèd^o love And sing them loud even in the dead of night; Hallo your name to the reverberate^o hills 270

230–31 **You . . . text** You have shifted from talking of your master's heart to asking about my face 232–33 **this present** just now (like portrait painters, Olivia gives the age of the subject of the "picture" she has just revealed by drawing the "curtain" of a veil from her face) 235 **in grain** fast-dyed, indelible 238 **cunning** skillful 243 **schedules** statements 244 **utensil** article 244–45 **labeled . . . will** i.e., added as a codicil 245 **item** also 247 **praise** appraise 249 **if** even if 253 **fertile** copious 258 **well divulged** of good repute 259 **dimension** physique 263 **deadly** doomed to die 266 **willow** emblem of a disconsolate lover 267 **my soul** Olivia 268 **cantons** songs; **contemnèd** rejected 270 **reverberate** reverberating

And make the babbling gossip of the air°
Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth
But° you should pity me.

OLIVIA

You might do much. What is your parentage?

VIOLA

Above my fortunes, yet my state° is well.
I am a gentleman.

OLIVIA

Get you to your lord.

I cannot love him. Let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.
I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

VIOLA

I am no fee'd post,° lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;°
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt. Farewell, fair cruelty. *Exit.*

OLIVIA

"What is your parentage?"
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit 290
Do give thee fivefold blazon.° Not too fast; soft,° soft,
Unless the master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA

Run after that same peevish° messenger,
The county's° man. He left this ring behind him,
Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with° his lord
Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will. *Exit.* 305

OLIVIA

I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.°
Fate, show thy force; ourselves we do not owe.°
What is decreed must be—and be this so! *[Exit.]*

A C T I I

Scene I. *[The seacoast.]*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

275 ANTONIO Will you stay no longer? Nor will you not
that I go with you?

SEBASTIAN By your patience,° no. My stars shine
darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might
perhaps distemper° yours. Therefore I shall crave of 5
you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were
a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on
you. 280

ANTONIO Let me yet know of you whither you are
bound. 10

SEBASTIAN No, sooth,° sir. My determinate° voyage
is mere extravagancy.° But I perceive in you so
excellent a touch of modesty that you will not extort
from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it
charges me in manners the rather to express myself.° 15
You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is
Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was
that Sebastian of Messaline whom I know you have
heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both
born in an hour.° If the heavens had been pleased, 20
would we had so ended! But you, sir, altered that, for
some hour before you took me from the breach° of
the sea was my sister drowned.

ANTONIO Alas the day!

295 SEBASTIAN A lady, sir, though it was said she much 25
resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful.
But though I could not with such estimable wonder°
overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish°
her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair.
She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I 30
seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANTONIO Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.°

300 SEBASTIAN O good Antonio, forgive me your
trouble.°

ANTONIO If you will not murder me° for my love, 35
let me be your servant.

SEBASTIAN If you will not undo what you have done,
that is, kill him whom you have recovered,° desire
it not. Fare ye well at once. My bosom is full of
kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my 40
mother that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes
will tell tales of me.° I am bound to the Count Orsino's
court. Farewell. *Exit.*

ANTONIO

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee.
I have many enemies in Orsino's court, 45
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But come what may, I do adore thee so
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. *Exit.*

II.i.3 *patience* permission **5** *distemper* disorder **11** *sooth*
truly; **determinate** intended **12** *extravagancy* wandering
14–15 *it . . . myself* civility requires that I give some account
of myself **20** *in an hour* in the same hour **22** *breach*
breakers **27** *with . . . wonder* with so much esteem in
my appraisal **28** *publish* describe **32** *bad entertainment*
poor reception at my hands **33–34** *your trouble* the trouble I
have given you **35** *murder me* by forcing me to part from
you **38** *recovered* saved **40–42** *so . . . me* so overwrought
by my sorrow that, like a woman, I shall weep

271 *babbling . . . air* echo **274** *But but that* **276** *state*
status **282** *fee'd post* lackey to be tipped **284** *Love . . .*
love may Love make the heart of him you love like flint
291 *blazon* heraldic insignia; **soft** take it slowly **298** *peevish*
truculent, impertinent **299** *county's* count's **301** *flatter with*
encourage **307** *Mine . . . mind* my eye, so susceptible to
external attractions, will betray my judgment **308** *owe* own

Scene II. [*A street near Olivia's house.*]*Enter* VIOLA and MALVOLIO *at several*° *doors.*

MALVOLIO Were not you ev'n now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA Even now, sir. On a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

MALVOLIO She returns this ring to you, sir. You might 5
have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your-
self. She adds, moreover, that you should put your
lord into a desperate assurance° she will none of him.
And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to
come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your 10
lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

VIOLA She took the ring of me.° I'll none of it.

MALVOLIO Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her,
and her will is, it should be so returned. If it be worth
stooping for, there it lies, in your eye;° if not, be it his 15
that finds it. *Exit.*

VIOLA

I left no ring with her. What means this lady?
 Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her.
 She made good view of me; indeed, so much
 That sure methought° her eyes had lost her tongue,° 20
 For she did speak in starts distractedly.
 She loves me sure; the cunning° of her passion
 Invites me in this churlish messenger.
 None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none.
 I am the man.° If it be so, as 'tis, 25
 Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
 Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness
 Wherein the pregnant enemy° does much.
 How easy is it for the proper false°
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms! 30
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
 For such as we are made of, such we be.
 How will this fadge?° My master loves her dearly;
 And I (poor monster°) fond° as much on him;
 And she (mistaken) seems to dote on me. 35
 What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate° for my master's love.
 As I am woman (now alas the day!),
 What thriftless° sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
 O Time, thou must untangle this, not I; 40
 It is too hard a knot for me t' untie. *[Exit.]*

Scene III. [*A room in Olivia's house.*]*Enter* Sir TOBY and Sir ANDREW.

TOBY Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after

II.ii.s.d. **several** separate **8 desperate assurance** hopeless
 certainty **12 She . . . me** of the various emendations pro-
 posed for this puzzling line, Malone's "She took no ring of me"
 is perhaps the most attractive **15 eye** sight **20 sure me-**
thought "sure," which repairs the defective meter of this line,
 has been adopted from the Second Folio; another common
 emendation is "as methought"; **her . . . tongue** her fixed
 gaze made her lose the power of speech **22 cunning** craftiness
25 I . . . man i.e., whom she loves **28 pregnant enemy**
 crafty fiend (i.e., Satan) **29 proper false** attractive but deceit-
 ful suitors **33 fadge** turn out **34 monster** because of her
 equivocal position as both man and woman; **fond** dote
37 desperate hopeless **39 thriftless** unavailing

midnight is to be up betimes; and "Deliculo surgere,"°
thou know'st.ANDREW Nay, by my troth, I know not, but I know
to be up late is to be up late. 5TOBY A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can.°
To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is
early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to
bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the four
elements?° 10ANDREW Faith, so they say; but I think it rather con-
sists of eating and drinking.TOBY Th' art a scholar! Let us therefore eat and drink.
Marian I say, a stoup° of wine!*Enter* CLOWN.

ANDREW Here comes the fool, i' faith. 15

CLOWN How now, my hearts? Did you never see the
picture of We Three?°

TOBY Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.°

ANDREW By my troth, the fool has an excellent
breast.° I had rather than forty shillings I had such a 20
leg,° and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In
sooth, thou wast in very gracious° fooling last night,
when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus,° of the Vapians°
passing the equinoctial of Queubus.° 'Twas very good,
i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman.° Hadst it? 25CLOWN I did impetico thy gratillity,° for Malvolio's
nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and
the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.°ANDREW Excellent. Why, this is the best fooling,
when all is done. Now a song! 30TOBY Come on, there is sixpence for you. Let's have
a song.ANDREW There's a testril° of me too. If one knight
give a—°CLOWN Would you have a love song, or a song of 35
good life?°

TOBY A love song, a love song.

ANDREW Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

CLOWN *sings.*

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear, your true-love's coming, 40

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

II.iii.2 Deliculo surgere *Diluculo surgere saluberrimum est*,
 "It is most healthful to rise early" (a tag from William Lily's
 Latin grammar, which was widely used in sixteenth-century
 schools) **6 can** tankard **9-10 four elements** air, fire, earth,
 and water, which were thought to be the basic ingredients of all
 things **14 stoup** cup **17 picture . . . Three** picture of two
 asses, the spectator making the third **18 catch** round, a simple
 polyphonic song for several voices **20 breast** voice **21 leg**
 skill in bowing (?) **22 gracious** delightful **23-24 Pigro-**
gromitus, Vapians, Queubus presumably words invented by
 the Clown as specimens of his "gracious fooling" in mock
 learning **25 leman** sweetheart **26 impetico** thy gratillity
 more of the Clown's fooling, which perhaps means something
 like "pocket your gratuity" **26-28 Malvolio's . . . houses**
 probably mere nonsense **33 testril** tester, sixpence **33-34 If**
 . . . **a—** some editors have tried to supply what seems to be a
 missing line here, but it is probable that the Clown breaks
 in without permitting Sir Andrew to finish his sentence
35-36 of good life moral, edifying (?)

ANDREW Excellent good, i' faith.

TOBY Good, good.

CLOWN [*sings*].

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still^o unsure;

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet, and twenty,^o

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

ANDREW A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

TOBY A contagious breath.^o

ANDREW Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

TOBY To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.^o

But shall we make the welkin^o dance indeed? Shall we
rouse the night owl in a catch that will draw three
souls out of one weaver?^o Shall we do that?

ANDREW And you love me, let's do't. I am dog^o at a 60
catch.

CLOWN By'r Lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

ANDREW Most certain. Let our catch be "Thou
knave."

CLOWN "Hold thy peace, thou knave,"^o knight? I 65
shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

ANDREW 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one
to call me knave. Begin, fool. It begins, "Hold thy
peace."

CLOWN I shall never begin if I hold my peace. 70

ANDREW Good, i' faith! Come, begin.

Catch sung. Enter MARIA.

MARIA What a caterwauling do you keep here? If my
lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid
him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

TOBY My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians,^o 75
Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey,^o and [*sings*] "Three merry
men be we."^o Am not I consanguineous?^o Am I not
of her blood? Tilly-vally, lady. [*Sings*.] "There dwelt
a man in Babylon, lady, lady."

CLOWN Beshrew^o me, the knight's an admirable 80
fooling.

ANDREW Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed,
and so do I too. He does it with a better grace, but I do
it more natural.^o

TOBY [*Sings*.] "O the twelfth day of December." 85

45 MARIA For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO My masters, are you mad? Or what are
you? Have you no wit,^o manners, nor honesty,^o but to
gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make
an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out 90
your coziars'^o catches without any mitigation or
remorse^o of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons,
nor time in you?

TOBY We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up.^o

MALVOLIO Sir Toby, I must be round^o with you. My 95
lady bade me tell you that, though she harbors you as
her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If
you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you
are welcome to the house. If not, and it would please
you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you 100
farewell.

TOBY [*Sings*.] "Farewell, dear heart since I must needs
be gone."^o

MARIA Nay, good Sir Toby.

CLOWN [*Sings*.] "His eyes do show his days are almost 105
done."

MALVOLIO Is't even so?

TOBY [*Sings*.] "But I will never die."

CLOWN [*Sings*.] Sir Toby, there you lie.

MALVOLIO This is much credit to you. 110

TOBY [*Sings*.] "Shall I bid him go?"

CLOWN [*Sings*.] "What and if you do?"

TOBY [*Sings*.] "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

CLOWN [*Sings*.] "O, no, no, no, no, you dare not!"

TOBY Out o' tune, sir? Ye lie.^o Art any more than a 115
steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous,
there shall be no more cakes and ale?

CLOWN Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger^o shall be hot
i' th' mouth too.

TOBY Th' art i' th' right.—Go, sir, rub your chain 120
with crumbs.^o A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's
favor at anything more than contempt, you would not
give means for this uncivil rule.^o She shall know of it,
by this hand. *Exit.* 125

MARIA Go shake your cars.^o

ANDREW 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a
man's ahungry,^o to challenge him the field,^o and then
to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

TOBY Do't, knight. I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll 130
deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MARIA Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. Since
the youth of the count's was today with my lady, she

49 still always 51 Then . . . twenty so kiss me, my sweet,
and then kiss me twenty times again (some editors, taking
"twenty" as an intensive, read the line as "so kiss me then, my
very sweet one") 54 contagious breath catchy song 56
To . . . contagion i.e., If we could hear through the nose,
the Clown's "breath" would be sweet and not malodorous, as
"contagious" breaths usually are 57 welkin sky 59 weaver
weavers were noted for their singing 60 dog clever (but in the
next line the Clown puns on *dog* = latch, gripping device) 65
Hold . . . knave a line from the round proposed by Sir
Andrew 75 My . . . politicians because Sir Toby and his
companions are "politicians" (i.e., tricksters, intriguers) they
recognize Maria's warning of Olivia's anger as the ruse of a
"Cataian" (i.e., native of Cathay, cheater); hence "Tilly-vally,
lady" (line 78), which means something like "Fiddlesticks, lady"
76 Peg-a-Ramsey character in an old song whose name Sir
Toby uses apparently as a term of contempt 76-77 Three . . .
we like Sir Toby's other snatches, a fragment of an old song
77 consanguineous related, kin (to Olivia) 80 Beshrew
curse 84 natural with an unintentional pun on "nature" as a
term for fool or idiot; see I.iii.28

88 wit sense; honesty decency 91 coziars' cobblers' 91-92
mitigation or remorse lowering 94 Sneck up go hang
95 round blunt 102-03 Farewell . . . gone what follows,
in crude antiphony between Sir Toby and the Clown, is
adapted from a ballad, "Corydon's Farewell to Phyllis" 115
Out . . . lie Sir Toby accuses the Clown of being out of tune,
it seems, because he had added an extra "no" and thus an extra
note in line 114, and of lying because he had questioned his
valor in "you dare not"; then he turns to berating Malvolio
118 ginger commonly used to spice ale 120-21 rub . . .
crumbs polish your steward's chain, your badge of office
124 give . . . rule provide liquor for this brawl 126 Go
. . . ears i.e., like the ass you are (?) 128 ahungry charac-
teristically, Sir Andrew confuses hunger and thirst and thus
perverts the proverbial expression; the field i.e., to a duel

is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not gull him into a nayword,¹³⁵ and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

TOBY Possess^o us, possess us. Tell us something of him.

MARIA Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.¹⁴⁰

ANDREW O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

TOBY What, for being a Puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight.

ANDREW I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.¹⁴⁵

MARIA The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly^o but a time-pleaser;^o an affectioned^o ass, that cons state without book^o and utters it by great swarths;^o the best persuaded of himself;^o so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies that it is his grounds of¹⁵⁰ faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

TOBY What wilt thou do?

MARIA I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein by the color of his beard, the shape of¹⁵⁵ his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure^o of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated.^o I can write very like my lady your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.¹⁶⁰

TOBY Excellent. I smell a device.

ANDREW I have't in my nose too.

TOBY He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.¹⁶⁵

MARIA My purpose is indeed a horse of that color.

ANDREW And your horse now would make him an ass.

MARIA Ass, I doubt not.

ANDREW O, 'twill be admirable.¹⁷⁰

MARIA Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third,^o where he shall find the letter. Observe his construction^o of it. For this night, to bed, and dream of the event.^o Farewell. *Exit.*¹⁷⁵

TOBY Good night, Penthesilea.^o

ANDREW Before me,^o she's a good wench.

TOBY She's a beagle^o true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

ANDREW I was adored once too.¹⁸⁰

TOBY Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

135 nayword byword **139 Possess** inform **140 Puritan** a straight-laced, censorious person (in lines 146-47 Maria makes it clear that she is not using the label in a strict ecclesiastical sense, as Sir Andrew [line 141] thinks) **147 constantly** consistently; **time-pleaser** sycophant; **affectioned** affected **148 cons . . . book** memorizes stately gestures and turns of phrase **149 swarths** swaths, quantities; **the . . . himself** who thinks most highly of himself **156 expressure** expression **158 personated** represented. **172-73 let . . . third** like the plan to have Viola present herself to Duke Orsino as a eunuch (I.ii.62), this plot device was abandoned; it is Fabian, not the Clown, who makes the third spectator to Malvolio's exposé **174 construction** interpretation **175 event** outcome **176 Penthesilea** in classical mythology, the queen of the Amazons **177 Before me** I swear, with myself as witness **178 beagle** one of several allusions to Maria's small stature

ANDREW If I cannot recover^o your niece, I am a foul way out.^o

TOBY Send for money, knight. If thou hast her not i'¹⁸⁵ th' end, call me Cut.^o

ANDREW If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

TOBY Come, come; I'll go burn some sack.^o 'Tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. *190*
Exeunt.

Scene IV. [*The duke's palace.*]

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

DUKE

Give me some music. Now good morrow, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,

That old and antic^o song we heard last night.

Methought it did relieve my passion^o much,

More than light airs and recollected terms^o

Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.⁵

Come, but one verse.

CURIO He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

DUKE Who was it?¹⁰

CURIO Feste the jester, my lord, a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

DUKE

Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit* CURIO.]

Music plays.

Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,¹⁵

In the sweet pangs of it remember me;

For such as I am all true lovers are,

Unstaid and skittish in all motions^o else

Save in the constant image of the creature

That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?²⁰

VIOLA

It gives a very echo to the seat^o

Where Love is throned.

DUKE Thou dost speak masterly.

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath stayed upon some favor^o that it loves.

Hath it not, boy?

VIOLA A little, by your favor.²⁵

DUKE

What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA Of your complexion.^o

DUKE

She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?

VIOLA

About your years, my lord.

DUKE

Too old, by heaven. Let still^o the woman take

183 recover win **183-4 a . . . out** badly out of pocket
186 Cut a dock-tailed horse **189 burn some sack** heat and
spice some Spanish wine

II.iv.3 antic quaint **4 passion** suffering (from unrequited
love) **5 recollected terms** studied phrases **18 motions**
emotions **21 seat** the heart (see I.i.38-39) **24 favor** face
26 complexion temperament **29 still** always

An elder than herself: so wears she° to him,
 So sways she level in her husband's heart;°
 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
 Our fancies° are more giddy and unfirm,
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,°
 Than women's are.

VIOLA I think it well, my lord.

DUKE
 Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;°
 For women are as roses, whose fair flow'r,
 Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

VIOLA
 And so they are; alas, that they are so.
 To die, even when they to perfection grow.

Enter CURIO and CLOWN.

DUKE
 O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
 Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain.
 The spinsters° and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free° maids that weave their thread with
 bones,°
 Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,°
 And dallies° with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age.°

CLOWN Are you ready, sir?

DUKE I prithee sing.

Music.

The Song.

Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress° let me be laid.
 Fly away, fly away, breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it.
 My part of death, no one so true
 Did share it.
 Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there.

DUKE There's for thy pains.

CLOWN No pains, sir. I take pleasure in singing, sir.

DUKE I'll pay thy pleasure then.

CLOWN Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time 70
 or another.

DUKE Give me now leave to leave thee.

CLOWN Now the melancholy god protect thee, and
 the tailor make thy doublet of changeable° taffeta, for

30 thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such 75
 constancy put to sea, that their business might be
 everything, and their intent everywhere; for that's it
 that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.
Exit.

DUKE

35 Let all the rest give place.°

[*Exeunt CURIO and ATTENDANTS.*]

Once more, Cesario,
 Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.° 80
 Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
 Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
 The parts° that fortune hath bestowed upon her
 Tell her I hold as giddily° as fortune,
 But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems° 85
 That nature pranks her in° attracts my soul.

VIOLA

But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE

I cannot be so answered.

VIOLA

Sooth,° but you must.
 Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
 Hath for your love as great a pang of heart 90
 As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her.
 You tell her so. Must she not then be answered?

DUKE

There is no woman's sides
 Can bide° the beating of so strong a passion
 As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart 95
 So big to hold so much; they lack retention.°
 Alas, their love may be called appetite,
 No motion° of the liver° but the palate,
 That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;°
 But mine is all as hungry as the sea 100
 And can digest as much. Make no compare
 Between that love a woman can bear me
 And that I owe Olivia.

VIOLA

Ay, but I know—

DUKE

What dost thou know?

60

VIOLA

Too well what love women to men may owe. 105
 In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
 My father had a daughter loved a man
 As it might be perhaps, were I a woman,
 I should your lordship.

DUKE

And what's her history?

VIOLA

A blank, my lord. She never told her love, 110
 But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
 Feed on her damask° cheek. She pined in thought;°
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed? 115
 We men may say more, swear more; but indeed

30 wears she she adapts herself 31 sways . . . heart she keeps
 steady in her husband's affections 33 fancies loves 34 worn
 many editors have adopted the reading "won" from the
 Second Folio 37 hold the bent maintain its strength and
 tension (the image is that of a bent bow) 44 spinsters spinners
 45 free carefree; bones bone bobbins 46 silly sooth simple
 truth 47 dallies deals movingly 48 the old age the good
 old times 52 cypress a coffin made of cypress wood 74
 changeable with shifting lights and colors

79 give place withdraw 80 sovereign cruelty peerless
 and disdainful lady 83 parts gifts (of wealth and social status)
 84 giddily indifferently 85 queen of gems Olivia's beauty
 86 pranks her in adorns her with 88 Sooth truly 94
 bide endure 96 retention the ability to retain 98 motion
 stirring, prompting; liver seat of passion 99 revolt revulsion
 112 damask like a pink and white damask rose; thought
 brooding

Our shows are more than will;° for still we prove
Much in our vows but little in our love.

DUKE

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA

I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too, and yet I know not.°
Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE

Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste. Give her this jewel. Say
My love can give no place,° bide no denay.° *Exeunt.*

Scene V. [*Olivia's garden.*]

Enter Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.

TOBY Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FABIAN Nay, I'll come. If I lose a scruple° of this
sport, let me be boiled° to death with melancholy.

TOBY Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly
rascally sheep-biter° come by some notable shame? 5

FABIAN I would exult, man. You know he brought
me out o' favor with my lady about a bearbaiting here.

TOBY To anger him we'll have the bear again, and we
will fool him black and blue. Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

ANDREW And we do not, it is pity of our lives. 10

Enter MARIA.

TOBY Here comes the little villain. How now, my
metal of India?°

MARIA Get ye all three into the box tree. Malvolio's
coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun
practicing behavior to his own shadow this half hour. 15
Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this
letter will make a contemplative° idiot of him. Close,°
in the name of jesting. [*The others hide.*] Lie thou there
[*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that
must be caught with tickling.° *Exit.* 20

Enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once
told me she did affect me;° and I have heard herself
come thus near, that, should she fancy,° it should be
one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a
more exalted respect than anyone else that follows° 25
her. What should I think on't?

TOBY Here's an overweening rogue.

FABIAN O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey
cock of him. How he jets° under his advanced°
plumes! 30

ANDREW 'Slight,° I could so beat the rogue.

TOBY Peace, I say.°

117 **Our . . . will** what we show is greater than the passion
that we feel 121 **I know not** because she thinks that her
brother may be still alive 124 **can . . . place** cannot yield;
denay denial

II.v.2 **scruple** smallest part 3 **boiled** pronounced "biled,"
quibbling on *bile*, which was thought to be the cause of melan-
choly 5 **sheep-biter** sneaky dog 12 **metal of India** golden
girl 17 **contemplative** self-centered; **Close** hide 20 **tickling**
stroking, i.e., flattery 22 **she . . . me** Olivia liked me 23
fancy love 25 **follows** serves 29 **jets** struts; **advanced** up-
lifted 31 **'Slight** by God's light (a mild oath) 32 **Peace, I say**
many editors assign this and line 36 to Fabian on the ground
that it is his function throughout the scene to restrain Sir Toby
and Sir Andrew

MALVOLIO To be Count Malvolio.

TOBY Ah, rogue!

ANDREW Pistol him, pistol him. 35

TOBY Peace, peace.

MALVOLIO There is example for't. The Lady of the
Strachy° married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

ANDREW Fie on him, Jezebel.°

FABIAN O, peace! Now he's deeply in. Look how 40
imagination blows him.°

MALVOLIO Having been three months married to her,
sitting in my state—

TOBY O for a stonebow,° to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO Calling my officers about me, in my 45
branched° velvet gown; having come from a daybed,°
where I have left Olivia sleeping—

TOBY Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN O, peace, peace!

MALVOLIO And then to have the humor of state;° and 50
after a demure travel of regard,° telling them I know
my place, as I would they should do theirs, to ask for
my kinsman Toby—

TOBY Bolts and shackles!

FABIAN O peace, peace, peace, now, now. 55

MALVOLIO Seven of my people, with an obedient
start, make out for° him. I frown the while, and per-
chance wind up my watch, or play with my—some
rich jewel.° Toby approaches; curtsies there to me—

TOBY Shall this fellow live? 60

FABIAN Though our silence be drawn from us with
cars, yet peace.

MALVOLIO I extend my hand to him thus, quenching
my familiar smile with an austere regard of control°—

TOBY And does not Toby take° you a blow o' the 65
lips then?

MALVOLIO Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes
having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative
of speech."

TOBY What, what? 70

MALVOLIO "You must amend your drunkenness."

TOBY Out, scab!

FABIAN Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our
plot.

MALVOLIO "Besides, you waste the treasure of your 75
time with a foolish knight"—

ANDREW That's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO "One Sir Andrew"—

ANDREW I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO What employment° have we here? 80

[*Takes up the letter.*]

FABIAN Now is the woodcock° near the gin.°

37-38 **The Lady . . . Strachy** an unidentified allusion to a
great lady who married beneath her 39 **Jezebel** the proud
and wicked queen of Ahab, King of Israel, whom Sir Andrew,
muddled as usual, regards as Malvolio's prototype in arrogance
41 **blows him** puffs him up 44 **stonebow** crossbow that
shoots stones 46 **branched** embroidered; **daybed** sofa 50
to . . . state to assume an imperious manner 51 **after**
. . . regard having glanced gravely over my retainers 57
make out for go to fetch 58-59 **play . . . jewel** Malvolio
automatically reaches for his steward's chain and then catches
himself 64 **an . . . control** a stern look of authority
65 **take** give 80 **employment** business 81 **woodcock** a
proverbially stupid bird; **gin** snare

TOBY O, peace, and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him!

MALVOLIO By my life, this is my lady's hand. These be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes 85 she her great P's. It is, in contempt of° question, her hand.

ANDREW Her C's, her U's, and her T's? Why that?

MALVOLIO [*Reads.*] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes." Her very phrases! By your 90 leave, wax.° Soft,° and the impressure her Lucrece,° with which she uses to seal.° 'Tis my lady. To whom should this be?

FABIAN This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO [*Reads.*]

"Jove knows I love, 95
But who?

Lips, do not move;
No man must know."

"No man must know." What follows? The numbers altered!° "No man must know." If this should be thee, 100 Malvolio?

TOBY Marry, hang thee, brock!°

MALVOLIO [*Reads.*]

"I may command where I adore,
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore. 105
M. O. A. I. doth sway my life."

FABIAN A fustian° riddle.

TOBY Excellent wench,° say I.

MALVOLIO "M. O. A. I. doth sway my life." Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see. 110

FABIAN What dish o' poison has she dressed° him!

TOBY And with what wing the staniel checks at it!°

MALVOLIO "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity.° There is 115 no obstruction° in this. And the end; what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me! Softly, "M. O. A. I."

TOBY O, ay, make up that. He is now at a cold scent.

FABIAN Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it 120 be as rank as a fox.°

MALVOLIO M.—Malvolio. M.—Why, that begins my name.

FABIAN Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.° 125

MALVOLIO M.—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel.° That suffers under probation.° A should follow, but O does.

FABIAN And O° shall end, I hope.

86 in contempt of beyond 90–91 By . . . wax Excuse me for breaking the seal 91 Soft take it slowly; the . . . Lucrece the seal depicts Lucrece (noble Roman matron who stabbed herself after she was raped by Tarquin, hence a symbol of chastity) 92 uses to seal customarily seals 99–100 The numbers altered the meter changed (in the stanza that follows) 102 brock badger 107 fustian foolish and pretentious 108 wench Maria 111 dressed prepared for 112 with . . . it with what speed the kestrel (a kind of hawk) turns to snatch at the wrong prey 115 formal capacity normal intelligence 116 obstruction difficulty 120–21 Sowter . . . fox The hound will bay after the false scent even though the deceit is gross and clear 125 faults breaks in the scent 126–27 consonancy . . . sequel consistency in what follows 127 suffers under probation does not stand up under scrutiny 129 O sound of lamentation

TOBY Ay, or I'll cudgel him and make him cry O. 130

MALVOLIO And then I comes behind.

FABIAN Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

MALVOLIO M, O, A, I. This simulation° is not as the 135 former; and yet, to crush° this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft, here follows prose.

[*Reads.*]

"If this fall into thy hand, revolve.° In my stars° I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are 140 born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and to inure° thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough° and appear fresh. Be opposite with° a kinsman, 145 surly with servants. Let thy tongue tang arguments of state;° put thyself into the trick of singularity.° She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered.° I say, remember. Go to, 150 thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so. If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

The Fortunate Unhappy." 155

Daylight and champion° discovers° not more. This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors,° I will baffle° Sir Toby, I will wash off gross° acquaintance, I will be point-devise,° the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade° me, for every reason 160 excites to this,° that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking.° I thank my stars, I am 165 happy. I will be strange,° stout,° in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised. Here is yet a post-script.

[*Reads.*]

"Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou 170 entertain'st° my love, let it appear in thy smiling. Thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee."

Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

Exit. 175

135 simulation hidden significance 136 crush force 139 revolve reflect; stars fortune 143 inure accustom 145 slough skin (of a snake); opposite with hostile to 146–47 tang . . . state resound with topics of statecraft 147 trick of singularity affectation of eccentricity 150 cross-gartered with garters crossed above and below the knee 156 champion campaign, open country; discovers reveals 157 politic authors writers on politics 158 baffle publicly humiliate; gross low 159 be point-devise follow the advice in the letter in every detail 160 jade trick 161 excites to this enforces this conclusion 165 these . . . liking this clothing that she likes 166 strange haughty; stout proud 171 entertain'st accept

FABIAN I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the sophy.^o

TOBY I could marry this wench for this device.

ANDREW So could I too.

TOBY And ask no other dowry with her but such 180 another jest.

Enter MARIA.

ANDREW Nor I neither.

FABIAN Here comes my noble gull-catcher.^o

TOBY Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

ANDREW Or o' mine either? 185

TOBY Shall I play^o my freedom at tray-trip^o and become thy bonds slave?

ANDREW I' faith, or I either?

TOBY Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad. 190

MARIA Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

TOBY Like aqua vitae^o with a midwife.

MARIA If you will, then, see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors, 195 and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me. 200

TOBY To the gates of Tartar,^o thou most excellent devil of wit.

ANDREW I'll make one^o too.

Exeunt.

A C T I I I

Scene I. [*Olivia's garden.*]

Enter VIOLA and CLOWN [with a tabor].

VIOLA Save thee,^o friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by^o thy tabor?^o

CLOWN No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA Art thou a churchman?

CLOWN No such matter, sir. I do live by the church; 5 for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

VIOLA So thou mayst say, the king lies^o by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by^o thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church. 10

CLOWN You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a chev'ril^o glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

VIOLA Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely^o with words may quickly make them wanton.^o 15

177 **sophy** Shah of Persia (perhaps with reference to Sir Anthony Shirley's visit to the Persian court in 1599, from which he returned laden with gifts and honors) 183 **gull-catcher** fool-catcher 186 **play** gamble; **tray-trip** a dice game 192 **aqua vitae** distilled liquors 201 **Tartar** Tartarus (in classical mythology, the infernal regions) 203 **make one** come III.i.1 **Save thee** God save you 2 **live by** gain a living from (but the Clown takes it in the sense of "reside near"); **tabor** (1) drum (2) taborn, tavern 8 **lies** sojourns 9 **stands by** (1) stands near (2) upholds 12 **chev'ril** cheveril (soft kid leather) 14 **dally nicely** play subtly 15 **wanton** equivocal in meaning (but the Clown takes it in the sense of "unchaste")

CLOWN I would therefore my sister had had no name, sir.

VIOLA Why, man?

CLOWN Why, sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But 20 indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.^o

VIOLA Thy reason, man?

CLOWN Troth,^o sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false I am loath to 25 prove reason with them.

VIOLA I warrant thou art a merry fellow and car'st for nothing.

CLOWN Not so, sir; I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care 30 for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VIOLA Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

CLOWN No, indeed, sir. The Lady Olivia has no folly. She will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchers^o are to herrings—the 35 husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIOLA I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

CLOWN Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb^o like the sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, 40 but^o the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.

VIOLA Nay, and thou pass upon me,^o I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

[*Gives a coin.*]

CLOWN Now Jove, in his next commodity^o of hair, 45 send thee a beard.

VIOLA By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

CLOWN Would not a pair of these^o have bred, sir? 50

VIOLA Yes, being kept together and put to use.^o

CLOWN I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.^o

VIOLA I understand you, sir. 'Tis well begged.

[*Gives another coin.*]

CLOWN The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging 55 but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar.^o My lady is within, sir. I will conster^o to them whence you come. Who you are and what you would are out of my welkin;^o I might say "element," but the word is overworn.^o *Exit.* 60

21-22 **since . . . them** since it was required that a man's word be guaranteed by a bond (?) 24 **Troth** by my troth 35 **pilchers** pilchards (a kind of small herring) 39 **orb** earth 41 **but** but that 43 **pass upon me** make me the butt of your witticisms 45 **commodity** lot, consignment 50 **these** coins of the sort that Viola had just given him 51 **put to use** put out at interest 52-53 **I . . . Troilus** in the story of Troilus and Cressida, which supplied both Chaucer and Shakespeare the plot for major works, Pandarus was the go-between in the disastrous love affair 56 **Cressida . . . beggar** in Robert Henryson's *Testament of Cressida*, a kind of sequel to Chaucer's poem, the faithless heroine became a harlot and a beggar 57 **conster** explain 59 **welkin** sky 59-60 **I . . . overworn** perhaps a thrust at Ben Jonson, whose fondness for the word "element" had been ridiculed by other writers

VIOLA

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves° a kind of wit.°
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And,° like the haggard,° check at° every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice°
As full of labor as a wise man's art;
For folly that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n,° quite taint their wit.°

Enter Sir TOBY and [Sir] ANDREW.

TOBY Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA And you, sir.

ANDREW Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

VIOLA Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.°

ANDREW I hope, sir, you are, and I am yours.

TOBY Will you encounter° the house? My niece is
desirous you should enter, if your trade be to° her.

VIOLA I am bound to° your niece, sir; I mean, she is
the list° of my voyage.

TOBY Taste° your legs, sir; put them to motion.

VIOLA My legs do better understand° me, sir, than I
understand what you mean by bidding me taste my
legs.

TOBY I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIOLA I will answer you with gait and entrance.° But
we are prevented.°

Enter OLIVIA and gentlewoman [MARIA].

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain
odors on you.

ANDREW That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain odors"
—well!°

VIOLA My matter hath no voice,° lady, but to your
own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

ANDREW "Odors," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed"—
I'll get 'em all three all ready.

OLIVIA Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to
my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and*
MARIA.] Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA

My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLIVIA

What is your name?

VIOLA

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLIVIA

My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning° was called compliment.
Y' are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIOLA

And he is yours, and his must needs be yours.

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLIVIA

For° him, I think not on him; for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me.

VIOLA

Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

OLIVIA

O, by your leave, I pray you.

I bade you never speak again of him;

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that

Than music from the spheres.°

VIOLA

Dear lady—

OLIVIA

Give me leave,° beseech you. I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse°

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.

Under your hard construction° must I sit,

To force that on you in a shameful cunning

Which you knew none of yours. What might you
think?

Have you not set mine honor at the stake

And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts°

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
receiving°

Enough is shown; a cypress,° not a bosom,

Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

VIOLA

I pity you.

OLIVIA

That's a degree° to love.

VIOLA

No, not a grize;° for 'tis a vulgar proof°

That very oft we pity enemies.

OLIVIA

Why then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud.

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the lion than the wolf.

Clock strikes.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you,

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,°

Your wife is like to reap a proper° man.

There lies your way, due west.°

VIOLA

Then westward ho!°

Grace and good disposition° attend your ladyship.

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

62 craves requires; wit intelligence 65 And many editors, following Johnson, have emended this to "not"; haggard untrained hawk; check at leave the true course and pursue 66 practice skill 69 folly-fall'n having fallen into folly; taint their wit betray their common sense 72-73 Dieu . . . serviteur God protect you, sir. And you also; your servant 75 encounter approach 76 trade be to business be with 77 bound to bound for (carrying on the metaphor in "trade") 78 list destination 79 Taste try 80 understand stand under, support 84 with . . . entrance by going and entering (with a pun on gate) 85 prevented anticipated 89 well well put 90 matter . . . voice business must not be revealed 101 lowly feigning affected humility

105 For as for 112 music . . . spheres the alleged celestial harmony of the revolving stars and planets 113 Give me leave do not interrupt me 115 abuse deceive 117 hard construction harsh interpretation 120-21 set . . . thoughts the metaphor is from the Elizabethan sport of bearbaiting, in which a bear was tied to a stake and harassed by savage dogs 122 receiving perception 123 cypress gauzelike material 125 degree step 126 grize step; vulgar proof common knowledge 134 when . . . harvest when you are mature 135 proper handsome 136 due west Olivia is perhaps implying that the sun of her life—Cesario's love—is about to vanish; westward ho cry of Thames watermen 137 good disposition tranquillity of mind

OLIVIA

Stay.

I prithee tell me what thou think'st of me.

VIOLA

That you do think you are not what you are.°

OLIVIA

If I think so, I think the same of you.°

VIOLA

Then think you right. I am not what I am.

OLIVIA

I would you were as I would have you be.

VIOLA

Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.°

OLIVIA

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip.

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.° 150

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood,° honor, truth, and everything,

I love thee so that, maugre° all thy pride,

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,° 155

For that° I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;°

But rather reason thus with reason fetter,

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

VIOLA

By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth, 160

And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam. Never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

OLIVIA

Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move 165

That heart which now abhors to like his love. *Exeunt.*Scene II. [*Olivia's house.*]*Enter Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.*

ANDREW No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

TOBY Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

FABIAN You must needs yield° your reason, Sir Andrew.

ANDREW Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to s
the count's servingman than ever she bestowed upon
me. I saw't i' th' orchard.TOBY Did she see thee the while, old boy? Tell me
that.

ANDREW As plain as I see you now. 170

FABIAN This was a great argument° of love in her
toward you.

ANDREW 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

141 **That . . . are** That you think you are in love with
a man, and are not 142 **If . . . you** Olivia misconstrues
Viola's remark to mean that she is out of her mind 146 **I am**
. . . **fool** you are making a fool of me 150 **love's . . .**
noon love is apparent even when it is hidden 152 **maid-**
hood maidenhood 153 **maugre** despite 155 **clause** premise
156 **For that** that because; **cause** i.e., to accept my love
III.ii.3 **yield** give 11 **great argument** strong evidence

FABIAN I will prove it legitimate,° sir, upon the oaths
of judgment and reason. 15

140 TOBY And they have been grand-jurymen since
before Noah was a sailor.

FABIAN She did show favor to the youth in your sight
only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse°
valor, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your 20
liver. You should then have accosted her, and with
some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you
should have banged the youth into dumbness. This
was looked for at your hand, and this was balked.°
The double guilt° of this opportunity you let time wash 25
off, and you are now sailed into the North of my
lady's opinion,° where you will hang like an icicle on a
Dutchman's beard° unless you do redeem it by some
laudable attempt either of valor or policy.°

ANDREW And't be any way, it must be with valor; for 30
policy I hate. I had as lief be a Brownist° as a politician.°

TOBY Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the
basis of valor. Challenge me the count's youth to fight
with him; hurt him in eleven places. My niece shall
take note of it, and assure thyself there is no love- 35
broker in the world can° more prevail in man's
commendation with woman than report of valor.

FABIAN There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

ANDREW Will either of you bear me a challenge to
him? 40

TOBY Go, write it in a martial hand. Be curst° and
brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and
full of invention. Taunt him with the license of ink.°
If thou thou'st° him some thrice, it shall not be amiss;
and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, 45
although the sheet were big enough for the bed of
Ware° in England, set 'em down. Go about it. Let
there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write
with a goose-pen, no matter. About it!

ANDREW Where shall I find you? 50

TOBY We'll call thee at the cubiculo.° Go.

Exit Sir ANDREW.

FABIAN This is a dear manikin° to you, Sir Toby.

TOBY I have been dear to him,° lad, some two thou-
sand strong or so.

FABIAN We shall have a rare letter from him, but 55
you'll not deliver't?

TOBY Never trust me then; and by all means stir on
the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes°
cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were
opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will 60
clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.°

14 **legitimate** valid 19 **dormouse** i.e., sleepy 24 **balked**
let slip 25 **gilt** plating 26-27 **the . . . opinion** her frosty
disdain 27-28 **an . . . beard** perhaps an allusion to the
arctic voyage (1596-97) of the Dutchman Willem Barents, an
account of which was registered for publication in 1598 29
policy intrigue, trickery 31 **Brownist** follower of William
Browne, a reformer who advocated the separation of church
and state; **politician** schemer 36 **can** that can 41 **curst**
petulant 43 **license of ink** freedom that writing permits
44 **thou'st** use the familiar *thou* instead of the more formal *you*
46-47 **bed of Ware** famous bedstead, almost eleven feet square,
formerly in an inn at Ware in Hertfordshire 51 **cubiculo**
little chamber 52 **manikin** puppet 53 **been . . . him**
spent his money 58 **wainropes** wagon ropes 61 **anatomy**
cadaver

FABIAN And his opposite,^o the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

TOBY Look where the youngest wren^o of mine^o comes. 65

MARIA If you desire the spleen,^o and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness.^o 70 He's in yellow stockings.

TOBY And cross-gartered?

MARIA Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' th' church. I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that 75 I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies.^o You have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him. If she do, he'll smile, and 80 take't for a great favor.

TOBY Come bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt omnes.

Scene III. [*A street.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

SEBASTIAN

I would not by my will have troubled you;
But since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

ANTONIO

I could not stay behind you. My desire
(More sharp than filèd steel) did spur me forth; 5
And not all love to see you (though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage)
But jealousy^o what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in^o these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,^o
Set forth in your pursuit.

SEBASTIAN

My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever oft good turns^o 15
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent^o pay.
But, were my worth^o as is my conscience firm,

You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the relics of this town?

ANTONIO

Tomorrow, sir; best first go see your lodging. 20

SEBASTIAN

I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.
I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

ANTONIO

Would you'd pardon^o me. 25
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the count his galleys^o
I did some service; of such note indeed
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answered.^o

SEBASTIAN

Belike you slew great number of his people?

ANTONIO

Th' offense is not of such a bloody nature, 30
Albeit the quality^o of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.^o
It might have since been answered^o in repaying
What we took from them, which for traffic's^o sake
Most of our city did. Only myself stood out; 35
For which, if I be lapsèd^o in this place,
I shall pay dear.

SEBASTIAN Do not then walk too open.

ANTONIO

It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs at the Elephant^o
Is best to lodge. I will bespeak our diet,^o 40
Whiles^o you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town. There shall you have^o me.

SEBASTIAN

Why I your purse?

ANTONIO

Haply your eye shall light upon some toy^o
You have desire to purchase, and your store^o 45
I think is not for idle markets,^o sir.

SEBASTIAN

I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

ANTONIO To th' Elephant.

SEBASTIAN I do remember. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV. [*Olivia's garden.*]

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

OLIVIA

I have sent after him. He says he'll come:^o
How shall I feast him? What bestow of^o him?
For youth is bought more oft than begged or borrowed.
I speak too loud. Where's Malvolio? He is sad and 5
civil,^o

24 **pardon** excuse 26 **count his galleys** count's warships
28 **answered** defended 31 **quality** circumstances 32 **argu-**
ment cause 33 **answered** compensated 34 **traffic's** trade's
36 **lapsèd** surprised and apprehended 39 **Elephant** an inn
40 **bespeak our diet** arrange for our meals 41 **Whiles**
while 42 **have** find 44 **toy** trifle 45 **store** wealth 46 **idle**
markets unnecessary purchases
III.iv.1 **He . . . come** suppose he says he'll come 2 **of** on
4 **sad and civil** grave and formal

62 **opposite** adversary 64 **youngest wren** smallest of small birds; **mine** most editors adopt Theobald's emendation "nine"
66 **spleen** a fit of laughter 70 **impossible . . . grossness** improbabilities 77-78 **new . . . Indies** presumably a map, prepared under the supervision of Richard Hakluyt and others and published about 1600, that employed the principles of projection and showed North America and the East Indies in fuller detail than any earlier map; it was conspicuous for the rhumb lines marking the meridians

III.iii.8 **jealousy** anxiety 9 **skillless in** unacquainted with 12 **The . . . fear** reinforced by my solicitude for your safety 15 **And thanks . . . turns** the fact that this line is a foot too short has prompted a wide variety of emendations, the most popular of which has been Theobald's "And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns"; later Folios omit this and the following line altogether 16 **uncurrent** worthless 17 **worth** resources

And suits well for a servant with my fortunes. 5
Where is Malvolio?

MARIA He's coming, madam, but in very strange manner. He is sure possessed,^o madam.

OLIVIA Why, what's the matter? Does he rave?

MARIA No, madam, he does nothing but smile. Your 10
ladyship were best to have some guard about you if he come, for sure the man is tainted in 's wits.

OLIVIA

Go call him hither. I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio? 15

MALVOLIO Sweet lady, ho, ho!

OLIVIA Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad^o
occasion.

MALVOLIO Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make
some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; 20
but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with
me as the very true sonnet^o is, "Please one, and
please all."^o

OLIVIA Why, how dost thou, man? What is the
matter with thee? 25

MALVOLIO Not black in my mind, though yellow in
my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall
be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman
hand.^o

OLIVIA Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio? 30

MALVOLIO To bed? Ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to
thee.

OLIVIA God comfort thee. Why dost thou smile so,
and kiss thy hand so oft?

MARIA How do you, Malvolio? 35

MALVOLIO At your request? Yes, nightingales answer
daws!^o

MARIA Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness
before my lady?

MALVOLIO "Be not afraid of greatness." 'Twas well 40
writ.

OLIVIA What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO "Some are born great."

OLIVIA Ha?

MALVOLIO "Some achieve greatness." 45

OLIVIA What say'st thou?

MALVOLIO "And some have greatness thrust upon
them."

OLIVIA Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO "Remember who commended thy yellow 50
stockings."

OLIVIA Thy yellow stockings?

MALVOLIO "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

OLIVIA Cross-gartered?

MALVOLIO "Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to 55
be so."

8 possessed with a devil, mad 17 sad serious 22 sonnet any
short lyric poem 22-23 Please one . . . all so long as I please
the one I love I do not care about the rest (from "A prettie newe
Ballad, intytuled: The Crow sits vpon the wall, Please one
and please all") 28-29 sweet Roman hand italic writing,
an elegant cursive script more fashionable than the crabbed
"secretary hand" commonly used in Shakespeare's time 36-37
At . . . daws Should I reply to a mere servant like you? Yes,
for sometimes nightingales answer jackdaws

OLIVIA Am I made?

MALVOLIO "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

OLIVIA Why, this is very midsummer madness.^o

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT Madam, the young gentleman of the Count 60
Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back.
He attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLIVIA I'll come to him. [Exit SERVANT.] Good
Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin
Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of 65
him. I would not have him miscarry^o for the half of my
dowry. Exit [OLIVIA, accompanied by MARIA].

MALVOLIO O ho, do you come near me^o now? No
worse man than Sir Toby to look to me. This concurs
directly with the letter. She sends him on purpose, 70
that I may appear stubborn^o to him; for she incites me
to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says
she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants;
let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself
into the trick of singularity." And consequently sets 75
down the manner how: as, a sad face, a reverend
carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit^o of some sir^o of
note, and so forth. I have limed^o her; but it is Jove's
doing, and Jove make me thankful. And when she
went away now, "Let this fellow^o be looked to." 80
"Fellow." Not "Malvolio," nor after my degree,^o but
"fellow." Why, everything adheres together, that no
dram^o of a scruple,^o no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle,
no incredulous or unsafe^o circumstance—what can be
said? Nothing that can be can come between me and 85
the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the
doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter [Sir] TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.

TOBY Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all
the devils of hell be drawn in little,^o and Legion^o
himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him. 90

FABIAN Here he is, here he is! How is't with you, sir?

TOBY How is't with you, man?^o

MALVOLIO Go off; I discard you. Let me enjoy my
private.^o Go off.

MARIA Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! 95
Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to
have a care of him.

MALVOLIO Aha, does she so?

TOBY Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently
with him. Let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? 100
How is't with you? What, man, defy the devil?
Consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

59 midsummer madness extreme folly, Midsummer Eve
(June 23) being traditionally associated with irresponsible and
eccentric behavior 66 miscarry come to harm 68 come
near me begin to understand my importance 71 stubborn
hostile 77 habit clothing; sir personage 78 limed caught
(as birds are caught with sticky birdlime) 80 fellow (1)
menial (2) associate (the sense in which Malvolio takes the word)
81 after my degree according to my status 83 dram (1)
minute part (2) apothecary's measure for one-eighth of an
ounce; scruple (1) doubt (2) apothecary's measure for one-
third of a dram 84 incredulous or unsafe incredible or
doubtful 89 in little in small compass; Legion a group of
devils (see Mark 5:8-9) 92 How . . . man the Folio im-
plausibly assigns this speech to Fabian, but the contemptuous
"man" suggests that the speaker must be Malvolio's social
superior 94 private privacy

MALVOLIO Do you know what you say?

MARIA La you, and you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitched. 105

FABIAN Carry his water to th' wise woman.°

MARIA Marry, and it shall be done tomorrow morning if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

MALVOLIO How now, mistress?

MARIA O Lord.

TOBY Prithee hold thy peace. This is not the way. Do you not see you move° him? Let me alone with him.

FABIAN No way but gentleness; gently, gently. The fiend is rough° and will not be roughly used. 115

TOBY Why, how now, my bawcock?° How dost thou, chuck?°

MALVOLIO Sir.

TOBY Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan.° Hang 120 him, foul collier!°

MARIA Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MALVOLIO My prayers, minx?

MARIA No, I warrant you, he will not hear of 125 godliness.

MALVOLIO Go hang yourselves all! You are idle° shallow things; I am not of your element.° You shall know more hereafter. *Exit.*

TOBY Is't possible? 130

FABIAN If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

TOBY His very genius° hath taken the infection of the device, man.

MARIA Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air 135 and taint.°

FABIAN Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA The house will be the quieter.

TOBY Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad. 140 We may carry it° thus, for our pleasure and his penance, will our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see. 145

Enter Sir ANDREW.

FABIAN More matter for a May morning.°

ANDREW Here's the challenge; read it. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

FABIAN Is't so saucy?°

ANDREW Ay, is't, I warrant him. Do but read. 150

TOBY Give me. [*Reads.*] "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

FABIAN Good, and valiant.

TOBY [*Reads.*] "Wonder not nor admire° not in thy

106 Carry . . . woman for analysis 113 move agitate 115

rough violent 116 bawcock fine fellow (French *beau coq*)

117 chuck chick 119-20 'tis . . . Satan it is unsuitable for a

man of your dignity to play a children's game with Satan

121 collier vendor of coals 127 idle trifling 128 element

sphere 133 genius nature, personality 135-36 take . . .

taint be exposed and spoiled 141 carry it go on with the

joke 146 More . . . morning Another subject for a May

Day pageant 149 saucy with "vinegar and pepper" 154

admire marvel

mind why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no 155 reason for't."

FABIAN A good note that keeps you from the blow of the law.

TOBY [*Reads.*] "Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest in thy 160 throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

110 FABIAN Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

TOBY [*Reads.*] "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me"— 165

FABIAN Good.

TOBY [*Reads.*] "Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain."

FABIAN Still you keep o' th' windy side of the law.° Good. 170

TOBY [*Reads.*] "Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls. He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Aguecheek." 175

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him.

MARIA You may have very fit occasion for't. He is now in some commerce° with my lady and will by and by depart. 180

TOBY Go, Sir Andrew. Scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily.° So soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and as thou draw'st, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives man- 185 hood more approbation° than ever proof° itself would have earned him. Away!

ANDREW Nay, let me alone for swearing.° *Exit.*

TOBY Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of 190 good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less. Therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth. He will find it comes from a clodpoll.° But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word 195 of mouth, set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valor, and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, 200 like cockatrices.°

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

FABIAN Here he comes with your niece. Give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.°

TOBY I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. 205

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.*]

OLIVIA

I have said too much unto a heart of stone

169 o' . . . law safe from prosecution 179 commerce conversation 182 bum-baily bailiff, sheriff's officer 186 approbation attestation; proof actual trial 188 let . . . swearing do not worry about my ability at swearing 195 clodpoll dunce 201 cockatrices fabulous serpents that could kill with a glance 202-03 Give . . . him Do not interrupt them until he goes, and then follow him at once

And laid mine honor too unchary° on't.
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is
That it but mocks reproof.

VIOLA

With the same havior° that your passion bears
Goes on my master's griefs.

OLIVIA

Here, wear this jewel° for me; 'tis my picture.
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you.
And I beseech you come again tomorrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honor, saved, may upon asking give?

VIOLA

Nothing but this: your true love for my master.

OLIVIA

How with mine honor may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

VIOLA

I will acquit you.

OLIVIA

Well, come again tomorrow. Fare thee well.
A fiend like thee° might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*]

Enter [Sir] TOBY and FABIAN.

TOBY Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA And you, sir.

TOBY That defense thou hast, betake thee to't. Of
what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I
know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite,° bloody
as the hunter,° attends° thee at the orchard end.
Dismount thy tuck,° be yare° in thy preparation, for
thy assailant is quick, skillful, and deadly.

VIOLA You mistake, sir. I am sure no man hath any
quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free and
clear from any image of offense done to any man.

TOBY You'll find it otherwise, I assure you. Therefore,
if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your
guard; for your opposite° hath in him what youth,
strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.°

VIOLA I pray you, sir, what is he?

TOBY He is knight, dubbed with unhatched° rapier
and on carpet consideration,° but he is a devil in
private brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorced
three; and his incensement at this moment is so
implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs
of death and sepulcher. "Hob, nob"° is his word;
"give't or take't."

VIOLA I will return again into the house and desire
some conduct° of the lady. I am no fighter. I have
heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely
on others to taste° their valor. Belike this is a man of
that quirk.

TOBY Sir, no. His indignation derives itself out of a
very competent° injury; therefore get you on and

207 unchary carelessly 211 havior behavior 213 jewel
jeweled locket (?) 222 like thee with your attractions 227
despite defiance 227-28 bloody . . . hunter bloodthirsty as
a hunting dog 228 attends awaits 229 Dismount thy tuck
unsheathe your rapier; yare quick, prompt 236 opposite
adversary 237 withal with 239 unhatched unhacked 240
on carpet consideration not because of his exploits in the
field but through connections at court 244 Hob, nob have
it, or have it not 247 conduct escort 249 taste test 252
competent sufficient

give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house,
unless you undertake that with me which with as
much safety you might answer him. Therefore on, or
strip your sword stark naked; for meddle° you must,
that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

VIOLA This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you do
me this courteous office, as to know of the knight
what my offense to him is. It is something of my
negligence,° nothing of my purpose.

TOBY I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this
gentleman till my return. *Exit [Sir] TOBY.*

VIOLA Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

FABIAN I know the knight is incensed against you,
even to a mortal arbitrament;° but nothing of the
circumstance more.

VIOLA I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FABIAN Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read
him by his form, as you are like to find him in the
proof of his valor. He is indeed, sir, the most skillful,
bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly
have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk to-
wards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

VIOLA I shall be much bound to you for't. I am one
that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care
not who knows so much of my mettle.° *Exeunt.*

Enter [Sir] TOBY and [Sir] ANDREW.

TOBY Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen
such a firago.° I had a pass° with him, rapier, scabbard,
and all, and he gives me the stuck-in° with such a
mortal motion° that it is inevitable; and on the
answer° he pays you as surely as your feet hits the
ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to
the sophy.°

ANDREW Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

TOBY Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can
scarce hold him yonder.

ANDREW Plague on't, and I thought he had been
valiant, and so cunning in fence,° I'd have seen him
damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the
matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

TOBY I'll make the motion.° Stand here; make a good
show on't. This shall end without the perdition of
souls.° [*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I
ride you.

Enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse to take up° the quarrel. I have per-
suaded him the youth's a devil.

FABIAN He is as horribly conceited of him,° and pants
and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

TOBY There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you

256 meddle engage him, fight 260-61 of my negligence
unintentional 266 mortal arbitrament deadly trial 277
mettle character, disposition 277 s.d. Exeunt this stage
direction, which leaves the stage empty, properly marks the
ending of the scene, but the new scene that opens with the
entrance of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew is not indicated as such in
the Folio 279 firago virago (probably a phonetic spelling);
pass bout 280 stuck-in stoccado, thrust 281 mortal
motion deadly pass 282 answer return 284 sophy shah
289 in fence at fencing 292 motion proposal 293-94
perdition of souls loss of life 296 take up settle 298 He
. . . him Cesario has just as terrifying a notion of Sir Andrew

for's oath^o sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel,^o and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of. Therefore draw for the supportance of his vow.^o He protests he will not hurt you.

VIOLA [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing 305 would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

FABIAN Give ground if you see him furious.

TOBY Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy. The gentleman will for his honor's sake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello^o avoid it; but he 310 has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't.

ANDREW Pray God he keep his oath!

[*Draws.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

VIOLA

I do assure you 'tis against my will.

[*Draws.*]

ANTONIO

Put up your sword. If this young gentleman 315 Have done offense, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defy you.

TOBY You, sir? Why, what are you?

ANTONIO [*Draws.*]

One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will. 320

TOBY Nay, if you be an undertaker,^o I am for you.

[*Draws.*]

Enter OFFICERS.

FABIAN O good Sir Toby, hold. Here come the officers.

TOBY [*To* ANTONIO.] I'll be with you anon.

VIOLA [*To* Sir ANDREW.] Pray, sir, put your sword 325 up, if you please.

ANDREW Marry, will I, sir; and for that^o I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

FIRST OFFICER This is the man; do thy office.^o 330

SECOND OFFICER

Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of Count Orsino.

ANTONIO You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFFICER

No, sir, no jot. I know your favor^o well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away. He knows I know him well. 335

ANTONIO

I must obey. [*To* VIOLA.] This comes with seeking you.

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.^o

What will you do, now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you 340

Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed, But be of comfort.

SECOND OFFICER Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO

I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA

What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have showed me here, 345

And part^o being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something. My having is not much.

I'll make division of my present^o with you.

Hold, there's half my coffer.^o

ANTONIO

Will you deny me now? 350

Is't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion?^o Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound^o a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

VIOLA

I know of none, 355

Nor know I you by voice or any feature.

315 I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness,^o babbling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

ANTONIO

O heavens themselves! 360

SECOND OFFICER

Come, sir, I pray you go.

ANTONIO

Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here

I snatched one half out of the jaws of death;

Relieved him with such sanctity of love,

And to his image, which methought did promise 365

Most venerable^o worth, did I devotion.

FIRST OFFICER

What's that to us? The time goes by. Away.

ANTONIO

But, O, how vild^o an idol proves this god!

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature^o shame.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;^o 370

None can be called deformed but the unkind.^o

Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil

Are empty trunks,^o o'erflourished^o by the devil.

FIRST OFFICER

The man grows mad; away with him! Come, come, sir.

ANTONIO Lead me on. *Exit, [with OFFICERS].* 375

VIOLA

Methinks his words do from such passion fly

That he believes himself; so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

TOBY Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian. 380

We'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.^o

346 part partly 349 present present resources 350 coffer chest, i.e., money 351-52 deserts . . . persuasion claims on you can fail to be persuasive 353 unsound weak, unmanly 358 vainness (1) falseness (2) boasting 366 venerable worthy of veneration 368 vild vile 369 feature shape, external appearance 370 mind as distinguished from body or "feature" 371 unkind unnatural 373 trunks chests; o'erflourished decorated with carving and painting 381-82 sage saws wise maxims

301 oath oath's 302 his quarrel the cause of his resentment 303-04 draw . . . vow make a show of valor merely for the satisfaction of his oath 310 duello duelling code 321 an undertaker one who takes up a challenge for another (with perhaps a pun on *undertaker* as a government agent, i.e., scoundrel) 327 for that as for what (i.e., his horse, "gray Capilet") 330 office duty 333 favor face 337 answer it try to defend myself against the accusation

VIOLA

He named Sebastian. I my brother know
Yet living in my glass.° Even such and so
In favor was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, color, ornament,
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[Exit.]

TOBY A very dishonest° paltry boy, and more a
coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving
his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for
his cowardship, ask Fabian.

FABIAN A coward, a most devout coward; religious
in it.°

ANDREW 'Slid,° I'll after him again and beat him.

TOBY Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy
sword.

ANDREW And I do not—

FABIAN Come, let's see the event.°

TOBY I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.°
Exit, [with Sir ANDREW and FABIAN].

A C T I V

Scene I. [Before Olivia's house.]

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.

CLOWN Will you make me believe that I am not sent
for you?

SEBASTIAN Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow.
Let me be clear of thee.

CLOWN Well held out,° i' faith! No, I do not know
you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you
come speak with her; nor your name is not Master
Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that
is so is so.

SEBASTIAN I prithee vent thy folly somewhere else.
Thou know'st not me.

CLOWN Vent my folly! He has heard that word of
some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my
folly! I am afraid this great lubber,° the world, will
prove a cockney.° I prithee now, ungird thy strange-
ness,° and tell me what I shall vent° to my lady. Shall
I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEBASTIAN I prithee, foolish Greek,° depart from me.
There's money for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give
worse payment.

CLOWN By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These
wise men that give fools money get themselves a good
report—after fourteen years' purchase.°

Enter [Sir] ANDREW, [Sir] TOBY, and FABIAN.

384 living . . . glass staring at me from my mirror 389
dishonest dishonorable 393-94 religious in it dedicated to
his cowardice (following "devout") 395 'Slid by God's
eyelid 399 event outcome 400 yet after all
IV.i.5 held out maintained 14 lubber lout 15 cockney
affected fop 15-16 ungird thy strangeness abandon your
silly pretense (of not recognizing me) 16 vent say 18 Greek
buffoon 23 after . . . purchase after a long delay, at a high
price

ANDREW Now, sir, have I met you again? There's for
you!

[Strikes SEBASTIAN.]

SEBASTIAN Why, there's for thee, and there, and
there!

[Strikes Sir ANDREW.]

Are all the people mad?

TOBY Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the
house.

[Seizes SEBASTIAN.]

CLOWN This will I tell my lady straight.° I would not
be in some of your coats for twopence. [Exit.]

TOBY Come on, sir; hold.

ANDREW Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to
work with him. I'll have an action of battery against
him,° if there be any law in Illyria. Though I stroke°
him first, yet it's no matter for that.

SEBASTIAN Let go thy hand.

TOBY Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my
young soldier, put up your iron. You are well fleshed.°
Come on.

SEBASTIAN

I will be free from thee. [Frees himself.] What wouldst
thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

TOBY What, what? Nay then, I must have an ounce
or two of this malapert° blood from you.

[Draws.]

Enter OLIVIA.

OLIVIA

Hold, Toby! On thy life I charge thee hold!

TOBY Madam.

OLIVIA

Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached! Out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby,° begone.

[Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.]

I prithee gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway°
In this uncivil° and unjust extent°
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botched up,° that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go.
Do not deny. Beshrew° his soul for me.
He started° one poor heart° of mine, in thee.

SEBASTIAN

What relish is in this?° How runs the stream?
Or° I am mad, or else this is a dream.

31 straight straightaway, at once 35-36 have . . . him
charge him with assaulting me 36 stroke struck 40 well
fleshed made eager for fighting by having tasted blood 45
malapert saucy 52 Rudesby ruffian 53 sway rule 54
uncivil barbarous; extent display 57 botched up clumsily
contrived 59 Beshrew curse 60 started roused; heart with
a pun on hart 61 What . . . this What does this mean?
62 Or either

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe° steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA

Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be ruled by me! 65

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

O, say so, and so be.

Exeunt.

Scene II. [*Olivia's house.*]

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

MARIA Nay, I prithee put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas° the curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.°

[*Exit.*]

CLOWN Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble° myself in't, and I would I were the first that ever 5 dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function° well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student;° but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper° goes as fairly as to say a careful° man and a great scholar. The competitors° 10 enter.

Enter [Sir] TOBY [and MARIA].

TOBY Jove bless thee, Master Parson.

CLOWN Bonos dies,° Sir Toby; for, as the old hermit of Prague,° that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc,° "That that is is"; 15 so, I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for what is "that" but that, and "is" but is?

TOBY To him, Sir Topas.

CLOWN What ho, I say. Peace in this prison!

TOBY The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.° 20

MALVOLIO *within.*

MALVOLIO Who calls there?

CLOWN Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MALVOLIO Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady. 25

CLOWN Out, hyperbolical° fiend! How vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

TOBY Well said, Master Parson.

MALVOLIO Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. They have 30 laid me here in hideous darkness.

CLOWN Fie, thou dishonest Satan. I call thee by the most modest° terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou that house° is dark? 35

MALVOLIO As hell, Sir Topas.

CLOWN Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes,° and the clerestories° toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction? 40

MALVOLIO I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you this house is dark.

CLOWN Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.° 45

MALVOLIO I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any constant question.°

CLOWN What is the opinion of Pythagoras° concerning wild fowl? 50

MALVOLIO That the soul of our grandam might happily° inhabit a bird.

CLOWN What think'st thou of his opinion?

MALVOLIO I think nobly of the soul and no way approve his opinion. 55

CLOWN Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits,° and fear to kill a woodcock,° lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee 60 well.

MALVOLIO Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

TOBY My most exquisite Sir Topas!

CLOWN Nay, I am for all waters.°

MARIA Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown. He sees thee not. 65

TOBY To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him. [*To MARIA.*] I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered,° I would he were; for I am now so far in 70 offense with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot.° [*To the CLOWN.*] Come by and by to my chamber. *Exit [with MARIA].*

CLOWN [*Sings.*]

"Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does."° 75

MALVOLIO Fool.

CLOWN "My lady is unkind, perdie."°

MALVOLIO Fool.

CLOWN "Alas, why is she so?"

MALVOLIO Fool, I say. 80

CLOWN "She loves another." Who calls, ha?

MALVOLIO Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't. 85

CLOWN Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO Ay, good fool.

CLOWN Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?°

38 barricadoes barricades; clerestories upper windows 45
Egyptians . . . fog to plague the Egyptians Moses brought a
"thick darkness" that lasted three days; see Exodus 10:21-23
49 constant question consistent topic, normal conversation
50 Pythagoras ancient Greek philosopher who expounded the
doctrine of the transmigration of souls 53 happily haply,
perhaps 59 allow . . . wits acknowledge your sanity;
woodcock a proverbially stupid bird 64 I . . . waters I can
turn my hand to any trade 70 delivered released 72 upshot
conclusion 74-75 Hey . . . does the Clown sings an old
ballad 77 perdie certainly 88 how . . . wits how did you
happen to become mad

63 Lethe in classical mythology, the river of oblivion in Hades
IV.ii.2 Sir Topas the ridiculous hero of Chaucer's *Rime of Sir
Thopas*, a parody of chivalric romances 3 the whilst mean-
while 4 dissemble disguise 7 function clerical office 8
student student 9 good housekeeper solid citizen 10
careful painstaking; competitors confederates 13 Bonos
dies good day 13-14 old . . . Prague apparently the
Clown's nonsensical invention 15 King Gorboduc a
legendary king of Britain 20 knave fellow 26 hyperbolical
boisterous (a term from rhetoric meaning "exaggerated in
style") 33 most modest mildest 35 house madman's cell

MALVOLIO Fool, there was never man so notoriously^o abused. I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art. 90
 CLOWN But as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.
 MALVOLIO They have here propertied me;^o keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.^o 95
 CLOWN Advise you^o what you say. The minister is here.^o—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore. Endeavor thyself to sleep and leave thy vain bibble babble.
 MALVOLIO Sir Topas. 100
 CLOWN Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? Not I, sir. God buy you,^o good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.
 MALVOLIO Fool, fool, fool, I say!
 CLOWN Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am 105 shent^o for speaking to you.
 MALVOLIO Good fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.
 CLOWN Well-a-day that you were,^o sir. 110
 MALVOLIO By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.
 CLOWN I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you 115 not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?^o
 MALVOLIO Believe me, I am not. I tell thee true.
 CLOWN Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.
 MALVOLIO Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. 120 I prithee be gone.
 CLOWN [*Sings.*]
 I am gone, sir.
 And anon, sir,
 I'll be with you again,
 In a trice, 125
 Like to the old Vice,^o
 Your need to sustain.^o
 Who with dagger of lath,
 In his rage and his wrath,
 Cries "Ah ha" to the devil. 130
 Like a mad lad,
 "Pare thy nails, dad."
 Adieu, goodman devil.^o *Exit.*

Scene III. [*Olivia's garden.*]*Enter* SEBASTIAN.

89 notoriously outrageously 93 propertied me used me as a mere object, not a human being 95 face . . . wits impudently insist that I am mad 96 Advise you consider carefully 96–97 The . . . here for the next few lines the Clown uses two voices, his own and that of Sir Topas 102 God buy you God be with you, i.e., good-bye 106 shent rebuked 110 Well-a-day . . . were alas, if only you were 116 counterfeit pretend 126 Vice in the morality plays, a stock mischievous character who usually carried a wooden dagger 127 Your . . . sustain in order to help you resist the devil 133 Adieu, goodman devil a much emended line; "goodman" (Folio "good man"), a title for a yeoman or any man of substance not of gentle birth, roughly corresponds to our "mister"

SEBASTIAN

This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
 This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
 And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
 Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
 I could not find him at the Elephant; 5
 Yet there he was,^o and there I found this credit,^o
 That he did range the town to seek me out.
 His counsel now might do me golden service;
 For though my soul disputes well with my sense^o
 That this may be some error, but no madness, 10
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance,^o all discourse,^o
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
 And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
 To any other trust^o but that I am mad, 15
 Or else the lady's mad. Yet, if 'twere so,
 She could not sway^o her house, command her
 followers,
 Take and give back affairs and their dispatch^o
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
 As I perceive she does. There's something in't 20
 That is deceivable.^o But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and PRIEST.

OLIVIA

Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
 Now go with me and with this holy man
 Into the chantry by.^o There, before him,
 And underneath that consecrated roof, 25
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
 That my most jealous^o and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace. He shall conceal it
 Whiles^o you are willing it shall come to note,^o
 What time we will our celebration keep^o 30
 According to my birth. What do you say?

SEBASTIAN

I'll follow this good man and go with you
 And having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLIVIA

Then lead the way, good father, and heavens so shine
 That they may fairly note^o this act of mine. *Exeunt.* 35

A C T V

Scene I. [*Before Olivia's house.*]*Enter* CLOWN and FABIAN.FABIAN Now as thou lov'st me, let me see his^o letter.

CLOWN Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

FABIAN Anything.

IV.iii.6 was had been; credit belief 9 my soul . . . sense my reason agrees with the evidence of my senses 12 instance precedent; discourse reason 15 trust belief 17 sway rule 18 Take . . . dispatch assume and discharge the management of affairs 21 deceivable deceptive 24 chantry by nearby chapel 27 jealous jealous, anxious 29 Whiles until; come to note be made public 30 our celebration keep celebrate our marriage ceremony (as distinguished from the formal compact of betrothal) 35 fairly note look with favor on V.i.i his Malvolio's

CLOWN Do not desire to see this letter. 5
 FABIAN This is to give a dog, and in recompense
 desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and LORDS.

DUKE Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
 CLOWN Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.
 DUKE I know thee well. How dost thou, my good 10
 fellow?
 CLOWN Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the
 worse for my friends.
 DUKE Just the contrary: the better for thy friends.
 CLOWN No, sir, the worse. 15
 DUKE How can that be?
 CLOWN Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of
 me. Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that
 by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself,
 and by my friends I am abused;° so that, conclusions 20
 to be as kisses,° if your four negatives° make your two
 affirmatives,° why then, the worse for my friends, and
 the better for my foes.
 DUKE Why, this is excellent.
 CLOWN By my troth, sir, no, though it please you to 25
 be one of my friends.
 DUKE Thou shalt not be the worse for me. There's
 gold.
 CLOWN But that it would be double-dealing,° sir, I
 would you could make it another. 30
 DUKE O, you give me ill counsel.
 CLOWN Put your grace° in your pocket, sir, for this
 once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.
 DUKE Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-
 dealer. There's another.° 35
 CLOWN Primo, secundo, tertio° is a good play;° and
 the old saying is "The third pays for all." The triplex,°
 sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint
 Bennet,° sir, may put you in mind—one, two, three.
 DUKE You can fool no more money out of me at this 40
 throw.° If you will let your lady know I am here to
 speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may
 awake my bounty further.
 CLOWN Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come
 again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think 45
 that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness.
 But, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap; I will
 awake it anon. *Exit.*

Enter ANTONIO and OFFICERS.

VIOLA
 Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

DUKE
 That face of his I do remember well; 50
 Yet when I saw it last, it was besmeared
 As black as Vulcan° in the smoke of war.

20 **abused** deceived 20–21 **conclusions** . . . **kisses** if conclusions may be compared to kisses (when a coy girl's repeated denials really mean assent) 21 **negatives** lips (?) 22 **affirmatives** i.e., mouths (?) 29 **double-dealing** (1) giving twice (2) duplicity 32 **grace** (1) title of nobility (2) generosity 35 **another** i.e., coin 36 **Primo, secundo, tertio** one, two, three; play child's game (?) 37 **triplex** triple time in dancing 38–39 **Saint Bennet** Saint Benedict (a church) 41 **throw** throw of the dice 52 **Vulcan** Roman god of fire and patron of blacksmiths

A baubling° vessel was he captain of,
 For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,°
 With which such scathful° grapple did he make 55
 With the most noble bottom° of our fleet
 That very envy and the tongue of loss°
 Cried fame and honor on him. What's the matter?

FIRST OFFICER

Orsino, this is that Antonio
 That took the *Phoenix* and her fraught° from Candy;° 60
 And this is he that did the *Tiger* board
 When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
 Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,°
 In private brabble° did we apprehend him.

VIOLA

He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;° 65
 But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.°
 I know not what 'twas but distraction.°

DUKE

Notable° pirate, thou salt-water thief,
 What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies
 Whom thou in terms so bloody and so dear° 70
 Hast made thine enemies?

ANTONIO

Orsino, noble sir,
 Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me.
 Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
 Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
 Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither. 75
 That most ingrateful boy there by your side
 From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
 Did I redeem. A wrack° past hope he was.
 His life I gave him, and did thereto add
 My love without retention or restraint, 80
 All his in dedication. For his sake
 Did I expose myself (pure° for his love)
 Into the danger of this adverse° town;
 Drew to defend him when he was beset;
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning 85
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,°
 And grew a twenty years removed thing
 While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
 Which I had recommended° to his use 90
 Not half an hour before.

VIOLA

How can this be?

DUKE

When came he to this town?

ANTONIO

Today, my lord; and for three months before,
 No int'rim, not a minute's vacancy,
 Both day and night did we keep company. 95

Enter OLIVIA and ATTENDANTS.

53 **baubling** insignificant 54 **For** . . . **unprizable** virtually worthless on account of its small size 55 **scathful** destructive 56 **bottom** ship 57 **very** . . . **loss** even enmity and the voice of the losers 60 **fraught** freight, cargo; **Candy** Candia, Crete 63 **desperate** . . . **state** recklessly disregarding his shameful past behavior and the requirements of public order 64 **brabble** brawl 65 **drew** . . . **side** drew his sword in my defense 66 **put** . . . **me** spoke to me oddly 67 **distraction** madness 68 **Notable** notorious 70 **dear** grievous 78 **wrack** wreck 82 **pure** purely 83 **adverse** unfriendly 87 **to** . . . **acquaintance** brazenly to deny any knowledge of me 90 **recommended** given

DUKE

Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.
But for° thee, fellow: fellow, thy words are madness.
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

OLIVIA

What would my lord, but that° he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIOLA Madam?

DUKE

Gracious Olivia—

OLIVIA

What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord°—

VIOLA

My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

OLIVIA

If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome° to mine ear
As howling after music.

DUKE

Still so cruel?

OLIVIA

Still so constant, lord.

DUKE

What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious° altars
My soul the faithfull'st off'rings have breathed out
That e'er devotion tendered. What shall I do?

OLIVIA

Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

DUKE

Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to th' Egyptian thief° at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savors nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance° cast my faith,
And that° I partly know the instrument
That screws° me from my true place in your favor,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender° dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye
Where he sits crownèd in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe in mischief.
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.]

VIOLA

And I, most jocund, apt,° and willingly,
To do you rest° a thousand deaths would die.
[Following.]

OLIVIA

Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA

After him I love

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores,° than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

OLIVIA

Ay me detested, how am I beguiled!

VIOLA

Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

OLIVIA

Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy father. [Exit an ATTENDANT.]

DUKE

[To VIOLA.] Come, away!

OLIVIA

Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

DUKE

Husband?

OLIVIA

Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

DUKE

Her husband, sirrah?°

VIOLA

No, my lord, not I.

OLIVIA

Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear

That makes thee strangle thy propriety.°

Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art

As great as that° thou fear'st.

Enter PRIEST.

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence

Here to unfold—though lately we intended

To keep in darkness what occasion now

Reveals before 'tis ripe—what thou dost know

Hath newly passed between this youth and me.

PRIEST

A contract° of eternal bond of love,

Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,

Attested by the holy close of lips,

Strength'ned by interchangement of your rings;

And all the ceremony of this compact°

Sealed in my function,° by my testimony;

Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave

I have traveled but two hours.

DUKE

O thou dissembling cub, what wilt thou be

When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?°

Or will not else thy craft° so quickly grow

That thine own trip° shall be thine overthrow?

Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet

Where thou and I, henceforth, may never meet.

VIOLA

My lord, I do protest.

OLIVIA

O, do not swear.

Hold little° faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW.

97 But for as for 100 but that except that which (i.e., my love) 105 Good my lord i.e., please be silent (so Cesario may speak) 108 fat and fulsome gross and repulsive 112 ingrate and unauspicious ungrateful and unpropitious 117 th' Egyptian thief in Heliodorus' *Ethiopica*, a Greek romance translated by Thomas Underdown about 1569, the bandit Thyamis, besieged in a cave, plans to kill the captive princess Charicleia, the object of his hopeless love; but in the darkness he kills another woman instead 120 non-regardance neglect 121 that since 122 screws forces 125 tender hold 131 apt readily 132 do you rest give you peace

135 mores possible comparisons 144 sirrah customary form of address to a menial 146 strangle thy propriety deny your identity 149 that him who (i.e., the duke) 155 contract betrothal 159 compact accent on second syllable 160 Sealed . . . function ratified by me in my priestly office 164 a . . . case gray hairs on your skin 165 craft duplicity 166 trip craftiness 170 little at least a little

ANDREW For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently° to Sir Toby.

OLIVIA What's the matter?

ANDREW H' as° broke my head across, and h' as given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb° too. For the love of God, 175 your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

OLIVIA Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

ANDREW The count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil in- 180 cardinate.°

DUKE My gentleman Cesario?

ANDREW Od's lifelings,° here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby. 185

VIOLA

Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you.
You drew your sword upon me without cause,
But I bespake you fair° and hurt you not.

Enter [Sir] TOBY and CLOWN.

ANDREW If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me. I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. 190 Here comes Sir Toby halting;° you shall hear more. But if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates° than he did.

DUKE How now, gentleman? How is't with you?

TOBY That's all one! H' as hurt me, and there's th' 195 end on't. Sot,° didst see Dick Surgeon, sot?

CLOWN O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago. His eyes were set° at eight i' th' morning.

TOBY Then he's a rogue and a passy measures pavin.° I hate a drunken rogue. 200

OLIVIA Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

ANDREW I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed° together.

TOBY Will you help—an ass-head and a coxcomb and 205 a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull?

OLIVIA Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

[Exeunt CLOWN, FABIAN, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN

I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.° 210
You throw a strange regard° upon me, and by that I do perceive it hath offended you.
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

DUKE

One face, one voice, one habit,° and two persons— 215
A natural perspective° that is and is not.

SEBASTIAN

Antonio, O my dear Antonio,
How have the hours racked and tortured me
Since I have lost thee!

ANTONIO

Sebastian are you?

SEBASTIAN Fear'st thou° that, Antonio? 220

ANTONIO

How have you made division of yourself?
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

OLIVIA

Most wonderful.

SEBASTIAN

Do I stand there? I never had a brother; 225
Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere.° I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.
Of charity,° what kin are you to me?
What countryman? What name? What parentage? 230

VIOLA

Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too;
So went he suited° to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,°
You come to fright us.

SEBASTIAN A spirit I am indeed, 235

But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.°
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,°
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek
And say, "Thrice welcome, drownèd Viola!" 240

VIOLA

My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN

And so had mine.

VIOLA

And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numb'ed thirteen years.

SEBASTIAN

O, that record° is lively in my soul! 245
He finishèd indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

VIOLA

If nothing lets° to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurped attire, 250
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune do cohere and jump°
That I am Viola; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,

172 presently immediately 174 H' as he has 175 coxcomb pate 180-81 incardinate incarnate 183 Od's lifelings by God's life 188 bespake you fair addressed you courteously 191 halting limping 193 othergates otherwise 196 Sot fool 198 set closed 199 passy measures pavin passamezzo pavan, a slow and stately dance of eight bars (hence its relevance to the surgeon whose eyes had "set at eight") 203-04 be dressed have our wounds dressed 210 with . . . safety with a sensible regard for my safety 211 strange regard unfriendly look

215 habit costume 216 A natural perspective a natural optical illusion (like that produced by a stereoscope, which converts two images into one) 220 Fear'st thou do you doubt 226-27 Nor . . . everywhere nor can I, like God, be everywhere at once 229 Of charity out of simple kindness 233 suited clothed 234 form and suit body and clothing 236-37 am . . . participate clothed in the bodily form that, like other mortals, I acquired at birth 238 as . . . even as other circumstances seem to indicate 245 record history (accent on second syllable) 248 lets interferes 251 cohere and jump fall together and agree

Where lie my maiden weeds;° by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEBASTIAN [To OLIVIA.]

So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.
But nature to her bias drew° in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived:
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

DUKE

Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass° seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack.

[To VIOLA.]

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA

And all those sayings will I over° swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbèd continent° the fire
That severs day from night.

DUKE

Give me thy hand,

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIOLA

The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments. He upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,°
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

OLIVIA

He shall enlarge° him. Fetch Malvolio hither.
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter CLOWN with a letter, and FABIAN.

A most extracting° frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banished his.
How does he, sirrah?

CLOWN Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the
stave's end° as well as a man in his case° may do.
H' as here writ a letter to you; I should have given't
you today morning. But as a madman's epistles are
no gospels, so it skills° not much when they are
delivered.

OLIVIA Open't and read it.

CLOWN Look then to be well edified, when the fool
delivers the madman. [*Reads in a loud voice.*] "By the
Lord, madam"—

OLIVIA How now? Art thou mad?

CLOWN No, madam, I do but read madness. And your
ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow
vox.°

OLIVIA Prithee read i' thy right wits.

254 weeds clothes 259 nature . . . drew nature followed
her normal inclination 264 glass the "natural perspective"
of line 216 268 over repeatedly 270 orbèd continent
in Ptolemaic astronomy, the sphere of the sun 274-75
He . . . suit at Malvolio's instigation he is now imprisoned
upon some legal charge 277 enlarge release 280 extracting
obliterating (in that it draws me from all thoughts of
Malvolio's "frenzy") 283-84 he . . . end he keeps the fiend
at a distance 284 case condition 287 skills matters 296
vox an appropriately loud voice

CLOWN So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is
to read thus. Therefore perpend,° my princess, and
give ear.

OLIVIA [To FABIAN.] Read it you, sirrah.

FABIAN [*Reads.*] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong
me, and the world shall know it. Though you have
put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin
rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as
well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that
induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which
I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much
shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a
little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.
The madly used Malvolio."

OLIVIA Did he write this?

CLOWN Ay, madam.

DUKE This savors not much of distraction.

OLIVIA

See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit FABIAN.*]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown th' alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper° cost.

DUKE

Madam, I am most apt° t' embrace your offer.

[To VIOLA.]

Your master quits° you; and for your service done
him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you called me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

OLIVIA

A sister; you are she.

Enter [FABIAN, with] MALVOLIO.

DUKE

Is this the madman?

OLIVIA

Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious° wrong.

OLIVIA

Have I, Malvolio? No.

MALVOLIO

Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand.

Write from it° if you can, in hand or phrase,

Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention.°

You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,

And tell me, in the modesty of honor,°

Why you have given me such clear lights of favor,

Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to you,

To put on yellow stockings, and to frown

Upon Sir Toby and the lighter° people;

And, acting this in an obedient hope,

299 perpend pay attention 319 proper own 320 apt ready
321 quits releases 329 Notorious notable 332 from
it differently 333 invention composition 335 in . . .
honor with a proper regard to your own honor 339
lighter lesser

Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull°
That e'er invention played on? Tell me why.

OLIVIA

Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though I confess much like the character;
But, out of° question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed°
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee be content.
This practice hath most shrewdly passed° upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

FABIAN

Good madam, hear me speak,

And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wond'ered at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts°
We had conceived against him. Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance,°
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was followed
May rather pluck on° laughter than revenge,
If that° the injuries be justly weighed
That have on both sides passed.

OLIVIA

Alas, poor fool,° how have they baffled° thee!

CLOWN Why, "some are born great, some achieve 370
greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon
them." I was one, sir, in this interlude,° one Sir Topas,
sir; but that's all one. "By the Lord, fool, I am not
mad!" But do you remember, "Madam, why laugh
you at such a barren rascal? And you smile not, he's 375
gagged"? And thus the whirligig of time brings in his
revenges.

343 geck and gull fool and dupe 347 out of beyond 350
presupposed imposed 352 This . . . passed this trick has
most mischievously worked 361 Upon . . . parts because
of some unyielding and discourteous traits of character 363
importance importunity 366 pluck on prompt 367 If
that if 369 fool here, a term of affection and compassion;
baffled publicly humiliated 372 interlude little play

MALVOLIO I'll be revenged on the whole pack of
you!
[Exit]

OLIVIA

He hath been most notoriously abused.

380

DUKE

345 Pursue him and entreat him to a peace.
He hath not told us of the captain yet.
When that is known, and golden time convents,°
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
350 We will not part from hence. Cesario, come—
For so you shall be while you are a man,
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's° queen.

385

Exeunt [all but the CLOWN].

CLOWN sings.°

When that I was and a° little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,°
For the rain it raineth every day.

390

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

395

But when I came, alas, to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

400

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With tosspots° still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

405

A great while ago the world begun,
Hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[Exit.]

383 convents is suitable (?) 389 fancy's love's 389 s.d.
Clown sings since no source has been found for the Clown's
song—which certain editors have inexplicably denounced as
doggerel—we may assume that it is Shakespeare's 390 and
a a 392 toy trifle 404 tosspots sots

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

PRINCE OF DENMARK

EDITED BY EDWARD HUBLER

Introduction

Tragedy of the first order is a rare phenomenon. It came into being in Greece in the fifth century B.C., where it flourished for a while, and it did not appear again until some two thousand years later when Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet* in 1600. The second incarnation of the spirit of tragedy differs greatly from the first in form and method. In Shakespeare the comic and the serious are not dissociated. His brightest moments pass quickly into shadow, and laughter often illuminates his darkest scenes. The comic and the tragic stand side by side, giving us a fuller view of the thing observed, neither canceling out the other. A hallmark of Shakespeare's mature work is its simultaneity, the presentation of things and their opposites at the same time. Coleridge called him "myriad-minded." There had been an alternation of the dark and the light in English drama almost from the beginning, but it remained for Shakespeare to make each a part of the other. He was able to do so because he knew that the difference between comedy and tragedy has nothing to do with subject matter. Each is a way of looking at life. Neither gives us a total view of life, nor does Shakespeare in his use of both; but he approaches totality more closely than any other dramatist.

In *Hamlet* we laugh at the affected and superficial Osric (this is a lightening before the storm), and we are amused by the garrulous Polonius, whose inadequate worldly wisdom stands in contrast to the deeper truths the play reveals. But the most central use of comedy is Hamlet's mordant wit. His

Thrift, thrift, Horatio. The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables (I.ii.180-81)

emphasizes his revulsion at his mother's hasty remarriage. His near-hysteria after the Ghost makes its revelation underlines the degree to which the revelation has disturbed him. The audience may laugh at things such as these, but the laughter is not merry. And there will be no laughter at all when, at the close of Hamlet's interview with his mother, he drags the body of Polonius to the exit, remarking, "I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room." Then he pauses at the threshold to say, "Good night, Mother." And he says it with all the tenderness he has, for she has looked into

her soul and repented, and in the contest with the king she is now on Hamlet's side. Mother and son are again at one. Bringing this about has been the essential business of the scene, and the dragging of the body (though the body must somehow be removed) is in no way necessary to it. Yet this bit of grotesquerie adds to the multiplicity of the scene's effects without in any way detracting from its deep seriousness.

It was Aristotle's belief that a well-constructed plot should be single in issue, and that if any one action were to be displaced or removed, the whole would be disjointed and disturbed. The action of *Hamlet*, however, is far from single in issue, and the play can be judiciously cut for presentation on the stage without serious disturbance of the whole. Shakespeare's plays were so cut in his own theater. The First Folio version of *Hamlet* is based upon the acting version of the play, and it omits some two hundred lines, chiefly reflective passages, which are found in the second quarto. These lines include the soliloquy beginning "How all occasions do inform against me" (IV.iv.32-66). The scene is richer if the soliloquy is included, but its absence does not significantly change the play as a whole. Another passage omitted from the acting version is Hamlet's discourse (I.iv.17-38) on the heavy drinking done in Denmark and the effect of it on the reputation of the Danes. The speech adds little to the action, but in its movement from the particular to the general it helps give the play extension. This is not to suggest that Shakespeare's plays are not unified, but their unity is clearly not Aristotelian.

In a tragedy the hero normally comes to the realization of a truth of which he had been hitherto unaware. There is, as Aristotle has it, "a change from ignorance to knowledge"; but in Greek tragedy this may be little more than the clearing up of a mistaken identity. Not so with the tragedies of Shakespeare's maturity. In *Hamlet* and *King Lear*, for instance, there is a transformation in the character of the hero. Toward the close of his play *Lear* is the opposite of what he had been at the beginning. He has been purged of his arrogance and pride, and the pomp and circumstance of kingship, on which he had placed great store, is to him no more than an interesting spectacle. What

matters now is the love of the daughter he had rejected in the first scene. When we first meet Hamlet he is in a state of depression. The world to him is "an unweeded garden" from which he would willingly depart. He has found corruption not only in the state but in existence itself. We soon learn that he had not always been so. Ophelia tells us that he had been the ideal Renaissance prince—a soldier, scholar, courtier, "the glass of fashion and the mold of form." And though we catch glimpses of his former self in his conversations with Horatio, his state of depression continues. By the final scene, however, his composure has returned. He no longer appears in slovenly dress; he apologizes to Laertes, and he treats Claudius with courtesy up to the point at which Gertrude's death discloses the king's treachery and compels him to the act of vengeance.

All this is not simply a return to Hamlet's former self. In the course of the action he has grown in stature and wisdom. He is no longer troubled by reasoning doubts, for he knows now that reason is not enough. An overreliance on reason and a belief in untrammelled free will are hallmarks of the Shakespearean villain; the heroes learn better. In the beginning of the final scene Hamlet is still beset from without and within—"thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter." And it does not matter, because he has now come to put his trust in providence. Earlier in the scene he had said,

Our indiscretion sometime serves us well
When our deep plots do pall, and that should learn us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. (V.ii.8-11)

This is not, as has been said, "a fatalist's surrender of his personal responsibility." It is the realization that man is not a totally free agent. With this realization Hamlet can face the fencing match and the king's intrigues without concern for self. What matters at the end of an important tragedy is not success or failure, but what a man *is*. Tragedy of the first order moves into the realm of the human spirit, and at the close we contemplate the nature of man. In this respect Shakespeare and the Greeks are the same, but they reach the end by widely divergent paths. We may consider the path which Shakespeare took.

Early in his career Shakespeare served an apprenticeship to Christopher Marlowe, but he soon surpassed him, and he took the journey from *Romeo and Juliet* to *Hamlet* on his own. His first so-called tragedy, *Titus Andronicus*, is not a tragedy at all. It is a blood-chilling thriller, and, as a recent production at Stratford-upon-Avon demonstrated, an effective one. The management had to have attendants at the theater to minister to the patrons who fainted as the play's horrors were revealed. A like response to tragedy is impossible. Melodrama such as *Titus* uses horror and grief as entertainment, bringing them as close to the spectator as it can. Tragedy uses them as truth. These, it says, are part of our human heritage, and we must face them. And in the end, partly because they are faced, they lose their terror, and the tragedy passes beyond them. It is not surprising, then, that the greatest tragedies are those involving the greatest horrors, for facing a great horror demands greatness of spirit. This greatness of spirit is what we contemplate at the end of a Shakespearean tragedy. At the close of the tragedy we are not so much

concerned with Hamlet or Othello as individuals as with the spirit of man triumphant in defeat.

Shakespeare's next attempt at tragedy brings him to the borders of the tragic realm. There is much macabre action and humor in *Richard III*, but the horrors are moral as well as physical, and there is an approach to self-recognition in the remorse Richard feels on waking from his ghost-haunted sleep. This is no longer, or at least not altogether, horror as entertainment. In this play Shakespeare mastered and improved upon Marlowe's techniques. In *Richard II* there is, no doubt, a general indebtedness to Marlowe's *Edward II*. Both kings are weak men who come to a tragic end. Toward the close of Marlowe's play we sympathize with Edward because he is the underdog and because the people who surround him are worse than he, but toward the end of *Richard II* we sympathize with the king because adversity has moved him to a kind of self-realization. There is an approach to the recognition scenes of the later tragedies. Shakespeare has brought his weak and self-willed king to a recognition, if only for a time, of his mortality and the humanity he shares with others. Later, Shakespeare was to do this profoundly with Lear. Here he shows us both power politics at work and a transformation in Richard, and in his characterization of Richard he shows us how the transfer of power to Bolingbroke was possible without Bolingbroke's being a villain. He eschews comedy and physical action, not, we may be sure, out of any disregard for them, but because other matters came first. At this stage of his career Shakespeare was not able to do at one time all the things that needed to be done. He was later to do so in *Hamlet*. In *Richard II* the primary matters are character and theme. There are impressive tableaux, but there is no action comparable to that of the earlier so-called tragedies.

There is more onstage action in *Romeo and Juliet*, and almost all of it is integral to character and theme. The hero and heroine meet, fall in love, mature through adversity, and find that, for them, love is of more worth than life. Nor is their ordeal in vain. They have their love, and their deaths bring peace to Verona. There is laughter in the play, but it is aroused by comic characters. The principals are serious throughout. But the play's laughter and vulgarities are not by any means comic relief. They contribute to a background of lust and hatred against which the story of the young lovers stands in contrast. Besides, Shakespeare's romance is never pure; it is always rooted in reality. It is never in danger of "falling upward, as it were, into vacuity." There is a notable mingling of the comic and the serious in Mercutio's death scene. It has comedy, pathos, and irony, all at once—a promise of things to come. Shakespeare seems never to have viewed things simply, and as soon as he acquired the skill, he made contraries and varying aspects of the same thing stand side by side, nothing canceling anything else out. And so it is here. Mercutio's flippancy in no way reduces the pathos and irony of his death.

After *Romeo and Juliet* Shakespeare turned to comedy and the completion of the historical tetralogy he had begun with *Richard II*. The last of this series, *Henry V*, is a fine play of action with England as its subject and England's national hero as its hero, yet it seems to have brought Shakespeare to a dead end. He was at the height of his success and popularity, but he seems not to have

been satisfied with the play. He apologizes, and directly too, for the inability of his theater to present the panoply of war. He refers to his stage as "this unworthy scaffold," and to his theater as "this cockpit," "this wooden O," and he begs the audience to imagine what cannot be shown them. Yet in his next serious play he uses the oldest of dramatic conventions—a few soldiers on either side of the stage representing contending armies—without apology. For with this play the essential thing is not the action itself but the idea that it embodies. In *Julius Caesar* the essential thing, the dramatic thing, is the spirit of man, and this can be portrayed without pageantry. What is needed now are words. What matters now is not so much what a man *does* but what he *is*.¹ Brutus is the precursor of tragic heroes to come. As he is brooding on the outcome of the Battle of Philippi, he says,

O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. (V.i.122-25)

It might be the voice of Hamlet before the fencing match: "If it be now, 'tis not to come. . . ." In *Richard II* there is no comedy; now, in *Julius Caesar*, there are only a few comic puns early in the play. First things first. But although *Julius Caesar* was Shakespeare's most important achievement to date, it has, perhaps, too great a separation of action and idea. What was needed was a fusion of the two, and this he achieved in *Hamlet*.²

Hamlet has onstage action in God's plenty. A ghost walks the stage; people are killed by stabbing and poisoning; a young woman runs mad, is drowned offstage, and is buried on stage; two skeletons are dug up and scattered over the stage; armies march, and there is a fencing match that ends in a general slaughter. Yet one scarcely thinks of

¹ In this paragraph I am indebted to "From *Henry V* to *Hamlet*," by Harley Granville-Barker, in *Aspects of Shakespeare* (1933).

² *Hamlet* was first published in 1603. The play is not mentioned in Francis Meres's *Palladis Tamia* (1598), which includes a list of Shakespeare's works. Since Meres mentions so minor a work as *Titus Andronicus*, he would have hardly omitted *Hamlet* had it existed. And it is almost certain that the *Hamlet* played by Shakespeare's company in 1594 and 1596 was not Shakespeare's, for he probably was not yet capable of writing the *Hamlet* we now know; nor is it likely that he revised the story over the better part of a decade, for he worked fast, writing his entire works in the time it took James Joyce to write *Finnegans Wake*. But there is other evidence to narrow the gap between 1598 and 1603—a definite allusion to Shakespeare's *Hamlet* in a note written by Gabriel Harvey in his copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer, published in 1598. Such a note might have been written any time between the publication of the book and Harvey's death in 1631, but in the same note he refers to the Earl of Essex in the present tense. Since Essex was executed on February 25, 1601, it appears that the note was written while Essex was alive and before he made his mad attempt to seize the person of the queen on February 7, 1601. During the fall of 1598 and the following winter, Essex was busy preparing his ill-fated foray into Ireland. He returned in September of 1599. Harvey's reference was therefore presumably made between the autumn of 1599 and early 1601, and it is during that time that *Hamlet* was written. The best date is 1600, which is confirmed by a consideration of Shakespeare's other activities. In 1599 he had rounded out his cycle of history plays with the writing of *Henry V*. He had recently written *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (to please Queen Elizabeth, as tradition has it), and he had completed *Julius Caesar*. He seems to have been looking for new worlds to conquer. He turned to comedy for a while, producing *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*. Then came the most important play he had yet written, *Hamlet*.

Hamlet as a play of action. There is some comedy, but it is most often used to intensify the serious matters to which it is germane. There are indecencies that were *not* put into the play to please the groundlings. They are the opposite of those employed at the opening of *Romeo and Juliet* to command attention. Hamlet's remarks to Ophelia early in III.ii (the scene of the play-within-the-play) reveal once more his disillusionment with women, and the indecencies of Ophelia's mad songs complete her characterization. Uninhibited in her madness, in a notable anticipation of modern psychology she sings about sex and the father who had dominated her while he lived. To be sure, the play is sometimes diffuse. Everyone is given to generalizing, even the wretched Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. It is, of course, necessary to generalize on the action, and Shakespeare succeeds in doing so; but in the later tragedies he was to do it more compactly. In *Hamlet* Shakespeare was writing tragedy of the first order for the first time, and perhaps he could not be intellectually aware of how to do it until he had once done it, for he had no models to show him the way. (What little he knew of Greek tragedy was through Roman or other adaptations.) In any case, he knew, in 1600, the heights tragedy could achieve, and he was to achieve them again in the next great tragedies—*Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*. There is a saying that Shakespeare never repeats. In most respects it is not true, but it is true that he never repeated his successes. The four great tragedies are as different from each other as plays of the same genre by the same author could be.

In each of the plays the hero is transformed into something he had not been at the beginning of the play. He recognizes that he is other than he was, but in *Hamlet* the recognition scene is not explicit. Hamlet emerges from his state of depression, and if he did not the play would be a study in pathology rather than a tragedy; but we do not see him emerging from it as we see, for instance, the change taking place in *Othello*'s speech beginning with "Behold I have a weapon . . ." (V.ii.259-82) or in *Lear*'s prayer for the poor:

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this. (III.iv.28-33)

In this speech *Lear* is the opposite of the arrogant, unfeeling man he had been at the opening of the play, and we are told that he is. Shakespeare liked to be explicit when he could be. At the end of his play, *Hamlet*, too, is very different from the man who had earlier longed for death, and contemplated suicide. There is no more "fighting" in his soul; like *Lear* on his way to prison, he is at peace.

The movement toward *Hamlet*'s regeneration begins with his reflections on the Player's speech about Hecuba; it advances further in the closet scene, and it reaches its culmination in the gravediggers' scene. Although this scene is crowded with action, it is essentially a meditation on the inevitability of death. It begins lightly enough for such a scene, but it grows steadily more serious, more general, and more personal—more personal to *Hamlet*, and through its increasing generality more personal to us—until in the end it transcends the macabre. At the opening

of the scene it is disclosed that someone presumed a suicide is to be buried. Her name is not mentioned, but we know who she is. After some talk about her right to Christian burial, there is a conundrum: "What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?" And the answer: "a gravemaker. The houses he makes lasts till doomsday." Hamlet and Horatio enter as the digger breaks into a song about advancing age. In the course of the song he digs up a skull, and Hamlet comments on it: "That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if 'twere Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder!" Or it might be "the pate of a politician," or a courtier, or "my Lord Such-a-one. . . . And now my Lady Worm's, chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade." While Shakespeare is thus generalizing about the fact of death, another skull is dug up. It turns out to be the skull of Yorick, the king's jester, and the generalization becomes personal: "I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times. And now how abhorred in my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it." Here the scene passes beyond comedy, and Shakespeare tells us so: "Where be your gibes now? Your gambols, your songs? . . . Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come. Make her laugh at that." Hamlet's remarks on the bones are his last comment on the discrepancy between appearance and reality. He is coming to accept reality for what it is. Then as the generalization continues, a funeral procession enters, and Hamlet learns who is to be buried today. He has seen the body of an old friend dug up to make room for the body of the woman he loves. He has looked on death at what is for him its worst. It is after the graveyard scene that the man who had continually brooded on death is able to face it. It seems axiomatic that any horror becomes less horrible once we have looked squarely at it. When we see Hamlet again he can defy augury, for the augurs can foretell only such things as success or failure; but there is nothing, except himself, to prevent a man from facing his own private horror and rising above it. And so it is with Hamlet. When Horatio offers to cancel the fencing match "if your mind dislike anything," he is able to reply, "Not a whit, we defy augury. There is special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come. The readiness is all. Since no man of aught he leaves knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be." "Readiness" here means both submitting to providence and being in a state of preparation. It is not that death does not matter; it matters very much indeed, but readiness matters more. Shakespeare's tragic heroes do not renounce the world. The dying Hamlet is concerned about the welfare of the state and his own worldly reputation. Such values are never denied, but at the end of the tragedies they are no longer primary values. At such moments the central thing is the spirit of man achieving grandeur.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

The story of Hamlet is an ancient one. No doubt it had its origin in one of the family feuds familiar in Northern history and saga. Sailors carried it to Ireland, where it

picked up accretions of Celtic folklore and legend, and later returned to Scandinavia to become part of the traditional history of Denmark. It was incorporated into written literature in the second half of the twelfth century when a learned clerk, Saxo Grammaticus, retold it in his *Historia Danica*. His narrative is a story of early and relatively barbaric times. For instance, the dismembered body of the prototype of Polonius is thrown into an open latrine to be devoured by scavenging hogs, and there is no trace of the ideals of chivalry and courtesy that we find in Shakespeare's play. Still, the basic elements of Shakespeare's plot are there: the killing of the Danish ruler by his brother, the marriage of the brother and the widowed queen, the pretended madness and real craft of the dead king's son, the son's evasion of the sanity tests, his voyage to England with letters bearing his death warrant, his alteration of the letters, his return, and the accomplishment of his revenge. Saxo also gives us, under different names, the chief characters of the story as we know it in Shakespeare: Claudius (Feng), Gertrude (Gerutha), Hamlet (Amlethus), unnamed prototypes of Ophelia, Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern, and perhaps even of Horatio.

Saxo's narrative circulated widely in manuscript. It was printed in Paris in 1514, reprinted elsewhere, and came in time to the attention of François de Belleforest, who in 1576 told his version of the Hamlet story in the fifth volume of his *Histoires Tragiques*. He made one notable addition to the story. He states that the queen committed adultery with her brother-in-law during her marriage to the king. This remains in Shakespeare in the ghost's epithet for his brother, "adulterate," and in Hamlet's "He that hath killed my king, and whored my mother," and it operates as part of the motivation for the revulsion which Hamlet sometimes feels for woman-kind. Belleforest's *Histoires* seems to have been a popular book. His version was translated very badly into English under the title *The Hystorie of Hamblet* in 1608, too late to serve as a source for Shakespeare. In all likelihood it was called into being by the popularity of Shakespeare's play.

The next version of the Hamlet story was an English play of the 1580's based on Belleforest. It was never printed, and the manuscript seems to be irretrievably lost. Since the late eighteenth century it has been attributed more or less confidently to Thomas Kyd (1557?-1595?). Kyd was a scrivener and playwright, the author of the well-known *Spanish Tragedy*. His words show some advance over that of his predecessors in the creation of character and, especially, in the manipulation of plot. He could wring from a scene all the melodrama it afforded. Kyd's play on the Hamlet story, if, indeed, it is his, served as the immediate source of Shakespeare's play and is called by scholars the *Ur-Hamlet*. The first reference to it is found in Thomas Nashe's preface to Robert Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589. In it Nashe, an established writer, indulged in an attack on certain "trivial translators" and "shifting companions" who "leave the trade of noverint [scribe, copyist] whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavors of art that could scarcely Latinize their neck verse. . . . Yet English Seneca . . . yields many good sentences . . . and if you entreat him fair in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say

handfuls of tragical speeches. . . . Seneca, let blood, line by line and page by page, at length must needs die to our stage; which makes his famished followers to imitate the Kid in Aesop . . . and these men to intermeddle with Italian translations." The passage has been much debated, but it seems clear that Nashe, by a pun on Kid, associated the Senecan play of *Hamlet* with Kyd. The play is next mentioned in the diary of Philip Henslowe, the theatrical producer, who records that a play called *Hamlet* was performed at the suburban theater of Newington Butts in June, 1594, by the Admiral's and the Chamberlain's Men. It was apparently Henslowe's custom to indicate a new play with the letters "ne," and since there is no such indication at this entry, we may perhaps assume that the play was old; and since the receipts for this performance were only eight shillings, it is possible that *Hamlet* was no longer popular in the playhouse. It seems likely that this is the play to which Nashe referred.

The play was next referred to by Thomas Lodge in his *Wit's Misery*, 1596. He speaks there of the "ghost which cried so miserably at The Theater, like an oyster wife, 'Hamlet, revenge.'" The scorn of Lodge's statement suggests that the play was an outmoded one, and his mention of The Theater as the playhouse at which the ghost cried out tells us that the Chamberlain's Men, the theatrical company to which Shakespeare belonged, had taken over the drama, for the playhouse at which they were then playing was called The Theater. The play, then, was the property of Shakespeare's company, and he was free to use the story for his own purposes. Scholars have been assiduous in their attempts to reconstruct the *Ur-Hamlet* from references to it and from the versions of the story which preceded and followed it. And they have yet another version of the story at hand. There is a German play on the Hamlet story called *Der bestrafte Brudermord oder Prinz Hamlet aus Daennemark*. It was first printed in 1781 from a manuscript dated 1710. The manuscript has been lost, but the printed version has survived.

We know that a *Hamlet* was played by English actors at Dresden in 1626 and that there was another performance of the play, probably in German, in 1665. The latter is probably the origin of *Der bestrafte Brudermord*, a play which, by the eighteenth century, had grossly deteriorated from its original. Still, its dependence on an English *Hamlet* is certain. We must ask if it derives from an early version by Shakespeare as misrepresented in the first quarto or from the *Ur-Hamlet*, and the scholars give us a divided answer. The name Corambus of the German version recalls Corambis of the first quarto and suggests that as a source. On the other hand, Corambis may well have been the name in the *Ur-Hamlet*. There are other similarities to Shakespeare's quarto, but there are great differences from it. The German play opens with a prologue in which Night calls upon the Furies to spur the revenge against the king. This is Senecan rather than Shakespearean. The ghost tells Hamlet that it was reported that he had died of an apoplexy, whereas in the first quarto it was said that he had died of a snake bite. There is no trace of Hamlet's great soliloquies which exist in the first quarto in mangled form. On the whole it seems more likely that *Der bestrafte Brudermord* derives from the *Ur-Hamlet* than from the first quarto.

What, then, was the immediate source of Shakespeare's

Hamlet like? In answering this question it must be acknowledged that we are not on firm ground, but an informed surmise is better than nothing, provided we remember that we are being tentative. It was Senecan and, in name at least, a tragedy, though in reality a melodrama. A Senecan play would be gory, with the stage cluttered with corpses in the final scene. It was by Thomas Kyd. Why else should Nashe have associated "Kid" and "noverint" with the play? Kyd had been a scrivener, and unlike Nashe, he was not a university man. He had made translations from both Italian and French, and he had turned dramatist. He was able to read Belleforest in French. He knew Seneca intimately. In the play the ghost calls for revenge, and the revengeful ghost is characteristic of Seneca. In Saxo Grammaticus there is no ghost. There is no need for one; the murderer of the king was known to be his brother, and there was, therefore, nothing for the ghost to reveal. The ghost is one of Kyd's contributions to the story. He had used a ghost effectively in his *Spanish Tragedy*, and he was here repeating one of his successful devices. In the *Ur-Hamlet* the ghost made the revelation and urged upon Hamlet the obligation of revenge. In Saxo, Hamlet feigned madness in self-protection and in order to get at the person of the king. Kyd retained the pretended madness, but we cannot know what uses he made of it. The play ended, of course, with Hamlet's triumph and death in a bloody massacre.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

Shakespeare's *Hamlet* comes to us in three versions. The first of them, known as the first quarto, was published in 1603 by N. L. [Nicholas Ling] and John Trundell, who advertised it on the title page as having been played "by his Highness Servants in the City of London, as also in the two universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere." This was a pirated edition, published without the consent of the owners, and Shakespeare had nothing to do with it. In the preceding year an attempt had been made to forestall just such a venture. On July 26, 1602, James Roberts, a printer friendly to Shakespeare's company, had entered in the Stationers' Register "A book called The Revenge of Hamlet Prince of Denmark as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain his Servants." This was intended to serve as a kind of copyright. It should be said in passing that "his Highness Servants" were the King's Men and that the Chamberlain's Men became the King's Men on May 19, 1603, when James I took Shakespeare's company under his direct protection.

The copy which Ling and Trundell sent to the printer was an extraordinary hodgepodge, so that the first quarto gives us a very poor notion of Shakespeare's play. How this copy came into being has been the subject of much investigation, but there is little agreement. In general there are three schools of thought: (1) the first quarto is a badly reported version of *Hamlet* as Shakespeare wrote it once and for all; (2) it is a badly reported version of an early draft of Shakespeare's play; and (3) it was expanded from some actor's parts of an early version of the play. This last seems most likely, since some of the lines, notably those of Marcellus, are accurate, other passages are partially correct, and still others are sheer invention. All three levels

are to be found in the soliloquy (III.i.56 ff.) beginning "To be or not to be."

To be or not to be, ay there's the point,
To die, to sleep, is that all? Ay all:
No, to sleep, to dream, ay marry there it goes,
For in that dream of death, when we awake,
And borne before an everlasting judge,
From whence no passenger ever returned,
To undiscovered country, at whose sight
The happy smile, and the accursed damned.
But for this, the joyful hope of this,
Who'd bear the scorns and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich cursed of the poor?
The widow being oppressed, the orphan wronged,
The taste of hunger, or a tyrant's reign,
And thousand more calamities besides,
To grunt and sweat under this weary life,
When that he may his full quietus make,
With a bare bodkin, who would this endure,
But for a hope of something after death?
Which pulses the brain, and doth confound the sense,
Which makes us rather bear those veils we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Ay that, O this conscience makes cowards of us all,
Lady in thy orisons, be all my sins rememb'red

It is clear that there is a hand other than Shakespeare's in this. That the first quarto is a debased version of an early version of the play is suggested by, most notably, changes in names. Why should Polonius, for instance, become Corambis if the copy were based on the version Shakespeare wrote once and for all?

It was not considered good business to publish a play while it was still popular in the theater, for it could then be acted in the provinces by other than its owners, reducing the public for the play when Shakespeare's company took it on tour. This being so, the publication of the first quarto had done Shakespeare a double injury: the play was in print, and it misrepresented its author. Shakespeare had some leisure at this time, and theaters being closed because of the plague from March 1603 to April 1604. We may suppose that he decided to revise the play and have it printed. In any case, another edition of *Hamlet* appeared in 1604. The title page seems designed to tell the public that this is the genuine article: "The Tragical History of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect copy." The statement is literally true. The second quarto is almost twice as long as the first quarto, and although it lacks some passages preserved in the First Folio, the second quarto is the fullest and best version of the play.

The third version of *Hamlet* is to be found in the First Folio, 1623, the collected edition of Shakespeare's plays made by his friends and associates in the theater, John Heminges and Henry Condell. Here the text is based on the acting version of the play. The Folio gives us some ninety lines not found in the second quarto. These include two passages of considerable length, II.ii.243-74 and II.ii.344-69, but the Folio does not give us some two hundred lines found in the second quarto. These are mostly reflective passages, including Hamlet's last soliloquy,

"How all occasions do inform against me." As befits an acting version, the Folio stage directions are more numerous and frequently are fuller. Modern editions are made by collation of the second quarto and the First Folio and are therefore longer than either of them.

Because the second quarto is the longest version, giving us more of the play as Shakespeare conceived it than either of the others, it serves as the basic version for this text. Unfortunately the printers of it often worked carelessly. Words and phrases are omitted, there are plain misreadings of Shakespeare's manuscript, speeches are sometimes wrongly assigned. It was therefore necessary to turn to the First Folio for many readings. Neither the first quarto nor the second quarto is divided into acts or scenes; the Folio indicates only the following: I.i, I.ii, I.iii, II, II.ii. The present edition, to allow for easy reference, follows the traditional divisions of the Globe edition, placing them (as well as indications of locale) in brackets to indicate that they are editorial, not authorial. Punctuation and spelling are modernized (*and* is given as *an* when it means "if"), obvious typographical errors are corrected, abbreviations are expanded, speech prefixes are regularized, and the positions of stage directions are slightly altered where necessary. Other departures from the second quarto are listed below. First is given the adopted reading, in boldface type, and then the second quarto's reading, in roman. The vast majority of these adopted readings are from the Folio; if an adopted reading is not from the Folio, the fact is indicated by a bracketed remark explaining, for example, that it is drawn from the first Quarto [Q1] or the Second Folio [F2] or an editor's conjecture [ed.].

I.i.16 soldier souldiers 63 Polacks [F has "Pollax"] pollax 68 my mine 73 why with; cast cost 88 those these 91 returned returne 94 designed [F2] design 112 mote [ed.] moth 121 feared [ed.] feare 138 you your 140 at it it 142 s.d. Exit Ghost [Q2 omits]

I.ii.1 s.d. Councilors [ed.] Counsaile: as 41 s.d. Exit Voltemand and Cornelius [Q2 omits] 58 He hath Hath 67 so so much 77 good coold 82 shapes [ed.: F has "shewes"] chapes 96 a mind or minde 132 self-slaughter seale slaughter 133 weary wary 137 to this thus 143 would should 149 even she [Q2 omits] 175 to drink deep for to drinke 178 to see to 209 Where, as [ed.] Whereas 224 Indeed, indeed, sirs Indeede Sirs 237 Very like, very like Very like 238 hundred hundreth 257 foul fonde

I.iii.3 convoy is conuay in 12 bulk bulkes 18 For he himself is subject to his birth [Q2 omits] 49 like a a 68 thine thy 74 Are Or 75 be boy 76 loan loue 83 invites inuests 109 Tend'ring [Q1] Wrong [F has "Roaming"] 115 springes springs 123 parley parle 125 tether tider 131 beguile beguide

I.iv.1 shrewdly shroudly 2 a nipping nipping 6 s.d. go [ed.] goes 19 clepe [ed.] clip 27 the [ed.] their 33 Their [ed.] His 36 evil [ed.] eale 57 s.d. Ghost beckons Hamlet Beckins 69 my lord my 70 summit [ed.] somnet [F has "sonnet"] 82 artere [ed.] arture [F has "artire"] 87 imagination imacion

I.v.47 what a what 55 lust but 56 sate sort 64 leperous leaprous 68 posset possesse 91 s.d. Exit [Q2 omits] 95 stiffly swiftly 113 Horatio and Marcellus (Within.) Enter Horatio and Marcellus [Q2 gives the speech to Horatio] 116 bird and 122 heaven, my lord heauen 132 Look you, I'll I will 170 some'er [ed.] so mere [F has "so ere"]

II.i.s.d. Reynaldo or two 28 Faith, no Fayth 38 warrant wit 39 sullies sallies 40 i' th' with 52-53 at "friend or so," and "gentleman" [Q2 omits] 112 quoted coted

II.ii.43 Assure you I assure 57 o'erhasty hastie 58 s.d. Enter Polonius, Voltemand, and Cornelius Enter Embassadors 90 since brevity breuitie 108 s.d. the letter [Q2 omits, but has "letter" at side of line 116] 126 above about 137 winking

working 143 his her 148 watch with 149 a lightness lightnes
 151 'tis this this 167 s.d. Enter Hamlet reading on a book
 Enter Hamlet 189 far gone, far gone far gone 203 you your-
 self your selfe 204 should be shall growe 212 sanity sanctity
 214-15 and suddenly . . . between him [Q2 omits] 218 will
 will not 227 excellent extent 231 overhappy euer happy
 232 cap lap 240 but that but the 243-74 Let me question
 . . . dreadfully attended [Q2 omits] 278 even euer 284
 Why anything Any thing 311 a piece peece 317 woman
 women 328 of me on me 331-32 the clown . . . o' th' sere
 [from F, but F has "tickled a" for "tickle o'"; Q2 omits] 333
 blank black 344-69 Hamlet. How comes . . . load too [Q2
 omits] 349 berattle [ed.: F has "be-ratled"; Q2 omits] 356
 most like [ed.: F has "like most"; Q2 omits] 380 lest my let me
 405-06 tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral
 [Q2 omits] 433 By'r Lady by lady 437 French falconers
 friendly Fankners 450 affectation affection 453 tale talke
 463 heraldry heraldy 481 Then senseless Ilium [Q2 omits]
 488 And like Like 502 fellies [ed.] follies 511 Mobled queen
 is good [F has "Inobled" for "Mobled"; Q2 omits] 521 husband's
 husband 526 whe'r [ed.] where 546-47 a need neede 547 or
 sixteen lines lines, or sixteene lines 551 till tell 559 his visage
 the visage 564 to Hecuba to her 566 the cue that 585 ha'
 fatted [F has "have fatted"] a fatted 588 O, vengeance [Q2
 omits] 590 father [Q4; Q2 and F omit] 606 devil, and the
 devil deale, and the deale
 III.i.32-33 myself (lawful espials) Will myself Wee'le 46
 loneliness lowliness 55 Let's withdraw with-draw 83
 cowards of us all cowards 85 sicklied sickled 92 well, well,
 well well 107 your honesty you 121 to a nunnery a Nunry
 129 knaves all knaues 138 Go, farewell farewell 145 lisp list
 146-47 your ignorance ignorance 153 expectancy expectation
 158 that what 160 feature stature 162 [Q2 concludes the line
 with a stage direction, "Exit"] 189 unwatched vnmatcht
 III.ii.1 pronounced pronound 23 own feature feature 27 the
 which which 29 praise prayd 37 us, sir vs 45 s.d. Exit
 Players [Q2 omits] 49 s.d. Exit Polonius [Q2 omits] 52 ho
 [F has "hoa"] howe 89 detecting detected 89 s.d. Rosencrantz
 . . . Flourish [Q2 omits] 115-16 Hamlet. I mean . . . my
 lord [Q2 omits] 138 s.d. sound [ed.] sounds; very lovingly
 [Q2 omits]; She kneels . . . unto him [Q2 omits]; Exeunt [Q2
 omits] 140 is miching munching 145 keep counsel keepe
 159 ground the ground 167 your our 172 In neither Eyther
 none, in neither 173 love Lord 194 like the 203 Grief joys
 Greefe ioy 223 An [ed.] And 227 a I be a 231 s.d. sleeps [Q2
 omits] 232 s.d. Exit Exeunt 260 Confederate Considerat
 262 infected inuected 264 s.d. Pours the poison in his ears
 [Q2 omits] 270 Hamlet. What . . . fire [Q2 omits] 280-81 two
 Provincial prouinciall 314 start stare 324 my business
 busines 366 and thumb & the vmber 375 the top of my my
 379 you can you 394-95 Polonius . . . friends Leaue me
 friends. I will, say so. By and by is easily said 397 breathes
 breakes 399 bitter business as the day business as the bitter day
 404 daggers dagger
 III.iii.19 huge hough 22 ruin raine 23 with a a 50 pardoned
 pardon 58 shove showe 73 pat but 79 hire and salary base
 and silly
 III.iv.5-6 with him . . . Mother, Mother, Mother [Q2 omits]
 7 warrant wait 21 inmost most 23 ho [F has "hoa"] how; ho
 [F has "hoa"] how 25 s.d. kills Polonius [Q2 omits] 53 That
 roars . . . index [Q2 gives to Hamlet] 60 heaven-kissing
 heaue, a kissing 89 panders pardons 90 mine eyes into my
 very soul my very eyes into my soule 91 grainèd greued 92
 will not will 98 tithe kyth 140 Ecstasy [Q2 omits] 144 And
 I And 159 live leaue 166 Refrain tonight to refraine night
 180 Thus This 187 ravel rouell 216 foolish most foolish
 218 s.d. exit Hamlet, tugging in Polonius Exit
 IV.i.35 dragged dreg'd
 IV.ii.1 s.d. Enter Hamlet Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others
 2 Gentlemen. (Within.) Hamlet! Lord Hamlet! [Q2 omits]
 4 s.d. Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern [Q2 omits] 6

Compounded Compound 19 ape apple 31-32 Hide fox, and
 all after [Q2 omits]
 IV.iii.15 Ho [F has "Hoa"] How 44 With fiery quickness [Q2
 omits] 53 and so so 69 were ne'er begun will nere begin
 IV.v.16 Queen [Q2 gives line 16 as part of the previous speech]
 20 s.d. Enter Ophelia [distracted.] Enter Ophelia [placed after
 line 16] 39 grave ground 42 God good 52 clothes close 57
 Indeed, la Indeede 74 s.d. Exit [Q2 omits] 83 in their in
 90 his this 97 Queen. Alack, what noise is this [Q2 omits]
 98 are is 107 They The 143 swoopstake [ed.] soopstake
 153 s.d. Let her come in [Q2 gives to Laertes] 158 Till Tell
 161 an old a poore 162-64 Nature . . . loves [Q2 omits]
 166 Hey . . . hey nony [Q2 omits] 182 O, you must you may
 187 affliction afflictions 195 All flaxen Flaxen 199 Christian
 souls, I pray God Christians soules 200 see this this
 IV.vi.9 an't and 22 good turn turne 26 bore bord 31 He
 So 32 give you you
 IV.vii.6 proceeded proceede 14 conjunctive conclue 20
 Would Worke 22 loud a wind loued Arm'd 24 And But;
 had haue 36 How now . . . Hamlet [Q2 omits] 42 s.d. Exit
 Messenger [Q2 omits] 45-46 your pardon you pardon 47 and
 more strange return returne 48 Hamlet [Q2 omits] 56 shall
 live liue 62 checking the King 88 my me 115 wick [ed.]
 weeke 119 changes change 122 spendthrift [ed.] spend thirfts
 125 in deed [ed.] indeede 134 on ore 138 pass pace 140 for
 that for 156 ha't hate 159 prepared prefard 167 hoar horry
 171 cold cull-cold
 V.i.9 se offendendo so offended 12 Argal or all 34-37 Other.
 Why . . . without arms [Q2 omits] 43 that frame that 55
 s.d. Enter Hamlet and Horatio afar off Enter Hamlet and
 Horatio [Q2 places after line 64] 60 stoup soope 70 daintier
 dintier 89 mazzard massene 106-07 Is this . . . recoveries
 [Q2 omits] 108 his vouchers vouchers 109 double ones
 doubles 120 O or 121 For such a guest is meet [Q2 omits]
 142 a gravemaker Graue-maker 143 all the days the dayes
 165 corses nowadays corses 172-73 three and twenty 23
 183 Let me see [Q2 omits] 185 borne bore 192 chamber
 table 208-09 as thus [Q2 omits] 216 winter's waters 217 s.d.
 Enter . . . attendant Enter K. Q. Laertes and the corse 231
 Shards, flints Flints 247 treble double 250 s.d. Leaps in the
 grave [Q2 omits] 261 and rash rash 277 Dost thou doost
 285 thus this 298 shortly thirtie 299 Till Tell
 V.ii.5 Methought my thought 6 bilboes bilbo 17 unseal
 vnfold 19 Ah [ed.; F has "Oh"] A 43 as's [F has "assis"] as sir
 52 Subscribed Subscribe 57 Why, man . . . employment [Q2
 omits] 68-80 To quit . . . comes here [Q2 omits] 78 court
 [ed.; F has "count"; Q2 omits] 80 s.d. young Osric [Q2 omits]
 81 Osric [Q2 prints "Cour" consistently as the speech prefix] 83
 humbly humble 94 Put your your 100 sultry sully 101 for or
 103 But, my my 109 gentleman [ed.] gentlemen 111 feel-
 ingly [ed.] sellingly 143 his weapon [ed.] this weapon 152
 hangers [ed.] hanger 159 carriages carriage 162 might be
 be 165-66 all impawned as all 181 e'en so so 185 Yours,
 yours. He Yours 190 did comply did 194 yeasty histy 195
 fanned [ed.; F has "fond"] prophane; winnowed trennowed
 209 to Laertes [ed.] Laertes 211 lose this wager loose 214
 But thou thou 217-18 gaingiving gamgiuing 222 If it be now
 if it be 224 will come well come 242 Sir, in this audience
 [Q2 omits] 252 keep my my; till all 256 Come on [Q2 omits]
 265 bettered better 267 s.d. Prepare to play [Q2 omits] 274
 union Vnice 287 s.d. They play [Q2 omits] 288 A touch, a
 touch [Q2 omits] 302 s.d. play [Q2 omits] 304 s.d. In scuffling
 they change rapiers [Q2 omits] 305 ho [F has "hoa"] howe
 313 Ho [ed.] how 315 Hamlet. Hamlet Hamlet 318 thy my
 324 s.d. Hurts the King [Q2 omits] 327 murd'rous, damnèd
 damned 328 thy union the Onixe 329 s.d. King dies [Q2
 omits] 333 s.d. dies [Q2 omits] 347 live I leaue 360 s.d. Dies
 [Q2 omits] 363 s.d. with drum, colors, and Attendants
 [Q2 omits] 381 th' yet yet 385 forced for no 394 on no
 401 rite [ed.; F has "rites"] right 405 s.d. marching . . . shot
 off [Q2 omits]



THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

PRINCE OF DENMARK

[Dramatis Personae]

CLAUDIUS *King of Denmark*
HAMLET *son to the late, and nephew to the present,*
king
POLONIUS *Lord Chamberlain*
HORATIO *friend to Hamlet*
LAERTES *son to Polonius*
VOLTEMAND }
CORNELIUS } *courtiers*
ROSENCRANTZ }
GUILDENSTERN }
OSRIC }
A GENTLEMAN }
A PRIEST

MARCELLUS }
BARNARDO } *officers*
FRANCISCO *a soldier*
REYNALDO *servant to Polonius*
PLAYERS
TWO CLOWNS *gravediggers*
FORTINBRAS *Prince of Norway*
A NORWEGIAN CAPTAIN
ENGLISH AMBASSADORS
GERTRUDE *Queen of Denmark, mother to Hamlet*
OPHELIA *daughter to Polonius*
GHOST *of Hamlet's father*
LORDS LADIES OFFICERS SOLDIERS
SAILORS MESSENGERS ATTENDANTS

Scene: Elsinore]

[A C T I]

[Scene I. *A guard platform of the castle.*]

Enter BARNARDO and FRANCISCO, two sentinels.

BARNARDO Who's there?

FRANCISCO

Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold^o yourself.

BARNARDO Long live the king!^o

FRANCISCO Barnardo?

BARNARDO He.

FRANCISCO

You come most carefully upon your hour.

BARNARDO

'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

The decorative border shown above appeared on the first page of Hamlet in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.

I.i.2 unfold disclose **3 Long . . . king** perhaps a password, perhaps a greeting

FRANCISCO

For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

BARNARDO

Have you had a quiet guard?

FRANCISCO

Not a mouse stirring. 10

BARNARDO

Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals^o of my watch, bid them make haste.

5

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

FRANCISCO

I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?

HORATIO

Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS

And liegemen to the Dane.^o 15

13 rivals partners **15 liegemen . . . Dane** loyal subjects to the King of Denmark

FRANCISCO

Give you° good night.

MARCELLUS

O, farewell, honest soldier.

Who hath relieved you?

FRANCISCO

Barnardo hath my place.

Give you good night.

Exit FRANCISCO.

MARCELLUS

Holla, Barnardo!

BARNARDO

Say—

What, is Horatio there?

HORATIO

A piece of him.

BARNARDO

Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, good Marcellus.

MARCELLUS

What, has this thing appeared again tonight?

BARNARDO

I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS

Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
 And will not let belief take hold of him
 Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us;
 Therefore I have entreated him along
 With us to watch the minutes of this night,
 That, if again this apparition come,
 He may approve° our eyes and speak to it.

HORATIO

Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BARNARDO

Sit down awhile,

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we have two nights seen.

HORATIO

Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.

BARNARDO

Last night of all,
 When yond same star that's westward from the pole°
 Had made his course t' illume that part of heaven
 Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
 The bell then beating one—

Enter GHOST.

MARCELLUS

Peace, break thee off. Look where it comes again.

BARNARDO

In the same figure like the king that's dead.

MARCELLUS

Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

BARNARDO

Looks 'a not like the king? Mark it, Horatio.

HORATIO

Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

BARNARDO

It would be spoke to.

MARCELLUS

Speak to it, Horatio.

HORATIO

What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
 Together with that fair and warlike form
 In which the majesty of buried Denmark°
 Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee, speak.

MARCELLUS

It is offended.

BARNARDO

See, it stalks away.

HORATIO

Stay! Speak, speak. I charge thee, speak. *Exit GHOST.*

MARCELLUS

'Tis gone and will not answer.

BARNARDO

How now, Horatio? You tremble and look pale.

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't?

HORATIO

Before my God, I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch°

Of mine own eyes.

MARCELLUS

Is it not like the king?

HORATIO

As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very armor he had on

When he the ambitious Norway° combated:

So frowned he once, when, in an angry parle°,

He smote the sledded Polacks° on the ice.

'Tis strange.

MARCELLUS

Thus twice before, and jump° at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

HORATIO

In what particular thought to work I know not;

But, in the gross and scope° of my opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

MARCELLUS

Good now, sit down, and tell me he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subject° of the land,

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon

And foreign mart° for implements of war,

Why such impress° of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week,

What might be toward° that this sweaty haste

Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day?

Who is't that can inform me?

HORATIO

That can I.

At least the whisper goes so: our last king,

Whose image even but now appeared to us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,

Thereto pricked on by a most emulate pride,

Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet

(For so this side of our known world esteemed him)

Did slay this Fortinbras, who, by a sealed compact

Well ratified by law and heraldry°,

Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands

Which he stood seized° of, to the conqueror;

Against the which a moiety competent°

Was gagèd° by our king, which had returned

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher, as, by the same comart°

And carriage of the article designed°,

His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

57 sensible . . . avouch sensory and true proof 61 Norway
 King of Norway 62 parle parley 63 sledded Polacks Poles
 in sledges 65 jump just 68 gross and scope general drift
 72 toils the subject makes the subjects toil 74 mart trading
 75 impress forced service 77 toward in preparation 87 law
 and heraldry heraldic law (governing the combat) 89 seized
 possessed 90 moiety competent equal portion 91 gagèd
 engaged, pledged 93 comart agreement 94 carriage . . .
 designed import of the agreement drawn up

16 Give you God give you 29 approve confirm 36 pole
 polestar 48 buried Denmark the buried King of Denmark

Of unimprovèd° mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts° of Norway here and there
 Sharked up° a list of lawless resolute°,
 For food and diet, to some enterprise
 That hath a stomach in't;° which is no other,
 As it doth well appear unto our state,
 But to recover of us by strong hand
 And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost; and this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations,
 The source of this our watch, and the chief head°
 Of this posthaste and romage° in the land.

BARNARDO

I think it be no other but e'en so;
 Well may it sort° that this portentous figure
 Comes armèd through our watch so like the king
 That was and is the question of these wars.

HORATIO

A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye:
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;°
 As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
 Disasters° in the sun; and the moist star,°
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
 And even the like precurse° of feared events,
 As harbingers° preceding still° the fates
 And prologue to the omen° coming on,
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures° and countrymen.

Enter GHOST.

But soft, behold, lo where it comes again!
 I'll cross it,° though it blast me.—Stay, illusion.

It spreads his° arms.

It thou hast any sound or use of voice,
 Speak to me.
 If there be any good thing to be done
 That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
 Speak to me.
 If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 Which happily° foreknowing may avoid,
 O, speak!
 Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
 Extorted° treasure in the womb of earth,
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
The cock crows.

Speak of it. Stay and speak. Stop it, Marcellus.

MARCELLUS

Shall I strike at it with my partisan?°

140

HORATIO

Do, if it will not stand.

100 BARNARDO 'Tis here.

HORATIO

'Tis here.

MARCELLUS

'Tis gone.

Exit GHOST.

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
 To offer it the show of violence,
 For it is as the air, invulnerable,
 And our vain blows malicious mockery.

145

BARNARDO

It was about to speak when the cock crew.

HORATIO

And then it started, like a guilty thing
 Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 Awake the god of day, and at his warning,
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 Th' extravagant and erring° spirit hies
 To his confine; and of the truth herein
 This present object made probation.°

150

155

MARCELLUS

It faded on the crowing of the cock.
 Some say that ever 'gainst° that season comes
 Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
 And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,
 The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,°
 No fairy takes,° nor witch hath power to charm:
 So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

160

HORATIO

So have I heard and do in part believe it.
 But look, the morn in russet mantle clad
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.
 Break we our watch up, and by my advice
 Let us impart what we have seen tonight
 Unto young Hamlet, for upon my life
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

165

170

MARCELLUS

Let's do't, I pray, and I this morning know
 Where we shall find him most convenient. *Exeunt.*

175

[Scene II. The castle.]

Flourish.° *Enter Claudius, KING of Denmark, Gertrude the QUEEN, COUNCILORS, POLONIUS and his son LAERTES, HAMLET, cum aliis*° [including VOLTEMAND and CORNELIUS].

KING

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
 The memory be green, and that it us befitted

140 *partisan* pike (a long-handled weapon) 154 *extravagant and erring* out of bounds and wandering 156 *probation* proof 158 *'gainst* just before 162 *strike* exert an evil influence 163 *takes* bewitches
 I.ii.s.d. *Flourish* fanfare of trumpets; *cum aliis* with others (Latin)

96 *unimprovèd* untried 97 *skirts* borders 98 *Sharked up* collected indiscriminately (as a shark gulps its prey); *resolutes* desperadoes 100 *hath* . . . *in't* requires courage 106 *head* fountainhead, origin 107 *romage* bustle 109 *sort* befit 116 *Did* . . . *streets* the break in the sense which follows this line suggests that a line has dropped out 118 *Disasters* threatening signs; *moist star* moon 121 *precurse* precursor, foreshadowing 122 *harbingers* forerunners; *still* always 123 *omen* calamity 125 *climatures* regions 127 *cross it* (1) cross its path, confront it (2) make the sign of the cross in front of it 127 s.d. *his* its, the Ghost's (though possibly what is meant is that Horatio spreads his own arms, making a cross of himself) 134 *happily* haply, perhaps 137 *Extorted* ill-won

To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe,
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.
 Therefore our sometime sister,⁸ now our queen,
 Th' imperial jointress⁹ to this warlike state,
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
 With an auspicious¹⁰ and a dropping eye,
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
 Taken to wife. Nor have we herein barred
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
 Now follows that you know young Fortinbras,
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
 Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,²⁰
 Colleguèd with this dream of his advantage,²¹
 He hath not failed to pester us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
 To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
 Now for ourself and for this time of meeting.
 Thus much the business is: we have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras—
 Who, impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose—to suppress
 His further gait³¹ herein, in that the levies,
 The lists, and full proportions³² are all made
 Out of his subject;³³ and we here dispatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltemand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope
 Of these delated articles³⁸ allow.

Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

CORNELIUS, VOLTEMAND

In that, and all things, will we show our duty.

KING

We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewell.

Exit VOLTEMAND and CORNELIUS.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
 You told us of some suit. What is't, Laertes?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
 And lose your voice.⁴⁵ What wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
 The head is not more native⁴⁷ to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
 What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

LAERTES

My dread lord,

50

Your leave and favor to return to France,
 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmark
 To show my duty in your coronation,
 Yet now I must confess, that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

55

KING

Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

POLONIUS

He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
 By laborsome petition, and at last
 Upon his will I sealed my hard consent.⁶⁰
 I do beseech you give him leave to go.

60

KING

Take thy fair hour, Laertes. Time be thine,
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will.

15

But now, my cousin⁶⁴ Hamlet, and my son—

HAMLET [*Aside.*]

A little more than kin, and less than kind!⁶⁵

65

KING

How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

20

HAMLET

Not so, my lord. I am too much in the sun.⁶⁶

QUEEN

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,
 And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

25

Do not forever with thy vailèd⁷⁰ lids

70

Seek for thy noble father in the dust.

Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
 Passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET

30

Ay, madam, it is common.⁷¹

QUEEN

If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

75

HAMLET

Seems, madam? Nay, it is. I know not "seems."

35

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration⁷⁹ of forced breath,

80

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected havior of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,

That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,

40

For they are actions that a man might play,

But I have that within which passes show;

85

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

KING

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father,

But you must know your father lost a father,

That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound

90

In filial obligation for some term

To do obsequious⁹² sorrow. But to persever

In obstinate condolment⁹³ is a course

Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief.

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,

95

A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,

An understanding simple and unschooled.

For what we know must be and is as common

60 Upon . . . consent To his desire I gave my reluctant consent 64 cousin kinsman 65 kind pun on the meanings "kindly" and "natural"; though doubly related—"more than kin"—Hamlet asserts that he neither resembles Claudius in nature nor feels kindly toward him 67 sun sunshine of royal favor (with a pun on son) 70 vailèd lowered 74 common (1) universal (2) vulgar 79 windy suspiration heavy sighing 92 obsequious suitable to obsequies (funerals) 93 condolment mourning

8 our sometime sister my (the royal "we") former sister-in-law 9 jointress joint tenant, partner 11 auspicious joyful 20 frame order 21 advantage superiority 31 gait proceeding 32 proportions supplies for war 33 Out . . . subject out of old Norway's subjects and realm 38 delated articles detailed documents 45 lose your voice waste your breath 47 native related

As any the most vulgar^o thing to sense,
 Why should we in our peevish opposition
 Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd, whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first corse^o till he that died today,
 "This must be so." We pray you throw to earth
 This unprevailing^o woe, and think of us
 As of a father, for let the world take note
 You are the most immediate to our throne,
 And with no less nobility of love
 Than that which dearest father bears his son
 Do I impart toward you. For your intent
 In going back to school in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde^o to our desire,
 And we beseech you, bend you^o to remain
 Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

QUEEN

Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet.
 I pray thee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

HAMLET

I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

KING

Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply.
 Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come.
 This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks today,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
 And the king's rouse^o the heaven shall bruit^o again,
 Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

Flourish. Exeunt all but HAMLET.

HAMLET

O that this too too sullied^o flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
 His canon^o 'gainst self-slaughter. O God, God,
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on't, ah, fie, 'tis an unweeded garden
 That grows to seed. Things rank and gross in
 nature

Possess it merely.^o That it should come to this:
 But two months dead, nay, not so much, not two,
 So excellent a king, that was to this
 Hyperion^o to a satyr, so loving to my mother
 That he might not beteem^o the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth,
 Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; and yet within a month—
 Let me not think on't; frailty, thy name is woman—
 A little month, or ere those shoes were old
 With which she followed my poor father's body

Like Niobe,^o all tears, why she, even she—
 O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason^o 150
 Would have mourned longer—married with my
 uncle,
 My father's brother, but no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules. Within a month,
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears 105
 Had left the flushing^o in her gallèd eyes,
 She married. O, most wicked speed, to post^o 155
 With such dexterity to incestuous^o sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BARNARDO.

HORATIO

Hail to your lordship!

115 HAMLET I am glad to see you well. 160
 Horatio—or I do forget myself.

HORATIO

The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAMLET

Sir, my good friend, I'll change^o that name with you.
 And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?

120 Marcellus. 165

MARCELLUS My good lord!

HAMLET

I am very glad to see you. [*To BARNARDO.*] Good
 even, sir.

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

125 HORATIO
 A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAMLET

I would not hear your enemy say so, 170
 Nor shall you do my ear that violence
 To make it truster^o of your own report
 Against yourself. I know you are no truant.

130 But what is your affair in Elsinore?
 We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart. 175

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

135 I prithee do not mock me, fellow student.
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HORATIO

Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

HAMLET

140 Thrift, thrift, Horatio. The funeral baked meats 180
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
 Would I had met my dearest^o foe in heaven
 Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
 My father, methinks I see my father.

HORATIO

145 Where, my lord?

HAMLET In my mind's eye, Horatio. 185

HORATIO

I saw him once. 'A^o was a goodly king.

99 vulgar common 105 corse corpse 107 unprevailing
 unavailing 114 retrograde contrary 115 bend you incline
 127 rouse deep drink; bruit announce noisily 129 sullied
 Q2 has "sallied," here modernized to "sullied," which makes
 sense and is therefore given; but the Folio reading, "solid,"
 which fits better with "melt," is quite possibly correct 132
 canon law 137 merely entirely 140 Hyperion the sun
 god, a model of beauty 141 beteem allow

149 Niobe a mother who wept profusely at the death of
 her children 150 wants . . . reason lacks reasoning power
 155 left the flushing stopped reddening 156 post hasten
 157 incestuous canon law considered marriage with a deceased
 brother's widow to be incestuous 163 change exchange
 172 truster believer 182 dearest most intensely felt 186
 'A he

HAMLET

'A was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

HORATIO

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAMLET Saw? Who?

HORATIO

My lord, the king your father.

HAMLET

The king my father?

HORATIO

Season your admiration^o for a while
With an attent ear till I may deliver
Upon the witness of these gentlemen
This marvel to you.

HAMLET

For God's love let me hear!

HORATIO

Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Barnardo, on their watch
In the dead waste and middle of the night
Been thus encountered. A figure like your father,
Armèd at point exactly, cap-a-pe,^o
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walked
By their oppressed and fear-surprisèd eyes,
Within his truncheon's length,^o whilst they, distilled^o
Almost to jelly with the act^o of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful^o secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father.
These hands are not more like.

HAMLET

But where was this?

MARCELLUS

My lord, upon the platform where we watched.

HAMLET

Did you not speak to it?

HORATIO

My lord, I did;

But answer made it none. Yet once methought
It lifted up it^o head and did address
Itself to motion like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound its shrunk in haste away
And vanished from our sight.

HAMLET

'Tis very strange.

HORATIO

As I do live, my honored lord, 'tis true,
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

HAMLET

Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch tonight?

ALL

We do, my lord.

HAMLET Armed, say you?

ALL Armed, my lord.

HAMLET

From top to toc?

ALL

My lord, from head to foot.

HAMLET

Then saw you not his face.

HORATIO

O, yes, my lord. He wore his beaver^o up.

230

HAMLET

190

What, looked he frowningly?

HORATIO

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAMLET Pale or red?

HORATIO

Nay, very pale.

HAMLET

And fixed his eyes upon you?

HORATIO

Most constantly.

195

HAMLET

I would I had been there.

235

HORATIO

It would have much amazed you.

HAMLET

Very like, very like. Stayed it long?

HORATIO

200

While one with moderate haste might tell^o a hundred.

BOTH Longer, longer.

HORATIO

Not when I saw't.

HAMLET

His beard was grizzled,^o no?

240

205

HORATIO

It was as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.^o

HAMLET

I will watch tonight.

Perchance 'twill walk again.

210

HORATIO

I warr'nt it will.

HAMLET

If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable^o in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap tonight,
Give it an understanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loves. So fare you well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

245

ALL

Our duty to your honor.

HAMLET

Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.

Exeunt [all but HAMLET].

220

My father's spirit—in arms? All is not well.
I doubt^o some foul play. Would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

255

Exit.

[Scene III. A room.]

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA, his sister.

LAERTES

My necessities are embarked. Farewell.
And, sister, as the winds give benefit

230 beaver visor, face guard 238 tell count 240 grizzled
gray 242 sable silvered black mingled with white 248
tenable held 256 doubt suspect

192 Season your admiration control your wonder 200
cap-a-pe head to foot 204 truncheon's length space of a
short staff; distilled reduced 205 act action 207 dreadful
terrified 216 it its

And convoy° is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

OPHELIA Do you doubt that?

LAERTES
For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion and a toy° in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy° nature,
Forward,° not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance° of a minute,
No more.

OPHELIA No more but so?

LAERTES Think it no more.
For nature crescent° does not grow alone
In thews° and bulk, but as this temple° waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel° doth besmirch
The virtue of his will; but you must fear,
His greatness weighed,° his will is not his own.
For he himself is subject to his birth.
He may not, as unvalued° persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed, which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain
If with too credent° ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmastered importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes.
The canker° galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons° be disclosed,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPHELIA
I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart, but, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious° pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own rede.°

Enter POLONIUS.

LAERTES O, fear me not.
I stay too long. But here my father comes.
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

5 POLONIUS
Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame! 55
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stayed for. There—my blessing with thee,
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character.° Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned° thought his act. 60
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged courage.° Beware 65
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't that th' opposèd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure,° but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 70
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous, chief in that.°
Neither a borrower nor a lender be, 75
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry.°
This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man. 80
Farewell. My blessing season this° in thee!

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

POLONIUS
The time invites you. Go, your servants tend.°

35 LAERTES
Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.

OPHELIA 'Tis in my memory locked, 85
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

40 LAERTES Farewell. Exit LAERTES.
POLONIUS

What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

OPHELIA
So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

POLONIUS
45 Marry,° well bethought. 90
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so—as so 'tis put on me,
50 And that in way of caution—I must tell you 95
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behooves my daughter and your honor.
What is between you? Give me up the truth.

I.iii.3 **convoy** conveyance 6 **toy** idle fancy 7 **primy** springlike 8 **Forward** premature 9 **suppliance** diversion
11 **crescent** growing 12 **thews** muscles and sinews; **temple**
the body 15 **cautel** deceit 17 **greatness weighed** high rank
considered 19 **unvalued** of low rank 30 **credent** credulous
39 **canker** cankerworm 40 **buttons** buds 47 **ungracious**
lacking grace 51 **recks** . . . **rede** does not heed his own
advice

59 **character** inscribe 60 **unproportioned** unbalanced 65
courage gallant youth 69 **censure** opinion 74 **Are . . . that**
show their fine taste and their gentlemanly instincts more in
that than in any other point of manners (Kittredge) 77
husbandry thrift 81 **season this** make fruitful this (advice)
83 **tend** attend 90 **Marry** a light oath, from "By the
Virgin Mary"

OPHELIA

He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders^o
Of his affection to me.

POLONIUS

Affection pooh! You speak like a green girl,
Unsifted^o in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

OPHELIA

I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

POLONIUS

Marry, I will teach you. Think yourself a baby
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly,
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase)
Tend'ring it thus you'll tender me a fool.^o

OPHELIA

My lord, he hath importuned me with love
In honorable fashion.

POLONIUS

Ay, fashion you may call it. Go to, go to.

OPHELIA

And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

POLONIUS

Ay, springes to catch woodcocks.^o I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be something scater of your maiden presence.
Set your entreatments^o at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,^o
Not of that dye^o which their investments^o show,
But mere implorators^o of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,^o
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
Have you so slander^o any moment leisure
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you. Come your ways.

OPHELIA

I shall obey, my lord.

Exeunt.

[Scene IV. A guard platform.]

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

HAMLET

The air bites shrewdly;^o it is very cold.

99 **tenders** offers (in line 103 it has the same meaning, but in line 106 Polonius speaks of "tenders" in the sense of counters or chips; in line 109 "Tend'ring" means "holding," and "tender" means "give," "present") 102 **Unsifted** untried 109 **tender** . . . fool (1) present me with a fool (2) present me with a baby 115 **springes** . . . **woodcocks** snares to catch stupid birds 122 **entreatments** interviews 127 **brokers** procurers 128 **dye** i.e., kind; **investments** garments 129 **implorators** solicitors 130 **bonds** pledges 133 **slander** disgrace
I.iv.1 **shrewdly** bitterly

HORATIO

It is a nipping and an eager^o air.

100 HAMLET

What hour now?

HORATIO

I think it lacks of twelve.

MARCELLUS

No, it is struck.

HORATIO

Indeed? I heard it not. It then draws near the season 5
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

105

A flourish of trumpets, and two pieces go off.

What does this mean, my lord?

HAMLET

The king doth wake^o tonight and takes his rouse,^o
Keeps wassail, and the swagg'ring upspring^o reels, 10
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish^o down
The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.^o

HORATIO

Is it a custom?

HAMLET

Ay, marry, is't,
But to my mind, though I am native here 15
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honored in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and taxed of^o other nations.
They clepe^o us drunkards and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition,^o and indeed it takes 20
From our achievements, though performed at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.^o
So oft it chances in particular men
That for some vicious mole^o of nature in them,
As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty, 25
(Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,^o
Oft breaking down the pales^o and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'erleavens^o
The form of plausible^o manners, that (these men, 30
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star^o)
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure^o take corruption 35
From that particular fault. The dram of evil
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,
To his own scandal.^o

Enter GHOST.

HORATIO

Look, my lord, it comes.

HAMLET

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

2 **eager** sharp 8 **wake** hold a revel by night; **takes his rouse** carouses 9 **upspring** a dance 10 **Rhenish** Rhine wine 12 **triumph** . . . **pledge** achievement (of drinking a wine cup in one draught) of his toast 18 **taxed of** blamed by 19 **clepe** call 20 **addition** reputation (literally, "title of honor") 22 **attribute** reputation 24 **mole** blemish 27 **complexion** natural disposition 28 **pales** enclosures 29 **o'erleavens** mixes with, corrupts 30 **plausible** pleasing 32 **nature's** . . . **star** nature's equipment (i.e., "innate"), or a person's destiny determined by the stars 35 **general censure** popular judgment 36-38 **The dram** . . . **scandal** though the drift is clear, there is no agreement as to the exact meaning of these lines

Be thou a spirit of health^o or goblin damned,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable^o shape
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me!
 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canonized^o bones, hearsèd in death,
 Have burst their cerements,^o why the sepulcher
 Wherein we saw thee quietly interred
 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
 To cast thee up again. What may this mean
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
 Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
 So horridly to shake our disposition^o
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?

GHOST beckons HAMLET.

HORATIO

It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if some impartment^o did desire
 To you alone.

MARCELLUS Look with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removèd ground.
 But do not go with it.

HORATIO No, by no means.

HAMLET

It will not speak. Then I will follow it.

HORATIO

Do not, my lord.

HAMLET Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee,
 And for my soul, what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as itself?
 It waves me forth again. I'll follow it.

HORATIO

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
 That beetles^o o'er his base into the sea,
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason^o
 And draw you into madness? Think of it.
 The very place puts toys^o of desperation,
 Without more motive, into every brain
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea
 And hears it roar beneath.

HAMLET It waves me still.

Go on; I'll follow thee.

MARCELLUS

You shall not go, my lord.

HAMLET

Hold off your hands.

HORATIO

Be ruled. You shall not go.

HAMLET

My fate cries out

And makes each petty artere^o in this body

40 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.^o
 Still am I called! Unhand me, gentlemen.
 By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets^o me! 85
 I say, away! Go on. I'll follow thee.

Exit GHOST, and HAMLET.

45 HORATIO

He waxes desperate with imagination.

MARCELLUS

Let's follow. 'Tis not fit thus to obey him.

HORATIO

50 Have after! To what issue will this come?

MARCELLUS

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. 90

HORATIO

Heaven will direct it.

55 MARCELLUS Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

[Scene V. The battlements.]

Enter GHOST and HAMLET.

HAMLET

Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak; I'll go no further.

60 GHOST

Mark me.

HAMLET I will.

GHOST

My hour is almost come,
 When I to sulf'rous and tormenting flames
 Must render up myself.

HAMLET

Alas, poor ghost.

GHOST

Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
 To what I shall unfold. 5

65

HAMLET

Speak. I am bound to hear.

GHOST

So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

HAMLET What?

GHOST

I am thy father's spirit,
 70 Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
 And for the day confined to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes^o done in my days of nature
 Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison house,
 75 I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,^o
 Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand an^o end
 Like quills upon the fearful porpentine.^o 20
 But this eternal blazon^o must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

80

HAMLET O God!

GHOST

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder. 25

HAMLET Murder?

40 spirit of health good spirit 43 questionable (1) capable of discourse (2) dubious 47 canonized buried according to the canon or ordinance of the church 48 cerements waxed linen shroud 55 shake our disposition disturb us 59 impartment communication 71 beetles juts out 73 deprive . . . reason destroy the sovereignty of your reason 75 toys whims, fancies 82 artere artery

83 Nemean lion's nerve sinews of the mythical lion slain by Hercules 85 lets (1) allows (2) hinders

I.v.12 crimes sins 17 spheres in Ptolemaic astronomy, each planet was fixed in a hollow transparent shell concentric with the earth 19 an on 20 fearful porpentine timid porcupine 21 eternal blazon revelation of eternity

GHOST

Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

HAMLET

Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation^o or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

GHOST

I find thee apt,
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,^o
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear.
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forgèd process^o of my death
Rankly abused. But know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

HAMLET

O my prophetic soul!

My uncle?

GHOST

Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate^o beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with traitorous gifts—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there,
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine.
But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness^o court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel linked,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage.
But soft, methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure^o hour thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed hebona^o in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distillment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigor it doth posset^o
And curd, like eager^o droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine,
And a most instant tetter^o barked about
Most lazarlke^o with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatched,
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouselèd, disappointed, unaneled,^o

No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
O, horrible! O, horrible! Most horrible!

80

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury^o and damnèd incest.

But howsoever thou pursues this act,

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

85

Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heaven

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.

The glowworm shows the matin^o to be near

And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

90

Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me.

Exit.

HAMLET

O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?

And shall I couple hell? O fi! Hold, hold, my heart,

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee?

95

Ay, thou poor ghost, whiles memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe.^o Remember thee?Yea, from the table^o of my memoryI'll wipe away all trivial fond^o records,All saws^o of books, all forms, all pressures^o past

100

That youth and observation copied there,

And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain,

Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!

O most pernicious woman!

105

O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!

My tables—meet it is I set it down

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.

[Writes.]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word:

110

It is "Adieu, adieu, remember me."

I have sworn't.

HORATIO and MARCELLUS (Within.)

My lord, my lord!

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

MARCELLUS Lord Hamlet!

HORATIO Heavens secure him!

HAMLET So be it!

MARCELLUS

Illo, ho, ho,^o my lord!

115

HAMLET

Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, bird, come.

MARCELLUS

How is't, my noble lord?

HORATIO What news, my lord?

HAMLET

O, wonderful!

HORATIO

Good my lord, tell it.

HAMLET No, you will reveal it.

30 meditation thought 33 Lethe wharf bank of the river
of forgetfulness in Hades 37 forgèd process false account
42 adulterate adulterous 54 lewdness lust 61 secure un-
suspecting 62 hebona a poisonous plant 68 posset curdle
69 eager acid 71 tetter scab 72 lazarlke leperlike 77
Unhouselèd, disappointed, unaneled without the sacrament
of communion, unabsolved, without extreme unction

83 luxury lust 89 matin morning 97 globe i.e., his head
98 table tablet, notebook 99 fond foolish 100 saws
maxims; pressures impressions 115 Illo, ho, ho falconer's
call to his hawk

HORATIO
Not I, my lord, by heaven.

MARCELLUS Nor I, my lord. 120

HAMLET
How say you then? Would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be secret?

BOTH Ay, by heaven, my lord.

HAMLET
There's never a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.

HORATIO
There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave 125
To tell us this.

HAMLET Why, right, you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance° at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,
For every man hath business and desire 130
Such as it is, and for my own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

HORATIO
These are but wild and whirling words my lord.

HAMLET
I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.

HORATIO There's no offense, my lord. 135

HAMLET
Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offense too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost,° that let me tell you.
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends, 140
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

HORATIO
What is't, my lord? We will.

HAMLET
Never make known what you have seen tonight.

BOTH
My lord, we will not.

HAMLET Nay, but swear't. 145

HORATIO In faith,

My lord, not I.

MARCELLUS Nor I, my lord—in faith.

HAMLET
Upon my sword.

MARCELLUS We have sworn, my lord, already.

HAMLET
Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

GHOST *cries under the stage.*

GHOST Swear.

HAMLET
Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so? Art thou there, truepenny?° 150
Come on. You hear this fellow in the cellarage.
Consent to swear.

HORATIO Propose the oath, my lord.

HAMLET
Never to speak of this that you have seen.
Swear by my sword.

GHOST [*Beneath.*] Swear. 155

HAMLET
Hic et ubique?° Then we'll shift our ground;
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword.
Swear by my sword
Never to speak of this that you have heard. 160
GHOST [*Beneath.*] Swear by his sword.

HAMLET
Well said, old mole! Canst work i' th' earth so fast?
A worthy pioner!° Once more remove, good friends.

HORATIO
O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

HAMLET
And therefore as a stranger give it welcome. 165
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come:
Here as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd some'er I bear myself 170
(As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition° on),
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall
With arms encumb' red° thus, or this headshake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, 175
As "Well, well, we know," or "We could, an if we
would,"
Of "If we list to speak," or "There be, an if they
might,"
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me—this do swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you. 180
GHOST [*Beneath.*] Swear.
[*They swear.*]

HAMLET
Rest, rest, perturbèd spirit. So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me° to you,
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do t' express his love and friending to you, 185
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together,
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint. O cursèd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together. *Exeunt.* 190

[A C T I I]

[Scene I. A room.]

Enter old POLONIUS, *with his man* REYNALDO.

POLONIUS

Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

REYNALDO I will, my lord.

POLONIUS

You shall do marvell's° wisely, good Reynaldo,

156 *Hic et ubique* here and everywhere (Latin) 163 *pioner*
digger of mines 172 *antic disposition* fantastic behavior
174 *encumb' red* folded 183 *commend me* entrust myself
II.i.3 *marvell's* marvelous(ly)

127 *circumstance* details 138 *honest ghost* not a demon in
his father's shape 150 *truepenny* honest fellow

Before you visit him, to make inquire
Of his behavior.

REYNALDO My lord, I did intend it.

POLONIUS

Marry, well said, very well said. Look you sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers^o are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they
keep,^o

What company, at what expense; and finding
By this encompassment^o and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands^o will touch it.
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, "I know his father and his friends,
And in part him." Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

REYNALDO Ay, very well, my lord.

POLONIUS

"And in part him, but," you may say, "not well,
But if't be he I mean, he's very wild,
Addicted so and so." And there put on him
What forgeries^o you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonor him—take heed of that—
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

REYNALDO As gaming, my lord.

POLONIUS

Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarreling,
Drabbing.^o You may go so far.

REYNALDO

My lord, that would dishonor him.

POLONIUS

Faith, no, as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency.^o
That's not my meaning. But breathe his faults so
quaintly^o
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimèd blood,
Of general assault.^o

REYNALDO But, my good lord—

POLONIUS

Wherefore should you do this?

REYNALDO

Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

POLONIUS

Marry, sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant.^o

You laying these slight sullies on my son
As 'twere a thing a little soiled i' th' working,
Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes^o
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured
He closes with you in this consequence:^o

"Good sir," or so, or "friend," or "gentleman"—

According to the phrase or the addition^o
Of man and country—

REYNALDO

Very good, my lord.

POLONIUS

And then, sir, does 'a^o this—'a does—

What was I about to say? By the mass, I was about
to say something! Where did I leave?

REYNALDO At "closes in the consequence," at "friend
or so," and "gentleman."

POLONIUS

At "closes in the consequence"—Ay, marry!

He closes thus: "I know the gentleman;

I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,

Or then, or then, with such or such, and, as you say,

There was 'a gaming, there o'ertook in's rouse,

There falling out at tennis"; or perchance,

"I saw him enter such a house of sale,"

Videlicet,^o a brothel, or so forth.

See you now—

Your bait of falsehood take this carp of truth,

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,^o

With windlasses^o and with assays of bias,^o

By indirections find directions out.

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

REYNALDO

My lord, I have.

POLONIUS

God bye ye, fare ye well.

REYNALDO

Good my lord.

POLONIUS

Observe his inclination in yourself.^o

REYNALDO

I shall, my lord.

POLONIUS

And let him ply his music.

REYNALDO

Well, my lord.

POLONIUS

Farewell.

Exit REYNALDO.

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia, what's the matter?

OPHELIA

O my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

POLONIUS

With what, i' th' name of God?

OPHELIA

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,^o

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced,^o

No hat upon his head, his stockings fouled,

Ungartered, and down-gyvèd^o to his ankle,

Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,

And with a look so piteous in purport,^o

As if he had been loosèd out of hell

To speak of horrors—he comes before me.

POLONIUS

Mad for thy love?

OPHELIA

My lord, I do not know,

But truly I do fear it.

7 **Danskers** Danes 8 **keep** dwell 10 **encompassment**
circling 12 **demands** questions 20 **forgeries** inventions 26
Drabbing wenching 30 **incontinency** habitual licentious-
ness 31 **quaintly** ingeniously, delicately 35 **Of general**
assault common to all men 38 **fetch of warrant** justifiable
device 43 **Having** . . . **crimes** if he has ever seen in the
aforementioned crimes 45 **He** . . . **consequence** he falls in
with you in this conclusion

47 **addition** title 49 'a he 61 **Videlicet** namely 64 **reach**
far-reaching awareness (?) 65 **windlasses** circuitous courses;
assays of bias indirect attempts (metaphor from bowling;
"bias" = curved course) 71 **in yourself** for yourself 77
closet private room 78 **doublet all unbraced** jacket
entirely unlaced 80 **down-gyvèd** hanging down like fetters
82 **purport** expression

POLONIUS

What said he?

OPHELIA

He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
 Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
 And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
 He falls to such perusal of my face
 As 'a would draw it. Long stayed he so.
 At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
 He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
 As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
 And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
 And, with his head over his shoulder turned,
 He seemed to find his way without his eyes,
 For out o' doors he went without their helps,
 And to the last bended their light on me.

POLONIUS

Come, go with me. I will go seek the king.
 This is the very ecstasy° of love,
 Whose violent property fordoes° itself
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings
 As oft as any passions under heaven
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
 What, have you given him any hard words of late?

OPHELIA

No, my good lord; but as you did command,
 I did repel his letters and denied
 His access to me.

POLONIUS

That hath made him mad.

I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
 I had not quoted° him. I feared he did but trifle
 And meant to wrack thee; but beshrew my jealousy.°
 By heaven, it is as proper° to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves° in our opinions
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king.
 This must be known, which, being kept close, might
 move
 More grief to hide than hate to utter love.°
 Come.

Exeunt. 120

[Scene II. The castle.]

*Flourish. Enter KING and QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ,
 and GUILDENSTERN, [with others].*

KING

Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
 Moreover that° we much did long to see you,
 The need we have to use you did provoke
 Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
 Of Hamlet's transformation: so call it,
 Sith° nor th' exterior nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was. What it should be,
 More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
 So much from th' understanding of himself,
 I cannot dream of. I entreat you both

10

That, being of so° young days brought up with him,
 And sith so neighbored to his youth and havior,°
 That you vouchsafe your rest° here in our court
 Some little time, so by your companies
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
 So much as from occasion you may glean,
 Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
 That opened° lies within our remedy.

15

QUEEN

Good gentlemen, he hath much talked of you,
 And sure I am, two men there is not living
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
 To show us so much gentry° and good will
 As to expend your time with us awhile
 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks
 As fits a king's remembrance.

20

ROSENCRANTZ

Both your majesties

Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
 Put your dread pleasures more into command
 Than to entreaty.

105

GUILDENSTERN

But we both obey,

And here give up ourselves in the full bent°
 To lay our service freely at your feet,
 To be commanded.

30

KING

Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

QUEEN

Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz.
 And I beseech you instantly to visit
 My too much changèd son. Go, some of you,
 And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

35

GUILDENSTERN

Heavens make our presence and our practices
 Pleasant and helpful to him!

115

QUEEN

Ay, amen!

*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN
 [with some ATTENDANTS].*

Enter POLONIUS.

POLONIUS

Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
 Are joyfully returned.

40

KING

Thou still° hast been the father of good news.

POLONIUS

Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
 I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
 Both to my God and to my gracious king;
 And I do think, or else this brain of mine
 Hunts not the trail of policy so sure°
 As it hath used to do, that I have found
 The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

45

KING

O, speak of that! That do I long to hear.

50

POLONIUS

Give first admittance to th' ambassadors.

My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

11 of so from such 12 youth and havior behavior in his youth 13 vouchsafe your rest consent to remain 18 opened revealed 22 gentry courtesy 30 in . . . bent entirely (the figure is of a bow bent to its capacity) 42 still always 47 Hunts . . . sure does not follow clues of political doings with such sureness

102 ecstasy madness 103 property fordoes quality destroys 112 quoted noted 113 beshrew my jealousy curse my suspicions 114 proper natural 115 To . . . ourselves to be overcalculating 117-19 Come . . . love the general meaning is that while telling the king of Hamlet's love may anger the king, more grief would come from keeping it secret II.ii.2 Moreover that besides the fact that 6 Sith since

KING

Thyself do grace to them and bring them in.

[Exit POLONIUS.]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

55

QUEEN

I doubt° it is no other but the main,°
His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.

KING

Well, we shall sift him.

Enter POLONIUS, VOLTEMAND, and CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends.

Say, Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?

VOLTEMAND

Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first,° he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appeared
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But better looked into, he truly found
It was against your highness, whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand,° sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine,°
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give th' assay° of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him threescore thousand crowns in annual fee
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack,
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

60

65

70

75

[Gives a paper.]

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance°
As therein are set down.

KING

It likes us well;

80

And at our more considered time° we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime, we thank you for your well-took labor.
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together.
Most welcome home!

Exeunt ambassadors [VOLTE-
MAND and CORNELIUS].

POLONIUS

This business is well ended.

85

My liege and madam, to expostulate°
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,°
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad.
Mad call I it, for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

90

QUEEN

More matter, with less art.

95

POLONIUS

Madam, I swear I use no art at all.

That he's mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true—a foolish figure.°

But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him then; and now remains

100

That we find out the cause of this effect,

Or rather say, the cause of this defect,

For this effect defective comes by cause.

Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.

Perpend.°

105

I have a daughter: have, while she is mine,

Who in her duty and obedience, mark,

Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.

[Reads] the letter.

"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most
beautified Ophelia"—

110

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; "beautified" is a vile
phrase. But you shall hear. Thus:

"In her excellent white bosom, these, &c."

QUEEN

Came this from Hamlet to her?

POLONIUS

Good madam, stay awhile. I will be faithful.

115

"Doubt thou the stars are fire,

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt° truth to be a liar,

But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers.° I have not
art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O
most best, believe it. Adieu.

120

Thine evermore, most dear lady,

whilst this machine° is to him, Hamlet."

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me,

125

And more above° hath his solicitings,

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

All given to mine ear.

KING

But how hath she

Received his love?

POLONIUS

What do you think of me?

KING

As of a man faithful and honorable.

130

POLONIUS

I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing

(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,

Before my daughter told me), what might you,

Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,

135

If I had played the desk or table book,°

Or given my heart a winking,° mute and dumb,

Or looked upon this love with idle sight?

What might you think? No, I went round to work

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:

140

"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star.°

This must not be." And then I prescripts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,

145

98 figure figure of rhetoric 105 Perpend consider carefully
118 Doubt suspect 120 ill . . . numbers unskilled in verses
124 machine complex device (here, his body) 126 more
above in addition 136 played . . . book i.e., been a passive
recipient of secrets 137 winking closing of the eyes 141 star
sphere

56 doubt suspect; main principal point 61 first first audience
67 borne in hand deceived 69 in fine finally 71 assay trial
79 regards . . . allowance i.e., conditions 81 considered
time time proper for considering 86 expostulate discuss
90 wit wisdom, understanding

And he, repellèd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch,^o thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness,^o and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

KING Do you think 'tis this?

QUEEN
It may be, very like.

POLONIUS
Hath there been such a time, I would fain know that,
That I have positively said, "'Tis so,"
When it provèd otherwise?

KING Not that I know.

POLONIUS [*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*]
Take this from this, if this be otherwise.
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center.^o

KING How may we try it further?

POLONIUS
You know sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.

QUEEN So he does indeed.

POLONIUS
At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.
Be you and I behind an arras^o then.
Mark the encounter. If he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keep a farm and carters.

KING We will try it.

Enter HAMLET reading on a book.

QUEEN
But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

POLONIUS
Away, I do beseech you both, away.
Exit KING and QUEEN.

I'll board him presently.^o O, give me leave.
How does my good Lord Hamlet?

HAMLET Well, God-a-mercy.

POLONIUS Do you know me, my lord?

HAMLET Excellent well. You are a fishmonger.^o

POLONIUS Not I, my lord.

HAMLET Then I would you were so honest a man.

POLONIUS Honest, my lord?

HAMLET Ay, sir. To be honest, as this world goes, is
to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

POLONIUS That's very true, my lord.

HAMLET For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
being a good kissing carrion^o—Have you a daughter?

POLONIUS I have, my lord.

HAMLET Let her not walk i' th' sun. Conception^o is a
blessing, but as your daughter may conceive, friend,
look to't.

POLONIUS [*Aside.*] How say you by that? Still harping
on my daughter. Yet he knew me not at first. 'A said
I was a fishmonger. 'A is far gone, far gone. And truly
in my youth I suffered much extremity for love, very
near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read,
my lord?

HAMLET Words, words, words.

POLONIUS What is the matter, my lord?

HAMLET Between who?

POLONIUS I mean the matter^o that you read, my lord.

HAMLET Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here
that old men have gray beards, that their faces are
wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-
tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit,
together with most weak hams. All which, sir, though
I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it
not honesty^o to have it thus set down; for you yourself,
sir, should be old as I am if, like a crab, you could go
backward.

POLONIUS [*Aside.*] Though this be madness, yet
there is method in't. Will you walk out of the air, my
lord?

HAMLET Into my grave.

POLONIUS Indeed, that's out of the air. [*Aside.*] How
pregnant^o sometimes his replies are! A happiness^o that
often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could
not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him
and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between
him and my daughter.—My lord, I will take my leave
of you.

HAMLET You cannot take from me anything that I
will more willingly part withal—except my life, except
my life, except my life.

Enter GUILDENSTERN and ROSENCRANTZ.

POLONIUS Fare you well, my lord.

HAMLET These tedious old fools!

POLONIUS You go to seek the Lord Hamlet? There
he is.

ROSENCRANTZ [*To POLONIUS.*] God save you, sir!
[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

GUILDENSTERN My honored lord!

ROSENCRANTZ My most dear lord!

HAMLET My excellent good friends! How dost thou,
Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do
you both?

ROSENCRANTZ
As the indifferent^o children of the earth.

GUILDENSTERN

Happy in that we are not overhappy.

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

HAMLET Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROSENCRANTZ Neither, my lord.

HAMLET Then you live about her waist, or in the
middle of her favors?

GUILDENSTERN Faith, her privates^o we.

HAMLET In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true!
She is a strumpet. What news?

196 matter Polonius means "subject matter," but Hamlet
pretends to take the word in the sense of "quarrel" **203**
honesty decency **211 pregnant** meaningful; **happiness** apt
turn of phrase **230 indifferent** ordinary **237 privates**
ordinary men (with a pun on *private parts*)

148 watch wakefulness **149 lightness** mental derangement
159 center center of the earth **163 arras** tapestry hanging in
front of a wall **170 board him presently** accost him at once
174 fishmonger dealer in fish (slang for a procurer) **182 a**
good . . . carrion perhaps the meaning is "a good piece of
flesh to kiss," but many editors emend "good" to "god,"
taking the word to refer to the sun **184 Conception** (1)
understanding (2) becoming pregnant

ROSENCRANTZ None, my lord, but that the world's 240
grown honest.

HAMLET Then is doomsday near. But your news is
not true. Let me question more in particular. What
have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of
Fortune that she sends you to prison hither? 245

GUILDENSTERN Prison, my lord?

HAMLET Denmark's a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ Then is the world one.

HAMLET A goodly one, in which there are many
confines, wards,^o and dungeons, Denmark being one 250
o' th' worst.

ROSENCRANTZ We think not so, my lord.

HAMLET Why, then 'tis none to you, for there is
nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.
To me it is a prison. 255

ROSENCRANTZ Why then your ambition makes it
one. 'Tis too narrow for your mind.

HAMLET O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and
count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that
I have bad dreams. 260

GUILDENSTERN Which dreams indeed are ambition,
for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the
shadow of a dream.

HAMLET A dream itself is but a shadow.

ROSENCRANTZ Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy 265
and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

HAMLET Then are our beggars bodies, and our
monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars'
shadows.^o Shall we to th' court? For, by my fay,^o I
cannot reason. 270

BOTH We'll wait upon you.

HAMLET No such matter. I will not sort you with the
rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest
man, I am most dreadfully attended. But in the beaten
way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore? 275

ROSENCRANTZ To visit you, my lord; no other
occasion.

HAMLET Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks,
but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks
are too dear a halfpenny.^o Were you not sent for? Is 280
it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,
come, deal justly with me. Come, come; nay, speak.

GUILDENSTERN What should we say, my lord?

HAMLET Why anything—but to th' purpose. You
were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your 285
looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to
color. I know the good king and queen have sent for
you.

ROSENCRANTZ To what end, my lord?

HAMLET That you must teach me. But let me conjure 290
you by the rights of your fellowship, by the conso-
nancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-
preserved love, and by what more dear a better
proposer can charge you withal, be even and direct
with me, whether you were sent for or no. 295

ROSENCRANTZ [*Aside to GUILDENSTERN.*] What
say you?

250 wards cells 267–69 Then . . . shadows By your logic,
beggars (lacking ambition) are substantial, and great men are
elongated shadows 269 fay faith 280 too . . . halfpenny
not worth a halfpenny

HAMLET [*Aside.*] Nay then, I have an eye of you.—If
you love me, hold not off.

GUILDENSTERN My lord, we were sent for. 300

HAMLET I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation
prevent your discovery,^o and your secrecy to the king
and queen molt no feather. I have of late, but where-
fore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom
of exercises; and indeed, it goes so heavily with my 305
disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to
me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy,
the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament,
this majestical roof fretted^o with golden fire: why, it
appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pestilent 310
congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a
man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in
form and moving how express^o and admirable, in
action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a
god: the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals; 315
and yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man
delights not me; nor woman neither, though by your
smiling you seem to say so.

ROSENCRANTZ My lord, there was no such stuff in
my thoughts. 320

HAMLET Why did ye laugh then, when I said, "Man
delights not me"?

ROSENCRANTZ To think, my lord, if you delight not
in man, what lenten^o entertainment the players shall
receive from you. We coted^o them on the way, and 325
hither are they coming to offer you service.

HAMLET He that plays the king shall be welcome; his
majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous
knight shall use his foil and target;^o the lover shall not
sigh gratis; the humorous man^o shall end his part in 330
peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs
are tickle o' th' sere;^o and the lady shall say her mind
freely, or^o the blank verse shall halt^o for't. What
players are they?

ROSENCRANTZ Even those you were wont to take 335
such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

HAMLET How chances it they travel? Their residence,
both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

ROSENCRANTZ I think their inhibition^o comes by the
means of the late innovation.^o 340

HAMLET Do they hold the same estimation they did
when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

ROSENCRANTZ No indeed, are they not.

HAMLET How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

ROSENCRANTZ Nay, their endeavor keeps in the 345
wonted pace, but there is, sir, an eyrie^o of children,
little cyases, that cry out on the top of question^o and
are most tyrannically^o clapped for't. These are now
the fashion, and so berattle the common stages^o (so

302 prevent your discovery forestall your disclosure 309
fretted adorned 313 express exact 324 lenten meager 325
coted overtook 329 target shield 330 humorous man
i.e., eccentric man (among stock characters in dramas were
men dominated by a "humor" or odd trait) 332 tickle . . .
sere on hair trigger ("sere" = part of the gunlock) 333 or
else; halt limp 339 inhibition hindrance 340 innovation
probably an allusion to the companies of child actors that had
become popular and were offering serious competition to the
adult actors 346 eyrie nest 347 eyases . . . question
unfledged hawks that cry shrilly above others in matters of
debate 348 tyrannically violently 349 berattle . . . stages
cry down the public theaters (with the adult acting companies)

they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of 350
goosequills° and dare scarce come thither.

HAMLET What, are they children? Who maintains
'em? How are they escoted?° Will they pursue the
quality° no longer than they can sing? Will they not
say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to 355
common players (as it is most like, if their means are
no better), their writers do them wrong to make them
exclaim against their own succession?°

ROSENCRANTZ Faith, there has been much to-do on
both sides, and the nation holds it no sin to tarre° them 360
to controversy. There was, for a while, no money bid
for argument° unless the poet and the player went to
cuffs in the question.

HAMLET Is't possible?

GUILDENSTERN O, there has been much throwing 365
about of brains.

HAMLET Do the boys carry it away?

ROSENCRANTZ Ay, that they do, my lord—Hercules
and his load° too.

HAMLET It is not very strange, for my uncle is King of 370
Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him
while my father lived give twenty, forty, fifty, a
hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little. 'Sblood,°
there is something in this more than natural, if philoso-
phy could find it out. 375

A flourish.

GUILDENSTERN There are the players.

HAMLET Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore.
Your hands, come then. Th' appurtenance of welcome
is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply° with you in
this garb,° lest my extent° to the players (which I tell 380
you must show fairly outwards) should more appear
like entertainment than yours. You are welcome. But
my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

GUILDENSTERN In what, my dear lord?

HAMLET I am but mad north-northwest:° when the 385
wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.°

Enter POLONIUS.

POLONIUS Well be with you, gentlemen.

HAMLET Hark you, Guildenstern, and you too; at
each ear a hearer. That great baby you see there is not
yet out of his swaddling clouts. 390

ROSENCRANTZ Happily° he is the second time come
to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

HAMLET I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the
players. Mark it.—You say right, sir; a Monday
morning, 'twas then indeed. 395

POLONIUS My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAMLET My lord, I have news to tell you. When
Roscius° was an actor in Rome—

POLONIUS The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAMLET Buzz, buzz.° 400

POLONIUS Upon my honor—

HAMLET Then came each actor on his ass—

POLONIUS The best actors in the world, either for
tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical,
historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical- 405
historical-pastoral; scene individable,° or poem un-
limited.° Seneca° cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus°
too light. For the law of writ and the liberty,° these are
the only men.

HAMLET O Jephtha, judge of Israel,° what a treasure 410
hadst thou!

POLONIUS What a treasure had he, my lord?

HAMLET Why,
“One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he lovèd passing well.” 415

POLONIUS [*Aside.*] Still on my daughter.

HAMLET Am I not i' th' right, old Jephtha?

POLONIUS If you call me Jephtha, my lord, I have a
daughter that I love passing well.

HAMLET Nay, that follows not. 420

POLONIUS What follows then, my lord?

HAMLET Why,
“As by lot, God wot,”
and then, you know,

“It came to pass, as most like it was.” 425
The first row of the pious chanson° will show you
more, for look where my abridgment° comes.

Enter the PLAYERS.

You are welcome, masters, welcome, all. I am glad to
see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, old friend,
why, thy face is valanced° since I saw thee last. Com'st 430
thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady°
and mistress? By'r Lady, your ladyship is nearer to
heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a
chopine.° Pray God your voice, like a piece of un-
current gold, be not cracked within the ring.°— 435
Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like
French falconers, fly at anything we see. We'll have a
speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality.
Come, a passionate speech.

PLAYER What speech, my good lord? 440

HAMLET I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it
was never acted, or if it was, not above once, for the

398 **Roscius** a famous Roman comic actor 400 **Buzz, buzz** an interjection, perhaps indicating that the news is old 406 **scene individable** plays observing the unities of time, place, and action 406–07 **poem unlimited** plays not restricted by the tenets of criticism 407 **Seneca** Roman tragic dramatist; **Plautus** Roman comic dramatist 408 **For . . . liberty** perhaps “for sticking to the text and improvising”; perhaps “for classical plays and for modern loosely written plays” 410 **Jephtha . . . Israel** the title of a ballad on the Hebrew judge who sacrificed his daughter; see Judges 11 426 **row . . . chanson** stanza of the scriptural song 427 **abridgment** (1) i.e., entertainers, who abridge the time (2) interrupters 430 **valanced** fringed (with a beard) 431 **young lady** i.e., boy for female roles 434 **chopine** thick-soled shoe 434–35 **like . . . ring** a coin was unfit for legal tender if a crack extended from the edge through the ring enclosing the monarch's head; Hamlet, punning on *ring*, refers to the change of voice that the boy actor will undergo

351 **goosequills** pens (of satirists who ridicule the public theaters and their audiences) 353 **escoted** financially supported 354 **quality** profession of acting 358 **succession** future 360 **tarre** incite 362 **argument** plot of a play 368–69 **Hercules . . . load** i.e., the whole world (with a reference to the Globe Theatre, which had a sign that represented Hercules bearing the globe) 373 **'Sblood** by God's blood 379 **comply** be courteous 380 **garb** outward show; **extent** behavior 385 **north-northwest** i.e., on one point of the compass only 386 **hawk from a handsaw** “hawk” can refer not only to a bird but to a kind of pickax; “handsaw”—a carpenter's tool—may involve a similar pun on *hernshaw*, a heron) 391 **Happily** perhaps

play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviary to the general,° but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of° 445 mine) an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning.° I remember one said there were no sallets° in the lines to make the matter savory; nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation, but called it an honest 450 method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine.° One speech in't I chiefly loved. 'Twas Aeneas' tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especially when he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line—let me see, let me 455 see:

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast°—" 'Tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus:

"The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable° arms, Black as his purpose, did the night resemble 460 When he lay couchèd in th' ominous horse,° Hath now this dread and black complexion smeared With heraldry more dismal.° Head to foot Now is he total gules, horridly tricked° With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons, 465 Baked and impasted° with the parching streets, That lend a tyrannous and a damnèd light To their lord's murder. Roasted in wrath and fire, And thus o'ersizèd° with coagulate gore, With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus 470 Old grandsire Priam seeks."

So, proceed you.

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

PLAYER "Anon he finds him, 475 Striking too short at Greeks. His antique sword, Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls, Repugnant to command.° Unequal matched, Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide, But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword 480 Th' unnervèd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,° Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top Stoops to his base,° and with a hideous crash Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. For lo, his sword, Which was declining on the milky head Of reverend Priam, seemed i' th' air to stick. So as a painted tyrant° Pyrrhus stood, And like a neutral to his will and matter° Did nothing.

But as we often see, against° some storm, 490 A silence in the heavens, the rack° stand still, The bold winds speechless, and the orb below As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder Doth rend the region, so after Pyrrhus' pause, A rousèd vengeance sets him new awork, 495

443-44 caviary . . . general i.e., too choice for the multitude 445 in the top of overtopping 447 modesty as cunning restraint as art 448 sallets salads, spicy jests 452 more . . . fine well-proportioned rather than ornamented 457 Hyrcanian beast tiger (Hyrcania was in Asia) 459 sable black 461 ominous horse wooden horse at the siege of Troy 463 dismal ill-omened 464 total . . . tricked all red, horridly adorned 466 impasted encrusted 469 o'ersizèd smeared over 478 Repugnant to command disobedient 481 senseless Ilium insensate Troy 483 Stoops . . . base collapses ("his" = its) 487 painted tyrant tyrant in a picture 488 matter task 490 against just before 491 rack clouds

And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall On Mars's armor, forged for proof eterne,° With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods, 500 In general synod° take away her power, Break all the spokes and fellies° from her wheel, And bowl the round nave° down the hill of heaven, As low as to the fiends."

POLONIUS This is too long. 505

HAMLET It shall to the barber's, with your beard.— Prithee say on. He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on; come to Hecuba.

PLAYER

"But who (ah woe!) had seen the mobled° queen—" 510

HAMLET "The mobled queen"?

POLONIUS That's good. "Mobled queen" is good.

PLAYER

"Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames With bisson rheum;° a clout° upon that head Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe, About her lank and all o'erteemèd° loins, 515 A blanket in the alarm of fear caught up— Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steeped 'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced. But if the gods themselves did see her then, When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport 520 In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs, The instant burst of clamor that she made (Unless things mortal move them not at all) Would have much milch° the burning eyes of heaven And passion in the gods." 525

POLONIUS Look, whe'r° he has not turned his color, and has tears in's eyes. Prithee no more.

HAMLET 'Tis well. I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?° Do you hear? Let them be well used, for 530 they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time. After your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

POLONIUS My lord, I will use them according to their desert. 535

HAMLET God's bodkin,° man, much better! Use every man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in. 540

POLONIUS Come, sirs.

HAMLET Follow him, friends. We'll hear a play tomorrow. [Aside to PLAYER.] Dost thou hear me, old friend? Can you play *The Murder of Gonzago*?

PLAYER Ay, my lord. 545

HAMLET We'll ha't tomorrow night. You could for a need study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

PLAYER Ay, my lord.

HAMLET Very well. Follow that lord, and look you 550

497 proof eterne eternal endurance 501 synod council 502 fellies rims 503 nave hub 509 mobled muffled 513 bisson rheum blinding tears; clout rag 515 o'erteemèd exhausted with childbearing 524 milch moist (literally "milk-giving") 526 whe'r whether 530 bestowed housed, 536 God's bodkin by God's little body

mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you till night. You are welcome to Elsinore.

Exeunt POLONIUS and PLAYERS.

ROSENCRANTZ Good my lord.

Exeunt [ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN].

HAMLET

Ay, so, God bye to you.—Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,^o

Could force his soul so to his own conceit^o

That from her working all his visage wanned,

Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function^o suiting

With forms^o to his conceit? And all for nothing!

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,

That he should weep for her? What would he do

Had he the motive and the cue for passion

That I have? He would drown the stage with tears

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty and appall the free,^o

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed

The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled^o rascal, peak

Like John-a-dreams,^o unpregnant of^o my cause,

And can say nothing. No, not for a king,

Upon whose property and most dear life

A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward?

Who calls me villain? Breaks my pate across?

Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?

Tweaks me by the nose? Gives me the lie i' th' throat

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?

Ha, 'swounds,^o I should take it, for it cannot be

But I am pigeon-livered^o and lack gall

To make oppression bitter, or ere this

I should ha' fatted all the region kites^o

With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless^o villain!

O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,^o

That I, the son of a dear father murdered,

Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words

And fall a-cursing like a very drab,^o

A stallion!^o Fie upon't, foh! About,^o my brains.

Hum—

I have heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play

Have by the very cunning of the scene

Been struck so to the soul that presently^o

They have proclaimed their malefactions.

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players

Play something like the murder of my father

Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks,

I'll tent^o him to the quick. If 'a do blench,^o

I know my course. The spirit that I have seen

May be a devil, and the devil hath power

T' assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps

Out of my weakness and my melancholy,

As he is very potent with such spirits,

Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds

More relative^o than this. The play's the thing

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. *Exit.*

[A C T I I I]

[Scene I. *The castle.*]

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, LORDS.

KING

And can you by no drift of conference^o

Get from him why he puts on this confusion,

Grating so harshly all his days of quiet

With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

ROSENCRANTZ

He does confess he feels himself distracted,

But from what cause 'a will by no means speak.

GUILDENSTERN

Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,^o

But with a crafty madness keeps aloof

When we could bring him on to some confession

Of his true state.

QUEEN

Did he receive you well?

ROSENCRANTZ

Most like a gentleman.

GUILDENSTERN

But with much forcing of his disposition.^o

ROSENCRANTZ

Niggard of question,^o but of our demands

Most free in his reply.

QUEEN

Did you assay^o him

To any pastime?

ROSENCRANTZ

Madame, it so fell out that certain players

We o'erraught^o on the way; of these we told him,

And there did seem in him a kind of joy

To hear of it. They are here about the court,

And, as I think, they have already order

This night to play before him.

POLONIUS

'Tis most true,

And he beseeched me to entreat your majesties

To hear and see the matter.

KING

With all my heart, and it doth much content me

To hear him so inclined.

604 tent probe; blench flinch 611 relative probably "pertinent," but possibly "able to be related plausibly"

III.i.1 drift of conference management of conversation 7

forward . . . sounded willing to be questioned 12 forcing

. . . disposition effort 13 Niggard of question uninclined

to talk 14 assay tempt 17 o'erraught overtook

557 dream of passion imaginary emotion 558 conceit imagination 561 function action 562 forms bodily expressions 569 appall the free terrify (make pale?) the guiltless 573 muddy-mettled weak-spirited 573-74 peak Like John-a-dreams mope like a dreamer 574 unpregnant of unquicken by 582 'swounds by God's wounds 583 pigeon-livered gentle as a dove 585 region kites kites (scavenger birds) of the sky 587 kindless unnatural 589 brave fine 593 drab prostitute 594 stallion male prostitute (perhaps one should adopt the Folio reading, "scullion" = kitchen wench); About to work 598 presently immediately

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge
And drive his purpose into these delights.

ROSENCRANTZ

We shall, my lord.

Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

KING

Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,
For we have closely^o sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here 30
Affront^o Ophelia.
Her father and myself (lawful espials^o)
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge
And gather by him, as he is behaved, 35
If't be th' affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

QUEEN

I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness. So shall I hope your virtues 40
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honors.

OPHELIA

Madam, I wish it may.
[Exit QUEEN.]

POLONIUS

Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. *[To OPHELIA.]* Read on
this book,
That show of such an exercise may color^o 45
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much proved, that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

KING *[Aside.]*

O, 'tis too true.
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience! 50
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
O heavy burden!

POLONIUS

I hear him coming. Let's withdraw, my lord. 55
[Exeunt KING and POLONIUS.]

Enter HAMLET.

HAMLET

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep— 60
No more—and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to! 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep—
To sleep—perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub,^o 65
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,^o
Must give us pause. There's the respect^o

That makes calamity of so long life:^o

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, 70
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus^o make 75
With a bare bodkin?^o Who would fardels^o bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn^o
No traveler returns, puzzles the will, 80
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience^o does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast^o of thought, 85
And enterprises of great pitch^o and moment,
With this regard^o their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now,
The fair Ophelia!—Nymph, in thy orisons^o
Be all my sins remembered.

OPHELIA

Good my lord, 90

How does your honor for this many a day?

HAMLET

I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

OPHELIA

My lord, I have remembrances of yours
That I have longèd long to redeliver.
I pray you now, receive them.

HAMLET

No, not I, 95

I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA

My honored lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made these things more rich. Their perfume lost,
Take these again, for to the noble mind 100
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

HAMLET Ha, ha! Are you honest?^o

OPHELIA My lord?

HAMLET Are you fair? 105

OPHELIA What means your lordship?

HAMLET That if you be honest and fair, your honesty
should admit no discourse to your beauty.^o

OPHELIA Could beauty, my lord, have better com- 110
merce than with honesty?

HAMLET Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will
sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd^o
than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his
likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now the
time gives it proof. I did love you once. 115

OPHELIA Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAMLET You should not have believed me, for virtue

29 closely secretly 31 Affront meet face to face 32 espials
spies 45 exercise may color act of devotion may give a
plausible hue to (the book is one of devotion) 65 rub
impediment (obstruction to a bowler's ball) 67 coil (1)
turmoil (2) a ring of rope (here the flesh encircling the soul)
68 respect consideration

69 makes . . . life (1) makes calamity so long-lived (2)
makes living so long a calamity 75 quietus full discharge
(a legal term) 76 bodkin dagger; fardels burdens 79 bourn
region 83 conscience self-consciousness, introspection 85
cast color 86 pitch height (a term from falconry) 87 regard
consideration 89 orisons prayers 103 Are you honest (1)
Are you modest? (2) Are you chaste (3) Have you integrity?
107-08 your honesty . . . beauty your modesty should
permit no approach to your beauty 112 bawd procurer

cannot so inoculate^o our old stock but we shall relish
of it.^o I loved you not.

OPHELIA I was the more deceived. 120

HAMLET Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou
be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest,^o
but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were
better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud,
revengeful, ambitious, with more offenses at my beck^o 125
than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to
give them shape, or time to act them in. What should
such fellows as I do crawling between earth and
heaven? We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us.
Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father? 130

OPHELIA At home, my lord.

HAMLET Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may
play the fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.

OPHELIA O help him, you sweet heavens!

HAMLET If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague 135
for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
thou shalt not escape calunmy. Get thee to a nunnery.
Go, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a
fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters^o
you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. 140
Farewell.

OPHELIA Heavenly powers, restore him!

HAMLET I have heard of your paintings, well enough.
God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves
another. You jig and amble, and you lisp; you nick- 145
name God's creatures and make your wantonness your
ignorance.^o Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me
mad. I say we will have no moe^o marriage. Those that
are married already—all but one—shall live. The rest
shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. *Exit.* 150

OPHELIA

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expectancy and rose^o of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mold of form,^o
Th' observed of all observers, quite, quite down! 155
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his musicked vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh,
That unmatched form and feature of blown^o youth 160
Blasted with ecstasy.^o O, woe is me
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Enter KING and POLONIUS.

KING

Love? His affections^o do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul 165
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt^o the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,

I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England 170
For the demand of our neglected tribute.
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled^o matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus 175
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

POLONIUS

It shall do well. But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said; 180
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief. Let her be round^o with him,
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear 185
Of all their conference. If she find him not,^o
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

KING

It shall be so.

Madness in great ones must not unwatched go.

Exeunt.

[Scene II. *The castle.*]

Enter HAMLET and three of the PLAYERS.

HAMLET Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced
it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth
it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town
crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much 5
with your hand, thus, but use all gently, for in the very
torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your
passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that
may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to
hear a robustious periwig-pated^o fellow tear a passion 10
to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the ground-
lings,^o who for the most part are capable of^o nothing
but inexplicable dumb shows^o and noise. I would have
such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant. It
out-herods Herod.^o Pray you avoid it.

PLAYER I warrant your honor. 15

HAMLET Be not too tame neither, but let your own
discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word,
the word to the action, with this special observance,
that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. For any-
thing so o'erdone is from^o the purpose of playing, 20
whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to
hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue
her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very
age and body of the time his form and pressure.^o Now,
this overdone, or come tardy off, though it makes the 25

118 inoculate graft 118-19 relish of it smack of it (our old
sinful nature) 122 indifferent honest moderately virtuous
125 beck call 139 monsters horned beasts, cuckolds 146-47
make . . . ignorance excuse your wanton speech by pretend-
ing ignorance 148 moe more 153 expectancy and rose
i.e., fair hope 154 The glass . . . form the mirror of fashion,
and the pattern of excellent behavior 160 blown blooming
161 ecstasy madness 163 affections inclinations 167 doubt
fear

174 something-settled somewhat settled 184 round blunt
186 find him not does not find him out
III.ii.9 robustious periwig-pated boisterous wig-headed
10-11 groundlings those who stood in the pit of the theater
(the poorest and presumably most ignorant of the audience) 11
are capable of are able to understand 12 dumb shows it had
been the fashion for actors to preface plays or parts of plays with
silent mime 13-14 Termagant . . . Herod boisterous charac-
ters in the old mystery plays 20 from contrary to 24
pressure image, impress

unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve,
the censure of the which one must in your allowance
o'erweigh a whole theater of others. O, there be
players that I have seen play, and heard others praise,
and that highly (not to speak it profanely), that neither
having th' accent of Christians, nor the gait of Chris-
tian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed
that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen°
had made men, and not made them well, they imitated
humanity so abominably. 35

PLAYER I hope we have reformed that indifferently°
with us, sir.

HAMLET O, reform it altogether! And let those that
play your clowns speak no more than is set down for
them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, 40
to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh
too, though in the meantime some necessary question
of the play be then to be considered. That's villainous
and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses
it. Go make you ready. *Exit PLAYERS.* 45

Enter POLONIUS, GUILDENSTERN, and
ROSENCRANTZ.

How now, my lord? Will the king hear this piece of
work?

POLONIUS And the queen too, and that presently.

HAMLET Bid the players make haste.

Exit POLONIUS.

Will you two help to hasten them?

ROSENCRANTZ Ay, my lord. *Exeunt they two.* 50

HAMLET What, ho, Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

HORATIO Here, sweet lord, at your service.

HAMLET

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.° 55

HORATIO

O, my dear lord—

HAMLET Nay, do not think I flatter.

For what advancement° may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
flattered?

No, let the candied° tongue lick absurd pomp, 60
And crook the pregnant° hinges of the knee
Where thrift° may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish her election,
S' hath sealed thee° for herself, for thou hast been 65

As one, in suff'ring all, that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those

Whose blood° and judgment are so well commeddled°
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger 70
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this—
There is a play tonight before the king. 75

One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.

I prithee, when thou see'st that act afoot,
Even with the very comment° of thy soul

Observe my uncle. If his occulted° guilt 80
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damnèd ghost that we have seen,

And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy.° Give him heedful note,

For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, 85
And after we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.°

HORATIO Well, my lord.
If 'a steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

*Enter trumpets and kettledrums, KING, QUEEN, POLO-
NIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,
and other LORDS attendant, with his GUARD carrying
torches. Danish march. Sound a flourish.*

HAMLET They are coming to the play: I must be idle;° 90
Get you a place.

KING How fares our cousin Hamlet?

HAMLET Excellent, i' faith, of the chameleon's dish;°
I eat the air, promise-crammed; you cannot feed 95
capons so.

KING I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these
words are not mine.

HAMLET No, nor mine now. [*To* POLONIUS.] My
lord, you played once i' th' university, you say?

POLONIUS That did I, my lord, and was accounted a 100
good actor.

HAMLET What did you enact?

POLONIUS I did enact Julius Caesar. I was killed i' th'
Capitol; Brutus killed me.

HAMLET It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a 105
calf there. Be the players ready?

ROSENCRANTZ Ay, my lord. They stay upon your
patience.

QUEEN Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

HAMLET No, good mother. Here's metal more 110
attractive.°

POLONIUS [*To the KING.*] O ho! Do you mark that?

HAMLET Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*He lies at Ophelia's feet.*]

OPHELIA No, my lord.

HAMLET I mean, my head upon your lap? 115

OPHELIA Ay, my lord.

HAMLET Do you think I meant country matters?°

OPHELIA I think nothing, my lord.

HAMLET That's a fair thought to lie between maids'
legs. 120

OPHELIA What is, my lord?

33 journeymen workers not yet masters of their craft 36
indifferently tolerably 55 coped withal met with 57
advancement promotion 60 candied sugared, flattering 61
pregnant (1) pliant (2) full of promise of good fortune 62
thrift profit 65 S' . . . thee she (the soul) has set a mark
on you 69 blood passion; commeddled blended

79 very comment deepest wisdom 80 occulted hidden
84 stithy forge, smithy 87 censure . . . seeming judgment
on his looks 90 be idle play the fool 93 the chameleon's
dish air (on which chameleons were thought to live) 111
attractive magnetic 117 country matters rustic doings
(with a pun on the vulgar word for the pudendum)

HAMLET Nothing.

OPHELIA You are merry, my lord.

HAMLET Who, I?

OPHELIA Ay, my lord.

HAMLET O God, your only jig-maker!° What should
a man do but be merry? For look you how cheerfully
my mother looks, and my father died within's two
hours.

OPHELIA Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

HAMLET So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black,
for I'll have a suit of sables.° O heavens! Die two
months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope
a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year.
But, by'r Lady, 'a must build churches then, or else
shall 'a suffer not thinking on, with the hobbyhorse,°
whose epitaph is "For O, for O, the hobbyhorse is
forgot!"

The trumpets sound. Dumb show follows:

*Enter a KING and a QUEEN very lovingly, the QUEEN
embracing him, and he her. She kneels; and makes show of
protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his
head upon her neck. He lies him down upon a bank of
flowers. She, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon come in
another man: takes off his crown, kisses it, pours poison in
the sleeper's ears, and leaves him. The QUEEN returns,
finds the KING dead, makes passionate action. The
POISONER, with some three or four, come in again, seem
to condole with her. The dead body is carried away. The
POISONER wooes the QUEEN with gifts; she seems harsh
awhile, but in the end accepts love. Exeunt.*

OPHELIA What means this, my lord?

HAMLET Marry, this is miching mallecho;° it means
mischief.

OPHELIA Belike this show imports the argument° of
the play.

Enter PROLOGUE.

HAMLET We shall know by this fellow. The players
cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

OPHELIA Will 'a tell us what this show meant?

HAMLET Ay, or any show that you will show him.
Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell
you what it means.

OPHELIA You are naught,° you are naught; I'll mark
the play.

PROLOGUE

For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently. [Exit.]

HAMLET Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?°

OPHELIA 'Tis brief, my lord.

HAMLET As woman's love.

Enter [two PLAYERS as] king and queen.

PLAYER KING

Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart° gone round

126 jig-maker composer of songs and dances (often a fool,
who performed them) **132 sables** pun on the meanings
"black" and "luxurious furs" **136 hobbyhorse** mock horse
worn by a performer in the morris dance **140 miching
mallecho** sneaking mischief **142 argument** plot **150 naught**
wicked, improper **155 posy** . . . **ring** motto inscribed in
a ring **158 Phoebus' cart** the sun's chariot

Neptune's salt wash° and Tellus'° orbèd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

PLAYER QUEEN

So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust° you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must.
For women fear too much, even as they love,
And women's fear and love hold quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.°
Now what my love is, proof° hath made you know,
And as my love is sized, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

PLAYER KING

Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant° powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honored, beloved, and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

PLAYER QUEEN

O, confound the rest!

Such love must needs be treason in my breast.
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who killed the first.

HAMLET [Aside.] That's wormwood.°

PLAYER QUEEN

The instances° that second marriage move°
Are base respects of thrift,° but none of love.
A second time I kill my husband dead
When second husband kisses me in bed.

PLAYER KING

I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity,°
Which now like fruit unripe sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt.
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures° with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change,
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favorite flies;

159 Neptune's salt wash the sea; **Tellus** Roman goddess of
the earth **168 distrust** am anxious about **171-72 And . . .
extremity** perhaps the idea is that women's anxiety is great or
little in proportion to their love; the previous line, unrhymed,
may be a false start that Shakespeare neglected to delete
173 proof experience **178 operant** active **185 wormwood**
a bitter herb **186 instances** motives; **move** induce **187
respects of thrift** considerations of profit **193 validity**
strength **201 enactures** acts

The poor advanced makes friends of enemies;
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
 For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him^o his enemy.
 But, orderly to end where I begun,
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run
 That our devices still are overthrown;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
 But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

PLAYER QUEEN

Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
 Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
 To desperation turn my trust and hope,
 An anchor's^o cheer in prison be my scope,
 Each opposite that blanks^o the face of joy
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy:
 Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

HAMLET If she should break it now!

PLAYER KING

'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;
 My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep.

PLAYER QUEEN Sleep rock thy brain,
 [He] sleeps.

And never come mischance between us twain! *Exit.*

HAMLET Madam, how like you this play?

QUEEN The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

HAMLET O, but she'll keep her word.

KING Have you heard the argument?^o Is there no
 offense in't?

HAMLET No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no
 offense i' th' world.

KING What do you call the play?

HAMLET *The Mousetrap*. Marry, how? Tropically.^o
 The play is the image of a murder done in Vienna:
 Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You
 shall see anon. 'Tis a knavish piece of work, but what
 of that? Your majesty, and we that have free^o souls, it
 touches us not. Let the galled jade winch;^o our withers
 are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

OPHELIA You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

HAMLET I could interpret^o between you and your
 love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

OPHELIA You are keen^o my lord, you are keen.

HAMLET It would cost you a groaning to take off
 mine edge.

OPHELIA Still better, and worse.

HAMLET So you mistake^o your husbands.—Begin,
 murderer. Leave thy damnable faces and begin. Come,
 the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

213 seasons him ripens him into 223 anchor's anchorite's,
 hermit's 224 opposite that blanks adverse thing that blanches
 236 argument plot 241 Tropically figuratively (with a pun
 on *trap*) 245 free innocent 246 galled jade winch chafed
 horse wince 250 interpret like a showman explaining the
 action of puppets 252 keen (1) sharp (2) sexually aroused
 256 mistake err in taking

LUCIANUS

210 Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
 Confederate season,^o else no creature seeing, 260
 Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
 With Hecate's ban^o thrice blasted, thrice infected,
 Thy natural magic and dire property^o
 215 On wholesome life usurps immediately.

Pours the poison in his ears.

HAMLET 'A poisons him i' th' garden for his estate. 265
 His name's Gonzago. The story is extant, and written
 in very choice Italian. You shall see anon how the
 murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

OPHELIA The king rises.

HAMLET What, frightened with false fire?^o 270

QUEEN How fares my lord?

POLONIUS Give o'er the play.

225 KING Give me some light. Away!

POLONIUS Lights, lights, lights!

Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.

HAMLET

Why, let the stricken deer go weep, 275

The hart ungalled play:

230 For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away.

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers^o—if the
 rest of my fortunes turn Turk^o with me—with two 280
 Provincial roses^o on my razed^o shoes, get me a fellow-
 ship in a cry^o of players?

HORATIO Half a share.

HAMLET A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear, 285

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—pajock.^o

HORATIO You might have rhymed.^o

HAMLET O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word 290
 for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

HORATIO Very well, my lord.

HAMLET Upon the talk of poisoning?

HORATIO I did very well note him.

HAMLET Ah ha! Come, some music! Come, the 295
 recorders!^o

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike he likes it not, perdy.^o

Come, some music!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

GUILDENSTERN Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word 300
 with you.

HAMLET Sir, a whole history.

GUILDENSTERN The king, sir—

HAMLET Ay, sir, what of him?

255 GUILDENSTERN Is in his retirement marvelous dis- 305
 temp'ed.

260 Confederate season the opportunity allied with me 262

Hecate's ban the curse of the goddess of sorcery 263 property

nature 270 false fire blank discharge of firearms 279 feathers

plumes were sometimes part of a costume 280 turn Turk

go bad, treat me badly 281 Provincial roses rosettes like

the roses of Provence (?); razed ornamented with slashes 282

cry pack, company 288 pajock peacock 289 You . . .

rhymed i.e., rhymed "was" with "ass" 296 recorders

flutelike instruments 298 perdy by God (French *par dieu*)

HAMLET With drink, sir?

GUILDENSTERN No, my lord, with choler.^o

HAMLET Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to the doctor, for for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into more choler. 310

GUILDENSTERN Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame,^o and start not so wildly from my affair. 315

HAMLET I am tame, sir; pronounce.

GUILDENSTERN The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit hath sent me to you.

HAMLET You are welcome.

GUILDENSTERN Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business. 320

HAMLET Sir, I cannot. 325

ROSENCRANTZ What, my lord?

HAMLET Make you a wholesome^o answer; my wit's diseased. But, sir, such answer as I can make you shall command, or rather, as you say, my mother. Therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say— 330

ROSENCRANTZ Then thus she says: your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.^o

HAMLET O wonderful son, that can so stonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart. 335

ROSENCRANTZ She desires to speak with you in her closet^o ere you go to bed.

HAMLET We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

ROSENCRANTZ My lord, you once did love me. 340

HAMLET And do still, by these pickers and stealers.^o

ROSENCRANTZ Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

HAMLET Sir, I lack advancement.^o 345

ROSENCRANTZ How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Enter the PLAYERS with recorders.

HAMLET Ay, sir, but "while the grass grows"—the proverb^o is something musty. O, the recorders. Let me see one. To withdraw^o with you—why do you go about to recover the wind^o of me as if you would drive me into a toil?^o 350

GUILDENSTERN O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.^o 355

HAMLET I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUILDENSTERN My lord, I cannot.

HAMLET I pray you.

GUILDENSTERN Believe me, I cannot. 360

HAMLET I pray you.

GUILDENSTERN Believe me, I cannot.

HAMLET I do beseech you.

GUILDENSTERN I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAMLET It is as easy as lying. Govern these ventages^o with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops. 365

GUILDENSTERN But these cannot I command to any utt'rance of harmony; I have not the skill. 370

HAMLET Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass;^o and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ,^o yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret^o me, you cannot play upon me. 375 380

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

POLONIUS My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

HAMLET Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel? 385

POLONIUS By th' mass and 'tis, like a camel indeed.

HAMLET Methinks it is like a weasel.

POLONIUS It is backed like a weasel.

HAMLET Or like a whale.

POLONIUS Very like a whale. 390

HAMLET Then I will come to my mother by and by. [*Aside.*] They fool me to the top of my bent.^o—I will come by and by.^o

POLONIUS I will say so. *Exit.*

HAMLET "By and by" is easily said. Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt all but HAMLET.*] 395

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother. 400
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero^o enter this firm bosom.
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites: 405
How in my words somever she be shent,^o
To give them seals^o never, my soul, consent! *Exit.*

308 **choler** anger (but Hamlet pretends to take the word in its sense of "biliousness") 314 **frame** order, control 327 **whole-**
some sane 332 **admiration** wonder 337 **closet** private room
341 **pickers and stealers** i.e., hands (with reference to the
prayer, "Keep my hands from picking and stealing") 345
advancement promotion 350 **proverb** "While the grass
groweth, the horse starveth" 351 **withdraw** speak in private
352 **recover the wind** get on the windward side (as in hunting)
353 **toil** snare 354–55 **if . . . unmannerly** if these questions
seem rude, it is because my love for you leads me beyond good
manners

365 **ventages** vents, stops on a recorder 375 **compass** range
of voice 376 **organ** the recorder 379 **fret** vex (with a pun
alluding to the frets, or ridges, that guide the fingering on some
instruments) 392 **They . . . bent** They compel me to play
the fool to the limit of my capacity 393 **by and by** very
soon 402 **Nero** Roman emperor who had his mother
murdered 406 **shent** rebuked 407 **give them seals** confirm
them with deeds

[Scene III. *The castle.*]*Enter* KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

KING

I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
 To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you.
 I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
 And he to England shall along with you.
 The terms° of our estate may not endure
 Hazard so near's° as doth hourly grow
 Out of his brows.

GUILDENSTERN We will ourselves provide.

Most holy and religious fear it is
 To keep those many many bodies safe
 That live and feed upon your majesty.

ROSENCRANTZ

The single and peculiar° life is bound
 With all the strength and armor of the mind
 To keep itself from noyance,° but much more
 That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
 The lives of many. The cess of majesty°
 Dies not alone, but like a gulf° doth draw
 What's near it with it; or it is a massy wheel
 Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortised and adjoined, which when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
 Attends° the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
 Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

KING

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

ROSENCRANTZ

We will haste us.

Exeunt gentlemen [ROSENCRANTZ and
 GUILDENSTERN].

Enter POLONIUS.

POLONIUS

My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
 Behind the arras I'll convey myself
 To hear the process.° I'll warrant she'll tax him home,°
 And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
 'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
 Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
 The speech of vantage.° Fare you well, my liege.
 I'll call upon you ere you go to bed
 And tell you what I know.

KING

Thanks, dear my lord.

Exit [POLONIUS].

O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven;
 It hath the primal eldest curse° upon't,
 A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will.
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
 And like a man to double business bound

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
 But to confront° the visage of offense?
 And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
 To be forestallèd ere we come to fall,
 Or pardoned being down? Then I'll look up.
 My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder"?
 That cannot be, since I am still possessed
 Of those effects° for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardoned and retain th' offense?
 In the corrupted currents of this world
 Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice,
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above.
 There is no shuffling;° there the action lies
 In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? What rests?°
 Try what repentance can. What can it not?
 Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
 O limèd° soul, that struggling to be free
 Art more engaged!° Help, angels! Make assay.°
 Bow, stubborn knees, and, heart with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the newborn babe.
 All may be well.

[*He kneels.*]*Enter* HAMLET.

HAMLET

Now might I do it pat, now 'a is a-praying,
 And now I'll do't. And so 'a goes to heaven,
 And so am I revenged. That would be scanned.°
 A villain kills my father, and for that
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heaven.
 Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 'A took my father grossly, full of bread,°
 With all his crimes broad blown,° as flush° as May;
 And how his audit° stands, who knows save heaven?
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with him; and am I then revenged,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
 No.
 Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent.°
 When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
 Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,
 At game a-swearing, or about some act
 That has no relish° of salvation in't—
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,

III.iii.5 **terms** conditions 6 **near's** near us 11 **peculiar**
 individual, private 13 **noyance** injury 15 **cess of majesty**
 cessation (death) of a king 16 **gulf** whirlpool 22 **Attends**
 waits on, participates in 24 **Arm** prepare 29 **process**
 proceedings; **tax him home** censure him sharply 33 **of**
vantage from an advantageous place 37 **primal eldest curse**
 curse of Cain, who killed Abel

47 **confront** oppose 54 **effects** things gained 61 **shuffling**
 trickery 64 **rests** remains 68 **limèd** caught (as with bird lime,
 a sticky substance spread on boughs to snare birds) 69 **engaged**
 ensnared; **assay** an attempt 75 **would be scanned** ought to
 be looked into 80 **bread** i.e., wordly gratification 81 **crimes**
broad blown sins in full bloom; **flush** vigorous 82 **audit**
 account 88 **hent** grasp (here, occasion for seizing) 92 **relish**
 flavor

And that his soul may be as damned and black
 As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays. 95
 This physic° but prolongs thy sickly days. *Exit.*
 KING [*Rises.*]
 My words fly up, my thoughts remain below.
 Words without thoughts never to heaven go. *Exit.*

[Scene IV. *The queen's closet.*]

Enter [QUEEN] *Gertrude and* POLONIUS.

POLONIUS
 'A will come straight. Look you lay home° to him.
 Tell him his pranks have been too broad° to bear with,
 And that your grace hath screened and stood between
 Much heat and him. I'll silence me even here.
 Pray you be round with him. 5

HAMLET (*Within.*) Mother, Mother, Mother!

QUEEN I'll warrant you; fear me not. Withdraw; I
 hear him coming. [POLONIUS *hides behind the arras.*]

Enter HAMLET.

HAMLET
 Now, Mother, what's the matter?

QUEEN
 Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended. 10

HAMLET
 Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN
 Come, come, you answer with an idle° tongue.

HAMLET
 Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

QUEEN
 Why, how now, Hamlet?

HAMLET What's the matter now?

QUEEN
 Have you forgot me?

HAMLET No, by the rood,° not so! 15
 You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife,
 And, would it were not so, you are my mother.

QUEEN
 Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

HAMLET
 Come, come, and sit you down. You shall not budge.
 You go not till I set you up a glass° 20
 Where you may see the inmost part of you!

QUEEN
 What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?
 Help, ho!

POLONIUS [*Behind.*] What, ho! Help!

HAMLET [*Draws.*]
 How now? A rat? Dead for a ducat, dead! 25

[*Makes a pass through the arras and*] kills POLONIUS.

POLONIUS [*Behind.*]
 O, I am slain!

QUEEN O me, what hast thou done?

HAMLET
 Nay, I know not. Is it the king?

QUEEN

O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

HAMLET

A bloody deed—almost as bad, good Mother,
 As kill a king, and marry with his brother. 30

QUEEN

As kill a king?

HAMLET Ay, lady, it was my word.

[*Lifts up the arras and sees* POLONIUS.]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
 I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune.
 Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—
 Leave wringing of your hands. Peace, sit you down 35
 And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
 If it be made of penetrable stuff,
 If damnèd custom have not brazed° it so
 That it be proof° and bulwark against sense.°

QUEEN

What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
 In noise so rude against me? 40

HAMLET

Such an act
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
 Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
 And sets a blister° there, makes marriage vows 45
 As false as dicers' oaths. O, such a deed
 As from the body of contraction° plucks
 The very soul, and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody° of words! Heaven's face does glow
 O'er this solidity and compound mass 50
 With heated visage, as against the doom
 Is thoughtsick at the act.°

QUEEN

Ay me, what act,
 That roars so loud and thunders in the index?°

HAMLET

Look here upon this picture, and on this,
 The counterfeit presentment° of two brothers. 55
 See what a grace was seated on this brow:
 Hyperion's curls, the front° of Jove himself,
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
 A station° like the herald Mercury
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill— 60
 A combination and a form indeed
 Where every god did seem to set his seal
 To give the world assurance of a man.
 This was your husband. Look you now what follows.
 Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear 65
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten° on this moor? Ha! Have you eyes?
 You cannot call it love, for at your age
 The heyday° in the blood is tame, it's humble, 70
 And waits upon the judgment, and what judgment
 Would step from this to this? Sense° sure you have,

38 **brazed** hardened like brass 39 **proof** armor; **sense** feeling 45 **sets a blister** brands (as a harlot) 47 **contraction** marriage contract 49 **rhapsody** senseless string 49–52 **Heaven's** . . . **act** The face of heaven blushes over this earth (compounded of four elements), the face hot, as if Judgment Day were near, and it is thoughtsick at the act 53 **index** prologue 55 **counterfeit presentment** represented image 57 **front** forehead 59 **station** bearing 68 **batten** feed gluttonously 70 **heyday** excitement 72 **Sense** feeling

96 **physic** Claudius' purgation by prayer, as Hamlet thinks in line 85

III.iv.1 **lay home** thrust (rebuke) him sharply 2 **broad** unrestrained 12 **idle** foolish 15 **rood** cross 20 **glass** mirror

Else could you not have motion, but sure that sense
Is apoplexed,^o for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy^o was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserved some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind?^o
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans^o all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.^o

O shame, where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardor^o gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.^o

QUEEN O Hamlet, speak no more.
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grain'd^o spots
As will not leave their tinct.^o

HAMLET Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseam'd^o bed,
Stewed in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty—

QUEEN O, speak to me no more.
These words like daggers enter in my ears.
No more, sweet Hamlet.

HAMLET A murderer and a villain,
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe^o
Of your precedent lord, a vice^o of kings,
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket—

QUEEN No more.

Enter GHOST.

HAMLET
A king of shreds and patches—
Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious
figure?

QUEEN
Alas, he's mad.

HAMLET
Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

GHOST
Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy mother sits.
O, step between her and her fighting soul!

74 **apoplexed** paralyzed 75 **ecstasy** madness 78 **cozened**
... **hoodman-blind** cheated you at blindman's buff
80 **sans** without 82 **mope** be stupid 87 **compulsive**
ardor compelling passion 89 **reason panders will** reason acts
as a procurer for desire 91 **grain'd** dyed in grain (fast dyed)
92 **tinct** color 93 **enseam'd** perhaps "soaked in grease," i.e.,
sweaty; perhaps "much wrinkled" 98 **tithe** tenth part 99
vice like the Vice, a fool and mischief-maker in the old morality
plays

Conceit^o in weakest bodies strongest works. 115
Speak to her, Hamlet.

75 HAMLET How is it with you, lady?
QUEEN

Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal^o air do hold discourse?
80 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm
Your bedded hair^o like life in excrements^o
Start up and stand an end.^o O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
85 Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look? 125

HAMLET
On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.^o—Do not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
90 My stern effects.^o Then what I have to do 130
Will want true color; tears perchance for blood.

QUEEN
To whom do you speak this?

HAMLET Do you see nothing there?

QUEEN
Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

95 HAMLET Nor did you nothing hear?
QUEEN No, nothing but ourselves.

HAMLET
Why, look you there! Look how it steals away!
100 My father, in his habit^o as he lived!
Look where he goes even now out at the portal!
Exit GHOST.

QUEEN
This is the very coinage of your brain.
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

HAMLET Ecstasy? 140
My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have uttered. Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reword, which madness
105 Would gambol^o from. Mother, for love of grace, 145
Lay not that flattering unction^o to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks.
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place
Whiles rank corruption, mining^o all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven,
110 Repent what's past, avoid what is to come, 150
And do not spread the compost^o on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue.
For in the fatness of these pursy^o times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
155 Yea curb^o and woo for leave to do him good.

115 **Conceit** imagination 119 **incorporal** bodiless 122
bedded hair hairs laid flat; **excrements** outgrowths (here, the
hair) 123 **an end** on end 128 **capable** receptive 129–30
convert ... **effects** divert my stern deeds 136 **habit**
garment (Q1, though a "bad" quarto, is probably correct
in saying that at line 102 the Ghost enters "in his night
gown," i.e., dressing gown) 145 **gambol** start away 146
unction ointment 149 **mining** undermining 152 **compost**
fertilizing substance 154 **pursy** bloated 156 **curb** bow low

QUEEN

O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

HAMLET

O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night—but go not to my uncle's bed.
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use^o of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery^o
That aptly is put on. Refrain tonight,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either^o the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
I do repent; but heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their^o scourge and minister.
I will bestow^o him and will answer well
The death I gave him. So again, good night.
I must be cruel only to be kind.
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

QUEEN

What shall I do?

HAMLET

Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse,
And let him, for a pair of reechy^o kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damned fingers,
Make you to ravel^o all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock,^o from a bat, a gib,^o
Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try conclusions,^o in the basket creep
And break your own neck down.

QUEEN

Be thou assured, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

HAMLET

I must to England; you know that?

QUEEN

Alack,

I had forgot. 'Tis so concluded on.

HAMLET

There's letters sealed, and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fanged,

They bear the mandate;^o they must sweep my way 205
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer^o
Hoist with his own petar,^o and't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines 160
And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet 210
When in one line two crafts^o directly meet.
This man shall set me packing:
I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room.
Mother, good night. Indeed, this counselor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave, 165 215
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, Mother.

[Exit the QUEEN. Then] exit HAMLET, tugging in
Polonius.

[A C T I V]

[Scene I. The castle.]

Enter KING and QUEEN, with ROSENCRANTZ and
GUILDENSTERN.

180

KING

There's matter in these sighs. These profound heaves
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

QUEEN

Bestow this place on us a little while.

185

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen tonight!

5

KING

What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

QUEEN

190

Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, "A rat, a rat!"
And in this brainish apprehension^o kills 10
The unseen good old man.

195

KING

O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there.

His liberty is full of threats to all,

To you yourself, to us, to every one.

15

Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?

200

It will be laid to us, whose providence^o

Should have kept short, restrained, and out of haunt^o

This mad young man. But so much was our love

We would not understand what was most fit,

20

But, like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

QUEEN

To draw apart the body he hath killed;

205 **mandate** command 207 **engineer** (1) demolition expert
(2) contriver 208 **petar** bomb 211 **crafts** (1) boats (2) acts
of guile, crafty schemes

IV.i.11 **brainish apprehension** mad imagination 17 **provi-**
dence foresight 18 **out of haunt** away from association
with others

164 **use practice** 165 **livery** characteristic garment (punning on "habits" in line 163) 170 **either** probably a word is missing after "either"; among suggestions are *master*, *curb*, and *house*; but possibly "either" is a verb meaning "make easier" 176 **their** the heavens' 177 **bestow** stow, lodge 185 **reechy** foul (literally "smoky") 187 **ravel** unravel, reveal 191 **paddock** toad; **gib** tomcat 196 **To try conclusions** to make experiments

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral^o of metals base,
Shows itself pure. 'A weeps for what is done.

KING

O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must with all our majesty and skill
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragged him. 35
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you haste in this.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends
And let them know both what we mean to do
And what's untimely done . . .^o 40
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank^o
Transports his poisoned shot, may miss our name
And hit the woundless^o air. O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.* 45

[Scene II. *The castle.*]

Enter HAMLET.

HAMLET Safely stowed.

GENTLEMEN (*Within.*) Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

HAMLET But soft, what noise? Who calls on Hamlet?
O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

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

HAMLET

Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

ROSENCRANTZ

Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel.

HAMLET Do not believe it. 10

ROSENCRANTZ Believe what?

HAMLET That I can keep your counsel and not mine
own. Besides, to be demanded of^o a sponge, what
replication^o should be made by the son of a king?

ROSENCRANTZ Take you me for a sponge, my lord? 15

HAMLET Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's counten-
ance,^o his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do
the king best service in the end. He keeps them, like an
ape, in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last
swallowed. When he needs what you have gleaned, 20
it is but squeezing you and, sponge, you shall be dry
again.

ROSENCRANTZ I understand you not, my lord.

25-26 ore . . . mineral vein of gold in a mine 40 done
. . . evidently something has dropped out of the text;
Capell's conjecture, "So, haply slander," is usually printed
42 blank white center of a target 44 woundless invulnerable
IV.ii.13 demanded of questioned by 14 replication reply
16-17 countenance favor

25 HAMLET I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a
foolish ear. 25

ROSENCRANTZ My lord, you must tell us where the
body is and go with us to the king.

HAMLET The body is with the king, but the king is
not with the body. The king is a thing—

30 GUILDENSTERN A thing, my lord? 30

HAMLET Of nothing. Bring me to him. Hide fox,
and all after.^o *Exeunt.*

[Scene III. *The castle.*]

Enter KING, and two or three.

KING

I have sent to seek him and to find the body:
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's loved of the distracted^o multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes, 5
And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weighed,
But never the offense. To bear^o all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause.^o Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved, 10
Or not at all.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ, [GUILDENSTERN,] and all the
rest.*

How now? What hath befall'n?

ROSENCRANTZ

Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

KING

But where is he?

ROSENCRANTZ

Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

KING

Bring him before us.

ROSENCRANTZ Ho! Bring in the lord. 15

They enter.

KING Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMLET At supper.

KING At supper? Where?

HAMLET Not where he eats, but where 'a is eaten. A
certain convocation of politic^o worms are e'en at him. 20
Your worm is your only emperor for diet. We fat all
creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for
maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is but
variable service^o—two dishes, but to one table. That's
the end. 25

KING Alas, alas!

HAMLET A man may fish with the worm that hath
eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that
worm.

KING What does thou mean by this? 30

31-32 Hide . . . after a cry in a game such as hide-and-seek;
Hamlet runs from the stage

IV.iii.4 distracted bewildered, senseless 7 bear carry out
9 pause planning 20 politic statesmanlike, shrewd 24
variable service different courses

HAMLET Nothing but to show you how a king may go to progress° through the guts of a beggar.

KING Where is Polonius?

HAMLET In heaven. Send thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seek him i' th' other place 35 yourself. But if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

KING [To ATTENDANTS.] Go seek him there.

HAMLET 'A will stay till you come. 40
[Exeunt ATTENDANTS.]

KING

Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender° as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fiery quickness. Therefore prepare thyself.
The bark is ready and the wind at help, 45
Th' associates tend,° and everything is bent
For England.

HAMLET For England?

KING Ay, Hamlet.

HAMLET Good.

KING

So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

HAMLET I see a cherub° that sees them. But come, for
England! Farewell, dear Mother. 50

KING Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAMLET My mother—father and mother is man and
wife, man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother.
Come, for England! Exit.

KING

Follow him at foot;° tempt him with speed aboard. 55
Delay it not; I'll have him hence tonight.
Away! For everything is sealed and done
That else leans° on th' affair. Pray you make haste.
[Exeunt all but the KING].

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense, 60
Since yet thy cicatrice° looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe°
Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process,° which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The present° death of Hamlet. Do it, England,
For like the hectic° in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps,° my joys were ne'er begun. Exit.

[Scene IV. A plain in Denmark.]

Enter FORTINBRAS with his ARMY over the stage.

FORTINBRAS

Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king,
Tell him that by his license Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of° a promised march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.

32 progress royal journey 42 tender hold dear 46
tend wait 49 cherub angel of knowledge 55 at foot
closely 58 leans depends 61 cicatrice scar 62 free awe
uncompelled submission 63–64 coldly . . . process regard
slightly our royal command 66 present instant 67 hectic
fever 69 haps chances, fortunes
IV.iv.3 conveyance of escort for

If that his majesty would aught with us, 5
We shall express our duty in his eye;°
And let him know so.

CAPTAIN I will do't, my lord.

FORTINBRAS Go softly° on.

[Exeunt all but the CAPTAIN.]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, &c.

HAMLET

Good sir, whose powers° are these?

CAPTAIN

They are of Norway, sir. 10

HAMLET

How purposed, sir, I pray you?

CAPTAIN

Against some part of Poland.

HAMLET 45

Who commands them, sir?

CAPTAIN

The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

HAMLET

Goes it against the main° of Poland, sir, 15
Or for some frontier?

CAPTAIN

Truly to speak, and with no addition,°
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it, 20
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker° rate, should it be sold in fee.°

HAMLET

Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

CAPTAIN

Yes, it is already garrisoned.

HAMLET

Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats 25
Will not debate° the question of this straw.
This is th' imposthume° of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

CAPTAIN

God bye you, sir. [Exit.]

ROSENCRANTZ Will't please you go, my lord? 30

HAMLET

I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[Exeunt all but HAMLET.]

How all occasions do inform against me
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market° of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more. 35
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,°
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust° in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion,° or some craven scruple 40
Of thinking too precisely on th' event°—
A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom

6 in his eye before his eyes (i.e., in his presence) 8 softly
slowly 9 powers forces 15 main main part 17 with
no addition plainly 22 ranker higher; in fee outright
26 debate settle 27 imposthume abscess, ulcer 34 market
profit 36 discourse understanding 39 fust grow moldy
40 oblivion forgetfulness 41 event outcome

And ever three parts coward—I do not know
 Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do,"
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means 45
 To do't. Examples gross^o as earth exhort me.
 Witness this army of such mass and charge,^o
 Led by a delicate and tender prince,
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
 Makes mouths at the invisible event,^o 50
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 Even for an eggshell. Rightly to be great
 Is not^o to stir without great argument,^o
 But greatly^o to find quarrel in a straw 55
 When honor's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father killed, a mother stained,
 Excitements^o of my reason and my blood,
 And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men 60
 That for a fantasy and trick of fame^o
 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent^o
 To hide the slain? O, from this time forth, 65
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! *Exit.*

[Scene V. *The castle.*]

Enter HORATIO, [QUEEN] *Gertrude, and a GENTLE-*
 MAN.

QUEEN

I will not speak with her.

GENTLEMAN

She is importunate, indeed distract.
 Her mood will needs be pitied.

QUEEN

What would she have?

GENTLEMAN

She speaks much of her father, says she hears
 There's tricks i' th' world, and hems, and beats her
 heart, 5
 Spurns enviously at straws,^o speaks things in doubt^o
 That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshapèd use of it doth move
 The hearers to collection;^o they yawn^o at it,
 And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts, 10
 Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,
 Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

HORATIO

'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
 Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds. 15

QUEEN

Let her come in. [Exit GENTLEMAN.]

[*Aside.*]

46 **gross** large obvious 47 **charge** expense 50 **Makes** . . .
event makes scornful faces (is contemptuous of) the unseen
 outcome 54 **not** the sense seems to require "not not"; **argu-**
ment reason 55 **greatly** nobly 58 **Excitements** incentives
 61 **fantasy** . . . **fame** illusion and trifle of reputation 64
continent receptacle, container

IV.v.6 **Spurns** . . . **straws** objects spitefully to insignificant
 matters; **in doubt** uncertainly 8-9 **Yet** . . . **collection** yet
 the formless manner of it moves her listeners to gather up
 some sort of meaning 9 **yawn** gape (?)

To my sick soul (as sin's true nature is).
 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;^o
 So full of artless jealousy^o is guilt
 It spills^o itself in fearing to be spilt. 20

Enter OPHELIA [*distracted.*]

OPHELIA

Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN How now, Ophelia?

OPHELIA (*She sings.*)

How should I your truelove know
 From another one?

By his cockle hat^o and staff 25
 And his sandal shoon.^o

QUEEN

Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPHELIA Say you? Nay, pray you mark.
 (*Song.*)

He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone; 30

At his head a grass-green turf,
 At his heels a stone.

Oh, ho!

QUEEN Nay, but Ophelia—

OPHELIA Pray you mark. [*Sings.*] 35

White his shroud as the mountain snow—

Enter KING.

QUEEN Alas, look here, my lord.

OPHELIA

(*Song.*)

Larded^o all with sweet flowers
 Which bewept to the grave did not go
 With truelove showers. 40

KING How do you, pretty lady?

OPHELIA Well, God dild^o you! They say the owl
 was a baker's daughter.^o Lord, we know what we are,
 but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

KING Conceit^o upon her father. 45

OPHELIA Pray let's have no words of this, but when
 they ask you what it means, say you this:

(*Song.*)

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day.^o

All in the morning betime,
 And I a maid at your window, 50
 To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose and donned his clothes

And dupped^o the chamber door,

Let in the maid, that out a maid

Never departed more. 55

KING Pretty Ophelia.

OPHELIA Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end
 on't: [*Sings.*]

18 **amiss** misfortune 19 **artless jealousy** crude suspicion
 20 **spills** destroys 25 **cockle hat** a cockleshell on the hat was
 the sign of a pilgrim who had journeyed to shrines overseas;
 the association of lovers and pilgrims was a common one 26
shoon shoes 38 **Larded** decorated 42 **dild** yield, i.e.,
 reward 43 **baker's daughter** an allusion to a tale of a
 baker's daughter who begrudged bread to Christ and was
 turned into an owl 45 **Conceit** brooding 48 **Saint**
Valentine's day February 14 (the notion was that a bachelor
 would become the truelove of the first girl he saw on this day)
 53 **dupped** opened (did up)

By Gis° and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't if they come to't,
By Cock,° they are to blame.
Quoth she, "Before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed."

He answers:

"So would I 'a' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed."

KING How long hath she been thus?

OPHELIA I hope all will be well. We must be patient,
but I cannot choose but weep to think they would lay 70
him i' th' cold ground. My brother shall know of it;
and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my
coach! Good night, ladies, good night. Sweet ladies,
good night, good night. *Exit.*

KING

Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. 75
[*Exit HORATIO.*]

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death—and now behold!

O Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,

But in battalions: first, her father slain;

Next, your son gone, and he most violent author 80

Of his own just remove; the people muddied,°

Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers

For good Polonius' death, and we have done but
greenly°

In huggermugger° to inter him; poor Ophelia 85

Divided from herself and her fair judgment,

Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts;

Last, and as much containing as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from France,

Feeds on his wonder,° keeps himself in clouds, 90

And wants not buzzers° to infect his ear

With pestilent speeches of his father's death,

Wherein necessity, of matter beggared,°

Will nothing stick° our person to arraign

In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this, 95

Like to a murd'ring piece,° in many places

Gives me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

Enter a MESSENGER.

QUEEN

Alack, what noise is this?

KING

Attend, where are my Switzers?° Let them guard the
door.

What is the matter?

MESSENGER

Save yourself, my lord.

The ocean, overpeering of his list,° 100

Eats not the flats with more impiteous haste

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,°

O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord,

And, as the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, customs not known, 105

The ratifiers and props of every word,

60

They cry, "Choose we! Laertes shall be king!"

Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,

"Laertes shall be king! Laertes king!"

A noise within.

65

QUEEN

How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

110

O, this is counter,° you false Danish dogs!

Enter LAERTES, with others.

KING

The doors are broke.

LAERTES

Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

ALL

No, let's come in.

LAERTES

I pray you give me leave.

ALL

We will, we will. 115

LAERTES

I thank you. Keep the door. [*Exeunt his FOLLOWERS.*]

O thou vile king,

Give me my father.

QUEEN

Calmly, good Laertes.

LAERTES

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

Cries cuckold° to my father, brands the harlot

Even here between the chaste unsmirch'd brow 120

Of my true mother.

KING

What is the cause, Laertes,

That thy rebellion looks so giantlike?

Let him go, Gertrude. Do not fear° our person.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king

That treason can but peep to° what it would, 125

Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,

Why thou art thus incensed. Let him go, Gertrude.

Speak, man.

LAERTES

Where is my father? 95

KING

Dead.

QUEEN

But not by him.

KING

Let him demand his fill. 130

LAERTES

How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.

To hell allegiance, vows to the blackest devil,

Conscience and grace to the profoundest pit!

I dare damnation. To this point I stand,

That both the worlds I give to negligence,° 135

Let come what comes, only I'll be revenged

Most thoroughly for my father.

KING

Who shall stay you?

LAERTES

My will, not all the world's.

And for my means, I'll husband them° so well

They shall go far with little. 105

KING

Good Laertes,

140

III counter a hound runs counter when he follows the scent backward from the prey 119 cuckold man whose wife is unfaithful 123 fear fear for 125 peep to i.e., look at from a distance 135 That . . . negligence i.e., I care not what may happen (to me) in this world or the next 139 husband them use them economically

59 Gis (contraction of *Jesus*) 62 Cock (1) God (2) phallus
82 muddied muddled 84 greenly foolishly 85 hugger-
mugger secret haste 90 wonder suspicion 91 wants not
buzzers does not lack talebearers 93 of matter beggared
unprovided with facts 94 Will nothing stick will not hesitate
96 murd'ring piece a cannon that shot a kind of shrapnel
98 Switzers Swiss guards 100 list shore 102 in . . . head
with a rebellious force

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father, is't writ in your revenge
That swoopstake° you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

LAERTES

None but his enemies.

KING Will you know them then? 145

LAERTES

To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms
And like the kind life-rend'ring pelican°
Repast° them with my blood.

KING Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death, 150
And am most sensibly° in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear
As day does to your eye.

A noise within: "Let her come in."

LAERTES

How now? What noise is that?

Enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains; tears seven times salt 155
Burn out the sense and virtue° of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight
Till our scale turn the beam.° O rose of May,
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens, is't possible a young maid's wits 160
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine° in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance° of itself
After the thing it loves.

OPHELIA *(Song.)*

They bore him barefaced on the bier 165
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony
And in his grave rained many a tear—
Fare you well, my dove!

LAERTES

Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus. 170

OPHELIA You must sing "A-down a-down, and you
call him a-down-a." O, how the wheel° becomes it!
It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

LAERTES This nothing's more than matter.°

OPHELIA There's rosemary, that's for remembrance. 175
Pray you, love, remember. And there is pansies, that's
for thoughts.

LAERTES A document° in madness, thoughts and re-
membrance fitted.

OPHELIA There's fennel° for you, and columbines. 180

143 swoopstake in a clean sweep **147 pelican** thought to feed its young with its own blood **148 Repast** feed **151 sensibly** acutely **156 virtue** power **158 turn the beam** weigh down the bar (of the balance) **162 fine** refined, delicate **163 instance** sample **172 wheel** of uncertain meaning, but probably a tum or dance of Ophelia's, rather than Fortune's wheel **174 This . . . matter** This nonsense has more meaning than matters of consequence **178 document** lesson **180 fennel** the distribution of flowers in the ensuing lines has symbolic meaning, but the meaning is disputed; perhaps "fennel" = flattery, "columbines" = cuckoldry, "rue" = sorrow for Ophelia and repentance for the queen, "daisy" = dissembling, "violets" = faithfulness; for other interpretations, see J. W. Lever in *Review of English Studies*, New Series 3 [1952], pp. 113-29

There's rue for you, and here's some for me. We
may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. O, you must
wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I
would give you some violets, but they withered all
when my father died. They say 'a made a good end. 185
[*Sings.*]

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

LAERTES

Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favor° and to prettiness.

OPHELIA

(Song.)

And will 'a not come again?
And will 'a not come again? 190
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy deathbed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll.° 195

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan.

God 'a' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God bye you.
[*Exit.*]

LAERTES

Do you see this, O God? 200

KING

Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct or by collateral° hand 205
They find us touched,° we will our kingdom, give
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labor with your soul 210
To give it due content.

LAERTES

Let this be so.

His means of death, his obscure funeral—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment° o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation°—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth, 215
That I must call't in question.

KING

So you shall;

And where th' offense is, let the great ax fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt.*

[Scene VI. The castle.]

Enter HORATIO and others.

HORATIO What are they that would speak with me?

GENTLEMAN Seafaring men, sir. They say they have
letters for you.

HORATIO Let them come in. [*Exit GENTLEMAN.*]

I do not know from what part of the world 5
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter SAILORS.

188 favor charm, beauty **195 All . . . poll** white as flax was his head **205 collateral** indirect **206 touched** implicated **213 hatchment** tablet bearing the coat of arms of the dead **214 ostentation** ceremony

SAILOR God bless you, sir.

HORATIO Let Him bless thee too.

SAILOR 'A shall, sir, an't please Him. There's a letter
for you, sir—it came from th' ambassador that was
bound for England—if your name be Horatio, as I am
let to know it is.

HORATIO [*Reads the letter.*] "Horatio, when thou
shalt have overlooked° this, give these fellows some
means to the king. They have letters for him. Ere we
were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike
appointment° gave us chase. Finding ourselves too
slow of sail, we put on a compelled valor, and in the
grapple I boarded them. On the instant they got clear
of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They
have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they
knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them.
Let the king have the letters I have sent, and repair
thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldest fly
death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make
thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore°
of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee
where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their
course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee.
Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet."

Come, I will give you way for these your letters,
And do't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

[Scene VII. The castle.]

Enter KING and LAERTES.

KING

Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

LAERTES It well appears. But tell me

Why you proceeded not against these feats
So criminal and so capital° in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly° were stirred up.

KING O, for two special reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinewed,°
But yet to me they're strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks, and for myself—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which—
She is so conjunctive° to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive
Why to a public count° I might not go
Is the great love the general gender° bear him,
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,°

Convert his gyves° to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timbered° for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aimed them.

LAERTES

And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desp'rate terms,°
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,°
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

KING

Break not your sleeps for that. You must think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more.
I loved your father, and we love ourself,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a MESSENGER with letters.

How now? What news?

MESSENGER Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
These to your majesty; this to the queen.

KING

From Hamlet? Who brought them?

MESSENGER

Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not.
They were given me by Claudio; he received them
Of him that brought them.

KING

Laertes, you shall hear them.—

Leave us.

Exit MESSENGER.

[*Reads.*] "High and mighty, you shall know I am set
naked° on your kingdom. Tomorrow shall I beg leave
to see your kingly eyes; when I shall (first asking your
pardon thereunto) recount the occasion of my sudden
and more strange return.

Hamlet."

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse,° and no such thing?

LAERTES

Know you the hand?

KING

'Tis Hamlet's character.° "Naked"!
And in a postscript here, he says "alone."
Can you devise° me?

LAERTES

I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come.
It warms the very sickness in my heart
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus didst thou."

KING

If it be so, Laertes
(As how should it be so? How otherwise?),
Will you be ruled by me?

LAERTES

Ay, my lord,
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

KING

To thine own peace. If he be now returned,
As checking at° his voyage, and that he means

IV.vi.14 overlooked surveyed 17 appointment equipment
26 bore caliber (here, "importance")

IV.vii.7 capital deserving death 9 mainly powerfully 10
unsinewed weak 14 conjunctive closely united 17 count
reckoning 18 general gender common people 20 spring
. . . stone a spring in Shakespeare's county was so charged
with lime that it would petrify wood placed in it

21 gyves fetters 22 timbered shafted 26 terms conditions
27 go back again revert to what is past 44 naked destitute
50 abuse deception 51 character handwriting 53 devise
advise 62 checking at turning away from (a term in
falconry)

No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice^o
And call it accident.

LAERTES My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

KING It falls right. 70
You have been talked of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine. Your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard, 75
Of the unworthiest siege.^o

LAERTES What part is that, my lord?

KING
A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,^o 80
Importing health and graveness. Two months since
Here was a gentleman of Normandy.
I have seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can^o well on horseback, but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't. He grew unto his seat, 85
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
As had he been incorpsed and deminated
With the brave beast. So far he topped my thought
That I, in forgery^o of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

LAERTES A Norman was't? 90

KING A Norman.

LAERTES
Upon my life, Lamord.

KING The very same.

LAERTES
I know him well. He is the brooch^o indeed
And gem of all the nation.

KING
He made confession^o of you, 95
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defense,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you. The scrimers^o of their nation 100
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er to play with you. 105
Now, out of this—

LAERTES What out of this, my lord?

KING
Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

LAERTES Why ask you this?

67 uncharge the practice not charge the device with treachery
76 siege rank 80 sables . . . weeds i.e., sober attire
84 can do 89 forgery invention 93 brooch ornament 95
confession report 100 scrimers fencers

KING

Not that I think you did not love your father, 110
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,^o
Time qualifies^o the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff^o that will abate it, 115
And nothing is at a like goodness still,^o
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,^o
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do
We should do when we would, for this "would"
changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many 120
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift sigh,^o
That hurts by easing. But to the quick^o of th' ulcer—
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To show yourself in deed your father's son 125
More than in words?

LAERTES To cut his throat i' th' church!

KING
No place indeed should murder sanctuarize;^o
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this? Keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet returned shall know you are come home. 130
We'll put on those^o shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine^o together
And wager on your heads. He, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving, 135
Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated,^o and, in a pass of practice,^o
Requite him for your father.

LAERTES I will do't,
And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword. 140
I bought an unction of a mountebank,^o
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasms^o so rare,
Collected from all simples^o that have virtue^o
Under the moon, can save the thing from death 145
That is but scratched withal. I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

KING Let's further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape.^o If this should fail, 150
And that our drift look through^o our bad performance,
'Twere better not assayed. Therefore this project
Should have a black or second, that might hold
If this did blast in proof.^o Soft, let me see.
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings— 155
I ha't!

112 passages of proof proved cases 113 qualifies diminishes
115 snuff residue of burnt wick (which dims the light) 116
still always 117 plurisy fullness, excess 122 spendthrift
sigh sighing provides ease, but because it was thought to thin
the blood and so shorten life it was spendthrift 123 quick
sensitive flesh 127 sanctuarize protect 131 We'll . . .
those we'll incite persons who 133 in fine finally 138
unbated not blunted; pass of practice treacherous thrust
141 mountebank quack 143 cataplasms poultice 144 sim-
ples medicinal herbs; virtue power (to heal) 150 shape role
151 drift look through purpose show through 154 blast in
proof burst (fail) in performance

When in your motion you are hot and dry—
As make your bouts more violent to that end—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him
A chalice for the nonce,^o whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,^o
Our purpose may hold there.—But stay, what noise?

Enter QUEEN.

QUEEN

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. Your sister's drowned, Laertes.

LAERTES Drowned! O, where?

QUEEN

There is a willow grows askant^o the brook,
That shows his hoar^o leaves in the glassy stream:
Therewith^o fantastic garlands did she make
Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal^o shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.
There on the pendent boughs her crownet^o weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver^o broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And mermaidlike awhile they bore her up,
Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds,^o
As one incapable^o of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued^o
Unto that element. But long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

LAERTES Alas, then she is drowned?

QUEEN Drowned, drowned.

LAERTES

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears; but yet
It is our trick;^o nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman^o will be out. Adieu, my lord.
I have a speech o' fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

Exit.

KING

Let's follow, Gertrude.

How much I had to do to calm his rage!

Now fear I this will give it start again;

Therefore let's follow.

Exeunt.

[A C T V]

[Scene I. A churchyard.]

Enter two CLOWNS.^o

CLOWN Is she to be buried in Christian burial when
she willfully seeks her own salvation?

OTHER I tell thee she is. Therefore make her grave
straight.^o The crowner^o hath sate on her, and finds it
Christian burial.

160 CLOWN How can that be, unless she drowned herself
in her own defense?

OTHER Why, 'tis found so.

CLOWN It must be se offendendo;^o it cannot be else.

For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, 10
it argues an act, and an act hath three branches—it is to
act, to do, to perform. Argal,^o she drowned herself
wittingly.

165 OTHER Nay, but hear you, Goodman Delver.

CLOWN Give me leave. Here lies the water—good. 15
Here stands the man—good. If the man go to this
water and drown himself, it is, will he nill he,^o he goes;
mark you that. But if the water come to him and
drown him, he drowns not himself. Argal, he that is
170 not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life. 20

OTHER But is this law?

CLOWN Ay marry, is't—crowner's quest^o law.

OTHER Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not
been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out
o' Christian burial. 25

CLOWN Why, there thou say'st. And the more pity
that great folk should have count'nance^o in this world
to drown or hang themselves more than their even-
Christen.^o Come, my spade. There is no ancient
180 gentlemen but gard'ners, ditchers, and gravemakers. 30
They hold up^o Adam's profession.

OTHER Was he a gentleman?

CLOWN 'A was the first that ever bore arms.^o

OTHER Why, he had none.

CLOWN What, art a heathen? How doest thou under- 35
stand the Scripture? The Scripture says Adam digged.
185 Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question
to thee. If thou answerest me not to the purpose,
confess thyself—

OTHER Go to. 40

CLOWN What is he that builds stronger than either
the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

OTHER The gallowsmaker, for that frame outlives a
thousand tenants.

CLOWN I like thy wit well, in good faith. The gallows 45
does well. But how does it well? It does well to those
that do ill. Now thou dost ill to say the gallows is
built stronger than the church. Argal, the gallows may
do well to thee. To't again, come.

OTHER Who builds stronger than a mason, a ship- 50
wright, or a carpenter?

CLOWN Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.^o

OTHER Marry, now I can tell.

CLOWN To't.

OTHER Mass,^o I cannot tell. 55

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO afar off.

160 nonce occasion 161 stuck thrust 166 askant aslant
167 hoar silver-gray 168 Therewith i.e., with willow twigs
170 liberal free-spoken, coarse-mouthed 172 crownet
coronet 173 envious sliver malicious branch 177 lauds
hymns 178 incapable unaware 179 indued in harmony
with 187 trick trait, way 189 woman i.e., womanly part of
me

V.i.s.d. clowns rustics

4 straight straightway; crowner coroner 9 se offendendo
blunder for *se defendendo*, a legal term meaning "in self-
defense" 12 Argal blunder for Latin *ergo*, "therefore" 17
will he . . . he will he or will he not (whether he will or
will not) 22 quest inquest 27 count'nance privilege 28-29
even-Christen fellow Christian 31 hold up keep up 33
bore arms had a coat of arms (the sign of a gentleman) 52
unyoke i.e., stop work for the day 55 Mass by the mass

CLOWN Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating. And when you are asked this question next, say "a grave-maker." The houses he makes lasts till doomsday. Go, get thee in, and fetch me a stoup^o of liquor. 60

[Exit OTHER CLOWN.]

(Song.)

In youth when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet

To contract—O—the time for—a—my behove,^o

O, methought there—a—was nothing—a—meet.

HAMLET Has this fellow no feeling of his business? 'A 65
sings in gravemaking.

HORATIO Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.^o

HAMLET 'Tis e'en so. The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.^o 70

CLOWN (Song.)

But age with his stealing steps

Hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a skull.]

HAMLET That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing 75
once. How the knave jowls^o it to the ground, as if 'twere Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches,^o one that would circumvent God, might it not? 80

HORATIO It might, my lord.

HAMLET Or of a courtier, which could say "Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, sweet lord?" This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that praised my Lord Such-a-one's horse when 'a went to beg it, might 85
it not?

HORATIO Ay, my lord.

HAMLET Why, e'en so, and now my Lady Worm's, chapless,^o and knocked about the mazzard^o with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the 90
trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggets^o with them? Mine ache to think on't.

CLOWN (Song.)

A pickax and a spade, a spade,

For and a shrouding sheet; 95

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another skull.]

HAMLET There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities^o now, his quillities,^o his cases, his tenures,^o and his tricks? Why 100
does he suffer this mad knave now to knock him about the sconce^o with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him

of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines,^o his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine^o of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures?^o The very conveyances^o of his lands 110
will scarcely lie in this box, and must th' inheritor himself have no more, ha?

HORATIO Not a jot more, my lord.

HAMLET Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

HORATIO Ay, my lord, and of calveskins too. 115

HAMLET They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance^o in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

CLOWN Mine, sir. [Sings.]

O, a pit of clay for to be made 120

For such a guest is meet.

HAMLET I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in't.

CLOWN You lie out on't, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours. For my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

HAMLET Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is 125
thine. 'Tis for the dead, not for the quick;^o therefore thou liest.

CLOWN 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again from me to you.

HAMLET What man dost thou dig it for? 130

CLOWN For no man, sir.

HAMLET What woman then?

CLOWN For none neither.

HAMLET Who is to be buried in't?

CLOWN One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, 135
she's dead.

HAMLET How absolute^o the knave is! We must speak by the card,^o or equivocation^o will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have took note of it, the age is grown so picked^o that the toe of the peasant 140
comes so near the heel of the courtier he galls his kibe.^o How long hast thou been a gravemaker?

CLOWN Of all the days i' th' year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

HAMLET How long is that since? 145

CLOWN Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that. It was that very day that young Hamlet was born—he that is mad, and sent into England.

HAMLET Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

CLOWN Why, because 'a was mad. 'A shall recover his 150
wits there; or, if 'a do not, 'tis no great matter there.

HAMLET Why?

CLOWN 'Twill not be seen in him there. There the men are as mad as he.

HAMLET How came he mad? 155

CLOWN Very strangely, they say.

HAMLET How strangely?

60 stoup tankard 63 behove advantage 67–68 in . . . easiness easy for him 70 hath . . . sense is more sensitive (because it is not calloused) 76 jowls hurls 79 o'erreaches (1) reaches over (2) has the advantage over 89 chapless lacking the lower jaw; mazzard head 92 loggets a game in which small pieces of wood were thrown at an object 99 quiddities subtle arguments (from Latin *quidditas* = whatness) 100 quillities fine distinctions; tenures legal means of holding land 102 sconce head

105 his statutes . . . fines his documents giving a creditor control of a debtor's land, his bonds of surety, his documents changing an entailed estate into fee simple (unrestricted ownership) 106 fine end 110 indentures contracts; conveyances legal documents for the transference of land 117 assurance safety 126 quick living 137 absolute positive, decided 138 by the card by the compass card, i.e., exactly; equivocation ambiguity 140 picked refined 141 kibe sore on the back of the heel

CLOWN Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

HAMLET Upon what ground?

CLOWN Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton 160
here, man and boy, thirty years.

HAMLET How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he
rot?

CLOWN Faith, if 'a be not rotten before 'a die (as we
have many pocky corses° nowadays that will scarce 165
hold the laying in), 'a will last you some eight year or
nine year. A tanner will last you nine year.

HAMLET Why he, more than another?

CLOWN Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade
that 'a will keep out water a great while, and your 170
water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body.
Here's a skull now hath lien you i' th' earth three and
twenty years.

HAMLET Whose was it?

CLOWN A whoreson mad fellow's it was. Whose do 175
you think it was?

HAMLET Nay, I know not.

CLOWN A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'A
poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This
same skull, sir, was, sir, Yorick's skull, the king's jester. 180

HAMLET This?

CLOWN E'en that.

HAMLET Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor
Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest,
of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back 185
a thousand times. And now how abhorred in my
imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those
lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be
your gibes now? Your gambols, your songs, your
flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table 190
on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning?
Quite chapfall'n°? Now get you to my lady's chamber,
and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor°
she must come. Make her laugh at that. Prithee,
Horatio, tell me one thing. 195

HORATIO What's that, my lord?

HAMLET Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this
fashion i' th' earth?

HORATIO E'en so.

HAMLET And smelt so? Pah! 200

[*Puts down the skull.*]

HORATIO E'en so, my lord.

HAMLET To what base uses we may return, Horatio!
Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of
Alexander till 'a find it stopping a bung-hole?

HORATIO 'Twere to consider too curiously,° to con- 205
sider so.

HAMLET No, faith, not a jot, but to follow him thither
with modesty enough,° and likelihood to lead it; as
thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alex-
ander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we 210
make loam; and why of that loam whereto he was
converted might they not stop a beer barrel?

Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

O, that that earth which kept the world in awe 215
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!°
But soft, but soft awhile! Here comes the king.

*Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, and a coffin, with
LORDS attendant [and a DOCTOR of Divinity].*

The queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow?
And with such maimèd° rites? This doth betoken 220
The corse they follow did with desp'rate hand
Fordo it° own life. 'Twas of some estate.°

Couch° we awhile, and mark. [*Retires with HORATIO.*]

LAERTES

What ceremony else?

HAMLET That is Laertes,

A very noble youth. Mark.

LAERTES

What ceremony else? 225

DOCTOR

Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful,°
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified been lodged 230
Till the last trumpet. For charitable prayers,
Shards,° flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her.
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,°
Her maiden strewments,° and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

LAERTES

Must there no more be done?

DOCTOR

No more be done. 235

We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

LAERTES

Lay her i' th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest, 240
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be
When thou liest howling!

HAMLET

What, the fair Ophelia?

QUEEN

Sweets to the sweet! Farewell.

[*Scatters flowers.*]

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife.
I thought thy bride bed to have decked, sweet maid, 245
And not have strewed thy grave.

LAERTES

O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursèd head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense°
Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms. 250

Leaps in the grave.

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
T' o'ertop old Pelion° or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

165 **pocky corses** bodies of persons who had been infected with the pox (syphilis) 192 **chapfall'n** (1) down in the mouth (2) jawless 194 **favor** facial appearance 205 **curiously** minutely 208 **with modesty enough** without exaggeration

216 **flaw** gust 219 **maimèd** incomplete 221 **Fordo it** destroy its; **estate** high rank 222 **Couch** hide 227 **doubtful** suspicious 231 **Shards** broken pieces of pottery 232 **crants** garlands 233 **strewments** i.e., of flowers 248 **most ingenious sense** finely endowed mind 253 **Pelion** according to classical legend, giants in their fight with the gods sought to reach heaven by piling Mount Pelion and Mount Ossa on Mount Olympus

HAMLET [*Coming forward.*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow 255
Conjures the wand'ring stars,^o and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

LAERTES The devil take thy soul!
[*Grapples with him.*]^o

HAMLET
Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat, 260
For, though I am not splenitive^o and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

KING
Pluck them asunder.

QUEEN Hamlet, Hamlet!

ALL
Gentlemen!

HORATIO Good my lord, be quiet. 265

[*ATTENDANTS part them.*]

HAMLET
Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

QUEEN
O my son, what theme?

HAMLET
I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love 270
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

KING
O, he is mad, Laertes.

QUEEN
For love of God forbear him.

HAMLET
'Swounds, show me what thou't do.
Woo't weep? Woo't fight? Woo't fast? Woo't tear 275
thyself?

Woo't drink up eisel?^o Eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw 280
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,^o
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

QUEEN This is mere madness;
And thus a while the fit will work on him. 285
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,^o
His silence will sit drooping.

HAMLET Hear you, sir.

What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever. But it is no matter. 290
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

KING

I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.

Exit HAMLET and HORATIO.

[*To LAERTES.*]

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech.
We'll put the matter to the present push.^o 295
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living^o monument.
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

[*Scene II. The castle.*]

265 *Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.*

HAMLET
So much for this, sir; now shall you see the other.
You do remember all the circumstance?

HORATIO
Remember it, my lord!

HAMLET
Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep. Methought I lay 5
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.^o Rashly
(And praised be rashness for it) let us know,
Our indiscretion sometime serves us well
When our deep plots do pall,^o and that should learn us 10
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

HORATIO That is most certain.

HAMLET
Up from my cabin,
My sea gown scarfed about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingered^o their packet, and in fine^o withdrew 15
To mine own room again, making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio—
Ah, royal knavery!—an exact command,
Larded^o with many several sorts of reasons, 20
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho, such bugs and goblins in my life,^o
That on the supervise,^o no leisure bated,^o
No, not to stay the grinding of the ax,
My head should be struck off.

HORATIO Is't possible? 25

HAMLET
Here's the commission; read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

HORATIO I beseech you.

HAMLET
Being thus benetted round with villains,

295 **present push** immediate test 297 **living** lasting (with perhaps also a reference to the plot against Hamlet's life)

V.ii.6 **mutines** . . . **bilboes** mutineers in fetters 9 **pall** fail 15 **Fingered** stole; in **fine** finally 20 **Larded** enriched 22 **such** . . . **life** such bugbears and imagined terrors if I were allowed to live 23 **supervise** reading; **leisure bated** delay allowed

256 **wand'ring stars** planets 258 **s.d.** **Grapples with him** Q1, a bad quarto, presumably reporting a version that toured, has a previous direction saying "Hamlet leaps in after Laertes"; possibly he does so, somewhat hysterically, but such a direction—absent from the two good texts, Q2 and F—makes Hamlet the aggressor, somewhat contradicting his next speech; perhaps Laertes leaps out of the grave to attack Hamlet 261 **splenitive** fiery (the spleen was thought to be the seat of anger) 276 **eisel** vinegar 282 **burning zone** sun's orbit 287 **golden** . . . **dis-closed** the dove lays two eggs, and the newly hatched ("disclosed") young are covered with golden down

Or° I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play. I sat me down,
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair.
I once did hold it, as our statist^o do,
A baseness to write fair,^o and labored much
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
Th' effect^o of what I wrote?

HORATIO Ay, good my lord.

HAMLET

An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma^o 'tween their amities,
And many suchlike as's of great charge,^o
That on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should those bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving^o time allowed.

HORATIO How was this sealed?

HAMLET

Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.^o
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model^o of that Danish seal,
Folded the writ up in the form of th' other,
Subscribed it, gave't th' impression, placed it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

HORATIO

So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

HAMLET

Why, man, they did make love to this employment.
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation^o grow.
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass^o and fell^o incensèd points
Of mighty opposites.

HORATIO Why, what a king is this!

HAMLET

Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon^o—
He that hath killed my king, and whored my mother,
Popped in between th' election^o and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle^o for my proper life,^o
And with such coz'nage^o—is't not perfect conscience
To quit^o him with this arm? And is't not to be damned
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

HORATIO

It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

HAMLET

It will be short; the interim's mine,
And a man's life's no more than to say "one."

30 But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself,
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his. I'll court his favors.
But sure the bravery^o of his grief did put me
35 Into a tow'ring passion.

HORATIO Peace, who comes here? 80

Enter young OSRIC, a courtier.

OSRIC Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

HAMLET I humbly thank you, sir. [*Aside to HORATIO.*]
Dost know this waterfly?

HORATIO [*Aside to HAMLET.*] No, my good lord. 85

HAMLET [*Aside to HORATIO.*] Thy state is the more
gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much
land, and fertile. Let a beast be lord of beasts, and his
crib shall stand at the king's mess.^o 'Tis a chough,^o but,
as I say, spacious^o in the possession of dirt. 90

OSRIC Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I
should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

HAMLET I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of
spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use. 'Tis for the
head. 95

50 OSRIC I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

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

OSRIC It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

HAMLET But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot 100
for my complexion.^o

OSRIC Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as
'twere—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty
bade me signify to you that 'a has laid a great wager on
your head. Sir, this is the matter— 105

HAMLET I beseech you remember.

60 [*HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.*]

OSRIC Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith.
Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes—believe me,
an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differ-
ences,^o of very soft society and great showing. Indeed, 110
to speak feelingly^o of him, he is the card^o or calendar of
gentry; for you shall find in him the continent^o of
what part a gentleman would see.

HAMLET Sir, his definement^o suffers no perdition^o in
you, though, I know, to divide him inventorially 115
would dozy^o th' arithmetic of memory, and yet but
yaw neither in respect of his quick sail.^o But, in the
verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great
article,^o and his infusion^o of such dearth and rareness
as, to make true diction^o of him, his semblable^o is his 120
mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage,^o
nothing more.

OSRIC Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

30 Or ere 33 statist statesmen 34 fair clearly 37 effect
purport 42 comma link 43 great charge (1) serious exhortation (2) heavy burden (punning on *as's* and *asses*) 47 shriving
absolution 48 ordinant ruling 50 model counterpart 59 insinuation meddling 61 pass thrust; fell cruel 63 stand
. . . upon become incumbent upon me 65 election the Danish monarchy was elective 66 angle fishing line; my
proper life my own life 67 coz'nage trickery 68 quit pay back

79 bravery bravado 89 mess table; chough jackdaw (here, chatterer) 90 spacious well off 101 complexion temperament 109–10 differences distinguishing characteristics 111
feelingly justly; card chart 112 continent summary 114 definement description; perdition loss 116 dozy dizzy
116–17 and yet . . . sail and yet only stagger despite all ("yaw neither") in trying to overtake his virtues 119 article literally,
"item," but here perhaps "traits" or "importance"; infusion essential quality 120 diction description; semblable likeness
121 umbrage shadow

HAMLET The concernancy,^o sir? Why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath? 125
 OSRIC Sir?
 HORATIO Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will to't,^o sir, really.
 HAMLET What imports the nomination of this gentleman? 130
 OSRIC Of Laertes?
 HORATIO [*Aside to HAMLET.*] His purse is empty already. All's golden words are spent.
 HAMLET Of him, sir.
 OSRIC I know you are not ignorant— 135
 HAMLET I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve^o me. Well, sir?
 OSRIC You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—
 HAMLET I dare not confess that, lest I should compare 140 with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.
 OSRIC I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation^o laid on him by them, in his meed^o he's unfellowed. 145
 HAMLET What's his weapon?
 OSRIC Rapier and dagger.
 HAMLET That's two of his weapons—but well.
 OSRIC The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses, against the which he has impawned,^o 150 as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns,^o as girdle, hangers,^o and so. Three of the carriages,^o in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive^o to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.^o 155
 HAMLET What call you the carriages?
 HORATIO [*Aside to HAMLET.*] I knew you must be edified by the margent^o ere you had done.
 OSRIC The carriages, sir, are the hangers.
 HAMLET The phrase would be more germane to the 160 matter if we could carry a cannon by our sides. I would it might be hangers till then. But on! Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages—that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this all im- 165 pawned, as you call it?
 OSRIC The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial if your lordship 170 would vouchsafe the answer.
 HAMLET How if I answer no?
 OSRIC I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.
 HAMLET Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please 175 his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me.^o Let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can;

if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits. 180
 OSRIC Shall I deliver you e'en so?
 HAMLET To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will.
 OSRIC I commend my duty to your lordship.
 HAMLET Yours, yours. [*Exit OSRIC.*] He does well to 185 commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.
 HORATIO This lapwing^o runs away with the shell on his head.
 HAMLET 'A did comply, sir, with his dug^o before 'a 190 sucked it. Thus has he, and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time and, out of an habit of encounter,^o a kind of yeasty^o collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions; 195 and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.^o

Enter a LORD.

LORD My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall. He sends to know if your 200 pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.
 HAMLET I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure. If his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now. 205
 LORD The king and queen and all are coming down.
 HAMLET In happy time.
 LORD The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment^o to Laertes before you fall to play.
 HAMLET She well instructs me. [*Exit LORD.*] 210
 HORATIO You will lose this wager, my lord.
 HAMLET I do not think so. Since he went into France I have been in continual practice. I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart. But it is no matter. 215
 HORATIO Nay, good my lord—
 HAMLET It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of gain-giving^o as would perhaps trouble a woman.
 HORATIO If your mind dislike anything, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither and say you are not fit. 220
 HAMLET Not a whit, we defy augury. There is special providence in the fall of a sparrow.^o If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come. The readiness is all. Since no man of aught he leaves knows, what is't to leave 225 betimes?^o Let be.

A table prepared. [Enter] TRUMPETS, DRUMS, and OFFICERS with cushions; KING, QUEEN, [OSRIC,] and all the STATE, [with] foils, daggers, [and stoups of wine borne in]; and LAERTES.

188 lapwing the new-hatched lapwing was thought to run around with half its shell on its head 190 'A . . . dug he was ceremoniously polite to his mother's breast 193 out . . . encounter out of his own superficial way of meeting and conversing with people 194 yeasty frothy 196–97 the . . . out i.e., they are blown away (the reference is to the "yeasty collection") 208–09 to . . . entertainment to be courteous 217–18 gain-giving misgiving 222 the . . . sparrow cf. Matthew 10:29, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father" 226 betimes early

124 concernancy meaning 128 will to't will get there 137 approve commend 143–44 imputation reputation 144 meed merit 150 impawned wagered 152 assigns accompaniments; hangers straps hanging the sword to the belt 153 carriages an affected word for hangers 153–54 responsive corresponding 155 liberal conceit elaborate design 158 margent i.e., marginal (explanatory) comment 176 breathing . . . me time when I take exercise

KING

Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The KING puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.*]

HAMLET

Give me your pardon, sir. I have done you wrong,
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.This presence° knows, and you must needs have heard, 230
How I am punished with a sore distraction.

What I have done

That might your nature, honor, and exception°

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never Hamlet. 235

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction° that is wronged;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy. 240

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house

And hurt my brother.

LAERTES

I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive in this case should stir me most

To my revenge. But in my terms of honor

I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation

Till by some elder masters of known honor

I have a voice and precedent° of peace

To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time

I do receive your offered love like love,

And will not wrong it. 250

HAMLET

I embrace it freely,

And will this brother's wager frankly play.

Give us the foils. Come on. 255

LAERTES

Come, one for me.

HAMLET

I'll be your foil,° Laertes. In mine ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i' th' darkest night,

Stick fiery off° indeed.

LAERTES

You mock me, sir.

HAMLET

No, by this hand. 260

KING

Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

HAMLET

Very well, my lord.

Your grace has laid the odds o' th' weaker side.

KING

I do not fear it, I have seen you both;

But since he is bettered,° we have therefore odds. 265

LAERTES

This is too heavy; let me see another.

HAMLET

This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

Prepare to play.

OSRIC

Ay, my good lord.

KING

Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.

If Hamlet give the first or second hit, 270

Or quit° in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,

And in the cup an union° shall he throw

Richer than that which four successive kings 275

In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups,

And let the kettle° to the trumpet speak,

The trumpet to the cannoneer without,

The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth, 280

"Now the king drinks to Hamlet." Come, begin.

Trumpets the while.

240

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

HAMLET

Come on, sir.

LAERTES

Come, my lord. *They play.*

HAMLET

One.

245

LAERTES

No.

HAMLET

Judgment?

OSRIC

A hit, a very palpable hit.

Drum, trumpets, and shot. Flourish; a piece goes off.

250

LAERTES

Well, again.

KING

Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine.

Here's to thy health. Give him the cup. 285

HAMLET

I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.

255

Come. [*They play.*] Another hit. What say you?

LAERTES

A touch, a touch; I do confess't.

KING

Our son shall win.

QUEEN

He's fat,° and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows. 290

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

HAMLET

260

Good madam!

KING

Gertrude, do not drink.

QUEEN

I will, my lord; I pray you pardon me.

[*Drinks.*]KING [*Aside.*]

It is the poisoned cup; it is too late.

265

HAMLET

I dare not drink yet, madam—by and by. 295

QUEEN

Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAERTES

My lord, I'll hit him now.

KING

I do not think't.

LAERTES [*Aside.*]

And yet it is almost against my conscience.

230 **presence** royal assembly 233 **exception** disapproval
 240 **faction** party, side 251 **voice and precedent** authoritative opinion justified by precedent 257 **foil** (1) blunt sword (2) background (of metallic leaf) for a jewel 259 **Stick fiery off** stand out brilliantly 265 **bettered** has improved (in France)

271 **quit** repay, hit back 274 **union** pearl 277 **kettle** kettle-drum 289 **fat** (1) sweaty (2) out of training

HAMLET

Come for the third, Laertes. You do but dally.
I pray you pass with your best violence;
I am sure you make a wanton° of me.

LAERTES

Say you so? Come on.

[*They*] play.

OSRIC

Nothing neither way.

LAERTES

Have at your now!

In scuffling they change rapiers, [and both are wounded].

KING

Part them. They are incensed.

HAMLET

Nay, come—again! [*The QUEEN falls.*]

OSRIC

Look to the queen there, ho!

HORATIO

They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?

OSRIC

How is't, Laertes?

LAERTES

Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe,° Osric.
I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

HAMLET

How does the queen?

KING

She sounds° to see them bleed.

QUEEN

No, no, the drink, the drink! O my dear Hamlet!
The drink, the drink! I am poisoned. [*Dies.*]

HAMLET

O villainy! Ho! Let the door be locked.
Treachery! Seek it out.

[*LAERTES falls.*]

LAERTES

It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;
No med'cine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour's life.
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenomed. The foul practice°
Hath turned itself on me. Lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poisoned.
I can no more. The king, the king's to blame.

HAMLET

The point envenomed too?
Then, venom, to thy work.

Hurts the KING.

ALL Treason! Treason!

KING

O, yet defend me, friends. I am but hurt.

HAMLET

Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damnèd Dane,
Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?
Follow my mother.

KING *dies.*

LAERTES

He is justly served.

It is a poison tempered° by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.

301 wanton spoiled child 308 springe snare 310 sounds swoons 319 practice deception 330 tempered mixed

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! *Dies.*

300

HAMLET

Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes° or audience to this act,
Had I but time (as this fell sergeant,° Death,
Is strict in his arrest) O, I could tell you—
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.°

335

340

HORATIO

Never believe it.

I am more an antique Roman° than a Dane.
Here's yet some liquor left.

HAMLET

As th' art a man,

Give me the cup. Let go. By heaven, I'll ha't!

345

305

O God, Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity° awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. *A march afar off. [Exit OSRIC.]*

350

What warlike noise is this?

Enter OSRIC.

OSRIC

Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To th' ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

HAMLET

O, I die, Horatio!

The potent poison quite o'ercrows° my spirit.
I cannot live to hear the news from England,
But I do prophesy th' election lights
On Fortinbras. He has my dying voice.
So tell him, with th' occurrents,° more and less,
Which have solicited°—the rest is silence.

355

Dies. 360

315

HORATIO

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

[*March within.*]

320

Why does the drum come hither?

Enter FORTINBRAS, with the AMBASSADORS with drum, colors, and ATTENDANTS.

FORTINBRAS

Where is this sight?

HORATIO

What is it you would see?

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

365

325

FORTINBRAS

This quarry° cries on havoc.° O proud Death,
What feast is toward° in thine eternal cell
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

AMBASSADOR

The sight is dismal;

337 mutes performers who have no words to speak 338 fell sergeant dread sheriff's officer 342 unsatisfied uninformed 343 antique Roman with reference to the old Roman fashion of suicide 349 felicity i.e., the felicity of death 355 o'er-crows overpowers (as a triumphant cock crows over its weak opponent) 359 occurrents occurrences 360 solicited incited 366 quarry heap of slain bodies; cries on havoc proclaims general slaughter 367 toward in preparation

And our affairs from England come too late.
 The ears are senseless that should give us hearing
 To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,
 That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
 Where should we have our thanks?

HORATIO Not from his^o mouth,
 Had it th' ability of life to thank you.
 He never gave commandment for their death.
 But since, so jump^o upon this bloody question,
 You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
 Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
 High on a stage^o be placèd to the view,
 And let me speak to th' yet unknowing world
 How these things came about. So shall you hear
 Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
 Of accidental judgments, casual^o slaughters,
 Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
 And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
 Fall'n on th' inventors' heads. All this can I
 Truly deliver.

FORTINBRAS Let us haste to hear it,

374 his Claudius' 377 jump precisely 380 stage platform
 384 casual not humanly planned, chance

370 And call the noblest to the audience.
 For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune. 390
 I have some rights of memory^o in this kingdom,
 Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

HORATIO

Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
 375 And from his mouth whose voice will draw on^o more.
 But let this same be presently performed, 395
 Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
 On^o plots and errors happen.

FORTINBRAS

Let four captains
 380 Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage,
 For he was likely, had he been put on,^o
 To have proved most royal; and for his passage^o 400
 The soldiers' music and the rite of war
 Speak loudly for him.
 385 Take up the bodies. Such a sight as this
 Becomes the field,^o but here shows much amiss.
 Go, bid the soldiers shoot. 405

*Exeunt marching; after the which a peal of ordnance
 are shot off.*

391 rights of memory remembered claims 394 voice . . .
 on vote will influence 397 On on top of 399 put on
 advanced (to the throne) 400 passage death 404 field
 battlefield

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

EDITED BY WILLIAM GREEN

Introduction¹

What a delightful picture of Elizabethan village life Shakespeare presents in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. He tickles our palates with hot venison pasty and pippins and cheese. He plunges us into a world where hawking and greyhound racing are matters of concern. He walks us through the town, alluding to the nearby Thames, Datchet Mead, Windsor Castle and its chapel. He takes us into the Garter Inn; and, lastly, he leaves us at midnight under Herne's Oak in Windsor Little Park. Yet his intent is not to extol village life for its own sake, for, as always, Shakespeare is interested in people. In this play he gives us a peek into the private lives of his villagers, showing us how love affects as disparate a group of individuals as one would ever expect to encounter in an English village.

There is, of course, the traditional sweet young maiden—Mistress Anne Page, the picture of “pretty virginity.” She is in love with a handsome gentleman. He has for his rivals the shy, colorless nephew of a country justice and a choleric French physician who draws his patients from among the gentry and royalty. These are the principals of the subplot. In the main plot we meet a pair of prosperous townsmen—one given to extreme jealousy—whose vivacious wives prove more than a match for a fat, old, lecherous conniver from London. Rounding out this rich gallery of characters are a Welsh parson more adept at giving a Latin lesson than fighting a duel; a bluff, hearty innkeeper whose equanimity can be shattered only by such a major calamity as the theft of his post horses; a country justice of the peace; a goodhearted housekeeper, skilled as a go-between; and some sharpers parasitically attendant on the lecher.

Shakespeare takes these characters and places them in a fast-paced farce. He blends the two plot lines smoothly, and organically integrates his characters. When the play concludes, the audience may leave in a joyous mood, laughing over the fractured English of Evans and Caius, chuckling at the malapropisms of Mistress Quickly, delighted with the farce escapades, content that Jill got her Jack and that middle-class morality has been upheld.

¹ Portions of the following are based on concepts developed in extended form in the editor's *Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor*. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1962. Permission has been granted by the Princeton University Press.

A major Shakespearean work? Hardly. That audiences have not been disturbed by this question of major or minor is apparent from the long production record the play has had (including a performance before James I in November 1604) and from the adaptations it has undergone, first in John Dennis' dramatic version of 1702 (*The Comical Gallant*) and later in various operatic treatments.

Yet this play, so much the delight of theatergoers, has proved a bane to scholars. If “To thyself be enough” could be applied to *The Merry Wives*, there would be no problem. But since Shakespeare was a playwright in whom a continual line of development can be traced, the play must be considered in relation to the canon as a whole. And here a host of problems arises.

When examined in the study instead of on the stage, *The Merry Wives* engenders question after question. Why does a set of characters from the history plays (*Henry IV* and *Henry V*) appear in the script? No biographical links can be established between the six characters—Falstaff, Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, Justice Shallow, Mistress Quickly—and their namesakes in the history plays. Why does Shakespeare take such pains to give a historically accurate portrait of Windsor in the 1590's in this his sole play dealing entirely with contemporary English life? Why even select Windsor as the locale for a play about country life when Shakespeare knew Warwickshire so well? Why at a time when he had already produced masterful poetry in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Romeo and Juliet* does he write a play almost entirely in prose? The little verse that appears must be classified as inferior. Why when engrossed in writing romantic comedy—*A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice* show how far he had come with the genre since *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*—does he suddenly backtrack to the farcical treatment of love that he successfully presented in *The Taming of the Shrew*? And what source did he use for the play? None has been discovered.

A key to the answers to these questions is found in some allusions to Queen Elizabeth and Windsor Castle in V.v:

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap.
Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery. (V.v.45-48)

A few lines later the Fairy Queen instructs:

Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, oughs, on every sacred room,
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of Order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flow'r.
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest.
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring.
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And "Honi soit qui mal y pense" write
In emerald tufts, flow'rs purple, blue, and white—
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee—
Fairies use flow'rs for their charactery. (V.v.58-75)

Two allusions attract attention in this passage: *Honi soit qui mal y pense*—motto of the Order of the Garter—and the instructions to the fairies to scour "the several chairs of Order." So deliberately does Shakespeare draw attention to the Order that we cannot ignore the references. They stand out even more sharply when we realize that earlier in the play (I.iv) Dr. Caius informed us he was hurrying to court for a "grand affair." Also, in II.ii, Mistress Quickly noted that the town was filling with courtiers. Something concerning the Order of the Garter was happening in Windsor, and that something could only be an installation of Knights-Elect.

Now the Windsor setting makes sense, for if Shakespeare chose to allude to a Garter installation, what more appropriate place to locate the play than in Windsor, home of the Order of the Garter since the fourteenth century? Moreover, what need to state that the preparation of castle and chapel is for this ceremonial? The Elizabethans knew that the only Garter rite celebrated in Windsor was an installation—this by decree of Elizabeth in 1567. And the Elizabethans—at least those in courtly circles during the late 1590's—further knew what Garter installation Shakespeare was referring to—that of May 1597.

This last statement cannot be verified, but convincing circumstantial evidence has recently been adduced, and generally accepted by scholars, that the sole Garter occasion to which the allusions point is the April 1597 Feast of Saint George and its attendant ceremonials. On this occasion five individuals were named to the Order. Two of them have particular bearing on the genesis of *The Merry Wives*: Frederick, Duke of Württemberg (to whom we shall return), and George Carey, the second Lord Hunsdon.

Hunsdon, a favorite cousin of Queen Elizabeth, was patron of Shakespeare's company at this time. His connection with the company becomes particularly significant in light of an old stage tradition concerning the composition of *The Merry Wives*. According to the tradition, first recorded by John Dennis in 1702, Queen Elizabeth commanded that the play be written and that the task be

completed within fourteen days. Nicholas Rowe, in his 1709 edition of Shakespeare's *Works*, amplified the tradition by stating that the queen "was so well pleas'd with that admirable character of *Falstaff*, in the two Parts of *Henry* the Fourth, that she commanded him to continue it for one Play more, and to show him in Love."

Stage traditions, especially one appearing eighty-six years after Shakespeare's death, must be taken with skepticism. Yet in the face of no counterevidence, this tradition deserves respect. Its foundation is based on the queen's desire to see Falstaff in love, establishing that she had already become familiar with old tunbelly. Although no court play lists are extant, we do know that Shakespeare's company performed before the courtiers six times during the 1596-97 Christmas play season: December 26, 27, 1596; January 1, 6, and February 6, 8, 1597. That *1 Henry IV* was among the works presented is a strong possibility. Recent study of this first Falstaff play points to the autumn of 1596 as the date for its completion—a date slightly earlier than the generalized 1597 traditionally assigned.

Allowing for conjecture, we may assume that the queen expressed her delight with Falstaff in *1 Henry IV*, wondered aloud how the fat knight would fare in a romantic entanglement, had her remarks picked up by Lord Hunsdon and transmitted to Shakespeare with a request to have the play ready for presentation at the April 1597 Saint George's day festivities. Hunsdon had good reason for making such a request, for not only was he to be named a Garter knight on that occasion, but he also was to become Lord Chamberlain of England. Although this latter event occurred on April 17, Hunsdon knew of the appointment several weeks in advance, as he did of his impending Order election. *The Merry Wives* may be considered his "thank you note" to the queen.

Now, we need not take Dennis' remarks about finishing the play in fourteen days literally, especially since Dennis, in one of his letters, later recorded the time span as ten days. Rather, they point to a short period of time for composition. And *The Merry Wives* bears overwhelming marks of hasty composition, perhaps more than any other play of Shakespeare's. The Shallow-Falstaff quarrel of the opening scene is never resolved; the horse-stealing subplot of the fourth act with its references to a German duke is not in any way integrated into the main plot lines of the play; the Caius-Evans revenge scheme dies aborning; anachronisms in time sequences are present; the costume colors in the fairy scene are hopelessly confused; and various other errors appear in the text. Since by 1597 Shakespeare had established a reputation as a skilled dramatist—only a year later Francis Meres was to cite him among the English as "most excellent" in comedy and tragedy—so much slipshod workmanship must be attributed to writing against the clock.

Creating a play to order on short notice, one showing Falstaff in love, was a formidable task. Shakespeare simplified it first by trying to adapt material already at hand and then by revamping some old play. In the spring of 1597, he appears to have been at work on *2 Henry IV*. The opening of *The Merry Wives* with Falstaff, Shallow, Bardolph, and Pistol in a country setting reminds us strongly of the Gloucestershire scenes in the *Henry* play. Shakespeare initially attempts to create a new plot situation

for these characters, but after about a hundred lines he gives up. Under the pressure of time, instead of starting over, he leaves the Falstaff-Shallow quarrel unresolved and attempts to fit Falstaff and crew into the plot of an old play.

This work, in both its main plot and its subplot, bears traits of Italian comedy, and was probably rooted in a tale or tales from the Italian novellas that had been translated into English in various collections since the 1560's. The main plot deals with the stock situation of a clever lover who attempts to deceive a husband. By reversing the roles and making the lover the duped one, a farce situation results. To this plot is grafted—either by Shakespeare or the source author—the traditional Italian tale of two young lovers who cannot gain parental permission to marry. The girl in these stories often is involved with three suitors, at least one of whom is a grotesque character. She also has her maid as a go-between.

Into these tales Shakespeare marches Falstaff and company. Falstaff, of course, converts easily into the duped lover; but the other characters, with the exception of Dame Quickly, who becomes the go-between, cannot be matched with existing characters in the source. Thus Shakespeare is forced to let Shallow wander in and out of the play with no real function and to make what use he can of Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol before writing them out of the script.

In making Falstaff the duped lover, Shakespeare not only fulfilled the Queen's request, but went one step further, for he knew esthetically, as Edmund Malone long ago observed, "what the queen, if the story be true, seems not to have known . . . Falstaff could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeit love, and his professions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleasure, but of money." The Falstaff of *The Merry Wives* must, therefore, be considered a new character with an old name.

At the start of this play the fat knight does bear some resemblances to his counterpart in the *Henry IV* plays in the lusty, blustering manner with which he outfaces Shallow and Slender. And in his soliloquy in IV.v, Shakespeare may have allowed him to reminisce over the old days with the mad Prince of Wales when Falstaff says,

I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudged, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fisher-men's boots with me. I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfall'n as a dried pear.

(IV.v. 90-97)

However, from the beginning of I.iii—when the action proper gets under way—we have a different Falstaff, one who appears to be a reworking of a scholar or pedant from the source story. Thus the Host says to him, "Speak scholarly and wisely"; Ford, in his disguise as Brooke, notes in II.ii, "Sir, I hear you are a scholar" and follows this up several lines later, observing, "You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many warlike, courtlike, and learned

preparations." Literary allusions and such phraseology as "Mistress Ford . . . I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth," crop up in Falstaff's speech and contrast sharply with the racy, oath-laden utterances we have come to associate with the "fat-kidneyed rascal."

This scholar-cum-knight is now a butt, a dupe. He is the farcical target of two delightful Windsor housewives. We must forget the merry rogue who, caught in a pack of lies in describing the Gadshill robbery, is able to wheedle out of the situation by exclaiming, "If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I."

In reworking Falstaff's cronies—Pistol, Nym, and Shallow—as well as in handling the new characters Slender, Caius, and Ford, Shakespeare proved himself more than a mechanical adapter. He fashioned these characters according to the mold of "humors comedy," a genre newly introduced to the stage by George Chapman in 1596. Shakespeare first attempted portrayals of humors, or temperaments, with some of the fringe characters in 2 *Henry IV*, the play, we will remember, that he probably had been working on when interrupted by the queen's command; but he did so here on a rather superficial level. Only Pistol of the "irregular humorists" of 2 *Henry IV* emerges as a full-fledged humors character.

The Pistol of *The Merry Wives* is basically the same character he is in 2 *Henry IV*, a blusterer full of sound and fury. His cohort Nym, as the name indicates (Middle English *nimen*, "to take"), is a filcher; his deeds proclaim it as he joins with Pistol to part Slender from his purse and Mistress Bridget from the handle of her fan. And his overworked phrase "That's my humor" serves further to betray his generic origin. Their fellow traveler from the history plays, Shallow, remains the talkative, empty-headed country justice of 2 *Henry IV*.

Slender and Caius, however, receive fuller treatment, their humors portrayal going beyond the mere use of type names. As the second and third wooer to Anne Page, they function integrally in the plot. They are basically the two grotesques frequently found as suitors to the *amorosa* in Italian comedy; Shakespeare has skillfully retained their grotesque function by casting them as humors figures. Caius is presented as a choleric Frenchman. His medical side is never commented on by Shakespeare. And Slender is portrayed as a country gull. No sooner does he arrive in town than he is robbed by Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph. He is completely passive in the suit to Anne Page. Without his Book of Songs and Sonnets he is unable to woo the lady. Slender of body and slender of mind is he indeed.

The most complete humors portrait in *The Merry Wives* is that of Ford. All Windsor knows, as Quickly relates, that "he's a very jealousy man." Ford even talks of it openly with others. And in private he shows that he is so completely consumed by the flames of jealousy that he would "rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua vitae bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself. . . . God be praised for my jealousy." So intense is this emotion that Ford becomes despicable enough to hire another man, Falstaff, to seduce his wife. In this action Shakespeare exploits Ford's humor to increase the plot complications. However, at the proper

moment he makes Ford see the foolishness of his ways and repent (IV.iv). The entire handling of Ford's character is one-dimensional and makes an interesting contrast with the deeper study of jealousy found in *Othello*.

What is striking about Shakespeare's treatment of *The Merry Wives* as humors comedy is that nowhere do we see the savage bite of the Jonsonian moralist seeking to strip the mask of hypocrisy from humanity. Nor are follies and vices held up to scorn and ridicule. When Shakespeare exposes the weaknesses of Ford or Caius or Slender, he does so with gentleness—and compassion. Even Nym and Pistol do not meet the fate they deserve. That Shakespeare even was able to graft elements of humors comedy onto the basic farce-comedy plot of *The Merry Wives* is a tribute to his artistry, considering the limited amount of time in which he had to work.

Not only in turning to humors comedy was Shakespeare following the latest dramatic trends, but also in bringing on stage foreign character types. In making Caius a French physician (there is no reason for linking him with the founder of the Cambridge college), Shakespeare may have been mocking the predilection of the upper-class Londoners for foreign physicians. But with Hugh Evans, he was surely capitalizing on the interest in stage Welshmen which started about 1593 and continued unabated for several years. Witness Glendower and Fluellen in Shakespeare's other plays.

Thus far we have seen how Shakespeare, by following popular theatrical trends, reworked his Italianate source and created new interest in what might otherwise have been a dull set of stock characters. Still unaccounted for, however, are the Windsor setting, the Order of the Garter allusions, or the horse-stealing subplot. These are not essential to the action line of the play. In fact, the inferior quarto text excises all references to either the court or the Order of the Garter.

The allusions and setting have already been discussed in establishing the date of the play as 1597. Their presence in the script, however, is more than ornamentation, for Shakespeare does combine them into a logical pattern. Aware of the special occasion for which he was to write the play and the select audience that would see it, Shakespeare apparently decided to include material that would reflect on that occasion and on his patron's own election to the Order.

The initial step was to change the locale of the Italianate original to Windsor, easily done since all this original demanded by way of place was a plausible setting for a group of middle-class characters. Immediately with the Windsor switch a Garter association was set up for an Elizabethan audience. This association is carried still further by depicting activity at Windsor Castle—preparation for a ceremonial that by historical evidence could only be an Order of the Garter installation. Shakespeare then clinched the Garter-Windsor link by penning a tribute to the Order. He also added a compliment to the queen, knowing that she would be at the special performance.

This type of structuring is not unique for Shakespeare. He was a master of depicting multiple activities in his plays, making his audiences aware that there are worlds within worlds. Using the terms Harry Levin has given us in *The Overreacher*,² the "grand affair" at the castle becomes

the overplot; the Falstaff-in-love story, the main plot; and the Anne Page-Fenton romance, which parallels the variation on the "course of true love" in the main plot, the underplot. There is even one character who moves from plot to plot: Doctor Caius. We must not forget that three times in I.iv he informs us that he is on his way to the "grand affair," that is, the installation.

One problem still remains in this examination of the plot structure: the presence of the horse-stealing subplot of the fourth act. This section is not based on any of the incidents in the story line proper and disappears from the play as mysteriously as it came. The key character in it is a German duke who never appears but whose men make off with three of the Host's post horses. To be understood, this subplot must be seen as an appendage of the Garter overplot, but alas, it is such a weak appendage that it dangles completely unsupported.

The German duke alluded to is most assuredly Frederick, Duke of Württemberg, who, as previously mentioned, was one of the five individuals elected to the Order in 1597. He was, in fact, the only German ruler made a Garter knight between 1579 and 1612. Ever since 1592 when he had made a trip to England while still Count Mompelgard, Frederick had been obsessed with a desire to become a Knight of the Garter. He badgered Elizabeth and her courtiers with letters and with embassages over the next several years in support of this desire. The queen, for various reasons, paid little heed to his wishes. Finally, in 1597, at a time of serious strain in Anglo-German relations stemming from bitter disagreements over trading policies between the English and the Hanse, Elizabeth sanctioned Frederick's election to the Order. That this was done solely out of political expediency to keep the duke as a German ally is virtually a certainty. Since Frederick had not been particularly discreet in his campaign for election, a goodly segment of those in court circles were fully aware of this vain duke's interest in the Garter.

Even after his election Frederick continued to be a topical figure, for now he began his campaign for investiture and installation—the two final ceremonies for full-fledged Garter membership. Elizabeth may have delayed in sending an investiture mission to Württemberg because the costs were so great or she may have wanted to have a hold over Frederick, as a friendly German prince, so that he would actively support her in the Hanse dispute. This dispute had become so serious by the summer of 1597 that Emperor Rudolph II barred the English Merchant Adventurers from the German empire. Whatever the reason behind Elizabeth's stalling, the queen died in 1603 without either an end to the Hanse dispute or investiture for Frederick.

Soon after James I came to the throne, Emperor Rudolph settled the Hanse dispute, and Duke Frederick renewed his pleas for investiture. This time he succeeded, and he received the long-coveted insignia of the Order during the investiture ceremonies in Stuttgart on November 6, 1603. The following April he sent a proxy delegate for installation at Windsor during the annual Feast of Saint George celebration. Clearly Duke Frederick and his lobbying activities were known to a great number of those in court circles, and clearly the twelve years that those activities span would have brought Frederick to the attention of even a wider circle of Londoners. There is, therefore, no

² Harry Levin, *The Overreacher* (1952).

reason to doubt the recognition of any allusions to Frederick in the play by the audience at the posited initial Garter production or at subsequent performances through 1604.

Moreover, evidence exists in the horse-stealing subplot to link the "duke de Jamany" with Frederick. In the corrupt quarto version of the subplot appears the curious phrase *cosen garmombles*. The Folio text reads *cozen-Iermans* at the same point. In all probability the Q text preserves the original reading. (We may attribute the Folio version to a revision made after the publication of the quarto text in 1602 when the topicality of a direct reference to Frederick was either no longer proper or intelligible.) *Garmombles*, as Leslie Hotson suggests, represents a scrambling of Garter and Mompelgard. That his suggestion is apt can be supported by the observation that Shallow's scrambling of *Custos Rotulorum* for *Custalorum* in the opening scene is similar in technique. The *cosen* of the phrase is a pun on *cosen* or *cozen*, "to cheat," and on the salutatory address used by a ruler at this time when corresponding with another ruler. This oblique identification of Frederick with the German duke of the play is further established by Doctor Caius' information that "dere is no duke dat de court is know to come." This exactly describes the election of Frederick to the Order, for he was elected *in absentia* (a normal procedure with foreign rulers) and not informed of this until October, five months after the installation ceremonies.

Now, neither of the above allusions links Frederick directly with the theft of the Host's post horses, the action of the sketchy subplot. Impetus for this incident comes, probably, from a post-horse scandal that occurred in September 1596, when Le Sieur Aymar de Chastes, Governor of Dieppe, was returning to France from an embassy to England concerning an Anglo-French defense treaty. De Chastes had been hurrying home to prepare Dieppe for the reciprocating English embassy that had as one of its charges the investiture of Henry IV into the Order of the Garter. En route to the coast, de Chastes, probably through misunderstanding the operations of the English posting system, abused the authority of a warrant he had been issued to assist him in procuring post horses, and, with two of his retinue, tried to take by force post horses from an innkeeper in Gravesend. He also got into difficulty with hackneymen from Rochester for attempting to take post horses beyond the stage for which they had been hired. Knowledge of both incidents was widespread.

Only six months later Shakespeare was presumably working on *The Merry Wives* for presentation at the Garter Feast. Intent on reinforcing the Garter overplot to the play, he reworked the de Chastes posting scandal, having recalled that it was connected with a Garter event—the investiture of Henry IV. Since, for diplomatic reasons, he could not lampoon so distinguished a man as de Chastes, Shakespeare turned him into another foreigner, one even more closely bound up with the Order ceremonies and one who could safely be satirized: the Duke of Württemberg. After all, the English court knew precisely why Frederick had been elected to the Order and how obnoxious he had made himself in lobbying for election. Thus, the three Frenchmen become Germans—a deft stroke at a time when the Hanse troubles would have aroused anti-German sentiment among the normally

xenophobic Englishmen; the governor becomes a duke; and the locale shifts from Gravesend and Rochester to Windsor.

Allowing for the conjectural nature of the above account, we see that it does explain the disparate elements of the horse-stealing subplot. The problem is not that this subplot is a fragment of a larger unit, now lost, which developed the Evans-Caius revenge scheme—as some scholars, embarrassed to account for the horse-stealing episode, have hypothesized—but rather that having written the material, Shakespeare could not integrate it into the other plot lines of the play. So he left it alone, an isolated entity mutely joining the fragmentary Shallow-Falstaff quarrel as witnesses to the difficulty of writing against the incessant ticking of a clock.

If history has been dwelled on at length, it is because only through history can we understand the tripartite plot structure of the play. If *The Merry Wives* were written for a special occasion, and here we must realize that the evidence is primarily circumstantial, that occasion must be explored for insight into the peculiar characteristics of the play.

Shakespeare's aim in *The Merry Wives* was to entertain, to counterpoint the serious ceremonials of the 1597 Feast of Saint George with mirth. This he does by writing a farce. Thus he tries to make everyone happy: Queen Elizabeth, by fulfilling her wish to see Falstaff in love; Lord Hunsdon, his patron, by prefiguring Hunsdon's own installation at Windsor a month hence; the courtiers at large, by ridiculing the Garter-obsessed Duke of Württemberg; and the general theatrical public, by bringing before them one of the freshest sets of humors characters in Elizabethan comedy as well as upholding on stage the virtue of English women. (Says Mistress Page, "We'll leave a proof by that which we will do,/Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.") A tall order for a short space of time in which to execute it. Surely Shakespeare deserves some forgiveness for the abundance of loose ends in the play.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

The Merry Wives belongs to that small group of Shakespeare's plays that have no known source. But Renaissance Italian novellas afford several duped lovers who, like Falstaff, have three assignations with the wife of a jealous husband. Anne Page, the young maiden sought after by three suitors, finds herself in a situation that is a recurring one in conventional Italian comedy. Thus, there is scholarly consensus that whatever the precise source of *The Merry Wives*, that source was a work based on Italian models.

Italian tales had been known in English translation in the sixteenth century through such collections as Painter's *The Palace of Pleasure* (1566) and Pettie's *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure* (1576). However, in the face of the stage tradition about hurried composition for *The Merry Wives*, scholars generally believe that Shakespeare, rather than directly having dramatized any of these tales, reworked an old play in the repertory of his company. For convenience, we may term this old play the *Ur-Merry Wives*. That Italianate plays should have been available is not startling; the conventions of Italian comedy had filtered into English

drama by the 1570's (even earlier if we allow for influences from Plautus and Terence) through performances of the School Plays—academic comedies presented at Oxford and Cambridge. These comedies were written in imitation of or translated from the Italian *commedia erudita*. The *commedia dell' arte* also may have provided material; extant *commedia dell' arte* scenari reveal traces of the situations found in both the main plot and the subplot of *The Merry Wives*. And Italian actors appeared in England in the 1570's in productions from their native repertory.

The dramatic source—if there was one—of *The Merry Wives* is lost, but three tales have been uncovered that contain resemblances to incidents found in Shakespeare's version. That most closely mirroring events of the main plot is a tale published in 1558 in Ser Giovanni Fiorentino's *Il Pecorone* (Day I, Novella 2). It relates how Bucciuolo, upon completing his legal studies in Bologna, goes to his teacher for instruction on the art of falling in love. Following his teacher's advice, he visits a church, where he becomes enamored of a young lady who, unknown to the student, is the wife of the teacher. She encourages Bucciuolo's attentions and soon invites him to visit her. Bucciuolo, as previously requested by the teacher, keeps him apprised of all progress. This teacher, a very jealous man, begins to suspect that his wife is the young woman. When he learns of the meeting, he rushes home at the appointed time. The wife hides Bucciuolo under a pile of newly laundered clothes, and thus he escapes detection. The young man reports the incident to his mentor the next day and adds that he has been invited back for a rendezvous the following night. This time the teacher, in a great rage, follows the student and knocks on the door as soon as Bucciuolo has entered. The lady opens the door and embraces her husband in such a manner that Bucciuolo is able to slip out safely. She then shouts that her husband has gone mad; the neighbors and her brothers arrive, and when the brothers see the teacher pierce the pile of laundry with his sword, they consider him insane. The husband then threatens the brothers, who beat him with cudgels. Word goes through the neighborhood that the teacher indeed has gone mad. Bucciuolo, in sympathy, comes to visit him, discovers that he has been cuckolding his own teacher, tells the wretched man that he grieves for him, and then leaves Bologna.

The tale contains striking similarities with the main plot of *The Merry Wives*. Fiorentino's story revolves around a jealous husband who gets a full report of the assignations between his wife and her lover. The lover is hidden under laundry, which the husband examines on his second attempt to catch the pair. Each time the lover escapes, and at the end he learns the truth of the situation. The duped husband receives a beating after the second visit. Shakespeare's important change is in making the lover rather than the husband the duped male.

Another story of a duped husband that resembles *The Merry Wives* is "The Tale of the Two Lovers of Pisa" from Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatorie* (1590). The husband, a physician, is a very jealous man who decides to test the virtue of his wife by encouraging a young man to make love to her. The young man, who does not know that the physician and the husband are one, reports daily on the progress of his affair to the physician. Three assignations take place, and each time the young man escapes when the

physician arrives to search for him. In the first instance, the young man is concealed in a vat of feathers, in the second he hides between two ceilings, and in the third he is carried from the house in a chest supposedly containing the physician's papers. At the end the lover learns the truth of the situation.

This tale also opens with an account of how the girl came to marry the physician. The details are similar to incidents in the Anne Page story. Margaret, the daughter of a wealthy gentleman, has many suitors, but her father wants her to marry a rich husband. The father finally selects Mutio, a rich but old and jealous physician, and forces Margaret to marry him. It is possible that the germ for the Anne Page subplot lies in this tale. (Or, as Oscar Campbell has theorized, it may come from one of the *commedia erudita*-type plays.)

The third tale with plot parallels is "Of Two Brethren and their Wives" from *Riche his Farewell to Military Profession* (1581) by Barnaby Riche. This tale is of interest because it deals with the intrigues of a married woman who is involved with three suitors. Two of them, the doctor and lawyer, are comic types. Both are duped by the woman. Possibly the author of the *Ur-Merry Wives* switched elements from the main plot to the subplot and vice versa.

What this brief account of possible source materials shows is that all the details of story found in *The Merry Wives* plot lines were known in both narrative and dramatic form by 1590—several years before the composition of *The Merry Wives*. In adapting the to-hand material, Shakespeare added the Falstaff crew from the *Henry* plays and, as discussed in the Introduction, inserted the topical events reflected in the horse-stealing subplot and in the court and Garter allusions.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

Two texts of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* exist: that of the 1602 quarto and that of the 1623 Folio. The play had been entered in the Stationers' Register on January 18, 1602, for publication by John Busby, but Busby immediately transferred his rights to Arthur Johnson. Johnson brought out Q1 later that year with Thomas Creede as his printer. In 1619, Thomas Pavier issued a second quarto that basically reprints Q1 and is therefore without textual authority. The last early quarto of the play, that of 1630, except for some changes in spelling and punctuation, was printed from the Folio. Thus Q1 and F stand as the only texts of editorial importance.

There are significant differences between these two texts. Not only is Q1 some twelve hundred lines shorter, but it omits and transposes scenes, cuts speaking parts for William and Robin, excises all references to the court and Order of the Garter, and makes a jumble of many individual passages. In sum, although coherent, the quarto text is inferior to the Folio version. Yet the quarto contains certain passages and readings—notably Brooke as the alias for Ford, and *cosen garmombles* in place of *cozen-germans*—which appear to be genuinely Shakespeare's.

Various theories have been advanced over the years to account for the two versions of the play. Scholarly consensus marks the Folio text as the authentic version. However, according to a strong current theory, F rests upon a

1597 mother text that had undergone minor modifications between the original production and publication of the Folio in 1623.

The quarto version, it is posited, represents an abridgment of that mother text, illegitimately made through memorial reconstruction for a provincial acting company around 1601. The pirate was most certainly a "hired man" who played the Host in the original Lord Chamberlain's Men productions of the play. While making his memorial reconstruction, this traitor actor seems to have restored to the text the "Brooke" reading that had been altered to "Broome" in 1597. This was done to avoid conflict with the family of William Brooke, Lord Cobham, who had taken umbrage at Shakespeare's original name for Falstaff in *1 Henry IV*—Oldcastle, a Brooke family ancestor. At the same time, the pirate-actor, through his playing knowledge of the original script, corrected other anomalies, such as the confusion over the costume colors in the fairy scene, which hasty composition had let creep into the mother text. Thus, while Q1 must be regarded as a corrupt text, it has helped to get us closer to Shakespeare's original version.

Trying to recapture that original version, we are further handicapped by certain peculiarities in the Folio text. The only stage directions indicate entries and exits; character names are massed at the head of each scene; the play is fully divided into acts and scenes; and there are idiosyncrasies in punctuation. These oddities, considered collectively, are now taken as an indication that the Folio *Merry Wives* is a literary transcription of either the author's manuscript or a prompt copy—it is impossible to tell which—made by Ralph Crane, distinguished scrivener of the King's Men. Since *The Merry Wives* shares these scribal characteristics with the three other plays opening the Folio, it appears as if the original plan was to have Crane make a set of literary transcriptions for all the plays in the Folio, but the plan never was completely executed.

The present edition is based on the Folio text. The massed entries have been changed from the scene heads to the appropriate places within the scene. The Latin of the Folio's act and scene divisions has been translated into English. The French of Doctor Caius is modernized, and the Welsh pronunciations of Sir Hugh Evans are indicated a little more consistently than in the Folio. For example, at I.i.243, where the Folio in a single speech gives both "ord" and "ort," the present edition alters the first to agree with the second. Prose passages set as verse in the Folio

appear here as prose. Added stage directions and indications of locale are in brackets. The name "Broome," which appears regularly in F, is here given as "Brooke," speech prefixes and abbreviations are expanded, spelling and punctuation are modernized, and obvious typographical errors are corrected. Other departures from F are listed below, the adopted reading first, in boldface type, followed by the Folio reading in roman. Adopted readings from Q1 are indicated by a bracketed Q. Readings from later quartos, folios, or those by editors appear unbracketed.

- I.i.42 George Thomas 54, 57 Shallow Slender 120-21 They carried . . . pocket [Q; F omits] 239 contempt content
 I.ii.12 seese cheese
 I.iii.14 lime [Q] liue 48 well [Q] will 52 legion [Q: legians] legend 60 oeillades illiads 69 cheater Cheaters 81 o' th' ith' 82 humor honor 93 Page [Q] Ford 94 Ford [Q] Page 98 Page Ford 100 mind mine
 I.iv.21 whey face [Q: whay coloured] wee-face 43 boitier vert boyteene verd
 II.i.56 praised praise 61 Hundredth Psalm hundred Psalms 133 And there's the humor of it [Q; F omits] 203 Ford Shallow 208 mynheers An-heires
 II.ii.22, 50, 302 God [Q] heauen
 II.iii.54 word [Q; F omits] 76 Page, Shallow, and Slender All
 III.i.83 urinals [Q] Vrinal 84-85 for missing your meetings and appointments [Q; F omits] 100 Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so [Q; F omits]
 III.iii.3 Robert Robin 147-48 who goes here [Q; F omits] 159 uncope uncape 185 foolish foolishion
 III.iv.12 Fenton [F omits] 57 God [Q] Heauen 62 have hath 109 s.d. Exit Exeunt
 III.v.86 By the Lord [Q] Yes 145 s.d. Exit Exeunt
 IV.i.46 hung hing 67 lunatics Lunaties
 IV.ii.20 lunes lines 54 Mrs. Page [F gives the line as part of the previous speech] 62 Mrs. Page [Q] Mist. Ford 94 direct direct direct 98 him [F omits] 175 not [F omits] 187 Jeshu [Q] yea and no
 IV.iii.1 Germans desire Germane desires 7 them [Q] him 9 house [Q] houses
 IV.iv.7 cold gold 32 makes make 42 Disguised . . . head [Q, which has "Horne" for "Herne"; F omits] 60 Mrs. Ford Ford 72 tire time
 IV.v.43 Simple Fal. 51 Tyke [Q] like 54 Thou art [Q] thou are 99-100 to say my prayers [Q; F omits]
 IV.vi.27 ever euen 39 denote deuote
 V.ii.3 daughter [F omits]
 V.iii.12 Hugh Herne
 V.v.s.d. with a buck's head upon him [Q; F omits] 2 hot-blooded hot-bloodied 38 s.d. Enter . . . of Fairies [Q] Enter Fairies 70 More Mote 90 s.d. They . . . starts [Q; F omits] 104 s.d. Here . . . rises up [Q, which gives "red" where we give "green," and "greene" where we give "white," and describes Anne as "being in white"] 198 white greene 202, 208 green white



THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

[Dramatis Personae]

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
FENTON *a young gentleman*
SHALLOW *a country justice*
SLENDER *nephew to Shallow*
FORD } *two citizens of Windsor*
PAGE }
WILLIAM PAGE *a boy, son to Page*
SIR HUGH EVANS *a Welsh parson*
DOCTOR CAIUS *a French physician*
HOST *of the Garter Inn*

BARDOLPH }
PISTOL } *followers of Falstaff*
NYM }
ROBIN *page to Falstaff*
SIMPLE *servant to Slender*
RUGBY *servant to Doctor Caius*
MISTRESS FORD
MISTRESS PAGE
ANNE PAGE *her daughter*
MISTRESS QUICKLY *servant to Doctor Caius*
SERVANTS *to Page, Ford, &c.*

Scene: Windsor and the neighborhood]

A C T I

Scene I. [Before Page's house.]

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, [*and*] *Sir Hugh*
EVANS.

SHALLOW Sir° Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a
Star-chamber° matter of it. If he were twenty Sir John
Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire.

SLENDER In the county of Gloucester, Justice of
Peace, and Coram.°

SHALLOW Ay, cousin Slender, and Custalorum.°

SLENDER Ay, and Ratolorum° too; and a gentleman
born, Master Parson, who writes himself Armigero,°
in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation—
Armigero.

*The decorative border shown above is a repeated ornament which
appeared on the title page of the first quarto edition of The Merry
Wives of Windsor, 1602.*

I.i.i Sir title used before the first name of ordinary priests 2
Star-chamber court having jurisdiction over cases of riot,
forgery, and other specific offenses 5 **Coram** Quorum (term
for justices with special legal qualifications) 6 **Custalorum**
Custos Rotulorum (a chief justice) 7 **Ratolorum** Slender's
garbling of *rotulorum* 8 **Armigero** esquire

SHALLOW Ay, that I do, and have done any time these
three hundred years.

SLENDER All his successors gone before him hath
done't; and all his ancestors that come after him may.
They may give° the dozen white luces° in their coat.° 15

SHALLOW It is an old coat.

EVANS The dozen white louses do become an old
coat well. It agrees well, passant;° it is a familiar beast
to man, and signifies love.

SHALLOW The luce is the fresh fish. The salt fish is an 20
old coat.°

SLENDER I may quarter,° coz?°

SHALLOW You may, by marrying.

15 give display; **luces** pikes (fish); **coat** coat of arms **18**
passant walking (heraldic) **20-21** The luce . . . coat
obscure line probably containing an involved play on the
words salt and saltant (heraldic term for describing a leaping
position for small animals or vermin), luce and louse, old coat
(as a garment), coat of arms, and cod (the fish—sometimes pro-
nounced as a homonym of coat); also, there may be a reference
to the coat of arms of the Fishmongers Company, which is a
composite of the arms of the older Saltfishmongers and those
of the Freshfishmongers **22** quarter add arms to one's family
coat; **coz** kinsman

EVANS It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.
 SHALLOW Not a whit. 25
 EVANS Yes, py'r Lady.^o If he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures. But that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to 30 make atonements and compromises between you.
 SHALLOW The Council^o shall hear it. It is a riot.
 EVANS It is not meet the Council hear a riot. There is no fear of Got in a riot. The Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot. 35 Take your vizaments^o in that.
 SHALLOW Ha! O' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.
 EVANS It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it. And there is also another device in my prain, which 40 peradventure prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.
 SLENDER Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small^o like a woman? 45
 EVANS It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire. And seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed—Got deliver to a joyful resurrections—give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It 50 were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles,^o and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.
 SHALLOW Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound? 55
 EVANS Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.
 SHALLOW I know the young gentlewoman. She has good gifts.
 EVANS Seven hundred pounds and possibilities^o is goot gifts. 60
 SHALLOW Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?
 EVANS Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight Sir John is there; and, I beseech you, 65 be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks.*] What, ho! Got pless your house here.
 PAGE [*Within.*] Who's there?
 EVANS Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and 70 Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.
 [*Enter*] Master PAGE.

PAGE I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow. 75
 SHALLOW Master Page, I am glad to see you. Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better—it was ill killed.^o How doth good Mistress

Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la, with my heart. 80
 PAGE Sir, I thank you.
 SHALLOW Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.
 PAGE I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.
 SLENDER How does your fallow^o greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.^o 85
 PAGE It could not be judged, sir.
 SLENDER You'll not confess, you'll not confess.
 SHALLOW That he will not. 'Tis your fault,^o 'tis your fault. 'Tis a good dog.
 PAGE A cur, sir. 90
 SHALLOW Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog. Can there be more said? He is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?
 PAGE Sir, he is within. And I would I could do a good office between you. 95
 EVANS It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.
 SHALLOW He hath wronged me, Master Page.
 PAGE Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.
 SHALLOW If it be confessed, it is not redressed. Is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed, he 100 hath. At a word, he hath, believe me. Robert Shallow, Esquire, saith he is wronged.
 PAGE Here comes Sir John.

[*Enter Sir John*] FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, [*and*] PISTOL.

FALSTAFF Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king? 105
 SHALLOW Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.
 FALSTAFF But not kissed your keeper's daughter?
 SHALLOW Tut, a pin!^o This shall be answered.
 FALSTAFF I will answer it straight. I have done all this. 110 That is now answered.
 SHALLOW The Council shall know this.
 FALSTAFF 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel.^o You'll be laughed at.
 EVANS Pauca verba;^o Sir John, goot worts. 115
 FALSTAFF Good worts?^o Good cabbage!—Slender, I broke your head. What matter^o have you against me?
 SLENDER Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching^o rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern and 120 made me drunk, and afterward picked my pocket.
 BARDOLPH [*Drawing his sword.*] You Banbury cheese!^o
 SLENDER Ay, it is no matter.
 PISTOL [*Also draws.*] How now, Mephostophilus!^o 125
 SLENDER Ay, it is no matter.
 NYM [*Drawing.*] Slice, I say! Pauca, pauca. Slice! That's my humor.^o

26 *py'r Lady* by our Lady (the use of *p* for *b* here is the first of Evans' Welsh pronunciations) 32 *Council* King's Council sitting as the Court of Star-chamber 36 *vizaments* advisements 45 *small* gentle 51–52 *pribbles and prabbles* petty bickerings 59 *possibilities* prospects of inheritance 78 *ill killed* (1) improperly killed (?) (2) possibly a reference to Falstaff's doing the killing (see I.i.106–07)

84 *fallow* brownish yellow 85 *Cotsall* the Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire (locale of the Cotswold Games and center for coursing) 88 *fault* misfortune 109 *pin* trifle 113–14 *in counsel* privately 115 *Pauca verba* few words (Latin) 116 *worts* (1) words (2) cabbage-like plant 117 *matter* dispute (but in the next line it has the senses of "brain matter" and "cause") 119 *cony-catching* cheating 122–23 *Banbury cheese* noted for its thinness, a reference to Slender's build 125 *Mephostophilus* devil (from Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*) 128 *humor* temperament

SLENDER Where's Simple, my man? Can you tell, cousin?

EVANS Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, fidelicet,^o Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine Host of the Garter.^o

PAGE We three to hear it and end it between them.

EVANS Fery goot. I will make a prief of it in my notebook, and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

FALSTAFF Pistol!

PISTOL He hears with ears.

EVANS The tevil and his tam! What phrase is this, "He hears with ear"? Why, it is affectations.

FALSTAFF Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

SLENDER Ay, by these gloves, did he—or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else—of seven groats^o in mill-sixpences,^o and two Edward shovel-boards,^o that cost me two shilling and two pence apiece of Yed^o Miller, by these gloves.

FALSTAFF Is this true, Pistol?

EVANS No, it is false, if it is a pickpurse.

PISTOL

Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!^o Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.^o

Word of denial in thy labras^o here!

Word of denial! Froth and scum, thou liest!

SLENDER By these gloves, then 'twas he.

NYM Be avised, sir, and pass good humors. I will say "marry trap"^o with you, if you run the nuthook's humor^o on me. That is the very note of it.

SLENDER By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

FALSTAFF What say you, Scarlet and John?^o

BARDOLPH Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

EVANS It is his "five senses." Fie, what the ignorance is!

BARDOLPH And being fap,^o sir, was, as they say, cashiered;^o and so conclusions passed the careers.^o

SLENDER Ay, you spake in Latin then too. But 'tis no matter. I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick. If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

EVANS So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

FALSTAFF You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

[Enter] ANNE PAGE [with wine], MISTRESS FORD [and] MISTRESS PAGE [following].

PAGE Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.

[Exit ANNE Page.]

SLENDER O heaven! This is Mistress Anne Page.

PAGE How now, Mistress Ford!

FALSTAFF Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met. By your leave, good mistress.

[Kisses her.]

PAGE Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner. Come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all except SHALLOW, SLENDER, and EVANS.]

SLENDER I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets^o here.

[Enter] SIMPLE.

How now, Simple, where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

SIMPLE Book of Riddles? Why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas^o last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?^o

SHALLOW Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz. Marry,^o this, coz: there is as 'twere a tender,^o a kind of tender, made afar off^o by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

SLENDER Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable. If it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

SHALLOW Nay, but understand me.

SLENDER So I do, sir.

EVANS Give ear to his motions.^o Master Slender, I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

SLENDER Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you pardon me. He's a Justice of Peace in his country, simple though^o I stand here.

EVANS But that is not the question. The question is concerning your marriage.

SHALLOW Ay, there's the point, sir.

EVANS Marry, is it, the very point of it—to Mistress Anne Page.

SLENDER Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

EVANS But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers^o philosophers hold that the lips is parcel^o of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your goot will to the maid?

SHALLOW Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

SLENDER I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

189 Book . . . Sonnets an anthology published by Tottel in 1557, commonly called Tottel's *Miscellany* 194 Allhallowmas All Saints' day, November 1 195 Michaelmas Saint Michael's day, September 29 197 Marry a mild oath, from "By the Virgin Mary" 198 tender offer; afar off indirectly 204 motions proposals 208 simple though as sure as 218 divers various 219 parcel part

133 fidelicet videlicet = namely 135 Garter Garter Inn 148 groats coins worth fourpence; mill-sixpences milled coins 149 Edward shovel-boards shillings from the reign of Edward VI used in the game of shovelboard (rare coins by the 1590's) 150 Yed Ed, Edward 153 mountain-foreigner Welshman 154 latten bilbo brass sword 155 labras lips 159 marry trap a term of insult 159-60 run . . . humor think to involve me with the law ("nuthook" = constable) 164 Scarlet and John Robin Hood's companions (alluding to Bardolph's red face) 169 fap drunk 170 cashiered robbed; conclusions . . . careers an obscure line possibly meaning "and that brought the matter to a speedy end" or "he got what he deserved"—from *pass a careire*, a term in horsemanship

EVANS Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! You must 225
speak possitable,^o if you can carry her your desires
towards her.

SHALLOW That you must. Will you, upon good
dowry, marry her?

SLENDER I will do a greater thing than that, upon your 230
request, cousin, in any reason.

SHALLOW Nay, conceive me,^o conceive me, sweet
coz. What I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love
the maid?

SLENDER I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if 235
there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven
may decrease it upon better acquaintance when we are
married and have more occasion to know one another.
I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt.
But if you say, "Marry her," I will marry her; that I 240
am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

EVANS It is a fery discretion answer, save the faul'^o is
in the 'ort "dissolutely." The 'ort is, according to our
meaning, "resolutely." His meaning is goot.

SHALLOW Ay, I think my cousin meant well. 245

SLENDER Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

[Enter ANNE Page.]

SHALLOW Here comes fair Mistress Anne.—Would I
were young for your sake, Mistress Anne.

ANNE The dinner is on the table. My father desires
your worships' company. 250

SHALLOW I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

EVANS Od's^o plessed will! I will not be absence at the
grace. [Exeunt SHALLOW and EVANS.]

ANNE Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

SLENDER No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am 255
very well.

ANNE The dinner attends you, sir.

SLENDER I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.
[To SIMPLE.] Go, sirrah,^o for all you are my man, go
wait upon my cousin Shallow. [Exit SIMPLE.] A 260
justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his
friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet,
till my mother be dead. But what though? Yet I live
like a poor gentleman born.

ANNE I may not go in without your worship; they 265
will not sit till you come.

SLENDER I' faith, I'll eat nothing. I thank you as much
as though I did.

ANNE I pray you, sir, walk in.

SLENDER I had rather walk here, I thank you. I 270
bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword
and dagger with a master of fence—three veneys^o for a
dish of stewed prunes—and, by my troth, I cannot
abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs
bark so? Be there bears i' th' town? 275

ANNE I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

SLENDER I love the sport^o well, but I shall as soon
quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid if
you see the bear loose, are you not?

ANNE Ay, indeed, sir. 280

SLENDER That's meat and drink to me now. I have

seen Sackerson^o loose twenty times, and have taken him
by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so
cried and shrieked at it, that it passed. But women,
indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favored 285
rough things.

[Enter PAGE.]

PAGE Come, gentle Master Slender, come. We stay
for you.

SLENDER I'll eat nothing; I thank you, sir.

PAGE By cock and pie,^o you shall not choose, sir! 290
Come, come.

SLENDER Nay, pray you, lead the way.

PAGE Come on, sir.

SLENDER Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

ANNE Not I, sir; pray you keep on. 295

SLENDER Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will
not do you that wrong.

ANNE I pray you, sir.

SLENDER I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome.
You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! Exeunt. 300

Scene II. [Before Page's house.]

Enter EVANS and SIMPLE.

EVANS Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius'
house, which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress
Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his
dry nurse,^o or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and
his wringer. 5

SIMPLE Well, sir.

EVANS Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this letter, for it
is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress
Anne Page; and the letter is to desire and require her
to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. 10
I pray you be gone. I will make an end of my dinner;
there's pippins and seese^o to come. Exeunt.

Scene III. [Falstaff's room in the Garter Inn.]

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL,
[and ROBIN the] page.

FALSTAFF Mine Host of the Garter!

HOST What says my bully rook?^o Speak scholarly and
wisely.

FALSTAFF Truly, mine Host, I must turn away some
of my followers. 5

HOST Discard, bully Hercules, cashier. Let them wag;^o
trot, trot.

FALSTAFF I sit at^o ten pounds a week.

HOST Thou'rt an emperor—Caesar, Keisar,^o and
Pheazar.^o I will entertain^o Bardolph: he shall draw,^o 10
he shall tap.^o Said I well, bully Hector?

FALSTAFF Do so, good mine Host.

226 possitable positively 232 conceive me understand me
242 faul' fault 252 Od's God's 259 sirrah term of address
used to inferiors 272 veneys bouts 277 the sport bearbaiting

282 Sackerson a famous bear 290 cock and pie an oath
I.ii.4 dry nurse housekeeper 12 pippins and seese apples
and cheese

I.iii.2 bully rook friendly term of address used by the Host
6 wag depart 8 I sit at my expenses run 9 Keisar Kaiser
10 Pheazar vizier; entertain employ; draw draw liquor
11 tap serve as tapster

HOST I have spoke; let him follow. [*To BARDOLPH.*]
Let me see thee froth and lime.^o I am at a word;^o
follow. [*Exit.*] 15

FALSTAFF Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good
trade. An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered
servingman, a fresh tapster. Go, adieu.

BARDOLPH It is a life that I have desired. I will thrive.

PISTOL O base Hungarian wight!^o Wilt thou the 20
spigot wield? [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

NYM He was gotten^o in drink. Is not the humor
conceited?^o

FALSTAFF I am glad I am so acquit^o of this tinderbox.
His thefts were too open. His filching was like an 25
unskillful singer: he kept not time.

NYM The good humor is to steal at a minute's rest.^o

PISTOL "Convey," the wise it call. "Steal"? Foh, a
fico^o for the phrase!

FALSTAFF Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.^o 30

PISTOL Why then, let kibes^o ensue.

FALSTAFF There is no remedy. I must cony-catch, I
must shift.^o

PISTOL Young ravens must have food.

FALSTAFF Which of you know Ford of this town? 35

PISTOL I ken^o the wight. He is of substance good.

FALSTAFF My honest lads, I will tell you what I am
about.

PISTOL Two yards, and more.

FALSTAFF No quips now, Pistol. Indeed, I am in the 40
waist two yards about. But I am now about no waste;
I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to
Ford's wife. I spy entertainment in her: she discourses,
she carves,^o she gives the leer of invitation. I can
construe the action of her familiar style; and the 45
hardest voice of her behavior, to be Englished rightly,
is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's."

PISTOL He hath studied her well, and translated her
will, out of honesty^o into English.^o

NYM The anchor is deep.^o Will that humor pass? 50

FALSTAFF Now, the report goes she has all the rule of
her husband's purse. He hath a legion of angels.^o

PISTOL As many devils entertain. And "To her, boy,"
say I.

NYM The humor rises; it is good. Humor me the 55
angels.

FALSTAFF I have writ me here a letter to her; and here
another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good
eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious
oeillades.^o Sometimes the beam of her view gilded my 60
foot, sometimes my portly belly.

PISTOL [*Aside.*] Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

NYM [*Aside.*] I thank thee for that humor.

FALSTAFF O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with

14 **froth and lime** cheat the customers by putting a
big head of foam on the beer or by adulterating wine with
lime; 1 . . . **word** I speak briefly 20 **base Hungarian wight**
beggary fellow 22 **gotten** begotten 23 **conceited** ingenious
24 **acquit** rid 27 **minute's rest** in the shortest possible interval
29 **fico** fig 30 **out at heels** penniless 31 **kibes** chilblains
33 **shift** devise some stratagem 36 **ken** know 44 **carves**
shows courtesy 49 **honesty** chastity; **English** probably with
a pun on *ingle* = paramour 50 **The . . . deep** an obscure
line possibly meaning (1) it is a deeply thought-out scheme or
(2) that wine keg (i.e., Falstaff) is a deep thinker (from *anker*,
a wine keg) 52 **angels** gold coins worth about ten shillings
60 **oeillades** amorous glances

such a greedy intention that the appetite of her eye 65
did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass. Here's
another letter to her. She bears the purse too. She is a
region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be
cheater^o to them both, and they shall be exchequers to
me. They shall be my East and West Indies, and I will 70
trade to them both. [*To PISTOL.*] Go, bear thou this
letter to Mistress Page; [*to NYM*] and thou this to
Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

PISTOL

Shall I Sir Pandarus^o of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? Then Lucifer take all! 75

NYM I will run no base humor. Here, take the humor-
letter. I will keep the havior of reputation.

FALSTAFF [*To ROBIN.*]

Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly.^o
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! Vanish like hailstones, go! 80
Trudge, plod away o' th' hoof; seek shelter, pack!^o
Falstaff will learn the humor of the age:
French thrift,^o you rogues—myself and skirted page.
[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN.*]

PISTOL

Let vultures gripe thy guts! For gourd and fullam^o
holds,
And high and low^o beguiles the rich and poor. 85
Tester^o I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!^o

NYM I have operations which be humors of revenge.

PISTOL Wilt thou revenge?

NYM By welkin^o and her star! 90

PISTOL With wit or steel?

NYM

With both the humors, I.

I will discuss^o the humor of this love to Page.

PISTOL

And I to Ford shall eke unfold
How Falstaff, varlet vile, 95
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

NYM My humor shall not cool. I will incense Page to
deal with poison. I will possess him with yellowness,^o
for the revolt of mind is dangerous. That is my true 100
humor.

PISTOL Thou art the Mars of malcontents. I second
thee; troop on. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV. [*A room in Doctor Caius' house.*]

Enter Mistress QUICKLY [and] SIMPLE.

QUICKLY [*Calling.*] What, John Rugby! ([*Enter*] John
RUGBY.) I pray thee, go to the casement and see if you
can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If
he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will

69 **cheater** (1) escheator, official who looked after the king's
escheats (2) one who defrauds 74 **Sir Pandarus** the go-between
in Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*, from whose name the word
pander comes 78 **tightly** well 81 **pack** be off 83 **French**
thrift an allusion to the French custom then current to use one
page instead of many servingmen 84 **gourd and fullam**
kinds of false dice 85 **high and low** numbers on the dice
86 **Tester** sixpence 87 **Base Phrygian Turk** term of insult
90 **welkin** sky 93 **discuss** declare 99 **yellowness** jealousy

be an old° abusing of God's patience and the king's s English.

RUGBY I'll go watch.

QUICKLY Go, and we'll have a posset° for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal° fire. [Exit RUGBY.] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever 10 servant shall come in house withal;° and, I warrant you, no telltale, nor no breedbate.° His worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish° that way, but nobody but has his fault. But let that pass.—Peter Simple you say your name is? 15

SIMPLE Ay, for fault of a better.

QUICKLY And Master Slender's your master?

SIMPLE Ay, forsooth.

QUICKLY Does he not wear a great round beard like a glover's paring knife? 20

SIMPLE No, forsooth. He hath but a little whey° face, with a little yellow beard—a Cain-colored° beard.

QUICKLY A softly-sprighted° man, is he not?

SIMPLE Ay, forsooth. But he is as tall a man of his hands° as any is between this and his head. He hath 25 fought with a warrener.°

QUICKLY How say you? O, I should remember him. Does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

SIMPLE Yes, indeed does he. 30

QUICKLY Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune. Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master. Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

[Enter RUGBY.]

RUGBY Out, alas! Here comes my master!

QUICKLY We shall all be shent.° Run in here, good 35 young man; go into this closet.° He will not stay long. [Shuts SIMPLE in the chamber.] What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master. I doubt° he be not well, that he comes not home. [Exit RUGBY.] 40

[Sings.] "And down, down, adown-a," &c.

[Enter] Doctor CAIUS.

CAIUS Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys.° Pray you go and vetch me in my closset un boitier vert—a box, a green-a box. Do intend° vat I speak? A green-a box. 45

QUICKLY Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. [Aside.] I am glad he went not in himself. If he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.° [Exit.]

CAIUS Fe, fe, fe, fe! Ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour—la grande affaire.° 50

QUICKLY [Returning with the box.] Is it this, sir?

CAIUS Oui; mette le au mon pocket; dépêche,° quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby?

I.iv.5 old great, plenty of 8 posset hot milk curdled with ale or wine 9 sea-coal coal brought by sea 11 withal with 12 breedbate mischiefmaker 13 peevish silly 21 whey pale (the Folio gives "wee," perhaps a dialectal pronunciation) 22 Cain-colored reddish-yellow (traditional color of Cain's beard in tapestries) 23 softly-sprighted gentle-spirited 24–25 tall . . . hands valiant 26 warrener gamekeeper 35 shent scolded 36 closet private room 39 doubt fear 42 toys foolish nonsense 44 intend hear (French *entendre*) 48 horn-mad enraged 49–50 Ma . . . affaire Faith, it is very hot. I am going to the court—the grand affair 52 Oui . . . dépêche yes; put it in my pocket; be quick

QUICKLY What, John Rugby! John!

[Enter RUGBY.]

RUGBY Here, sir. 55

CAIUS You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier and come after my heel to de court.

RUGBY 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

CAIUS By my trot,° I tarry too long. Od's me! Qu'ai 60 j'oublié?° Dere is some simples° in my closset dat I vill not for de varld I shall leave behind.

[Crosses to the chamber.]

QUICKLY [Aside.] Ay me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

CAIUS O diable, diable! Vat is in my closset? Villainy! 65 Larron!° [Pulls SIMPLE out.] Rugby, my rapier!

QUICKLY Good master, be content.

CAIUS Verefore shall I be content-a?

QUICKLY The young man is an honest man.

CAIUS Vat shall de honest man do in my closset? Dere 70 is no honest man dat shall come in my closset.

QUICKLY I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic.° Hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

CAIUS Vell? 75

SIMPLE Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

QUICKLY Peace, I pray you.

CAIUS Peace-a your tongue.—Speak-a your tale.

SIMPLE To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for 80 my master in the way of marriage.

QUICKLY This is all, indeed, la! But I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

CAIUS Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, baille° me 85 some paper. Tarry you a little-a while.

[Writes.]

QUICKLY [Aside to SIMPLE.] I am glad he is so quiet. If he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, 90 my master—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself—

SIMPLE [Aside to QUICKLY.] 'Tis a great charge° to 95 come under one body's hand.

QUICKLY [Aside to SIMPLE.] Are you avised o' that? You shall find it a great charge. And to be up early and down late; but notwithstanding—to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it—my master himself 100 is in love with Mistress Anne Page. But notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind. That's neither here nor there.

CAIUS You jack'nape,° give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh. By gar, it is a shallenge. I vill cut his troat in de Park; 105 and I vill teach a scurvy jackanape priest to meddle or

60 trot troth 60–61 Qu'ai j'oublié What have I forgotten? 61 simples medicinal herbs 66 Larron thief 72 phlegmatic Quickly's error for *choleric* 84 baille fetch 95 charge burden 104 jack'nape coxcomb

make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here.
[Exit SIMPLE.] By gar, I vill cut all his two stones;° by
gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog.

QUICKLY Alas, he speaks but for his friend. 110

CAIUS It is no matter-a ver dat. Do not you tell-a me
dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I vill
kill de Jack° priest; and I have appointed mine Host of
de Jarteer to measure our weapon.° By gar, I vill my-
self have Anne Page. 115

QUICKLY Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be
well. We must give folks leave to prate. What the
good-year!°

CAIUS Rugby, come to the court vit me. [To
QUICKLY.] By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall 120
turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels,
Rugby. [Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.]

QUICKLY [Calling after CAIUS.] You shall have An°—
fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for
that. Never a woman in Windsor knows more of 125
Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do
with her, I thank heaven.

FENTON [Offstage.] Who's within there, ho?

QUICKLY Who's there, I trow?° Come near° the
house, I pray you. 130

[Enter] FENTON.

FENTON How now, good woman. How dost thou?

QUICKLY The better that it pleases your good worship
to ask.

FENTON What news? How does pretty Mistress Anne?

QUICKLY In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest,° 135
and gentle—and one that is your friend. I can tell you
that by the way, I praise heaven for it.

FENTON Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not
lose my suit?

QUICKLY Troth, sir, all is in His hands above. But 140
notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a
book she loves you. Have not your worship a wart
above your eye?

FENTON Yes, marry, have I. What of that?

QUICKLY Well, thereby hangs a tale. Good faith, it is 145
such another Nan;° but, I detest,° an honest maid as
ever broke bread. We had an hour's talk of that wart.
I shall never laugh but in that maid's company. But,
indeed, she is given too much to allicholy° and musing.
But for you—well, go to. 150

FENTON Well, I shall see her today. Hold, there's
money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf.
If thou see'st her before me, commend me—

QUICKLY Will I? I' faith, that we will. And I will tell
your worship more of the wart the next time we have 155
confidence, and of other wooers.

FENTON Well, farewell. I am in great haste now.

QUICKLY Farewell to your worship. [Exit FENTON.]
Truly, an honest gentleman. But Anne loves him not,
for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out 160
upon't, what have I forgot? Exit.

ACT II

Scene I. [Before Page's house.]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE [with a letter].

MRS. PAGE What, have 'scaped love letters in the
holiday time° of my beauty, and am I now a subject
for them? Let me see.

[Reads.]

"Ask me no reason why I love you, for though Love
use Reason for his precisian,° he admits him not for 5
his counselor. You are not young, no more am I. Go
to then, there's sympathy. You are merry, so am I.
Ha, ha, then there's more sympathy. You love sack,°
and so do I. Would you desire better sympathy? Let
it suffice thee, Mistress Page—at the least, if the love 10
of soldier can suffice—that I love thee. I will not say,
pity me—'tis not a soldierlike phrase; but I say, love
me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,

15

John Falstaff."

What a Herod of Jewry° is this! O wicked, wicked 20
world. One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age
to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed°
behavior hath this Flemish drunkard° picked—with
the devil's name!—out of my conversation° that he
dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been 25
thrice in my company. What should I say to him? I
was then frugal of my mirth—heaven forgive me!
Why, I'll exhibit° a bill in the parliament for the
putting down° of men. How shall I be revenged on
him? For revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made 30
of puddings.°

[Enter] MISTRESS FORD.

MRS. FORD Mistress Page! Trust me, I was going to
your house.

MRS. PAGE And, trust me, I was coming to you. You
look very ill. 35

MRS. FORD Nay, I'll ne'er believe that. I have to show
to the contrary.

MRS. PAGE Faith, but you do, in my mind.

MRS. FORD Well, I do then; yet I say I could show
you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some 40
counsel.

MRS. PAGE What's the matter, woman?

MRS. FORD O woman, if it were not for one trifling
respect, I could come to such honor.

MRS. PAGE Hang the trifle, woman; take the honor. 45
What is it? Dispense with trifles. What is it?

MRS. FORD If I would but go to hell for an eternal
moment or so, I could be knighted.

108 stones testicles 113 Jack term of contempt 114 measure
our weapon umpire the duel 118 good-year a meaningless
expletive 123 An (1) Anne (2) an 129 trow wonder; Come
near enter 135 honest chaste 146 such another Nan i.e.,
charming female; detest Quickly's error for protest 149
allicholy melancholy

II.i.1-2 in . . . time i.e., in my youth 5 precisian inflexible
spiritual adviser 8 sack Spanish white wine 20 Herod of
Jewry portrayed as a ranting villain in the miracle plays
22 unweighed inconsiderate 23 Flemish drunkard the
Flemish were notorious for heavy drinking 24 conversa-
tion behavior 28 exhibit submit 29 putting down sup-
pressing 31 puddings sausages

MRS. PAGE What? Thou liest. Sir Alice Ford? These knights will hack;° and so thou shouldst not alter the 50 article of thy gentry.°

MRS. FORD We burn daylight.° [*Giving her a letter.*] Here, read, read! Perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of° men's liking.° And yet 55 he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness° that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words.° But they do no more adhere and keep place together than the 60 Hundredth Psalm to the tune of "Greensleeves."° What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope till the wicked fire of lust 65 have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

MRS. PAGE [*Comparing the two letters.*] Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs.—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions,° 70 here's the twin brother of thy letter. But let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names—sure, more—and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of 75 doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess and lie under Mount Pelion.° Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles° ere one chaste man.

[*Gives both letters to MISTRESS FORD.*]

MRS. FORD Why, this is the very same: the very 80 hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

MRS. PAGE Nay, I know not. It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty.° I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for sure, unless he know some strain in me that I know 85 not myself, he would never have boarded° me in this fury.

MRS. FORD "Boarding" call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

MRS. PAGE So will I. If he come under my hatches, 90 I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him. Let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited° delay till he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the Garter. 95

MRS. FORD Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him that may not sully the chariness° of our

honesty. O that my husband saw this letter! It would give eternal food to his jealousy.

MRS. PAGE Why, look where he comes, and my 100 goodman° too. He's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause. And that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

MRS. FORD You are the happier woman.

MRS. PAGE Let's consult together against this greasy 105 knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*]

[*Enter*] Master PAGE, [*with*] NYM, [*and*] Master FORD, [*with*] PISTOL.

FORD Well, I hope it be not so.

PISTOL

Hope is a curtal° dog in some affairs.

Sir John affects° thy wife.

FORD Why, sir, my wife is not young. 110

PISTOL

He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford.

He loves the gallimaufry.° Ford, perpend.°

FORD Love my wife?

PISTOL

With liver° burning hot. Prevent, or go thou, 115

Like Sir Actaeon° he, with Ringwood° at thy heels.

O, odious is the name!°

FORD What name, sir?

PISTOL

The horn, I say. Farewell.

Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night. 120

Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo birds° do sing.

Away, Sir Corporal Nym!

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit.*]

FORD [*Aside.*] I will be patient; I will find out this.

NYM [*To PAGE.*] And this is true; I like not the humor 125 of lying. He hath wronged me in some humors. I should have borne the humored letter to her, but I have a sword and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife. There's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch 'tis 130 true. My name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humor of bread and cheese.° And there's the humor of it. Adieu. [*Exit.*]

PAGE "The humor of it," quoth 'a? Here's a fellow 135 frights English out of his wits.

FORD I will seek out Falstaff.

PAGE I never heard such a drawling, affecting° rogue.

FORD If I do find it—well.

PAGE I will not believe such a Cataian,° though the 140 priest o' th' town commended him for a true man.

FORD 'Twas a good sensible fellow—well.

50 **hack** meaning not clear in this context; a double entendre on giving indiscriminate blows with a sword is possible
51 **article** . . . **gentry** character of your rank 52 **burn daylight** waste time 55 **make difference of** discriminate between; **liking** looks 58 **uncomeliness** improper behavior 58–59 **his disposition** . . . **words** i.e., appearances are deceiving 61 **Greensleeves** popular love ballad 70 **ill opinions** sullied reputations 78 **Mount Pelion** mountain in Thessaly noted in mythology for the attempt of the giants to reach heaven by piling Mount Ossa on Pelion 79 **turtles** turtledoves (noted for their fidelity to their mates) 83 **honesty** chastity 86 **boarded** made advances to 93–94 **fine-baited** subtly alluring 97 **chariness** scrupulous integrity

101 **goodman** husband 108 **curtal** with a docked tail 109 **affects** loves 113 **gallimaufry** medley; **perpend** consider 115 **liver** supposed seat of love 116 **Sir Actaeon** accidentally coming upon Diana bathing, Actaeon was turned into a stag for punishment and then killed by his own hounds; **Ringwood** common Elizabethan name for a hound 117 **odious** . . . **name** allusion to Actaeon as a horned beast, i.e., a cuckold 121 **cuckoo birds** allusion to cuckoldom from the cuckoo's habit of laying its eggs in the nests of other birds 132 **bread and cheese** possible allusion to the cuckoo-bread flower, i.e., feeding cuckoldry 137 **affecting** affected 139 **Cataian** Cathaian (i.e., Chinese; not considered trustworthy by the Elizabethans)

[MISTRESS PAGE and MISTRESS FORD come forward.]

PAGE How now, Meg.

MRS. PAGE Whither go you, George? Hark you.

[They speak aside.]

MRS. FORD How now, sweet Frank. Why art thou melancholy?

FORD I melancholy? I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

MRS. FORD Faith, thou hast some crotchets^o in thy head now. Will you go, Mistress Page?

MRS. PAGE Have with you.^o—You'll come to dinner, George?

[Enter] Mistress QUICKLY.

[Aside to MISTRESS FORD.] Look who comes yonder. She shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

MRS. FORD [Aside to MISTRESS PAGE.] Trust me, I thought on her. She'll fit it.

MRS. PAGE You are come to see my daughter Anne?

QUICKLY Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

MRS. PAGE Go in with us and see. We have an hour's talk with you.

[Exeunt MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and Mistress QUICKLY.]

PAGE How now, Master Ford.

FORD You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

PAGE Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

FORD Do you think there is truth in them?

PAGE Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer^o it. But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke^o of his discarded men—very rogues, now they be out of service.

FORD Were they his men?

PAGE Marry were they.

FORD I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

PAGE Ay, marry does he. If he should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.^o

FORD I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident. I would have nothing lie on my head. I cannot be thus satisfied.

[Enter] HOST.

PAGE Look where my ranting Host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine Host.

HOST How now, bully rook, thou'rt a gentleman. [Calling behind him.] Cavaliero^o Justice, I say!

[Enter] SHALLOW.

SHALLOW I follow, mine Host, I follow. Good even and twenty,^o good Master Page. Master Page, will you go with us? We have sport in hand.

HOST Tell him, Cavaliero Justice; tell him, bully rook.

SHALLOW Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

FORD Good mine Host o' th' Garter, a word with you.

[Draws him aside.]

HOST What sayest thou, my bully rook?

SHALLOW [To PAGE.] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary^o places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

[They converse apart.]

HOST Hast thou no suit against my knight, my Guest-Cavaliero?

FORD None, I protest. But I'll give you a pottle^o of burnt^o sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brooke—only for a jest.

HOST My hand, bully. Thou shalt have egress and regress—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brooke. It is a merry knight. Will you go, mynheers?^o

SHALLOW Have with you, mine Host.

PAGE I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

SHALLOW Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance,^o your passes,^o stoccadoes,^o and I know not what. 'Tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

HOST Here, boys, here, here! Shall we wag?^o

PAGE Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight. Exeunt [HOST, SHALLOW, and PAGE].

FORD Though Page be a secure fool and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labor. If she be otherwise, 'tis labor well bestowed. [Exit.]

Scene II. [Falstaff's room in the Garter Inn.]

Enter FALSTAFF [and] PISTOL.

FALSTAFF I will not lend thee a penny.

PISTOL

Why, then the world's mine oyster,

Which I with sword will open.

FALSTAFF Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance^o to pawn. I have grated upon^o my good friends for three reprieves for you

188–89 Good . . . twenty good evening twenty times over (there is an error in time here, for it is morning) 198 contrary different 203 pottle two-quart tankard 204 burnt heated 208 mynheers gentlemen 213 distance space between fencers; passes lunges 214 stoccadoes thrusts 218 wag go

II.ii.5 countenance reputation 5–6 grated upon pestered

148 crotchets peculiar notions 150 Have with you I'll go along with you 167 offer try 168 yoke pair 177 let . . . head (1) it's my responsibility (2) I would be cuckolded 187 Cavaliero Spanish title for a gentleman trained in arms

and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy° of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends you were good soldiers and tall fellows. And when 10 Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan,° I took't° upon mine honor thou hadst it not.

PISTOL

Didst not thou share? Hadst thou not fifteen pence?

FALSTAFF Reason, you rogue, reason. Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more 15 about me; I am no gibbet for you. Go! A short knife° and a throng!° To your manor of Pickt-hatch,° go! You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue? You stand upon your honor! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of 20 my honor precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle,° to hedge,° and to lurch;° and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain° looks, your red-lattice° 25 phrases, and your bold-beating° oaths, under the shelter of your honor! You will not do it? You!

PISTOL

I do relent. What would thou more of man?

[Enter] ROBIN.

ROBIN Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

FALSTAFF Let her approach. 30

[Enter Mistress] QUICKLY.

QUICKLY Give your worship good morrow.

FALSTAFF Good morrow, good wife.

QUICKLY Not so, and't please your worship.

FALSTAFF Good maid then.

QUICKLY I'll be sworn, as my mother was the first 35 hour I was born.

FALSTAFF I do believe the swearer. What with me?

QUICKLY Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

FALSTAFF Two thousand, fair woman, and I'll vouch- 40 safe thee the hearing.

QUICKLY There is one Mistress Ford—[glancing at PISTOL and ROBIN] sir, I pray, come a little nearer this ways. I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius.

FALSTAFF Well, on; Mistress Ford, you say— 45

QUICKLY Your worship says very true. I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

FALSTAFF I warrant thee, nobody hears. Mine own people, mine own people.

QUICKLY Are they so? God bless them and make 50 them His servants!

FALSTAFF Well, Mistress Ford, what of her?

QUICKLY Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord, your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray— 55

FALSTAFF Mistress Ford—come, Mistress Ford.

QUICKLY Marry, this is the short and the long of it.

You have brought her into such a canaries° as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her 60 to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches. I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly—all musk—and so rush- 65 ling,° I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant° terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest that would have won any woman's heart; and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels—in any such 70 sort, as they say—but in the way of honesty; and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls—nay, which is more, pensioners;° but, I warrant you, all is one with her. 75

FALSTAFF But what says she to me? Be brief, my good she-Mercury.°

QUICKLY Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from 80 his house between ten and eleven.

FALSTAFF Ten and eleven.

QUICKLY Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot° of. Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas, the sweet 85 woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold° life with him, good heart.

FALSTAFF Ten and eleven.—Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her. 90

QUICKLY Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous° a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor 95 evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other. And she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man. Surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth. 100

FALSTAFF Not I, I assure thee. Setting the attraction of my good parts° aside, I have no other charms.

QUICKLY Blessing on your heart for't!

FALSTAFF But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love 105 me?

QUICKLY That were a jest indeed! They have not so little grace, I hope; that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves;° her husband has a marvelous 110 infection° to the little page; and truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does. Do what she will, say what she will,

8 geminy pair 11 handle . . . fan often made of gold or silver; took't swore 16 short knife for cutting purses 17 throng crowd of victims; Pickt-hatch a notorious district of London 23 shuffle act underhandedly; hedge cheat 24 lurch pilfer 25 cat-a-mountain wildcat; red-lattice i.e., alehouse 26 bold-beating blustering

58 canaries quandaries (?) mentally intoxicated, as with canary wine (?) 64-65 rushling rustling 66 alligant elegant (?) eloquent (?) 74 pensioners members of the royal body-guard 77 she-Mercury messenger 84 wot know 87 frampold disagreeable 94 fartuous virtuous 102 parts talents 110 of all loves for love's sake 111 infection affection

take all, pay all, go to bed when she list,^o rise when she list, all is as she will. And, truly, she deserves it; for if 115 there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

FALSTAFF Why, I will.

QUICKLY Nay, but do so then; and look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have 120 a nay-word,^o that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand anything; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness. Old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world. 125

FALSTAFF Fare thee well, commend me to them both. There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mistress QUICKLY and ROBIN.*] This news distracts me.

PISTOL [*Aside.*]

This punk^o is one of Cupid's carriers.^o 130

Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;^o

Give fire! She is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit.*]

FALSTAFF Sayest thou so, old Jack? Go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense 135 of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

[*Enter*] BARDOLPH.

BARDOLPH Sir John, there's one Master Brooke below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with 140 you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

FALSTAFF Brooke is his name?

BARDOLPH Ay, sir.

FALSTAFF Call him in. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such 145

Brookes are welcome to me, that o'erflows such liquor.

Aha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed^o you? Go to; via!^o

[*Enter BARDOLPH, with*] FORD [*disguised*].

FORD Bless you, sir.

FALSTAFF And you, sir; would you speak with me? 150

FORD I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

FALSTAFF You're welcome. What's your will?—

Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

FORD Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much. My 155 name is Brooke.

FALSTAFF Good Master Brooke, I desire more acquaintance of you.

FORD Good Sir John, I sue for yours, not to charge^o you; for I must let you understand I think myself in 160 better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath something embold'ned me to this unseasoned^o intrusion; for they say if money go before, all ways do lie open.

FALSTAFF Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on. 165

FORD Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me. If you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

FALSTAFF Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter. 170

FORD I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

FALSTAFF Speak, good Master Brooke. I shall be glad to be your servant.

FORD Sir, I hear you are a scholar—I will be brief with 175 you—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means as desire to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover^o a thing to you wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye 180 upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith^o you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

FALSTAFF Very well, sir. Proceed. 185

FORD There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

FALSTAFF Well, sir.

FORD I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her, followed her with a doting 190 observance, engrossed opportunities^o to meet her, fee'd^o every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her, not only bought many presents to give her but have given largely to many to know what she would have given. Briefly, I have pursued 195 her as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited—either in my mind or in my means—meed,^o I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel. That I have purchased at an infinite rate, and 200 that hath taught me to say this,

“Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues; Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.”

FALSTAFF Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands? 205

FORD Never.

FALSTAFF Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

FORD Never.

FALSTAFF Of what quality was your love then? 210

FORD Like a fair house built on another man's ground, so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

FALSTAFF To what purpose have you unfolded this to me? 215

FORD When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her.^o Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman 220 of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,^o authentic^o in your place and person,

114 list pleases 121 nay-word password 130 punk strumpet; carriers messengers 131 fights screens to conceal and protect crews in naval engagements 147–48 encompassed outwitted 148 via go on 159 charge cause expense to 162 unseasoned unseasonable

178 discover reveal 183 sith since 191 engrossed opportunities manufactured as many opportunities as possible 192 fee'd employed 198 meed reward 218–19 she . . . of her she is so free in her merriment that she has a bad reputation 221–22 great admittance high social prestige 222 authentic duly qualified

generally allowed^o for your many warlike, courtlike, and learned preparations.^o

FALSTAFF O sir!

FORD Believe it, for you know it. There is money. Spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have. Only give me so much of your time in exchange of it as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife. Use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you. If any man may, you may as soon as any.

FALSTAFF Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

FORD O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor that the folly of my soul dares not present itself. She is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance^o and argument to commend themselves. I could drive her then from the ward^o of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defenses, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

FALSTAFF Master Brooke, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

FORD O good sir!

FALSTAFF I say you shall.

FORD Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

FALSTAFF Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brooke; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me. I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven, for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.^o

FORD I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

FALSTAFF Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not. Yet I wrong him to call him poor. They say the jealous wittolly^o knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favored.^o I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there's my harvest-home.^o

FORD I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

FALSTAFF Hang him, mechanical^o salt-butter^o rogue! I will stare him out of his wits. I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brooke, thou shalt know I will pre-dominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style.^o Thou, Master Brooke, shalt

know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night. [Exit.]

FORD What a damned Epicurean^o rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms,^o and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! Names! Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason,^o well; yet they are devils' additions,^o the names of fiends. But Cuckold! Wittol!^o—Cuckold! The devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure^o ass. He will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua vitae^o bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself. Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises. And what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy. Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! Cuckold! Cuckold! Cuckold! Exit.

Scene III. [A field near Windsor.]

Enter [Doctor] CAIUS [and] RUGBY.

CAIUS Jack Rugby!

RUGBY Sir?

CAIUS Vat is de clock, Jack?

RUGBY 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

CAIUS By gar, he has save his soul dat he is no come. He has pray his Pible vell dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already if he be come.

RUGBY He is wise, sir. He knew your worship would kill him if he came.

CAIUS By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack. I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

RUGBY Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

CAIUS Villainy, take your rapier.

RUGBY Forbear; here's company.

[Enter] PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, [and] HOST.

HOST Bless thee, bully doctor.

SHALLOW Save you, Master Doctor Caius.

PAGE Now, good Master Doctor.

SLENDER Give you good morrow, sir.

281 Epicurean sensual 288-89 stand . . . terms submit to being called horrible names 290-91 Amaimon . . . Lucifer . . . Barbason names of devils 292 additions titles 293 Wittol contented cuckold 294 secure confident 298 aqua vitae spirits (brandy, whiskey, etc.)

223 allowed approved 224 preparations accomplishments 240 instance evidence 242 ward defense 261 speed succeed 266 wittolly cuckoldly 267 well-favored (1) well chosen (2) good-looking 269 harvest-home reaped profits 272 mechanical low, vulgar; salt-butter (1) possible derogatory allusion to Ford as a merchant (2) ill-smelling 278 aggravate his style add to his title

CAIUS Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?
 HOST To see thee fight, to see thee foin,^o to see thee
 traverse;^o to see thee here, to see thee there; to see
 thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy dis-
 tance, thy montant.^o Is he dead, my Ethiopian?^o Is he 25
 dead, my Francisco?^o Ha, bully? What says my
 Aesculapius?^o My Galen?^o My heart of elder?^o Ha, is
 he dead, bully stale?^o Is he dead?
 CAIUS By gar, he is de coward Jack-priest of de worlde.
 He is not show his face. 30
 HOST Thou art a Castilian King-Urinal!^o Hector of
 Greece,^o my boy!
 CAIUS I pray you bear vitness dat me have stay six or
 seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.
 SHALLOW He is the wiser man, Master Doctor. He is 35
 a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies. If you
 should fight, you go against the hair of your pro-
 fessions. Is it not true, Master Page?
 PAGE Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great
 fighter, though now a man of peace. 40
 SHALLOW Bodykins,^o Master Page, though I now
 be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger
 itches to make one.^o Though we are justices and
 doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some
 salt^o of our youth in us. We are the sons of women, 45
 Master Page.
 PAGE 'Tis true, Master Shallow.
 SHALLOW It will be found so, Master Page. Master
 Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am
 sworn of the peace. You have showed yourself a wise 50
 physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise
 and patient churchman. You must go with me,
 Master Doctor.
 HOST Pardon, Guest-Justice.—A word, Monsieur
 Mock-water.^o 55
 CAIUS Mock-vater? Vat is dat?
 HOST Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valor,
 bully.
 CAIUS By gar, den, I have as much mock-vater as de
 Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! By gar, me 60
 vill cut his ears.
 HOST He will clapperclaw^o thee tightly, bully.
 CAIUS Clapper-de-claw? Vat is dat?
 HOST That is, he will make thee amends.
 CAIUS By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw 65
 me; for, by gar, me vill have it.
 HOST And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.
 CAIUS Me tank you for dat.
 HOST And moreover, bully—But first, Master Guest,

II.iii.22 foin thrust **23 traverse** move back and forth **24–25**
pass . . . montant in fencing: “punto” = to strike a blow
 with the point of the sword; “stock” = thrust; “reverse” =
 backhand stroke; “distance” = keeping the proper space
 between combatants; “montant” = upward thrust **25 Ethio-**
pian dark-bearded or dark-complexioned person **26 Francis-**
co Frenchman **27 Aesculapius** god of medicine; **Galen**
 Greek physician; **heart of elder** having a soft pith, coward
28 stale slang term for a physician, from diagnosing through
 urine analysis **31 Castilian King-Urinal** king of doctors
 (derogatory allusion to Philip II of Spain) **31–32 Hector of**
Greece brave warrior **41 Bodykins** God's little body (an
 oath) **43 make one** join in **45 salt** liveliness **55 Mock-**
water i.e., physician (precise meaning unclear; possible corrup-
 tion of *muck-water* or *make-water*, with an allusion to urine
 analysis) **62 clapperclaw** thrash

and Master Page, and eke Cavaliero Slender [*aside to* 70
them] go you through the town to Frogmore.^o
 PAGE Sir Hugh is there, is he?
 HOST He is there. See what humor he is in. And I will
 bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?
 SHALLOW We will do it. 75
 PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER Adieu, good Master
 Doctor. [*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]
 CAIUS By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a
 jackanape to Anne Page.
 HOST Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience; throw cold 80
 water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me
 through Frogmore. I will bring thee where Mistress
 Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a-feasting; and thou
 shalt woo her. Cried game;^o said I well?
 CAIUS By gar, me dank you vor dat. By gar, I love 85
 you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest: de earl,
 de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.
 HOST For the which I will be thy adversary toward
 Anne Page. Said I well?
 CAIUS By gar, 'tis good; vell said. 90
 HOST Let us wag then.
 CAIUS Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. *Exeunt.*

ACT III

Scene I. [*A field near Frogmore.*]

Enter EVANS [*and*] SIMPLE. [*EVANS is in doublet and*
hose and carries a sword. SIMPLE carries Evans' gown and
a book.]
 EVANS I pray you now, good Master Slender's
 servingman, and friend Simple by your name, which
 way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls him-
 self Doctor of Physic?
 SIMPLE Marry, sir, the pittie-ward,^o the park-ward,^o 5
 every way; Old Windsor^o way, and every way but
 the town way.
 EVANS I most feheemently desire you, you will also
 look that way.
 SIMPLE I will, sir. [*Exit.*] 10
 EVANS Pless my soul, how full of cholers^o I am, and
 tremping of mind. I shall be glad if he have deceived
 me.—How melancholies I am.—I will knog his
 urinals^o about his knave's costard^o when I have goot
 opportunities for the 'ork. Pless my soul! [*Sings.*] 15
 To shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sings madrigals;
 There will we make our peds of roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies.^o
 To shallow— 20

71 Frogmore village southeast of Windsor; Caius had been
 waiting on the north side of the town **84 Cried game** a
 puzzling expression, possibly from Elizabethan sporting slang,
 conjecturally meaning the game is under way
III.i.5 the pittie-ward toward Windsor Little Park; **the**
park-ward toward Windsor Great Park **6 Old Windsor** a
 village south of Frogmore **11 cholers** choler, anger **13–14**
knog his urinals smash his equipment for analyzing a patient's
 urine **14 costard** head (literally, a type of large apple)
16–19 To shallow . . . posies garbled lines from Marlowe's
 “The Passionate Shepherd to His Love”

Mercy on me, I have a great dispositions to cry.
[Sings.]

Melodious birds sing madrigals—
When as I sat in Pabylon°—
And a thousand vagram° posies.
To shallow, &c.

25

[Enter SIMPLE.]

SIMPLE Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

EVANS He's welcome. [Sings.]

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right! What weapons is he?

SIMPLE No weapons, sir. There comes my master, 30
Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frog-
more, over the stile, this way.

EVANS Pray you, give me my gown—or else keep it
in your arms.

[Takes the book and reads.]

[Enter] PAGE, SHALLOW, [and] SLENDER.

SHALLOW How now, Master Parson. Good morrow, 35
good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a
good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

SLENDER [Aside.] Ah, sweet Anne Page!

PAGE Save you, good Sir Hugh.

EVANS Pless you from His mercy sake, all of you. 40

SHALLOW What, the sword and the word?° Do you
study them both, Master Parson?

PAGE And youthful still—in your doublet and hose
this raw rheumatic day.

EVANS There is reasons and causes for it. 45

PAGE We are come to you to do a good office, Master
Parson.

EVANS Fery well; what is it?

PAGE Yonder is a most reverend gentleman who,
belike having received wrong by some person, is at 50
most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever
you saw.

SHALLOW I have lived fourscore years and upward; I
never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning
so wide of his own respect.° 55

EVANS What is he?

PAGE I think you know him: Master Doctor Caius,
the renowned French physician.

EVANS Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had
as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge. 60

PAGE Why?

EVANS He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates°
and Galen—and he is a knave besides, a cowardly
knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

PAGE I warrant you, he's the man should fight with 65
him.

SLENDER [Aside.] O sweet Anne Page!

SHALLOW It appears so by his weapons.

[Enter] HOST, CAIUS, [and] RUGBY.

Keep them asunder; here comes Doctor Caius.

PAGE Nay, good Master Parson, keep in your weapon. 70

SHALLOW So do you, good Master Doctor.

HOST Disarm them, and let them question.° Let them
keep their limbs whole and hack our English.

CAIUS I pray you let-a me speak a word with your
ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me? 75

EVANS [Aside to CAIUS.] Pray you, use your patience.
[Aloud.] In good time.

CAIUS By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John
ape.

EVANS [Aside to CAIUS.] Pray you, let us not be laugh- 80
ing-stogs° to other men's humors. I desire you in
friendship, and I will one way or other make you
amends. [Aloud.] I will knog your urinals about your
knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and
appointments. 85

CAIUS Diable! Jack Rugby, mine Host de Jarteer,
have I not stay for him to kill him? Have I not, at de
place I did appoint?

EVANS As I am a Christians soul, now look you, this
is the place appointed. I'll be judgment by mine Host 90
of the Garter.

HOST Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul,° French and
Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer.

CAIUS Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

HOST Peace, I say. Hear mine Host of the Garter. Am 95
I politic? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiavel?° Shall I
lose my doctor? No; he gives me the potions and the
motions.° Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir
Hugh? No; he gives me the proverbs and the no-
verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy 100
hand, celestial; so. Boys of art,° I have deceived you
both; I have directed you to wrong places. Your
hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt
sack be the issue.° Come, lay their swords to pawn.
Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow. 105

SHALLOW Trust me, a mad Host.—Follow, gentle-
men, follow.

SLENDER [Aside.] O sweet Anne Page!

[Exeunt SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, and HOST.]

CAIUS Ha, do I perceive dat? Have you make-a de
sot° of us, ha, ha? 110

EVANS This is well! He has made us his vlouting-
stog.° I desire you that we may be friends, and let us
knog our prains together to be revenge on this same
scall,° scurvy, cogging companion,° the Host of the
Garter. 115

CAIUS By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring
me where is Anne Page. By gar, he deceive me too.

EVANS Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you follow.
[Exeunt.]

Scene II. [Windsor. A street.]

[Enter] MISTRESS PAGE [and] ROBIN.

MRS. PAGE Nay, keep your way, little gallant. You
were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader.

72 question dispute verbally **80–81 laughing-stogs** laugh-
ingstocks **92 Gallia and Gaul** Wales and France **96 a**
Machiavel an intriguer (from Niccolò Machiavelli, regarded
by the Elizabethans as the archintriguer) **98 motions** bowel
movements **101 art** learning **104 issue** conclusion **110**
sot fool **111–12 vlouting-stog** flouting-stock, laughing-
stock **114 scall** scald, scurvy; **cogging companion**
cheating rascal

23 When . . . Pabylon from Psalm 137 **24 vagram**
fragrant **41 word** the Bible **55 wide . . . respect** indifferent
to his reputation **62 Hibocrates** Hippocrates (fifth century
B.C. Greek physician)

Whether° had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

ROBIN I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a s man than follow him like a dwarf.

MRS. PAGE O, you are a flattering boy. Now I see you'll be a courtier.

[Enter] FORD.

FORD Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

MRS. PAGE Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at 10 home?

FORD Ay, and as idle as she may hang together,° for want of company. I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

MRS. PAGE Be sure of that—two other husbands. 15

FORD Where had you this pretty weathercock?°

MRS. PAGE I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

ROBIN Sir John Falstaff. 20

FORD Sir John Falstaff!

MRS. PAGE He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league° between my Goodman and he. Is your wife at home indeed?

FORD Indeed she is. 25

MRS. PAGE By your leave, sir. I am sick till I see her.

[Exeunt MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.]

FORD Has Page any brains? Hath he any eyes? Hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as easy as a cannon will shoot pointblank twelve score.° 30 He pieces out° his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion° and advantage. And now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind. And Falstaff's boy with her. —Good plots! They are laid, and our revolted wives 35 share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and willful Actaeon;° and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aim.° 40 [Clock strikes.] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search. There I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather praised for this than mocked, for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there. I will go. 45

[Enter] PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, EVANS, CAIUS, [and RUGBY].

SHALLOW, PAGE, &C. Well met, Master Ford.

FORD Trust me, a good knot.° I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

SHALLOW I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

SLENDER And so must I, sir. We have appointed to 50 dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

SHALLOW We have lingered about a match between

Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer. 55

SLENDER I hope I have your good will, father Page.

PAGE You have, Master Slender. I stand wholly for you. But my wife, Master Doctor, is for you altogether.

CAIUS Ay, be-gar, and de maid is love-a me; my 60 nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

HOST What say you to young Master Fenton? He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday,° he smells April and May. He will carry't,° he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons;° he 65 will carry't.

PAGE Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having.° He kept company with the wild prince and Poinis;° he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes 70 with the finger of my substance. If he take her, let him take her simply.° The wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

FORD I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner. Besides your cheer, you shall have 75 sport. I will show you a monster. Master Doctor, you shall go. So shall you, Master Page, and you, Sir Hugh.

SHALLOW Well, fare you well. We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[Exeunt SHALLOW and SLENDER.]

CAIUS Go home, John Rugby. I come anon. 80

[Exit RUGBY.]

HOST Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary° with him. [Exit.]

FORD [Aside.] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine° first with him; I'll make him dance.—Will you go, 85 gentles?

ALL Have with you to see this monster. Exeunt.

Scene III. [A room in Ford's house.]

Enter MISTRESS FORD [and] MISTRESS PAGE.

MRS. FORD What, John! What, Robert!

MRS. PAGE Quickly, quickly. Is the buck basket°—

MRS. FORD I warrant. What, Robert, I say!

[Enter] SERVANTS [with a basket].

MRS. PAGE Come, come, come!

MRS. FORD Here, set it down. 5

MRS. PAGE Give your men the charge. We must be brief.

MRS. FORD Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brewhouse; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without 10 any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders. That done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters° in Datchet Mead,° and

64 speaks holiday uses choice language 65 carry't win; 'tis . . . buttons he has it in him 68 having property 68–69 wild . . . Poinis Prince Hal and Poinis, characters from 1 and 2 Henry IV 72 simply by herself without any dowry 82 canary a sweet wine 83 pipe-wine wine from the cask; involved punning on pipe (1) a cask (2) a musical instrument, and on canary (1) a type of wine (2) a lively dance

III.iii.2 buck basket basket for soiled linen 13 whitsters bleachers of linen; Datchet Mead meadow between Windsor Little Park and the Thames

III.ii.3 Whether I wonder whether 12 as idle . . . together as idle as she can be without going to pieces 16 weathercock an allusion to Robin's gaudy clothes 23 league friendship 30 twelve score at twelve score paces 31 pieces out assists 32 motion prompting 39 Actaeon cuckold 40 cry aim applaud (from archery) 47 knot company

there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

15

MRS. PAGE You will do it?

MRS. FORD I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Begone, and come when you are called.

[*Exeunt SERVANTS.*]

[*Enter*] ROBIN.

MRS. PAGE Here comes little Robin.

20

MRS. FORD How now, my eyas-musket.^o What news with you?

ROBIN My master, Sir John, is come in at your back door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

MRS. PAGE You little Jack-a-Lent,^o have you been true to us?

ROBIN Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threat'ned to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

30

MRS. PAGE Thou'rt a good boy. This secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

MRS. FORD Do so. [*To* ROBIN.] Go tell thy master I am alone. [*Exit* ROBIN.] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

MRS. PAGE I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit.*]

MRS. FORD Go to, then. We'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross wat'ry pumpkin.^o We'll teach him to know turtles from jays.^o

40

[*Enter*] FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF "Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?"^o Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough. This is the period^o of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

MRS. FORD O sweet Sir John!

45

FALSTAFF Mistress Ford, I cannot cog,^o I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead. I'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my lady.

MRS. FORD I your lady, Sir John? Alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

FALSTAFF Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond. Thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire,^o the tire-valiant,^o or any tire of Venetian admittance.^o

MRS. FORD A plain kerchief, Sir John. My brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

FALSTAFF Thou art a tyrant to say so. Thou wouldst make an absolute^o courtier, and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait

21 **eyas-musket** young male sparrow hawk; i.e., a sprightly lad 25 **Jack-a-Lent** an allusion to Robin's gaudy clothes, from the decorated puppet used in Lenten games 39 **pumpkin** pumpkin 40 **turtles from jays** faithful women from unfaithful ones 41 **Have . . . jewel** from Sir Philip Sidney's collection of sonnets, *Astrophel and Stella* 43 **period** end 46 **cog** fawn 55 **ship-tire** headdress shaped like a ship; **tire-valiant** fanciful headdress 56 **tire . . . admittance** Venetian-style headdress 60 **absolute** perfect

in a semicircled farthingale.^o I see what thou wert if fortune, thy foe, were—not nature—thy friend.^o Come, thou canst not hide it.

MRS. FORD Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

65

FALSTAFF What made me love thee? Let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lispings hawthorn buds^o that come like women in men's apparel and smell like Bucklersbury^o in simple-time.^o I cannot. But I love thee, none but thee; and thou deserv'st it.

70

MRS. FORD Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

FALSTAFF Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate,^o which is as hateful to me as the reek of a limekiln.

75

MRS. FORD Well, heaven knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

FALSTAFF Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

80

MRS. FORD Nay, I must tell you, so you do, or else I could not be in that mind.

[*Enter* ROBIN.]

ROBIN Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! Here's Mistress Page at the door—sweating and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.^o

85

FALSTAFF She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.^o

MRS. FORD Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.

[*FALSTAFF hides.*]

[*Enter* MISTRESS PAGE.]

What's the matter? How now!

90

MRS. PAGE O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, y' are overthrown, y' are undone forever!

MRS. FORD What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

MRS. PAGE O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! Having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

95

MRS. FORD What cause of suspicion?

MRS. PAGE What cause of suspicion! Out upon you; how am I mistook in you!

100

MRS. FORD Why, alas, what's the matter?

MRS. PAGE Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house—by your consent—to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

105

MRS. FORD 'Tis not so, I hope.

MRS. PAGE Pray heaven it be not so that you have such a man here! But 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know

110

62 **semicircled farthingale** half-hooped petticoat 62–63 **I . . . friend** Since you are already naturally pretty, I can imagine what you would look like dressed for the world of high society if fortune had not made you a member of the bourgeois class ("Fortune Thy Foe" is the title of an Elizabethan popular ballad) 69 **hawthorn buds** dandies 70 **Bucklersbury** a street in London where herbs were sold 71 **simple-time** herb-selling season 76 **Counter-gate** gate of the debtors' prison, known as an area of foul odors 85 **presently** immediately 87 **arras** hanging tapestry used for wall decoration

yourself clear,° why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend° here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life forever.

MRS. FORD What shall I do? There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

MRS. PAGE For shame! Never stand° “you had rather” and “you had rather.” Your husband’s here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance. In the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket. If he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking.° Or—it is whiting time°—send him by your two men to Datchet Mead.

MRS. FORD He’s too big to go in there. What shall I do?

FALSTAFF [*Rushing forward.*] Let me see’t, let me see’t. O let me see’t! I’ll in, I’ll in! Follow your friend’s counsel. I’ll in!

MRS. PAGE What, Sir John Falstaff! [*Aside to FALSTAFF.*] Are these your letters, knight?

FALSTAFF [*Aside to MISTRESS PAGE.*] I love thee. Help me away.—Let me creep in here. I’ll never—

[*Climbs into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*]

MRS. PAGE [*To ROBIN.*] Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. [*Aside to FALSTAFF.*] You dissembling knight!

MRS. FORD What, John! Robert! John!

[*Exit ROBIN.*]

[*Enter SERVANTS.*]

Go, take up these clothes here quickly. Where’s the cowlstaff?° Look how you drumble!° Carry them to the laundress in Datchet Mead. Quickly, come!

[*Enter*] FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, [*and*] EVANS.

FORD [*To his companions.*] Pray you, come near. If I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now, who goes here? Whither bear you this?

SERVANTS To the laundress, forsooth.

MRS. FORD Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing!

FORD Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck!° Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck—and of the season° too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt SERVANTS with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed tonight.° I’ll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys. Ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out. I’ll warrant we’ll unkennel° the fox. Let me stop this way first. [*Locks the door.*] So, now uncope.°

PAGE Good Master Ford, be contented. You wrong yourself too much.

FORD True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon. Follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*]

EVANS This is fery fantastical humors and jealousies.

CAIUS By gar, ’tis no de fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

PAGE Nay, follow him, gentlemen. See the issue of his search. [*Exeunt PAGE, CAIUS, and EVANS.*]

MRS. PAGE Is there not a double excellency in this?

MRS. FORD I know not which pleases me better—that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

MRS. PAGE What a taking° was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

MRS. FORD I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

MRS. PAGE Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

MRS. FORD I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff’s being here, for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

MRS. PAGE I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff. His dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

MRS. FORD Shall we send that foolish carrion° Mistress Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope to betray him to another punishment?

MRS. PAGE We will do it. Let him be sent for tomorrow, eight o’clock, to have amends.

[*Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and EVANS.*]

FORD I cannot find him. May be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

MRS. PAGE [*Aside to MISTRESS FORD.*] Heard you that?

MRS. FORD You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

FORD Ay, I do so.

MRS. FORD Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

FORD Amen.

MRS. PAGE You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

FORD Ay, ay, I must bear it.

EVANS If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses,° Heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

CAIUS Be-gar, nor I too; dere is nobodies.

PAGE Fie, fie, Master Ford, are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha’ your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

FORD ’Tis my fault,° Master Page. I suffer for it.

EVANS You suffer for a pad conscience. Your wife is as honest a ’omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

CAIUS By gar, I see ’tis an honest woman.

FORD Well, I promised you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you pardon me. I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife; come, Mistress Page—I pray you pardon me. Pray heartily, pardon me.

172 taking fright 185 carrion body of corrupting flesh 204 presses cupboards 211 fault weakness

112 clear innocent 113 friend paramour 120 stand lose time over 126 bucking washing 127 whiting time bleaching time 143 cowlstaff pole for carrying a basket between two persons; drumble dawdle 153 buck horned beast, cuckold 154 of the season in season 156 tonight last night 158 unkennel dislodge 159 uncope flush him out (hunting)

PAGE Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you tomorrow morning to my house to breakfast. After, we'll a-birding^o together. I have a fine hawk for the bush.^o Shall it be so?

FORD Anything.

225

EVANS If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

CAIUS If dere be one, or two, I shall make-a de turd.

FORD Pray you, go, Master Page.

EVANS [*Aside to CAIUS.*] I pray you now, remem- 230
brance tomorrow on the lousy knave, mine Host.

CAIUS [*Aside to EVANS.*] Dat is good, by gar; with all my heart.

EVANS [*Aside to CAIUS.*] A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! *Exeunt.* 235

Scene IV. [*Before Page's house.*]

Enter FENTON [and] ANNE Page.

FENTON

I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

ANNE

Alas, how then?

FENTON Why, thou must be thyself.

He doth object I am too great of birth,
And that my state^o being galled with my expense,^o 5

I seek to heal it only by his wealth.

Besides these, other bars he lays before me:

My riots past, my wild societies;

And tells me 'tis a thing impossible

I should love thee but as a property. 10

ANNE

May be he tells you true.

FENTON

No, heaven so speed^o me in my time to come!

Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth

Was the first motive that I wooed thee, Anne.

Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value 15

Than stamps^o in gold or sums in sealèd bags;

And 'tis the very riches of thyself

That now I aim at.

ANNE

Gentle Master Fenton,

Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir.

If opportunity and humblest suit 20

Cannot attain it, why, then—

[*Enter*] SHALLOW, SLENDER, [*and Mistress*] QUICKLY.
Hark you hither.

[*Takes FENTON aside.*]

SHALLOW Break their talk, Mistress Quickly. My kinsman shall speak for himself.

SLENDER I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't.^o 'Slid,^o 'tis but venturing. 25

SHALLOW Be not dismayed.

223 a-birding hawking 224 fine . . . bush a hawk especially trained to fly at small birds sheltered in bushes

III.iv.5 state estate; galled . . . expense squandered away 12 speed prosper 16 stamps coins 24 make . . . on't do it one way or another (literally, use a slender arrow or a thick one); 'Slid God's eyelid (mild oath)

SLENDER No, she shall not dismay me. I care not for that, but that I am afraid.

QUICKLY [*To ANNE.*] Hark ye, Master Slender would speak a word with you. 30

ANNE

I come to him. [*Aside.*] This is my father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favored faults

Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year.

QUICKLY And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you. 35

[*They converse together.*]

SHALLOW She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

SLENDER I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest how my father stole two geese 40
out of a pen, good uncle.

SHALLOW Mistress Anne, my cousin^o loves you.

SLENDER Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

SHALLOW He will maintain you like a gentlewoman. 45

SLENDER Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.^o

SHALLOW He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

ANNE Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself. 50

SHALLOW Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz. I'll leave you.

ANNE Now, Master Slender—

SLENDER Now, good Mistress Anne—

ANNE What is your will? 55

SLENDER My will? 'Od's heartlings,^o that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank God. I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

ANNE I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me? 60

SLENDER Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle have made motions.^o If it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole.^o They can tell you how things go better than I can. You may ask your father; here he comes. 65

[*Enter*] PAGE [*and*] MISTRESS PAGE.

PAGE

Now, Master Slender. Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! What does Master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house.

I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

FENTON

Nay, Master Page, be not impatient. 70

MRS. PAGE

Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

PAGE

She is no match for you.

FENTON

Sir, will you hear me?

PAGE

No, good Master Fenton.

42 cousin kinsman 46-47 cut . . . squire all kinds so long as they are not too high-ranking 56 'Od's heartlings God's little heart (an oath) 63 motions suggestions 63-64 happy . . . dole happiness be his portion

Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton. 75

[PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER enter the house.]

QUICKLY Speak to Mistress Page.

FENTON

Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checks,° rebukes, and manners,

I must advance the colors° of my love

80

And not retire. Let me have your good will.

ANNE Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

MRS. PAGE I mean it not. I seek you a better husband.

QUICKLY [To ANNE.] That's my master, Master

Doctor.

85

ANNE

Alas, I had rather be set quick° i' th' earth,

And bowled to death with turnips.

MRS. PAGE

Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy.

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

90

And as I find her, so am I affected.

Till then, farewell, sir. She must needs go in.

Her father will be angry.

[MISTRESS PAGE and ANNE enter the house.]

FENTON

Farewell, gentle mistress. Farewell, Nan.

QUICKLY This is my doing now. "Nay," said I, "will 95

you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician?

Look on Master Fenton." This is my doing.

FENTON

I thank thee, and I pray thee, once° tonight

Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.

[Gives the ring and some money to QUICKLY
and then departs.]

QUICKLY Now heaven send thee good fortune! A 100

kind heart he hath. A woman would run through fire

and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my

master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender

had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her.

I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have 105

promised, and I'll be as good as my word—but

speciously° for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another

errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses.

What a beast am I to slack it!°

Exit.

Scene V. [Falstaff's room in the Garter Inn.]

Enter FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF Bardolph, I say!

[Enter] BARDOLPH.

BARDOLPH Here, sir.

FALSTAFF Go fetch me a quart of sack—put a toast°

in't. [Exit BARDOLPH.] Have I lived to be carried in a

basket like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be 5

thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such

another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and

battered, and give them to a dog for a New-Year's
gift. The rogues slighted° me into the river with as
little remorse as they would have drowned a blind 10
bitch's puppies, fifteen i' th' litter. And you may
know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in
sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should
down. I had been drowned but that the shore was
shelvy and shallow—a death that I abhor, for the 15
water swells a man; and what a thing should I have
been when I had been swelled. I should have been a
mountain of mummy.°

[Enter BARDOLPH with two cups of wine.]

BARDOLPH Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with
you.

20

FALSTAFF Come, let me pour in some sack to the
Thames water, for my belly's as cold as if I had
swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins.° Call
her in.

BARDOLPH Come in, woman.

25

[Enter Mistress] QUICKLY.

QUICKLY By your leave; I cry you mercy.° Give your
worship good morrow.

FALSTAFF Take away these chalices.° Go brew me a
pottle of sack finely.

BARDOLPH With eggs, sir?

30

FALSTAFF Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my
brewage. [Exit BARDOLPH.] How now.

QUICKLY Marry, sir, I come to your worship from
Mistress Ford.

FALSTAFF Mistress Ford? I have had ford enough; I 35
was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

QUICKLY Alas the day, good heart, that was not her
fault. She does so take on with her men; they mistook
their erection.°

FALSTAFF So did I mine, to build upon a foolish 40
woman's promise.

QUICKLY Well, she laments, sir, for it that it would
yearn° your heart to see it. Her husband goes this
morning a-birding. She desires you once more to
come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her 45
word quickly. She'll make you amends, I warrant
you.

FALSTAFF Well, I will visit her. Tell her so, and bid
her think what a man is. Let her consider his frailty,
and then judge of my merit.

50

QUICKLY I will tell her.

FALSTAFF Do so.—Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

QUICKLY Eight and nine, sir.

FALSTAFF Well, begone. I will not miss her.

QUICKLY Peace be with you, sir.

55

[Exit, leaving the door open.]

FALSTAFF I marvel I hear not of Master Brooke. He
sent me word to stay within. I like his money well.—
O, here he comes.

[Enter] FORD.

FORD Bless you, sir.

79 checks reproofs 80 colors banners 86 quick living 98
once sometime 107 speciously especially 109 slack it be
remiss about it

III.v.3 a toast a piece of toast

9 slighted tossed contemptuously 18 mummy dead flesh
23 reins kidneys 26 cry you mercy beg your pardon 28
chalices drinking cups 39 erection direction 43 yearn
grieve

FALSTAFF Now, Master Brooke, you come to know 60
what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

FORD That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

FALSTAFF Master Brooke, I will not lie to you. I was
at her house the hour she appointed me.

FORD And sped you,° sir? 65

FALSTAFF Very ill-favoredly, Master Brooke.

FORD How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

FALSTAFF No, Master Brooke, but the peaking
cornuto° her husband, Master Brooke, dwelling in a
continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant 70
of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed,
protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our
comedy; and at his heels a rabble° of his companions,
thither provoked and instigated by his distemper,°
and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love. 75

FORD What, while you were there?

FALSTAFF While I was there.

FORD And did he search for you, and could not find
you?

FALSTAFF You shall hear. As good luck would have 80
it, comes in one Mistress Page, gives intelligence of
Ford's approach; and in her invention and Ford's
wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck
basket.

FORD A buck basket? 85

FALSTAFF By the Lord, a buck basket! Rammed me in
with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings,
greasy napkins, that,° Master Brooke, there was the
rankest compound of villainous smell that ever
offended nostril. 90

FORD And how long lay you there?

FALSTAFF Nay, you shall hear, Master Brooke, what
I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your
good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of
Ford's knaves, his hinds,° were called forth by their 95
mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to
Datchet Lane. They took me on their shoulders; met
the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked
them once or twice what they had in their basket. I
quaked for fear lest the lunatic knave would have 100
searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold,
held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away
went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master
Brooke. I suffered the pangs of three several deaths:
first, an intolerable fright to be detected with° a jealous 105
rotten bellwether;° next, to be compassed like a good
bilbo° in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point,
heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong
distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted° in their
own grease. Think of that, a man of my kidney°— 110
think of that—that am as subject to heat as butter; a
man of continual dissolution° and thaw. It was a
miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this

65 **sped you** did you succeed 68–69 **peaking cornuto** prying
cuckold (with a pun on *peak* as the tip of the horn) 73 **rabble**
pack 74 **distemper** ill temper 88 **that** so that 95 **hinds**
servants 105 **with** by 106 **bellwether** ram with a bell
around his neck who led the flock (with an implied reference
to a horned beast or cuckold) 106–07 **compassed** . . .
bilbo bent around like a well-tempered sword blade (a test
for ascertaining the quality of a good blade) 109 **fretted**
decayed 110 **kidney** temperament 112 **dissolution** lique-
faction

bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like
a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and 115
cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horseshoe.
Think of that—hissing hot—think of that, Master
Brooke!

FORD In good sadness,° sir, I am sorry that for my
sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate. 120
You'll undertake her no more?

FALSTAFF Master Brooke, I will be thrown into Etna,
as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus.
Her husband is this morning gone a-birding. I have
received from her another embassy° of meeting. 125
'Twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brooke.

FORD 'Tis past eight already, sir.

FALSTAFF Is it? I will then address me° to my appoint-
ment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and
you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall 130
be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You
shall have her, Master Brooke; Master Brooke, you
shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.]

FORD Hum! Ha! Is this a vision? Is this a dream? Do
I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, Master Ford! 135
There's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford.
This 'tis to be married; this 'tis to have linen and buck
baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am. I
will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot
'scape me; 'tis impossible he should. He cannot creep 140
into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepperbox. But, lest
the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search
impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid,
yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame.
If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go 145
with me—I'll be horn-mad. Exit.

A C T I V

Scene I. [A street.]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, [Mistress] QUICKLY, [and]
WILLIAM.

MRS. PAGE Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st
thou?

QUICKLY Sure he is by this, or will be presently. But,
truly, he is very courageous° mad about his throwing
into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come 5
suddenly.°

MRS. PAGE I'll be with her by and by.° I'll but bring
my young man here to school. Look where his master
comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

[Enter] EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh! No school today? 10

EVANS No. Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

QUICKLY Blessing of his heart.

MRS. PAGE Sir Hugh, my husband says my son
profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you,
ask him some questions in his accidence.° 15

119 **sadness** seriousness 125 **embassy** message 128 **address**
me go

IV.i.4 **courageous** outrageous 6 **suddenly** immediately 7
by and by quickly 15 **accidence** knowledge of grammatical
inflections

EVANS Come hither, William. Hold up your head; come.

MRS. PAGE Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master; be not afraid.

EVANS William, how many numbers is in nouns? 20

WILLIAM Two.

QUICKLY Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, "Od's nouns."^o

EVANS Peace your tattlings. What is "fair," William?

WILLIAM "Pulcher." 25

QUICKLY Polecats!^o There are fairer things than polecats, sure.

EVANS You are a very simplicity 'oman. I pray you peace. What is "lapis," William?

WILLIAM A stone. 30

EVANS And what is "a stone," William?

WILLIAM A pebble.

EVANS No, it is "lapis." I pray you remember in your prain.

WILLIAM "Lapis." 35

EVANS That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

WILLIAM Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined: "Singulariter, nominativo, hic, haec, hoc." 40

EVANS "Nominativo, hig, hag, hog." Pray you, mark: "genitivo, hujus." Well, what is your accusative case?

WILLIAM "Accusativo, hinc."

EVANS I pray you, have your remembrance, child: 45
"accusativo, hung, hang, hog."

QUICKLY "Hang-hog"^o is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

EVANS Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William? 50

WILLIAM O—"vocativo, O."

EVANS Remember, William; focative is "caret."^o

QUICKLY And that's a good root.

EVANS 'Oman, forbear.

MRS. PAGE Peace. 55

EVANS What is your genitive case plural, William?

WILLIAM Genitive case?

EVANS Ay.

WILLIAM Genitive—"horum, harum, horum."

QUICKLY Vengeance of Jenny's case!^o Fie on her! 60
Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

EVANS For shame, 'oman.

QUICKLY You do ill to teach the child such words. He teaches him to hick and to hack,^o which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call "horum." Fie upon 65
you!

EVANS 'Oman, art thou lunatics? Hast thou no understandings for thy cases and the numbers of the genders?

23 Od's nouns God's wounds (an oath) **26 Polecats** (1) wildcats (2) prostitutes **47 Hang-hog** an allusion to a famous story of the jurist Sir Nicholas Bacon, who told a prisoner named Hog, who tried to have his death sentence commuted on grounds of kindred, that "you and I cannot be of kindred unless you are hanged; for Hog is not Bacon till it be well hanged" **52 caret** is lacking (Latin) **60 case** pudendum (Mistress Quickly associates Latin *horum* with *whore*, and *harum* with *hare*, a slang term for a prostitute) **64 to hick . . . hack** hiccup (?) and go wenching (?; precise meaning unknown, but dissoluteness is implied)

Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires. 70

MRS. PAGE Prithee, hold thy peace.

EVANS Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

WILLIAM Forsooth, I have forgot.

EVANS It is "qui, quae, quod." If you forget your 75
"qui's," your "quae's," and your "quod's,"^o you must be preeches.^o Go your ways and play; go.

MRS. PAGE He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

EVANS He is a good sprag^o memory. Farewell, 80
Mistress Page.

MRS. PAGE Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [Exit EVANS.]
Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. [A room in Ford's house.]

Enter FALSTAFF [and] MISTRESS FORD.

FALSTAFF Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance.^o I see you are obsequious^o in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth, not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. 5
But are you sure of your husband now?

MRS. FORD He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

MRS. PAGE [Within.] What ho, gossip^o Ford. What ho!

MRS. FORD Step into th' chamber, Sir John. 10
[Exit FALSTAFF.]

[Enter] MISTRESS PAGE.

MRS. PAGE How now, sweetheart! Who's at home besides yourself?

MRS. FORD Why, none but mine own people.

MRS. PAGE Indeed?

MRS. FORD No, certainly. [Aside to her.] Speak 15
louder.

MRS. PAGE Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

MRS. FORD Why?

MRS. PAGE Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes^o again. He so takes on yonder with my husband, 20
so rails against all married mankind, so curses all Eve's daughters—of what complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer out,^o peer out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience to this his distemper 25
he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

MRS. FORD Why, does he talk of him?

MRS. PAGE Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here, and 30
hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here. Now he shall see his own foolery.

76 qui's, quae's, quod's Latin *qu* was pronounced *k*, giving rise to bawdy puns on *keys* = penises, *case* = pudendum, *cods* = testicles) **77 preeches** breeched, flogged **80 sprag** sprack, alert

IV.ii.2 sufferance suffering; **obsequious** devoted **8 gossip** friend **20 lunes** lunacies **23 Peer out** alluding to the cuckold's horns

MRS. FORD How near is he, Mistress Page? 35

MRS. PAGE Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

MRS. FORD I am undone! The knight is here.

MRS. PAGE Why then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you! Away 40 with him, away with him. Better shame than murder.

MRS. FORD Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

[Enter FALSTAFF.]

FALSTAFF No, I'll come no more i' th' basket. May I not go out ere he come? 45

MRS. PAGE Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

FALSTAFF What shall I do? I'll creep up into the 50 chimney.

MRS. FORD There they always use to discharge their birding pieces.

MRS. PAGE Creep into the kilnhole.^o

FALSTAFF Where is it? 55

MRS. FORD He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract^o for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note. There is no hiding you in the house. 60

FALSTAFF I'll go out then.

MRS. PAGE If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised—

MRS. FORD How might we disguise him?

MRS. PAGE Alas the day, I know not. There is no 65 woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

FALSTAFF Good hearts, devise something. Any extremity rather than a mischief. 70

MRS. FORD My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brainford,^o has a gown above.

MRS. PAGE On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is. And there's her thrummed^o hat and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John. 75

MRS. FORD Go, go, sweet Sir John. Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

MRS. PAGE Quick, quick! We'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. [Exit FALSTAFF.]

MRS. FORD I would my husband would meet him in 80 this shape. He cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; he swears she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threat'ned to beat her.

MRS. PAGE Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards! 85

MRS. FORD But is my husband coming?

MRS. PAGE Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

MRS. FORD We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, 90 as they did last time.

MRS. PAGE Nay, but he'll be here presently. Let's go dress him like the witch of Brainford.

MRS. FORD I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him 95 straight. [Exit.]

MRS. PAGE Hang him, dishonest^o varlet, we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too. 100

We do not act that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old but true, "Still swine eats all the draff."^o

[Exit.]

[Enter MISTRESS FORD, with two] SERVANTS.

MRS. FORD Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders. Your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly, dispatch. [Exit.] 105

FIRST SERVANT Come, come, take it up.

SECOND SERVANT Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.

FIRST SERVANT I hope not; I had lief as bear so much lead. 110

[They lift the basket.]

[Enter] FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, EVANS, [and] SHALLOW.

FORD Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villain. Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket!^o O you panderly rascals! There's a knot,^o a ging,^o a pack, a conspiracy against me. Now shall the devil be shamed.^o What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching! 115

PAGE Why, this passes,^o Master Ford! You are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned. 120

EVANS Why, this is lunatics, this is mad as a mad dog.

SHALLOW Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

FORD So say I too, sir.

[Enter MISTRESS FORD.]

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest 125 woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

MRS. FORD Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty. 130

FORD Well said, 'brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah!

[Pulling clothes out of the basket.]

PAGE This passes!

MRS. FORD Are you not ashamed? Let the clothes alone. 135

FORD I shall find you anon.

EVANS 'Tis unreasonable. Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

FORD Empty the basket, I say!

54 kilnhole oven 58 abstract list 71-72 fat . . . Brainford an actual personage who kept a tavern in Brentford, a town on the Thames twelve miles east of Windsor 74 thrummed fringed

97 dishonest unchaste 102 draff swill 113-14 Youth . . . basket a contemporary phrase apparently connoting a "fortunate lover" 114 knot band 115 ging gang 115-16 Now . . . shamed "Speak the truth and shame the devil" (proverbial) 119 passes exceeds everything

MRS. FORD Why, man, why?

FORD Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket. Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is. My intelligence^o is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

[FORD and PAGE pull out more clothes.]

MRS. FORD If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

PAGE Here's no man.

SHALLOW By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

EVANS Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart. This is jealousies.

FORD Well, he's not here I seek for.

PAGE No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

FORD Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no color for my extremity.^o Let me forever be your table-sport.^o Let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman."^o Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

MRS. FORD What ho, Mistress Page, come you and the old woman down. My husband will come into the chamber.

FORD Old woman? What old woman's that?

MRS. FORD Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brainford.

FORD A witch, a quean,^o an old cozening^o quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortunetelling. She works by charms, by spells, by th' figure,^o and such daubery^o as this is, beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

MRS. FORD Nay, good, sweet husband! Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

[Enter FALSTAFF in woman's clothes, and MISTRESS PAGE.]

MRS. PAGE Come, Mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

FORD I'll "prat"^o her. [Beats him.] Out of my door, you witch, you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you runnion!^o Out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortunetell you!

[Exit FALSTAFF, running.]

MRS. PAGE Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

MRS. FORD Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

FORD Hang her, witch!

EVANS By Jeshu, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed. I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his muffler.

FORD Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you,

140

follow. See but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trail,^o never trust me when I open^o again.

PAGE Let's obey his humor a little further. Come, gentlemen.

[Exeunt FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and EVANS.]

MRS. PAGE Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

MRS. FORD Nay, by th' mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

MRS. PAGE I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

MRS. FORD What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

MRS. PAGE The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him. If the devil have him not in fee-simple,^o with fine and recovery,^o he will never, I think, in the way of waste,^o attempt us again.

MRS. FORD Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

MRS. PAGE Yes, by all means, if it be but to scrape the figures^o out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.^o

MRS. FORD I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed, and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

MRS. PAGE Come, to the forge with it; then shape it. I would not have things cool.

Exeunt.

Scene III. [A room in the Garter Inn.]

Enter HOST and BARDOLPH.

BARDOLPH Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses. The duke himself will be tomorrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

HOST What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen. They speak English?

BARDOLPH Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

HOST They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them.^o They have had my house a week at command.^o I have turned away my other guests. They must come off.^o I'll sauce them. Come. Exeunt.

Scene IV. [A room in Ford's house.]

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and EVANS.

EVANS 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman^o as ever I did look upon.

PAGE And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

192 upon no trail where there is no scent; open cry out from picking up a scent (used of hounds) 204 fee-simple absolute possession 205 fine and recovery legal procedure for transferring an entailed estate into a fee-simple 206 waste spoliation 210 figures phantasms 213 ministers agents

IV.iii.9 sauce them make them pay dearly 10 at command reserved 11 come off pay

IV.iv.I best . . . 'oman most discreet woman

144 intelligence information 156 show . . . extremity suggest no excuse for my extravagance 157 table-sport laughingstock 159 leman lover 166 quean hussy; cozening cheating, deceiving 170-71 by th' figure by making wax effigies for enchantments 171 daubery false show 178 prat beat on the buttocks 180 runnion abusive term for a woman

MRS. PAGE Within a quarter of an hour. 5
 FORD
 Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt.
 I rather will suspect the sun with cold
 Than thee with wantonness. Now doth thy honor
 stand,
 In him that was of late an heretic,
 As firm as faith.
 PAGE 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more. 10
 Be not as extreme in submission as in offense.
 But let our plot go forward. Let our wives
 Yet once again, to make us public sport,
 Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
 Where we may take him and disgrace him for it. 15
 FORD
 There is no better way than that they spoke of.
 PAGE How? To send him word they'll meet him in
 the Park at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.
 EVANS You say he has been thrown in the rivers, and
 has been grievously peaten as an old 'oman. Methinks 20
 there should be terrors in him that he should not
 come. Methinks his flesh is punished; he shall have no
 desires.
 PAGE So think I too.
 MRS. FORD
 Devise but how you'll use him when he comes, 25
 And let us two devise to bring him thither.
 MRS. PAGE
 There is an old tale goes that Herne the Hunter,
 Sometime° a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
 Doth all the wintertime, at still midnight,
 Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns; 30
 And there he blasts° the tree, and takes° the cattle,
 And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
 In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
 You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know
 The superstitious idle-headed eld° 35
 Received, and did deliver to our age,
 This tale of Herne the Hunter for a truth.
 PAGE
 Why, yet there want not many that do fear
 In deep of night to walk by this Herne's Oak.
 But what of this?
 MRS. FORD Marry, this is our device:° 40
 That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
 Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.
 PAGE
 Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
 And in this shape. When you have brought him
 thither,
 What shall be done with him? What is your plot? 45
 MRS. PAGE
 That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
 Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
 And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
 Like urchins,° ouphs,° and fairies, green and white,
 With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads, 50
 And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden,
 As Falstaff, she, and I are newly met,
 Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once

With some diffusèd° song. Upon their sight,
 We two in great amazedness will fly. 55
 The let them all encircle him about,
 And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight,
 And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
 In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
 In shape profane.
 MRS. FORD And till he tell the truth, 60
 Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound°
 And burn him with their tapers.
 MRS. PAGE The truth being known,
 We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
 And mock him home to Windsor.
 FORD The children must
 Be practiced well to this, or they'll ne'er do't. 65
 EVANS I will teach the children their behaviors; and I
 will be like a jackanapes° also, to burn the knight with
 my taber.
 FORD
 That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.°
 MRS. PAGE
 My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies, 70
 Finely attirèd in a robe of white.
 PAGE
 That silk will I go buy. [*Aside.*] And in that tire°
 Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
 And marry her at Eton.°—Go, send to Falstaff straight.
 FORD
 Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brooke. 75
 He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.
 MRS. PAGE
 Fear not you that. Go, get us properties°
 And tricking° for our fairies.
 EVANS Let us about it. It is admirable pleasures and
 fery honest knaveries. 80
 [*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.*]
 MRS. PAGE
 Go, Mistress Ford,
 Send Quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.
 [*Exit MISTRESS FORD.*]
 I'll to the doctor. He hath my good will,
 And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
 That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot; 85
 And he my husband best of all affects.
 The doctor is well moneyed, and his friends
 Potent at court. He, none but he, shall have her,
 Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave
 her. [*Exit.*]

Scene V. [*The room in the Garter Inn.*]

Enter HOST [*and*] SIMPLE.

HOST What wouldst thou have, boor? What, thick-
 skin? Speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

SIMPLE Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John
 Falstaff from Master Slender.

HOST There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his 5

28 Sometime formerly 31 blasts blights; takes bewitches
 35 eld elders 40 device plan 49 urchins goblins; ouphs
 elves

54 diffusèd cacophonous 61 sound soundly 67 jackanapes
 monkey 69 vizards masks 72 tire attire 74 Eton across
 the river from Windsor 77 properties stage properties 78
 tricking adornment, costumes

standing-bed and truckle bed.^o 'Tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal,^o fresh and new. Go, knock and call. He'll speak like an Anthropophaginian^o unto thee. Knock, I say.

SIMPLE There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up 10 into his chamber. I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down. I come to speak with her, indeed.

HOST Ha, a fat woman? The knight may be robbed. I'll call. Bully knight, bully Sir John! Speak from thy lungs military. Art thou there? It is thine Host, thine 15 Ephesian,^o calls.

FALSTAFF [*Above.*] How now, mine Host?

HOST Here's a Bohemian-Tartar^o tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend. My chambers are honorable. Fie, privacy, 20 fie!

[*Enter*] FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF There was, mine Host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

SIMPLE Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brainford? 25

FALSTAFF Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell.^o What would you with her?

SIMPLE My master, sir, my Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, 30 had the chain or no.

FALSTAFF I spake with the old woman about it.

SIMPLE And what says she, I pray, sir?

FALSTAFF Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it. 35

SIMPLE I would I could have spoken with the woman herself. I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

FALSTAFF What are they? Let us know.

HOST Ay, come; quick! 40

SIMPLE I may not conceal^o them, sir.

HOST Conceal them, or thou diest.

SIMPLE Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no. 45

FALSTAFF 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

SIMPLE What, sir?

FALSTAFF To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

SIMPLE May I be bold to say so, sir? 50

FALSTAFF Ay, Sir Tyke;^o who more bold?

SIMPLE I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*]

HOST Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly,^o Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee? 55

FALSTAFF Ay, that there was, mine Host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

[*Enter*] BARDOLPH.

BARDOLPH Out, alas, sir, cozenage, mere^o cozenage! 60

HOST Where be my horses? Speak well of them, varletto.^o

BARDOLPH Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set 65 spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.^o

HOST They are gone but to meet the duke, villain.^o Do not say they be fled: Germans are honest men.

[*Enter*] EVANS.

EVANS Where is mine Host? 70

HOST What is the matter, sir?

EVANS Have a care of your entertainments.^o There is a friend of mine come to town tells me there is three cozen-germans^o that has cozened all the hosts of Readins,^o of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses 75 and money. I tell you for good will, look you. You are wise and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter*] CAIUS.

CAIUS Vere is mine Host de Jarteer? 80

HOST Here, Master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful^o dilemma.

CAIUS I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany. By my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to 85 come. I tell you for good vill. Adieu. [*Exit.*]

HOST Hue and cry, villain, go! [*To* FALSTAFF.] Assist me, knight. I am undone. [*To* BARDOLPH.] Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[*Exeunt* HOST and BARDOLPH.]

FALSTAFF I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should 90 come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgeled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor^o fishermen's boots 95 with me. I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfall'n^o as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero.^o Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. 100

[*Enter* Mistress] QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

QUICKLY From the two parties, forsooth.

FALSTAFF The devil take one party and his dam the other! And so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous 105 inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

QUICKLY And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant—speciously^o one of them. Mistress Ford, good heart,

62 varletto rascal 67 Doctor Faustuses Faustus was a German scholar who allegedly obtained magical powers by making a compact with Lucifer; known to the Elizabethans primarily through Marlowe's play 68 villain base fellow 72 entertainments total supplies for running an inn 74 cozen-germans (1) cousin-germans, relatives (2) cheating Germans 75 Readins Reading 81-82 doubtful fearful 95 liquor grease 97 crestfall'n undistinguished 98 primero a card game 108 speciously especially

IV.v.6 truckle bed trundle bed 7 Prodigal the Prodigal Son 8-9 Anthropophaginian cannibal 16 Ephesian boon companion 18 Bohemian-Tartar wild man 26 mussel-shell one who gapes 41 conceal reveal 51 Sir Tyke Master Cur 54 clerkly scholarly 60 mere pure

is beaten black and blue that you cannot see a white spot about her.

110

FALSTAFF What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colors of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brainford. But that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' th' stocks, i' th' common stocks, for a witch.

115

QUICKLY Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber. You shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together. Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well that you are so crossed.^o

120

FALSTAFF Come up into my chamber. *Exeunt.*

Scene VI. [*The Garter Inn.*]

Enter FENTON [and] HOST.

HOST Master Fenton, talk not to me. My mind is heavy; I will give over all.

FENTON

Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

5

HOST I will hear you, Master Fenton, and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

FENTON

From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page, Who mutually hath answered my affection, (So far forth as herself might be her chooser) Even to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at, The mirth whereof so larded^o with my matter^o That neither singly can be manifested Without the show of both. Fat Falstaff Hath a great scene. The image^o of the jest I'll show you here at large. [*Takes out a letter.*]

10

15

Hark, good mine Host:

Tonight at Herne's Oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present^o the Fairy Queen— The purpose why, is here—in which disguise, While other jests are something rank^o on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry. She hath consented. Now, sir,

20

Her mother (ever strong against that match And firm for Doctor Caius) hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle^o her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the dean'ry, where a priest attends, Straight marry her. To this her mother's plot She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath

30

Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests: Her father means she shall be all in white,

35

123 crossed thwarted

IV.vi.14 larded intermixed; matter i.e., courtship problems
17 image form 20 present represent 22 something rank rather abundantly 29 shuffle spirit

And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand and bid her go, She shall go with him. Her mother hath intended— The better to denote her to the doctor, For they must all be masked and vizarded— That quaint^o in green she shall be loose enrobed, With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head; And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and on that token^o The maid hath given consent to go with him.

40

45

HOST

Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

FENTON

Both, my good Host, to go along with me. And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one, And, in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.^o

50

HOST

Well, husband your device;^o I'll to the vicar. Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

FENTON

So shall I evermore be bound to thee; Besides, I'll make a present recompense.

Exeunt. 55

ACT V

Scene I. [*The Garter Inn.*]

Enter FALSTAFF [and Mistress] QUICKLY.

10

FALSTAFF Prithee, no more prattling. Go. I'll hold.^o This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away; go. They say there is divinity^o in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away!

QUICKLY I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

15

FALSTAFF Away, I say; time wears. Hold up your head, and mince.^o [*Exit Mistress QUICKLY.*]

[*Enter*] FORD.

How now, Master Brooke. Master Brooke, the matter will be known tonight, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's Oak, and you shall see wonders.

10

FORD Went you not to her yesterday,^o sir, as you told me you had appointed?

25

FALSTAFF I went to her, Master Brooke, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brooke, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brooke, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you: he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brooke, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam,^o

20

41 quaint elegantly 44 token signal 51 united ceremony union through the marriage rite 52 husband your device manage your plan prudently

V.i.i hold keep the engagement 3 divinity divination 8 mince trip off 13 yesterday a slip; should be "this morning" 22 Goliath . . . beam an allusion to Goliath's staff from I Samuel 17:7 and II Samuel 21:19

because I know also life is a shuttle.^o I am in haste. Go along with me; I'll tell you all, Master Brooke. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I²⁵ knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me. I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom tonight I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brooke! Follow. *Exeunt.* 30

Scene II. [*Windsor Little Park.*]

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, [*and*] SLENDER.

PAGE Come, come; we'll couch^o i' th' Castle ditch^o till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

SLENDER Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her and we have a nay-word^o how to know one another. I come⁵ to her in white, and cry, "mum"; she cries, "budget";^o and by that we know one another.

SHALLOW That's good too. But what needs either your "mum," or her "budget"? The white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock. 10

PAGE The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport. No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scene III. [*Outside the Park.*]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, [*and Doctor*] CAIUS.

MRS. PAGE Master Doctor, my daughter is in green. When you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park. We two must go together.

CAIUS I know vat I have to do. Adieu. 5

MRS. PAGE Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* CAIUS.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter. But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heartbreak. 10

MRS. FORD Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

MRS. PAGE They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's Oak, with obscured lights which at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting they will at once¹⁵ display to the night.

MRS. FORD That cannot choose but amaze^o him.

MRS. PAGE If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

MRS. FORD We'll betray him finely. 20

MRS. PAGE

Against such lewdsters^o and their lechery,

Those that betray them do no treachery.

MRS. FORD The hour draws on. To the Oak, to the Oak! *Exeunt.*

23 life . . . **shuttle** paraphrased from Job 7:6, "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle"

V.ii.1 couch hide; **Castle ditch** a ditch running along the east side of Windsor Castle **5 nay-word** password **6 mum** . . . **budget** mumbudget, a game in which the player pretended to be tongue-tied

V.iii.17 amaze frighten **21 lewdsters** lechers

Scene IV. [*Outside the Park.*]

Enter EVANS [*disguised as a satyr*] and [*others as*] FAIRIES.

EVANS Trib,^o trib, fairies. Come, and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you. Follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib. *Exeunt.*

Scene V. [*Herne's Oak in Windsor Little Park.*]

Enter FALSTAFF [*disguised as Herne,*] with a buck's head upon him.

FALSTAFF The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa;^o love set on thy horns. O powerful love, that in some respects makes a beast a man; in some other, 5 a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda.^o O omnipotent love, how near the god drew to the complexion^o of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast. O Jove, a beastly fault! And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; 10 think on't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' th' forest. Send me a cool rut-time,^o Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?^o Who comes here? My doe? 15

[*Enter*] MISTRESS PAGE [*and*] MISTRESS FORD.

MRS. FORD Sir John? Art thou there, my deer, my male deer?

FALSTAFF My doe with the black scut!^o Let the sky rain potatoes;^o let it thunder to the tune of "Green-sleeves," hail kissing-comfits,^o and snow eringoes.^o 20 Let there come a tempest of provocation,^o I will shelter me here.

[*Hugs her.*]

MRS. FORD Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

FALSTAFF Divide me like a bribed^o buck, each a 25 haunch. I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk,^o and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman,^o ha? Speak I like Herne the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience;^o he makes restitution. As I am a true 30 spirit, welcome!

[*Noise within.*]

V.iv.1 Trib trip

V.v.3-4 bull . . . **Europa** disguise adopted by Jove for his abduction of Europa **6-7 swan** . . . **Leda** another animal disguise adopted by Jove in an amorous adventure **8 complexion** temperament **14 rut-time** annual period of sexual excitement for the male deer **15 piss my tallow** during rut-time the main food for the hart was the red mushroom, which supposedly brought on urination **18 scut** (1) tail (2) pudendum **19 potatoes** sweet potatoes, formerly considered aphrodisiacs **20 kissing-comfits** perfumed sweetmeats; **eringoes** candied seaholly (considered an aphrodisiac) **21 provocation** lustful stimulation **25 bribed** stolen **27 fellow** . . . **walk** forester on this beat **28 woodman** hunter (here, of women) **29-30 of conscience** conscientious

MRS. PAGE Alas, what noise?

MRS. FORD Heaven forgive our sins!

FALSTAFF What should this be?

MRS. FORD, MRS. PAGE Away, away! 35
[*They run off.*]

FALSTAFF I think the devil will not have me damned,
lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire. He
would never else cross me thus.

*Enter Sir Hugh [EVANS] like a satyr, [ANNE Page] and
BOYS dressed like fairies, Mistress QUICKLY like the
Queen of Fairies, [PISTOL as Hobgoblin. They carry
tapers.]*

QUICKLY

Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moonshine revelers, and shades of night, 40
You orphan° heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office° and your quality.°
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.°

PISTOL

Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys!
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap. 45
Where fires thou find'st unraked° and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.°
Our radiant queen hates sluts° and sluttery.

FALSTAFF

They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die.
I'll wink° and couch; no man their works must eye. 50
[*Lies down upon his face.*]

EVANS

Where's Bead? Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere she sleep has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,°
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy.
But those as sleep and think not on their sins, 55
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and
shins.

QUICKLY

About, about.
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphs,° on every sacred room,
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,° 60
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of Order° look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flow'r.
Each fair instalment,° coat,° and several crest,° 65
With loyal blazon,° evermore be blest.
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass,° in a ring.
Th' expressure° that it bears, green let it be,

More fertile-fresh than all the field to see; 70
And "Honi soit qui mal y pense"° write
In emerald tufts, flow'rs purple, blue, and white—
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee—
Fairies use flow'rs for their charactery.° 75
Away, disperse! But till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the Hunter, let us not forget.

EVANS

Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glowworms shall our lanterns be, 80
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay—I smell a man of middle earth.°

FALSTAFF Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy,
lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!°

PISTOL

Vile worm, thou wast o'erlooked° even in thy birth. 85

QUICKLY

With trial-fire touch me his finger end.
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

PISTOL

A trial, come.

EVANS Come, will this wood take fire? 90

They put the tapers to his fingers, and he starts.

FALSTAFF O, O, O!

QUICKLY

Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.
The Song.

Fie on sinful fantasy! 95
Fie on lust and luxury!°
Lust is but a bloody fire,°
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher. 100
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;°
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

*Here they pinch him, and sing about him, and [CAIUS] the
doctor comes one way and steals away a boy in green. And
SLENDER another way; he takes a boy in white. And
FENTON steals Mistress ANNE. And a noise of hunting is
made within, and all the FAIRIES run away. FALSTAFF
pulls off his buck's head and rises up.*

[*Enter*] PAGE, FORD, [MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS
FORD, and EVANS°].

41 orphan possible allusion to the folklore belief that fairies were born spontaneously and thus had no parents 42 office duty; quality profession 43 oyes hear ye (public crier's call) 46 unraked not properly covered with coals 47 bilberry blueberry 48 sluts untidy kitchen-maids 50 wink close my eyes 53 Raise . . . fantasy cause her to have pleasant dreams 59 ouphs elves 60 perpetual doom Day of Judgment 63 chairs of Order stalls of the knights of the Order of the Garter in Saint George's Chapel 65 instalment stall; coat coat of arms; crest helmet (affixed above the stall) 66 blazon armorial bearings 68 compass circle 69 expressure image, picture

71 Honi . . . pense Ill be to him who evil thinks (motto of the Order of the Garter) 75 charactery writing (accent on second syllable) 82 middle earth that section of the universe between heaven and hell, realm of mortals 83-84 Heavens . . . cheese cheese was the favorite food of Welshmen; since Evans smells Falstaff, the latter fears he will be turned into cheese and then devoured 85 o'erlooked bewitched 96 luxury lasciviousness 97 bloody fire fire in the blood 101 mutually jointly 104 s.d. Evans Q1 brings in Evans and Shallow with the others; Evans presumably left the stage at the previous direction, when "all the Fairies run away"; he must reenter because he speaks later; Shallow speaks no lines, but he may well belong to this group scene

PAGE

Nay, do not fly. I think we have watched you^o now. 105
Will none but Herne the Hunter serve your turn?

MRS. PAGE [*To PAGE.*]

I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.^o

[*To FALSTAFF.*]

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? [*Points to Falstaff's horns.*] Do
not these fair yokes

Become the forest better than the town? 110

FORD Now sir, who's a cuckold now? Master Brooke,
Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his
horns, Master Brooke. And, Master Brooke, he hath
enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck basket, his
cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be 115
paid to Master Brooke; his horses are arrested^o for it,
Master Brooke.

MRS. FORD Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could
never meet.^o I will never take you for my love again,
but I will always count you my deer. 120

FALSTAFF I do begin to perceive that I am made an
ass.

FORD Ay, and an ox^o too: both the proofs^o are extant.

FALSTAFF And these are not fairies? I was three or
four times in the thought they were not fairies; and yet 125
the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my
powers,^o drove the grossness of the foppery^o into a
received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and
reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may
be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment. 130

EVANS Sir John Falstaff, serve Got and leave your
desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

FORD Well said, fairy Hugh.

EVANS [*To FORD.*] And leave you your jealousies too,
I pray you. 135

FORD I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou
art able to woo her in good English.

FALSTAFF Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried
it, that it wants^o matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching
as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I 140
have a coxcomb of frieze?^o 'Tis time I were choked
with a piece of toasted cheese.

EVANS Seese is not goot to give putter; your belly is
all putter.

FALSTAFF "Seese" and "putter"? Have I lived to 145
stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?
This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking^o
through the realm.

MRS. PAGE Why, Sir John, do you think though we
would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the 150
head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without
scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made
you our delight?

FORD What, a hodge-pudding?^o A bag of flax?

MRS. PAGE A puffed man? 155

105 watched you caught you in the act 107 hold . . .
higher put an end to the jest 116 arrested seized by warrant
119 meet possible aural pun on *mate* 123 ox fool (from the
expression "to make an ox of someone"); proofs i.e., the long
horns 127 powers faculties; foppery deceit 139 wants
lacks 141 coxcomb of frieze fool's cap of coarse Welsh
woolen cloth 147 late-walking staying out late 154 hodge-
pudding large sausage of many ingredients

PAGE Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

FORD And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

PAGE And as poor as Job?

FORD And as wicked as his wife?

EVANS And given to fornications, and to taverns, and 160
sack and wine and metheglins,^o and to drinkings and
swearings and starings,^o pribbles and prabbles?

FALSTAFF Well, I am your theme. You have the start
of me; I am dejected;^o I am not able to answer the
Welsh flannel.^o Ignorance itself is a plummet^o o'er me. 165
Use me as you will.

FORD Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one
Master Brooke, that you have cozened of money, to
whom you should have been a pander. Over and
above that you have suffered, I think to repay that 170
money will be a biting affliction.

PAGE Yet be cheerful, knight. Thou shalt eat a posset
tonight at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh
at my wife that now laughs at thee. Tell her Master
Slender hath married her daughter. 175

MRS. PAGE [*Aside.*] Doctors doubt that.^o If Anne
Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius'
wife.

[*Enter SLENDER.*]

SLENDER Whoa, ho, ho, father Page!

PAGE Son, how now; how now, son! Have you 180
dispatched?^o

SLENDER Dispatched? I'll make the best in Gloucester-
shire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

PAGE Of what, son?

SLENDER I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress 185
Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had
not been i' th' church, I would have swung^o him, or
he should have swung me. If I did not think it had
been Anne Page, would I might never stir—and 'tis a
postmaster's^o boy! 190

PAGE Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

SLENDER What need you tell me that? I think so,
when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to
him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not
have had him. 195

PAGE Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you
how you should know my daughter by her garments?

SLENDER I went to her in white, and cried, "mum,"
and she cried, "budget," as Anne and I had appointed;
and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy. 200

MRS. PAGE Good George, be not angry. I knew of
your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and
indeed she is now with the doctor at the dean'ry, and
there married.

[*Enter Doctor CAIUS.*]

CAIUS Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened! 205
I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un peasant, by gar, a
boy; it is not Anne Page. By gar, I am cozened!

MRS. PAGE Why? Did you take her in green?

161 metheglins spiced Welsh mead 162 starings swaggerings
164 dejected cast down 165 Welsh flannel teasing name for
a Welshman; plummet (1) garment (from *plumbet*, a
woolen fabric) (2) line for sounding 176 Doctors doubt that
expression of disbelief 181 dispatched settled the business
187 swung beaten 190 postmaster master of post horses

CAIUS Ay, be-gar, and 'tis a boy. Be-gar, I'll raise all Windsor. *[Exit.]* 210

FORD This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

PAGE My heart misgives me. Here comes Master Fenton.

[Enter FENTON and ANNE Page.]

How now, Master Fenton!

ANNE

Pardon, good father! Good my mother, pardon! 215

PAGE Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?

MRS. PAGE

Why went you not with Master Doctor, maid?

FENTON

You do amaze° her. Hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully, 220

Where there was no proportion held in love.

The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,°

Are now so sure° that nothing can dissolve us.

Th' offense is holy that she hath committed,

And this deceit loses the name of craft, 225

Of disobedience, or unduteous title,

Since therein she doth evitate° and shun

A thousand irreligious cursèd hours

Which forcèd marriage would have brought upon her.

FORD

Stand not amazed. Here is no remedy. 230

In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

FALSTAFF I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand° to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

PAGE

Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy! 235

What cannot be eschewed must be embraced.

FALSTAFF

When night dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

MRS. PAGE

Well, I will muse° no further. Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!

Good husband, let us every one go home, 240

And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;

Sir John and all.

FORD

Let it be so. Sir John,

To Master Brooke you yet shall hold your word;

For he tonight shall lie with Mistress Ford. *Exeunt.*

219 amaze perplex 222 contracted betrothed 223 sure
firmly bound in wedlock

227 evitate avoid 234 stand hunter's place for shooting
238 muse grumble

THE HISTORY OF TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

EDITED BY DANIEL SELTZER

Introduction

The modern student of *Troilus and Cressida*—reader, spectator, or actor—is faced with complex problems of staging, character, and moral ideas. The challenge of the play has been complicated (in many instances, unnecessarily) by a critical history full of dissension. Some of the insolubles connected with *Troilus and Cressida* concern the auspices of its first performances, or, indeed, whether it was acted at all before it was printed. Others stem from a consideration of the nature of the play itself, because critics have always felt that it is strange and untypical, and somehow flawed, expounding an approach to life which Shakespeare found uncongenial even as he set it forth. It may be helpful, therefore, to review some basic facts, to indicate those questions that can never be settled with the documentation at our disposal, and then to move on to an appraisal of the work itself and its place in Shakespeare's career. Ultimately, we should try to see in the play the attempt Shakespeare was making to solve certain ethical questions in dramatic form.

The history of the play's first production is inextricably bound up in its early textual history. Literary critics as well as bibliographical historians have been interested in the latter for some years, perhaps because it seems unlikely that so strange a play should be accompanied only accidentally by a curious textual provenance. Believing that the tastes of its first audience might help explain the problematic nature of the play, critics have wanted to know where and for whom it was first performed. Certain aspects of the textual history of *Troilus and Cressida* seem to offer answers; this has led to great speculation, some of which has tended to obscure the facts.

The facts are these. In February of 1603, the permission of the Stationers' Company was granted to James Roberts to print, "when he hath gotten sufficient aucthority, the booke of Troilus and Cressida, as yt is acted by my Lord Chamberlens men." From whom Roberts had yet to secure "aucthority" is not immediately apparent; presumably it was from the actors themselves, who wanted to block publication for the time being. Nevertheless, the entry clearly documents the existence and performance of *Troilus and Cressida* by Shakespeare's company, probably during the winter of 1602-03. Roberts, for whatever reason, did

not print the play. The first edition of *Troilus and Cressida* did not appear until almost six years later, when two newcomers to the printing business, Richard Bonian and Henry Walley, published a quarto of the text in January 1609. While the book was still in the press, Bonian and Walley altered its title page and added an extra leaf, which carried an epistle to the reader. The first title page announced the play: "As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties seruants at the Globe." The new title page of the quarto, the same as the first in other particulars, replaced this acknowledgment with the phrase: "Excellently expressing the beginning of their [Troilus and Cressida's] loues, with the conceited wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia." Following the altered title page appeared the epistle to the reader, unsigned, claiming that the play was "neuer stal'd with the Stage, neuer clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulger . . . not . . . sullied, with the smoaky breath of the multitude." Finally, in 1623, *Troilus and Cressida* was printed by Heminges and Condell in their great folio collection of Shakespeare's plays, in a text occasionally fuller than that of the 1609 quarto, but also containing many errors (see the Note on the Text). *Troilus and Cressida* appears in the section of the Folio containing the tragedies, although its position in this section was altered after printing had begun. The alteration used to be grounds for an inference by some critics that even Shakespeare's editors and colleagues were not certain about the type of play with which they were dealing. More recently, however, textual critics have shown that the change was probably due only to the reluctance of Walley, the surviving publisher of the quarto, to give up his rights to the printer of the Folio—the delay meanwhile causing the latter to withdraw *Troilus and Cressida* after three pages of it had been set up in type, and to reinsert it later when permission was granted. Thus, although Heminges and Condell apparently classified *Troilus and Cressida* as a "Tragedy," and although the writer of the 1609 epistle called it a "Comedy," its position in the Folio has nothing to do with the ambiguous nature of the play itself; after all, both title pages of the 1609 quarto call it a "History." Nothing is really proved by this contradictory nomenclature except how casual the Elizabethan

and Jacobean vocabulary was when it came to naming genres.

Although unnecessary problems raised by the play's position in the Folio have been removed, the earlier printer's claim that *Troilus and Cressida* had never been applauded "with the palmes of the vulger" has elicited various and conflicting interpretations: the play, indeed, was never acted; it entered rehearsals, proved too difficult, and was withdrawn; it was acted not for the "vulger" at the public theater, but for an audience of sophisticated and cynical wits at the Inns of Court; it was actually produced at the Globe but was a failure with the "multitude," therefore "neuer clapper-clawd." We should note that all these conjectures are possible only because of the altered title page and printer's epistle in the quarto; but neither of these bibliographical facts should obscure the evidence of the original entry in the Stationers' Register (that Shakespeare's company had acted the play by the beginning of 1603), nor that of the first 1609 title page (which tells us specifically that the play "was acted by the Kings Maiesties seruants at the Globe"). Any further suggestions about the theatrical provenance of the play are clearly conjectural. More important, interpretations of characters, mood, and general intention of *Troilus and Cressida* that are based on such conjecture should be considered with great caution.

One such interpretation that has attained considerable currency is that the play was acted by Shakespeare's company for the young lawyers at one of the Inns of Court, and that it was especially written and rehearsed for this occasion. Such circumstances, the theory maintains, would not only be in keeping with the cynical mood and legalistic rhetoric of the drama, but with the claims of the epistle, whose author is careful to state only that the play was never performed for the "vulger," and not that it had never been performed at all. If this is the case, however, it represents the only example during Shakespeare's career of any play actually subsidized for a special production in this manner. To purchase a single performance for a play already in the public repertory was something else entirely—Elizabeth's court did this frequently—but it was very costly to do so. Moreover, although much in the play would delight the ears of a cynic, and although some of the language in it is drawn (very generally) from legal vocabulary, the fact remains that the bitterness of this drama runs deeper than the self-conscious sneer that often accompanies sarcasm. There is metaphor drawn from the law in many other Shakespearean plays, and one should ask, in reading or seeing *Troilus and Cressida*, whether some of its abstractions and overblown circumlocutions may not have a more general purpose than the pleasure of some law students attending a theatrical charade.

To suggest that Shakespeare wrote the play for the students to act themselves is even more unlikely. *Troilus and Cressida* is extremely difficult for amateurs to perform, even if they are very talented and very cynical. Pandarus' allusions to prostitutes and others employed in the "hold-door trade" would have been absurd in a performance for one of the Inns; illogical, indeed, before any audience except that of the public theater. This epilogue is as unsavory and ugly as anything in Thersites' "mastic" harangues, and although we may not like to think so, it, and the action preceding it, must have been spoken in a public theater by actors in Shakespeare's company.

Whether the public audience applauded it is another matter. *Troilus and Cressida* may not have been performed more than once or twice, and it is very possible that Bonian and Walley, as they prepared the first title page for their 1609 quarto, knew only that the play was by an extremely successful dramatist and that it had once been acted at the Globe. Details of failures, even today, are not often remembered after seven or eight years. Whatever made them decide to alter the title page, deleting the acknowledgment to Shakespeare's company and inserting the epistle to the reader, we can never know. We must keep in mind, however, that possibly their correction was itself a mistake. In any case, the inserted phrase about the "conceited wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia" was an easy line filler for the deleted acknowledgment, and no publisher has ever shrunk from a descriptive phrase that might promote sales of his book. The tone of the epistle indicates that Bonian and Walley knew a good thing when they saw it, and they were delighted to have in their possession a play by Shakespeare which six years earlier his own company apparently had tried to withhold from publication, and which had been in the repertory but was not generally known.

Our only positive evidence dates *Troilus and Cressida* before February 1603, in performance at the Globe Theatre by the King's Men (then the Lord Chamberlain's Men). Although it is probably impossible to solve the riddle of this play's textual history, it is important to keep that mystery separate from the enigma of the play itself. There is no doubt that the peculiar strengths and failings of *Troilus and Cressida* are unique in the Shakespearean canon; even when compared to the other so-called problem plays (*Measure for Measure*, *All's Well That Ends Well*), it stands by itself. *Troilus and Cressida* contains speeches that illuminate difficult portions of other plays, but seem somehow incongruous in this one; most of its cast of characters were traditionally associated with ideals of romance and chivalry, but even as they describe heroic emotions and speak the old ringing epithets, these figures appear addicted to long-winded gossip, petty projects, morbid preoccupations, and selfishly narrow ambitions. Such incongruities remind us of the intentions and methods of satire, and it has been suggested that *Troilus and Cressida* was Shakespeare's specific attempt to write in the currently popular vein of "comical satire." But human depravity obviously saddened Shakespeare infinitely more than it angered Marston, Jonson, or Chapman, and the satirical elements of the play have ultimately very little to do with the final impression it makes in reading, or with its overall effect in the theater. If the play has a satirical spokesman, it is Thersites, but Thersites' corrosive voice hardly speaks for balance or good sense, and, if the actor is brave enough to play him correctly, no audience smiles upon him except in embarrassment. At first, one may suspect satirical intention behind such incongruous components as Ulysses' eloquent perceptions and the insignificant use made of them, but much of the pathos of the play occurs in just those scenes that would be mercilessly satirical if Shakespeare were being consistent. It has been proposed, with good logic, that in *Troilus and Cressida* Shakespeare consciously imitated or unconsciously assimilated certain elements of cynicism and satire from the plays then being performed by child actors with great success at Blackfriars and Paul's.

Perhaps less than a year before the composition of *Troilus and Cressida*, Shakespeare allowed Hamlet himself to express surprise that these children should "carry it away," even in competition with "Hercules and his load too." Always alert to the economic problems of his profession as well as to the artistic ones, Shakespeare was inevitably influenced by the issues that the war of the theaters expressed, but although this influence surely affected some aspects of *Troilus and Cressida*, it can never be held accountable for the play as a whole.

In the problems that the drama presents for directors, actors, and stage designers, one may find, perhaps, a clue to its mystery, a way to understand why some parts of it are so emotionally and intellectually satisfying, others so flat and ill-conceived. Problems of modern production often reveal with lucidity the answers to many questions that a purely literary approach cannot solve. Although probably no modern production of this play can make it a satisfactory theatrical experience (as much may have been said of the script in 1602), one quality that does emerge in production tells us much about the development of Shakespeare's ideas around the time *Troilus and Cressida* was written. That quality is one of energetic experimentation—experimentation not of the amateur, unsure of his materials, nor of the craftsman temporarily exhausted and therefore forgetting for the moment the almost automatic use of his tools. Rather, *Troilus and Cressida* reminds one of a study by Michelangelo, boldly and completely rendered in some places, lightly blocked in elsewhere—the whole cartoon groping with line and space to build a conception that seems to develop before us, sometimes obscure but never tentative, and that will require ultimately another form, perhaps even a different medium, for its perfect expression.

In producing *Troilus and Cressida* for the stage, this quality of experimentation, of searching for form, comes to the director when he first tries to develop an overall conception of the action and the general style that should guide him when rehearsals begin, but he is likely to discover early in his efforts that this play defies such an attempt. This is why *Troilus and Cressida*, perhaps more frequently than any other play by Shakespeare, succumbs in preparation to that last effort of the desperate director, a striking form of modern dress. The modern theater has seen *Troilus and Cressida* in Edwardian dress, modish evening clothes, Wild West costumes, and the uniforms of the American Civil War; and there is little doubt that such aberrations occur (invariably in the name of originality or "significance to the modern audience") because the director, in forgivable despair, has begun to mistrust the text itself.

A setting for this play usually presents problems. Perhaps the original plan of the director and his designer is to use a three-sided apron stage, approximating the projection of the platform in the Elizabethan public theaters; they have envisioned the dramatic potentials of certain speeches delivered from different parts of this remarkable acting area: the oaths of the two lovers, for example, just before Pandarus packs them off to bed; Ulysses' two great addresses, the first of which seems especially to require the magnificent plenitude of space provided by the apron stage; the great quintet near the end of the play, when Troilus, Ulysses, and Thersites watch and comment upon

the surrender of Cressida to Diomedes; the last chaotic battle exchanges, which require maximum fluidity of movement. If, however, on the basis of such scenes, a setting is provided that utilizes the large, even epic proportions of the open platform, the director and actors will soon discover that in other portions of the play so much space becomes a burden instead of an advantage. Even scenes that begin with the promise of pomp and procession become, within twenty or thirty lines, scenes of intimate discussion. The Trojan princes marching over the stage (I.ii.189–245) are much less important to the progress of the play than the innuendos and small talk of Cressida and Pandarus; nor is there suspense built in anticipation of the entrance of Troilus himself, for we have already seen him, and, having heard Cressida's replies to Pandarus' gossip, we are even prepared for her coy response when he appears. The combat between Hector and Ajax (IV.v.113) is a red herring for the director, because this combat, when it finally happens, is dramatically uninteresting compared to other portions of the scene—Ulysses' enthusiastic praise of Troilus, for example, or Troilus and Ulysses' short exchange, which ends the episode; the combat is especially pale compared to the byplay between Achilles and Hector. If the director plans the moves of his actors to emphasize the apparent climax of the episode, he will find that the real interest of the scene has shifted elsewhere, that the point of the action is not what he thought it was, and that whatever this scene should be, it is not a scene of pageantry.

The actors themselves will face problems of characterization comparable to the vocal difficulties of an operatic baritone who, while studying his role, comes suddenly upon an aria written in the range of a tenor. If, for example, Hector is as sharply intelligent as he appears throughout the debate with Troilus and Paris (II.ii), the actor playing him will have difficulty portraying the hero's flabby and illogical surrender at the end of the scene. It is true that men commit themselves every day to causes in which they do not believe, but this irony does not impregnate Hector's

I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
I was advertised their great general slept
Whilst emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. (II.ii.206–13)

These lines neither satirize Hector nor (as has been suggested) reveal ironically the fate of reason in a situation of uncontrolled passion. Moreover, they do not contain the sort of formalized change of motivation that occurs frequently in Elizabethan plays, and which an actor must cope with as best he can. These lines are simply a manifestation of the history to which Shakespeare was bound and to which his previous development of Hector's intelligence and viewpoint was inimical.

Experimentation with motive and personality that results in inconsistent characterization presents difficulties for actors in other roles. The actress playing Cressida appears on stage only twice after she has been exchanged by the Trojans for Antenor; earlier (III.ii.61–194 and

IV.ii.100-02) she has managed somehow the character's unrealistic anticipation of her own treachery, but, after her tearful leave-taking of Troilus, in which his repeated cry, "Be true," has touched her own fears, Cressida must parade happily among the Grecian generals, who kiss her "in general," and receive Ulysses' coldly perceptive insult. Whatever the actress has made of Cressida earlier, she is now the brassy and degraded slut the Elizabethans had been taught to expect. She appears only once more, to fall to Diomedes, and the actress must decide how to effect this transition of character. Once again, the problem is not so much one of an unfamiliar convention, but of unreconciled strands of development.

Such difficulties of production, and others similar to them, suggest that one of Shakespeare's major problems in composing *Troilus and Cressida* was not only consistency of character in the normal sense, but the nature of constancy itself, whether in politics or in love. Each of the troublesome matters noted above concerns the continuity of some factor pertinent to all parts of the text, whether that factor is stage setting or characterization. In IV.v Hector's dialogue with Achilles assumes more importance than his short fight with Ajax, because it is Achilles and not Ajax who should have entered the lists against the Trojan champion. It would be in keeping with Elizabethan ideas of order and degree for Achilles to maintain the identity of an active hero, and Ulysses wishes to goad him on toward his proper role. But more important, we listen eagerly to the talk between Hector and Achilles because so much in the play concerns sentiments identical to those motivating these men: Hector's faith in the principles that define what is right and good, and Achilles' surrender to the "one touch of nature" that can make all human beings blind and selfish. The confrontation of these men demands full use of the open stage, with the other actors distributed so as to emphasize it, but the machinery of Ajax's exhibition bout still hangs fire, and Shakespeare, almost as though he were working out the problem before our eyes, develops his main line of interest without bothering to erase false starts and unnecessary detail.

There is no need to examine in every character the way in which inconstancy, as a thematic concern, vitiates dramatic consistency. One final example is provided importantly by the heroine of the play. In the first half of the action Cressida is full and varied, yet her later fall from constancy is so baldly unqualified that Shakespeare's interest seems to have been attracted more to the violence of the metamorphosis than to maintaining the credibility of the character. No simple reliance upon the Elizabethan rumor of Cressida's harlotry can explain her sudden and complete degeneration.

The nature of that constancy which can preserve felicity in love and stability in politics had concerned Shakespeare since he began writing plays, and it was to remain a fundamental concern throughout his career. *Troilus and Cressida* is a pivotal play in the canon because it looks forward and backward simultaneously, indicating the ways in which Shakespeare's view of constancy was developing, and the dramatic forms that eventually would have to be employed to render that development effectively. From the beginning, he had found great dramatic potential in the stability that can be maintained only by the king who mirrors in himself an ordered nation, and in the

fidelity of love that can overcome laughable folly or dangerous misunderstanding. By far the greater part of his writing had been, consequently, in varying forms of romantic comedy and patriotic chronicle-histories (the latter a theatrical form that may actually have been Shakespeare's own conception). He had also dramatized, though with less frequency, that form of constancy within the individual which forces him to be so energetically true to himself in love or even in crime that he can no longer be tolerated in the world of living men. In the lives of those tortured kings whose stories had added the aspect of tragedy to some of the history plays, Shakespeare had found that the world of politics could serve as background to the story of an individual whose mind demanded isolation from his surroundings, and whose actions would effect a downfall as inevitable as his virtues were magnificent. The two years preceding *Troilus and Cressida* saw Shakespeare's utilization of Roman politics for the scene of Brutus' individual tragedy. The fall of Julius Caesar, finished by the middle of the play, is patterned after the simple downward movement of Fortune's wheel—the pattern of almost all late medieval and early Tudor tragedies. But Shakespeare intended that his exploration of Brutus' constancy should hold the center of the drama; in *Julius Caesar* his refining hand turned attention in upon the mind of the hero himself. Roughly contemporary with this play were the romantic comedies *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*, each touched with a pervasive melancholy, each in its own way implying that only the truth of love can survive the vicissitudes of the world, the "rain [that] raineth every day." Perhaps a year before *Troilus and Cressida* came *Hamlet*, in which the public and private responsibilities of the mind are probed with a range and precision that elude comment. It may be helpful to observe, however, that many of the problems that challenge Hamlet's mind are paralleled by those that confuse the Trojan princes and the Greek generals. In both *Hamlet* and *Troilus and Cressida*, the authority of law is opposed by individual desire or private principle; in both, the ultimate canon of morality is set against the honor, real or supposed, of the individual; and in both, the definition of honor, "rightly to be great," is strenuously argued by those who have most at stake.

In *Troilus and Cressida* Shakespeare tried for the first time to combine in dramatic terms a story of love with a story of public affairs. It is worth noting that in the major tragedies that follow, the personal fate of the hero is inextricably bound up in the world of the state, and that in *Troilus and Cressida* Shakespeare made his first real study of the relationship between the pressures of the public world and the survival of love. Hamlet's uncle believed that "within the very flame of love" there lived a power which would destroy it, that, like goodness itself, it could not remain constant, but would grow "to a plurisy" and die in its own excess (*Hamlet*, IV.vii)—a metaphor very similar to Ulysses' description of passion, the "universal wolf" that would "last eat up himself" (I.iii.121, 124). Whatever Claudius' opinion, however, Shakespeare clearly believed that true love, untainted with destructive appetite, would not alter "when it alteration finds. . . . But [bear] it out even to the edge of doom" (Sonnet 116). These two statements articulate extremes that became the foundations for much of Shakespeare's thinking in the second half of

his professional career; again and again he concerned himself with those forms of love that would survive all trials or succumb to the snares of the world. Always the process involved a growth of self-knowledge, and in *King Lear*, his most inclusive tragic statement, Shakespeare was able to show that after the greatest suffering might come the greatest achievement—a perception of constancy more powerful than any worldly reward or punishment; and that after such perception, death could come almost as a reward, as the final felicity.

Naturally, the creation of dramatic situations capable of sustaining this sort of action required a gradual revision of forms in which to work, and Shakespeare searched continually for the most appropriate modes of expression. That he moved from romantic comedy and history to tragedy, and from tragedy to romance, indicates a developing view of life and art; this development should not be divided into sharply limited chronological “periods,” each one represented by a different kind of play. Nothing could be more misleading, for even in Shakespeare’s earliest plays are individual lines and scenes as typical of his mature outlook as anything in the last romances. His metamorphosis of dramatic forms is more like Beethoven’s progress toward the last piano sonatas and string quartets—a steady growth, a long series of experiments and finished monuments, none actually exclusive of the others, but attaining finally an absolute correspondence between idea and expression. Coming where it does in Shakespeare’s development, *Troilus and Cressida* contains within it all the components of the playwright’s most typical tragic pattern, but arranged in such a way as to prohibit the achievement possible in that form.

In 1601, probably about a year before the first performances of *Troilus and Cressida*, Shakespeare’s poem *The Phoenix and the Turtle* was published in *Love’s Martyr*, a collection of allegorical and emblematic verse. The subject matter of this poem clarifies the nature of Shakespeare’s thematic concerns in his play, and it is no accident that in both poem and play one senses the author’s effort to shape difficult materials to his purpose. *The Phoenix and the Turtle* describes the remarkable union of the mythical Phoenix and the Turtledove, in which love was so complete that even Reason stands amazed at the sight. In this mating, we are told, “number . . . in love was slain,” for two separate lovers became one, and “Property” itself—the defining essence of the individual thing—was “appalled.”

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature’s double name
Neither two nor one was called.

(37-40)

These two lovers, in themselves all “Beauty, truth, and rarity,” do not survive their own union, but are consumed “In a mutual flame,” even as each finds absolute perfection in the other. The implication is that such absolute love cannot survive its own assault upon reason; its achievement is set forth as admirable and its inevitable passing as wonderful, but the poem also articulates the great sadness of such an event. It is a funeral dirge in which Reason, personified as the voice of admiration, composes the closing hymn of praise—a hymn, Shakespeare says specifically, “As chorus to their tragic scene.”

Claudius’ “too-much” of love, drowning itself in a “plurisy,” may be equated with the self-cannibalism of appetite, as described by Ulysses; but these are a far cry from the admirable, yet sadly “tragic scene,” which Shakespeare paints in *The Phoenix and the Turtle*. Shakespeare articulated in this poem—perhaps for the first time in his career—what was to become his most powerful dramatic irony in plays still to come: that the purity of love in “the marriage of true minds,” while stronger than any other human achievement, cannot survive in the material world; and, as he demonstrated about five years after *Troilus and Cressida*, in the glorious conclusion to *Antony and Cleopatra*, such an achievement in love is inimical to that earthly order which must control the reasonable state. In this sense, the coolly efficient Octavius Caesar, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and the personified Reason, in *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, both observe the same qualities of constancy in the dead lovers before them. The possession of these qualities was a basic criterion for tragedy, as Shakespeare must have understood the form at this time. The pure strains of love of Troilus for Cressida and of Antony for Cleopatra are, speaking quantitatively, the same; but a tragedy is the result of Antony’s love, because he is as constant as Cleopatra’s beauty is felicitous. However, “Property” in *Troilus and Cressida* cannot be “appalled” by “simple . . . so well compounded”; in this play no miraculous marriage of “Truth and Beauty” deserves the repose of death.

In its structural position in the play, Troilus’ sight of Cressida, as she gives in to Diomedes, corresponds to the insight that carries the truly tragic hero toward his death; but what Troilus sees, though the truth, runs counter to his ideal, and to this ideal he is as constant as any genuinely tragic hero. His vocabulary, as he tries to convince both himself and Ulysses that what he has seen cannot actually have taken place, is very similar to that of *The Phoenix and the Turtle*. “If there be rule in unity itself,” he cries, “This was not she” (V.ii.139-40)—recalling the paradox in the poem that “number” (that is, that “one” cannot be “two”) “was slain,” that the lovers merged into one entity, yet preserved their distinct essences. Building upon the conceit that there must be two Cressidas—his own, faithfully waiting in Troy, and this one, who is Diomedes’—he elaborates the most painful truth in the play: that what has seemed glorious and admirable, is not so.

This she? No, this is Diomed’s Cressida.
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods’ delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself:
Bifold authority, where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt. This is, and is not, Cressid.

(V.ii.135-44)

Shakespeare wanted to show the disruption of constancy in both streams of action in the play—that of the love affair, and that of the famous war. Troilus’ view of Cressida in Diomedes’ arms does not give him that sublime lucidity of the tragic hero, but tempts him instead toward nihilism;

his prayer, as the play closes, is that Troy's destruction be swift, that the gods show their mercy by sending "brief plagues." Similarly, the great order of government that is Ulysses' ideal, and in which all men must assume their proper degree, is shown to elude the Greek generals. Shakespeare never maligns the ideal itself (it would be absurd to imagine that the author of the English histories would do so!), but he allows Thersites to remark how "that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses" have failed it:

O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals . . . is not proved worth a blackberry. They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm today. Whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. (V.iv.9-17)

Many of the difficulties of this play in performance, as we have seen, occur because the dramatic rendering of inconstancy in love and in the state actually forces an inconstancy of character and a jarring sequence of events. To make the metamorphoses of love and political honor as striking as possible, Shakespeare first had to set forth both in their admirable condition. That Troilus' love and Ulysses' ideal polity come to nothing is not the result of satirical intention, but rather the requirement of the particular history Shakespeare chose to render dramatically. He always chose his plots carefully, and must have realized that the story of the lovers and the war contained the potential for tragedy, as he was beginning to understand it, but never achieved it. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, after all, he was to demonstrate how a "marriage of true minds," violently drawn together with physical and spiritual joy, would admit no impediments, even that of the Roman state; in *Troilus and Cressida*, he chose a plot full of impediments which are appallingly effective. The Trojan lover dotes upon his own ideal of faith as much as he dotes upon his faithless woman, and is blinded to a true perception of worth. His ringing question, "What's aught but as 'tis valued?" implies assessment by only one of two parties in love, for whatever price Troilus puts upon Cressida, he has yet to learn that she holds herself cheap. Similarly, that "policy grows into an ill opinion" in the Greek camp shows that its leaders have been insufficient to Ulysses' early description of divine and earthly order; and they, and Ulysses himself, have substituted machination—Thersites' "policy"—for true statecraft. On stage, what begins as divine intelligence ends as a practical joke.

We must not forget that Shakespeare's Elizabethan audiences (public or private) probably would not have found the inconsistencies of *Troilus and Cressida* where we find them. In the retelling of a story so familiar, they would have been surprised, for example, that so much hope is engendered in the first part of the play for Cressida's constancy, and not that she proves unfaithful. Ulysses' "degree" speech, perhaps the *locus classicus* in modern study of the Elizabethan conception of the "Great Chain of Being," is the sort of speech ordinarily suggestive in Shakespeare of a different dramatic decorum; it explicitly defines an ideal that this play never renders in action.

All this Shakespeare must have realized. The incidents

of the Troy story chosen for dramatization predicated disappointment in the love plot and a shambles of order in the story of the war; even if he planned to carry forward the story of Troy in the sequel, which many critics infer from Pandarus' epilogue, surely he knew that in this drama the materials he had chosen demanded an ending in which no realization of the ideal was possible. Moreover, he knew that although the sequence of events and partial characterizations of his history were basically appropriate to the "tragic scene," he would be dealing as well with incongruities of folly and affectation suggestive of comic decorum. Since his audience would be familiar with his fable, he could count on their awareness of traditional characters and events; but even though he did not strive for novelty, he must have wondered how the implicit ethical significance of his rendering would be received. Moreover, since the public nature of the state was the background for the action, he would have realized that he was combining, for the first time with equal importance, a romantic story with an historical story. Clearly he desired to indicate a parallel between the betrayal of love that ends the former and the disintegration of heroism that ends the latter. Shakespeare may have anticipated the intractable nature of some of his materials, and it is quite possible that, during its composition, he knew that *Troilus and Cressida* might turn out to be an imperfect play—but the experiment fascinated him, and it was necessary.

The dangers that can prevent the triumph of love—both external to it and within it—occupied his mind henceforth, but his genius as a practical man of the theater did not always prevent this interest from assuming proportions inappropriate to the play at hand. Just as Shylock's monstrous faith in himself had almost swamped the romantic action of *The Merchant of Venice*, Angelo's morbidly distorted concept of law and love in *Measure for Measure* (written three or four years after *Troilus and Cressida*) was disproportionate to the romantic action surrounding it. Ultimately—but not until *Antony and Cleopatra* had shown him the way—Shakespeare discovered the dramatic form in which the persistent faith necessary for tragic achievement could be preserved in the living world, in which the ideal is made part of reality. The dying life in *Troilus and Cressida* is far from the world of romance, but the qualities of humanity and the grace of nature required to revivify men are so violently excluded from the fabric of the play, that these healing powers become more explicit for their absence. The characters of *Troilus and Cressida* are unable to achieve them, but by implication we know what they must be.

Following an earlier formula for tragical action, Shakespeare created, in *Romeo and Juliet*, a hero and heroine whose hopes seem almost mechanically doomed; the truth and beauty of their faith stand no chance against the external accidents of the world, although their love never alters in purity. After *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakespeare slowly shifted his emphasis; the character's inner strength to withstand external impediments became more important than an arbitrary caprice of fate, and the cause of disaster or tragic achievement was shown thereafter to reside within the human personality itself. Such causes were never again only partially articulated. In *Troilus and Cressida* they are frighteningly explicit, and because of the experimental form of the play they appear to us brutal and even cynical.

But Thersites' view of the world was never Shakespeare's. Never again was he to allow his audiences to witness such despair in the ability of men to achieve grace in love or death.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

There is no single source for *Troilus and Cressida*, but there are several works with which we can be certain Shakespeare was familiar, and which he probably used in composing the play. Modern editions of these are listed at the end of this note. Homer's poem, of course, stands behind the story of the war, and Shakespeare's Greek, while less than his small Latin, might have been sufficient to cope with it. He also used the first parts of Chapman's translation of the *Iliad*, published in 1598 (*Seaven Bookes of the Iliades and Achilles Shield*); Chapman's later work on Homer appeared too late for Shakespeare's use in this play. Certain details of characterization and action, however, indicate that he either consulted Homer directly or used one of the full Latin or French translations of the sixteenth century; some of these details, such as the characterization of Ulysses and the abuse of Hector's body, could not have resulted from hearsay or pseudo-Homeric versions. Other aspects of the camp scenes, both Greek and Trojan, stem from Lydgate's *Sege of Troye* (c. 1412-20) or Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye* (1475). Both of these are derived ultimately from early pseudo-Homeric narratives, their more immediate source being the *Historia Troiana* (1287) of Guido delle Colonne; Guido had also provided one of the secondary sources for Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*. Shakespeare also knew Arthur Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, some parts of which touch upon the story of the Trojan War.

Shakespeare's major source for the love story was Chaucer's great narrative poem, *Troilus and Criseyde* (1382-85), although one must qualify immediately the nature of his reliance upon it. The bones of the story, as Shakespeare knew it, and even some details of the action are from Chaucer, but it would be most misleading to assume that Shakespeare's treatment of the tale resembles Chaucer's. The qualities of the story that attracted Shakespeare, and to which he added much more specific action concerning the characters in the camp scenes, were not those emphasized—nor perhaps even recognized—by his most important predecessor in English literature. Chaucer's treatment of the story emphasizes the charm of the lovers and, while it lasts, the delight of their union. Pandarus is a warmhearted, benevolent courtier, himself a servant of love, though unsuccessful in his own amours. His humor is invariably genial, and although some of his jests are broad, they are never obscene. His main desire is the happiness of Troilus and Criseyde, and he is shocked into melancholy silence when he hears the news of Criseyde's betrayal. The heroine herself is a young woman of considerable dignity, imagination, and charm, with none of the coquetry or worldliness of Shakespeare's girl. She yields to Troilus only after long persuasion, and, befriended by Hector himself, enjoys a good reputation throughout the city. Chaucer's Troilus, like Shakespeare's, is a faithful and sensitive lover; but the affair is conducted

in a vastly different manner in the two narratives. Pandarus, in Shakespeare's play, is glibly obscene, coarsely sentimental, and, frequently, hardly more than a leering *voyeur*, anxious for the lovers' happiness, but deriving from it what appears to be sexual pleasure for himself. In Chaucer's poem, the powers of love ennoble those who serve it, and the union of Troilus and Criseyde is set forth as an event of great beauty and cheer.

In Chaucer, the significance of Criseyde's fall is set against that of the great city itself, and both become part of a larger and more general sadness. Criseyde is shown to be confused and weak, but her lonely position in the Greek camp is also poignantly described. She becomes an instrument in the fortunes of both Troilus and Diomedes, and some emphasis is thereby withdrawn from her faithless act itself. Her treachery is lamentable, but it is somehow overshadowed by the tragedy of Troy and the fate of mankind in general. Far from acknowledging in Criseyde an implicit harlotry, Chaucer sets forth, simply and with deep sadness, the tale of her loss. He is as moved by it as Pandarus, and seems to learn, with Troilus, that solace, if it can be found at all, is to be found in something more permanent than the life of this world. It should not be assumed that Chaucer's psychology was less subtle than Shakespeare's; it is derived in this poem, in fact, from the elaborate pattern of behavior defined in the code of courtly love—a code that could effect great beauty and delicacy of human feeling. Although Shakespeare's times—and ours—would describe such behavior pejoratively, as based in an adulterous relationship, no condemnation is implicit in Chaucer's work. It should be noted that his Criseyde is a widow when she first sees Troilus. His characters are capable of great strength and constancy, but Chaucer shows that the capricious movement of Fortune's wheel can crush what is beautiful and cause what is apparently constant to pass. His narrative is tragic in its treatment of the lovers' fall, comic to the extent that its characters are prone to folly and delusion.

By the time Shakespeare decided to write *Troilus and Cressida*, the story of the lovers had been retold many times, and the character of Cressida had been debased to that of a harlot. Chiefly responsible for this metamorphosis was Henryson's *The Testament of Cresseid*, which after 1532, when it was printed as Chaucer's in an edition of his works; was thought to be authentically Chaucerian. Henryson's poem is a sequel to the earlier narrative, beginning after Diomedes, tiring of her, dismisses Cresseid. The girl rails against the gods in whom she had placed her trust, particularly Venus and Cupid, and in anger they transform her into a leper; she laments and goes upon her way, and finally dies—but not before Prince Troilus, upon his horse, passes her in the road and, not recognizing her transformed face, gives her alms. Henryson's tale treats the character of Cresseid sympathetically and with great human insight, although she is condemned for her faithlessness and especially for her great pride. Nevertheless, the Elizabethans read the piece entirely in the light of Cresseid's treachery, and it was not long before she became synonymous with all the evil qualities that the character in Shakespeare's play is willing to acknowledge if she prove false: "Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood, / 'As false as Cressid'" (III.ii.193-94).

There had been other dramatic renderings of the story

before Shakespeare's, but all are lost; there is little doubt, however, that Cressida appeared in these versions as a strumpet. A surviving stage direction from the lost play by Chettle and Dekker (1599) reads, "Enter Cressida, with Beggars"—probably the company of lepers among whom, in Henryson's poem, she dies. References to Cressida as a whore abound in Elizabethan literature, and we may be sure that, just as the word for a base procurer stems from her uncle's name, her own became an equally common epithet.

The significance of this transformation should not be underestimated, although we may regret the violence it appears to do Chaucer and even Henryson. Shakespeare, in fact, may have been attracted to the plot, as I have suggested in the Introduction, because of its apparently unqualified statement of inconstancy. In this sense, his use of Homer (and Chapman's Homer), Lydgate, and Caxton is much closer to our normal understanding of the word "source" than is his reliance upon Chaucer. Although most of the details of the story are transformed, those relating to the camp and council scenes stand much closer to the originals than does his treatment of the love story.

Modern editions of major sources:

H. Bergen, ed. *Lydgate's Troy Book. Early English Text Society*, No. 97 (1906); Nos. 103, 106 (1908); No. 126 (1935).

Allardyce Nicoll, ed. *Chapman's Homer* (Bollingen Series XLI). 2 vols. New York: Pantheon Books, Inc., 1956.

F. N. Robinson, ed. *Troilus and Criseyde*, in *The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; London: Oxford University Press, 1933. 2nd ed., 1957.

R. K. Root, ed. *The Book of Troilus and Criseyde by Geoffrey Chaucer*. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press, 1945.

H. O. Sommer, ed. Caxton's *The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*. 2 vols. London: 1894.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

It is now generally believed that the 1609 quarto of *Troilus and Cressida* was printed from a transcript made from Shakespeare's original draft of the play. It omits about forty-five lines, the Prologue, and many stage directions that appear in the Folio, but on the whole contains a text that stands closer to Shakespeare's original than does that of the Folio. Since the compositors of the Folio apparently worked not only from the quarto but from Shakespeare's autograph manuscript, it is surprising that they did not produce the better text; their readings are mainly inferior to those of the quarto.

The relative values of the two texts (both of them, in different ways, stemming from Shakespeare's manuscript, and both of them, therefore, authoritative) depend on the nature of the copy used by the compositors, and the care and intelligence with which they worked. It is possible that the quarto represents the play as it was shortened for performance, but it is more likely that the transcriber of the original manuscript was confused by Shakespeare's own second thoughts and deletions and failed to record some revisions and added speeches. On the other hand, although

the compositors of the Folio probably had for reference and collation not only the quarto but the original manuscript itself, their goal was speed and not always accuracy. While they added many lines omitted in the quarto, they also introduced many mistaken readings; one compositor in particular evidently suited himself in interpreting difficult words and phrases, and made hash of most of them. Other portions of the Folio text were printed with greater care, however, and since the manuscript at hand may have been used in the playhouse, these portions include more complete stage directions and speech heads than appear in the quarto. The Folio, therefore, supplies the fuller text; it should be used occasionally to emend the quarto, but the earlier edition remains the better text. Its readings are frequently superior to those of the Folio, although, naturally, where the Folio prints speeches entirely omitted in the quarto, these must be considered authoritative. Similarly, those readings in the Folio which introduce corrections on the basis of copy that was either Shakespeare's or very close to his should be followed.

The present edition is based on the quarto but adds passages from the Folio. (These additions are recorded in the list of departures printed below.) Act and scene divisions (none are given for this play in quarto or Folio) have been added in square brackets, along with simple indications of locale. Abbreviations have been amplified, spelling and punctuation have been modernized, and "and" is printed "an" when it means "if." The position of a few stage directions has been slightly altered when necessary. Other departures from the quarto are listed below, the adopted reading first in boldface type, and then the original reading in roman. The adopted reading is most often from the Folio; when it is not, it is followed by [ed.] to indicate that it is an editor's conjecture rather than an authoritative reading.

Dedicatory address 39 **state** [ed.] states
Prologue [Q omits] 12 **barks** [ed.; F has "Barke"] 19 **Sperr** [ed.; F has "Stirre"]
I.i.78 she were not she were 80 **what care** I what I
I.ii.17 they the 36 **s.d. Enter Pandarus** [Q omits] 184 **Ilium** Ilium 209 **man's heart** man heart 245 **s.d. Enter Common Soldiers** [Q omits] 288 **s.d. Exit Pandarus** [Q omits]
I.iii.s.d. Sennet [Q omits] 13 **every euer** 31 **thy the** 36 **patient** ancient 54 **Returns** [ed.] Retires 61 **thy the** 70-74 **Agamemnon. Speak . . . oracle** [Q omits] 75 **basis** bases 110 **meets** melts 159 **unsquared** vnsquare 195 **and discredit** our discredit 212 **s.d. Tucket** [Q omits] 214 **s.d. Enter Aeneas** [Q omits] 247 **affair** affaires 250 **whisper him** whisper with him 252 **the attentive** that attentive 256 **loud** alowd 263 **rusty** restie 267 **That seeks** And feeds 276 **compass** couple 294 **one** no 298 **will tell** tell 302 **youth** men 305 **first** sir 309 **s.d. Exeunt. Manent Ulysses and Nestor** [Q omits] 315 **This 'tis** [Q omits] 334 **his honor** those honours 354-56 **which . . . the limbs** [F emended from "in his" to "his"; Q omits] 390 **tarre** arre
II.i.11 s.d. Strikes him [Q omits] 14 **vinewed'st** [F: whinid'st] vnsalted 17 **oration** oration without booke 18 **a prayer** praier 40-41 **Ajax . . . Do, do** [Q assigns to Thersites as one speech] 45 **Thou scurvy-valiant** you scurvy valiant 55 **s.d. Enter Achilles and Patroclus** [Q omits] 56 **do you** do yee 71 **I It** 75 **I'll I** 101 **if he knock out** and knocke at 105 **your grand-sires** had nails on their toes [F emended from "their" to "your"] their grandsiers had nailes 116 **brach** [ed.] brooch 123 **fifth** first 131 **s.d. Exit** [Q omits]
II.ii.14-15 surety, Surety surely Surely 27 **father** fathers 33 **at reasons** of reasons 47 **Let's** Sets 64 **shores** shore 75 **truce** ttuce 86 **he be** 96 **s.d. with her hair about her ears** [Q omits] 104 **eld** [ed.; F has "old"] elders 210 **strike** shrike

II.iii.21 s.d. Enter Patroclus [Q omits] 25 wouldst couldst
 31 art art not 47 thyself Thersites 55-59 Patroclus. You . . . a
 fool [Q omits] 62-63 commanded of Agamemnon commanded
 66 Creator Prouer 68 Patroclus Come Patroclus 69 s.d. Exit
 [Q omits] 73-74 Now . . . all [Q omits] 79 shent [ed.; F has
 "sent"] sate 80 appertainments appertainings 89 A word, my
 lord [Q omits] 102 s.d. Enter Patroclus [Q omits] 130
 pettish lunes [F emended from "lines" to "lunes"] course, and
 time; as if and if 131 carriage of this action streame of his
 commencement 141 enter you entertaine 141 s.d. Exit
 Ulysses [Q omits] 158 I hate I do hate 191 stale [ed.] staule
 193 titled liked 203 pash push 212 let his humor's tell his
 humorous 220 'A would . . . shares [Q gives to Ajax] 222
 He's . . . warm [ed.; Q and F give to Ajax] 223 praises praiers
 242 beyond, beyond all erudition beyond all thy erudition
 248 bourn boord 249 Thy This 263 cull call
 III.i.s.d. Music . . . Servant Enter Pandarus 24 friend [Q
 omits] 38 that thou thou 92 your poor disposer's your
 disposers 107 lord lad 114 In . . . so [Q omits] 117 shaft
 confounds shafts confound 149 these this 157 thee her
 III.ii.s.d. and Troilus' Troylus 3 he stays stayes 3 s.d. Enter
 Troilus [Q omits] 8 Like like to 10 those these 15 s.d. Exit
 Pandarus [Q omits] 27 s.d. Enter Pandarus [Q omits] 32 s.d.
 Exit Pandarus [Q omits] 36 unawares vnwares 66 fears [ed.]
 teares 80 This is This 91 merit crown it. No perfection merit
 louer part no affection 98 s.d. Enter Pandarus [Q omits]
 131 Cunning [ed.] Comming 158 aye age 178 Yet, after After
 183 and or 191 as wolf or Wolfe 198 pains paine
 III.iii.s.d. Flourish [Q omits] 4 come [ed.] loue 102 giver
 giuers 128 abject object 140 on one 141 shrinking shriking
 155 one on 158 hedge turne 160 hindmost him, most 161-63
 Or . . . on [F emended from "neere" to "rear"; Q omits] 164
 past passe 177 give [ed.] goe 183 Than That 197 every grain
 of Pluto's gold euery thing 198 th' uncomprehensive deeps
 the vncomprehensieue depth 224 a dewdrop dew drop 251 he a
 266 ambassador to him Ambassador 274 most valorous
 valorous 278 Grecian army armie; Agamemnon, et
 cetera Agamemnon 293 God b' wi' you [ed.] God buy you
 IV.i.4 you your 16 But Lul'd 36 it was twas 40 do think
 beleue 50 s.d. Exit Aeneas [Q omits] 52 the soul soule 56
 soilure soyle 76 you they
 IV.ii.19 s.d. Within [Q omits] 22 s.d. Enter Pandarus [F
 places after line 20; Q omits] 52 'Tis Its 58 s.d. Enter Troilus
 [Q omits] 64 to us; and for him forthwith to him, and forth-
 with 73 nature neighbor Pandar 106 I will Ile 110 s.d.
 Exeunt [Q omits]

IV.iv.54 the root my throate 64 there's there is 77 They're
 . . . nature [Q omits] 79 person portion 139 s.d. Sound
 trumpet [Q omits] 144-48 Deiphobus. Let us . . . chivalry
 [F, with 144 assigned to Diomedes; Q omits]
 IV.v.94 Ulysses. They . . . already [Q omits] 95 Agamem-
 non Vlises 98 in deeds deeds 131 Of our rank feud [Q omits]
 132 drop day 164-69 But that's . . . integrity [Q omits] 177
 that I affect th' untraded oath thy affect, the vntraded earth
 187 thy th' 192 shraped [ed.] shruped 205 As they . . .
 courtesy [Q omits] 254 stithied stichied 291 she loved my
 Lord
 V.i.14 these this 15 boy box 20 catarrhs [Q omits] 24 and
 the like [Q omits] 48 s.d. Exit [Q omits] 55 brother be
 57 hanging at his brother's leg at his bare legge 59 forced
 faced 61 he is her's 61 dog, a mule day, a Moyle 62
 fitchew Fichooke 64-65 Ask me not aske me 70 s.d. Enter
 Achilles [Q omits] 72 good God 78 sewer [ed.] sure 79
 both at once both
 V.ii.5 s.d. Enter . . . Ulysses [Q omits] 14 Cressida Cal 39
 Nay Now 40 distraction distruction 47 Adieu [Q omits]
 55 these together together 57 But will Will 58 la [ed.] lo
 67 Troilus. I . . . will [Q omits] 68 Cressida Troy 79 Nay
 . . . me [Q, F assign to Diomedes] 83 Cressida [Q omits] 89
 By And by 104 s.d. Exit [Q omits] 116 coact Court 121
 had deceptious were deceptions 132 soil spoile 155 five finde
 165 Much as as much
 V.iii.14 Cassandra Cres 20-22 To hurt . . . charity [F
 emended from "would count" to "would," and from "as" to
 "use"; Q omits] 23-25 It . . . Hector [Q assigns to Andro-
 mache] 29 mean'st meanest 58 But by my ruin [Q omits]
 85 distraction destruction 90 s.d. Exit [Q omits]
 V.iv.4 young knave's knaues 9 errand [F has "errant"] arrant;
 O' the Ath 16 begin [ed.] began 17 s.d. Enter Diomedes
 and Troilus [Q omits] 26 art thou art
 V.v.22 scaled scaling 41 luck lust
 V.vii.11 double-horned [ed.] double-hen'd 12 s.d. Exeunt
 [ed.] Exit 23 s.d. Exeunt Exit
 V.viii.16 One Greek [F has "Gree."] One
 V.ix.1 what shout is that what is this
 V.x.2 Never . . . night [Q assigns to Troilus, and places his
 entrance before the line] 21-22 But march away. Hector is
 dead [Q omits] 23 vile proud 32-34 Pandarus. But . . .
 name [in F these lines appear as well after V.iii.112, concluding
 that scene] 33 Ignominy and ignominy 37 traders [ed.]
 traitors 49 your aching my aking 50 hold-door hold-ore

A Never Writer, to an Ever Reader. News.

Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapperclawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain^o that never undertook anything comical vainly. And were but the 5
vain names of comedies changed for the titles of commodities, or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities—especially this author's comedies, that are so framed to the life 10
that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings as were never capable of the 15
wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that wit there that they never found in themselves and have parted better witted than they came, feeling an edge of wit set upon them more than ever they dreamed they had brain to grind 20
it on. So much and such savored salt of wit is in his

4 **your brain** i.e., Shakespeare's brain

comedies that they seem, for their height of pleasure, to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus.^o Amongst all there is none more witty than this; and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, 25
for so much as will make you think your testern^o well bestowed, but for so much worth as even poor I know to be stuffed in it. It deserves such a labor as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus. And believe this, that when he is gone and his comedies out of sale, 30
you will scramble for them and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasure's loss, and judgment's, refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the 35
'scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors'^o wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed. And so I leave all such to be prayed for, for the state of their wits' healths, that will not praise it. *Vale.* 40

23 **Venus** the Greek goddess Aphrodite, who, according to Hesiod, was born in ocean foam 26 **testern** sixpence (slang)
36-37 **grand possessors** presumably, the actor-sharers of the King's Men, who may have tried to stop publication



THE HISTORY OF TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

[Dramatis Personae]

PRIAM *King of Troy*
HECTOR
TROILUS
PARIS
DEIPHOBUS
HELENUS

} *his sons*

MARGARELON *a bastard son of Priam*

AENEAS
ANTENOR

} *Trojan commanders*

CALCHAS *a Trojan priest, taking part with the
Greeks*

PANDARUS *uncle to Cressida*

AGAMEMNON *the Greek general*

MENELAUS *his brother*

ACHILLES
AJAX
ULYSSES
NESTOR
DIOMEDES
PATROCLUS

} *Greek commanders*

THERSITES *a deformed and scurrilous Greek*

ALEXANDER *servant to Cressida*

SERVANT TO TROILUS

SERVANT TO PARIS

SERVANT TO DIOMEDES

HELEN *wife to Menelaus*

ANDROMACHE *wife to Hector*

CASSANDRA *daughter to Priam; a prophetess*

CRESSIDA *daughter to Calchas*

TROJAN AND GREEK SOLDIERS AND
ATTENDANTS

Scene: Troy, and the Greek camp before it

THE PROLOGUE

[Enter the PROLOGUE, armed for battle.]

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous,^o their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia;^o and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures^o
The ravished Helen, Menelaus' queen,

5

With wanton Paris sleeps—and that's the quarrel. 10
To Tenedos^o they come,
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage.^o Now on Dardan^o plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions. Priam's six-gated city, 15
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus,^o with massy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling^o bolts,
Sperr up^o the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish^o spirits, 20
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,

15

20

The decorative border shown above is a repeated ornament which appeared on the title page of the quarto edition of Troilus and Cressida, 1609.

Pro. 2 orgulous proud **7 Phrygia** western Asia Minor **8**
immures walls

11 Tenedos the port of Troy **13 fraughtage** freight, i.e., soldiers; **Dardan** Trojan (after Dardanus, son of Zeus and the Pleiad Electra, and ancestor of Priam) **16-17 Dardan . . .**
Antenonidus names of the gates of Troy **18 fulfilling** filling tightly **19 Sperr up** shut up **20 skittish** nervous

Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
 A prologue armed,^o but not in confidence
 Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited^o
 In like conditions as our argument,^o
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt^o and firstlings of those broils,
 Beginning in the middle, starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
 Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

[A C T I]

[Scene I. *Within Troy.*]

Enter PANDARUS and TROILUS.

TROILUS

Call here my varlet,^o I'll unarm again.
 Why should I war without^o the walls of Troy
 That find such cruel battle here within?
 Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
 Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath none.

PANDARUS

Will this gear^o ne'er be mended?

TROILUS

The Greeks are strong, and skillful to^o their strength,
 Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
 But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 Tamer than sleep, fonder^o than ignorance,
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
 And skillless^o as unpracticed infancy.

PANDARUS Well, I have told you enough of this.

For my part, I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He
 that will have a cake out of the wheat must tarry the
 grinding.

TROILUS Have I not tarried?

PANDARUS Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the
 bolting.^o

TROILUS Have I not tarried?

PANDARUS Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the
 leavening.

TROILUS Still have I tarried.

PANDARUS Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the
 word "hereafter" the kneading, the making of the
 cake, the heating the oven, and the baking. Nay, you
 must stay the cooling too, or ye may chance burn your
 lips.

TROILUS

Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
 Doth lesser blench^o at suff'rance than I do.
 At Priam's royal table do I sit,
 And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts—
 So, traitor,^o then she comes when she is thence.^o

PANDARUS Well, she looked yesternight fairer than
 ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

TROILUS

I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
 As wedgèd with a sigh, would rive^o in twain,
 Lest Hector or my father should perceive me—
 I have, as when the sun doth light a-scorn,^o
 Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;
 But sorrow, that is couched in seeming gladness,
 Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

PANDARUS An^o her hair were not somewhat darker
 than Helen's—well, go to—there were no more
 comparison between the women; but, for my part,
 she is my kinswoman: I would not, as they term it,
 praise her, but I would somebody had heard her talk
 yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister
 Cassandra's wit, but—

TROILUS

O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,
 When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drowned,
 Reply not in how many fathoms deep
 They lie indrenched. I tell thee I am mad
 In Cressid's love; thou answer'st she is fair,
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
 Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand^o
 In whose comparison all whites are ink,
 Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure^o
 The cygnet's^o down is harsh, and spirit^o of sense
 Hard as the palm of plowman. This thou tell'st me,
 As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
 But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
 The knife that made it.

PANDARUS I speak no more than truth.

TROILUS Thou dost not speak so much.

PANDARUS Faith, I'll not meddle in it; let her be as
 she is. If she be fair, 'tis the better for her; and she be
 not, she has the mends^o in her own hands.

TROILUS Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus?

PANDARUS I have had my labor for my travail;^o ill
 thought on of her, and ill thought of you; gone be-
 tween and between, but small thanks for my labor.

TROILUS What, art thou angry, Pandarus? What,
 with me?

PANDARUS Because she's kin to me, therefore she's
 not so fair as Helen. An she were not kin to me, she
 would be as fair a^o Friday as Helen is on Sunday.^o
 But what care I? I care not an she were a blackamoor;
 'tis all one to me.

TROILUS Say I she is not fair?

PANDARUS I do not care whether you do or no. She's
 a fool to stay behind her father.^o Let her to the Greeks,
 and so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my part,
 I'll meddle nor make no more i' th' matter.

23 armed equipped for fight 24 suited dressed 25
 argument subject 27 vaunt beginning
 I.i.1 varlet servant 2 without outside 6 gear business 7
 to in addition to, in proportion to 10 fonder more unso-
 phisticated, simpler 12 skillless inept, naive 19 bolting
 sifting 30 blench flinch 33 traitor a self-rebuke, for suggest-
 ing that she is sometimes absent; then . . . thence she returns
 immediately whenever she is absent

37 rive split 39 a-scorn mockingly(?) grudgingly(?) 43 An if
 57 that her hand that hand of hers 59 seizure grasp 60
 cygnet's young swan's; spirit the thin bodily substance be-
 lieved to transmit sense impressions through the nerves 70
 mends (1) remedies (2) cosmetics 72 travail punning on
 travel ("gone between and between") 79 a' on 79 on Sunday
 i.e., in her Sunday best 84 father Calchas, who had deserted to
 the Greeks

TROILUS Pandarus—

PANDARUS Not I.

TROILUS Sweet Pandarus—

PANDARUS Pray you, speak no more to me. I will 90
leave all as I found it, and there an end. *Exit.*

Sound alarum.

TROILUS

Peace, you ungracious clamors! Peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,

When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument;°

It is too starved a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;

And he's as tetchy° to be wooed to woo

As she is stubborn, chaste, against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's° love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we.

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl.

Between our Ilium° and where she resides

Let it be called the wild and wand'ring flood,

Ourselves the merchant, and this sailing Pandar

Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

Alarum. Enter AENEAS.

AENEAS

How now, Prince Troilus, wherefore not afield?

TROILUS

Because not there. This woman's answer sorts,°

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Aeneas, from the field today?

AENEAS

That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

TROILUS

By whom, Aeneas?

AENEAS

Troilus, by Menelaus.

TROILUS

Let Paris bleed; 'tis but a scar to scorn:°

Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn.°

Alarum.

AENEAS

Hark what good sport is out of town today!

TROILUS

Better at home, if "would I might" were "may."

But to the sport abroad; are you bound thither?

AENEAS

In all swift haste.

TROILUS

Come, go we then together. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. Within Troy.]

Enter CRESSIDA and [Alexander,] her MAN.

CRESSIDA

Who were those went by?

MAN

Queen Hecuba and Helen.

CRESSIDA

And whither go they?

MAN

Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

Is as a virtue fixed, today was moved.

He chid Andromache, and struck his armor,

And, like as there were husbandry° in war,

Before the sun rose he was harnessed° light,

And to the field goes he, where every flower

Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw

In Hector's wrath.

CRESSIDA

What was his cause of anger?

MAN

The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;

They call him Ajax.

CRESSIDA

Good; and what of him?

MAN

They say he is a very man per se

And stands alone.

105

CRESSIDA So do all men unless they are drunk, sick,
or have no legs.

MAN This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of
their particular additions.° He is as valiant as the lion, 20

churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into

whom nature hath so crowded humors° that his valor

is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion.

There is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a

glimpse° of, nor any man an attain° but he carries 25

110

some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause and

merry against the hair.° He hath the joints of every-

thing, but everything so out of joint that he is a gouty

Briareus,° many hands and no use, or purblind Argus,°

all eyes and no sight. 30

CRESSIDA But how should this man that makes me
smile make Hector angry?

MAN They say he yesterday coped° Hector in the

115

battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame

whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and 35

waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

CRESSIDA Who comes here?

MAN Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

CRESSIDA Hector's a gallant man.

MAN As may be in the world, lady.

40

PANDARUS What's that? What's that?

CRESSIDA Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

PANDARUS Good morrow, cousin° Cressid. What do

you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander. How do you,

cousin? When were you at Ilium?

45

CRESSIDA This morning, uncle.

PANDARUS What were you talking of when I came?

95 **argument** theme 99 **tetchy** peevish 101 **Daphne** the nymph who was changed into a bay tree as she ran to escape Apollo 104 **Ilium** here, Priam's palace; generally, Troy (for Ilus, founder of the city, Priam's grandfather) 109 **sorts** is appropriate 114 **but** . . . **scorn** i.e., considering its source, the kind of scar to be scorned 115 **horn** of a cuckold

I.ii.7 husbandry good management, thrift 8 **harnessed** armored 20 **additions** distinctive qualities, characteristics 22 **humors** bodily fluids which, in excess, were thought to cause emotional disorder 25 **glimpse** momentary shining; **attaint** imputation of dishonor 27 **against the hair** contrary to natural tendency (cf. *against the grain*) 29 **Briareus** a hundred-handed giant; **Argus** a herdsman with eyes covering his body 33 **coped** engaged, encountered 43 **cousin** a term of familiarity; here, niece

Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to Ilium?

Helen was not up, was she?

CRESSIDA Hector was gone, but Helen was not up. 50

PANDARUS E'en so, Hector was stirring early.

CRESSIDA That were we talking of, and of his anger.

PANDARUS Was he angry?

CRESSIDA So he says here.

PANDARUS True, he was so; I know the cause too. 55

He'll lay about him today, I can tell them that; and there's Troilus will not come far behind him. Let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

CRESSIDA What, is he angry too?

PANDARUS Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man 60 of the two.

CRESSIDA O Jupiter! There's no comparison.

PANDARUS What, not between Troilus and Hector?

Do you know a man if you see him?

CRESSIDA Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him. 65

PANDARUS Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

CRESSIDA Then you say as I say, for I am sure he is not Hector.

PANDARUS No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.° 70

CRESSIDA 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

PANDARUS Himself? Alas, poor Troilus, I would he were.°

CRESSIDA So he is.

PANDARUS Condition,° I had gone barefoot to India. 75

CRESSIDA He is not Hector.

PANDARUS Himself? No, he's not himself. Would 'a° were himself. Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end. Well, Troilus, well, I would my heart were in her body. No, Hector is not a better man than 80 Troilus.

CRESSIDA Excuse me.

PANDARUS He is elder.

CRESSIDA Pardon me, pardon me.

PANDARUS Th' other's not come to't;° you shall tell 85 me another tale when th' other's come to't. Hector shall not have his will° this year.

CRESSIDA He shall not need it if he have his own.

PANDARUS Nor his qualities.

CRESSIDA No matter. 90

PANDARUS Nor his beauty.

CRESSIDA 'Twould not become him. His own's better.

PANDARUS You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore th' other day that Troilus, for a brown 95 favor°—for so 'tis, I must confess—not brown neither—

CRESSIDA No, but brown.

PANDARUS Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

CRESSIDA To say the truth, true and not true. 100

PANDARUS She praised his complexion above Paris.

CRESSIDA Why, Paris hath color enough.

PANDARUS So he has.

CRESSIDA Then Troilus should have too much. If she

praised him above, his complexion is higher than his. 105 He having color enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

PANDARUS I swear to you, I think Helen loves him 110 better than Paris.

CRESSIDA Then she's a merry Greek° indeed.

PANDARUS Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed° window—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his 115 chin—

CRESSIDA Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

PANDARUS Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector. 120

CRESSIDA Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?°

PANDARUS But to prove to you that Helen loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin—

CRESSIDA Juno have mercy; how came it cloven? 125

PANDARUS Why, you know 'tis dimpled; I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

CRESSIDA O, he smiles valiantly.

PANDARUS Does he not? 130

CRESSIDA O, yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

PANDARUS Why go to then. But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus—

CRESSIDA Troilus will stand° to the proof if you'll prove it so. 135

PANDARUS Troilus? Why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle° egg.

CRESSIDA If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

PANDARUS I cannot choose but laugh to think how 140 she tickled his chin. Indeed, she has a marvel's° white hand, I must needs confess.

CRESSIDA Without the rack.°

PANDARUS And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin. 145

CRESSIDA Alas poor chin, many a wart is richer.

PANDARUS But there was such laughing. Queen Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran o'er.

CRESSIDA With millstones.

PANDARUS And Cassandra laughed. 150

CRESSIDA But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes. Did her eyes run o'er too?

PANDARUS And Hector laughed.

CRESSIDA At what was all this laughing?

PANDARUS Marry,° at the white hair that Helen spied 155 on Troilus' chin.

CRESSIDA An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

PANDARUS They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer. 160

CRESSIDA What was his answer?

69–70 in some degrees by some distance; in some (specific) ways (?) 72–73 I . . . were i.e., I wish he were himself, and not in love 75 Condition i.e., even if to bring that about 77 'a he 85 come to't reached manhood 87 will some editors emend to "wit," i.e., intelligence 95–96 brown favor dark complexion

112 a merry Greek one of frivolous or loose behavior (slang) 114 compassed bay 121 so . . . lifter so experienced a thief (cf. shoplifter) 134 stand a bawdy pun; cf. Sonnet 151 137 addle rotten 141 marvel's marvelous 143 rack torture 155 Marry an interjection, from the oath, "By the Virgin Mary"

PANDARUS Quoth she, "Here's but two-and-fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

CRESSIDA This is her question.

PANDARUS That's true, make no question of that. 165
 "Two-and-fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white. That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?" "The forked° one," quoth he; "pluck't out, and give it him." But there was such 170
 laughing, and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

CRESSIDA So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

PANDARUS Well, cousin, I told you a thing yester- 175
 day; think on't.

CRESSIDA So I do.

PANDARUS I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an° 'twere a man born in April.

Sound a retreat.

CRESSIDA And I'll spring up in his tears, an° 'twere a 180
 nettle against° May.

PANDARUS Hark, they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here and see them as they pass to- ward Ilium? Good niece, do; sweet niece, Cressida.

CRESSIDA At your pleasure. 185

PANDARUS Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely.° I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by, but mark Troilus above the rest.

Enter AENEAS [and passes across the stage].

CRESSIDA Speak not so loud. 190

PANDARUS That's Aeneas. Is not that a brave° man? He's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Enter ANTENOR [and passes across the stage].

CRESSIDA Who's that?

PANDARUS That's Antenor. He has a shrewd wit, I 195
 can tell you; and he's man good enough—he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy whosoever, and a proper° man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon. If he see me, you shall see him nod at me. 200

CRESSIDA Will he give you the nod?°

PANDARUS You shall see.

CRESSIDA If he do, the rich shall have more.°

Enter HECTOR [and passes across the stage].

PANDARUS That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave 205
 man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks; there's a countenance! Is't not a brave man?

CRESSIDA O, a brave man.

PANDARUS Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet. Look you 210
 yonder, do you see? Look you there. There's no jest-

ing; there's laying on, take't off who will,° as they say. There be hacks!

CRESSIDA Be those with swords?

PANDARUS Swords, anything, he cares not; an the 215
 devil come to him, it's all one. By God's lid, it does one's heart good.

Enter PARIS [and passes across the stage].

Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris. Look ye yonder, niece. Is't not a gallant° man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home 220
 today? He's not hurt. Why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha? Would I could see Troilus now. You shall see Troilus anon.

CRESSIDA Who's that?

Enter HELENUS [and passes across the stage].

PANDARUS That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus 225
 is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth today. That's Helenus.

CRESSIDA Can Helenus fight, uncle?

PANDARUS Helenus? No. Yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark, do you not 230
 hear the people cry "Troilus"? Helenus is a priest.

CRESSIDA What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter TROILUS [and passes across the stage].

PANDARUS Where? Yonder? That's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! There's a man, niece, hem? Brave Troilus, the prince of chivalry! 235

CRESSIDA Peace, for shame, peace!

PANDARUS Mark him, note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece. Look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's— and how he looks, and how he goes. O admirable 240
 youth! He never saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace,° or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and I warrant Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot. 245

Enter COMMON SOLDIERS.

CRESSIDA Here comes more.

PANDARUS Asses, fools, dolts; chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and die in the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look. The eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had 250
 rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

CRESSIDA There is amongst the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

PANDARUS Achilles? A drayman,° a porter, a very 255
 camel.°

CRESSIDA Well, well.

PANDARUS "Well, well"? Why, have you any discretion, have you any eyes, do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, man- 260
 hood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

169 forked resembling a cuckold's horns (?) 179 an as if 181 against in advance of 187 bravely excellently 191 brave fine 198 proper handsome 201 nod play on noddy, simpleton 203 the . . . more i.e., the fool shall become more foolish

212 take't . . . will i.e., whoever cares to say otherwise (to "lay on" and "take off" were common colloquial tags) 219 gallant general term of praise, like brave 242 grace attendant goddess 255 drayman one who draws a cart 256 camel i.e., beast of burden

CRESSIDA Ay, a minced^o man; and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date is out.^o

PANDARUS You are such a woman a man knows not 265 at what ward^o you lie.

CRESSIDA Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty;^o my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these. And at all these 270 wards I lie, at a thousand watches.^o

PANDARUS Say one of your watches.

CRESSIDA Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too. If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling^o how 275 I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding,^o and then it's past watching.

PANDARUS You are such another!

Enter [Troilus'] BOY.

BOY Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

PANDARUS Where? 280

BOY At your own house. There he unarms him.

PANDARUS Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit BOY.*] I doubt^o he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

CRESSIDA Adieu, uncle.

PANDARUS I will be with you, niece, by and by. 285

CRESSIDA To bring,^o uncle.

PANDARUS Ay, a token from Troilus.

CRESSIDA By the same token, you are a bawd.

Exit PANDARUS.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice

He offers in another's enterprise; 290

But more in Troilus thousandfold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;^o

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.

That she^o beloved knows nought that knows not this: 295

Men prize the thing ungained more than it is;^o

That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got^o so sweet as when desire did sue.

Therefore this maxim out of love^o I teach:

Achievement is command; ungained, beseech.^o 300

Then, though my heart's content firm love doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. *Exit.*

[Scene III. *The Greek camp.*]

Sennet.^o *Enter* AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, MENELAUS, *with others.*

263 **minced** (1) mincing, affected (2) overspiced (3) divided into parts beyond recognition 263-64 **then to . . . out** dates were a common ingredient in most pastries; Cressida's pun implies that Troilus, as Pandarus compounds him, could contain no substance and be of no interest, out of date 266 **ward** position of defense in swordplay 269 **honesty** chastity 271 **watches** periods of the night 275 **watch . . . telling** i.e., to make certain you do not tell 276 **swell past hiding** Cressida thus completes her ribald play on words 283 **doubt** suspect that, fear that 286 **To bring** an idiomatic intensifier, now obsolete, meaning roughly, "indeed" or "with a vengeance"; Cressida says, with mild sarcasm, "yes, I am sure you will," although Pandarus picks up the word in its normal verbal sense 293 **wooing** while being wooed 295 **That she** that woman 296 **it is** its value 298 **got** i.e., by men 299 **out of love** from love's teaching 300 **Achievement . . . beseech** when men achieve love, they command; while still trying to gain it, they will beg

I.iii.s.d. Sennet a trumpet call announcing specific personages in a procession

AGAMEMNON

Princes,

What grief hath set these jaundies^o o'er your cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below

Fails in the promised largeness. Checks and disasters 5

Grow in the veins of actions highest reared,

As knots, by the conflux^o of meeting sap,

Infects the sound pine and diverts his grain

Tortive and errant^o from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us 10

That we come short of our suppose^o so far

That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before,

Whereof we have record, trial did draw

Bias and thwart,^o not answering the aim 15

And that unbodied figure of the thought

That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,

Do you with cheeks abashed^o behold our works

And call them shames, which are indeed nought else

But the protractive^o trials of great Jove 20

To find persistive constancy in men?

The fineness of which metal is not found

In Fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,

The wise and fool, the artist^o and unread,

The hard and soft, seem all affined^o and kin. 25

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,

Puffing at all, winnows the light away,

And what hath mass or matter by itself

Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.^o 30

NESTOR

With due observance of thy godlike seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply^o

Thy latest words. In the reproof^o of chance

Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail 35

Upon her patient breast, making their way

With those of nobler bulk?

But let the ruffian Boreas^o once enrage

The gentle Thetis,^o and anon behold

The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains

cut, 40

Bounding between the two moist elements

Like Perseus' horse,^o where's then the saucy boat,

Whose weak untimbered sides but even now

Corrivaled greatness? Either to harbor fled,

Or made a toast^o for Neptune. Even so 45

Doth valor's show^o and valor's worth divide

In storms of fortune. For in her ray and brightness

The herd hath more annoyance by the breese^o

Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind

2 **jaundies** jaundice (an obsolete plural) 7 **conflux** flowing together 9 **Tortive and errant** twisted and wandering 11 **suppose** anticipation 15 **Bias and thwart** to one side and crosswise 18 **cheeks abashed** faces turned aside in confusion and shame 20 **protractive** extended 24 **artist** scholar 25 **affined** in affinity, related 30 **unmingled** unmixed with other essences 32 **apply** show examples of (as in a rhetorical exercise) 33 **reproof** rebuff 38 **Boreas** the north wind 39 **Thetis** a sea maiden, Achilles' mother, but here personifying the sea 42 **Perseus' horse** Pegasus, the winged horse 45 **toast** a piece of toast was usually soaked in wine 46 **show** outward appearance 48 **breese** gadfly

Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, 50
 And flies fled under shade, why then the thing of
 courage,
 As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathize,^o
 And with an accent tuned in selfsame key
 Returns^o to chiding fortune.

ULYSSES Agamemnon,
 Thou great commander, nerves^o and bone of Greece, 55
 Heart of our numbers, soul and only sprite,^o
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up,^o hear what Ulysses speaks.
 Besides th' applause and approbation
 The which [to AGAMEMNON], most mighty for thy
 place and sway, 60

[to NESTOR]

And thou most reverend for thy stretched-out life,
 I give to both your speeches—which were such
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
 Should hold up high in brass; and such again
 As venerable Nestor, hatched in silver,^o 65
 Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree
 On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears
 To his experienced tongue—yet let it please both,
 Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

AGAMEMNON
 Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect 70
 That matter needless, of importless burden,
 Divide thy lips than we are confident,
 When rank Thersites opes his mastic^o jaws,
 We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

ULYSSES
 Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down, 75
 And the great Hector's sword had lacked a master,
 But for these instances.^o
 The specialty of rule^o hath been neglected;
 And look, how many Grecian tents do stand
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions. 80
 When that the general is not like the hive
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,
 What honey is expected?^o Degree being vizarded,^o
 Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this center 85
 Observe degree, priority, and place,
 Insisture,^o course, proportion, season, form,
 Office, and custom, in all line of order.
 And therefore is the glorious planet Sol^o
 In noble eminence enthroned and sphered 90
 Amidst the other;^o whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the influence^o of evil planets,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,

Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
 In evil mixture^o to disorder wander, 95
 What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny,
 What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
 Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate^o
 The unity and married calm of states 100
 Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is shaken,
 Which is the ladder of all high designs,
 The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores, 105
 The primogenity^o and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And hark what discord follows. Each thing meets 110
 In mere oppugnancy.^o The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
 And make a sop^o of all this solid globe;
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,^o
 And the rude son should strike his father dead; 115
 Force should be right, or rather right and wrong—
 Between whose endless jar^o justice resides—
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then everything include itself in power,^o
 Power into will, will into appetite, 120
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey
 And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate, 125
 Follows the choking.
 And this neglection of degree it is
 That by a pace goes backward with a purpose
 It hath to climb.^o The general's disdained
 By him one step below, he by the next, 130
 That next by him beneath; so every step,
 Exemplified by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation;^o
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot, 135
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

NESTOR

Most wisely hath Ulysses here discovered
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

90 AGAMEMNON

The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses, 140
 What is the remedy?

ULYSSES

The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehand of our host,
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of^o his worth, and in his tent 145

52 sympathize becomes similar to 54 Returns replies
 55 nerves sinews 56 sprite spirit 58 shut up gathered in
 65 hatched in silver referring to the silver lines in his hair
 73 mastic abusive, scourging (sometimes emended to "mas-
 tiff") 77 instances reasons 78 The . . . rule the particular
 organization of ruling, the distinction of rights in a chain of
 authority 81-83 When . . . expected When the endeavors
 of the general populace are not similar to those of the agent
 which rules them, and to which they are responsible, what
 profit can be expected? (?) When the ruling general is dissimilar
 in kind to the soldiers in his army, what profit, etc. (?) 83
 Degree being vizarded the hierarchy of authority being
 hidden 87 Insisture regularity of position 89 Sol the sun
 91 other others 92 influence astrological effect

95 evil mixture unlucky or malignant relationship (astro-
 logical) 99 deracinate uproot 106 primogenity right of
 the eldest son to succeed to his father's estate 111 mere
 oppugnancy total strife 113 sop pulp 114 imbecility
 weakness 117 jar discord 119 include . . . power enclose
 itself within power, i.e., become power 127-29 And . . .
 climb this neglect of hierarchy causes a step toward disintegra-
 tion each time an attempt is made to climb upward 134
 emulation rivalry 145 dainty of finicky about

Lies mocking our designs. With him Patroclus
 Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests,
 And with ridiculous and silly action
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation° calls) 150
 He pageants° us. Sometimes, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless deputation° he puts on,
 And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstring,° and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue° and sound 155
 'Twixt his stretched footing° and the scaffoldage,
 Such to-be-pitied and o'erwrested seeming°
 He acts thy greatness in; and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a-mending,° with terms unsquared,°
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon° dropped, 160
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty° stuff
 The large Achilles, on his pressed bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause,
 Cries, "Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon right.
 Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard, 165
 As he being drest° to some oration."
 That's done, as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife,
 Yet god Achilles still cries, "Excellent!
 'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me,° Patroclus, 170
 Arming to answer in a night alarm."
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
 And with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,°
 Shake in and out the rivet. And at this sport
 Sir Valor dies; cries, "O, enough, Patroclus,
 Or give me ribs of steel; I shall split all
 In pleasure of my spleen!"° And in this fashion
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals° of grace exact,
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field or speech for truce,
 Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.°

NESTOR
 And in the imitation of these twain,
 Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice, many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-willed, and bears his head
 In such a rein,° in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him; 190

149-50 silly . . . **imitation** Ulysses contrasts such charades with true imitation to the life, presumably the goal of the excellent actor **151 pageants** mimics **152 topless deputation** unlimited office **153-54 conceit** . . . **hamstring** imagination lies in the tendon of his leg **155 wooden dialogue** the thumps of heavy footfalls on the wooden stage floor **156 stretched footing** absurdly long strides; **scaffoldage** scaffold, stage **157 o'erwrested seeming** overstrained impersonation **159 chime a-mending** (1) chime being repaired (2) dissonant combination of sounds just following the ringing of many chimes (?); **unsquared** inappropriate **160 roaring Typhon** a monster with serpents' heads and a tremendous voice **161 fusty** stale, second-rate **166 drest** carefully prepared for, addressed **168 Vulcan** . . . **wife** Vulcan, god of the smithy and forge, was depicted as sooty, and was lame besides; his "wife" was Venus, who cuckolded him with Mars **170 me** for me **174 gorget** throat armor **178 spleen** supposed the seat of the emotions of anger and hilarity **180 Severals and generals** individual and general qualities **184 paradoxes** absurdities **189 In** . . . **rein** so high

Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
 A slave whose gall° coins slanders like a mint,
 To match us in comparisons with dirt,
 To weaken and discredit our exposure, 195
 How rank° soever rounded in with danger.

ULYSSES

They tax° our policy and call it cowardice,
 Count wisdom as no member of the war,
 Forestall prescience,° and esteem no act 200
 But that of hand. The still and mental parts
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike
 When fitness° calls them on, and know by measure
 Of their observant toil the enemies' weight—
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.
 They call this bed-work, mapp'ry,° closet war; 205
 So that the ram that batters down the wall,
 For the great swinge° and rudeness of his poise,
 They place before his hand that made the engine,
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution. 210

NESTOR

Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse°
 Makes many Thetis' sons.

Tucket.°

AGAMEMNON

What trumpet? Look, Menelaus.

MENELAUS From Troy.

175 *Enter AENEAS.*

AGAMEMNON

What would you 'fore our tent? 215

AENEAS

180 Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

AGAMEMNON

Even this.

AENEAS

May one that is a herald and a prince
 Do a fair message to his kingly eyes?°

185 AGAMEMNON

With surety stronger than Achilles' arm 220
 'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
 Call Agamemnon head and general.

AENEAS

190 Fair leave and large security. How may
 A stranger to those most imperial looks
 Know them from eyes of other mortals?

AGAMEMNON

How? 225

AENEAS

Ay.

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
 Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
 The youthful Phoebus.° 230

193 gall the source of bile, which was thought to produce rancor and abuse **196 rank** densely, abundantly **197 tax** criticize **199 Forestall prescience** discount foresight **202 fitness** readiness **205 mapp'ry** map work **207 swinge** impetus, whirling force **211 Achilles' horse** either literally, or collectively, for his soldiers, the Myrmidons **212 s.d.** **Tucket** trumpet call **219 to** . . . **eyes** in his presence **230 Phoebus** Phoebus Apollo (the sun god)

Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

AGAMEMNON

This Trojan scorns us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

AENEAS

Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarmed,
As bending^o angels; that's their fame in peace.
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords—and, great
Jove's accord,^o

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Aeneas;
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips.
The worthiness of praise distains^o his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

AGAMEMNON

Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Aeneas?

AENEAS

Ay, Greek, that is my name.

AGAMEMNON

What's your affair, I pray you?

AENEAS

Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

AGAMEMNON

He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

AENEAS

Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him.
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his seat on the attentive bent,^o
And then to speak.

AGAMEMNON Speak frankly as the wind;

It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour.

That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

AENEAS

Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

Sound trumpet.

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince called Hector—Priam is his father—
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown. He bade me take a trumpet,^o
And to this purpose speak: kings, princes, lords,
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
That holds his honor higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valor and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,^o
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers^o—to him this challenge;

Hector, in view of Troyans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it;
He hath a lady wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will tomorrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, Hector shall honor him;
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt^o and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

AGAMEMNON

This shall be told our lovers, Lord Aeneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home. But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

NESTOR

Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire sucked. He is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian host
A nobleman that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,^o
And in my vantbrace^o put my withered brawns,^o
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world. His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

AENEAS

Now heavens forbend such scarcity of youth!

ULYSSES Amen.

[AGAMEMNON]

Fair Lord Aeneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you first.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent.
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

Exeunt. Manent^o ULYSSES and NESTOR.

ULYSSES Nestor.

NESTOR

What says Ulysses?

ULYSSES

I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.^o

NESTOR What is't?

ULYSSES

This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropped
Or, shedding,^o breed a nursery of like evil
To overbulk us all.

NESTOR

Well, and how?

236 **bending** bowing 238 **Jove's accord** with Jove on their side 241 **distains** sullies 252 **To . . . bent** to make him, and his place of government, pay attention 263 **trumpet** a trumpeter in attendance 269–70 **That . . . loves** one that loves his mistress even more than the false oaths of lip service (?) more than enough to swear false vows that he loves her (?) 272 **In . . . hers** i.e., with weapons 282 **sunburnt** dark (for the Elizabethans, ugly) 296 **beaver** movable face guard of a helmet 297 **vantbrace** armor fitting the forearm; **brawns** arm (or leg) muscles (an obsolete plural) 309 **s.d. Manent** (they) remain 312–13 **I . . . shape** i.e., I have the beginning of an idea; let me develop it as you listen 319 **shedding** i.e., scattering seed

236 **bending** bowing 238 **Jove's accord** with Jove on their side 241 **distains** sullies 252 **To . . . bent** to make him, and his place of government, pay attention 263 **trumpet** a trumpeter in attendance 269–70 **That . . . loves** one that loves his mistress even more than the false oaths of lip service (?) more than enough to swear false vows that he loves her (?) 272 **In . . . hers** i.e., with weapons

ULYSSES

This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

NESTOR

True, the purpose is perspicuous as substance
Whose grossness little characters sum up;°
And, in the publication, make no strain°
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough—will with great speed of judgment,
Ay with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

ULYSSES

And wake him to the answer, think you?

NESTOR

Why, 'tis most meet. Who may you else oppose
That can from Hector bring his honor off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion° dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate;° and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this vild action.° For the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling°
Of good or bad unto the general;°
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes,° there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is supposed
He that meets Hector issues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election,° and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distilled
Out of our virtues—who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves;
Which entertained, limbs are his° instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

ULYSSES

Give pardon to my speech. Therefore 'tis meet
Achilles meet not Hector. Let us, like merchants,
First show foul wares, and think perchance they'll sell;
If not, the luster of the better shall exceed
By showing the worse first. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honor and our shame in this
Are dogged with two strange followers.°

NESTOR

I see them not with my old eyes; what are they?

ULYSSES

What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him.

But he already is too insolent,
And it were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt° scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair. If he were foiled,
Why then we do our main opinion° crush
In taint of° our best man. No, make a lott'ry;
And by device let blockish Ajax draw
The sort° to fight with Hector; among ourselves
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon°
Who broils° in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris° bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax comes safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices; if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:
Ajax employed plucks down Achilles' plumes.

NESTOR

Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice,
And I will give a taste thereof forthwith
To Agamemnon. Go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone
Must tarre° the mastiffs on, as 'twere a bone. *Exeunt.*

[A C T I I]

[Scene I. *The Greek camp.*]

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

AJAX Thersites!
THERSITES Agamemnon, how if he had boils—full,
all over, generally?
AJAX Thersites!
THERSITES And those boils did run?—say so—did
not the general run then? Were not that a botchy core?°
AJAX Dog!
THERSITES Then would come some matter from him.
I see none now.
AJAX Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear?
Feel then.
Strikes him.
THERSITES The plague of Greece upon thee, thou
mongrel beef-witted lord!
AJAX Speak then, thou vinewed'st leaven,° speak. I
will beat thee into handsomeness.
THERSITES I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holi-
ness; but I think thy horse will sooner con° an oration
than thou learn a prayer without book.° Thou canst
strike, canst thou? A red murrain° o' thy jade's° tricks!

325 **Whose** . . . **up** whose large size can be defined by small figures 326 **make no strain** you may be sure 336 **opinion** reputation 337–38 **taste** . . . **palate** put our most valued reputation to the test of their most careful, sensitive observation 339–40 **Our** . . . **action** Our reputation shall be unequally balanced in this trivial action 341 **scantling** sample 342 **general** (1) general view (2) entire army 343–44 **small** . . . **volumes** small markings compared to the great significance to follow 349 **election** criteria for choice 354 **his** i.e., of the strong opinion 364 **followers** consequences

370 **salt-bitter** 372 **our main opinion** the mainstay of our reputation 373 **In taint of** to the loss of, with the shame of 375 **sort** lot 377 **the great Myrmidon** Achilles, whose father, Peleus, had subjects called Myrmidons 378 **broils** bakes; i.e., suns himself 379 **Iris** the rainbow 390 **tarre** incite, provoke

II.i.6 **botchy core** erupted boil 14 **vinewed'st leaven** most mildewed dough 17 **con** memorize 18 **without book** by heart 19 **red murrain** form of plague manifested in red skin eruptions; **jade's** nag's

AJAX Toadstool, learn me^o the proclamation. 20
 THERSITES Dost thou think I have no sense, thou
 strikest me thus?
 AJAX The proclamation!
 THERSITES Thou art proclaimed fool, I think.
 AJAX Do not, porpentine,^o do not; my fingers itch. 25
 THERSITES I would thou didst itch from head to foot;
 an I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the
 loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the
 incursions,^o thou strikest as slow as another.
 AJAX I say, the proclamation! 30
 THERSITES Thou grumblest and railest every hour on
 Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as
 Cerberus^o is at Proserpina's^o beauty, ay, that thou
 bark'st at him.
 AJAX Mistress Thersites!
 THERSITES Thou shouldst strike him.
 AJAX Cobloaf!^o
 THERSITES He would pun^o thee into shivers with his
 fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.
 AJAX You whoreson cur! 40
 [*Beating him.*]
 THERSITES Do, do.
 AJAX Thou stool for a witch!
 THERSITES Ay, do, do, thou sodden-witted lord!
 thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows;
 an asinico^o may tutor thee. Thou scurvy-valiant ass, 45
 thou art here but to thrash Trojans, and thou art
 bought and sold^o among those of any wit like a
 barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at
 thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing
 of no bowels,^o thou! 50
 AJAX You dog!
 THERSITES You scurvy lord!
 AJAX You cur!
 [*Beating him.*]
 THERSITES Mars his^o idiot! Do, rudeness; do, camel;
 do, do. 55
 Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.
 ACHILLES Why, how now, Ajax, wherefore do you
 thus? How now, Thersites, what's the matter, man?
 THERSITES You see him there? Do you?
 ACHILLES Ay, what's the matter?
 THERSITES Nay, look upon him. 60
 ACHILLES So I do. What's the matter?
 THERSITES Nay, but regard him well.
 ACHILLES "Well"—why so I do.
 THERSITES But yet you look not well upon him; for,
 whosoever^o you take him to be, he is Ajax. 65
 ACHILLES I know that, fool.
 THERSITES Ay, but that fool^o knows not himself.
 AJAX Therefore I beat thee.

20 learn me find out for me 25 porpentine porcupine 29
 incursions battle raids, attacks 33 Cerberus the monstrous
 watchdog of Hades; Proserpina a beautiful goddess carried
 off by Pluto to the underworld 37 Cobloaf a badly baked,
 crusty loaf of bread 38 pun pound 45 asinico ass, simpleton
 47 bought and sold made fun of 50 bowels mercy (the
 bowels were thought to be the source of compassion) 54 Mars
 his Mars's 65 whosoever whomsoever 67 that fool as
 though Achilles had said, "I know that fool"

THERSITES Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he
 utters! His evasions have ears thus long.^o I have 70
 bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones. I
 will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater^o
 is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord,
 Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his
 guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him. 75
 ACHILLES What?
 THERSITES I say, this Ajax—
 [*AJAX threatens to strike him.*]
 ACHILLES Nay, good Ajax.
 THERSITES Has not so much wit—
 [*AJAX threatens again to strike him.*]
 ACHILLES Nay, I must hold you. 80
 THERSITES As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for
 whom he comes to fight.
 ACHILLES Peace, fool!
 THERSITES I would have peace and quietness, but the
 fool will not—he there, that he. Look you there. 85
 AJAX O thou damned cur, I shall—
 ACHILLES Will you set^o your wit to a fool's?
 THERSITES No, I warrant you; the fool's will shame it.
 PATROCLUS Good words, Thersites.
 ACHILLES What's the quarrel? 90
 AJAX I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the
 proclamation, and he rails upon me.
 THERSITES I serve thee not.
 AJAX Well, go to, go to.
 THERSITES I serve here voluntary. 95
 ACHILLES Your last service was suff'rance, 'twas not
 voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary. Ajax was here
 the voluntary, and you as under an impress.^o
 THERSITES E'en so. A great deal of your wit, too, lies
 in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have 100
 a great catch if he knock out either of your brains. 'A
 were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.
 ACHILLES What, with me too, Thersites?
 THERSITES There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose
 wit was moldy ere your grandsires had nails on their 105
 toes, yoke you like draft oxen and make you plow up
 the wars.
 ACHILLES What, what?
 THERSITES Yes, good sooth. To, Achilles! To, Ajax!
 To—^o 110
 AJAX I shall cut out your tongue.
 THERSITES 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as
 thou afterwards.
 PATROCLUS No more words, Thersites; peace!
 THERSITES I will hold my peace when Achilles' 115
 brach^o bids me, shall I?
 ACHILLES There's for you, Patroclus.
 THERSITES I will see you hanged like clotpoles,^o ere
 I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there
 is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools. Exit. 120
 PATROCLUS A good riddance.

70 thus long as long as those of an ass 72 pia mater brain
 (literally, the membrane covering the brain) 87 set match
 98 impress pun on impressment, compulsory military service
 109-110 To, Achilles . . . To imitation of the shouts of a
 driver, urging on his horses 116 brach bitch 118 clotpoles
 blockheads

ACHILLES

Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:
That Hector, by the fifth hour^o of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy
Tomorrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach,^o and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewell.

AJAX

Farewell? Who shall answer him?

ACHILLES

I know not. 'Tis put to lott'ry. Otherwise,
He knew his man.

[*Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*]

AJAX

O, meaning you? I will go learn more of it. *Exit.*

[*Scene II. Troy; Priam's palace.*]

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

PRIAM

After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
"Deliver Helen, and all damage else,
As honor, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed
In hot digestion of this cormorant^o war,
Shall be struck off." Hector, what say you to't?

HECTOR

Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular,^o
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,^o
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, "Who knows what follows?"
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,^o
Surety secure; but modest doubt is called
The beacon of the wise, the tent^o that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,^o
Hath been as dear as Helen. I mean, of ours.
If we have lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,^o
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

TROILUS

Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honor of a king
So great as our dread father in a scale
Of common ounces? Will you with counters^o sum
The past proportion of his infinite,^o

123 **fifth hour** eleven in the morning 126 **stomach** tempera-
ment or relish (here, for chivalric achievement)

II.ii.6 **cormorant** ravenous, rapacious 9 **my particular** me,
personally 11 **of . . . bowels** more averse to violence 14
The . . . surety peace is endangered by a sense of safety
16 **tent** roll of absorbent material, for cleaning or probing
wounds 19 **Every . . . dismes** every tenth soul, among
many thousand tens (?) every soul taken by war as its tenth
among many thousand such tenths (?) 23 **one ten** one in ten
28 **counters** pieces of worthless metal used for computation
29 **The . . . infinite** his infinite greatness which is past all
measurement

And buckle in a waist most fathomless^o
With spans^o and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? Fie, for godly shame!

HELENUS

No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reason,
Because your speech hath none that tell him so?

TROILUS

You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
You fur your gloves with reason.^o Here are your
reasons:

You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employed is perilous,
And reason flies the object^o of all harm.
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorbed?^o Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates and sleep! Manhood and honor
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts

With this crammed^o reason. Reason and respect
Make livers^o pale and lustihood deject.

HECTOR

Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The keeping.

TROILUS

What's aught but as 'tis valued?

HECTOR

But value dwells not in particular will.^o
It holds his^o estimate and dignity^o
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer.^o 'Tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes that is attributive^o
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit.^o

TROILUS

I take today a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will—^o
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded^o pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? There can be no evasion
To blench^o from this and to stand firm by honor.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have soiled them, nor the remainder
viands

30 **fathomless** immeasurable 31 **spans** units of measure
averaging nine inches 38 **You . . . reason** You use reason
as a comfortable word with which to decorate your speech,
much as fur lines gloves 41 **object** here, presentation, sight
46 **disorbed** thrown from its sphere 49 **crammed** filled to
excess, doughy 50 **livers** thought to be the seats of passions
53 **particular will** the individual's inclination 54 **his** its;
dignity value 56 **prizer** appraiser 58 **attributive** dependent,
subservient 59–60 **To . . . merit** to what it, to its own
infection, desires, with no objective perception of the worth
of the thing desired 61–62 **I . . . will** Troilus is setting
forth, rhetorically, an example to prove his point; whatever
he may be thinking, he is not announcing, of course, his
approaching liaison with Cressida 64 **traded** experienced
68 **bleach** shrink

We do not throw in unrespective sieve°
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet
 Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks.
 Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
 The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce 75
 And did him service; he touched the ports desired,
 And for an old aunt° whom the Greeks held captive
 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and fresh-
 ness

Wrinkles Apollo's and makes pale the morning.
 Why keep we her? The Grecians keep our aunt. 80
 Is she worth keeping? Why, she is a pearl
 Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships
 And turned crowned kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went—
 As you must needs, for you all cried, "Go, go"—
 If you'll confess he brought home worthy prize—
 As you must needs, for you all clapped your hands 85
 And cried, "Inestimable!"—why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,°
 And do a deed that never Fortune did:
 Beggar the estimation° which you prized 90
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base,
 That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!
 But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
 That in their country did them that disgrace° 95
 We fear to warrant° in our native place.

Enter CASSANDRA raving, with her hair about her ears.

CASSANDRA

Cry, Troyans, cry!

PRIAM What noise? What shriek is this?

TROILUS

'Tis our mad sister.° I do know her voice.

CASSANDRA Cry, Troyans!

HECTOR It is Cassandra.

CASSANDRA

Cry, Troyans, cry! Lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

HECTOR

Peace, sister, peace!

CASSANDRA

Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,
 Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry, 105
 Add to my clamors! Let us pay betimes
 A moiety° of that mass of moan to come.
 Cry, Troyans, cry! Practice your eyes with tears!
 Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
 Our firebrand° brother, Paris, burns us all. 110
 Cry, Troyans, cry! A Helen and a woe!
 Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. *Exit.*

HECTOR

Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
 Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood 115
 So madly hot that no discourse of reason,
 Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
 Can qualify° the same?

TROILUS

Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act
 Such and no other than event° doth form it, 120
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds
 Because Cassandra's mad. Her brainsick raptures°
 Cannot distaste° the goodness of a quarrel
 Which hath our several honors all engaged
 To make it gracious. For my private part, 125
 I am no more touched than all Priam's sons;
 And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
 Such things as might offend the weakest spleen°
 To fight for and maintain.

PARIS

Else might the world convince° of levity 130
 As well my undertakings as your counsels;
 But I attest the gods, your full consent
 Gave wings to my propension° and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas, can these my single arms? 135
 What propugnation° is in one man's valor
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
 Were I alone to pass° the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will, 140
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

PRIAM

Paris, you speak

Like one besotted on your sweet delights.
 You have the honey still, but these the gall;
 So to be valiant is no praise at all. 145

PARIS

Sir, I propose not merely to myself 100
 The pleasure such a beauty brings with it;
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape°
 Wiped off in honorable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransacked° queen, 150
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up
 On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
 That so degenerate a strain as this 105
 Should once set footing in your generous° bosoms?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party
 Without a heart to dare or sword to draw
 When Helen is defended, nor none so noble
 Whose life were ill bestowed or death unfamed 110
 Where Helen is the subject. Then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her whom we know well
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel. 160

HECTOR

Paris and Troilus, you have both said well,
 And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glozed°—but superficially: not much 165

71 unrespective sieve common receptacle 77 aunt Hesione, Priam's sister and Ajax's mother, married to Telamon; another son was Teucer, greatest archer among the Greeks 89 The . . . rate condemn the result of your own judgments 91 estimation thing esteemed 95 disgrace i.e., the abduction of Helen 96 warrant justify by defense 98 our mad sister when Cassandra refused Apollo's love, he destroyed his earlier gift to her of prophecy by causing her never to be believed 107 moiety part 110 firebrand Hecuba dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand when Paris was born

118 qualify moderate 120 event outcome 122 brainsick raptures fits of prophecy 123 distaste make distasteful 128 spleen temper, temperament 130 convince convict 133 propension inclination 136 propugnation defense 139 pass suffer, undergo 148 rape carrying off 150 ransacked carried off 155 generous nobly born (therefore magnanimous) 165 glozed commented, glossed

Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
 Unfit to hear moral° philosophy.
 The reasons you allege do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distempered blood
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
 Have ears more deaf than adders° to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves
 All dues be rendered to their owners. Now,
 What nearer debt in all humanity
 Than wife is to the husband? If this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,°
 And that great minds, of partial° indulgence
 To their benumbèd° wills, resist the same,
 There is a law in each well-ordered nation
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,
 As it is known she is, these moral laws
 Of nature and of nations speak aloud
 To have her back returned. Thus to persist
 In doing wrong extenuates° not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
 Is this in way of truth. Yet ne'ertheless,
 My spritely° brethren, I propend° to you
 In resolution to keep Helen still;
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
 Upon our joint and several° dignities.

TROILUS

Why, there you touched the life of our design!
 Were it not glory that we more affected
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,°
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
 Spent more in her defense. But, worthy Hector,
 She is a theme of honor and renown,
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes
 And fame in time to come canonize us;
 For I presume brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promised glory
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action
 For the wide world's revenue.

HECTOR

I am yours,

You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
 I have a roisting° challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
 I was advertised° their great general slept
 Whilst emulation° in the army crept;
 This, I presume, will wake him.

Exeunt.

[Scene III. The Greek camp; near Achilles' tent.]

Enter THERSITES solus.

THERSITES How now, Thersites? What, lost in the
 labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it°
 thus? He beats me, and I rail at him. O worthy satis-
 faction! Would it were otherwise—that I could beat
 him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot,° I'll learn to conjure
 and raise devils, but I'll see° some issue of my spiteful
 execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare enginer.° If
 Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the
 walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou
 great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art
 Jove, the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the
 serpentine craft of thy caduceus,° if ye take not that
 little, little, less than little wit from them that they
 have; which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so
 abundant scarce it will not in circumvention deliver a
 fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons
 and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the
 whole camp! Or, rather, the Neapolitan bone-ache,°
 for that, methinks, is the curse depending on those that
 war for a placket.° I have said my prayers, and devil
 Envy say "Amen." What ho, my Lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

PATROCLUS Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites,
 come in and rail.

THERSITES If I could 'a' rememb'ed a gilt counter-
 feit, thou wouldst not have slipped° out of my con-
 templation. But it is no matter; thyself upon thyself!
 The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance,
 be thine in great revenue. Heaven bless° thee from a
 tutor, and discipline come not near thee. Let thy
 blood° be thy direction till thy death. Then, if she that
 lays thee out says thou art a fair corse,° I'll be sworn
 and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars.°
 Amen. Where's Achilles?

PATROCLUS What, art thou devout? Wast thou in
 prayer?

THERSITES Ay, the heavens hear me!

PATROCLUS Amen.

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHILLES Who's there?

PATROCLUS Thersites, my lord.

ACHILLES Where? Where? O, where? Art thou
 come? Why, my cheese, my digestion,° why hast thou
 not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come,
 what's Agamemnon?

THERSITES Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me,
 Patroclus, what's Achilles?

167 **moral** Aristotle wrote "political" (*Nicomachean Ethics*, I.3), but the use of "moral" here is paralleled in Erasmus, Bacon, and many other contemporary translations and commentaries; the two words were roughly interchangeable in sixteenth-century terminology 172 **more** . . . **adders** cf. Psalm 58:4-5 177 **affection** appetite 178 **partial** biased, favoring 179 **benumbèd** paralyzed (by affection and appetite) 187 **extenuates** lessens 190 **spritely** spirited; **propend** incline 193 **joint and several** collective and individual 196 **heaving spleens** angry passions 208 **roisting** noisy, clamorous 211 **advertised** informed 212 **emulation** envious rivalry (see I.iii.134)

II.iii.2 **carry it** carry it off, come out on top 5 **'Sfoot** an oath; "God's foot" 6 **but I'll see** rather than not see 7 **enginer** a soldier in a company used for ditch digging, tunneling, and otherwise undermining the battlements of an enemy camp 12 **caduceus** Mercury's staff, twined with serpents 18 **Neapolitan bone-ache** syphilis 20 **placket** opening in a petticoat (used obscenely, with anatomical suggestion) 25 **slipped** pun on *slip*, a counterfeit coin of brass, covered with silver or gold 28 **bless** i.e., save 30 **blood** passion 31 **corse** corpse 32 **lazars** lepers (with decayed bodies) 41 **my** . . . **digestion** cheese served as the final course of a meal was thought to aid digestion

PATROCLUS Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

THERSITES Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

PATROCLUS Thou must tell that knowest. 50

ACHILLES O tell, tell.

THERSITES I'll decline° the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles, Achilles is my lord, I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

PATROCLUS You rascal! 55

THERSITES Peace, fool! I have not done.

ACHILLES He is a privileged man.° Proceed, Thersites.

THERSITES Agamemnon is a fool, Achilles is a fool, Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

ACHILLES Derive this; come. 60

THERSITES Agamemnon is a fool to offer° to command Achilles, Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon, Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool, and this Patroclus is a fool positive.

PATROCLUS Why am I a fool? 65

THERSITES Make that demand of the Creator; it suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, AJAX, and CALCHAS.

ACHILLES Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites. *Exit.*

THERSITES Here is such patchery,° such juggling, and 70 such knavery. All the argument is a whore and a cuckold, a good quarrel to draw emulous° factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo° on the subject, and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*]

AGAMEMNON Where is Achilles? 75

PATROCLUS Within his tent, but ill-disposed, my lord.

AGAMEMNON

Let it be known to him that we are here.

He shent° our messengers, and we lay by

Our appertainments,° visiting of him. 80

Let him be told so, lest perchance he think

We dare not move° the question of our place

Or know not what we are.

PATROCLUS I shall so say to him.

[*Exit.*]

ULYSSES We saw him at the opening of his tent. He is not sick. 85

AJAX Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart. You may call it melancholy if you will favor the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride. But why, why? Let him show us a cause. A word, my lord. [*Takes AGAMEMNON aside.*]

NESTOR What moves Ajax thus to bay at him? 90

ULYSSES Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

NESTOR Who, Thersites?

ULYSSES He.

NESTOR Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.° 95

ULYSSES No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.

NESTOR All the better. Their fraction° is more our wish than their faction.° But it was a strong com- 100
posure° a fool could disunite.

ULYSSES The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

Enter PATROCLUS.

Here comes Patroclus.

NESTOR No Achilles with him?

ULYSSES

The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy. 105
His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.°

PATROCLUS

Achilles bids me say he is much sorry

If anything more than your sport and pleasure

Did move your greatness and this noble state°

To call upon him. He hopes it is no other 110

But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.°

AGAMEMNON Hear you, Patroclus.

We are too well acquainted with these answers;

But his evasion, winged thus swift with scorn,

Cannot outfly our apprehensions.° 115

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason

Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,

Not virtuously on his own part beheld,°

Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss—

Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, 120

Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him

We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin

If you do say we think him overproud

And underhonest,° in self-assumption greater

Than in the note of judgment,° and worthier than 125
himself

Here tend the savage strangeness° he puts on,

Disguise the holy strength of their command,

And underwrite in an observing kind

His humorous predominance;° yea, watch

His pettish lunes,° his ebbs and flows, as if 130

The passage and whole carriage of this action

Rode on his tide. Go tell him this; and add

That, if he overhold° his price so much,

We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine°

Not portable, lie under this report: 135

"Bring action hither, this cannot go to war."

A stirring dwarf we do allowance° give

Before a sleeping giant. Tell him so.

PATROCLUS

I shall, and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*]

98 fraction fracture, break 99 faction union 99-100
composure union 106 flexure bending 109 noble state
assemblage of noblemen 112 breath exercise 115 appre-
hensions perceptions 118 Not . . . beheld not carried
with modesty 124 underhonest calculating, not open
125 note of judgment opinion of men of judgment
126 tend . . . strangeness wait upon the rude aloofness
127-29 Disguise . . . predominance allow to be hidden the
divine authority of their command, and, in a form of acqui-
escence, subscribe to his eccentric notion of superiority 130
pettish lunes capricious variations (like the changes of the
moon) 133 overhold overvalue 134 engine mechanical
contrivance (here, military) 137 allowance praise

52 decline run through (in the grammatical sense, as to decline a noun) 57 He . . . man in the sense that the railing of a professional jester or fool was "allowed" 61 offer attempt 70 patchery roguery 72 emulous jealous 73 serpigo a quickly spreading skin disease, with eruptions 79 shent rebuked 80 appertainments rights of rank 82 move raise 95 argument subject matter

AGAMEMNON

In second voice we'll not be satisfied; 140
We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you.

Exit ULYSSES.

AJAX What is he more than another?

AGAMEMNON No more than what he thinks he is.

AJAX Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am? 145

AGAMEMNON No question.

AJAX Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

AGAMEMNON No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable. 150

AJAX Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

AGAMEMNON Your mind is the clearer and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself. Pride is his own glass,^o his own trumpet, his own chronicle; 155 and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.*Enter ULYSSES.*

AJAX I do hate a proud man as I hate the engend'ring of toads.

NESTOR [*Aside.*] And yet he loves himself. Is't not 160 strange?

ULYSSES

Achilles will not to the field tomorrow.

AGAMEMNON

What's his excuse?

ULYSSES He doth rely on none,

But carries on the stream of his dispose^o

Without observance or respect of any, 165

In will peculiar and in self-admission.^o

AGAMEMNON

Why will he not upon our fair request

Untent his person and share th' air with us?

ULYSSES

Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,^o 170

He makes important. Possessed he is with greatness,

And he speaks not to himself but with a pride

That quarrels at self-breath.^o Imagined worth

Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse

That 'twixt his mental and his active parts

Kingdomed^o Achilles in commotion rages 175

And batters down himself. What should I say?

He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens^o of it

Cry "No recovery."

AGAMEMNON Let Ajax go to him.

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;

'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led 180

At your request a little from himself.

ULYSSES

O Agamemnon, let it not be so!

We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes

When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam^o 185

And never suffers matter of the world

Enter his thoughts, save such as doth revolve

And ruminatc himself—shall he be worshiped

Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord 190

Shall not so stale his palm,^o nobly acquired,Nor, by my will, assubjugate^o his merit,

As amply titled as Achilles' is,

By going to Achilles.

That were to enlard his fat-already pride, 195

And add more coals to Cancer^o when he burnsWith entertaining great Hyperion.^o

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,

And say in thunder, "Achilles, go to him."

NESTOR [*Aside.*]O, this is well. He rubs the vein^o of him. 200DIOMEDES [*Aside.*]

And how his silence drinks up his applause!

AJAX

If I go to him, with my armèd fist

I'll pash^o him o'er the face.

AGAMEMNON

O, no! You shall not go.

AJAX

An he be proud with me, I'll pheese^o his pride. 205

Let me go to him.

ULYSSES

Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

AJAX A paltry, insolent fellow!

NESTOR [*Aside.*] How he describes himself!

AJAX Can he not be sociable? 210

ULYSSES [*Aside.*] The raven chides blackness.AJAX I'll let his humor's blood.^oAGAMEMNON [*Aside.*] He will be the physician that should be the patient.

AJAX An all men were of my mind— 215

ULYSSES [*Aside.*] Wit would be out of fashion.AJAX 'A^o should not bear it so, 'a should eat swords first! Shall pride carry it?NESTOR [*Aside.*] An 'twould, you'd carry half.ULYSSES [*Aside.*] 'A would have ten shares. 220

AJAX I will knead him; I'll make him supple.

NESTOR [*Aside.*] He's not yet through^o warm. Force^o him with praises; pour in, pour, his ambition is dry.ULYSSES [*To AGAMEMNON.*]

My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

NESTOR

Our noble general, do not do so. 225

DIOMEDES

You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

ULYSSES

Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;

I will be silent.

NESTOR Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous,^o as Achilles is. 230

155 glass mirror 164 dispose inclination 166 In . . . self-admission with will exclusively his own and with self-approval 169 for . . . only only because requested 172 That . . . self-breath that quarrels with speech itself 175 Kingdomed i.e., as though Achilles were himself a kingdom engaged in civil strife 177 death-tokens external symptoms of the plague preceding death 185 seam grease, fat

191 stale his palm detract from his glory 192 assubjugate debase 196 Cancer i.e., summer, which begins under this sign of the zodiac 197 Hyperion the sun 200 vein mood 203 pash bash 205 pheese settle the business of 212 let . . . blood cure him by letting blood, thus decreasing the strength of Achilles' humor, his mood of pride 217 'A he 222 through thoroughly; Force stuff 230 emulous jealously competitive

ULYSSES

Know the whole world, he is as valiant—

AJAX

A whoreson dog, that shall palter° with us thus!

Would he were a Trojan!

NESTOR What a vice were it in Ajax now—

ULYSSES If he were proud—

DIOMEDES Or covetous of praise—

ULYSSES Ay, or surly borne—

DIOMEDES Or strange, or self-affected!°

ULYSSES

Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that gat° thee, she that gave thee suck;

Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-famed beyond, beyond all erudition;°

But he that disciplined thine arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain

And give him half; and, for thy vigor,

Bull-bearing Milo° his addition° yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale,° a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's Nestor,

Instructed by the antiquary times,°

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so tempered,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

AJAX Shall I call you father?

NESTOR

Ay, my good son.

DIOMEDES Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

ULYSSES

There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state° of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy. Tomorrow,

We must with all our main° of power stand fast.

And here's a lord—come knights from east to west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

AGAMEMNON

Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep;

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

Exeunt.

[A C T I I I]

[Scene I. Troy; Priam's palace.]

Music sounds within. Enter PANDARUS and a SERVANT.

PANDARUS Friend you, pray you a word. Do you not follow the young Lord Paris?

SERVANT Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

PANDARUS You depend° upon him, I mean.

SERVANT Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

PANDARUS You depend upon a notable gentleman;

I must needs praise him.

SERVANT The Lord be praised!

235 PANDARUS You know me, do you not?

SERVANT Faith, sir, superficially.

PANDARUS Friend, know me better. I am the Lord Pandarus.

SERVANT I hope I shall know your honor better.

PANDARUS I do desire it.

240 SERVANT You are in the state of grace.°

PANDARUS Grace?° Not so, friend. Honor and lordship are my titles. What music is this?

SERVANT I do but partly know, sir. It is music in parts.°

245 PANDARUS Know you the musicians?

SERVANT Wholly, sir.

PANDARUS Who play they to?

SERVANT To the hearers, sir.

PANDARUS At whose pleasure, friend?

250 SERVANT At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

PANDARUS Command, I mean, friend.

SERVANT Who shall I command, sir?

PANDARUS Friend, we understand not one another. I am too courtly, and thou too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

255 SERVANT That's to't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with him the mortal Venus, the heartblood of beauty, love's invisible soul.

PANDARUS Who? My cousin Cressida?

SERVANT No, sir, Helen. Could not you find out that by her attributes?

260 PANDARUS It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressid. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus. I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.°

SERVANT Sodden business! There's a stewed° phrase, indeed.

Enter PARIS and HELEN, [with COURTIER].

PANDARUS Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company. Fair desires in all fair measure fairly guide them. Especially to you, fair queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow.

HELEN Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

PANDARUS You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.°

PARIS You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

III.i.4 depend i.e., serve, in a position of dependence
15 You . . . grace pretending that Pandarus meant that he desired his own honor to be better; also, perhaps, the servant is hinting for a gratuity 16 Grace the courtly title of a duke, etc. 18–19 music in parts music containing several vocal or instrumental parts in counterpoint 41 seethes boils, i.e., demands immediate attention 42 stewed (1) boiled (2) pertaining to stews, or brothels (?) 50 broken music music the parts for which are written for different solo instruments, or groups of different instruments

232 palter play shifty games, dodge 238 strange, or self-affected haughty, or self-centered 240 gat begat 241–42 thy parts . . . erudition your natural attributes three times more famous (i.e., than your tutor), even more famous than all learning itself 246 Milo a famous Greek athlete, said to have carried a bull upon his shoulders for forty yards; addition title, i.e., "Bull-bearing" 248 a bourn, a pale a boundary, a fence 250 Instructed . . . times i.e., his wisdom learned from olden times, all the years of his old age 259 state noblemen in council 261 main might

PANDARUS Truly, lady, no. 55
 HELEN O, sir!
 PANDARUS Rude,° in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.
 PARIS Well said, my lord. Well, you say so in fits.°
 PANDARUS I have business to my lord, dear queen.
 My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word? 60
 HELEN Nay, this shall not hedge us out. We'll hear
 you sing, certainly.
 PANDARUS Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with
 me. But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord and
 most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus— 65
 HELEN My Lord Pandarus, honey-sweet lord—
 PANDARUS Go to, sweet queen, go to—commends
 himself most affectionately to you.
 HELEN You shall not bob° us out of our melody. If
 you do, our melancholy upon your head! 70
 PANDARUS Sweet queen, sweet queen, that's a sweet
 queen, i' faith.
 HELEN And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offense.
 PANDARUS Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that
 shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; 75
 no, no. And, my lord, he desires you that, if the king
 call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.
 HELEN My Lord Pandarus—
 PANDARUS What says my sweet queen, my very,
 very sweet queen? 80
 PARIS What exploit's in hand? Where sups he
 tonight?
 HELEN Nay, but my Lord—
 PANDARUS What says my sweet queen? My cousin
 will fall out with you.° 85
 HELEN You must not know where he sups.
 PARIS I'll lay my life, with my disposer° Cressida.
 PANDARUS No, no; no such matter; you are wide.°
 Come, your disposer is sick.
 PARIS Well, I'll make excuse. 90
 PANDARUS Ay, good my lord. Why should you say
 Cressida? No, your poor disposer's sick.
 PARIS I spy.
 PANDARUS You spy? What do you spy? Come, give
 me an instrument now, sweet queen. 95
 HELEN Why, this is kindly done.
 PANDARUS My niece is horribly in love with a thing
 you have, sweet queen.°
 HELEN She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord
 Paris. 100
 PANDARUS He? No, she'll none of him; they two are
 twain.°
 HELEN Falling in, after falling out, may make them
 three.°
 PANDARUS Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. 105
 I'll sing you a song now.
 HELEN Ay, ay, prithee. Now by my troth, sweet lord,
 thou hast a fine forehead.

57 **Rude** unpolished, rough 58 **fits** sections or divisions
 of a song (perhaps Paris means, "You say so only at times")
 69 **bob** cheat 84-85 **My . . . you** Pandarus lightly pretends
 that Paris, his "cousin," will become jealous if Helen continues
 to flirt with him, Pandarus 87 **disposer** i.e., she who rules
 him (Paris jokingly uses an excessively gallant term) 88 **wide**
 wide of the mark 97-98 **My . . . queen** i.e., Cressida loves,
 or would love to have, a sexual partner such as Paris is to
 Helen 102 **twain** at odds, have nothing in common 103-04
Falling . . . three Helen's bawdy joke picks up the train of
 thought begun by Pandarus

PANDARUS Ay, you may, you may.°
 HELEN Let thy song be love. This love will undo us 110
 all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!
 PANDARUS Love! Ay, that it shall, i' faith.
 PARIS Ay, good now, "Love, love, nothing but love."
 PANDARUS In good troth, it begins so: [*Sings.*]
 Love, love, nothing but love, still love still more! 115
 For, O, love's bow shoots buck and doe.
 The shaft confounds not that° it wounds,
 But tickles still the sore.°
 These lovers cry, O ho! they die!
 Yet that which seems the wound to kill 120
 Doth turn O ho! to Ha, ha, he!
 So dying love lives still.
 O ho! a while, but Ha, ha, ha!
 O ho! groans out for Ha, ha, ha!—Heigh ho!
 HELEN In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose. 125
 PARIS He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds
 hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot
 thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.
 PANDARUS Is this the generation of love—hot blood,
 hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers. Is 130
 love a generation of vipers?° Sweet lord, who's a-field
 today?
 PARIS Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all
 the gallantry of Troy. I would fain have armed today,
 but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my 135
 brother Troilus went not?
 HELEN He hangs the lip at something. You know all,
 Lord Pandarus.
 PANDARUS Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear
 how they sped° today. You'll remember your brother's 140
 excuse?
 PARIS To a hair.°
 PANDARUS Farewell, sweet queen.
 HELEN Commend me to your niece.
 PANDARUS I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*] 145

Sound a retreat.

PARIS
 They're come from the field. Let us to Priam's hall
 To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
 To help unarm our Hector. His stubborn buckles,
 With these your white enchanting fingers touched,
 Shall more obey than to the edge of steel 150
 Or force of Greekish sinews. You shall do more
 Than all the island kings°—disarm great Hector.
 HELEN
 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;
 Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
 Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, 155
 Yea, overshines ourself.
 PARIS
 Sweet, above thought I love thee. *Exeunt.*

109 **you may** i.e., have your joke 117 **confounds not that**
 does not distress because 118 **sore** wound (perhaps a pun on
 the term for a buck in his fourth year) 131 **a . . . vipers** cf.
 Matthew 3:7 140 **how they sped** i.e., the results of their
 action 142 **To a hair** does Paris jokingly recall Troilus'
 "pretty answer" about the hairs on his chin (see I.ii.168-70)?
 152 **island kings** kings of the Grecian islands

[Scene II. *Within Troy.*]

Enter PANDARUS and Troilus' MAN.

PANDARUS How now, where's thy master? At my cousin Cressida's?

MAN No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

PANDARUS O, here he comes. How now, how now?

TROILUS Sirrah, walk off. *[Exit MAN.]* 5

PANDARUS Have you seen my cousin?

TROILUS

No, Pandarus. I stalk about her door
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian° banks
Staying for waftage.° O, be thou my Charon,°
And give me swift transportance to those fields 10
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Proposed° for the deserver. O gentle Pandar,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid.

PANDARUS

Walk here i' th' orchard. I'll bring her straight. 15
Exit PANDARUS.

TROILUS

I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense. What will it be
When that the wat'ry° palates taste indeed
Love's thrice-repurèd° nectar? Death, I fear me, 20
Sounding° destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle, potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness
For the capacity of my ruder° powers.
I fear it much; and I do fear besides
That I shall lose distinction° in my joys, 25
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Enter PANDARUS.

PANDARUS She's making her ready; she'll come straight; you must be witty° now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short as if she were frayed with 30 a spirit.° I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain;° she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

Exit PANDARUS.

TROILUS

Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom.
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing° lose, 35
Like vassalage° at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

PANDARUS Come, come, what need you blush? Shame's a baby. Here she is now; swear the oaths now

to her that you have sworn to me. What! Are you 40 gone again? You must be watched ere you be made tame,° must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.° Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain,° and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you 45 are to offend daylight! An 'twere dark, you'd close° sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.° How now, a kiss in fee-farm!° Build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' 50 the river.° Go to, go to.

TROILUS You have bereft me of all words, lady.

PANDARUS Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's "In 55 witness whereof the parties interchangeably"°—Come in, come in. I'll go get a fire. *[Exit.]*

CRESSIDA Will you walk in, my lord?

TROILUS O Cressid, how often have I wished me thus! 60

CRESSIDA Wished, my lord? The gods grant—O my lord!

TROILUS What should they grant? What makes this pretty abruption?° What too curious° dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love? 65

CRESSIDA More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

TROILUS Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly. 70

CRESSIDA Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst oft cures the worse.

TROILUS O, let my lady apprehend no fear; in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.° 75

CRESSIDA Nor nothing monstrous neither?

TROILUS Nothing but our undertakings when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers, thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is 80 infinite and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

CRESSIDA They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection 85 of ten and discharging less than the tenth part

41-42 watched . . . tame i.e., prodded on until made submissive (a hawk was tamed by "watching" it, i.e., keeping it constantly awake) 43 fills shafts (of a cart) 44 curtain her veil 46 close move together 47 rub . . . mistress terms from bowling, where "to rub" was to meet obstacles in the way of the small object-ball, called the "mistress"; bowls are still said "to kiss" when they touch gently 48 a kiss in fee-farm i.e., a long kiss (a fee-farm was a grant of lands in perpetuity) 50-51 The falcon . . . river i.e., I will bet on the falcon (the term applied only to the female of the species) against the tercel (the male) to bring down any game 55-56 "In witness . . . interchangeably" a legal formula, usually ending with the words "have set their hands and seals" 64 abruption breaking off; too curious overly cautious, anxious, or inquisitive 73-74 apprehend . . . monster Troilus refers to some type of dramatic allegory such as Cupid might be depicted as "presenting," or the emblematic characters, such as Fear, in pageants or court masques

III.ii.8 Stygian from Styx, the principal river of the underworld 9 waftage passage across water; Charon ferryman of the dead, across the Styx to Hades 12 Proposed promised 19 wat'ry watering (cf. mouth "watering" with appetite) 20 thrice-repurèd distilled again and again (i.e., to extract the purest essence) 21 Sounding swooning 23 ruder physical 25 distinction ability to distinguish 29 be witty be alert, have your wits about you 30-31 frayed . . . spirit frightened by a ghost 31 villain here a term of endearment 35 bestowing proper use 36 vassalage vassals

of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares—are they not monsters?

TROILUS Are there such? Such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted,^o allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it. No perfection in reversion^o shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble.^o Few words to fair faith. Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.^o

CRESSIDA Will you walk in, my lord?

Enter PANDARUS.

PANDARUS What, blushing still? Have you not done talking yet?

CRESSIDA Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

PANDARUS I thank you for that. If my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

TROILUS You know now your hostages: your uncle's word and my firm faith.

PANDARUS Nay, I'll give my word for her too. Our kindred, though they be long ere they be wooed, they are constant being won. They are burrs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

CRESSIDA

Boldness comes to me now and brings me heart.
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.

TROILUS

Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

CRESSIDA

Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me;
If I confess much you will play the tyrant.
I love you now, but, till now, not so much
But I might master it. In faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabbed? Who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I loved you well, I wooed you not;
And yet, good faith, I wished myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see! Your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel.^o Stop my mouth.

TROILUS

And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

PANDARUS Pretty, i' faith.

CRESSIDA

My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss.

90 **tasted** tested 91 **reversion** right or anticipation of future possession 93–94 **his** . . . **humble** it shall be given no high or pompous titles 95–97 **as what** . . . **Troilus** so that the worst malice can do is sneer at his constancy, and even the best truth that truth can speak will not be truer than Troilus 132 **very** . . . **counsel** inmost thoughts and secrets

I am ashamed. O heavens, what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord:

TROILUS

Your leave, sweet Cressid?

PANDARUS Leave! An you take leave till tomorrow morning—

CRESSIDA

Pray you, content you.

TROILUS What offends you, lady?

CRESSIDA

Sir, mine own company.

TROILUS

You cannot shun yourself.

CRESSIDA

Let me go and try.

I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave
To be another's fool.^o I would be gone.
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

TROILUS

Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

CRESSIDA

Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love,
And fell so roundly^o to a large^o confession
To angle for your thoughts. But you are wise,
Or else you love not, for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might;^o that dwells with gods above.

TROILUS

O that I thought it could be in a woman—
As, if it can, I will presume in you—
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,^o
Outliving beauty's outward,^o with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays;
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted^o with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed^o purity in love:
How were I then uplifted! But, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

CRESSIDA

In that I'll war with you.

125

TROILUS

O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve^o their truth by Troilus. When their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Wants similes, truth tired with iteration,
"As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,^o
As sun to day, as turtle^o to her mate,
As iron to adamant,^o as earth to the center,"
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,

135

148 **fool** dupe 152 **roundly** frankly, openly; **large** unrestrained 153–55 **But** . . . **might** i.e., you are reasonable, which means you are not in love, for no man can follow reason and love at the same time 159 **in** . . . **youth** as it was when it was plighted, and as fresh 160 **beauty's outward** external, transitory beauty 164 **affronted** confronted, i.e., equaled 165 **winnowed** i.e., distilled 172 **Approve** attest 175 **plantage** . . . **moon** the moon was thought to influence plantage, or vegetation 176 **turtle** turtledove (an emblem of eternally faithful love) 177 **adamant** the loadstone (magnetic)

"As true as Troilus" shall crown up the verse
And sanctify the numbers.°

CRESSIDA Prophet may you be!
If I be false or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallowed cities up,
And mighty states characterless° are grated
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! When they've said, "As false
As air, as water, wind or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind,° or stepdame to her son,"
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
"As false as Cressid."

PANDARUS Go to, a bargain made. Seal it, seal it; I'll 195
be the witness. Here I hold your hand, here my
cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since
I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all
pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end
after my name; call them all Pandars. Let all constant 200
men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all
brokers-between Pandars! Say, "Amen."

TROILUS Amen.

CRESSIDA Amen.

PANDARUS Amen. Whereupon I will show you a 205
chamber which bed,° because° it shall not speak of
your pretty encounters, press it to death. Away!

Exeunt [TROILUS and CRESSIDA.]

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! *Exit.*

[Scene III. The Greek camp.]

*Enter ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AGAMEMNON,
[MENELAUS, AJAX, and] CALCHAS. Flourish [of
trumpets.]*

CALCHAS

Now, princes, for the service I have done,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to mind
That through the sight° I bear in things to come,
I have abandoned Troy, left my possession,
Incurred a traitor's name, exposed myself,
From certain and possessed conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes, sequest'ring° from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition
Made tame° and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,°
To give me now a little benefit
Out of those many registered in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

AGAMEMNON

What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? Make demand.

180 CALCHAS

You have a Trojan prisoner, called Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you—often have you thanks therefor— 20
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,°
Whom Troy hath still° denied; but this Antenor
I know is such a wrest° in their affairs 185
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost 25
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him. Let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done
In most accepted° pain.

AGAMEMNON Let Diomedes bear him, 30

And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly, for this interchange.
Withal bring word if Hector will tomorrow
Be answered in his challenge. Ajax is ready. 35

DIOMEDES

This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear. *Exit, [with CALCHAS].*

ACHILLES and PATROCLUS stand in their tent.°

ULYSSES

Achilles stands i' th' entrance of his tent.
Please it our general pass strangely° by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all, 40
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me
Why such unplausive° eyes are bent, why turned, on
him.

If so, I have derision medicinable
To use between your strangeness and his pride, 45
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good; pride hath no other glass
To show° itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

AGAMEMNON

We'll execute your purpose, and put on 50
A form of strangeness as we pass along.
So do each lord, and either greet him not
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not looked on. I will lead the way.

ACHILLES

What comes the general to speak with me? 55
You know my mind; I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

10 AGAMEMNON

What says Achilles? Would he aught with us?

NESTOR

Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

ACHILLES No.

15 NESTOR Nothing, my lord.

AGAMEMNON The better.

ACHILLES Good day, good day.

60

181 numbers metrical verses 186 characterless without an
identifying mark 192 Pard . . . hind leopard to the doe
206 which bed the bed in which; because (1) for the reason
that (normal usage) (2) in order that (?)

III.iii.4 sight foresight 8 sequest'ring putting aside 10
tame familiar, comfortable 13 taste foretaste

21 right great exchange exchange for someone sufficiently
great 22 still always 23 wrest a key used for tuning stringed
instruments (i.e., the influence of harmony in Trojan discussions)
30 accepted cheerfully endured 37 s.d. stand . . . tent
appear and stand in the entrance of their tent 39 strangely
aloofly 43 unplausive disapproving 48 show mirror

MENELAUS How do you? How do you?

ACHILLES What, does the cuckold scorn me?

AJAX How now, Patroclus?

ACHILLES Good morrow, Ajax.

AJAX Ha?

ACHILLES Good morrow.

AJAX Ay, and good next day too.

Exeunt.

ACHILLES

What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

PATROCLUS

They pass by strangely. They were used to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles,
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.

ACHILLES What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too. What the declined is
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy° wings but to the summer,
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor, but honor for those honors
That are without° him, as place, riches, and favor,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit;
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that leaned on them as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me;
Fortune and I are friends. I do enjoy
At ample point° all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks—who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.
How now, Ulysses.

ULYSSES Now, great Thetis' son.

ACHILLES

What are you reading?

ULYSSES A strange fellow here
Writes me that man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes but by reflection;
As when his virtues aiming upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

ACHILLES This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form;
For speculation° turns not to itself
Till it hath traveled and is married there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

79 mealy powdery 82 without external to 89 At ample point in full measure, in every way 96 how . . . parted however excellently endowed by nature 97 How . . . or in however much in possession, whether externally or internally 99 Nor . . . reflection and understands what he himself possesses ("owes" = owns) only as it is reflected 109 speculation power of sight

ULYSSES

I do not strain at the position°—

It is familiar—but at the author's drift;

Who in his circumstance° expressly proves

That no man is the lord of anything—

Though in and of him there be much consisting°—

Till he communicate his parts to others.

Nor doth he of himself know them for aught

Till he behold them formèd in th' applause

Where they're extended;° who,° like an arch, rever-
b'rate

The voice again, or, like a gate of steel

Fronting the sun, receives and renders back

His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this,

And apprehended here immediately

Th' unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! A very horse,

That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
there are

Most abject in regard and dear in use!°

What things again most dear in the esteem

And poor in worth! Now shall we see tomorrow,

An act that very chance doth throw upon him:

Ajax renowned. O heavens, what some men do,

While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in° skittish° Fortune's hall,

Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!

How one man eats into another's pride,

While pride is fasting in his wantonness!°

To see these Grecian lords—why, even already

They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,

As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,

And great Troy shrinking.

ACHILLES

I do believe it; for they passed by me

As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me

Good word nor look. What, are my deeds forgot?

ULYSSES

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,

A great-sized monster of ingratitude.

Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon

As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,

Keeps honor bright. To have done, is to hang

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail°

In monumental mock'ry. Take the instant° way;

For honor travels in a strait so narrow

Where one but goes abreast. Keep, then, the path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons

That one by one pursue. If you give way,

Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,°

Like to an ent'red tide they all rush by

And leave you hindmost;

112 position i.e., that of the writer whom Ulysses paraphrases above 114 circumstance detailed discussion 116 Though . . . consisting although much exists in him and also because of him 120 Where they're extended in which his natural attributes are noised abroad; who which 128 Most . . . use most despised and yet invaluable 134 in into; skittish unreliable 137 his wantonness its own self-satisfaction 152 mail piece of armor 153 instant most immediate 158 direct forthright course of action clearly at hand, the path straight ahead

THERSITES Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock—a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard,^o as who should say, “There were wit in this head an ’twould 255 out”; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man’s undone forever, for if Hector break not his neck i’ the combat, he’ll break’t himself in vainglory. He knows not me. I said, “Good morrow, Ajax”; and he 260 replies, “Thanks, Agamemnon.” What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He’s grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! A man may wear it on both sides like a leather jerkin.^o 265

ACHILLES Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

THERSITES Who, I? Why, he’ll answer nobody. He professes not answering. Speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in’s arms. I will put on^o his presence; 270 let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

ACHILLES To him, Patroclus. Tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure 275 safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honored captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this.

PATROCLUS Jove bless great Ajax! 280

THERSITES Hum.

PATROCLUS I come from the worthy Achilles—

THERSITES Ha!

PATROCLUS Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent— 285

THERSITES Hum!

PATROCLUS And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

THERSITES Agamemnon?

PATROCLUS Ay, my lord. 290

THERSITES Ha!

PATROCLUS What say you to’t?

THERSITES God b’ wi’ you, with all my heart.

PATROCLUS Your answer, sir.

THERSITES If tomorrow be a fair day, by eleven of the 295 clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

PATROCLUS Your answer, sir.

THERSITES Fare ye well, with all my heart,

ACHILLES Why, but he is not in this tune, is he? 300

THERSITES No, but out of tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but I am sure none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings^o on.

ACHILLES Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him 305 straight.

THERSITES Let me bear another to his horse, for that’s the more capable^o creature.

ACHILLES

My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirred,

254 **politic regard** expression of shrewd judgment 265 **jerkin** close-fitting jacket 270 **put on** imitate 304 **catlings** strings of catgut 308 **capable** intelligent

And I myself see not the bottom of it. 310

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

THERSITES Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*]

[A C T I V]

[Scene I. *Within Troy.*]

Enter, at one door, AENEAS [with a torch;] at another, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMED the Grecian, [and others,] with torches.

PARIS

See, ho! Who is that there?

DEIPHOBUS

It is the Lord Aeneas.

AENEAS

Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long

As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bedmate of my company. 5

DIOMEDES

That’s my mind too. Good morrow, Lord Aeneas.

PARIS

A valiant Greek, Aeneas; take his hand.

Witness the process^o of your speech, wherein

You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,^o

Did haunt you in the field.

AENEAS

Health to you, valiant sir, 10

During all question of the gentle truce;^o

But when I meet you armed, as black defiance

As heart can think or courage execute.

DIOMEDES

The one and other Diomed embraces.

Our bloods are now in calm, and, so long, health! 15

But when contention and occasion^o meet,

By Jove, I’ll play the hunter for thy life

With all my force, pursuit, and policy.^o

AENEAS

And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly

With his face backward. In humane gentleness, 20

Welcome to Troy. Now, by Anchises’^o life,

Welcome indeed! By Venus’ hand^o I swear,

No man alive can love in such a sort

The thing he means to kill more excellently.

DIOMEDES

We sympathize.^o Jove, let Aeneas live, 25

If to my sword his fate be not the glory,

A thousand complete courses of the sun!

But, in mine emulous honor, let him die

With every joint a wound, and that tomorrow!

AENEAS

We know each other well. 30

IV.i.8 **process** gist, drift 9 **by days** day by day 11 **question** . . . **truce** intercourse made possible by the truce 16 **occasion** opportunity 18 **policy** cunning 21 **Anchises** Aeneas’ father 22 **Venus’ hand** Diomedes was supposed to have wounded Venus, Aeneas’ mother, in the hand 25 **sympathize** have the same feeling

DIOMEDES

We do, and long to know each other worse.

PARIS

This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What business, lord, so early?

AENEAS

I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not. 35

PARIS

His purpose meets you; it was to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house, and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid.
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly° do think—
Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge—
My brother Troilus lodges there tonight.
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality° wherefore. I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

AENEAS

That I assure you. 45

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

PARIS

There is no help.

The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

AENEAS

Good morrow, all. *Exit AENEAS.* 50

PARIS

And tell me, noble Diomed; faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
Who, in your thoughts, deserves fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?

DIOMEDES

Both alike.

He merits well to have her that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge;°
And you as well to keep her that defend her,
Not palating° the taste of her dishonor,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends. 60
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamèd piece;°
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors.
Both merits poised,° each weighs nor less nor more; 65
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.°

PARIS

You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

DIOMEDES

She's bitter to her country! Hear me, Paris—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple°
Of her contaminated carrion weight
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,

She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffered death.

PARIS

Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen° do, 75
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;
But we in silence hold this virtue well,
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.°
Here lies our way. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. Within Troy; Calchas' house.]

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

TROILUS

Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

CRESSIDA

Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

TROILUS

Trouble him not;

To bed, to bed. Sleep kill° those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment° to thy senses 5
As infants' empty of all thought!

CRESSIDA

Good morrow then.

TROILUS

I prithee now, to bed.

CRESSIDA

Arc you aweary of me?

TROILUS

O Cressida! But that the busy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer, 10
I would not from thee.

CRESSIDA

Night hath been too brief.

TROILUS

Beshrew the witch! With venomous wights° she stays
As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold and curse me. 15

CRESSIDA

Prithee, tarry; 15

You men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.

PANDARUS (*Within.*) What's all the doors open here?

TROILUS It is your uncle. 20

CRESSIDA

A pestilence on him! Now will he be mocking.
I shall have such a life.

Enter PANDARUS.

70 PANDARUS How now, how now! How go maiden-
heads? Here, you maid, where's my cousin Cressid?

CRESSIDA

Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle. 25
You bring me to do°—and then you flout me too.

PANDARUS To do what? To do what? Let her say
what. What have I brought you to do?

75 **chapmen** hawkers of cheap wares 78 **We'll . . . sell**
i.e., we'll not practice the seller's tricks although you practice
the buyer's (Paris does not imply that Helen is for sale)

IV.ii.4 **kill** overpower 5 **attachment** seizure 12 **venomous**
wights malignant witches (or, simply, evil creatures) 26
do used sometimes in obscene sense

40 **constantly** firmly 44 **quality** occasion, explanation 57
charge cost 59 **Not palating** insensible to 62 **flat tamèd**
piece (1) cask of wine opened so long that the wine has gone
flat (2) woman so promiscuous that she can no longer excite
or be excited sexually 65 **poised** weighed 66 **But . . .**
whore (1) but he, i.e., Menelaus, as heavy as his small merit
may be, plus the weight of the whore who is, after all, his legal
possession (?) (2) but he, whoever wins her, heavier only by
the weight of a whore (to be "light" was to be morally loose) (?)
70 **scruple** the smallest possible unit of weight

CRESSIDA

Come come; beshrew your heart! You'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

PANDARUS Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! A poor capocchia!° Hast not slept tonight? Would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? A bugbear° take him!

CRESSIDA

Did not I tell you? Would he were knocked i' the head!

One knocks.

Who's that at door? Good uncle, go and see.
My lord, come you again into my chamber.
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

TROILUS Ha, ha!

CRESSIDA

Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing.

Knock.

How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in.
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

Exeunt [TROILUS and CRESSIDA].

PANDARUS Who's there? What's the matter? Will you beat down the door? How now, what's the matter?

[Enter AENEAS.]

AENEAS

Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

PANDARUS Who's there? My Lord Aeneas! By my troth, I knew you not. What news with you so early?

AENEAS

Is not Prince Troilus here?

PANDARUS Here? What should he do here?

AENEAS

Come, he is here, my lord. Do not deny him.
It doth import° him much to speak with me.

PANDARUS Is he here, say you? 'Tis more than I know, I'll be sworn. For my own part, I came in late.
What should he do here?

AENEAS Who!° Nay, then. Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are ware. You'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

Enter TROILUS.

TROILUS How now, what's the matter?

AENEAS

My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash.° There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Delivered to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida.

TROILUS Is it so concluded?

AENEAS

By Priam, and the general state° of Troy.
They are at hand and ready to effect it.

TROILUS

How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them. And, my Lord Aeneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

AENEAS

Good, good, my lord; the secrets° of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

Exeunt [TROILUS and AENEAS].

PANDARUS Is't possible? No sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! The young prince will go mad.
A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

CRESSIDA

How now? What's the matter? Who was here?

PANDARUS Ah, ah!

CRESSIDA

Why sigh you so profoundly? Where's my lord?
Gone? Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

PANDARUS Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

CRESSIDA O the gods! What's the matter?

PANDARUS Pray thee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death. O poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

CRESSIDA Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, what's the matter?

PANDARUS Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed° for Antenor. Thou must to thy father and be gone from Troilus. 'Twill be his death; 'twill be his bane;° he cannot bear it.

CRESSIDA

O you immortal gods! I will not go.

PANDARUS Thou must.

CRESSIDA

I will not, uncle. I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity°—
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine,
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will go in and weep—

PANDARUS Do, do.

CRESSIDA

—Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

Exeunt.

[Scene III. Within Troy; near Calchas' house.]

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, AENEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES.

32 capocchia simpleton 33 bugbear hobgoblin 51 doth import is important to 55 Who an exclamation of impatience; sometimes as to call "stop!" to a horse 61 rash urgent

68 general state noblemen in council 73 secrets most unknown parts 92 changed exchanged 94 bane poison, destruction 98 no . . . consanguinity no sense of relationship

PARIS

It is great morning,^o and the hour prefixed
For her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

TROILUS

Walk into her house. 5

I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;^o
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest there off'ring to it his own heart.

PARIS

I know what 'tis to love; 10
And would, as I shall pity, I could help.
Please you walk in, my lords. *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV. Within Troy; Calchas' house.]

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

PANDARUS Be moderate, be moderate.

CRESSIDA

Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth^o in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it? 5
If I could temporize with my affections,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,^o
The like allayment could I give my grief.
My love admits no qualifying dross;^o
No more my grief, in such a precious loss. 10

Enter TROILUS.

PANDARUS Here, here, here he comes. Ah, sweet ducks!

CRESSIDA O Troilus! Troilus!

PANDARUS What a pair of spectacles^o is here! Let me embrace too. "O heart," as the goodly saying is— 15

O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking. 20

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away
nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse.
We see it, we see it. How now, lambs!

TROILUS

Cressid, I love thee in so strained^o a purity,
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancy,^o 25
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

CRESSIDA Have the gods envy?

PANDARUS Ay, ay, ay, ay, 'tis too plain a case.

CRESSIDA

And is it true that I must go from Troy? 30

TROILUS

A hateful truth.

CRESSIDA What, and from Troilus too?

TROILUS

From Troy and Troilus.

CRESSIDA

Is't possible?

TROILUS

And suddenly, where injury of chance^o
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by 35
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure,^o forcibly prevents
Our locked embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own laboring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves 40
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how;
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consigned kisses to them,^o 45
He fumbles^o up into a loose adieu,
And scants us with a single famished kiss,
Distasted^o with the salt of broken tears.

AENEAS (*Within.*) My lord, is the lady ready?

TROILUS

Hark! You are called. Some say the Genius^o 50
Cries so to him that instantly must die.
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

PANDARUS Where are my tears? Rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root! [*Exit.*]

CRESSIDA

I must, then, to the Grecians?

TROILUS

No remedy. 55

CRESSIDA

A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

TROILUS

Hear me, love. Be thou but true of heart—

CRESSIDA

I true! How now! What wicked deem^o is this?

TROILUS

Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, 60
For it is parting from us.^o
I speak not "be thou true" as fearing thee,
For I will throw my glove^o to Death himself
That there's no maculation^o in thy heart; 65
But "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation:^o be thou true,
And I will see thee.

CRESSIDA

O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent; but I'll be true.

TROILUS

And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve. 70

CRESSIDA

And you this glove. When shall I see you?

TROILUS

I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,

33 **injury of chance** injurious accident 36 **rejoindure** re-
union 45 **With . . . them** with the words of each farewell
and the kisses which ratify each of them 46 **fumbles** wraps
clumsily 48 **Distasted** the taste (of the kiss) ruined 50
Genius guardian spirit 59 **deem** thought 60-61 **Nay . . .**
us we must be gentle in all remonstrance, for we are now
saying good-bye 63 **throw my glove** give challenge 64
maculation taint, blemish (i.e., disloyalty) 65-66 **to . . .**
protestation as introduction for my own promise to follow

IV.iii.1 **great morning** broad daylight 6 **presently** imme-
diately

IV.iv.4 **violenteth** rages 7 **palate** taste 9 **qualifying dross**
moderating impurity 14 **spectacles** a pun 24 **strained** dis-
tilled, filtered 25 **fancy** love

To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

CRESSIDA O heavens! "Be true" again!

TROILUS

Hear why I speak it, love.

The Grecian youths are full of quality;°

They're loving,° well composed with gift of nature,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise.°

How novelty may move, and parts with person,°

Alas! A kind of godly jealousy—

Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—

Makes me afeared.

CRESSIDA O heavens, you love me not!

TROILUS

Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question

So mainly as my merit. I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt,° nor sweeten talk,

Nor play at subtle games—fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant;°

But I can tell that in each grace of these

There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive° devil

That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.

CRESSIDA Do you think I will?

TROILUS No!

But something may be done that we will not;

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves

When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,

Presuming on their changeful potency.°

AENEAS (*Within.*)

Nay, good my lord!

TROILUS Come, kiss; and let us part.

PARIS (*Within.*)

Brother Troilus!

TROILUS Good brother, come you hither;

And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you.

CRESSIDA

My lord, will you be true?

TROILUS

Who? I? Alas, it is my vice, my fault.

Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,°

I with great truth catch° mere simplicity;

Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns, 105

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Fear not my truth; the moral° of my wit

Is "plain and true"—there's all the reach of it.

[Enter AENEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS and
DIOMEDES.]

Welcome, Sir Diomed. Here is the lady

Which for Antenor we deliver you.

At the port,° lord, I'll give her to thy hand,

And by the way possess° thee what she is.

Entreat° her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,

76 **quality** qualities 77 **loving** adept in the arts of love 78

arts and exercise talents both in theory and in practice 79

parts with person specific qualities and talents, combined
with personal charm 86 **high lavolt** the lavolt was a dance

for two persons, requiring many high steps and bounds 88

pregnant ready, fully able 90 **dumb-discoursive** articulate

even in silence 97 **changeful potency** power which may

alter to failure 103 **opinion** reputation 104 **catch** achieve;

i.e., achieve a reputation for 107 **moral** maxim 111 **port**

gate (of the city) 112 **possess** inform 113 **Entreat** treat

If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,

Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe

As Priam is in Ilion.

115

DIOMEDES Fair Lady Cressid,

So please you, save the thanks this prince expects.

The luster in your eye, heaven in your cheek,

Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed

You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

120

TROILUS

Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,

To shame the seal of my petition° to thee

In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,

She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises

As thou unworthy to be called her servant.

125

I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;°

For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,

Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,

I'll cut thy throat.

85

DIOMEDES O, be not moved, Prince Troilus.

Let me be privileged by my place and message

To be a speaker free. When I am hence,

I'll answer to my lust;° and know you, lord,

I'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth

She shall be prized; but that you say "be't so,"

I speak it in my spirit and honor, "no."

135

TROILUS

Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Diomed,

This brave° shall oft make thee to hide thy head.

Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk,

To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

95

[Exeunt TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMEDES.]

Sound trumpet.

PARIS

Hark! Hector's trumpet.

AENEAS

How have we spent this morning! 140

The prince must think me tardy and remiss,

That swore to ride before him to the field.

PARIS

'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

DEIPHOBUS

Let us make ready straight.

AENEAS

Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,

Let us address° to tend on Hector's heels.

The glory of our Troy doth this day lie

On his fair worth and single chivalry.

Exeunt.

145

[Scene V. The Greek camp.]

110

Enter AJAX, armed; ACHILLES, PATROCLUS,

AGAMEMNON, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR,

CALCHAS, &c.

AGAMEMNON

Here art thou in appointment° fresh and fair,

Anticipating time. With starting° courage,

122 To . . . petition to disdain the worth of my charge

and promise 126 even . . . charge simply because I say so

132 answer . . . lust do as I please 137 brave boast 146

address prepare

IV.v.1 appointment equipment and apparel 2 starting

active, prompt

Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appallèd air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither.

AJAX Thou, trumpet,° there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe.
Blow, villain, till thy spherèd bias° cheek
Outswell the colic of puffed Aquilon!°
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood; 10
Thou blow'st for Hector.

[Trumpet sounds.]

ULYSSES
No trumpet answers.

ACHILLES 'Tis but early days.°

AGAMEMNON
Is not yond Diomed with Calchas' daughter?

ULYSSES
'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe. That spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

[Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA.]

AGAMEMNON
Is this the Lady Cressid?

DIOMEDES Even she.

AGAMEMNON
Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

NESTOR
Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

ULYSSES
Yet is the kindness but particular.°
'Twere better she were kissed in general.°

NESTOR
And very courtly counsel. I'll begin.
So much for Nestor.

ACHILLES
I'll take that winter° from your lips, fair lady.
Achilles bids you welcome.

MENELAUS
I had good argument for kissing once.

PATROCLUS
But that's no argument for kissing now;
For thus popped Paris in his hardiment,°
And parted thus you and your argument.°

ULYSSES
O, deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

PATROCLUS
The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine.
Patroclus kisses you.

MENELAUS O, this is trim.

PATROCLUS
Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

MENELAUS
I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.

CRESSIDA
In kissing, do you render or receive?

PATROCLUS
Both take and give.

CRESSIDA I'll make my match to live,°
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

MENELAUS
I'll give you boot;° I'll give you three for one. 40

CRESSIDA
You are an odd° man; give even, or give none.

MENELAUS
An odd man, lady? Every man is odd.

CRESSIDA
No, Paris is not, for you know 'tis true
That you are odd and he is even with you.

MENELAUS
You fillip° me o' the head.

CRESSIDA No, I'll be sworn. 45

ULYSSES
It were no match, your nail against his horn.°
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

CRESSIDA
You may.

ULYSSES I do desire it.

CRESSIDA Why, beg then.

ULYSSES
Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his. 50

CRESSIDA
I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.

ULYSSES
Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

DIOMEDES 20
Lady, a word. I'll bring you to your father.

[Exeunt DIOMEDES and CRESSIDA.]

NESTOR
A woman of quick sense.

ULYSSES Fie, fie upon her!°
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay, her foot speaks. Her wanton spirits look out 55
At every joint and motive° of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,°
And wide unclasp the tables° of their thoughts 60
To every ticklish reader, set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity°
And daughters of the game.°

30
Flourish. Enter all of Troy [HECTOR, PARIS, AENEAS,
HELENUS, TROILUS, and ATTENDANTS].

ALL
The Troyans' trumpet.°

AGAMEMNON Yonder comes the troop.

AENEAS
Hail, all the state of Greece. What shall be done 65

35
37 I'll . . . live I'll bet my life 40 boot odds 41 odd i.e.,
single and singular 45 fillip tap 46 It . . . horn your nail,
in tapping, would be no match for his hard cuckold's horn
54 Fie . . . her Ulysses' exclamation does not imply dis-
agreement with Nestor's observation; the following nine lines
elaborate "quick sense" 57 motive moving part 59 a
coasting . . . comes a sidelong, flirtatious greeting before
being greeted 60 tables tablets 62 sluttish . . . opportu-
nity harlots who yield at every opportunity 63 daughters
. . . game whores 64 The Troyans' trumpet in the
theater, this line becomes a pun on strumpet

6 trumpet trumpeter 8 bias puffed-out 9 the colic . . .
Aquilon the north wind, distended as if by colic 12 days in
the day 20 particular single 21 in general (1) by the general
(2) universally 24 that winter i.e., Nestor's kiss (cold from
old age) 28 hardiment boldness 29 argument i.e., Helen

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose
A victor shall be known? Will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall they be divided°
By any voice or order of the field? 70
Hector bade ask.

AGAMEMNON Which way would Hector have it?

AENEAS

He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

ACHILLES

'Tis done like Hector; but securely° done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight opposed.

AENEAS If not Achilles, sir.

What is your name?

ACHILLES If not Achilles, nothing.

AENEAS

Therefore Achilles; but, what'er, know this:
In the extremity of great and little,
Valor and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well;
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood,°
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

ACHILLES

A maiden° battle, then? O, I perceive you.

[Enter DIOMEDES.]

AGAMEMNON

Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax. As you and Lord Aeneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath.° The combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.]

ULYSSES

They are opposed already.

AGAMEMNON

What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?°

ULYSSES

The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue,°
Not soon provoked, nor being provoked soon calmed;
His heart and hand both open and both free,° 100
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impare thought° with breath;
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes 105
To tender objects,° but he in heat of action

Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him Troilus, and on him erect
A second hope as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Aeneas, one that knows the youth 110
Even to his inches,° and with private soul°
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

Alarum. [HECTOR and AJAX fight.]

AGAMEMNON

They are in action.

NESTOR

Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

TROIUS

Hector, thou sleep'st; awake thee!

AGAMEMNON

His blows are well disposed.° There, Ajax!

DIOMEDES

You must no more. *Trumpets cease.*

AENEAS

Princes, enough, so please you.

AJAX

I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

80

DIOMEDES

As Hector pleases.

HECTOR

Why, then will I no more.

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;

85

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

Were thy commixtion° Greek and Trojan so

That thou couldst say, "This hand is Grecian all,

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter° cheek, and this sinister°

Bounds in my father's," by Jove multipotent,°

90

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay

That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drained! Let me embrace thee, Ajax—

By him that thunders,° thou hast lusty arms;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus.°

Cousin, all honor to thee!

AJAX

I thank thee, Hector;

Thou art too gentle and too free a man.

95

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death.

HECTOR

Not Neoptolemus° so mirable,°

On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st "Oyes"°

Cries, "This is he!" could promise to himself

A thought of added honor torn from Hector.

AENEAS

There is expectance here from both the sides,

What further you will do.

145

69 divided separated during the fight 73 securely overconfidently 83 Hector's blood see note to II.ii.77 87 maiden bloodless (as of novices or men in training, who do not intend to kill) 92 breath exercise 95 heavy heavyhearted 98 deedless . . . tongue free of boasts 100 free generous 103 impare thought (1) ill-considered thought (2) thought unequal to the dignity of his character 105-06 subscribes . . . objects grants merciful terms to the defenseless

111 Even . . . inches from head to toe; with private soul in confidence 115 well disposed well aimed, well placed 123 commixtion composition 127 dexter right; sinister left 128 multipotent of many powers 135 him that thunders Jove (Zeus) 136 thus i.e., embracing him 141 Neoptolemus this name probably applies here to Achilles himself, and not to his son, Pyrrhus; mirable wonderful 142 Oyes cries beginning the proclamations of heralds or sessions of a court

HECTOR We'll answer it.
The issue° is embracement. Ajax, farewell.

AJAX
If I might in entreaties find success—
As seld° I have the chance—I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents. 150

DIOMEDES
'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarmed the valiant Hector.

HECTOR
Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me,
And signify° this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part.° 155
Desire them home.° Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee and see your knights.
[AGAMEMNON and the rest approach them.]

AJAX
Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

HECTOR
The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes 160
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

AGAMEMNON
Worthy of all arms [*embraces him*], as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy—
But that's no welcome. Understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strewed with husks 165
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant° moment, faith and troth,
Strained purely from all hollow bias-drawing,°
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome. 170

HECTOR
I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON [*To TROILUS.*]
My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to you.

MENELAUS
Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting.
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

HECTOR
Who must we answer?

AENEAS The noble Menelaus. 175

HECTOR
O, you, my lord? By Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not that I affect th' untraded° oath;
Your quondam° wife swears still by Venus' glove.
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

MENELAUS
Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme. 180

HECTOR
O, pardon! I offend.

NESTOR
I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,

147 **issue** result, outcome 149 **seld** seldom 154 **signify** expound, explain 155 **expecters** . . . **part** those on our side, the Trojans, awaiting news 156 **Desire them home** ask them to go home 167 **extant** present 168 **all hollow bias-drawing** all fruitless and tortuous dealings (in the course of the war, as in the course given by the bias of a bowl in bowling) 177 **untraded** unusual, unfamiliar (Hector, apologizing for what might appear to be an affected oath, gives his reason for using it in the following line, in which he completes a satirical reference to Menelaus and Helen by alluding to the liaison between Mars and Venus) 178 **quondam** former

Laboring for destiny,° make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed, 185
Despising many forfeits and subduements,°
When thou hast hung° thy advanced sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I have said to some my standers-by,
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"° 190
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have shraped° thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still° locked in steel, 195
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,°
And once fought with him. He was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. O, let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

AENEAS
'Tis the old Nestor. 200

HECTOR
Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walked hand in hand with time.
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

NESTOR
I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy. 205

HECTOR
I would they could.

NESTOR
Ha,
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee tomorrow.
Well, welcome, welcome. I have seen the time—

ULYSSES
I wonder now how yonder city stands, 210
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

HECTOR
I know your favor,° Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy. 215

ULYSSES
Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss° the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

HECTOR I must not believe you. 220
There they stand yet, and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood. The end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

ULYSSES So to him we leave it. 225
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome.
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent.

183 **Laboring for destiny** working in behalf of destiny, i.e., causing destined deaths 186 **Despising** . . . **subduements** ignoring or disdaining those already vanquished, whose lives were forfeit 187 **hung** held suspended 190 **dealing life** dispensing life (as a god might do by not causing death) 192 **shraped** trapped 194 **still** always 195 **grandsire** Laomedon, the builder of Troy 212 **favor** face, features 219 **buss** kiss

ACHILLES

I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted° joint by joint.

HECTOR

Is this Achilles?

ACHILLES

I am Achilles.

HECTOR

Stand fair,° I pray thee; let me look on thee.

ACHILLES

Behold thy fill.

HECTOR

Nay, I have done already.

ACHILLES

Thou art too brief. I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

HECTOR

O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

ACHILLES

Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him, whether there, or there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

HECTOR

It would discredit the blessed gods, proud man,
To answer such a question. Stand again.
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly°
As to prenominate in nice conjecture°
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

ACHILLES

I tell thee, yea.

HECTOR

Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, not there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied° Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag.
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavor deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

AJAX

Do not chafe thee, cousin;

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to't.
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach.° The general state,° I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd° with him.

HECTOR

I pray you, let us see you in the field.
We have had pelting° wars since you refused
The Grecians' cause.

ACHILLES

Dost thou entreat° me, Hector?

Tomorrow do I meet thee, fell° as death;
Tonight all friends.

HECTOR

Thy hand upon that match.

232 **quoted** made exact mental note, scrutinized 234 **Stand fair** stand openly, face me 248 **pleasantly** casually, merrily
249 **prenominate** . . . **conjecture** name beforehand in detailed conjecture 254 **stithied** forged 263 **stomach** inclination, relish; **general state** commanders in council 264 **odd** at odds, engaged in combat 266 **pelting** paltry, petty 267 **entreat** invite 268 **fell** fierce

AGAMEMNON

First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive° we. Afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally° entreat him
To taste your bounties. Let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

Exeunt [all except TROILUS and ULYSSES].

TROILUS

My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep°?

ULYSSES

At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus.
There Diomed doth feast with him tonight—
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

TROILUS

Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

ULYSSES

You shall command me, sir.

But gentle tell me, of what honor was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

TROILUS

O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth;
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

Exeunt.

[A C T V]

[Scene I. The Greek camp.]

255 *Enter* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

ACHILLES

I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine tonight,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool tomorrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

260 *Enter* THERSITES.

PATROCLUS

Here comes Thersites.

ACHILLES How now, thou cur of envy!

Thou crusty batch° of nature, what's the news? 5

265 THERSITES Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,
and idol of idiot-worshipers, here's a letter for thee.

ACHILLES From whence, fragment?

THERSITES Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

PATROCLUS Who keeps the tent now°?

THERSITES The surgeon's box or the patient's
wound.° 10

271 **convive** feast 273 **severally** individually 277 **keep** dwell

V.i.5 **batch** a mass of anything baked together, or baked without reheating the oven 6 **thou** . . . **seemest** i.e., who is nothing more than one glance sufficiently reveals 10 **Who** . . . **now** Thersites can no longer taunt Achilles for refusing to leave his tent 11 **surgeon's** . . . **wound** from the play on *tent*, a surgeon's probe for wounds

PATROCLUS Well said, adversity, and what needs these tricks?

THERSITES Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk. Thou art said to be Achilles' male varlet.

PATROCLUS Male varlet, you rogue! What's that?

THERSITES Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south,¹⁹ the guts-griping ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel in the back, lethargies, cold palsies,²⁰ raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume,²¹ sciaticas, lime-kilns²² i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the riveled²³ fee-simple of the tetter,²⁴ and the like, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!²⁵

PATROCLUS Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what means thou to curse thus?

THERSITES Do I curse thee?

PATROCLUS Why, no, you ruinous butt,²⁹ you whoreson indistinguishable³⁰ cur, no.

THERSITES No? Why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk,³² thou green sarcenet³³ flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies, diminutives of nature.

PATROCLUS Out, gall!

THERSITES Finch egg!

ACHILLES

My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in tomorrow's battle.

Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,

A token from her daughter, my fair love,

Both taxing⁴² me and gaging⁴³ me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it.

Fall Greeks, fail fame, honor or go or⁴⁴ stay,

My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.

Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;

This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Away, Patroclus! *Exit, [with PATROCLUS].*

THERSITES With too much blood and too little brain,
these two may run mad; but if with too much brain
and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen.
Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and
one that loves quails,⁵³ but he has not so much brain as
ear-wax; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter⁵⁴
there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue and
oblique memorial of cuckolds⁵⁵—a thrifty⁵⁶ shoeing-
horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg⁵⁷—to what
form but that he is should wit larded with malice and

¹⁹ diseases . . . south i.e., venereal diseases ²⁰⁻²¹ gravel . . . palsies kidney stones, apoplectic strokes, paralysis of the limbs ²² imposthume internal abscess; lime-kilns psoriasis (burning red patches covered with scales) ²³ riveled wrinkled ²³⁻²⁴ fee-simple . . . tetter chronic ringworm (?) ("fee-simple" implies unlimited possession) ²⁵ discoveries referring generally to—in Thersites' opinion—such absurd monstrosities as Patroclus ²⁹ ruinous butt dilapidated cask ³⁰ indistinguishable shapeless (here suggesting mongrel) ³² sleeve silk soft silk floss ³³ sarcenet a fine silk taffeta ⁴² taxing censuring; gaging engaging to a promise ⁴⁴ or go or either go or ⁵³ quails prostitutes ⁵⁴ transformation of Jupiter i.e., into a bull, in which shape he seduced Europa ⁵⁵⁻⁵⁶ primitive . . . cuckolds in having horns, the emblem or symbol of cuckoldry, although since Europa was not married, the parallel to Paris' rape of Helen is "oblique" ⁵⁶ thrifty stingy ⁵⁷ hanging . . . leg (1) as Agamemnon's tool, appropriately enough a "horn," his pretext for war (2) as being entirely dependent on Agamemnon

malice forced⁵⁹ with wit turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox. To an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew,⁶² a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock,⁶³ or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be⁶⁵ the louse of a lazar,⁶⁶ so I were not Menelaus. Hey-day, sprites and fires!

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, [HECTOR, AJAX, TROILUS, MENELAUS,] *and* DIOMEDES, *with lights.*

AGAMEMNON

We go wrong, we go wrong.

AJAX No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

HECTOR I trouble you.

AJAX

No, not a whit.

ULYSSES Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHILLES

Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

AGAMEMNON

So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

HECTOR

Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

MENELAUS

Good night, my lord.

HECTOR

Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

THERSITES Sweet draught!⁶⁵ "Sweet," quoth 'a!

Sweet sink, sweet sewer.

ACHILLES

Good night and welcome both at once, to those

That go or tarry.

AGAMEMNON Good night.

Exeunt AGAMEMNON, MENELAUS.

ACHILLES

Old Nestor tarries, and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

DIOMEDES

I cannot, lord; I have important business,

The tide⁸⁵ whereof is now. Good night, great Hector.

HECTOR

Give me your hand.

ULYSSES [*Aside to* TROILUS.]

Follow his torch; he goes

To Calchas' tent. I'll keep you company.

TROILUS

Sweet sir, you honor me.

HECTOR

And so, good night.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES, *then* ULYSSES *and* TROILUS.]

ACHILLES

Come, come, enter my tent.

Exeunt [ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, *and* NESTOR].

⁵⁹ forced stuffed, intermixed ⁶² fitchew polecat; puttock kite, a small hawk feeding on carrion ⁶⁵⁻⁶⁶ I care . . . be I wouldn't mind being ⁶⁶ lazar leper ⁷⁷ draught privy, cesspool ⁸⁵ tide time

THERSITES That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth and promise like Brabblers the hound;⁹⁴ but when he performs, astronomers foretell it. It is prodigious, there will come some change. The sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see⁹⁵ Hector than not to dog him. They say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent. I'll after—nothing but lechery! 100
All incontinent varlets! [Exit.]

[Scene II. *The Greek camp.*]

Enter DIOMEDES.

DIOMEDES What, are you up here, ho? Speak.

CALCHAS [Within.] Who calls?

DIOMEDES Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

CALCHAS [Within.] She comes to you. 5

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES; [after them THERSITES.]

ULYSSES

Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

TROILUS

Cressid comes forth to him.

DIOMEDES How now, my charge!

CRESSIDA

Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you.

[Whispers.]

TROILUS Yea, so familiar!

ULYSSES She will sing any man at first sight. 10

THERSITES And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff;⁹⁶ she's noted.⁹⁷

DIOMEDES Will you remember?

CRESSIDA Remember? Yes.

DIOMEDES Nay, but do, then; 15

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

TROILUS What shall she remember?

ULYSSES List!

CRESSIDA

Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

THERSITES Roguery! 20

DIOMEDES

Nay, then—

CRESSIDA I'll tell you what—

DIOMEDES

Foh, foh! Come, tell a pin. You are forsworn.

CRESSIDA

In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

THERSITES A juggling trick—to be secretly⁹⁸ open.

94–95 **Brabblers the hound** a hunting hound who would “spend his mouth” in barking while not on the scent would be called “babbler” or “brabblers” by his master 98 **leave to see** miss seeing

V.ii.12 **cliff** clef (signifying the musical key; with an obscene pun on *clef*; **noted** reputed a loose woman (with a pun on the sense of musical notes) 24 **secretly** privately, sexually

DIOMEDES

What did you swear you would bestow on me? 25

CRESSIDA

I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

DIOMEDES Good night.

TROILUS Hold, patience!

ULYSSES How now, Trojan? 30

CRESSIDA Diomed—

DIOMEDES

No, no, good night; I'll be your fool no more.

TROILUS

Thy better must.

CRESSIDA

Hark, a word in your ear.

TROILUS

O plague and madness!

ULYSSES

You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray, 35

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself

To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;

The time right deadly. I beseech you, go.

TROILUS

Behold, I pray you!

ULYSSES

Nay, good my lord, go off;

You flow to great distraction. Come, my lord. 40

TROILUS

I prithee, stay.

ULYSSES

You have not patience; come.

TROILUS

I pray you, stay! By hell, and all hell's torments,

I will not speak a word!

DIOMEDES

And so, good night.

CRESSIDA

Nay, but you part in anger.

TROILUS

Doth that grieve thee?

O withered truth!

ULYSSES

How now, my lord!

TROILUS

By Jove, 45

I will be patient.

CRESSIDA

Guardian! Why, Greek!

DIOMEDES

Foh, foh! Adieu; you palter. 15

CRESSIDA

In faith, I do not. Come hither once again.

ULYSSES

You shake, my lord, at something. Will you go?

You will break out.

TROILUS

She strokes his cheek! 20

ULYSSES

Come, come. 50

TROILUS

Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word.

There is between my will and all offenses

A guard of patience. Stay a little while.

THERSITES How the devil Luxury,⁹⁹ with his fat rump and potato¹⁰⁰ finger, tickles these together. Fry, lechery, 55
fry!

DIOMEDES But will you, then?

CRESSIDA

In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

DIOMEDES

Give me some token for the surety of it.

54 **Luxury** lechery 55 **potato** potatoes were thought to be aphrodisiac

CRESSIDA

I'll fetch you one.

Exit. 60

ULYSSES

You have sworn patience.

TROILUS

Fear me not, my lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel. I am all patience.

Enter CRESSIDA.

THERSITES Now the pledge! Now, now, now!

CRESSIDA Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

65

TROILUS

O beauty, where is thy faith?

ULYSSES

My lord—

TROILUS

I will be patient; outwardly I will.

CRESSIDA

You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.

He loved me—O false wench! Give't me again.

DIOMEDES

Whose was't?

CRESSIDA It is no matter, now I have't again.

70

I will not meet with you tomorrow night.

I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

THERSITES Now she sharpens.^o Well said, whetstone!

DIOMEDES

I shall have it.

CRESSIDA What, this?

DIOMEDES

Ay, that.

CRESSIDA

O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking on his bed

Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial^o dainty kisses to it,

As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;

He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

80

DIOMEDES

I had your heart before; this follows it.

TROILUS

I did swear patience.

CRESSIDA

You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

DIOMEDES

I will have this. Whose was it?

CRESSIDA

It is no matter.

85

DIOMEDES

Come, tell me whose it was.

CRESSIDA

'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

DIOMEDES

Whose was it?

CRESSIDA

By all Diana's waiting-women^o yond,

And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

90

DIOMEDES

Tomorrow will I wear it on my helm,

And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

TROILUS

Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,

It should be challenged.

CRESSIDA

Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past. And yet it is not;

95

I will not keep my word.

DIOMEDES

Why then, farewell;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

CRESSIDA

You shall not go. One cannot speak a word

But it straight starts you.^o

DIOMEDES

I do not like this fooling.

THERSITES Nor I, by Pluto; but that that likes^o not 100

you pleases me best.

DIOMEDES What, shall I come? The hour?

CRESSIDA

Ay, come—O Jove!—

Do come—I shall be plagued.^o

DIOMEDES

Farewell till then.

CRESSIDA

Good night. I prithee, come.

Exit [DIOMEDES].

Troilus, farewell. One eye yet looks on thee,

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

105

Ah, poor our sex!^o This fault in us I find,The error^o of our eye directs our mind.

What error leads must err. O, then conclude,

Minds swayed by eyes are full of turpitude.

Exit.

THERSITES

A proof of strength^o she could not publish more,^o

110

Unless she said, "My mind is now turned whore."

ULYSSES

All's done, my lord.

75

TROILUS

It is.

ULYSSES

What stay we, then?

TROILUS

To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But if I tell how these two did coact,

115

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance^o so obstinately strongThat doth invert th' attest^o of eyes and ears,

120

As if those organs had deceptious^o functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

ULYSSES

I cannot conjure,^o Trojan.

TROILUS

She was not, sure.

85

ULYSSES

Most sure she was.

TROILUS

Why, my negation^o hath no taste of madness.

ULYSSES

Nor mine, my lord. Cressid was here but now.

125

TROILUS

Let it not be believed for^o womanhood!

Think we had mothers; do not give advantage

99 straight starts you immediately makes you start angrily away
 100 likes pleases 103 plagued punished 107 poor our sex
 our poor sex 108 error wandering (here, physically and
 morally) 111 proof of strength strong proof; publish more
 confess more clearly 119 esperance hope 120 attest
 testimony 121 deceptious deceiving 123 conjure raise
 spirits 125 negation denial 127 for for the sake of

73 sharpens i.e., whets Diomedes' desire 78 memorial in remembrance 89 Diana's waiting-women the stars clustered about the moon

To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,
For depravation,^o to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule.^o Rather think this not Cressid.

ULYSSES

What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

TROILUS

Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

THERSITES

Will 'a swagger himself out on's own eyes?^o

TROILUS

This she? No, this is Diomed's Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,^o

This was not she. O madness of discourse,^o

That cause sets up with and against itself:

Bifold authority,^o where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt.^o This is, and is not, Cressid.

Within my soul there doth conduce^o a fight

Of this strange nature that a thing inseparate^o

Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifex^o for a point as subtle^o

As Ariachne's broken woof^o to enter.

Instance,^o O instance, strong as Pluto's gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven.

Instance, O instance, strong as heaven itself;

The bonds of heaven are slipped, dissolved, and loosed,

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,^o

The fractions of her faith, orts^o of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics

Of her o'ereaten^o faith, are given to Diomed.

ULYSSES

May worthy Troilus be half attached^o

With that which here his passion doth express?

TROILUS

Ay, Greek! And that shall be divulgèd well

In characters as red as Mars his heart

Inflamed with Venus. Never did young man fancy

With so eternal and so fixed a soul.

Hark, Greek. Much as I do Cressid love,

129-30 apt . . . depravation ready and eager to claim the depravity of women, but lacking examples 130-31 square . . . rule take the measure of womankind by Cressida's standard 134 Will . . . eyes Will he bluff himself out of trusting his own sight? 139 If . . . itself i.e., if it is a true principle that one cannot be two (that Cressida may not be divided into two persons) 140 discourse reasonable sequence of thought 141-42 That . . . authority that case of principle wherein divided authority both supports and confutes the question 142-44 where . . . revolt where reason can rebel without subsequent chaos, and loss of understanding assume the appearance of reason without reason itself objecting 145 conduce go on 146 thing inseparate that which is indivisible; i.e., Cressida 149 orifex opening; subtle finely sharp 150 Ariachne's broken woof Arachne was a Lydian woman who challenged Athene to a weaving contest, but the goddess, angered, tore her work to shreds and changed her to a spider 151 Instance example, proof (here, in the sense of "for instance") 155 five-fingered-tied (1) so tied because Cressida's hand is now Diomedes' (?) (2) i.e., impossible to untie (?) 156 orts scraps, pieces (as of food) 158 o'ereaten eaten through, picked over (as a dog will eat the best pieces first, the last scraps left over) 159 half attached i.e., half so much affected (as it appears)

So much by weight hate I her Diomed;

That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;

Were it a casque^o composed by Vulcan's skill,

My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,

Constringed^o in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall dizzy with more clamor Neptune's ear

In his descent than shall my prompted^o sword

Falling on Diomed.

THERSITES He'll tickle it for his concupy.^o

TROILUS

O Cressid! O false Cressid! False, false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,

And they'll seem glorious.

ULYSSES O, contain yourself;

Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter AENEAS.

AENEAS

I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.

Hector, by this, is arming him^o in Troy;

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

TROILUS

Have with you,^o prince. My courteous lord, adieu.

Farewell, revolted fair; and Diomed,

Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

ULYSSES

I'll bring you to the gates.

TROILUS

Accept distracted thanks.

Exeunt TROILUS, AENEAS, and ULYSSES.

THERSITES Would I could meet that rogue Diomed.

I would croak like a raven; I would bode,^o I would

bode. Patroclus will give me anything for the intelli-

gence of this whore. The parrot will not do more for

an almond than he for a commodious drab.^o Lechery,

lechery; still wars and lechery; nothing else holds

fashion. A burning devil^o take them! Exit.

[Scene III. Troy; Priam's palace.]

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

ANDROMACHE

When was my lord so much ungently tempered,

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight today.

HECTOR

You train^o me to offend^o you; get you in.

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

ANDROMACHE

My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.^o

HECTOR

No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

168 casque helmet 171 Constringed drawn together 173

prompted urged on, as having its own motive 175 He'll

. . . concupy he'll be well tickled for his concupiscence

("it" refers contemptuously to Diomedes) 181 him himself

183 Have with you let's go along 189 bode portend

disaster 192 commodious drab serviceable whore 194

burning devil venereal disease

V.iii.4 train tempt; offend injure, insult 6 ominous . . .

day omens applicable to this day

CASSANDRA Where is my brother Hector?

ANDROMACHE

Here, sister; armed and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees, for I have dreamed
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

CASSANDRA

O, 'tis true.

HECTOR Ho, bid my trumpet sound.

CASSANDRA

No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

HECTOR

Be gone, I say; the gods have heard me swear.

CASSANDRA

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish° vows.
They are polluted offerings, more abhorred
Than spotted° livers in the sacrifice.

ANDROMACHE

O, be persuaded! Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just. It is as lawful,
For° we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

CASSANDRA

It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold.
Unarm, sweet Hector.

HECTOR Hold you still, I say.

Mine honor keeps the weather° of my fate.
Life every man holds dear; but the dear° man
Holds honor far more precious-dear than life.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man; mean'st thou to fight today?

ANDROMACHE

Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

Exit CASSANDRA.

HECTOR

No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth.
I am today i' the vein of chivalry.
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes° of the war.
Unarm thee; go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand today for thee and me and Troy.

TROILUS

Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

HECTOR

What vice is that? Good Troilus, chide me for it.

TROILUS

When many times the captive Grecian falls,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.

HECTOR

O, 'tis fair play.

TROILUS Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

HECTOR

How now? How now?

TROILUS For the love of all the gods,

Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother, 45

And when we have our armors buckled on,

The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,

Spur them to ruthless° work, rein them from ruth.° 10

HECTOR

Fie, savage, fie!

TROILUS

Hector, then 'tis wars.°

HECTOR

Troilus, I would not have you fight today. 50

TROILUS

Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars

Beck'ning with fiery truncheon° my retire;

Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

Their eyes o'ergallèd° with recourse° of tears; 55

Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,

Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,

But by my ruin.

Enter PRIAM and CASSANDRA.

CASSANDRA

Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast;

He is thy crutch. Now if thou lose thy stay,° 60

Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall all together.

PRIAM

Come, Hector, come; go back.

Thy wife hath dreamt, thy mother hath had visions,

Cassandra doth foresee, and I myself

Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt 65

To tell thee that this day is ominous.

Therefore, come back.

HECTOR

Aeneas is afield;

And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,

Even in the faith of valor,° to appear

This morning to them.

PRIAM

Ay, but thou shalt not go. 70

HECTOR

I must not break my faith.

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,

Let me not shame respect,° but give me leave

To take that course by your consent and voice,

Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam. 75

CASSANDRA

O Priam, yield not to him!

ANDROMACHE

Do not, dear father.

HECTOR

Andromache, I am offended with you.

Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

Exit ANDROMACHE.

TROILUS

This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl

Makes all these bodements.°

CASSANDRA

O farewell, dear Hector! 80

Look, how thou diest; look, how thy eye turns pale;

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!

16 peevish brash, perverse 18 spotted i.e., spoiled 21 For because 24 But . . . hold vows sworn indiscriminately or to unlawful purpose should not bind the swearer 26 keeps the weather i.e., maintains the position of advantage 27 dear valuable, worthy 34 brushes encounters

48 ruthless to be pitied, woeful; ruth pity 49 then 'tis wars that's what war is 53 truncheon a kind of baton used by the referee of a combat to signal the end of the fight 55 o'ergallèd inflamed; recourse repeated coursing down, constant flowing 60 stay support 69 faith of valor a brave man's promise 73 shame respect disgrace the respect due to a parent 80 bodements evil omens

Hark, how Troy roars, how Hecuba cries out,
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement, 85
Like witless antics,^o one another meet,
And all cry Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

TROILUS

Away! Away!

CASSANDRA

Farewell. Yet, soft; Hector, I take my leave.
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. *Exit.* 90

HECTOR

You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim.
Go in and cheer the town. We'll forth and fight;
Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.

PRIAM

Farewell. The gods with safety stand about thee.
[*Exeunt* PRIAM and HECTOR.]

Alarum.

TROILUS

They are at it, hark. Proud Diomed, believe, 95
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter PANDAR.

PANDARUS

Do you hear, my lord? Do you hear?

TROILUS

What now?

PANDARUS

Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

TROILUS

Let me read. 100
PANDARUS A whoreson tisick,^o a whoreson rascally
tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this
girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall
leave you one o' th'se days; and I have a rheum in mine
eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a 105
man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.
What says she there?

TROILUS

Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
Th' effect doth operate another way.

[*Tearing the letter.*]

Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together. 110
My love with words and errors^o still she feeds,
But edifics another with her deeds. *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV. *The battlefield.*]

[*Alarum.*] *Enter* THERSITES. *Excursions.*

THERSITES Now they are clapperclawing one ano-
ther; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable
varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting
foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm.
I would fain see them meet, that that same young 5
Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send
that Greekish whoremasterly villain with the sleeve
back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless^o

86 antics madmen 101 tisick cough 111 errors meander-
ings, i.e., underhanded tricks (?)

V.iv.8 sleeveless futile, fruitless

errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty
swearing^o rascals—that stale old mouseeaten dry 10
cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses—is not
proved worth a blackberry. They set me up, in policy,
that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a
kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than 15
the cur Achilles, and will not arm today. Whereupon
the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism,^o and policy
grows into an ill opinion.

Enter DIOMEDES and TROILUS.

Soft, here comes sleeve, and t'other.

TROILUS

Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

DIOMEDES

Thou dost miscall retire. 20
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.^o
Have at thee!

THERSITES

Hold thy whore, Grecian! Now for thy whore, 25
Trojan! Now the sleeve, now the sleeve!
[*Exeunt* TROILUS and DIOMEDES, *fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

HECTOR

What art thou, Greek? Art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honor?

THERSITES No, no, I am a rascal, a scurvy railing
knave, a very filthy rogue.

HECTOR I do believe thee; live. [*Exit.*] 30

THERSITES God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me;
but a plague break thy neck—for frightening me. What's
become of the wenching rogues? I think they have
swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle
—yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. *Exit.* 35

[Scene V. *The battlefield.*]

Enter DIOMED and SERVANT.

DIOMEDES

Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my Lady Cressid.
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

SERVANT I go, my lord. [*Exit.*] 5

Enter AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON

Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,^o
Upon the pashèd corpses^o of the kings 10
Epistrophus and Cedius; Polyxenes is slain,

9–10 crafty swearing craftily swearing, i.e., crafty to the
extent of perjury 16 proclaim barbarism recognize the
authority of chaos (to replace policy) 21–22 advantageous
. . . multitude care for my own advantage led me to avoid
facing absurdly heavy odds

V.v.9 beam spear 10 pashèd corpses battered corpses

Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt,
 Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes
 Sore hurt and bruised. The dreadful Sagittary°
 Appals our numbers. Haste we, Diomed,
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

NESTOR

Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
 And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.
 There is a thousand Hectors in the field;
 Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
 And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,
 And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls°
 Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
 And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,°
 Fall down before him, like a mower's swath.
 Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes,
 Dexterity so obeying appetite
 That what he will he does, and does so much
 That proof° is called impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

ULYSSES

O, courage, courage, princes! Great Achilles
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance!
 Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
 Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
 That noseless, handless, hacked and chipped, come to
 him,
 Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth, and he is armed and at it,
 Roaring for Troilus, who hath done today
 Mad and fantastic execution,
 Engaging and redeeming of himself
 With such a careless force and forceless° care
 As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
 Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

AJAX

Troilus, thou coward Troilus!

Exit.

DIOMEDES

Ay, there, there.

NESTOR

So, so, we draw together.

Exit.

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHILLES

Where is this Hector?
 Come, come, thou boy-queller,° show thy face;
 Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
 Hector, where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

Exit.

[Scene VI. The battlefield.]

Enter AJAX.

AJAX

Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

DIOMEDES

Troilus, I say, where's Troilus?

AJAX

What wouldst thou?

15

DIOMEDES

I would correct him.

AJAX

Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
 Ere that correction.° Troilus, I say! What, Troilus!

5

Enter TROILUS.

TROILUS

20

O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face, thou traitor,
 And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.°

DIOMEDES

Ha, art thou there?

AJAX

25

I'll fight with him alone. Stand, Diomed.

DIOMEDES

He is my prize; I will not look upon.°

10

TROILUS

Come, both you cogging° Greeks; have at you both!
 [Exeunt, fighting.]

[Enter HECTOR.]

30

HECTOR

Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHILLES

Now do I see thee, ha! Have at thee, Hector!

35

[They fight; ACHILLES tires.]

HECTOR

Pause, if thou wilt.

ACHILLES

I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan;

15

40

Be happy that my arms are out of use.

My rest and negligence befriends thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Exit.

HECTOR

Fare thee well;

I would have been much more a fresher man,

20

Had I expected thee.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, my brother!

TROILUS Ajax hath ta'en° Aeneas! Shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not carry him;° I'll be ta'en too,

45

Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say!

25

I reckon not though thou end my life today.

Exit.

Enter one in armor.

HECTOR

Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark.

No? Wilt thou not? I like thy armor well;

I'll frush° it and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide?

30

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

Exit [in pursuit].

14 **Sagittary** a centaur (half man, half horse), who was a splendid archer and aided the Trojans 22 **scaled sculls** scaly schools of fish 24 **strawy** . . . **edge** Greeks who are like straw, ripe for the edge of the scythe 29 **proof** visible fact 40 **forceless** casual, reckless 45 **boy-queller** boy-killer

V.vi.5 **correction** i.e., privilege to correct 7 **horse** with a pun on *whore*? 10 **look upon** stand by 11 **cogging** deceitful 22 **ta'en** taken captive 24 **carry him** prevail over him 29 **frush** smash

[Scene VII. *The battlefield.*]*Enter* ACHILLES, *with* MYRMIDONS.

ACHILLES

Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
 Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel.
 Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath.
 And when I have the bloody Hector found,
 Empale him^o with your weapons round about; 5
 In fellest^o manner execute^o your arms.
 Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye;
 It is decreed Hector the great must die.

*Exit, [with MYRMIDONS].**Enter* THERSITES, MENELAUS, PARIS [*the last two fighting*].

THERSITES The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are
 at it. Now, bull! Now, dog! 'Loo,^o Paris, 'loo! Now, 10
 my double-horned Spartan! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! The
 bull has the game;^o 'ware horns, ho!

Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.*Enter* BASTARD [*Margarelon*].

BASTARD Turn, slave, and fight.

THERSITES What art thou?

BASTARD A bastard son of Priam's. 15

THERSITES I am a bastard too; I love bastards. I am
 bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind,
 bastard in valor, in everything illegitimate. One bear
 will not bite another, and wherefore should one bas-
 tard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us. If 20
 the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judg-
 ment. Farewell, bastard.

BASTARD The devil take thee, coward! *Exeunt.*[Scene VIII. *The battlefield.*]*Enter* HECTOR.

HECTOR

Most putrefied core, so fair without,
 Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life.
 Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath.
 Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.*]*Enter* ACHILLES and MYRMIDONS.

ACHILLES

Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set,
 How ugly night comes breathing at his heels. 5
 Even with the vail^o and dark'ning of the sun,
 To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

HECTOR

I am unarmed; forgo this vantage, Greek.

ACHILLES

Strike, fellows, strike. This is the man I seek. 10
 [HECTOR falls.]

V.vii.5 Empale him hem him in 6 fellest cruelest; execute
 use 10 Now, bull . . . 'Loo Thersites compares the combat
 of Menelaus and Paris to the baiting of a bull by a dog, as it was
 done in such arenas as the Paris Garden 12 has the game
 wins

V.viii.7 vail sinking, going down

So, Ilion, fall thou next! Come, Troy, sink down!
 Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
 On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,
 "Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain!"

Retreat.

Hark, a retire upon our Grecian part. 15

ONE GREEK

The Troyans' trumpets sound the like, my lord.

ACHILLES

The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth.
 And, sticklerlike,^o the armies separates.
 My half-supped sword, that frankly^o would have fed,
 Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. 20

[*Sheathes his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
 Along the field I will the Trojan trail. *Exeunt.*

[Scene IX. *The battlefield.*]*Enter* AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,
DIOMED, and the rest, marching. [*Sound retreat. Shout.*]

AGAMEMNON

Hark, hark, what shout is that?

NESTOR

Peace, drums!

SOLDIERS (*Within.*)

Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

DIOMEDES

The bruit^o is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

AJAX

If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
 Great Hector was as good a man as he. 5

AGAMEMNON

March patiently along. Let one be sent
 To pray Achilles see us at our tent.
 If in his death the gods have us befriended,
 Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

Exeunt.[Scene X. *The battlefield.*]*Enter* AENEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS.

AENEAS

Stand, ho! Yet are we masters of the field.
 Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

TROILUS

Hector is slain.

ALL

Hector! The gods forbid!

TROILUS

He's dead and at the murderer's horse's tail,
 In beastly sort, dragged through the shameful field. 5
 Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed;
 Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile^o at Troy.
 I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,^o
 And linger not our sure destructions on.

18 sticklerlike like an umpire separating combatants, and
 ordering the field 19 frankly freely, abundantly

V.ix.3 bruit rumor

V.x.7 smile i.e., in derision 8 let . . . mercy be merciful in
 letting the plagues you send destroy us quickly

AENEAS

My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

TROILUS

You understand me not that tell me so.

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,

But dare all imminence that gods and men

Address their dangers in.^o Hector is gone.

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screech owl^o aye be called

Go in to Troy, and say there Hector's dead.

There is a word will Priam turn to stone,

Make wells and Niobes^o of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth, and in a word

Scare Troy out of itself. But march away.

Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,

Thus proudly pitched upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan^o rise as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you! And, thou great-sized
coward,^o

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates.

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,

That moldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.

Strike a free march to Troy. With comfort go;

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter PANDARUS.

PANDARUS

But hear you, hear you!

13-14 But . . . in but instead dare whatever imminent dangers gods and men may be preparing **16 screech-owl** a bearer of ill omen **19 Niobes** Niobe wept for her slain children until she was turned into a column of stone, from which tears continued to flow **25 Titan** Helios, the sun, one of the Titans **26 coward** Achilles

TROILUS

10 Hence, broker, lackey! Ignominy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

Exeunt all but PANDARUS.

PANDARUS A goodly medicine for my aching bones! **35**

O world, world! Thus is the poor agent despised. O

traders and bawds, how earnestly are you set awork,

15 and how ill requited! Why should our endeavor be so

loved, and the performance so loathed? What verse

for it? What instance for it? Let me see.

40

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,

Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;

20 And being once subdued in armèd tail,

Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted

cloths:^o

45

"As many as be here of Pandar's hall,

Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;

Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,

Though not for me, yet for your aching bones."

Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,^o

50

Some two months hence my will shall here be made.

It should be now, but that my fear is this,

30 Some gallèd goose of Winchester^o would hiss.

Till then I'll sweat^o and seek about for cases,

And at that time bequeath you my diseases. *[Exit.]* **55**

45 painted cloths painted cloth hangings, used in brothels, sometimes bearing mottoes **50 hold-door trade** prostitution **53 gallèd . . . Winchester** angry prostitute (the Bishop of Winchester had once held jurisdiction over the area of London called Southwark, where many brothels stood; a prostitute—and sometimes a venereal disease—was called a "Winchester goose") **54 sweat** a treatment for gout or rheumatism, as well as for venereal disease

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

EDITED BY SYLVAN BARNET

Introduction

It has been customary since the late nineteenth century to call *All's Well That Ends Well* a "problem play," or a "dark comedy." The first term relates it to the sort of drama we associate chiefly with Ibsen, a play about a social system in need of repair, a system with, say, faulty attitudes toward female emancipation or toward venereal disease. Because *All's Well* (like much other Elizabethan comedy) includes speeches on the nature of virtue and presents us with a picture of a virtuous but lowborn woman rejected by her snobbish husband, there was enough point in the comparison to give it some life for more than half a century. But what is the problem? Because Shakespeare's Helena seemed to resemble Ibsen's Nora, *All's Well* gained Shaw's approval (as much of Shakespeare did not), but it is not really very like a nineteenth-century *pièce à thèse*. It does not move toward a debate in which some commonly held code is called into doubt; it does not preach the abandonment of humbug; it does not suggest that the world will go well if only people will give up romantic ideas. It does not really anatomize the problem of nobility—Does nobility reside in lineage or in deeds?—because the lowborn heroine is so clearly right and the snobbish aristocrat so clearly wrong that there is no debate.

Abandoning the hunt for this sort of "problem," then, we can turn to a different sort of problem that has vexed students of the play: Where does it fit in Shakespeare's career? Here we confront the term "dark comedy," which associates this play with an alleged period in Shakespeare's life, about 1601–06, when he supposedly lost faith in the golden world he had seen about him (and had dramatized in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*) and fell into the bitter cynicism that—users of the term commonly say—marks this play as well as *Measure for Measure*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, and *Timon of Athens*. The late E. K. Chambers—a great scholar, with whom one may differ only humbly and reluctantly—in *Shakespeare: A Survey* puts it this way: *All's Well*

groups itself undeniably with *Troilus and Cressida* and *Measure for Measure*, as one of the bitter comedies; for it is a comedy from which all laughter has evaporated, save the grim laughter which follows the dubious sallies of

Monsieur Lavache and the contemptuous laughter which presides over the plucking bare of the ineffable Parolles. The spiritual affinities of Helena's story are indeed far less with the radiant humor of *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like It* than with the analytic psychology of the great advance-guard of tragedy, *Julius Caesar* and *Hamlet*, which was almost contemporary with these.

The theory runs that for some reason Shakespeare became unhappy and turned to tragedy and to bitter comedy. Why he did so is variously explained. For some proponents, the sonnets tell a story of the poet's discovery of betrayal; the friend's infidelity, or the Dark Lady's lust, drove Shakespeare to despair, and the despair is manifested in the plays. Or the fall of Essex shattered Shakespeare's world. (Chambers very tentatively inclines to the suggestion that "Shakespeare's world-sickness" may be most plausibly related to the failure of Essex's conspiracy.) Or the death of Shakespeare's father in 1601 was a crushing blow. Or the advent of the unimpressive James I, following the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603, was enough to cause the poet great unhappiness. But all these speculations are based on the shaky premise that a professional dramatist's works mirror his state of mind, as a romantic lyric poet's are supposed to. He writes tragedies when tragedy has struck home, and he writes comedies when all is going well. Probably an Elizabethan dramatist would have been surprised to learn that he had been writing autobiography when all along he had thought he was writing tragedy, comedy, history, or whatever else his company wanted or was currently in vogue.

The play was first published in the Folio of 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death. There is no external evidence of the date of *All's Well*—no reference to it by any witness, no quotation from it in a datable work, no detected allusion in it to any current event. Conjectures about its date must be based on theories about Shakespeare's progressive use of certain motifs and the development of Shakespeare's style.

To take the question of motif first: most readers find the bed trick, or the "substitute bride motif" (to use the delicate term that folklorists apply to stories in which a

wife substitutes herself for another woman to deceive her would-be adulterous husband), so arresting that the play is felt to closely resemble *Measure for Measure*, in which Angelo beds with Mariana, to whom he was betrothed, rather than with Isabella, whom he thinks he has seduced. In *All's Well*, the caddish Bertram vows he will not live with his wife Helena until she can get a ring from his finger and show him a child she has had by him; Helena, taking advantage of Bertram's illicit interest in the chaste Diana, is at length able to fulfill these seemingly impossible conditions. Shakespeare, however, was a great user and re-user of folk motifs, and there is really not much strength in the argument that because the "substitute bride" is used in *All's Well* the play must be close in date to *Measure for Measure*, given at court in December, 1604. After all, there is a tale of shipwreck at the start of *The Comedy of Errors* and there is an apparent shipwreck at the start of *The Tempest*, but some twenty years separate the two. Similarly, there are outlaws in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and in *As You Like It*, but no one would seriously argue that the plays were written in close proximity. On the other hand, *The Comedy of Errors* and *Love's Labor's Lost*—universally agreed to be among Shakespeare's earliest work—share no common motifs; *Love's Labor's Lost* does not even conclude with the unions or reunions that are almost the *sine qua non* of Shakespeare's comedies.

The bed trick in *Measure for Measure* is managed not by the bride but by a duke who advises her how to outwit a would-be seducer. The bed trick in *All's Well* is the bride's idea, and in its clever heroine *All's Well* differs from *Measure for Measure* and resembles the earlier comedies: *The Merchant of Venice* (in which Portia is more resourceful than all the Venetian men), *As You Like It* (in which Rosalind, banished to the woods, manipulates two weddings), and *Twelfth Night* (in which Viola at length weds the man whom she has loved for four and a half acts). Like these comedies, moreover, *All's Well* is a play about love and marriage: the "dark" *Troilus and Cressida*, less about love than about dishonor and disillusion, concludes with the lovers separated; *Measure for Measure* concludes with a strong hint of a marriage, but the play is less about love than it is about lust and justice and mercy.

The subject matter offers no compelling argument to date the play later than the "happy" comedies and along with *Measure for Measure*, but there are abundant passages in a style more mature than the style (or, rather, styles) typical of the earliest plays. Much of the verse in *All's Well* has a complexity, weightiness, and forcefulness that resemble the verse in *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*. Here are two examples:

Why not a mother? When I said "a mother"
Methought you saw a serpent. What's in "mother"
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombèd mine. 'Tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppressed me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care. (I.iii.141-49)

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt; but love that comes too late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offense,
Crying, "That's good that's gone." Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.

(V.iii.56-62)

But this business of choosing passages is tricky; no play is all of a piece, and in selecting these a fair number in a different style were skipped. There are more than a few passages that are so simple, so jingling, so unsophisticated that they seem like apprentice work:

If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly. (V.iii.315-16)

Here is my hand; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served;
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust.
(II.i.204-09)

Various explanations can be offered for the rhymes—that here they add to a sense of ritual, that there they are used for a letter (which must be set off), that they deal with the past, that they make a contrast with a previous speech, that they are vestiges of an old play Shakespeare is revising, and so on—but the fact remains that the style is not sufficiently uniform to allow the easy generalization that it resembles the style of *Measure for Measure*. The most noticeable sign of maturity is the high percentage of run-on lines (giving a flexibility and power lacking in much of the early highly regular verse)—but this percentage is not significantly different from that in *The Merchant of Venice*, published in 1598 and quite possibly written a year or two earlier. It should be mentioned, too, that some of the least slick, the most "weighty" passages in *All's Well* may owe part of their weight to the fact that the printer did not correctly decipher the manuscript; the text is not a particularly good one, and some of the obscurity (often associated with maturity) perhaps has its origin in printing house uncertainties.

"Obscurity" gets us back to the idea of a "dark" play. The bed trick has seemed unpleasant to most readers (though it should be noted that by this trick Helena saves Bertram from committing adultery, and ultimately restores to him the wife who, we have seen, is a loving as well as an enterprising woman), but no one in the play minds it. The virtuous Widow, who would avoid "any staining act," pronounces the plan "lawful," and the king is sufficiently delighted by the outcome to reward the Widow's daughter. The other allegedly "dark" aspect of the play that has attracted a good deal of comment is the beginning, which is weighty with talk of death and disease:

COUNTESS In delivering my son from me I bury a second husband.

BERTRAM And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command. . . .

COUNTESS What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

LAFEW He hath abandoned his physicians.

(I.i.1-5, 12-14)

The play goes on, with talk of "haggish age" that has brought about the king's illness, the death of Bertram's father, and presumably the death of Helena's father. Yet how do Elizabethan comedies usually open if not with some sorrowful problem at hand, whose dissolution will be the matter of the play? The first speech in *The Comedy of Errors* is a couplet spoken by a man who knows he will be sentenced to death (it contains the words "fall," "doom of death," and "woes"); when he is assured that he is indeed sentenced to death, he tells a woeful tale of shipwreck and separation from wife and children. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* begins with friends separating; *Love's Labor's Lost* begins with a vigorous speech announcing a method of securing eternal fame, but this very speech is full of awareness of "brazen tombs," "disgrace of death," and "cormorant devouring Time." The fact is that the first scene of *All's Well* mingles with its references to sorrow references to renewal, rebirth—the happy ending that characterizes comedy. The countess is losing her son, but she is assured she will find in the king "a husband"; Helena's father has died, but his prescription lives in papers that Helena possesses, and the king will soon be restored to health. Helena seems to be grieving for her dead father, but in fact her mind is on the young man whom she loves, and though her love seems hopeless she wins him as her husband. If *As You Like It* included the bed trick, which is to say if Orlando were a cad, quite possibly the embarrassed and unhappy critics would have found that play, commonly called happy and golden, as dark as *All's Well*. After all, *As You Like It* begins with the bitter complaints of a younger brother, quickly moves to a fight between the brothers and to some churlish words ("old dog") spoken to an aged faithful retainer, and then to news that the rightful duke has been banished by his brother: family treachery, the tragic stuff that makes *King Lear*. Of course Bertram, the young lover in *All's Well*, is far less engaging than Orlando, but several of Shakespeare's lovers are unamiable people (Proteus in *The Two Gentlemen*, Claudio in *Much Ado About Nothing*), yet the comedies are not therefore dark. (It can even be argued that Lysander's delightful transient infidelity in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* has its affinity with Bertram's perverse desire to seduce Diana when he is furnished with Helena, but it must be admitted that the spirit of holiday foolery, dominant in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, is sparse in *All's Well*.)

An old theory, now rarely held because of the tendency to call it a problem play and to date it about 1602, suggests that *All's Well That Ends Well* is the play Francis Meres called *Love Labor's Won* when he listed a dozen of Shakespeare's plays in 1598. Meres says that Shakespeare excels both in comedy and tragedy:

For comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love Labor's Lost*, his *Love Labor's Won*, his *Midsummer's Night Dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for tragedy his *Richard the Second*, *Richard the Third*, *Henry the Fourth*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*.

Of these, only *Love Labor's Won* has not come down to us, or has not come down to us under that title. If Meres was not mistaken (he seems to know what he is talking about), and Shakespeare had indeed written the play, it is reasonable to assume that it is included in the Folio, but under a different title. (The Folio was prepared by long-standing friends of Shakespeare, who sought to collect his plays as his memorial.) *The Taming of the Shrew* has been the favorite candidate because it is unquestionably early enough for Meres to have known of it in 1598, but the recent discovery of a page from an account book for 1603 lists—among other plays—both *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Love's Labor Won* (sic), and so the two cannot be identical. The plot of *All's Well* makes it an eminently suitable candidate; Helena certainly labors to win her beloved. If the identity of *All's Well* and *Love's Labor's Won* (to combine Meres's spelling and that of the account book) were established, it would prove that *All's Well* had been written by 1598 and published by 1603—but no proof is available. Put it this way: if Meres was correct that Shakespeare wrote *Love's Labor's Won*, quite possibly it survives (presumably with substantial revision) as *All's Well*, and we should alter our conception of Shakespeare's development; but if Meres was mistaken, and the play was by another hand (hence omitted from the Folio), we have been wasting our time.

Although the play dramatizes the triumph of love's labor, Helena engages in activities that have distressed some readers. Her dialogue with Parolles (I.i.) in which she bandies jokes about virginity may seem neither witty nor decorous to us, but we ought to recall that Bassanio's Portia, a paragon, makes off-color jokes, as do several of Shakespeare's other chaste comic heroines. This dialogue, moreover, is not mere irrelevant foolery; Helena insists that she will maintain her chastity awhile, as a virtuous heroine should, and the dialogue concludes with Parolles' advice, "Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee." The play deals with Helena's getting a husband; in one sense she does not use him as he uses her (she returns his scorn with love); in another sense she does, for she deceives him—to a good end—as he deceives her. He accepts her as his wife but fabricates a means of leaving her without consummating the marriage, and she fabricates a means of saving him from adultery and of guiding him into what we must assume will be (as in the world of all comedy) a marriage in which they live happily ever after. That Helena engages in deception is not in itself bad. Deception in Elizabethan drama is commonly used to assist a love affair. No one is upset by the "honest slanders" devised to bring Beatrice and Benedick together in *Much Ado*, and the list of heroines who in one way or another deceive their beloved for a good purpose is a long one. Helena takes advantage of Bertram's pursuit of Diana to substitute herself for Diana:

Why then tonight
Let us assay our plot, which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact. (III.vii.43-47)

Because Bertram intends adultery, for him it will be a "wicked meaning," but it will be a lawful deed because a chaste wife will be in bed with her husband; it will be,

for Helena, a "lawful meaning in a lawful act," and though Bertram will think he is sinning, there is no sin because he and his partner are husband and wife. Bertram is an "unseasoned courtier," a foolish young prig whom Helena must bring to a healthy condition (he has "sick desires" for Diana) rather as she must heal the king's disease. Like Shakespeare's better-known heroines, Rosalind, Portia, Beatrice, and Viola, Helena is energetic yet thoroughly womanly. If one thinks she is too inclined to wear the pants, what of Julia, Rosalind, and Viola, all of whom—unlike Helena—literally wear pants in their efforts to bring matters to a happy ending? Helena has something of the earnestness of Brutus' Portia combined with the resourcefulness of Bassanio's Portia; she fears that her "ambitious love" has "offended," and that Bertram is "too good and fair" for her, but no character except Bertram ever speaks ill of her, and it is evident to all readers that Bertram is (until the end, when he accepts Helena) far from "good and fair."

Perhaps our chief dissatisfaction with Helena arises from the fact that we cannot laugh at her—unless we feel that Parolles has the better of the argument on virginity. Rosalind (to give only one example) is engaging partly because we enjoy her discomfort when she learns that her beloved Orlando is in the Forest of Arden:

Alas the day! What shall I do with my doublet and hose?
What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How
looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did
he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with
thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in
one word.
(*As You Like It*, III.ii.220–25)

We get nothing like this, and we miss it. But if we never experience the delightful intimacy of laughing at one with whom we sympathize, it does not follow that we must find Helena an unpleasant man-hunter. She feigns death—but in *Much Ado* and in *A Winter's Tale* similar false reports of death are issued for the good purpose of restoring a man to his loving wife. The women in those two plays do not themselves contrive the report, but no discredit accrues to the contrivers and none ought to accrue to Helena. It is better to say that Helena resourcefully persists in love than that (E. K. Chambers' words) she "passes from dishonor to dishonor."

The offensive person in the play is not Helena, who loves Bertram and brings him to love her, but Bertram, whose folly is abundantly remarked upon. His mother, Lafew, and the king all rebuke him, and though one can sympathize with his plea that in the choice of a wife he might reasonably be allowed the help of his own eyes, it is clear that he is blind—not only to Helena's goodness but to Parolles' folly. Bertram believes that the cowardly braggart Parolles is a soldier simply because he talks and dresses the part. Bertram squares his guesses by shows (to take a line that appears in another context), values the worthless Parolles and (a sort of corollary) scorns the virtuous Helena. Fortunately, he lives in the world of comedy; "comedy is full of purposes mistook, not 'falling on the inventor's head' but luckily misfiring altogether. In comedy, as often happens in life, people are mercifully saved from being as wicked as they meant to be."¹

¹ Helen Gardner, "As You Like It," in *More Talking of Shakespeare*, ed. John Garret (1959).

It is commonly said that the world of *All's Well*, like that of *Measure for Measure*, is a depraved place, a cynic's vision—again the "dark" realm of an embittered writer. Readers of the essay "*Measure for Measure*"² by R. W. Chambers (not to be confused with E. K. Chambers) will not be likely to see *Measure for Measure* as "dark." Nor is the world of *All's Well* wretched. Bertram is a fool, Parolles is close to a scoundrel, but the rest of the characters—including the Clown, whose bawdry is playful enough—are tolerable and tolerant, endowed with no more than the usual faults of men and (if we keep in mind Helena, Lafew, the king, and the countess) with more than the usual virtues. Bertram's failure to value Helena and his failure to see through Parolles are abundantly remarked upon, but when Parolles has been exposed and Helena is reputed dead, and nothing can come of further dwelling on Bertram's past folly, Lafew, the countess, and the king forgive him. Lafew asserts that Bertram was "misled with [i.e., by] a snipped taffeta fellow," the countess (who had spoken sharply to Bertram when sharp-speaking might have been of some use) now urges the king

to make it
Natural rebellion done i' th' blade of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.
(V.iii.5–8)

and the king replies that he has "forgiven and forgotten all." Indeed, despite his immaturity Bertram has won repute in battle and now, apparently aware of his opprobrious behavior, he begs pardon for his "high-repented blames." It is recognized that Bertram has done abundant wrong to the king, to his mother, to Helena, and

to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorned to serve
Humbly called mistress.
(V.iii.14–19)

But this greatest wrong has not in fact been done; love and Providence have contrived that all shall end well. "What things are we!" exclaims the First Lord, and the Second Lord replies:

Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of
all treasons we still see them reveal themselves till they
attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action
contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream
o'erflows himself.
(IV.iii.21–25)

In another context this is the stuff of tragedy. Macbeth, for example, urged by his wife, contrives against his own nobility and destroys himself. The violence he does to his king recoils upon him and he finds he has achieved not "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," but only curses, false friends, and sleepless nights. In *All's Well* men are not angels, but neither are they devils; love and forgiveness are no less evident than folly and youthful lust. The vision is no darker than that radiant moment in *The*

² In R. W. Chambers, *Man's Unconquerable Mind* (1952).

Merchant of Venice when Portia, appealing to Shylock to show mercy toward the man who has indeed forfeited his bond, says:

Though justice be thy plea, consider this:
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. (IV.i.197-201)

The world of *The Merchant of Venice* is more lyrical, filled with moonlight and music—when Shylock is not onstage—but the vision of humanity is no higher; lower, indeed, for Shylock is malevolent where Bertram and Parolles are foolish. In Shakespeare's comedies, folly is not something scourged but something enjoyed. For example, in *Love's Labor's Lost*, a delightful spoof on the folly of trying to live as though men were disembodied minds, the King of Navarre, leader of the scheme to form a society of scholars who shall give no audience to women, proudly tells his followers that they "war against affections [passions],/And the huge army of the world's desire." How noble, and yet how foolish. Nor is it cynical to say that this is folly; Berowne aptly points out that "every man with his affects is born,/Not by might mastered, but by special grace," and as though to prove his point a constable brings in a clown who has already broken the vow to forswear women. The affects have their place, no less than reason. Even our faults can serve us. "The web of our life," says a French lord in *All's Well*, "is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues" (IV.iii.71-74). If mortals are fools, Shakespeare seems to cherish them as much for their folly as Puck does, and (notably in *Much Ado*, where the clowns bring about the denouement) he turns their folly to use. The delightful thing about folly is that it insulates a man from despair and fills him with a zest for living. Othello's occupation is gone when Desdemona is (he thinks) unfaithful, but Parolles can easily enough find another livelihood when his military claims are exposed.

If my heart were great
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink and sleep as soft
As captain shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword; cool, blushes; and Parolles live
Safest in shame! Being fooled, by fool'ry thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. Exit.
(IV.iii.334-44)

Othello kills himself, "for he was great of heart," but Parolles is protected from Othello's greatness ("If my heart were great") and therefore from murdering a Desdemona and from committing suicide. Lafew, who had been the first to detect Parolles, treats him generously enough at last: "Though you are a fool and a knave you shall eat." Parolles, indeed, in the final act becomes an engaging fool; another comic dramatist would have

whipped him from the stage, but Shakespeare exposes Parolles not merely for moral reasons but "for the love of laughter" (twice repeated), and finds a place for the braggart-turned-fool in the abundant comic world.

All ends well, partly because most of the people in the play are decent, but chiefly because of a beneficent Providence. By the time the play reaches its end, not only has the king been restored to health, Parolles cured of his pretensions, Diana equipped with a dowry, and Bertram brought to his senses, but Helena is wed in deed as well as name to a loving husband. Now, it is the nature of a play, or any work of art, in contrast to real life, that the doings of the characters are remarkably coherent. In the theater we look attentively for a few hours at a few people and we see the course of a lifetime, or all that presumably is significant in a lifetime, whereas in life things go on for years, mingled with a good deal of irrelevance. Life may or may not be a chaos; art is a pattern. Something like Fate presides in all plays, however vivid and energetic the characters may be. "Hanging and wiving goes by destiny," Nerissa lightly says, providing us with a tag that summarizes tragedy and comedy. "Who can control his fate?" Othello asks. Surely not the tragic heroes—unless we see them as men who get exactly what they deserve. No fewer than five of Euripides' plays include (with one variation) these lines:

Many indeed the shapes and changes are
Of heavenly beings. Many things the gods
Achieve beyond our judgment. What we thought
Is not confirmed, and what we thought not God
Contrives. And so it happens in this story.³

The comic version of Fate is Fortune or Time or beneficent Providence:

All other doubts, by Time let them be cleared.
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.
(*Cymbeline*, IV.iii.45-46)

O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie.
(*Twelfth Night*, II.ii.40-41)

In *All's Well*, numerous references to Providence make explicit the pattern that underlies all comedy. "The very hand of heaven" cures the king. Later, Helena is providentially brought to the very place and persons that can restore her to Bertram:

Doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive [i.e., means]
And helper to a husband. (IV.iv.18-21)

In Shakespeare's source, the heroine "purposed to find means to attain the two things, that thereby she might recover her husband," and she set out for Florence. But in *All's Well*, when Helena sets out on her pilgrimage to Saint Jaques we are not given any reason to believe that she

³ Translation by Rex Warner, in *Three Great Plays of Euripides*, New York: The New American Library of World Literature, Inc. (Mentor Books), 1958.

is pursuing Bertram. Learning of the seemingly impossible conditions Bertram has imposed, she says almost nothing, allowing the countess and others to censure him. When the countess and lords leave the stage, in a soliloquy she blames herself for driving Bertram to the wars where he may "be the mark/Of smoky muskets."

Shall I stay here to do't? No, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house
And angels officed all. I will be gone,
That pitiful rumor may report my flight
To console thine ear. Come night, end day;
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. *Exit.*
(III.ii.124-29)

We learn (from a letter) that she has set out on a pilgrimage, and that Bertram may thus return to Rousillon. We next meet Helena in Florence, where by chance she engages in conversation a widow who, as it turns out, is the mother of a young girl whom Bertram is courting. We have no right to assume that Helena lied in her soliloquy (to whom could she be lying?) and that she set out to catch Bertram; we can only assume that the hand of heaven has brought about the encounter in Florence with the Widow, her daughter, and Bertram. It is worth mentioning, too, that in the source the heroine meets a Florentine woman who leads her to the widow, but Shakespeare's Helena happens on the Widow unaided. The effect is to increase the sense of Providence precisely because it is so improbable that Helena would encounter the Widow herself. To say that in *All's Well* there is often a sense of Providence is not, of course, to say that the characters are mindless puppets who undertake nothing for themselves. Helena herself argues (I.i.217-30) to the contrary. Readiness, however, is all:

But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our wagon is prepared, and time revives us.
All's well that ends well; still the fine's the crown.
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. (IV.iv.31-36)

("The fine's the crown" is an idea Shakespeare stated more than once; in the second part of *Henry VI* we get "La fin couronne les oeuvres," in *Troilus and Cressida* "The end crowns all"; elsewhere there are variations.) The co-operation with time that Helena here urges she urges again at Marseilles, when the Widow despairs that they have come too late.

WIDOW

Lord, how we lose our pains!

HELENA

All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

We must to horse again. (V.i.24-27, 37)

In V.iii the king forgives Bertram and observes that "The time is fair again":

All is whole.

Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. (V.iii.37-42)

But the time (here, with a suggestion of the age, the present state) is not yet "whole," for Helena is still thought dead, hence the appropriateness of the melancholy note introduced by the king's reflections on his old age. The melancholy deepens as thoughts return to the "dead" Helena, whom Bertram now laments. The king repeats his forgiveness:

Well excused.

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt; but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offense,
Crying, "That's good that's gone." (V.iii.55-60)

Reluctantly skipping this near-chance to compare the motif of "That's good that's gone" with its occurrence in the tragedies, notably in *Antony and Cleopatra*, we move on and note that the last lines in the play (excluding the Epilogue) are:

All yet seems well, and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

The tragic lesson that the Greek dramatists often preached was "Count no man happy until he is dead"; Oedipus *seemed* happy, but because he had killed his father and married his mother he was a contaminated wretch whose *life* was tragic though he did not know it until near the end of the play. His actions (to borrow from Aristotle's ethical theories) were not in accordance with virtue and therefore he was not genuinely happy. Conversely, in *All's Well*, though Helena is dogged by misfortune, and Bertram is for a while a fool, Helena's persistent virtue, in combination with God's grace, saves Bertram from himself and brings happiness to herself and to a variety of lesser characters. "Choose thou thy husband," the delighted king says to Diana, "and I'll pay thy dower." All has ended well, which means that a happy *beginning* is in store for Helena and Bertram, and for Diana and whomever she elects. Correspondingly, the end of the play glances back to the beginning. The king's invitation to Diana to choose a husband echoes his earlier agreement to let Helena choose a husband. Still another link between end and beginning is found in the Epilogue; the king says,

The king's a beggar now the play is done,

appealing to the audience for applause, but in his sudden loss of power our minds may travel back to the weak king in the first act; and in the full realization that he is a king only insofar as our imagination takes his clothing to be an external symbol of an internal reality, we may recall that Parolles' military garb covered nothing substantial. The story is over, the characters live happily ever after, disembodied from the actors who have presented them and

who in the workaday world daily—"with strife"—seek to please the audience. For a moment the audience becomes a benevolent Providence, governing the figures on the stage by bestowing the applause which allows them to depart.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

All's Well That Ends Well is derived from the ninth story of the third day of Boccaccio's *Decameron* (written 1348-58), presumably in William Painter's translation in *The Palace of Pleasure* (1566). (Nothing is gained by assuming that Shakespeare used a French translation of Boccaccio.) Boccaccio's story, offered as an illustration of the rewards of diligence, was based on an old and widespread folk motif: a woman must perform a seeming impossibility if she is to win the man she desires. Boccaccio tells his story fairly directly; Shakespeare characteristically complicates it, in part working by indirections. He invents several characters, notably the countess, her Clown, Lafew, and Parolles. The countess and Lafew, by approving of Helena and by disapproving of Bertram, help us to see where our sympathies should lie. Parolles serves partly as a misleader of Bertram, thus forming a contrast to Helena, who is something of Bertram's good angel. Bertram finally moves from fellowship with Parolles to fellowship with Helena, thus reflecting the pattern of the old morality plays in which a representative of fallible mankind at last is redeemed. From Boccaccio, then, Shakespeare got the gist of his story, but he reworked it into a plot of his own, or, rather, into a plot more or less along the lines of one of the native dramatic traditions. The "source" is thus not only Boccaccio's short story, but more generally something like the story revised in the light of a secular interpretation of two centuries of English religious drama; and both of these sources are transformed into something uniquely Shakespearean.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

A bookseller's reference in 1603 to "love's labor won" suggests that there was by that date a published version of a play so entitled. No copies survive. Some scholars identify this title with *All's Well*, but whatever the validity of the identification, the only authoritative text for *All's Well* is that of the First Folio (1623). Exactly what sort of text for this play the Folio's editors worked from is not certain, but probably it was either Shakespeare's finished manuscript or a scribe's copy of the manuscript. The play seems complete; it is not, for example, notably short, like *Timon of Athens*, and although it has some loose ends, they do not bulk large, as they do in *Timon*, which must be incomplete. There are, of course, puzzling words and lines, possibly as a result of a scribe's failure to transcribe accurately, and there are signs that a little tidying up remained to be done. For example, there is some inconsistency in the assignment of speeches to the two French lords, and some of their speeches are puzzlingly designated

"G" and "E"—possibly the initials of actors for whom the speeches were written. And in a stage direction at III.v there is given the name "Violenta," yet no such character speaks or is addressed. Possibly Violenta was Shakespeare's first thought of a name for the Widow's daughter, who is later called Diana, or possibly Violenta is a character that Shakespeare at first believed he would use in the scene but (as he worked further into the scene) decided was of no use. In a way, these minor confusions are reassuring; they suggest we have the play as Shakespeare wrote it, rather than a neat stage version that perhaps omits some of his material.

The present text modernizes spelling and punctuation, expands abbreviations, straightens out some confusion in the assignment of lines to the First and Second Lords, regularizes speech prefixes (for example, the Folio's "Mother," "Mo.," "Coun[tess]," "La[dy]," and so on, all are given as "Countess"), and regularly gives in the stage directions "Bertram" (for the Folio's "Count," or "Count Rosse," and so on) and "Helena" (because the Folio's first stage direction and first reference to her in dialogue call her so, though the Folio later calls her "Helen"). The act divisions are translated from Latin into English. The Folio does not divide the play into scenes, giving only "Actus Primus. Scoena Prima," but the conventional and convenient scene divisions of the Globe text have been given here. These additions and others (locales and necessary stage directions not found in the Folio) have been placed in brackets. The position of an authentic stage direction has occasionally been slightly altered when necessary, and some passages that are printed as prose in the Folio are printed as verse here. Other substantial departures from the Folio are listed below, the present reading given first in boldface type, followed by the original reading in roman.

I.i.131 got goe 150 ten two 160 wear were
 I.iii.19 I w 115 Diana no queen Queene 172 loneliness
 louelinesse 178 t' one to th' other 'ton tooth to th'other 203
 inteemable intemible 236 Haply Happily
 II.i.45 with his cicatrice, an emblem his sicatrice, with an
 Embleme 65 fee see 147 sits shifts 158 impostor Impostrue
 195 heaven helpe
 II.ii.62 An And
 II.iii.95 her heere 126 when whence 131 it is is is 295
 detested detected
 II.v.26 End And 28 one on 50 think not thinke
 III.i.23 the th the
 III.ii.9 sold hold 18 E'en In 110 still-piecing still-peering
 III.v.s.d. her daughter Diana her daughter, Violenta 33 le la
 65 warrant write
 III.vi.36 his this 37 ore ours
 III.vii.19 Resolved Resolue
 IV.i.92 art are
 IV.iii.82-85 They . . . midnight [Folio gives to Bertram] 120
 Hush, hush [Folio gives to Bertram] 141 All's . . . him [Folio
 gives to Parolles] 200 lordship Lord
 IV.iv.9 Marseilles Marcella 16 you your
 IV.v.39 name maine 80 Marseilles Marcellus
 V.i.6 s.d. Gentleman, a stranger gentle Astringer
 V.ii.24 similes smiles
 V.iii.122 tax taze 155 since sir 157 s.d. Widow [and] Diana
 Widow, Diana, and Parolles 216 inf'nite cunning insuite
 comming
 Epi.4 strife strift



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

[Dramatis Personae]

KING OF FRANCE
DUKE OF FLORENCE
BERTRAM *Count of Rousillon*
LAFEW *an old lord*
PAROLLES *a follower of Bertram*
STEWARD *named Rinaldo*
CLOWN *named Lavatch*
A PAGE

} *servants to the countess*

TWO FRENCH LORDS *the brothers Dumaine,*
serving in the Florentine army
A GENTLEMAN *a stranger*
COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON *mother to Bertram*
HELENA *an orphan protected by the countess*
A WIDOW *of Florence*
DIANA *daughter to the widow*
MARIANA *neighbor to the widow*
LORDS OFFICERS SOLDIERS ATTENDANTS

Scene: Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles]

A C T I

Scene I. [Rousillon.° The count's palace.]

Enter young BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon, his mother [the COUNTESS], and HELENA, Lord LAFEW, all in black.

COUNTESS In delivering° my son from me I bury a second husband.

BERTRAM And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,° evermore in s subjection.

LAFEW You shall find of° the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father. He that so generally° is at all times good must of necessity hold° his virtue to you, whose

The decorative border shown above appeared on the first page of All's Well That Ends Well in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.

I.i.s.d. Rousillon formerly a province in southern France (usually spelled "Rossillion" in the Folio; the accent is on the second syllable, and -llion was probably pronounced -yun) **1 delivering** sending away (with pun on the sense "giving birth") **5 to . . . ward** whose ward I now am **7 of** in **8 generally** impartially **9 hold** continue

worthiness would stir it up where it wanted,° rather 10 than lack it where there is such abundance.

COUNTESS What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

LAFEW He hath abandoned his physicians, madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with 15 hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

COUNTESS This young gentlewoman had a father—O, that "had," how sad a passage° 'tis—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so 20 far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would for the king's sake he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

LAFEW How called you the man you speak of, 25 madam?

COUNTESS He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

LAFEW He was excellent indeed, madam. The king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly; 30 he was skillful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

10 where it wanted i.e., even if it (virtue) were lacking **19 passage** (1) incident (2) passing away

BERTRAM What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

LAFEW A fistula,^o my lord. 35

BERTRAM I heard not of it before.

LAFEW I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

COUNTESS His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking.^o I have those hopes of her good that 40 her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities,^o there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too. In her they are the better for their simpleness;^o she derives^o 45 her honesty and achieves her goodness.

LAFEW Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

COUNTESS 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season^o her praise in. The remembrance of her father never 50 approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood^o from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to,^o no more, lest it be rather thought you affect^o a sorrow than to have—

HELENA I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too. 55

LAFEW Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

COUNTESS If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

BERTRAM Madam, I desire your holy wishes. 60

LAFEW How understand we that?^o

COUNTESS

Be thou blessed, Bertram, and succeed thy father In manners^o as in shape! Thy^o blood and virtue Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few, 65 Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use,^o and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key. Be checked for silence, But never taxed^o for speech. What heaven more will, That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down, 70 Fall on thy head! Farewell. My lord, 'Tis an unseasoned courtier; good my lord, Advise him.

LAFEW He cannot want^o the best That shall attend his love.

COUNTESS Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram. 75 [Exit.]

BERTRAM The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! [To HELENA.] Be comfortable^o to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

LAFEW Farewell, pretty lady; you must hold the credit 80 of your father. [Exit, with BERTRAM.]

35 **fistula** abscess 40 **overlooking** guardianship 43 **virtuous qualities** skills (not moral qualities) 45 **their simpleness** being single, unmixed; **derives** inherits 49 **season** preserve 52 **livelihood** (1) vitality (2) nourishment 53 **go to** a remonstrance, "Stop" 54 **affect** feign (Helena enigmatically replies that she both feigns a sorrow—for her father, we later learn—and has one; her use of the word also includes another meaning, "love") 61 **Lafew . . . that** perhaps this line is misplaced, and should begin Lafew's previous speech 63 **manners** morals; **Thy** may thy 66–67 **be able . . . use** let your strength equal your foe's in potentiality, but do not use it 69 **taxed** censured 73 **want** lack 77–78 **comfortable** comforting

HELENA

O, were that all! I think not on my father, And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him; my imagination 85 Carries no favor^o in't but Bertram's.

I am undone; there is no living, none, If Bertram be away; 'twere all one That I should love a bright particular star, And think to wed it, he is so above me. 90

In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.^o

Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself: The hind that would be mated by the lion

Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague, 95 To see him every hour, to sit and draw

His archèd brows, his hawking^o eye, his curls, In our heart's table;^o heart too capable

Of^o every line and trick of his sweet favor.

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy^o 100 Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.^o

One that goes with him. I love him for his sake, And yet I know him a notorious liar,

Think him a great way fool, solely a coward; Yet these fixed evils sit so fit in him, 105

That they take place^o when virtue's steely bones Looks bleak i' th' cold wind; withal,^o full oft we see

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.^o

PAROLLES Save^o you, fair queen!

HELENA And you, monarch! 110

PAROLLES No.

HELENA And no.

PAROLLES Are you meditating on virginity?

HELENA Ay. You have some stain^o of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; 115 how may we barricado it against him?

PAROLLES Keep him out.

HELENA But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defense yet is weak. Unfold to us some warlike resistance. 120

PAROLLES There is none. Man, setting down before^o you, will undermine you and blow you up.^o

HELENA Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers-up! Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men? 125

PAROLLES Virginity being blown down, man will quickly be blown up;^o marry,^o in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase, 130

86 **favor** (1) face (2) love token 91–92 **In his bright . . . sphere** I must content myself with his light; parallel to ("collateral") but above me; I cannot be in his orbit 97 **hawking** hawklike, keen 98 **table** flat surface on which a picture is drawn 98–99 **capable** Of receptive to 100 **fancy** lover's fantasy 101 **s.d.** Parolles cf. French *paroles* = words, i.e., Talker, Braggart 106 **take place** find acceptance (?) 107 **withal** besides 108 **Cold . . . folly** i.e., a threadbare wise servant attending on a rich fool 109 **Save** God save 114 **stain** tincture 121 **setting down before** laying siege to 122 **blow you up** (1) explode you (2) make you pregnant 127 **be blown up** be swollen, i.e., reach an orgasm; **marry** a mild oath, "By the Virgin Mary"

and there was never virgin got^o till virginity was first lost. That^o you were made of is metal^o to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion; away with't!

HELENA I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

PAROLLES There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin; virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit,^o as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese, consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach.^o Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love which is the most inhibited sin in the canon.^o Keep^o it not; you cannot choose but lose by't. Out with't! Within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't!

HELENA How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

PAROLLES Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth. Off with't while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly suited, but unsuitable,^o just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now.^o Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears: it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear. Will you anything with it?

HELENA

Not my virginity yet!^o

There shall your master have a thousand loves,

A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,

A phoenix,^o captain, and an enemy,

A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,

A counselor, a traitress, and a dear;

His humble ambition, proud humility;

His jarring, concord, and his discord, dulcet;

His faith, his sweet disaster;^o with a world

Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms

That blinking Cupid gossips.^o Now shall he—

I know not what he shall. God send him well!

The court's a learning place, and he is one—

PAROLLES

What one, i' faith?

HELENA That I wish well. 'Tis pity—

131 got begotten **132 That** that which; **metal** (1) substance (2) coin (3) mettle, spirit **143 sanctified limit** consecrated ground **146 stomach** pride **148 inhibited . . . canon** prohibited sin in the Scripture; **Keep** hoard **159 unsuitable** unfashionable **160 wear not now** are not now in fashion **167 yet** possibly there are missing some ensuing lines in which Helena comments on Bertram's departure, possibly the abrupt transition reveals that Helena's thoughts have not been on Parolles' talk **170 phoenix** i.e., rarity (literally, a fabulous bird) **175 disaster** unfavorable star **176–77 fond . . . gossips** foolish, adopted names that blind ("blinking") Cupid gives as godfather ("gossips")

PAROLLES

What's pity?

HELENA

That wishing well had not a body in't,

Which might be felt, that we, the poorer born,

Whose baser stars^o do shut us up in wishes,

Might with effects of them follow our friends,

And show what we alone must think, which never

Returns us thanks.

Enter PAGE.

PAGE Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [Exit.]

PAROLLES Little Helen, farewell. If I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

HELENA Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

PAROLLES Under Mars, ay.

HELENA I especially think, under Mars.

PAROLLES Why under Mars?

HELENA The wars hath so kept you under,^o that you must needs be born under Mars.

PAROLLES When he was predominant.

HELENA When he was retrograde,^o I think rather.

PAROLLES Why think you so?

HELENA You go so much backward when you fight.

PAROLLES That's for advantage.

HELENA So is running away, when fear proposes the safety; but the composition^o that your valor and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear^o well.

PAROLLES I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier, in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalize^o thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away. Farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee. So, farewell. [Exit.]

HELENA

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,

Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky^o

Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull

Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

What power is it which mounts my love so high,

That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?

The mightiest space in fortune nature brings

To join like likes, and kiss like native^o things.

Impossible be strange attempts to those

That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose

What hath been cannot be.^o Who ever strove

To show her merit that did miss her love?

The king's disease—my project may deceive me,

But my intents are fixed, and will not leave me. Exit.

184 baser stars lower destinies **196 under** in low fortune

199 retrograde moving backward (astrological term) **204**

composition (1) union, mixture (2) truce, surrender **206 wear**

fashion (if "wing" has referred not only to Parolles' flight but to

a flap on his clothing, "wear" puns—like the modern "fashion"

—on habit and clothing) **209 naturalize** familiarize **218**

fated sky sky (heaven) that exerts influence **224 native** closely

related **225–27 Impossible . . . cannot be** remarkable deeds

are impossible to persons who cautiously calculate the efforts

and who believe that unusual happenings cannot take place

[Scene II. Paris. The king's palace.]

Flourish° cornets. Enter the KING of France with letters, and divers ATTENDANTS.

KING

The Florentines and Senoys° are by th' ears,°
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.°

FIRST LORD So 'tis reported, sir.

KING

Nay, 'tis most credible. We here receive it
A certainty, vouched from our cousin° Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move° us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

FIRST LORD His love and wisdom,
Approved° so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.KING He hath armed our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes;
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service,° freely have they leave
To stand on either part.°SECOND LORD It well may serve
A nursery° to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing° and exploit.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEW, and PAROLLES.

KING What's he comes here?

FIRST LORD

It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

KING Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.
Frank° nature, rather curious° than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

BERTRAM

My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

KING

I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership. He did look far
Into the service of the time,° and was
Discipled of the bravest. He lasted long,
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act.° It much repairs me
To talk of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
Today in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in° honor.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,

I.ii.s.d. *Flourish* musical notes heralding an important person
1 *Senoys* Sienese; *by th' ears* quarreling 3 *braving war*
war of challenges 5 *cousin* fellow sovereign 6 *move*
petition 10 *Approved* proven 14 *The Tuscan service* the
campaign in Tuscany (N. Italy) 15 *stand . . . part* serve on
either side 16 *nursery* training school 16–17 *sick For*
breathing eager for exercise 20 *Frank* bounteous; *curious*
careful 26–27 *He . . . time* he had insight into war (?) he
served long in wars (?) 30 *act* action 35 *hide . . . in* i.e.,
join . . . with (?)

His equal had awaked them, and his honor,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception° bid him speak, and at this time 40
His tongue obeyed his hand. Who° were below him
He used as creatures of another place,°
And bowed his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man 45
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.

BERTRAM His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph 50
As in your royal speech.°

KING

Would I were with him! He would always say—
Methinks I hear him now; his plausible° words
He scattered not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear—"Let me not live," 55
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,°
When it was out—"Let me not live," quoth he,
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff°
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive° senses 60
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions." This he wished.
I, after him, do after him° wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home, 65
I quickly were dissolvèd from my hive
To give some laborers room.

SECOND LORD You're loved, sir;
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

KING

I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died? 70
He was much famed.

BERTRAM Some six months since, my lord.

KING

If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arm. The rest have worn me out
With several applications.° Nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count, 75
My son's no dearer.

BERTRAM

Thank your majesty.
Exit [the KING, with the rest]. *Flourish.*

[Scene III. Rousillon. The count's palace.]

Enter COUNTESS, STEWARD, and CLOWN.

COUNTESS I will now hear. What say you of this
gentlewoman?

40 *Exception* disapproval 41 *Who* those who 42 *another*
place i.e., a higher rank 50–51 *So . . . speech* the validity
of his epitaph is in no way better confirmed than in your
words 53 *plausible* laudable 57 *On . . . pastime* at the
end ("catastrophe," "heel") of pleasure 58 *out* ended (per-
haps punning on the idea "out at heel") 59 *snuff* burnt wick
that causes the lamp to smell and smolder, preventing the lower
("younger") wick from burning brightly 60 *apprehensive*
perceptive, apt 64 *after him . . . after him* later than he
. . . in accordance with him 74 *several applications* various
treatments

STEWARD Madam, the care I have had to even° your content I wish might be found in the calendar° of my past endeavors, for then we wound our modesty, and 5 make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

COUNTESS What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah.° The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not, for I know 10 you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

CLOWN 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

COUNTESS Well, sir. 15

CLOWN No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned; but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world,° Isbel the woman and I will do° as we may.

COUNTESS Wilt thou needs be a beggar? 20

CLOWN I do beg your good will in this case.

COUNTESS In what case?

CLOWN In Isbel's case° and mine own. Service is no heritage,° and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barnes° 25 are blessings.

COUNTESS Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

CLOWN My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go that the devil drives. 30

COUNTESS Is this all your worship's reason?

CLOWN Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons,° such as they are.

COUNTESS May the world know them?

CLOWN I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as 35 you and all flesh and blood are, and indeed I do marry that I may repent.

COUNTESS Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

CLOWN I am out o' friends, madam, and I hope to 40 have friends for my wife's sake.

COUNTESS Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

CLOWN Y'are shallow, madam, in great friends, for the knaves come to do that for me which I am awear of. He that ears° my land spares my team, and gives me 45 leave to in° the crop; if I be his cuckold,° he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is 50 my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam° the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both

one; they may jowl° horns together like any deer i' th' 55 herd.

COUNTESS Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

CLOWN A prophet I, madam, and I speak the truth the next° way: 60

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find,
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.°

COUNTESS Get you gone, sir. I'll talk with you more 65 anon.

STEWARD May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you. Of her I am to speak.

COUNTESS Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her—Helen I mean. 70

CLOWN

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sackèd Troy?
Fond° done, done fond,

Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighèd as she stood, 75
With that she sighèd as she stood,
And gave this sentence° then:

Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten. 80

COUNTESS What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

CLOWN One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o' th' song. Would God would serve the world so all the year! We'd find no fault with the 85 tithe-woman,° if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth 'a!° And° we might have a good woman born but or every blazing star, or° at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere 'a pluck one. 90

COUNTESS You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you!

CLOWN That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of 95 humility over the black gown of a big heart.° I am going, forsooth. The business is for Helen to come hither. *Exit.*

COUNTESS Well, now.

STEWARD I know, madam, you love your gentle- 100 woman entirely.

COUNTESS Faith, I do. Her father bequeathed her to me, and she herself, without other advantage,° may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds. There is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid 105 her than she'll demand.

I.iii.3 even make even, satisfy **4 calendar** record **9 sirrah** term of address used to an inferior **18 go . . . world** get married **19 do** punning on the bawdy meaning "have intercourse" **23 case** another bawdy pun, "pudendum" **23-24 Service . . . heritage** i.e., servants acquire no wealth (proverbial) **25 barnes** bairns, children **32 holy reasons** probably there is a bawdy pun not only on "holy" but on "reasons," pronounced much like "raisings" **45 ears** plows **46 in** bring in; **cuckold** deceived husband (traditionally said to wear horns) **52-53 Charbon . . . Poysam** Flesh-eater . . . Fish-eater (from French, *chair bonne* = good flesh; *poisson* = fish)

55 jowl knock **60 next** nearest **64 by kind** according to nature (the cuckoo allegedly sang to men that they were cuckolds) **73 Fond** foolishly **77 sentence** wise saying **86 tithe-woman** tenth woman (sent as part of the tithe, like a tithe-pig) **86-87 quoth 'a** says he **87 And if 87-88 or . . . or** either . . . or **95-96 wear . . . heart** i.e., conform outwardly, masking its pride (the Church of England required the wearing of the surplice, but clerics inclined toward Calvinism asserted their independence by wearing beneath the surplice the black Geneva gown) **103 advantage** interest accruing to a sum of money

STEWARD Madam, I was very late^o more near her than I think she wished me. Alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears. She thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense.^o Her matter was, she loved your son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; Diana no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight^o surprised without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in, which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, sithence^o in the loss that may happen it concerns you something to know it.

COUNTESS You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tott'ring in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you leave me. Stall this^o in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon.

Exit STEWARD.

Enter HELENA.

[*Aside.*]

Even so it was with me, when I was young;
If ever we are nature's, these^o are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood^o to us, this to our blood is born.
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impressed in youth.
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

HELENA

What is your pleasure, madam?

COUNTESS

You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

HELENA

Mine honorable mistress.

COUNTESS

Nay, a mother.

Why not a mother? When I said "a mother"
Methought you saw a serpent. What's in "mother"
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombèd mine. 'Tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.^o
You ne'er oppressed me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care.
God's mercy, maiden, does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distempered^o messenger of wet,
The many-colored Iris,^o rounds thine eye?
Why, that you are my daughter?

107 late lately 110-11 touched . . . sense reached no stranger's ear 116 knight i.e., chaste follower of Diana 120 sithence since 127 Stall this keep this enclosed 130 these sorrows (?) passions (?) 132 blood passion (?) disposition (?) 146-47 choice . . . seeds a slip that is chosen for grafting from foreign stock becomes native to us 152 distempered disturbed 153 many-colored Iris i.e., teardrop (Iris was goddess of the rainbow)

HELENA

That I am not.^o

COUNTESS

I say I am your mother.

HELENA

Pardon, madam;

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother.

I am from humble, he from honored name;

No note upon my parents, his all noble.

My master, my dear lord he is, and I

His servant live, and will his vassal die.

He must not be my brother.

COUNTESS

Nor I your mother?

HELENA

You are my mother, madam; would you were—

So that my lord, your son, were not my brother—

Indeed my mother! Or were you both our mothers

I care no more for than I do for heaven,

So I were not his sister. Can't no other^o

But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

COUNTESS

Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.

God shield^o you mean it not! "Daughter" and
"mother"

So strive upon your pulse! What, pale again?

My fear hath caught your fondness!^o Now I see

The myst'ry of your loneliness, and find

Your salt tears' head.^o Now to all sense 'tis gross:^o

You love my son! Invention is ashamed

Against the proclamation of thy passion,

To say thou dost not. Therefore tell me true;

But tell me then, 'tis so; for look, thy cheeks

Confess it, t' one to th' other, and thine eyes

See it so grossly shown in thy behaviors,

That in their kind^o they speak it; only sin

And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,

That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;^o

If it be not, forswear't; howe'er, I charge thee,

As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,

To tell me truly.

HELENA

Good madam, pardon me!

COUNTESS

Do you love my son?

HELENA

Your pardon, noble mistress!

COUNTESS

Love you my son?

HELENA

Do not you love him, madam?

COUNTESS

Go not about; my love hath in't a bond

Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, disclose

The state of your affection, for your passions

Have to the full appeached.^o

HELENA

Then I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,

That before you, and next unto high heaven,

I love your son.

My friends^o were poor but honest; so's my love.

Be not offended, for it hurts not him

That he is loved of me; I follow him not

154 That I am not Helena plays on the sense "daughter-in-law"

166 Can't no other can it not be otherwise 169 shield forbid

171 fondness foolishness 173 head source; gross obvious

180 in their kind according to their nature, i.e., with tears

183 clew ball of string 192 appeached accused 196 friends

relatives

By any token of presumptuous suit,
 Not would I have him till I do deserve him;
 Yet never know how that desert should be.
 I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
 Yet, in this captious° and inteemable° sieve,
 I still pour in the waters of my love,
 And lack not to lose still.° Thus, Indian-like,
 Religious in mine error, I adore
 The sun that looks upon his worshipper
 But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
 Let not your hate encounter with my love
 For loving where you do; but if yourself,
 Whose agèd honor cites° a virtuous youth,
 Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
 Wish chastely, and love dearly that your Dian
 Was both herself and Love, O, then give pity
 To her whose state is such that cannot choose
 But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
 That seeks not to find that° her search implies,
 But, riddle-like, lives° sweetly where she dies.

COUNTESS

Had you not lately an intent—speak truly—
 To go to Paris?

HELENA Madam, I had.

COUNTESS Wherefore? Tell true. 220

HELENA

I will tell truth, by grace itself, I swear.
 You know my father left me some prescriptions
 Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
 And manifest experience had collected
 For general sovereignty;° and that he willed me
 In heedfull'st reservation° to bestow them,
 As notes whose faculties inclusive were
 More than they were in note.° Amongst the rest,
 There is a remedy, approved,° set down,
 To cure the desperate languishings whereof
 The king is rendered lost.

COUNTESS This was your motive
 For Paris, was it? Speak.

HELENA

My lord your son made me to think of this;
 Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
 Had from the conversation of my thoughts
 Haply been absent then.

COUNTESS But think you, Helen,
 If you should tender your supposed aid,
 He would receive it? He and his physicians
 Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;
 They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
 A poor unlearnèd virgin, when the schools,
 Emboweled of their doctrine,° have left off
 The danger to itself?

HELENA There's something in't

200 More than my father's skill, which was the great'st
 Of his profession, that his good receipt 245
 Shall for my legacy be sanctified
 By th' luckiest stars in heaven; and would your honor
 But give me leave to try success,° I'd venture
 The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure
 205 By such a day, an hour.

COUNTESS Dost thou believe't? 250

HELENA

Ay, madam, knowingly.

COUNTESS

210 Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
 Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
 To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home
 And pray God's blessing into thy attempt. 255
 Be gone tomorrow; and be sure of this,
 215 What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. *Exeunt.*

ACT II

[Scene I. Paris. The king's palace.]

*Enter the KING, with divers young LORDS taking leave
 for the Florentine war; BERTRAM and PAROLLES;
 [ATTENDANTS]. Flourish cornets.*

KING

Farewell, young lords! These warlike principles
 Do not throw from you; and you, my lords, farewell!
 225 Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
 The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
 And is enough for both.

FIRST LORD 'Tis our hope, sir, 5
 After well-ent'red soldiers,° to return
 230 And find your grace in health.

KING

No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
 Will not confess he owes° the malady
 That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords! 10
 Whether I live or die, be you the sons
 Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy—
 235 Those bated that inherit but the fall
 Of the last monarchy°—see that you come
 Not to woo honor, but to wed it, when 15
 The bravest questant° shrinks: find what you seek,
 That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

FIRST LORD

Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty! 240

KING

Those girls of Italy, take heed of them.
 They say our French lack language to deny 20
 If they demand; beware of being captives
 Before you serve.

BOTH LORDS Our hearts receive your warnings.

KING

Farewell. [*To ATTENDANTS.*] Come hither to me.
 [*Exit, with ATTENDANTS.*]

248 try success test the outcome

II.i.6 After well-ent'red soldiers after becoming experienced
 soldiers 9 owes owns 13-14 Those . . . monarchy except
 for those who gain by the fall of the monarchy (?) except for
 those who continue in the decadent ways of the past (?) 16
 questant seeker

203 captious (1) capacious (2) deceitful; inteemable incapable
 of pouring forth (the sieve is capacious enough to accept all
 the love poured into it, but is deceptive because it cannot
 pour forth love) 205 lack . . . still (1) fail not to go on
 losing (2) lack not a supply to go on losing 211 cites
 demonstrates 217 that what 218 lives i.e., stays in one place
 225 general sovereignty universal excellence 226 In heed-
 full'st reservation i.e., sparingly 227-28 notes . . . in note
 i.e., prescriptions ("notes") more powerful in fact than they
 were reported ("in note") to be 229 approved tested 242
 Emboweled . . . doctrine emptied of their knowledge

FIRST LORD

O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

PAROLLES

'Tis not his fault, the spark.

SECOND LORD

O, 'tis brave wars! 25

PAROLLES

Most admirable! I have seen those wars.

BERTRAM I am commanded here,° and kept a coil°
with "Too young," and "The next year," and "'Tis
too early."

PAROLLES And° thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away 30
bravely.

BERTRAM

I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,°
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honor be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away. 35

FIRST LORD

There's honor in the theft.

PAROLLES

Commit it, count.

SECOND LORD

I am your accessory; and so farewell.

BERTRAM I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured
body.

FIRST LORD Farewell, captain. 40

SECOND LORD Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

PAROLLES Noble heroes, my sword and yours are
kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals.°
You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one
Captain Spurio,° with his cicatrice,° an emblem of 45
war, here on his sinister° cheek; it was this very sword
entrenched it. Say to him I live, and observe his reports
for me.

FIRST LORD We shall, noble captain.

[Exeunt LORDS.]

PAROLLES Mars dote on you for his novices!° [To 50
BERTRAM.] What will ye do?

BERTRAM Stay° the king.

PAROLLES Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble
lords; you have restrained yourself within the list° of
too cold an adieu. Be more expressive to them, for 55
they wear themselves in the cap of the time; there do
muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the
influence of the most received° star; and though the
devil lead the measure,° such are to be followed. After
them, and take a more dilated° farewell. 60

BERTRAM And I will do so.

PAROLLES Worthy fellows, and like to prove most
sinewy sword-men.

Exeunt [BERTRAM and PAROLLES].

Enter [the KING and] LAFEW.

LAFEW [Kneeling.]

Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

KING

I'll fee thee to stand up.° 65

LAFEW [Rising.]

Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon.
I would you had kneeled, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

KING

I would I had, so I had broke thy pate°
And asked thee mercy for't.

LAFEW

Good faith, across!° 70

But, my good lord, 'tis thus: will you be cured
Of your infirmity?

KING

No.

LAFEW

O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox?° Yes, but you will
My noble grapes, and if my royal fox
Could reach them. I have seen a medicine 75
That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken° a rock, and make you dance canary°
With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pippen,° nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand, 80
And write to her a love-line.

KING

What "her" is this?

LAFEW

Why, Doctor She! My lord, there's one arrived,
If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honor,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance,° I have spoke 85
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,°
Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

KING

Now, good Lafew, 90

Bring in the admiration,° that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

LAFEW

Nay, I'll fit° you,

And not be all day neither.

[Goes to door.]

KING

Thus he his special nothing ever prologues. 95

LAFEW

Nay, come your ways.

Enter HELENA.

KING

This haste hath wings indeed.

LAFEW

Nay, come your ways!

This is his majesty; say your mind to him.

A traitor you do look like, but such traitors

27 commanded here ordered to stay here; kept a coil
bothered 30 And if 32 the forehorse . . . smock i.e., in the
service of women ("forehorse" = leader in a team of horses)
43 metals with the additional sense of "mettles," spirits 45
Spurio from Italian = "false"; cicatrice scar 46 sinister
left 50 Mars . . . novices May the god of war watch over
you as his pupils 52 Stay support 54 list boundary (literally
the selvage of cloth) 58 received fashionable 59 measure
dance 60 dilated extended

65 I'll . . . up i.e., please arise ("fee" = reward) 69 pate
head 70 across clumsily (an unskilled tilter might break a
lance "across" instead of head-on) 73 royal fox alluding to
Aesop's fox who said he did not want grapes, when he could
not reach them; Lafew suggests that the king says he does not
want to be cured because he thinks he cannot be cured 77
Quicken endow with life; canary a lively dance 79 Pippen
Pepin (died 768) 85 light deliverance jesting utterance 86
profession claims 91 admiration wonder 93 fit satisfy

His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,^o 100
That dare leave two together. Fare you well. *Exit.*

KING

Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

HELENA

Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father;

In what he did profess, well found.^o

KING

I knew him. 105

HELENA

The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Which as the dearest issue of his practice
And of his old experience th' only darling, 110
He bade me store up as a triple^o eye,
Safer than mine own two; more dear I have so,
And, hearing your high majesty is touched
With that malignant cause wherein the honor
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power, 115
I come to tender^o it and my appliance,^o
With all bound humbleness.

KING

We thank you, maiden,

But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learnèd doctors leave us, and
The congregated College^o have concluded 120
That laboring art^o can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate. I say we must not
So stain our judgment or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics,^o or to dissever so 125
Our great self and our credit,^o to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

HELENA

My duty then shall pay me for my pains.
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts 130
A modest one to bear me back again.

KING

I cannot give thee less, to be called grateful.
Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live.
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part, 135
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

HELENA

What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest^o 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister. 140
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the great'st^o been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there 145

100 Cressid's uncle Pandarus (who served as go-between for his niece and Troilus **105 well found** found to be skilled **111 triple** third, i.e., the remedy was as valuable as her eyes **116 tender** offer; **appliance** (1) service (2) application, treatment **120 congregated College** assembled College of Physicians **121 art** human skill **125 empirics** quacks **126 credit** reputation **138 set . . . rest** stake all (gambling term) **144 the great'st** if Helena has been thinking of the Red Sea, "the great'st" = Pharaoh

Where most it promises, and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most sits.

KING

I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid.

Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid.

Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward. 150

HELENA

Inspirèd merit so by breath^o is barred.

It is not so with Him that all things knows,

As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;^o

But most it is presumption in us when

The help of heaven we count the act of men. 155

Dear sir, to my endeavors give consent;

Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.

I am not an impostor, that proclaim

Myself against the level of mine aim,^o

But know I think, and think I know most sure, 160

My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

KING

Art thou so confident? Within what space

Hop'st thou my cure?

HELENA

The greatest grace lending grace,

Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring

Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,^o 165

Ere twice in murk and occidental damp^o

Moist Hesperus^o hath quenched her sleepy lamp,

Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass^o

Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,

What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly, 170

Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

KING

Upon thy certainty and confidence

What dar'st thou venture?

HELENA

Tax^o of impudence,

A strumpet's boldness, a divulgèd shame,

Traduced by odious ballads; my maiden's name 175

Seared^o otherwise; ne^o worse of worst, extended^o

With vilest torture, let my life be ended.

KING

Methinks in thee some blessèd spirit doth speak

His powerful sound within an organ weak;

And what impossibility would slay 180

In common sense, sense saves another way.

Thy life is dear, for all that life can rate

Worth name of life in thee hath estimate:^o

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all

That happiness and prime^o can happy call. 185

Thou this to hazard needs must intimate

Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.

Sweet practicer, thy physic^o I will try,

That ministers thine own death if I die.

HELENA

If I break time, or flinch in property^o

190

151 breath i.e., your words (contrast to God's breathing into Helen is implicit in "inspirèd") **153 square . . . shows** make decisions by appearances **158-59 that . . . aim** although I announce I will hit the target even before I take aim **165 diurnal ring** daily circuit **166 occidental damp** alluding to the sun's alleged setting in the ocean **167 Hesperus** the evening star **168 glass** hourglass **173 Tax** accusation **176 Seared** branded; **ne** nor; **extended** stretched (on the rack) **183 estimate** value **185 prime** springtime (of life), i.e., youth **188 physic** medicine **190 flinch in property** i.e., fail in any detail

Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserved. Not helping, death's my fec,
But if I help what do you promise me?

KING

Make thy demand.

HELENA

But will you make it even?

KING

Ay, by my scepter and my hopes of heaven.

195

HELENA

Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

200

KING

Here is my hand; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served;
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on—but rest
Unquestioned, welcome, and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

205

210

Flourish. Exit [KING, with HELENA].

[Scene II. Rousillon. The count's palace.]

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

COUNTESS Come on, sir. I shall now put you to the
height of° your breeding.

CLOWN I will show myself highly fed and lowly
taught. I know my business is but to the court.

COUNTESS To the court! Why, what place make you
special, when you put off that with such contempt?
"But to the court"!

CLOWN Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any
manners, he may easily put it off at court. He that
cannot make a leg,° put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say
nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and
indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the
court. But for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

COUNTESS Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits
all questions.

15

CLOWN It is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks:
the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock,° the brawn-
buttock, or any buttock.

COUNTESS Will your answer serve fit to all ques-
tions?

20

CLOWN As fit as ten groats° is for the hand of an
attorney, as your French crown° for your taffety
punk,° as Tib's rush° for Tom's forefinger, as a pan-

194 make it even fulfill it

II.ii.1-2 put . . . of test 10 make a leg make obeisance (by
drawing back one leg and bending the other) 17 quatch-
buttock fat behind 21 ten groats a groat was worth four-
pence; ten groats was the usual attorney's fee 22 French
crown (1) coin (2) bald or scabby head (caused by syphilis,
"the French disease") 22-23 taffety punk finely dressed pros-
titute 23 rush ring made of rush (used in mock weddings)

cake for Shrove Tuesday,° a morris° for May Day,
as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a
scolding quean° to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip
to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding° to his skin.

COUNTESS Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness
for all questions?

CLOWN From below your duke to beneath your
constable, it will fit any question.

25

COUNTESS It must be an answer of most monstrous
size that must fit all demands.

CLOWN But a trifle neither,° in good faith, if the
learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that
belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier; it shall do you
no harm to learn.

35

COUNTESS To be young again, if we could, I will be
a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your
answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

40

CLOWN O Lord, sir!° There's a simple putting off.
More, more, a hundred of them.

COUNTESS Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves
you.

CLOWN O Lord, sir! Thick,° thick! Spare not me.

45

COUNTESS I think, sir, you can eat none of this
homely meat.

CLOWN O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

COUNTESS You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

CLOWN O Lord, sir! Spare not me.

50

COUNTESS Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whip-
ping, and "spare not me"? Indeed, your "O Lord,
sir!" is very sequent to° your whipping; you would
answer very well to a whipping, if you were but
bound to't.

55

CLOWN I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my "O
Lord, sir!" I see things may serve long, but not serve
ever.

COUNTESS

I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain it so merrily with a fool.

60

CLOWN O Lord, sir! Why, there't serves well again.

COUNTESS

An end, sir! To your business: give Helen this,
And urge her to a present° answer back.

Commend me to my kinsmen and my son.

This is not much.

65

CLOWN Not much commendation to them?

COUNTESS Not much employment for you. You
understand me?

CLOWN Most fruitfully.° I am there before my legs.

COUNTESS Haste you again. *Exeunt.*

70

[Scene III. Paris. The king's palace.]

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEW, and PAROLLES.

LAFEW They say miracles are past, and we have our

24 Shrove Tuesday day preceding Ash Wednesday, hence a
day of feasting immediately before Lent; morris country
dance 26 quean prostitute 27 pudding sausage 34
neither indeed (negating the Countess' conjecture) 41 O
Lord, sir a phrase associated with courtiers 45 Thick quickly
53 is . . . to i.e., would quickly follow 55 bound to't (1)
bound by oath to answer (2) tied to a whipping post 63 pres-
ent immediate 69 fruitfully perhaps a bawdy punning
reply, if "understand" means "have intercourse with"

philosophical persons, to make modern° and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing° ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.°

PAROLLES Why, 'tis the rarest argument of° wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

BERTRAM And so 'tis.

LAFEW To be relinquished of the artists—° 10

PAROLLES So I say—both of Galen and Paracelsus.°

LAFEW Of all the learned and authentic fellows—

PAROLLES Right; so I say.

LAFEW That gave him out incurable—

PAROLLES Why, there 'tis; so say I too. 15

LAFEW Not to be helped—

PAROLLES Right, as 'twere a man assured of a—

LAFEW Uncertain life and sure death.

PAROLLES Just; you say well. So would I have said.

LAFEW I may truly say it is a novelty to the world. 20

PAROLLES It is indeed; if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in what-do-ye-call there?

LAFEW [*Reading.*] "A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor."

PAROLLES That's it, I would have said the very same. 25

LAFEW Why, your dolphin is not lustier;° 'fore me,° I speak in respect—

PAROLLES Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange; that is the brief and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinerious° spirit that will not acknowledge it to be 30 the—

LAFEW Very hand of heaven.

PAROLLES Ay, so I say.

LAFEW In a most weak—

PAROLLES And debile° minister; great power, great 35 transcendence, which should indeed give us a further use to be made than alone the recov'ry of the king, as to be—

LAFEW Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, and ATTENDANTS.

PAROLLES I would have said it. You say well. Here 40 comes the king.

LAFEW Lustig, as the Dutchman° says. I'll like a maid the better whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.°

PAROLLES Mor du vinager!° Is not this Helen? 45

LAFEW 'Fore God, I think so.

KING

Go, call before me all the lords in court.

[*Exit ATTENDANT.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side,

And with this healthful hand, whose banished sense

Thou hast repealed,° a second time receive 50

The confirmation of my promised gift,

Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four LORDS.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye. This youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice 55
I have to use. Thy frank election° make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

HELENA

To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when Love please! Marry, to each but one!

LAFEW

I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,° 60

My mouth no more were broken° than these boys',
And writ° as little beard.

KING

Peruse them well:

Not one of those but had a noble father.

HELENA [*She addresses her to a LORD.*]

Gentlemen,

Heaven hath through me restored the king to health. 65

ALL

We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

HELENA

I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest

That I protest I simply am a maid.

Please it your majesty, I have done already.

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me, 70

"We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek forever,

We'll ne'er come there again."

KING

Make choice and see,

Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

HELENA

Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly, 75

And to imperial Love, that god most high,

Do my sighs stream. [*To FIRST LORD.*] Sir, will you
hear my suit?

FIRST LORD

And grant it.

HELENA

Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

LAFEW I had rather be in this choice than throw
ames-ace° for my life. 80

HELENA [*To SECOND LORD.*]

The honor, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,

Before I speak, too threat'ningly replies.

Love make your fortunes twenty times above

Her that so wishes and her humble love!

SECOND LORD

No better, if you please.

HELENA

My wish receive, 85

Which great Love grant; and so, I take my leave.

LAFEW Do all they deny her?° And they were sons of
mine, I'd have them whipped, or I would send them
to th' Turk to make cunuchs of.

HELENA [*To THIRD LORD.*]

Be not afraid that I your hand should take, 90

I'll never do you wrong, for your own sake.

II.iii.2 modern commonplace 4 ensconcing fortifying 6 unknown fear i.e., inexplicable mystery 7 argument of subject for 10 artists physicians 11 Galen . . . Paracelsus renowned physicians; the former was a Greek of the second century B.C., the latter a German of the sixteenth century 26 lustier more vigorous; 'fore me on my soul 30 facinerious villainous 35 debile weak 42 Dutchman German 44 coranto lively dance 45 Mor du vinager death of vinegar (a meaningless pseudo-French oath) 50 repealed recalled from banishment

56 frank election free choice 60 bay . . . furniture my bay horse with the docked tail, and his trappings 61 broken broken to the bit, i.e., tamed (?) missing some teeth (?) 62 writ claimed (?) 80 ames-ace two aces, the lowest throw in dicing (the line is ironical, as one might say I would rather be in this lottery than at death's door) 87 deny her Lafew, at a distance, does not understand that Helena denies the men

Blessing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune if you ever wed!

LAFEW These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have
her. Sure they are bastards to the English; the French 95
ne'er got° 'em.

HELENA [To FOURTH LORD.]

You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

FOURTH LORD

Fair one, I think not so.

LAFEW There's one grape yet. I am sure thy father 100
drunk wine.° But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth
of fourteen; I have known thee already.

HELENA [To BERTRAM.]

I dare not say I take you, but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. This is the man. 105

KING

Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

BERTRAM

My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

KING

Know'st thou not, Bertram,

What she has done for me?

BERTRAM

Yes, my good lord;

But never hope to know why I should marry her. 110

KING

Thou know'st she has raised me from my sickly bed.

BERTRAM

But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding° at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain 115
Rather corrupt me ever!°

KING

'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of color, weight, and heat, poured all together, 120
Would quite confound distinction, yet stands off
In differences so mighty. If she be

All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st—

A poor physician's daughter—thou dislik'st

Of virtue for the name. But do not so:

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed, 125

The place is dignified by th' doer's deed.

Where great additions swell's° and virtue none,

It is a dropsied honor. Good alone

Is good, without a name; vileness is so:

The property° by what it is should go,

Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;

In these to nature she's immediate heir;

And these breed honor. That is honor's scorn

Which challenges itself as honor's born° 135

And is not like the sire. Honors thrive

When rather from our acts we them derive

Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave,

Deboshed° on every tomb, on every grave

96 got begot 101 drunk wine i.e., was manly 115
breeding upbringing 116-17 Disdain . . . ever May
my disdain of her ruin me forever 128 additions swell's
titles inflate us 131 property quality (here, "good" or "vile-
ness") 135 challenges . . . born claims honor by descent
139 Deboshed debauched, debased

A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb 140
Where dust and damned oblivion is the tomb
Of honored bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest. Virtue and she
Is her own dower; honor and wealth from me. 145

BERTRAM

I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

KING

Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to
choose.

HELENA

That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad;
Let the rest go.

KING

My honor's at the stake,° which to defeat, 150
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud, scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision° shackle up
My love and her desert; that canst not dream
We, poisoning us in her defective scale, 155
Shall weigh thee to the beam;° that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honor where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt;
Obey our will, which travails in thy good;
Believe not thy disdain, but presently° 160
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care forever
Into the staggers° and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate, 165
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak. Thine answer.

BERTRAM

Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy° to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation and what dole° of honor 170
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is as 'twere born so.

KING

Take her by the hand,

And tell her she is thine; to whom I promise 175

A counterpoise, if not to thy estate,

A balance more replete.°

BERTRAM

I take her hand.

KING

Good fortune and the favor of the king
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient° on the now-born brief,° 180
And be performed tonight. The solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends.° As thou lov'st her,

150 at the stake the figure is from bearbaiting; a bear was tied
to a stake, and dogs were set upon him 153 misprision con-
tempt (with a pun on the sense of "false imprisonment")
155-56 We . . . beam i.e., my (royal "we") word added to
Helena will outweigh your objection 160 presently immedi-
ately 164 staggers giddiness (disease of animals) 169 fancy
love 170 dole portion 176-77 A counterpoise . . . replete
a reward that, if it does not equal your estate, will outweigh
it (?) 180 expedient swift; brief royal edict 181-83 The
solemn . . . friends the ceremonious ("solemn") feast shall
await ("attend") until absent friends arrive

Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

*Exeunt. PAROLLES and LAFEW stay behind,
commenting of this wedding.*

LAFEW Do you hear, monsieur? A word with you. 185

PAROLLES Your pleasure, sir?

LAFEW Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

PAROLLES Recantation! My lord! My master!

LAFEW Ay; is it not a language I speak? 190

PAROLLES A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding.° My master!

LAFEW Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

PAROLLES To any count, to all counts; to what is man.° 195

LAFEW To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

PAROLLES You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

LAFEW I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which 200
title age cannot bring thee.

PAROLLES What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

LAFEW I did think thee, for two ordinaries,° to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent° of thy travel; it might pass. Yet the scarves° and the 205
bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden.° I have now found thee;° when I lose thee again I care not. Yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that 210
thou'rt scarce worth.

PAROLLES Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity° upon thee—

LAFEW Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare 215
thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

PAROLLES My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

LAFEW Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy 220
of it.

PAROLLES I have not, my lord, deserved it.

LAFEW Yes, good faith, every dram of it, and I will not bate thee a scruple.°

PAROLLES Well, I shall be wiser. 225

LAFEW Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' th' contrary.° If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shall find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, 230
that I may say, in the default,° "He is a man I know."

PAROLLES My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

LAFEW I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal; for doing° I am past, as I will 235

by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *Exit.*

PAROLLES Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience,° and he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of— I'll beat him, and if I could but meet him again. 240

Enter LAFEW.

LAFEW Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress. 245

PAROLLES I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

LAFEW Who? God?

PAROLLES Ay, sir. 250

LAFEW The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? Dost make hose of thy sleeves? Do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honor, if I were but two hours younger I'd beat thee. 255
Methink'st thou art a general offense, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe° themselves upon thee.

PAROLLES This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord. 260

LAFEW Go to, sir. You were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pom'granate. You are a vagabond and no true traveler. You are more saucy with lords and honorable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not 265
worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. *Exit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

PAROLLES Good, very good, it is so then. Good, very good, let it be concealed awhile.

BERTRAM

Undone and forfeited to cares forever! 270

PAROLLES

What's the matter, sweetheart?

BERTRAM

Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

PAROLLES

What, what, sweetheart?

BERTRAM

O my Parolles, they have married me! 275
I'll to the Tuscan wars and never bed her.

PAROLLES

France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot; to th' wars!

BERTRAM

There's letters from my mother; what th' import is, I know not yet. 280

PAROLLES

Ay, that would be known. To th' wars, my boy, to th' wars!

He wears his honor in a box unseen,

240-41 convenience advantage 258 breathe exercise

192 succeeding consequences 195 man manly (but Lafew gives it another sense, "servingman") 203 ordinaries tavern meals 204 vent free talk 205 scarves military men wore scarves, usually over the shoulder; cf. the modern *fourragère* 207 burden capacity 208 found thee found you out 211 antiquity old age 224 bate . . . scruple i.e., diminish by one drop what I have said of you 227 pull . . . contrary i.e., take a good taste of your folly 231 in the default when you fail 235 doing perhaps with the bawdy meaning, "copulating"

That hugs his kinky-wicky° here at home,
 Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
 Which should sustain the bound and high curvet° 285
 Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
 France is a stable, we that dwell in't jades;°
 Therefore to th' war!

BERTRAM

It shall be so. I'll send her to my house,
 Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, 290
 And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
 That which I durst not speak. His present gift
 Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
 Where noble fellows strike. Wars is no strife
 To the dark house and the detested wife. 295

PAROLLES

Will this capriccio° hold in thee, art sure?

BERTRAM

Go with me to my chamber and advise me.
 I'll send her straight away. Tomorrow
 I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

PAROLLES

Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'Tis hard; 300
 A young man married is a man that's marred.
 Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go.
 The king has done you wrong; but hush 'tis so.

Exit, [with BERTRAM].

[Scene IV. Paris. The king's palace.]

Enter HELENA and CLOWN.

HELENA

My mother greets me kindly. Is she well?°

CLOWN She is not well, but yet she has her health;
 she's very merry, but yet she is not well. But thanks
 be given she's very well and wants nothing i' th'
 world; but yet she is not well. 5

HELENA If she be very well what does she ail that
 she's not very well?

CLOWN Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two
 things.

HELENA What two things? 10

CLOWN One, that she's not in heaven, whither God
 send her quickly; the other, that she's in earth, from
 whence God send her quickly.

Enter PAROLLES.

PAROLLES Bless you, my fortunate lady!

HELENA I hope, sir, I have your good will to have 15
 mine own good fortune.

PAROLLES You had my prayers to lead them on, and
 to keep them on have them still. O, my knave, how
 does my old lady?

CLOWN So that you had her wrinkles and I her 20
 money, I would she did as you say.

PAROLLES Why, I say nothing.

283 **kinky-wicky** woman (but apparently an obscene term,
 perhaps from French *quelque chose* = "something," a euphe-
 mism for *pudendum*) 285 **curvet** prancing 287 **jades** nags
 296 **capriccio** caprice (an affected Italian word)

II.iv.1 **well** in his reply, the Clown plays on the Elizabethan
 euphemism in which the dead are said to be well, i.e., well-off,
 being in heaven

CLOWN Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a
 man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say
 nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have 25
 nothing, is to be a great part of your title°—which is
 within a very little of nothing.

PAROLLES Away, th' art a knave.

CLOWN You should have said, sir, "Before a knave
 th' art a knave"; that's "Before me,° th' art a knave." 30
 This had been truth, sir.

PAROLLES Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found
 thee.

CLOWN Did you find me in° yourself, sir, or were you
 taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and 35
 much fool may you find in you, even to the world's
 pleasure and the increase of laughter.

PAROLLES

A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.

Madam, my lord will go away tonight,

A very serious business calls on him. 40

The great prerogative and rite of love,

Which as your due time claims, he does acknowledge,

But puts it off to a compelled restraint;

Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,° 45

To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,

And pleasure drown the brim.

HELENA

What's his will else?

PAROLLES

That you will take your instant leave o' th' king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,°

Strength'ned with what apology you think 50
 May make it probable need.

HELENA

What more commands he?

PAROLLES

That, having this obtained, you presently

Attend his further pleasure.

HELENA

In everything I wait upon his will.

PAROLLES

I shall report it so.

Exit PAROLLES. 55

HELENA

I pray you. Come, sirrah.

Exit, [with CLOWN].

[Scene V. Paris. The king's palace.]

Enter LAFEW and BERTRAM.

LAFEW But I hope your lordship thinks not him a
 soldier.

BERTRAM Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.°

LAFEW You have it from his own deliverance.°

BERTRAM And by other warranted testimony. 5

LAFEW Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark
 for a bunting.°

BERTRAM I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in
 knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

LAFEW I have then sinned against his experience and 10

26 **title** possession 30 **Before me** punning on the sense "on
 my soul" 34 **in by** 45 **curbed time** delay (?) time spent in
 the confining still (?) 49 **as . . . proceeding** as if it originated
 from you

II.v.3 **very valiant approof** great proven valor 4 **deliver-**
ance speech 6-7 **took . . . bunting** i.e., underestimated him

transgressed against his valor; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes. I pray you make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

PAROLLES [*To BERTRAM.*] These things shall be done, 15
sir.

LAFEW Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

PAROLLES Sir?

LAFEW O, I know him well. Ay sir, he, sir, 's a good
workman, a very good tailor. 20

BERTRAM [*Aside to PAROLLES.*]

Is she gone to the king?

PAROLLES She is.

BERTRAM

Will she away tonight?

PAROLLES As you'll have her.

BERTRAM

I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and tonight,
When I should take possession of the bride, 25
End ere I do begin.

LAFEW [*Aside.*] A good traveler is something at the
latter end of a dinner, but one that lies three thirds
and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings
with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. [*Aloud.*] 30
God save you, captain.

BERTRAM Is there any unkindness between my lord
and you, monsieur?

PAROLLES I know not how I have deserved to run
into my lord's displeasure. 35

LAFEW You have made shift^o to run into't, boots and
spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and
out of it you'll run again rather than suffer question
for your residence.^o

BERTRAM It may be you have mistaken him, my lord. 40

LAFEW And shall do so ever, though I took him at's
prayers. Fare you well, my lord, and believe this of
me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul
of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of
heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame^o and 45
know their natures. Farewell, monsieur; I have
spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve
at my hand, but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*]

PAROLLES An idle^o lord, I swear.

BERTRAM I think not so. 50

PAROLLES Why, do you not know him?

BERTRAM

Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass.^o Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

HELENA

I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave 55
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

BERTRAM I shall obey his will.

36 made shift managed 38-39 suffer . . . residence put
up with questions on why you are there 45 kept . . . tame
had some of them as pets 49 idle foolish 53 pass
reputation

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not color with the time,^o nor does
The ministration and requirèd office 60

On my particular. Prepared I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you, 65

For my respects^o are better than they seem,
And my appointments^o have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. [*Gives a letter.*] This to
my mother.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so 70
I leave you to your wisdom.

HELENA Sir, I can nothing say
But that I am your most obedient servant.

BERTRAM

Come, come; no more of that.

HELENA And ever shall
With true observance^o seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars^o have failed 75
To equal my great fortune.

BERTRAM Let that go:
My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.

HELENA Pray sir, your pardon.

BERTRAM Well, what would you say?

HELENA I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,^o
Nor dare I say 'tis mine—and yet it is; 80
But like a timorous thief most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

BERTRAM What would you have?

HELENA Something, and scarce so much: nothing, indeed.
I would not tell you what I would, my lord.
Faith, yes— 85
Strangers and foes do sunder and not kiss.

BERTRAM I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

HELENA I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell. *Exit.*

BERTRAM Go thou toward home, where I will never come 90
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.
Away, and for our flight.

PAROLLES Bravely, coragio!^o [*Exeunt.*]

A C T I I I

[Scene I. Florence. The duke's palace.]

*Flourish. Enter the DUKE of Florence, the two FRENCH-
MEN, with a troop of SOLDIERS.*

59 holds . . . time does not match the situation 66 re-
spects reasons 67 appointments purposes 74 observance
dutiful service 75 homely stars fate of low birth 79 owe
own 92 coragio courage (Italian)

DUKE

So that from point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

FIRST LORD Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

DUKE

Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

SECOND LORD Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,^o
But like a common and an outward man
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion;^o therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guessed.

DUKE Be it his pleasure.

FIRST LORD

But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on^o their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

DUKE

Welcome shall they be;
And all the honors that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:^o
Tomorrow to the field! *Flourish; [exeunt].*

[Scene II. Rousillon. The count's palace.]

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

COUNTESS It hath happened all as I would have had
it, save that he comes not along with her.

CLOWN By my troth,^o I take my young lord to be a
very melancholy man.

COUNTESS By what observance, I pray you?

CLOWN Why, he will look upon his boot and sing,
mend the ruff and sing, ask questions and sing, pick
his teeth and sing. I know a man that had his trick of
melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.

COUNTESS Let me see what he writes, and when he
means to come.

[*Reads a letter.*]

CLOWN I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court.
Our old lings^o and our Isbels o' th' country are nothing
like your old ling and your Isbels o' th' court. The
brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love
as an old man loves money, with no stomach.^o

COUNTESS What have we here?

CLOWN E'en that you have there. *Exit.*

COUNTESS [*Reads*] a letter. "I have sent you a
daughter-in-law. She hath recovered the king, and

undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her, and
sworn to make the 'not'^o eternal. You shall hear
I am run away; know it before the report come. If
there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long
distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,
Bertram."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favors of so good a king,
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprizing^o of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Enter CLOWN.

CLOWN O madam, yonder is heavy news within,
between two soldiers and my young lady.

COUNTESS What is the matter?

CLOWN Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some
comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I
thought he would.

COUNTESS Why should he be killed?

CLOWN So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he
does. The danger is in standing to't;^o that's the loss of
men, though it be the getting of children. Here they
come will tell you more. For my part, I only hear
your son was run away.

Enter HELENA and two [French] GENTLEMEN.

FIRST LORD Save you, good madam.

HELENA

Madam, my lord is gone, forever gone.

SECOND LORD Do not say so.

COUNTESS

Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen,
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me^o unto't. Where is my son, I pray you?

SECOND LORD

Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward, for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

HELENA Look on his letter, madam, here's my pass-
port.^o

[*Reads.*]

"When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which
never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of
thy body that I am father to, then call me husband; but
in such a 'then' I write a 'never.'" This is a dreadful
sentence.

COUNTESS

Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

FIRST LORD Ay, madam,
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.

COUNTESS

I prithee, lady, have a better cheer.
If thou engrossest^o all the griefs are thine,

III.i.10 yield produce 13 self-unable motion impotent guess
18 surfeit on grow sick from 22 When . . . fell when
better places fall vacant, for you they will have fallen
III.ii.3 troth truth 13 lings salt cod (but also with the sense
of "lecherous men") 16 stomach appetite

22 not with pun on knot, the symbol of marriage 31 mis-
prizing despising 41 standing to't (1) standing one's ground
(2) having sexual intercourse 51 woman me make me weep
56-57 passport license to wander as a beggar 66 thou
engrossest you monopolize

Thou robb'st me of a moiety.^o He was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

SECOND LORD

Ay, madam.

COUNTESS And to be a soldier?

SECOND LORD

Such is his noble purpose, and, believe't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honor
That good convenience^o claims.

COUNTESS

Return you thither?

FIRST LORD

Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

HELENA [*Reads.*]

"Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

'Tis bitter.

COUNTESS Find you that there?

HELENA

Ay, madam.

FIRST LORD 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,^o
which his heart was not consenting to.

COUNTESS

Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she, and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her, hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

FIRST LORD

A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

COUNTESS

Parolles, was it not?

FIRST LORD

Ay, my good lady, he.

COUNTESS

A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.^o

FIRST LORD

Indeed, good lady,

The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds^o him much to have.

COUNTESS

Y'are welcome, gentlemen.

I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honor that he loses; more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

SECOND LORD

We serve you, madam,

In that and all your worthiest affairs.

COUNTESS

Not so, but as we change our courtesies.^o
Will you draw near?

Exit, [with LORDS and CLOWN].

HELENA

"Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

Nothing in France until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon,^o none in France;

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! Is't I

That chase thee from thy country and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event^o

Of the none-sparing war? And is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim, move the still-piecing^o air

That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there.

Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the caitiff^o that do hold him to't.

And though I kill him not I am the cause

His death was so effected. Better 'twere

I met the ravin^o lion when he roared

With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere

That all the miseries which nature owes^o

Were mine at once. No; come thou home, Rousillon,

Whence honor but of danger wins a scar,

As oft it loses all.^o I will be gone;

My being here it is that holds thee hence.

Shall I stay here to do't? No, no, although

The air of paradise did fan the house

And angels officed^o all. I will be gone,

That pitiful rumor may report my flight

To console thine ear. Come night, end day;

For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. *Exit.*

[Scene III. Florence.]

*Flourish. Enter the DUKE of Florence, BERTRAM, drum
and trumpets, SOLDIERS, PAROLLES.*

DUKE

The general of our horse thou art, and we,
Great in our hope, lay^o our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

BERTRAM

Sir, it is

A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To th' extreme edge of hazard.

DUKE

Then go thou forth,

And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,^o
As thy auspicious mistress!

BERTRAM

This very day,

Great Mars, I put myself into thy file!

Make me but like my thoughts and I shall prove

A lover of thy drum, hater of love. *Exeunt omnes.*

[Scene IV. Rousillon. The count's palace.]

Enter COUNTESS and STEWARD.

COUNTESS

Alas! And would you take the letter of her?

Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

[STEWARD *reads the*] letter.

67 moiety share 73 convenience propriety 77 haply
perhaps 89 his inducement i.e., Parolles' influence 91 holds
profits 97 Not . . . courtesies No, you may serve me only
if I may serve you (a courteous reply) 101 Rousillon
Bertram, Count of Rousillon 104 event outcome

110 still-piecing ever-repairing 114 caitiff wretch 117
ravin ravenous 119 owes owns, has 121-22 Whence . . .
all from where honor at best gains from danger a scar, and may
lose everything 126 officed served
III.iii.2 lay wager 7 helm helmet

"I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim,^o thither gone.
 Ambitious love hath so in me offended 5
 That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
 With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
 Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
 My dearest master, your dear son, may hie.^o
 Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far 10
 His name with zealous fervor sanctify.
 His taken^o labors bid him me forgive;
 I, his despiteful Juno,^o sent him forth
 From courtly friends with camping foes to live,
 Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth. 15
 He is too good and fair for death and me,
 Whom^o I myself embrace to set him^o free."

[COUNTESS.]

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!
 Rinaldo, you did never lack advice^o so much
 As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her, 20
 I could have well diverted her intents,
 Which thus she hath prevented.

STEWARD Pardon me, madam.
 If I had given you this at overnight,^o
 She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
 Pursuit would be but vain.

COUNTESS What angel shall 25
 Bless this unworthy husband? He cannot thrive,
 Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
 And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
 Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
 To this unworthy husband of his wife; 30
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
 That he does weigh too light. My greatest grief,
 Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
 Dispatch the most convenient messenger.
 When haply he shall hear that she is gone, 35
 He will return; and hope I may that she,
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
 Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
 Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
 To make distinction. Provide this messenger. 40
 My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

Exeunt.

[Scene V. Outside Florence.]

A tucket^o afar off. Enter old WIDOW of Florence, her daughter [DIANA], and MARIANA, with other CITIZENS.

WIDOW Nay come, for if they do approach the city,
 we shall lose all the sight.

DIANA They say the French count has done most
 honorable service.

WIDOW It is reported that he has taken their great'st 5
 commander, and that with his own hand he slew the

III.iv.4 Saint Jaques' pilgrim making a pilgrimage to Saint James's shrine (at Compostela, in Spain; "Jaques" is disyllabic: Jā-kis) **9 hie** hurry **12 taken** undertaken **13 despiteful Juno** alluding to Juno's persecution of Hercules, on whom she imposed the legendary twelve labors **17 Whom** death; **him** Bertram **19 advice** discretion **23 at overnight** last night **III.v.s.d. tucket** trumpet call heralding the approach of an important person

duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have lost our labor; they
 are gone a contrary way. Hark! You may know by
 their trumpets.

MARIANA Come, let's return again, and suffice our- 10
 selves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of
 this French earl. The honor of a maid is her name, and
 no legacy is so rich as honesty.^o

WIDOW I have told my neighbor how you have been
 solicited by a gentleman his companion. 15

MARIANA I know that knave, hang him, one Parolles;
 a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young
 earl. Beware of them, Diana: their promises, entice-
 ments, oaths, tokens, and all these engines^o of lust, are
 not the things they go under;^o many a maid hath been 20
 seduced by them. And the misery is, example, that so
 terrible shows in the wrack of maidenhood, cannot for
 all that dissuade succession,^o but that they are limed^o
 with the twigs that threatens them. I hope I need not
 to advise you further, but I hope your own grace will 25
 keep you where you are, though there were no further
 danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

DIANA You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA [disguised as a pilgrim].

WIDOW I hope so. Look, here comes a pilgrim. I
 know she will lie^o at my house; thither they send one 30
 another. I'll question her. God save you, pilgrim!
 Whither are you bound?

HELENA

To Saint Jaques le Grand. 30
 Where do the palmers^o lodge, I do beseech you?

WIDOW

At the Saint Francis here beside the port.^o 35

HELENA

Is this the way? 35

WIDOW

Ay, marry, is't. (*A march afar.*) Hark you! They come
 this way.

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodged; 40

The rather for I think I know your hostess

As ample^o as myself.

HELENA

Is it yourself?

WIDOW

If you shall please so, pilgrim.

HELENA

I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.^o

WIDOW

You came, I think, from France?

HELENA

I did so. 45

WIDOW

Here you shall see a countryman of yours

That has done worthy service.

HELENA

His name, I pray you.

DIANA

The Count Rousillon. Know you such a one?

13 honesty chastity **19 engines** devices **20 go under** mas-
 querade as **23 dissuade succession** prevent others from
 following; **limed** caught (as by birdlime, a sticky substance
 smeared on twigs to trap birds) **30 lie** lodge **34 palmers**
 pilgrims **35 port** city gate **42 ample** well **44 stay . . .**
leisure wait until convenient for you

HELENA
But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;
His face I know not.

DIANA Whatsome'er he is,
He's bravely taken° here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

HELENA
Ay, surely, mere° the truth. I know his lady.

DIANA
There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.

HELENA What's his name?

DIANA
Monsieur Parolles.

HELENA O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reservèd honesty,° and that
I have not heard examined.

DIANA Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

WIDOW
I warrant, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might do her
A shrewd turn,° if she pleased.

HELENA How do you mean?
Maybe the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

WIDOW He does indeed,
And brokes° with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honor of a maid;
But she is armed for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defense.

MARIANA The gods forbid else!

Drum and colors. Enter BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and the whole ARMY.

WIDOW
So, now they come.
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

HELENA Which is the Frenchman?

DIANA He—
That with the plume; 'tis a most gallant fellow.
I would he loved his wife. If he were honester
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome gentle-
man?

HELENA
I like him well.

DIANA
'Tis pity he is not honest. Yond's that same knave
That leads him to these places. Were I his lady
I would poison that vile rascal.

HELENA Which is he?

DIANA
That jackanapes with scarves. Why is he melancholy?

HELENA
Perchance he's hurt i' th' battle. 85

PAROLLES Lose our drum! Well.

50 MARIANA He's shrewdly° vexed at something. Look,
he has spied us.

WIDOW Marry, hang you!

MARIANA And your curtsy, for a ring-carrier!° 90
Exit [BERTRAM, with PAROLLES and the ARMY].

WIDOW
The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host;° of enjoined° penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

HELENA I humbly thank you.
Please it this matron and this gentle maid 95
To eat with us tonight, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of° this virgin
60 Worthy the note.

BOTH We'll take your offer kindly.
Exeunt.

[Scene VI. The Florentine camp.]

65 *Enter BERTRAM and the [two] FRENCHMEN, as at first.*

FIRST LORD Nay, good my lord, put him to't;° let
him have his way.

SECOND LORD If your lordship find him not a
hilding,° hold me no more in your respect.

FIRST LORD On my life, my lord, a bubble. 5

BERTRAM Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

70 FIRST LORD Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct
knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him
as my kinsman,° he's a most notable coward, an
infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, 10
the owner of no one good quality worthy your lord-
ship's entertainment.°

SECOND LORD It were fit you knew him, lest re-
posing too far in his virtue which he hath not, he
might at some great and trusty business in a main 15
danger fail you.

75 BERTRAM I would I knew in what particular action
to try him.

SECOND LORD None better than to let him fetch off
his drum,° which you hear him so confidently under- 20
take to do.

FIRST LORD I, with a troop of Florentines, will sud-
denly surprise him; such I will have whom I am sure
he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and
hoodwink° him so, that he shall suppose no other but 25
that he carried into the leaguer° of the adversaries
when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your
lordship present at his examination; if he do not for
the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion
of base fear offer to betray you and deliver all the 30

87 shrewdly bitterly 90 ring-carrier bawd 92 host lodge;
enjoined bound by oath 98 of on
III.vi.1 put him to't test him 4 hilding worthless fellow
9 as my kinsman i.e., impartially 12 entertainment main-
tenance 19-20 fetch . . . drum recapture his drum (the loss
of the drum was a military disgrace) 25 hoodwink blindfold
26 leaguer camp

51 bravely taken well esteemed 54 mere absolutely 61
reservèd honesty preserved chastity 67 shrewd turn nasty
deed (with sexual implication in "turn") 70 brokes bargains

intelligence° in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath; never trust my judgment in anything.

SECOND LORD O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum. He says he has a stratagem for't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment° your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes. 40

Enter PAROLLES.

FIRST LORD O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honor of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

BERTRAM How now, monsieur! This drum sticks sorely in your disposition. 45

SECOND LORD A pox° on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

PAROLLES "But a drum!" Is't "but a drum"? A drum so lost! There was excellent command: to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers! 50

SECOND LORD That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Caesar himself could not have prevented if he had been there to command.

BERTRAM Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success;° some dishonor we had in the loss of that drum, but it is not to be recovered. 55

PAROLLES It might have been recovered.

BERTRAM It might, but it is not now.

PAROLLES It is to be recovered. But that the merit of 60 service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or hic jacet.°

BERTRAM Why, if you have a stomach,° to't, monsieur. If you think your mystery° in stratagem can 65 bring this instrument of honor again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit. If you speed° well in it, the duke shall both speak of it and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, 70 even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

PAROLLES By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

BERTRAM But you must not now slumber in it.

PAROLLES I'll about it this evening, and I will presently 75 pen down my dilemmas,° encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation;° and by midnight look to hear further from me.

BERTRAM May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it? 80

PAROLLES I know not what the success will be, my lord, but the attempt I vow.

BERTRAM I know, th'art valiant; and to the possibility° of thy soldiership will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

31 intelligence information 38-39 John Drum's entertainment manhandling 46 pox plague (literally, syphilis) 55-56 success outcome, fortune (either good or bad) 62-63 hic jacet here lies (Latin, beginning an epitaph) 64 stomach appetite 65 mystery art, skill 69 speed prosper 76 dilemmas arguments 77 my mortal preparation preparation for my death (?) my weapons for killing (?) 83-84 possibility capacity

PAROLLES I love not many words.

Exit. 85

FIRST LORD No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done, damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't. 90

SECOND LORD You do not know him, my lord, as we do. Certain it is that he will steal himself into a man's favor and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries, but when you find him out you have him ever after. 95

BERTRAM Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

FIRST LORD None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable 100 lies; but we have almost embossed him.° You shall see his fall tonight, for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

SECOND LORD We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case° him. He was first smoked° by the old 105 lord Lafew. When his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat° you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

FIRST LORD I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught. 110

BERTRAM Your brother, he shall go along with me.

FIRST LORD As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. Exit.

BERTRAM

Now will I lead you to the house and show you The lass I spoke of.

SECOND LORD But you say she's honest.

BERTRAM

That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' th' wind,° Tokens and letters which she did re-send, And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature; Will you go see her? 115

SECOND LORD With all my heart, my lord. 120

Exeunt.

[Scene VII. Florence. The Widow's house.]

Enter HELENA and WIDOW.

HELENA

If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure your further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.°

WIDOW

Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born, Nothing acquainted with these businesses, And would not put my reputation now In any staining act. 5

HELENA

Nor would I wish you.

First give me trust the count he is my husband,

101 embossed him exhausted him (hunting term) 105 case skin; smoked exposed (like a fox smoked out) 107 sprat small fish 117 have . . . wind are hunting III.vii.3 But . . . upon i.e., unless ("But") I reveal myself to Bertram

And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken°
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

WIDOW I should believe you,
For you have showed me that which well approves
Y' are great in fortune.

HELENA Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again
When I have found it. The count he woos your
daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry° her; let her in fine° consent
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important° blood will nought deny
That she'll demand; a ring the county° wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will° it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

WIDOW Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

HELENA You see it lawful then. It is no more
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent. After,
To marry her° I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is passed already.

WIDOW I have yielded.
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere°
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent.° Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs composed
To her unworthiness. It nothing steads° us
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists
As if his life lay on't.

HELENA Why then tonight
Let us assay our plot, which, if it speed,°
Is wicked meaning° in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV

[Scene I. Outside the Florentine camp.]

Enter one of the Frenchmen, [FIRST LORD], with five or six other SOLDIERS in ambush.

FIRST LORD He can come no other way but by this
hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what
terrible language you will; though you understand it
not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to
understand him, unless someone among us whom we
must produce for an interpreter.

FIRST SOLDIER Good captain, let me be th' inter-
preter.

FIRST LORD Art not acquainted with him? Knows he
not thy voice?

FIRST SOLDIER No sir, I warrant you.

FIRST LORD But what linsey-woolsey° hast thou to
speak to us again?

FIRST SOLDIER E'en such as you speak to me.

FIRST LORD He must think us some band of stran-
gers° i' th' adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a
smack of all neighboring languages; therefore we
must everyone be a man of his own fancy, not to
know what we speak one to another; so we seem to
know is to know straight our purpose; choughs°
language, gabble enough and good enough. As for
you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But
couch, ho! Here he comes to beguile two hours in a
sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

PAROLLES Ten o'clock. Within these three hours
'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I
have done? It must be a very plausible° invention that
carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have
of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue
is too foolhardy, but my heart hath the fear of Mars
before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of
my tongue.

FIRST LORD [Aside.] This is the first truth that e'er
thine own tongue was guilty of.

PAROLLES What the devil should move me to under-
take the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of
the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose?
I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in
exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say,
"Came you off with so little?" And great ones I dare
not give. Wherefore, what's the instance? Tongue, I
must put you into a butter-woman's° mouth, and buy
myself another of Bajazet's mule° if you prattle me
into these perils.

FIRST LORD [Aside.] Is it possible he should know
what he is, and be that he is?

PAROLLES I would the cutting of my garments would
serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

FIRST LORD [Aside.] We cannot afford you so.°

IV.i.12 linsey-woolsey nonsense (literally, a coarse fabric of
linen and wool) 15-16 strangers foreigners 20 choughs'
jackdaws' 27 plausible plausible 42 butter-woman's i.e.,
shrill-voiced woman's 43 Bajazet's mule mules were
proverbial for muteness, but "Bajazet" is inexplicable 49
afford you so let you off thus

9 to . . . spoken I have confided to you, upon your oath
of secrecy 19 carry conquer; in fine finally 21 impor-
tant importunate, pressing 22 county count 27 will
lust 35 To marry her i.e., as a dowry to help her marry
37 persevere accent on second syllable 39 coherent in
accordance 41 steads helps 44 speed prosper 45 mean-
ing intention (the point of this passage is that Bertram's
intention is wicked, though his deed—copulating with his wife
—will be lawful; Helena's intention and her act will be good,
and the deed will not be a sin though in Bertram's mind he will
be sinning)

PAROLLES Or the baring of my beard, and to say it 50
was in stratagem.

FIRST LORD [*Aside.*] 'Twould not do.

PAROLLES Or to drown my clothes, and say I was
stripped.

FIRST LORD [*Aside.*] Hardly serve. 55

PAROLLES Though I swore I leaped from the window
of the citadel—

FIRST LORD [*Aside.*] How deep?

PAROLLES Thirty fathom.

FIRST LORD [*Aside.*] Three great oaths would scarce 60
make that be believed.

PAROLLES I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I
would swear I recovered it.

FIRST LORD [*Aside.*] You shall hear one anon.°

PAROLLES A drum now of the enemy's— 65

Alarum° within.

FIRST LORD Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

ALL Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

PAROLLES O, ransom, ransom! Do not hide mine
eyes.

[*They blindfold him.*]

INTERPRETER Boskos thromuldo boskos. 70

PAROLLES

I know you are the Muskos' regiment,

And I shall lose my life for want of language.

If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,

Italian, or French, let him speak to me,

I'll discover° that which shall undo the Florentine. 75

INTERPRETER Boskos vauvado. I understand thee,
and can speak thy tongue. Kerelybonto. Sir, betake
thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy
bosom.

PAROLLES O! 80

INTERPRETER O, pray, pray, pray! Manka revania
dulche.

FIRST LORD Oscorbidulchos volivorco.

INTERPRETER

The general is content to spare thee yet,

And, hoodwinked as thou art, will lead thee on 85

To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst inform

Something to save thy life.

PAROLLES O, let me live!

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,

Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that

Which you will wonder at.

INTERPRETER But wilt thou faithfully? 90

PAROLLES

If I do not, damn me.

INTERPRETER Acordo linta.

Come on, thou art granted space.

Exit, [with PAROLLES guarded].

A short alarum within.°

FIRST LORD

Go, tell the Count Rousillon and my brother

We have caught the woodcock° and will keep him
muffled

Till we do hear from them.

SOLDIER Captain, I will. 95

FIRST LORD

'A° will betray us all unto ourselves;

Inform on that.

SOLDIER So I will, sir.

FIRST LORD

Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely locked.

Exit, [with the others].

[*Scene II. Florence. The Widow's house.*]

Enter BERTRAM and the maid called DIANA.

BERTRAM

They told me that your name was Fontibell.

DIANA

No, my good lord, Diana.

BERTRAM Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition.° But, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind 5

You are no maiden but a monument.

When you are dead you should be such a one

As you are now; for you are cold and stern,

And now you should be as your mother was

When your sweet self was got. 10

DIANA

She then was honest.

BERTRAM So should you be.

DIANA No.

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,

As you owe to your wife.

BERTRAM No more o' that!

I prithee, do not strive against my vows;

I was compelled to her, but I love thee 15

By love's own sweet constraint, and will forever

Do thee all rights of service.

DIANA

Ay, so you serve us

Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,

And mock us with our bareness.

BERTRAM How have I sworn! 20

DIANA

'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,

But the plain single° vow that is vowed true.

What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the High'st to witness; then, pray you, tell

me:

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes 25

I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths

When I did love you ill?° This has no holding,

To swear by Him whom I protest to love

That I will work against Him. Therefore your oaths

Are words and poor conditions but unsealed,° 30

At least in my opinion.

BERTRAM Change it, change it;

Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy,

94 woodcock stupid bird 96 'A he

IV.ii.3 addition further distinguished title 27 ill not well,

not at all 30 but unsealed merely invalid

64 anon soon 65 s.d. Alarum call to arms 75 discover
reveal 92 s.d. A . . . within perhaps Parolles is taken off to
a ruffle of drums

And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recovers. Say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so persevere.

DIANA

I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,^o
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

BERTRAM

I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

DIANA

Will you not, my lord?

BERTRAM

It is an honor 'longing to our house,
Bequeathèd down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world
In me to lose.

DIANA

Mine honor's such a ring;

My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathèd down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper^o wisdom
Brings in the champion Honor on my part
Against your vain assault.

BERTRAM

Here, take my ring.

My house, mine honor, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

DIANA

When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.

Now will I charge you in the band^o of truth,
When you have conquered my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.

My reasons are most strong and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be delivered;

And on your finger in the night I'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds

May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu till then; then fail not. You have won

A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

BERTRAM

A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

[Exit.]

DIANA

For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in's heart. She says all men

Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,^o
Marry that will, I live and die a maid.

Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin

To cozen^o him that would unjustly win.

Exit.

[Scene III. The Florentine camp.]

Enter the two French CAPTAINS, and some two or three
SOLDIERS.

FIRST LORD You have not given him his mother's
letter?

35 SECOND LORD I have delivered it an hour since.
There is something in't that stings his nature, for on
the reading it he changed almost into another man.

FIRST LORD He has much worthy blame laid upon
him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

SECOND LORD Especially he hath incurred the ever-
lasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned
his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a
10 thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

FIRST LORD When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and
I am the grave of it.

SECOND LORD He hath perverted a young gentle-
woman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, and
15 this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honor;
he hath given her his monumental^o ring, and thinks
himself made in the unchaste composition.^o

FIRST LORD Now, God delay our rebellion! As we
are ourselves, what things are we!

SECOND LORD Merely^o our own traitors. And as in
the common course of all treasons we still see them
20 reveal themselves till they attain to their abhorred
ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own
nobility, in his proper^o stream o'erflows^o himself.

FIRST LORD Is it not meant damnable in us to be
trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then
have his company tonight?

SECOND LORD Not till after midnight, for he is
dietet^o to his hour.

FIRST LORD That approaches apace. I would gladly
have him see his company anatomized,^o that he might
take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so
curiously he had set this counterfeit.^o

SECOND LORD We will not meddle with him till he^o
35 come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

FIRST LORD In the meantime, what hear you of these
wars?

SECOND LORD I hear there is an overture of peace.

FIRST LORD Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

SECOND LORD What will Count Rousillon do then?

Will he travel higher, or return again into France?

FIRST LORD I perceive by this demand you are not
altogether of his council.

SECOND LORD Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a
45 great deal of his act.

FIRST LORD Sir, his wife some two months since fled
from his house. Her pretense^o is a pilgrimage to Saint
Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most
austere sanctimony^o she accomplished; and, there
50 residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey
to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and
now she sings in heaven.

SECOND LORD How is this justified?^o

FIRST LORD The stronger part of it by her own letters,
55 which makes her story true even to the point of her

IV.iii.17 **monumental** serving as a memento 18 **composi-**
tion bargain 21 **Merely** utterly 25 **proper** own; o'erflows
(1) betrays in talk (2) drowns 30 **dietet** restricted 32 **com-**
pany anatomized companion (i.e., Parolles) minutely ana-
lyzed 33-34 **wherein** . . . **counterfeit** in which he has so
elaborately set this false jewel 35 **him** . . . **he** Parolles . . .
Bertram 48 **pretense** intention 50 **sanctimony** holiness
54 **justified** made certain

38 I . . . **scarre** possibly "scarre" means "splice" and thus
"snare," but the text is probably corrupt 49 **proper** personal
56 **band** bond 73 **braid** deceitful (?) 76 **cozen** deceive

death. Her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector° of the place.

SECOND LORD Hath the count all this intelligence?° 60

FIRST LORD Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

SECOND LORD I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

FIRST LORD How mightily sometimes we make us 65 comforts of our losses!

SECOND LORD And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valor hath here acquired for him shall at home be encount'ed with a shame as ample. 70

FIRST LORD The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a MESSENGER.

How now! Where's your master? 75

SERVANT He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave. His lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

SECOND LORD They shall be no more than needful 80 there, if they were more than they can commend.°

FIRST LORD They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness.

Enter BERTRAM.

Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord? Is't not after midnight? 85

BERTRAM I have tonight dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length apiece. By an abstract of success:° I have congied with° the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertained my con- 90 voy,° and between these main parcels of dispatch° effected many nicer° needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

SECOND LORD If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires 95 haste of your lordship.

BERTRAM I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the Fool and the Soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module° has deceived me like a double- 100 meaning prophet.

SECOND LORD Bring him forth. [*Exeunt SOLDIERS.*] Has sat i' th' stocks all night, poor gallant° knave.

BERTRAM No matter, his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry him- 105 self?

58 rector ruler (?) priest (?) 60 intelligence news 80-81 They shall . . . commend the recommendations to the king will not be more than needed, even if they commend Bertram excessively (?) 87 abstract of success summary of my successes (?) list, in sequence (?) 88 congied with taken leave of 90-91 entertained my convoy hired my transportation 91 parcels of dispatch things to be settled 92 nicer (1) more trivial (2) lascivious (alluding to his affair with Diana) 100 module image 103 gallant finely dressed

SECOND LORD I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom 110 he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' th' stocks. And what think you he hath confessed?

BERTRAM Nothing of me, has 'a?

SECOND LORD His confession is taken, and it shall be 115 read to his face. If your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter PAROLLES [guarded], with his INTERPRETER.

BERTRAM A plague upon him! Muffled!° He can say nothing of me.

FIRST LORD [*Aside to BERTRAM.*] Hush, hush! 120 Hoodman comes!° [*Aloud.*] Portotartarossa.

INTERPRETER He calls for the tortures. What will you say without 'em?

PAROLLES I will confess what I know without constraint. If ye pinch me like a pasty I can say no more. 125

INTERPRETER Bosko chimurcho.

FIRST LORD Boblibindo chicurmurco.

INTERPRETER You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note. 130

PAROLLES And truly, as I hope to live.

INTERPRETER "First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that?

PAROLLES Five or six thousand, but very weak and unserviceable. The troops are all scattered and the 135 commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

INTERPRETER Shall I set down your answer so?

PAROLLES Do. I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will. 140

BERTRAM [*Aside.*] All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

FIRST LORD [*Aside to BERTRAM.*] Y' are deceived, my lord; this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist—that was his own phrase—that had the whole 145 theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape° of his dagger.

SECOND LORD [*Aside.*] I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly. 150

INTERPRETER Well, that's set down.

PAROLLES "Five or six thousand horse," I said—I will say true—"or thereabouts" set down, for I'll speak truth.

FIRST LORD [*Aside.*] He's very near the truth in this. 155

BERTRAM [*Aside.*] But I con° him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

PAROLLES "Poor rogues," I pray you say.

INTERPRETER Well, that's set down.

PAROLLES I humbly thank you, sir; a truth's a truth; 160 the rogues are marvelous poor.

INTERPRETER "Demand of him of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

118 Muffled blindfolded 121 Hoodman comes the blind man comes (customary call in the game blindman's buff) 147 chape metal plate on a scabbard covering the point 156 con give (literally, "learn")

PAROLLES By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each; so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll,^o half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks^o lest they shake themselves to pieces.

BERTRAM [*Aside.*] What shall be done to him?

FIRST LORD [*To BERTRAM.*] Nothing, but let him have thanks. [*To INTERPRETER.*] Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

INTERPRETER Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him whether one Captain Dumaine be i' th' camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valor, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible with well-weighting sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? What do you know of it?

PAROLLES I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories. Demand them singly.

INTERPRETER Do you know this Captain Dumaine?

PAROLLES I know him; 'a was a botcher's^o prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool^o with child, a dumb innocent that could not say him nay.

BERTRAM [*Aside to DUMAINE.*] Nay, by your leave, hold your hands, though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.^o

INTERPRETER Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

PAROLLES Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

FIRST LORD [*Aside.*] Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

INTERPRETER What is his reputation with the duke?

PAROLLES The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' th' band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

INTERPRETER Marry, we'll search.

PAROLLES In good sadness,^o I do not know; either it is there or it is upon a file with the duke's other letters in my tent.

INTERPRETER Here 'tis; here's a paper; shall I read it to you?

PAROLLES I do not know if it be it or no.

BERTRAM [*Aside.*] Our interpreter does it well.

FIRST LORD [*Aside.*] Excellently.

INTERPRETER "Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold."

PAROLLES That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement^o to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish.^o I pray you, sir, put it up again.

INTERPRETER Nay, I'll read it first, by your favor.

PAROLLES My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry^o it finds.

BERTRAM [*Aside.*] Damnable both-sides rogue!

INTERPRETER [*Reads a letter.*]

"When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score.

Half won is match well made; match and well make it;^o

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before.

And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this:

Men are to mell^o with, boys are not to kiss:

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,

Parolles."

BERTRAM [*Aside.*] He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in's forehead.

SECOND LORD [*Aside.*] This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent^o soldier.

BERTRAM [*Aside.*] I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

INTERPRETER I perceive, sir, by your general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

PAROLLES My life, sir, in any case! Not that I am afraid to die, but that my offenses being many I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' th' stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

INTERPRETER We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely. Therefore once more to this Captain Dumaine: you have answered to his reputation with the Duke and to his valor: what is his honesty?

PAROLLES He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus.^o He professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility that you would think truth were a fool; drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bedclothes about him; but they know his conditions^o and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty—he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

FIRST LORD [*Aside.*] I begin to love him for this.

BERTRAM [*Aside.*] For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.

INTERPRETER What say you to his expertness in war?

PAROLLES Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians^o—to belie him I will not—and more of his soldiership I know not, except in that country he had the honor to be the officer at a place

226 fry small fish 230 Half . . . it you are halfway to success if you bargain well; so bargain well, and you will prosper (?) 233 mell mingle 241 armipotent mighty in arms (a huffing word, like "manifold") 255 Nessus centaur who attempted to rape Deianira, Hercules' wife 261 conditions traits 271-72 led . . . tragedians i.e., been a low drummer, leading strolling actors rather than soldiers

171 poll head 172 cassocks soldiers' cloaks 189 botcher's mender's (e.g., tailor's or cobbler's) 191 shrieve's fool idiot girl placed under a sheriff's charge 195 tile that falls i.e., accident 207 sadness seriousness 218 advertisement advice 221 ruttish lustful

there called Mile-end,^o to instruct for the doubling of 275
files.^o I would do the man what honor I can, but of
this I am not certain.

FIRST LORD [*Aside.*] He hath out-villained villainy
so far that the rarity redeems him.

BERTRAM [*Aside.*] A pox on him! He's a cat still. 280

INTERPRETER His qualities being at this poor price, I
need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

PAROLLES Sir, for a cardecue^o he will sell the fee-
simple^o of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut
th' entail^o from all remainders, and a perpetual suc- 285
cession for it perpetually.

INTERPRETER What's his brother, the other Captain
Dumaine?

SECOND LORD [*Aside.*] Why does he ask him of me?

INTERPRETER What's he? 290

PAROLLES E'en a crow o' th' same nest; not alto-
gether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a
great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward,
yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a
retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he 295
has a cramp.

INTERPRETER If your life be saved will you undertake
to betray the Florentine?

PAROLLES Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count
Rousillon. 300

INTERPRETER I'll whisper with the general, and know
his pleasure.

PAROLLES [*Aside.*] I'll no more drumming. A plague
of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to
beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy, 305
the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would
have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

INTERPRETER There is no remedy, sir, but you must
die. The general says you that have so traitorously
discovered the secrets of your army and made such 310
pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve
the world for no honest use; therefore you must die.
Come, headsman, off with his head.

PAROLLES O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my
death! 315

INTERPRETER
That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends.

[*Unmuffles* PAROLLES.]

So, look about you. Know you any here?

BERTRAM Good morrow, noble captain.

SECOND LORD God bless you, Captain Parolles.

FIRST LORD God save you, noble captain. 320

SECOND LORD Captain, what greeting will you to
my Lord Lafew? I am for France.

FIRST LORD Good captain, will you give me a copy
of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the
Count Rousillon? And I were not a very coward I'd 325
compel it of you, but fare you well.

Exeunt [BERTRAM and LORDS].

INTERPRETER You are undone, captain, all but your
scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

PAROLLES Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

INTERPRETER If you could find out a country where 330
but women were that had received so much shame, you
might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir. I
am for France too; we shall speak of you there.

Exit, [*with other* SOLDIERS].

PAROLLES

Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more, 335
But I will eat and drink and sleep as soft
As captain shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass. 340
Rust, sword; cool, blushes; and Parolles live
Safest in shame! Being fooled, by fool'ry thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. *Exit.*

[Scene IV. Florence. The Widow's house.]

Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA.

HELENA

That you may well perceive I have not wronged you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel. 5
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life, which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am informed
His grace is at Marseilles, to which place
We have convenient convoy.^o You must know 10
I am supposed dead. The army breaking,^o
My husband hies him home, where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

WIDOW

Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust 15
Your business was more welcome.

HELENA

Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labor
To recompense your love. Doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive^o 20
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men,
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy^o trusting of the cozened^o thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! So lust doth play
With what it loathes for that which is away. 25
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

DIANA

Let death and honesty^o
Go with your impositions,^o I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

HELENA

Yet, I pray you; 30
But with the word^o the time will bring on summer,

275 **Mile-end** because the citizen militia drilled at Mile-end, the place was a byname for military incompetence 275-76 **doubling of files** drill maneuver in which pairs of men separate 283 **cardecue** *quart d'écu* (French coin of little value) 283-84 **fee-simple** absolute possession 285 **entail** right of succession

IV.iv.10 **convoy** transportation II **breaking** disbanding 20 **motive** means (?) 23 **saucy** lascivious; **cozened** deceived 28 **death and honesty** an honest death 29 **impositions** tasks imposed on me 31 **with the word** soon (?) as the proverb says (?)

When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our wagon is prepared, and time revives us.
All's well that ends well; still the fine's the crown.^o 35
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. *Exeunt.*

[Scene V. Rousillon. The count's palace.]

Enter CLOWN, old lady [the COUNTESS], and LAFEW.

LAFEW No, no, no, your son was misled with a
snipped taffeta^o fellow there, whose villainous saffron^o
would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth
of a nation in his color. Your daughter-in-law had
been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, 5
more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed
humble-bee I speak of.

COUNTESS I would I had not known him; it was the
death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever
nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of 10
my flesh and cost me the dearest groans of a mother,
I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

LAFEW 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We
may pick a thousand sallets^o ere we light on such
another herb. 15

CLOWN Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of
the sallet, or rather, the herb of grace.^o

LAFEW They are not^o herbs, you knave, they are
nose-herbs.

CLOWN I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have 20
not much skill in grace.^o

LAFEW Whether^o dost thou profess thyself, a knave or
a fool?

CLOWN A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave
at a man's. 25

LAFEW Your distinction?

CLOWN I would cozen the man of his wife and do his
service.

LAFEW So you were a knave at his service indeed.

CLOWN And I would give his wife my bauble,^o sir, 30
to do her service.

LAFEW I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave
and fool.

CLOWN At your service.

LAFEW No, no, no. 35

CLOWN Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve
as great a prince as you are.

LAFEW Who's that? A Frenchman?

CLOWN Faith, sir, 'a has an English name, but his
fisnomy^o is more hotter in France than there. 40

LAFEW What prince is that?

CLOWN The Black Prince,^o sir, alias the prince of
darkness, alias the devil.

35 the fine's the crown the end is the crown (cf. the Latin
proverb, *Finis coronat opus*, "The end crowns the work")

IV.v.2 snipped taffeta cloth slashed to show the colors
beneath; saffron yellow dye (used to dye starch—for ruffs—
and also dough) 14 sallets salads 17 herb of grace rue 18
not pun on knot = flower bed, leading to the contrasting
"nose-herbs" = fragrant but not tasty herbs 21 grace pun
on grass, following the allusion to the King of Babylon who in
Daniel 4:28-37 is said to have insanely eaten grass 22
Whether which 30 bauble fool's stick (bawdy innuendo)
40 fisnomy physiognomy 42 Black Prince (1) son of
Edward III, foe of the French (2) devil

LAFEW Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not
this to suggest thee from^o thy master thou talk'st of; 45
serve him still.

CLOWN I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always
loved a great fire, and the master I speak of ever keeps
a good fire. But sure he is the prince of the world; let
his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with 50
the narrow gate,^o which I take to be too little for pomp
to enter; some that humble themselves may, but the
many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for
the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate and the
great fire. 55

LAFEW Go thy ways; I begin to be weary of thee,
and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out
with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked
to, without any tricks.

CLOWN If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall 60
be jades' tricks,^o which are their own right by the law
of nature. *Exit.*

LAFEW A shrewd^o knave and an unhappy.

COUNTESS So 'a is. My lord that's gone made himself
much sport out of him; by his authority he remains 65
here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and
indeed he has no pace, but runs where he will.

LAFEW I like him well, 'tis not amiss. And I was about
to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and
that my lord your son was upon his return home, I 70
moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of
my daughter; which, in the minority of them both,
his majesty out of a self-gracious remembrance did
first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it—
and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against 75
your son there is no fitter matter. How does your lady-
ship like it?

COUNTESS With very much content, my lord, and I
wish it happily effected.

LAFEW His highness comes post^o from Marseilles, of 80
as able body as when he numbered thirty. 'A will be
here tomorrow, or I am deceived by him that in such
intelligence hath seldom failed.

COUNTESS It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him
ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here tonight. 85
I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till
they meet together.

LAFEW Madam, I was thinking with what manners I
might safely be admitted.

COUNTESS You need but plead your honorable privi- 90
lege.

LAFEW Lady, of that I have made a bold charter;^o but
I thank my God it holds yet.

Enter CLOWN.

CLOWN O madam, yonder's my lord your son with
a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar 95
under't or not, the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly
patch of velvet.^o His left cheek is a cheek of two pile
and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

45 suggest thee from tempt you away from 50-51 house
. . . gate heaven (with bawdy reference to vulva?) 61
jades' tricks mischievous doings (like those of undesirable
horses) 63 shrewd bitter 80 post by rapid relays of horses
92 charter claim 97 patch of velvet bandage (but it might
cover an honorable scar or dishonorable signs of syphilis)

LAFEW A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good
liv'ry° of honor; so belike is that. 100
CLOWN But it is your carbonadoed° face.
LAFEW Let us go see your son, I pray you. I long to
talk with the young noble soldier.
CLOWN Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate
fine hats and most courteous feathers which bow the 105
head and nod at every man. *Exeunt.*

ACT V

[Scene I. Marseilles.]

Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA, with two ATTENDANTS.

HELENA

But this exceeding posting° day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it.
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold° you do so grow in my requital° 5
As nothing can unroot you.

Enter a GENTLEMAN, a stranger.

In happy time!°

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

GENTLEMAN And you.

HELENA

Sir, I have seen you in the court of France. 10

GENTLEMAN

I have been sometimes there.

HELENA

I do presume, sir, that you are not fall'n
From the report that goes upon your goodness,
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which 15
I shall continue thankful.

GENTLEMAN

What's your will?

HELENA

That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have 20
To come into his presence.

GENTLEMAN

The king's not here.

HELENA

Not here, sir?

GENTLEMAN

Not indeed.

He hence removed last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

WIDOW

Lord, how we lose our pains!

HELENA

All's well that ends well yet, 25
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

GENTLEMAN

Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon,
Whither I am going.

HELENA

I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me, 30
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

GENTLEMAN

This I'll do for you. 35

HELENA

And you shall find yourself to be well thanked,
Whate'er falls° more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. *[Exeunt.]*

[Scene II. Rousillon. The count's palace.]

Enter CLOWN and PAROLLES.

PAROLLES Good Master Lavatch,° give my Lord
Lafew this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better known
to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher
clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in Fortune's mood,° 5
and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure. 5

CLOWN Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish if
it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of. I will hence-
forth eat no fish of Fortune's butt'ring. Prithee, allow
the wind.°

PAROLLES Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; 10
I spake but by a metaphor.

CLOWN Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will
stop my nose, or against any man's metaphor. Prithee,
get thee further.

PAROLLES Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper. 15

CLOWN Foh! Prithee, stand away. A paper from
Fortune's close-stool,° to give to a nobleman! Look,
here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEW.

Here is a pur° of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat,
but not a musk-cat,° that has fall'n into the unclean 20
fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddled
withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, for he
looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious,° foolish, rascally
knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort,
and leave him to your lordship. *[Exit.]* 25

PAROLLES My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath
cruelly scratched.

LAFEW And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too
late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played
the knave with Fortune that she should scratch you, 30
who of herself is a good lady and would not have
knaves thrive long under? There's a cardcue° for you.

37 falls befalls

V.ii.1 Lavatch apparently from French *la vache* = the cow,
or *lavage* = slop 4 mood displeasure (with pun on *mud*)
8-9 allow the wind let me have the windward side 17
close-stool toilet 19 pur (1) dung (2) cat's sound (3) knave
in a card game (Lafew picks up this last meaning when he
speaks) 20 musk-cat musk deer (which yields perfume)
23 ingenious stupid (as though written "un-genius") 32
cardcue French coin

100 liv'ry badge of noble service 101 carbonadoed slashed
(with incisions to drain venereal ulcers)

V.i.1 exceeding posting excessive haste 5 bold assured;
requital debt 6 In happy time just at the right moment

Let the justices make you and Fortune friends;° I am for other business.

PAROLLES I beseech your honor to hear me one single word. 35

LAFEW You beg a single penny more. Come, you shall ha't; save your word.

PAROLLES My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

LAFEW You beg more than "word" then. Cox my passion!° Give me your hand. How does your drum? 40

PAROLLES O my good lord, you were the first that found me.°

LAFEW Was I, in sooth? And I was the first that lost thee. 45

PAROLLES It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

LAFEW Out upon thee, knave! Dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. 50
[Trumpets sound.] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me. I had talk of you last night; though you are a fool and a knave you shall eat. Go to, follow.

PAROLLES I praise God for you. [Exeunt.] 55

[Scene III. Rousillon. The count's palace.]

Flourish. Enter KING, old lady [the COUNTESS], LAFEW, the two French LORDS, with ATTENDANTS.

KING

We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem°
Was made much poorer by it; but your son,
As mad in folly, lacked the sense to know
Her estimation home.°

COUNTESS

'Tis past, my liege,
And I beseech your majesty to make it 5
Natural rebellion done i' th' blade° of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.

KING

My honored lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him 10
And watched the time to shoot.

LAFEW

This I must say—
But first I beg my pardon—the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady
Offense of mighty note, but to himself 15
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorned to serve
Humbly called mistress.

KING

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither; 20
We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
All repetition.° Let him not ask our pardon;

The nature of his great offense is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incensing relics° of it. Let him approach, 25
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

GENTLEMAN

I shall, my liege. [Exit.]

KING

What says he to your daughter? Have you spoke?

LAFEW

All that he is hath reference° to your highness.

KING

Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me, 30
That sets him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

LAFEW

He looks well on't.

KING

I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once. But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth; 35
The time is fair again.

BERTRAM

My high-repented blames,°
Dear sovereign pardon to me.

KING

All is whole.
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;°
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees 40
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

BERTRAM

Admiringly, my liege. At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart 45
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue;
Where, the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective° did lend me,
Which warped the line of every other favor,°
Scorned a fair color or expressed it stol'n, 50
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came
That she whom all men praised and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

KING

Well excused. 55
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt;° but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful° pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offense,
Crying, "That's good that's gone." Our rash faults 60
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust;
Our own love waking cries to see what's done, 65
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin.

33 Let . . . friends i.e., appeal to the justices for alms 40-41 Cox my passion mild oath, from "God's my passion," i.e., by God's suffering 43 found me found me out V.iii.1 esteem value, i.e., reputation 4 home fully 6 blade green shoot (editors distressed by the mixed metaphor produced by "fire" emend to "blaze") 22 repetition i.e., mention of what is past

25 incensing relics reminders that (would) anger 29 hath reference is submitted 36 blames blameworthy deeds 39 take . . . top seize Time by the forelock 48 perspective optical instrument that distorts (accented on first syllable) 49 favor face 57 compt account 58 remorseful compassionate

The main consents are had, and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day,
Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!°

LAFEW

Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested;° give a favor° from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [BERTRAM gives a ring.]

By my old beard,
And ev'ry hair that's on't, Helen that's dead
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

BERTRAM

Hers it was not.

KING

Now pray you let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fastened to't.
This ring was mine, and when I gave it Helen
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave°
her

Of what should stead° her most?

BERTRAM

My gracious sovereign,

Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

COUNTESS

Son, on my life,

I have seen her wear it, and she reckoned it
At her life's rate.

LAFEW

I am sure I saw her wear it.

BERTRAM

You are deceived, my lord; she never saw it.
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapped in a paper which contained the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood engaged;° but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune° and informed her fully
I could not answer in that course of honor
As she had made the overture, she ceased
In heavy satisfaction° and would never
Receive the ring again.

KING

Plutus° himself,

That knows the tinct and multiplying med'cine,°
Hath not in nature's mystery more science°
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you; then if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She called the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

BERTRAM

She never saw it.

72 cesse cease 74 digested swallowed up (?) assimilated
(?); favor token 86 reave deprive 87 stead help 96
engaged not pledged (to another woman) 96-97 sub-
scribed . . . fortune admitted my condition, i.e., that I was
married 100 heavy satisfaction sorrowful acceptance 101
Plutus god of wealth 102 tinct . . . med'cine elixir that
transmutes base metals to gold and multiplies gold 103 science
knowledge

KING

Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honor,
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman—'twill not prove so,
And yet I know not—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes myself could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly feared too little.° Away with him,
We'll sift this matter further.

BERTRAM

If you shall prove

This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [Exit guarded.]

KING

I am wrapped in dismal thinkings.

Enter a GENTLEMAN [the stranger].

GENTLEMAN

Gracious sovereign,

Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine
Who hath for four or five removes° come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquished thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who, by this, I know
Is here attending; her business looks in her
With an importing° visage, and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

[KING reads] a letter. "Upon his many protestations to
marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he
won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower, his
vows are forfeited to me, and my honor's paid to him.
He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow
him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king!
In you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes and a
poor maid is undone.

Diana Capilet."

LAFEW I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll
for° this. I'll none of him.

KING

The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafew,
To bring forth this discov'ry. Seek these suitors.

[Exeunt ATTENDANTS.]

Go, speedily and bring again the count.
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatched.

COUNTESS

Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, [guarded].

KING

I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,

121-23 My fore-past . . . too little the evidence already
established, however the affair turns out, will rebuke ("tax")
my lightweight ("of little vanity") fears; I have unreasonably
feared too little 131 removes stopping places (changes of
residence) on the king's journey 136 importing significant
148-49 toll for put up for sale

Yet you desire to marry.

Enter WIDOW [*and*] DIANA.

What woman's that?

DIANA

I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derivèd from the ancient Capilet.
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

WIDOW

I am her mother, sir, whose age and honor
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.^o

KING

Come hither, count—do you know these women?

BERTRAM

My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me further?

DIANA

Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

BERTRAM

She's none of mine, my lord.

DIANA

If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

LAFEW Your reputation comes too short for my
daughter; you are no husband for her.

BERTRAM

My lord, this is a fond^o and desp'rate creature,
Whom sometime I have laughed with. Let your
highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honor,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

KING

Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them; fairer prove your honor
Than in my thought it lies.

DIANA

Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath if he does think
He had not my virginity.

KING

What say'st thou to her?

BERTRAM

She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester^o to the camp.

DIANA

He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o' th' camp,
If I be one.

COUNTESS He blushes, and 'tis hit!

Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferred by testament to th' sequent issue,^o

Hath it been owed^o and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thousand proofs.

KING

Methought you said

You saw one here in court could witness it.

200

DIANA

I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument. His name's Parolles.

160 LAFEW

I saw the man today, if man he be.

KING

Find him and bring him hither.

[*Exit an ATTENDANT.*]

BERTRAM

What of him?

He's quoted for^o a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' th' world taxed and deboshed,^o
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,
That will speak anything?

205

KING

She hath that ring of yours.

BERTRAM

I think she has. Certain it is I liked her,
And boarded her i' th' wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's^o course
Are motives of more fancy; and in fine
Her inf'nite cunning with her modern^o grace
Subdued me to her rate. She got the ring,
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

210

DIANA

I must be patient:

You that have turned off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet^o me. I pray you yet—
Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband—
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

220

BERTRAM

I have it not.

KING

What ring was yours, I pray you?

DIANA

Sir, much like

225

The same upon your finger.

KING

Know you this ring? This ring was his of late.

DIANA

And this was it I gave him, being abed.

KING

The story then goes false you threw it him
Out of a casement?

DIANA

I have spoke the truth.

230

Enter PAROLLES.

BERTRAM

My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

KING

You boggle shrewdly;^o every feather starts you.
Is this the man you speak of?

195 DIANA

Ay, my lord.

KING

Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,

164 both . . . remedy both my life ("age") and honor will die unless you give us relief (by having Bertram marry Diana)
178 fond foolish 188 gamester prostitute 197 sequent issue next heir

198 owed owned 205 quoted for known as 206 taxed and deboshed censured as debauched 214 fancy's love's
216 modern commonplace 221 diet restrain yourself from
232 boggle shrewdly startle excessively

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off—
By him and by this woman here what know you?
PAROLLES So please your majesty, my master hath
been an honorable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in
him, which gentlemen have. 240
KING Come, come, to th' purpose: did he love this
woman?
PAROLLES Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?
KING How, I pray you?
PAROLLES He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves 245
a woman.
KING How is that?
PAROLLES He loved her, sir, and loved her not.
KING As thou art a knave and no knave. What an
equivocal companion^o is this! 250
PAROLLES I am a poor man, and at your majesty's
command.
LAFEW He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty^o
orator.
DIANA Do you know he promised me marriage? 255
PAROLLES Faith, I know more than I'll speak.
KING But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?
PAROLLES Yes, so please your majesty. I did go be-
tween them as I said; but more than that, he loved her,
for indeed he was mad for her and talked of Satan and 260
of Limbo and of Furies and I know not what; yet I was
in that credit with them at that time that I knew of
their going to bed and of other motions, as promising
her marriage, and things which would derive me ill
will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I 265
know.
KING Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst
say they are married. But thou art too fine^o in thy
evidence; therefore stand aside.
This ring, you say, was yours?
DIANA Ay, my good lord. 270
KING
Where did you buy it? Or who gave it you?
DIANA
It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.
KING
Who lent it you?
DIANA It was not lent me neither.
KING
Where did you find it then?
DIANA I found it not.
KING
If it were yours by none of all these ways, 275
How could you give it him?
DIANA I never gave it him.
LAFEW This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she
goes off and on at pleasure.
KING
This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.
DIANA
It might be yours or hers for aught I know. 280

246 woman in contrast to a highborn lady 248 not perhaps
punning on *knot* = maidenhead 250 equivocal companion
equivocating fellow ("companion" is contemptuous) 253
naughty (1) worthless, worth naught (2) wicked 268
fine subtle

235 KING
Take her away; I do not like her now.
To prison with her. And away with him.
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring
Thou diest within this hour.
DIANA I'll never tell you.
KING
Take her away.
DIANA I'll put in bail, my liege. 285
KING
I think thee now some common customer.
DIANA
By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
KING
Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?
DIANA
Because he's guilty and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't: 290
I'll swear I am a maid and he knows not.
Great King, I am no strumpet; by my life
I am either maid or else this old man's wife.
KING
She does abuse our ears. To prison with her!
DIANA
Good mother, fetch my bail. [*Exit WIDOW.*] Stay,
royal sir, 295
The jeweler that owes the ring is sent for
And he shall surety me. But for this lord
Who hath abused me as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harmed me, here I quit^o him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled, 300
And at that time he got his wife with child.
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick.
So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick.
And now behold the meaning.
Enter HELENA and WIDOW.
KING Is there no exorcist^o
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? 305
Is't real that I see?
HELENA No, my good lord,
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.
BERTRAM Both, both. O, pardon!
HELENA
O, my good lord, when I was like^o this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring, 310
And, look you, here's your letter. This it says:
"When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child," &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
BERTRAM
If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly, 315
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
HELENA
If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?
LAFEW
Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon. 320
286 customer prostitute 299 quit acquit 303 quick (1) alive
(2) pregnant 304 exorcist summoner of spirits 309 like i.e..
substitute for

[To PAROLLES.]

Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher. So, I thank thee. Wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee. Let thy curtsies alone, they are scurvy ones.

KING

Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.

325

[To DIANA.]

If thou be'st yet a fresh uncroppèd flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower,
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that and all the progress more and less
Resolvedly° more leisure shall express.

330

331 Resolvedly so that doubt is removed

All yet seems well, and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
Flourish.

[E P I L O G U E]

The king's a beggar° now the play is done.
All is well ended if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay
With strife° to please you, day exceeding day.
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,° 5
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

Exeunt omnes.

Epi.1 beggar i.e., for applause 4 strife striving 5 Ours
. . . parts we will silently listen, as you have done, and you are
now the performers

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

THE MOOR OF VENICE

EDITED BY ALVIN KERNAN

Introduction

When Shakespeare wrote *Othello*, about 1604, his ability to present human nature in all its complexity was at its height. The play offers, even in its minor characters, a number of unusually full and profound studies of humanity: Brabantio, the sophisticated, civilized Venetian senator, unable to comprehend that his delicate daughter could love and marry a Moor, speaking excitedly of black magic and spells to account for what his mind cannot understand; Cassio, the gentleman-soldier, polished in manners and gracious in bearing, wildly drunk and revealing a deeply rooted pride in his ramblings about senior officers being saved before their juniors; Emilia, the sensible waiting woman, making small talk about love and suddenly remarking that though she believes adultery to be wrong, still if the price were high enough she would sell—and so, she believes, would most women. The vision of human nature that the play offers is one of ancient terrors and primal drives—fear of the unknown, pride, greed, lust—underlying smooth, civilized surfaces—the noble senator, the competent and well-mannered lieutenant, the conventional gentlewoman.

The contrast between surface manner and inner nature is even more pronounced in two of the major characters. “Honest Iago” conceals beneath his exterior of the plain soldier and blunt, practical man of the world a diabolism so intense as to defy rational explanation—it must be taken like lust or pride as simply a given part of human nature, an anti-life spirit that seeks the destruction of everything outside the self. Othello appears in the opening acts as the very personification of self-control, of the man with so secure a sense of his own worth that nothing can ruffle the consequent calmness of mind and manner. But the man who has roamed the wild and savage world unmoved by its terrors, who has not changed countenance when the cannon killed his brother standing beside him, this man is still capable of believing his wife a whore on the slightest of evidence and committing murders to revenge himself. In Desdemona alone do the heart and the hand go together: she is what she seems to be. Ironically, she alone is accused of pretending to be what she is not. Her very openness and honesty make her suspect in a world where few men are what they appear, and her chastity is inevitably

brought into question in a world where every other major character is in some degree touched with sexual corruption.

Most criticism of *Othello* has concerned itself with exploring the depths of these characters and tracing the intricate, mysterious operations of their minds. I should like, however, to discuss, briefly, what might be called the “gross mechanics” of the play, the larger patterns in which events and characters are arranged. These patterns are the context within which the individual characters are defined, just as the pattern of a sentence is the context that defines the exact meaning of the individual words within it.

Othello is probably the most neatly, the most formally constructed of Shakespeare’s plays. Every character is, for example, balanced by another similar or contrasting character. Desdemona is balanced by her opposite, Iago; love and concern for others at one end of the scale, hatred and concern for self at the other. The true and loyal soldier Cassio balances the false and traitorous soldier Iago. These balances and contrasts throw into relief the essential qualities of the characters. Desdemona’s love, for example, shows up a good deal more clearly in contrast to Iago’s hate, and vice versa. The values of contrast are increased and the full range of human nature displayed by extending these simple contrasts into developing series. The essential purity of Desdemona stands in contrast to the more “practical” view of chastity held by Emilia, and her view in turn is illuminated by the workaday view of sensuality held by the courtesan Bianca, who treats love, ordinarily, as a commodity. Or, to take another example, Iago’s success in fooling Othello is but the culmination of a series of such betrayals that includes the duping of Roderigo, Brabantio, and Cassio. Each duping is the explanatory image of the other, for in every case Iago’s method and end are the same: he plays on and teases to life some hitherto controlled and concealed dark passion in his victim. In each case he seeks in some way the same end, the symbolic murder of Desdemona, the destruction in some form of the life principle of which she is the major embodiment.

These various contrasts and parallelisms ultimately blend into a larger, more general pattern that is the central movement of the play. We can begin to see this pattern in the “symbolic geography” of the play. Every play, or

work of art, creates its own particular image of space and time, its own symbolic world. The outer limits of the world of *Othello* are defined by the Turks—the infidels, the unbelievers, the “general enemy” as the play calls them—who, just over the horizon, sail back and forth trying to confuse and trick the Christians in order to invade their dominions and destroy them. Out beyond the horizon, reported but unseen, are also those “anters vast and deserts idle” of which Othello speaks. Out there is a land of “rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven” inhabited by “cannibals that each other eat” and monstrous forms of men “whose heads grow beneath their shoulders.” On the edges of this land is the raging ocean with its “high seas, and howling winds,” its “guttered rocks and congregated sands” hidden beneath the waters to “enclog the guiltless keel.”

Within the circle formed by barbarism, monstrosity, sterility, and the brute power of nature lie the two Christian strongholds of Venice and Cyprus. Renaissance Venice was known for its wealth acquired by trade, its political cunning, and its courtesans; but Shakespeare, while reminding us of the tradition of the “supersubtle Venetian,” makes Venice over into a form of *The City*, the ageless image of government, of reason, of law, and of social concord. Here, when Brabantio’s strong passions and irrational fears threaten to create riot and injustice, his grievances are examined by a court of law, judged by reason, and the verdict enforced by civic power. Here, the clear mind of the Senate proves the actions of the Turks, penetrates through their pretenses to their true purposes, makes sense of the frantic and fearful contradictory messages that pour in from the fleet, and arranges the necessary defense. The Senate scene—I.iii—focuses on the magnificent speeches of Othello and Desdemona as they declare their love and explain it, but the lovers are surrounded, guarded, by the assembled, ranked governors of Venice, who control passions that otherwise would have led to a bloody street brawl and being justice out of what otherwise would have been riot. The solemn presence and ordering power of the Senate would be most powerfully realized in a stage production, where the senators would appear in their rich robes, with all their symbols of office, seated in ranks around several excited individuals expressing such primal passions as pride of race, fear of dark powers, and violent love. In a play where so much of the language is magnificent, rich, and of heroic proportions, simpler statements come to seem more forceful; and the meaning of *The City* is perhaps nowhere more completely realized than in Brabantio’s brief, secure answer to the first fearful cries of theft and talk of copulating animals that Iago and Roderigo send up from the darkness below his window:

What tell’st thou me of robbing? This is Venice;
My house is not a grange. (I.i.102–03)

Here then are the major reference points on a map of the world of *Othello*: out at the far edge are the Turks, barbarism, disorder, and amoral destructive powers; closer and more familiar is Venice, *The City*, order, law, and reason. Cyprus, standing on the frontier between barbarism and *The City*, is not the secure fortress of civilization that Venice is. It is rather an outpost, weakly defended and far

out in the raging ocean, close to the “general enemy” and the immediate object of his attack. It is a “town of war yet wild” where the “people’s hearts [are] brimful of fear.” Here passions are more explosive and closer to the surface than in Venice, and here, instead of the ancient order and established government of *The City*, there is only one man to control violence and defend civilization—the Moor Othello, himself of savage origins and a converted Christian.

The movement of the play is from Venice to Cyprus, from *The City* to the outpost, from organized society to a condition much closer to raw nature, and from collective life to the life of the solitary individual. This movement is a characteristic pattern in Shakespeare’s plays, both comedies and tragedies: in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* the lovers and players go from the civilized, daylight world of Athens to the irrational, magical wood outside Athens and the primal powers of life represented by the elves and fairies; Lear moves from his palace and secure identity to the savage world of the heath where all values and all identities come into question; and everyone in *The Tempest* is shipwrecked at some time on Prospero’s magic island, where life seen from a new perspective assumes strange and fantastic shapes. At the other end of this journey there is always some kind of return to *The City*, to the palace, and to old relationships, but the nature of this return differs widely in Shakespeare’s plays. In *Othello* the movement at the end of the play is back toward Venice, the Turk defeated; but Desdemona, Othello, Emilia, and Roderigo do not return. Their deaths are the price paid for the return.

This passage from Venice to Cyprus to fight the Turk and encounter the forces of barbarism is the geographical form of an action that occurs on the social and psychological levels as well. That is, there are social and mental conditions that correspond to Venice and Cyprus, and there are forces at work in society and in man that correspond to the Turks, the raging seas, and “cannibals that each other eat.”

The exposure to danger, the breakdown and the ultimate reestablishment of society—the parallel on the social level to the action on the geographical level—is quickly traced. We have already noted that the Venetian Senate embodies order, reason, justice, and concord, the binding forces that hold *The City* together. In Venice the ancient laws and the established customs of society work to control violent men and violent passions to ensure the safety and well-being of the individual and the group. But there are anarchic forces at work in the city, which threaten traditional social forms and relationships, and all these forces center in Iago. His discontent with his own rank and his determination to displace Cassio endanger the orderly military hierarchy in which the junior serves his senior. He endangers marriage, the traditional form for ordering male and female relationships, by his own unfounded suspicions of his wife and by his efforts to destroy Othello’s marriage by fanning to life the darker, anarchic passions of Brabantio and Roderigo. He tries to subvert the operation of law and justice by first stirring up Brabantio to gather his followers and seek revenge in the streets; and then when the two warlike forces are met, Iago begins a quarrel with Roderigo in hopes of starting a brawl. The nature of the antisocial forces that Iago represents are

focused in the imagery of his advice to Roderigo on how to call out to her father the news of Desdemona's marriage. Call, he says,

with like timorous [frightening] accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities. (I.i.72-74)

Fire, panic, darkness, neglect of duty—these are the natural and human forces that destroy great cities and turn their citizens to mobs.

In Venice, Iago's attempts to create civic chaos are frustrated by Othello's calm management of himself and the orderly legal proceedings of the Senate. In Cyprus, however, society is less secure—even as the island is more exposed to the Turks—and Othello alone is responsible for finding truth and maintaining order. Here Iago's poison begins to work, and he succeeds at once in manufacturing the riot that he failed to create in Venice. Seen on stage, the fight on the watch between Cassio and Montano is chaos come again: two drunken officers, charged with the defense of the town, trying to kill each other like savage animals, a bedlam of voices and shouts, broken, disordered furniture, and above all this the discordant clamor of the "dreadful" alarm bell—used to signal attacks and fire. This success is but the prologue for other more serious disruptions of society and of the various human relationships that it fosters. The general is set against his officer, husband against wife, Christian against Christian, servant against master. Justice becomes a travesty of itself as Othello—using legal terms such as "It is the *cause*"—assumes the offices of accuser, judge, jury, and executioner of his wife. Manners disappear as the Moor strikes his wife publicly and treats her maid as a procuress. The brightly lighted Senate chamber is now replaced with a dark Cyprus street where Venetians cut one another down and men are murdered from behind. This anarchy finally gives way in the last scene, when Desdemona's faith is proven, to a restoration of order and an execution of justice on the two major criminals.

What we have followed so far is a movement expressed in geographical and social symbols from Venice to a Cyprus exposed to attack, from *The City* to barbarism, from Christendom to the domain of the Turks, from order to riot, from justice to wild revenge and murder, from truth to falsehood. It now remains to see just what this movement means on the level of the individual in the heart and mind of man. Of the three major characters, Desdemona, Othello, and Iago, the first and the last do not change their natures or their attitudes toward life during the course of the play. These two are polar opposites, the antitheses of each other. To speak in the most general terms, Desdemona expresses in her language and actions an innocent, unselfish love and concern for others. Othello catches her very essence when he speaks of her miraculous love, which transcended their differences in age, color, beauty, and culture:

She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them. (I.iii.166-67)

This love in its various forms finds expression not only in her absolute commitment of herself to Othello, but in her

gentleness, her kindness to others, her innocent trust in all men, her pleas for Cassio's restoration to Othello's favor; and it endures even past death at her husband's hands, for she comes back to life for a moment to answer Emilia's question, "Who hath done this deed?" with the unbelievable words,

Nobody.—I myself. Farewell.

Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell!

(V.ii.124-25)

Iago is her opposite in every way. Where she is open and guileless, he is never what he seems to be; where she thinks the best of everyone, he thinks the worst, usually turning to imagery of animals and physical functions to express his low opinion of human nature; where she seeks to serve and love others, he uses others to further his own dark aims and satisfy his hatred of mankind; where she is emotional and idealistic, he is icily logical and cynical. Desdemona and Iago are much more complicated than this, but perhaps enough has been said to suggest the nature of these two moral poles of the play. One is a life force that strives for order, community, growth, and light. The other is an anti-life force that seeks anarchy, death, and darkness. One is the foundation of all that men have built in the world, including *The City*; the other leads back toward ancient chaos and barbarism.

Othello, like most men, is a combination of the forces of love and hate, which are isolated in impossibly pure states in Desdemona and Iago. His psychic voyage from Venice to Cyprus is a passage of the soul and the will from the values of one of these characters to those of the other. This passage is charted by his acceptance and rejection of one or the other. He begins by refusing to have Iago as his lieutenant, choosing the more "theoretical" though less experienced Cassio. He marries Desdemona. Though he is not aware that he does so, he expresses the full meaning of this choice when he speaks of her in such suggestive terms as "my soul's joy" and refers to her even as he is about to kill her, as "Promethean heat," the vital fire that gives life to the world. Similarly, he comes to know that all that is valuable in life depends on her love, and in the magnificent speech beginning, "O now, forever/Farewell the tranquil mind" (III.iii.344-45), he details the emptiness of all human activity if Desdemona be proved false. But Iago, taking advantage of latent "Iagolike" feelings and thoughts in Othello, persuades him that Desdemona is only common clay. Othello then gives himself over to Iago at the end of III.iii, where they kneel together to plan the revenge, and Othello says, "Now art thou my lieutenant." To which Iago responds with blood-chilling simplicity, "I am your own forever." The full meaning of this choice is expressed, again unconsciously, by Othello when he says to Desdemona,

Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again. (III.iii.90-92)

The murder of Desdemona acts out the final destruction in Othello himself of all the ordering powers of love, of trust, of the bond between human beings.

Desdemona and Iago then represent two states of mind,

two understandings of life, and Othello's movement from one to the other is the movement on the level of character and psychology from Venice to Cyprus, from *The City* to anarchy. His return to *The City* and the defeat of the Turk is effected, at the expense of his own life, when he learns *what* he has killed and executes himself as the only fitting judgment on his act. His willingness to speak of what he has done—in contrast to Iago's sullen silence—is a willingness to recognize the meaning of Desdemona's faith and chastity, to acknowledge that innocence and love do exist, and that therefore *The City* can stand, though his life is required to validate the truth and justice on which it is built.

Othello offers a variety of interrelated symbols that locate and define in historical, natural, social, moral, and human terms those qualities of being and universal forces that are forever at war in the universe and between which tragic man is always in movement. On one side there are Turks, cannibals, barbarism, monstrous deformities of nature, the brute force of the sea, riot, mobs, darkness, Iago, hatred, lust, concern for the self only, and cynicism. On the other side there are Venice, *The City*, law, senates, amity, hierarchy, Desdemona, love, concern for others, and innocent trust. As the characters of the play act and speak, they bring together, by means of parallelism and metaphor, the various forms of the different ways of life. There is, for example, a meaningful similarity in the underhanded way Iago works and the ruse by which the Turks try to fool the Venetians into thinking they are bound for Rhodes when their object is Cyprus. Or, there is again a flash of identification when we hear that the reefs and shoals that threaten ships are "ensteeped," that is, hidden under the surface of the sea, as Iago is hidden under the surface of his "honesty." But Shakespeare binds the various levels of being more closely together by the use of imagery that compares things on one level of action with things on another. For example, when Iago swears that his low judgment of all female virtue "is true, or else I am a Turk" (II.i.112), logic demands, since one woman, Desdemona, *is* true and chaste, that we account him "a Turk." He is thus identified with the unbelievers, the Ottoman Turks, and that Asiatic power, which for centuries threatened Christendom, is shown to have its social and psychological equivalent in Iago's particular attitude toward life. Similarly, when Othello sees the drunken brawl on the watchtower, he exclaims,

Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites? (II.iii.168-69)

At the very time when the historical enemy has been defeated, his fleet providentially routed by the great storm, his characteristics—drunken loss of control, brawling over honor, disorder—begin to conquer the island only so recently and fortuitously saved. The conquest continues, and the defender of the island, Othello, convinced of Desdemona's guilt, compares his determination to revenge himself to "the Pontic Sea,/Whose icy current and compulsive course/Nev'r keeps retiring ebb" (III.iii.450-52). The comparison tells us that in his rage and hatred he has become one with the savage seas and the brute, amoral powers of nature that are displayed in the storm scene at the beginning of Act II. But most important is Othello's

identification of himself at the end of the play as the "base Judean" who "threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe." The more familiar quarto reading is "base Indian," but both words point toward the barbarian who fails to recognize value and beauty when he possesses it—the primitive savage who picks up a pearl and throws it away not knowing its worth; or the Jews (Judas may be specifically meant) who denied and crucified another great figure of love, thinking they were dealing with only a troublesome rabble-rouser. A few lines further on Othello proceeds to the final and absolute identification of himself with the infidel. He speaks of a "malignant and a turbaned Turk" who "beat a Venetian and traduced the state," and he then acknowledges that he is that Turk by stabbing himself, even as he once stabbed the other unbeliever. So he ends as both the Turk and the destroyer of the Turk, the infidel and the defender of the faith.

When Iago's schemes are at last exposed, Othello, finding it impossible for a moment to believe that a *man* could have contrived such evil, stares at Iago's feet and then says sadly, "but that's a fable." What he hopes to find when he looks down are the cloven hoofs of the devil, and had they been there he would have been an actor in a morality play, tempted beyond his strength, like many a man before him, by a supernatural power outside himself. In some ways I have schematized *Othello* as just such a morality play, offering an allegorical journey between heaven and hell on a stage filled with purely symbolic figures. This is the kind of abstraction of art toward which criticism inevitably moves, and in this case the allegorical framework is very solidly there. But Othello does not see the cloven hoofs when he looks down; he sees a pair of human feet at the end of a very human body; and he is forced to realize that far from living in some simplified, "fabulous" world where evil is a metaphysical power raiding human life from without, he dwells where evil is somehow inextricably woven with good into man himself. On his stage the good angel does not return to heaven when defeated, but is murdered, and her body remains on the bed, "cold, cold." He lives where good intentions, past services, psychic weaknesses, and an inability to see through evil cannot excuse an act, as they might in some simpler world where more perfect justice existed. In short, Othello is forced to recognize that he lives in a tragic world, and he pays the price for having been great enough to inhabit it.

Here is the essence of Shakespeare's art, an ability to create immediate, full, and total life as men actually live and experience it; and yet at the same time to arrange this reality so that it gives substance to and derives shape from a formal vision of all life that comprehends and reaches back from man and nature through society and history to cosmic powers that operate through all time and space. His plays are both allegorical and realistic at once; his characters both recognizable men and at the same time devils, demigods, and forces in nature. I have discussed only the more allegorical elements in *Othello*, the skeleton of ideas and formal patterns within which the characters must necessarily be understood. But it is equally true that the exact qualities of the abstract moral values and ideas, their full reality, exist only in the characters. It is necessary to know that Desdemona represents one particular human value, love or charity, in order to

avoid making such mistakes as searching for some tragic flaw in her that would justify her death. But at the same time, if we would know what love and charity *are* in all their fullness, then our definition can only be the actions, the language, the emotions of the character Desdemona. She is Shakespeare's word for love. If we wish to know not just the obvious fact that men choose evil over good, but *why* they do so, then we must look both analytically and feelingly at all the evidence that the world offers for believing that Desdemona is false and at all the biases in Othello's mind that predispose him to believe such evidence. Othello's passage from Venice to Cyprus, from absolute love for Desdemona to extinguishing the light in her bedchamber, and to the execution of himself, these are Shakespeare's words for tragic man.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

Othello is based on a story in Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatommithi* (III, 7), a collection of a hundred tales printed in Italy in the sixteenth century. So far as is known, there was no English translation of the source story in Shakespeare's time, and while he may have read it in a French translation of Gabriel Chappuys, it seems probable that he read the original Italian. For a discussion of the evidence for this view and a good comparison of the story and the play, see Kenneth Muir, *Shakespeare's Sources* (1957), Vol. I, "Comedies and Tragedies," pp. 122-23.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

Othello contains some of the most difficult editorial problems of any Shakespearean play. The play was entered in *The Stationer's Register* on October 6, 1621, and printed in a quarto edition, Q1, by Thomas Walkley in 1622, some eighteen or nineteen years after it was first staged. More curiously, at the time that Walkley printed his quarto edition, the plans for printing the folio edition of Shakespeare's collected works were completed and printing was well along. The Folio, F, appeared in late 1623, and the text of *Othello* included in it differs considerably from Q1. A second quarto, Q2, was printed from F in 1630. The chief differences between the two major texts, Q1 and F, are: (1) there are 160 lines in F that are not in Q1; some of these omissions affect the sense in Q1, but others seem to be either intentional cuts in Q1 or additions in F; (2) there are a number of oaths in Q1 that are not in F; this fact can be interpreted in a number of ways, but all arguments go back to the prohibition in 1606 of swearing on stage—but apparently not in printed editions; (3) the stage directions in Q1 are much fuller than in F; (4) there are a large number of variant readings in the two texts, in single words, in phrases, and in lineation; where Q1, for example, reads "toged" (i.e., wearing a toga), F reads "tongued"; where Q1 reads "Worships," F reads "Moorships."

These may seem petty problems, but they present an editor with a series of most difficult questions about what to print at any given point where the two texts are in disagreement. The usual solution in the past has been for the editor to include all material in F and Q1, and where

the two texts are in disagreement to select the reading he prefers. The result is what is known as an eclectic text. But modern bibliographical studies have demonstrated that it is possible to proceed, in some cases at least, in a more precise manner by examining the conflicting texts carefully in order to arrive at something like a reasonable judgment about their relative authority. Shakespearean bibliography has become a most elaborate affair, however, and in most cases it has become necessary to take the word of specialists on these matters. Unfortunately, in the case of *Othello* the experts are not in agreement, and none of their arguments has the ring of certainty. Here is, however, the most general opinion of how the two different texts came into being and how they are related.

After Shakespeare wrote the play, his original draft, usually termed "foul papers," was copied, around 1604, by a scribe and made into what is known as the "promptbook," the official copy of the play used in the theater as the basis for production. This promptbook was the property of the players' company, the King's Men in this case, and remained in their possession to be used, and perhaps revised, whenever they produced *Othello*. Being a repertory company, they would present a play for a few performances, then drop it for a time, and then present it again when conditions seemed favorable. At some time around 1620, another copy was made of the original foul papers, or some later copy of them, and this served as the basis for the 1622 quarto. Later, when the publishers of the Folio got around to printing *Othello*, they took a copy of Q1 and corrected it by the original promptbook, and this corrected copy was then given to the compositors who were setting type for F. There are genuine objections to this theory, the most telling raised by the most recent editor of the play, M. R. Ridley, in *The Arden Shakespeare* edition of *Othello*; but the theory does explain certain difficult facts, and most bibliographers seem to accept some version of it.

The end of this line of argument is to establish fairly reasonably the authority of the F text as being the closest either to what Shakespeare wrote originally or to the play as he finally left it after playhouse revisions. This agrees with what most scholars find in reading the two texts. Sir Walter Greg puts this common belief in the superiority of F in the strongest terms: "In the great majority of cases there can be no doubt that F has preserved the more Shakespearean reading." (*The Shakespeare First Folio*, 1955, p. 365.) For practical purposes what this means is that where an F reading makes sense, then an editor has no choice but to accept it—even though he "likes" the Q1 reading better and would have used it if he had *written*, instead of only edited, the play. But while an editor may be aided and comforted by the bibliographers' decision that F is more authoritative than Q1, his problems are by no means solved. There are places where F does not make sense but Q1 does, places where F is deficient in some way and Q1 is clear and complete, and places where both fail to make sense or seem to point to a common failure to transcribe correctly their original. When this occurs an editor must try to understand how the trouble occurred and then fall back on his judgment. This will force him to try to reconstruct the original manuscript from which we are told Q1 and F both derive, and he must attempt to deduce the original reading that both scribes mangled or

that the typesetters in the different printing houses misread or made a mistake in setting.

This editorial process is endlessly complicated, but the general basis of this edition is as follows: F is taken for the copy text and its readings are preserved wherever they make sense. Oaths and stage directions are, however, taken from Q1, since they were presumably part of the original manuscript, but were deleted by the promptbook transcriber to comply with the prohibition against swearing on stage and because the prompt copy did not require such elaborate stage directions as a reading version—somewhat contrary to common sense, this last, but the bibliographers insist upon it. Where mislineation occurs in F, but Q1 has it correctly, the Q1 lineation is used on the theory that it has a better chance of being the original than any hypothetical reconstruction of my own. Finally, where F and Q1 both produce nonsense, changes, based on the above theory about the transmission of the text and on the work of previous editors, have been made.

Where F is deficient, the reading adopted and printed in this text is given below first in boldface type; unless otherwise stated it is taken from Q1. The original F reading that has been changed follows in roman. Obvious typographical errors in F, expansions of abbreviations, spelling variants ("murder," "murther"), and changes in punctuation and lineation are not noted. The act and scene divisions are translated from Latin, and the division at II.iii is from the Globe edition rather than from F; otherwise the divisions of F and the Globe edition are identical. "The Names of the Actors," here printed at the beginning of the play, in F follows the play.

I.i.1 Tush, Never Never 4 'Sblood, but But 26 other others 27 Christian Christen'd 30 God bless blesse 63 full fall; thick-lips Thicks-lips 83 Zounds, sir Sir 105 Zounds, sir Sir 110 germans Germaines 143 produced producted 151 hell-pains [ed.] hell apines [hells paines Q1]
I.ii.33 duke dukes 37 Even even 49 carack [ed.] Carract [Carrick Q1] 50 he's made he' made 57 Come Cme 67 darlings Deareling 74 weaken weakens 83 Whither Whether 86 if I do if do
I.iii.53 nor hor 74 your yonr 99 maimed main'd 106 Duke [F omits] 107 overt test oer Test 110 First Senator Sen. 122 till tell 138 travel's trauellours 140 rocks, and hills Rocks,

Hills; heads head 142 other others 146 thence hence 154 intently instinctively 203 preserved presern'd 227 couch [ed.] Coach [Cooch Q1] 229 alacrity Alacartie 259 me my [F and Q1] 272 First Senator Sen. 286 First Senator Sen. 321 balance braine 327 scion [ed.] Seyen [seyen Q1] 374 snipe snpe 377 H' as She ha's
II.i.9 mortise [ed.] morties [morties Q1] 33 prays praye 40 Third Gentleman Gent. 53 First Gentleman Gent. 56 Second Gentleman Gent. 59 Second Gentleman Gent. 65 ingener Ingeniuer 66 Second Gentleman Gent. 93 Second Gentleman Gent. 168 gyve [ed.] giue [catch Q1] 173 An and 175 clyster cluster 212 hither thither 241 has he's 260 mutualities mutabilities 298 wife wist 306 nightcap Night-Cape
II.iii.41 unfortunate infortunate 60 to put put to 64 God heauen 75 God Heauen 80 Englishman Englishmen 97 thine thy 99 'Fore God Why 103 God's heaven's 112 God forgive Forgiue 145 Help . . . within [F omits; Q1 reads "Helpe, helpe, within"] 146 Zounds, you You 156 God's will Alas 160 God's will Fie, fie 162 Zounds, I I 216 leagued [ed.] league [F and Q1] 259 God Heauen 273 to ro 287 O God Oh 340 were't were to 359 enmesh en-mash 375 By the mass In troth
III.i.1 s.d. [F includes the Clown] 20 Exit Musicians Exit Mu. 25 general's wife Generall 30 Cassio [no speech ascription in F]
III.ii.6 We'll Well
III.iii.74 By'r Lady Trust me 94 you he 106 By heaven Alas 135 free to free 136 vile vild 139 But some Wherein 148 Shape [ed.] Shapes 162 By heaven I'll Ile 170 fondly [ed.] soundly [strongly Q1] 175 God heauen 182 exsufflicate [ed.] exufflicate [F and Q1]; blown blowd 217 my your 222 vile vilde 248 hold him him 258 qualities Quantities 259 human humane 281 to too 335 of in 347 makes make 372 b' wi' buy 392 supervisor supervision 437 that was [Malone's ed.] it was [F and Q1]
III.iv.77 God Heauen 81 Heaven Blesse 96 I' faith In sooth 169 I' faith Indeed 185 by my faith in good troth
IV.i.21 infected infectious 37 Zounds, that's that's 78 unsuiting resulting 102 conster conserue 108 power dowre 112 i' faith indeed 123 win winnes 131 beckons becomes 162 Faith, I I 216 God save Save 246 an obedient obedient
IV.ii.16 requite requit 30 Nay May 48 kinds kind 154 in [Q2] or 168 stay stays
IV.iii.15 bade bid 53 hie high
V.i.1 bulk Barke 22 hear heard 34 hies highes 35 Forth For 50 heaven's heaven 105 out o' th' o' th'
V.ii.13 the rose thy Rose 35 say so say 57 Then Lord O Heauen 101 Should Did 117 O Lord Alas 127 heard heare 209 reprobation Reprobance 218 O God! O heavenly God O Heauen! Oh heauenly powres 219 Zounds Come



THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

THE MOOR OF VENICE

The Names of the Actors

OTHELLO *the Moor*
BRABANTIO *father to Desdemona*
CASSIO *an honorable lieutenant*
IAGO *a villain*
RODERIGO *a gulled gentleman*
DUKE OF VENICE
SENATORS
MONTANO *Governor of Cyprus*
GENTLEMEN *of Cyprus*

LODOVICO *and GRATIANO two noble Venetians*
SAILORS
CLOWN
DESDEMONA *wife to Othello*
EMILIA *wife to Iago*
BIANCA *a courtesan*
[MESSENGER HERALD OFFICERS
GENTLEMEN MUSICIANS ATTENDANTS]

Scene: Venice and Cyprus]

A C T I

Scene I. [*Venice. A street.*]

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

RODERIGO

Tush! Never tell me? I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

IAGO

'Sblood,° but you'll not hear me! If ever I did dream
Of such a matter, abhor me.

RODERIGO

Thou told'st me

5

Thou didst hold him in thy hate.

IAGO

Despise me

If I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capped° to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price; I am worth no worse a place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them with a bombast circumstance,°

10

Horribly stuffed with epithets of war;
Nonsuits° my mediators. For, "Certes," says he,
"I have already chose my officer." And what was he? 15
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,°
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
(A fellow almost damned in a fair wife)°
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows 20
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic,
Wherein the tonguè° consuls can propose
As masterly as he. Mere prattle without practice
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th' election;
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof 25
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen, must be belee'd and calmed
By debtor and creditor. This counter-caster,°
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.° 30

14 Nonsuits rejects 16 arithmetician theorist (rather than practitioner) 18 A . . . wife a much-disputed passage, which is probably best taken as a general sneer at Cassio as a dandy and a ladies' man; but in the story from which Shakespeare took his plot the counterpart of Cassio is married, and it may be that at the beginning of the play Shakespeare had decided to keep him married but later changed his mind 22 tonguèd eloquent 28 counter-caster i.e., a bookkeeper who "casts" (reckons up) figures on a "counter" (abacus) 30 ancient standard-bearer; an underofficer

The decorative border shown above was used in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.

I.i.4 'Sblood by God's blood 9 Off-capped doffed their caps (as a mark of respect) 12 bombast circumstance stuffed, roundabout speech

RODERIGO

By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

IAGO

Why, there's no remedy. 'Tis the curse of service:
Preferment goes by letter and affection,^o
And not by old gradation,^o where each second
Stood heir to th' first. Now, sir, be judge yourself, 35
Whether I in any just term am affined^o
To love the Moor.

RODERIGO I would not follow him then.

IAGO

O, sir, content you.
I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark 40
Many a duteous and knee-crooking^o knave
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For naught but provender; and when he's old,
cashiered. 45

Whip me such honest knaves! Others there are
Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and when they have lined
their coats, 50

Do themselves homage. These fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.
In following him, I follow but myself. 55
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar^o end;
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native^o act and figure of my heart
In complement extern,^o 'tis not long after 60
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at; I am not what I am.

RODERIGO

What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe^o
If he can carry't thus!

IAGO

Call up her father,
Rouse him. Make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinsmen,
And though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't
As it may lose some color. 70

RODERIGO

Here is her father's house. I'll call aloud.

IAGO

Do, with like timorous^o accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

RODERIGO

What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho! 75

IAGO

Awake! What, ho, Brabantio! Thieves! Thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! Thieves!

BRABANTIO *above*^o [*at a window*].

BRABANTIO

What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there? 80

RODERIGO

Signior, is all your family within?

IAGO

Are your doors locked?

BRABANTIO

Why, wherefore ask you this?

IAGO

Zounds, sir, y'are robbed! For shame. Put on your
gown!

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul.
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram 85
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say.

BRABANTIO What, have you lost your wits?

RODERIGO

Most reverend signior, do you know my voice? 90

BRABANTIO

Not I. What are you?

RODERIGO

My name is Roderigo.

BRABANTIO

The worsè welcome!

I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors.
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say 95
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distemp'ring draughts,^o
Upon malicious knavery dost thou come
To start^o my quiet. 60

RODERIGO

Sir, sir, sir—

BRABANTIO But thou must needs be sure

My spirits and my place^o have in their power 100
To make this bitter to thee.

RODERIGO

Patience, good sir.

BRABANTIO

What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is Venice;
My house is not a grange.^o 65

RODERIGO

Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul I come to you.

IAGO Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not 105
serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come to do
you service and you think we are ruffians, you'll have
your daughter covered with a Barbary^o horse, you'll
have your nephews^o neigh to you, you'll have coursers
for cousins,^o and gennets for germans.^o 110

BRABANTIO

What profane wretch art thou?

IAGO I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your

78 s.d. *above* i.e., on the small upper stage above and to the rear of the main platform stage, which resembled the projecting upper story of an Elizabethan house 96 *dis-temp'ring draughts* unsettling drinks 98 *start* disrupt 100 *place* rank, i.e., of senator 103 *grange* isolated house 108 *Barbary* Arabian, i.e., Moorish 109 *nephews* i.e., grandsons 110 *cousins* relations; *gennets for germans* Spanish horses for blood relatives

33 *letter and affection* recommendations (from men of power) and personal preference 34 *old gradation* seniority 36 *affined* bound 42 *knee-crooking* bowing 57 *peculiar* personal 59 *native* natural, innate 60 *complement extern* outward appearances 63 *owe* own 72 *timorous* frightening

daughter and the Moor are making the beast with two backs.

BRABANTIO

Thou art a villain.

IAGO

You are—a senator.

BRABANTIO

This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Roderigo.

RODERIGO

Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even° and dull watch o' th' night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That from the sense of all civility°
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
In an extravagant° and wheeling stranger
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself.
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

BRABANTIO

Strike on the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper! Call up all my people!

This accident° is not unlike my dream.

Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say! Light!

Exit [above].

IAGO

Farewell, for I must leave you.

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,

To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—

Against the Moor. For I do know the state,

However this may gall him with some check,°

Cannot with safety cast° him; for he's embarked

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,

Which even now stands in act,° that for their souls

Another of his fathom° they have none

To lead their business; in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,

Yet, for necessity of present life,

I must show out a flag and sign of love,

Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find
him,

Lead to the Sagittary° the raised search;

And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

Enter BRABANTIO [in his nightgown], with SERVANTS and torches.

BRABANTIO

It is too true an evil. Gone she is;

And what's to come of my despised time

120 odd-even between night and morning 128 sense . . . civility feeling of what is proper 133 extravagant vagrant, wandering (Othello is not Venetian and thus may be considered a wandering soldier of fortune) 139 accident happening 145 check restraint 146 cast dismiss 148 stands in act takes place 149 fathom ability 155 Sagittary probably the name of an inn

Is naught but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a
father?—

115

How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, she deceives me
Past thought!—What said she to you? Get moe°
tapers!

Raise all my kindred!—Are they married, think you?

RODERIGO

Truly I think they are.

BRABANTIO

120

O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the blood!
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.° Is there not charms
By which the property° of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

125

RODERIGO

Yes, sir, I have indeed.

BRABANTIO

Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—

Some one way, some another—Do you know

130

Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

RODERIGO

I think I can discover him, if you please

To get good guard and go along with me.

BRABANTIO

135

Pray you lead on. At every house I'll call;

I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!

And raise some special officers of might.—

On, good Roderigo; I will deserve your pains.°

Exeunt.

Scene II. [*A street.*]

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, ATTENDANTS with torches.

IAGO

145

Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff° o' th' conscience
To do no contrived murder. I lack iniquity
Sometime to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought t' have yerked° him here, under the ribs. 5

150

OTHELLO

'Tis better as it is.

IAGO

Nay, but he prated,

And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honor, that with the little godliness I have
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you, sir,

155

Are you fast married? Be assured of this,
That the magnifico° is much beloved,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's.° He will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint or grievance
The law, with all his might to enforce it on,
Will give him cable.°

10

OTHELLO

Let him do his spite.

My services which I have done the Signiory°

15

163 moe more 168 act do 169 property true nature 180 deserve your pains be worthy of (and reward) your efforts I.ii.2 stuff essence 5 yerked stabbed 11 magnifico nobleman 12-13 hath . . . duke's i.e., can be as effective as the duke 16 cable range, scope 17 Signiory the rulers of Venice

Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know°—
Which when I know that boasting is an honor
I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege;° and my demerits°
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reached.° For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhousèd° free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the seas' worth. But look, what lights come
yond?

Enter CASSIO, with [OFFICERS and] torches.

IAGO

Those are the raisèd father and his friends.
You were best go in.

OTHELLO Not I. I must be found.
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul°
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

IAGO

By Janus, I think no.

OTHELLO

The servants of the duke? And my lieutenant?
The goodness of the night upon you, friends.
What is the news?

CASSIO The duke does greet you, general; 35
And he requires your haste-posthaste appearance
Even on the instant.

OTHELLO What is the matter, think you?

CASSIO

Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
It is a business of some heat. The galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent° messengers
This very night at one another's heels,
And many of the consuls, raised and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly called
for.

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three several° quests
To search you out.

OTHELLO 'Tis well I am found by you.

I will but spend a word here in the house,

And go with you. *[Exit.]*

CASSIO Ancient, what makes he here?

IAGO

Faith, he tonight hath boarded a land carack.°
If it prove lawful prize, he's made forever.

CASSIO

I do not understand.

IAGO

He's married.

CASSIO

To who?

[Enter OTHELLO.]

IAGO

Marry,° to—Come, captain, will you go?

OTHELLO

Have with you.

CASSIO

Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, with OFFICERS and torches.

IAGO

It is Brabantio. General, be advised.

He comes to bad intent.

OTHELLO

Holla! Stand there!

RODERIGO

Signior, it is the Moor.

BRABANTIO

Down with him, thief!

[They draw swords.]

IAGO

You, Roderigo? Come, sir, I am for you.

OTHELLO

Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

BRABANTIO

O thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my
daughter?

Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her!

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,°

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage that she shunned

The wealthy, curlèd darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,°

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou—to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world if 'tis not gross in sense°

That thou hast practiced° on her with foul charms,

Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

That weaken motion.° I'll have't disputed on;

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach° thee

For an abuser of the world, a practicer

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.°

Lay hold upon him. If he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril.

OTHELLO

Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining and the rest.

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter. Whither will you that I go

To answer this your charge?

BRABANTIO

To prison, till fit time

Of law and course of direct session

Call thee to answer.

OTHELLO

What if I do obey?

How may the duke be therewith satisfied,

Whose messengers are here about my side

Upon some present° business of the state

To bring me to him?

OFFICER

'Tis true, most worthy signior.

18 yet to know unknown as yet 21 siege rank; demerits
deserts 22–23 May . . . reached i.e., are the equal of the
family I have married into 25 unhousèd unconfined 30
perfect soul clear, unflawed conscience 40 sequent successive
45 several separate 49 carack treasure ship 52 Marry an
interjection, from "By the Virgin Mary"

63 refer . . . sense base (my argument) on all ordinary under-
standing of nature 68 general mock public shame 71 gross
in sense obvious 72 practiced used tricks 74 motion
thought, i.e., reason 76 attach arrest 78 inhibited . . .
warrant prohibited and illegal (black magic) 89 present
immediate

The duke's in council, and your noble self
I am sure is sent for.

BRABANTIO How? The duke in council?
In this time of the night? Bring him away.
Mine's not an idle cause. The duke himself,
Or any of my brothers° of the state, 95
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bondslaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. *Exeunt.*

Scene III. [*A council chamber.*]

*Enter DUKE, SENATORS, and OFFICERS [set at a table,
with lights and ATTENDANTS].*

DUKE
There's no composition° in this news
That gives them credit.°

FIRST SENATOR Indeed, they are disproportioned.
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

DUKE
And mine a hundred forty.

SECOND SENATOR And mine two hundred. 5
But though they jump° not on a just accmpt°—
As in these cases where the aim° reports
'Tis oft with difference—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

DUKE
Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.°
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.°

SAILOR (*Within.*) What, ho! What, ho! What, ho!

Enter SAILOR.

OFFICER
A messenger from the galleys.

DUKE Now? What's the business?

SAILOR
The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes. 15
So was I bid report here to the State
By Signior Angelo.

DUKE
How say you by this change?

FIRST SENATOR This cannot be
By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant°
To keep us in false gaze.° When we consider 20
Th' importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourselves again but understand
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question° bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,°
But altogether lacks th' abilities 25

95 **brothers** i.e., the other senators

I.iii.1 composition agreement **2 gives them credit** makes them believable **5 jump** agree; **just accmpt** exact counting
6 aim approximation **9 to judgment** when carefully considered **10-12 I . . . sense** i.e., just because the numbers disagree in the reports, I do not doubt that the principal information (that the Turkish fleet is out) is fearfully true **18 pageant** show, pretense **19 in false gaze** looking the wrong way **23 facile question** easy struggle **24 warlike brace** "military posture"

That Rhodes is dressed in. If we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskillful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain
To wake and wage a danger profitless. 30

DUKE

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

OFFICER

Here is more news.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after° fleet. 35

FIRST SENATOR

Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?

MESSENGER

Of thirty sail; and now they do restem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 40
With his free duty° recommends° you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

DUKE

'Tis certain then for Cyprus.
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

FIRST SENATOR

He's now in Florence. 45

DUKE

Write from us to him; post-posthaste dispatch.

FIRST SENATOR

Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, CASSIO, IAGO,
RODERIGO, and OFFICERS.*

DUKE

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

[*To BRABANTIO.*]

I did not see you. Welcome, gentle signior. 50
We lacked your counsel and your help tonight.

BRABANTIO

So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me.
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general
care 20

Take hold on me; for my particular grief 55
Is of so floodgate and o'erbearing nature
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

DUKE

Why, what's the matter?

BRABANTIO

My daughter! O, my daughter!

SENATORS

Dead?

BRABANTIO

Ay, to me.

She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted 60
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so prepost'rously to err,

35 **after** following 41 **free duty** unlimited respect; **recom-**
mends informs 48 **straight** at once 49 **general** universal

Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans° witchcraft could not.

DUKE

Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense; yea, though our proper° son
Stood in your action.°

BRABANTIO

Humbly I thank your grace.

Here is the man—this Moor, whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state affairs
Hath hither brought.

ALL

We are very sorry for't.

DUKE [*To OTHELLO.*]

What in your own part can you say to this?

BRABANTIO

Nothing, but this is so.

OTHELLO

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved° good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true I have married her.
The very head and front° of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace,
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith°
Till now some nine moons wasted,° they have used
Their dearest° action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round° unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love—what drugs, what
charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charged withal,
I won his daughter—

BRABANTIO

A maiden never bold,

Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at herself;° and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!
It is a judgment maimed and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures pow'rful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram, conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

DUKE

To vouch this is no proof,

Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits° and poor likelihoods
Of modern° seeming do prefer against him.

FIRST SENATOR

But, Othello, speak.

110

Did you by indirect and forcèd courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question°
As soul to soul affordeth?

OTHELLO

I do beseech you,

Send for the lady to the Sagittary
And let her speak of me before her father.

115

If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

DUKE

Fetch Desdemona hither.

120

OTHELLO

Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.

[*Exit IAGO, with two or three ATTENDANTS.*]

And till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

125

DUKE

Say it, Othello.

80

OTHELLO

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still° questioned me the story of my life
From year to year, the battle, sieges, fortune
That I have passed.

130

85

I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hairbreadth scapes i' th' imminent° deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance° in my travel's history,
Wherein of anters° vast and deserts idle,°
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven,

140

95

It was my hint to speak. Such was my process.
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi,° and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,°

150

105

Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively.° I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of kisses.

155

She swore in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing° strange;

64 Sans without 69 proper own 70 Stood . . . action
were the accused in your suit 77 approved tested, proven by
past performance 80 head and front extreme form ("front"
= forehead) 83 pith strength 84 wasted past 85 dearest
most important 90 round blunt 95-96 her . . . herself
she was so modest that she blushed at every thought (and
movement) 108 habits clothing 109 modern trivial

113 question discussion 128 Still regularly 135 imminent
threatening 138 portance manner of acting 139 anters
caves; idle empty, sterile 143 Anthropophagi man-eaters
152 dilate relate in full 154 intentively at length and in
sequence 159 passing surpassing

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.
 She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
 That heaven had made her such a man. She thanked
 me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
 And I loved her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used.
 Here comes the lady. Let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, ATTENDANTS.

DUKE

I think this tale would win my daughter too.
 Good Brabantio, take up this mangled matter at the
 best.
 Men do their broken weapons rather use
 Than their bare hands.

BRABANTIO

I pray you hear her speak.

If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head if my bad blame
 Light on the man. Come hither, gentle mistress.
 Do you perceive in all this noble company
 Where most you owe obedience?

DESDEMONA

My noble father,

I do perceive here a divided duty.
 To you I am bound for life and education;
 My life and education both do learn me
 How to respect you. You are the lord of duty,
 I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband,
 And so much duty as my mother showed
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge^o that I may profess
 Due to the Moor my lord.

BRABANTIO

God be with you. I have done.

Please it your grace, on to the state affairs.
 I had rather to adopt a child than get^o it.
 Come hither, Moor.
 I here do give thee that with all my heart
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
 I would keep from thee. For your sake,^o jewel,
 I am glad at soul I have no other child,
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

DUKE

Let me speak like yourself and lay a sentence^o
 Which, as a grise^o or step, may help these lovers.
 When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.^o 200
 To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
 Is the next^o way to draw new mischief on.
 What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mock'ry makes.
 The robbed that smiles, steals something from the 205
 thief;
 He robs himself that spends a bootless^o grief.

160 BRABANTIO

So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile:
 We lose it not so long as we can smile.
 He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
 But the free comfort which from thence he hears; 210
 But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
 That to pay grief must of poor patience borrow.
 These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
 But words are words. I never yet did hear 215
 That the bruised heart was piercèd^o through the ear.
 I humbly beseech you, proceed to th' affairs of state.

DUKE The Turk with a most mighty preparation
 makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude^o of the place
 is best known to you; and though we have there a 220
 substitute^o of most allowed sufficiency,^o yet opinion,
 a more sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more
 safer voice on you.^o You must therefore be content to
 slubber^o the gloss of your new fortunes with this more
 stubborn and boisterous^o expedition. 225

OTHELLO

The tyrant Custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven^o bed of down. I do agnize^o
 A natural and prompt alacrity
 I find in hardness and do undertake 230
 These present wars against the Ottomites.
 Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife,
 Due reference of place, and exhibition,^o
 With such accommodation and besort 235
 As levels with^o her breeding.

185 DUKE

Why, at her father's.

BRABANTIO

I will not have it so.

OTHELLO

Nor I.

DESDEMONA

Nor would I there reside,

To put my father in impatient thoughts
 By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
 To my unfolding^o lend your prosperous^o ear, 240
 And let me find a charter^o in your voice,
 T' assist my simpleness.

DUKE

What would you, Desdemona?

195

DESDEMONA

That I love the Moor to live with him,
 My downright violence, and storm of fortunes,
 May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdued 245
 Even to the very quality of my lord.^o

216 piercèd some editors emend to "pieced," i.e., "healed"; but "pierced" makes good sense: Brabantio is saying in effect that his heart cannot be further hurt (pierced) by the indignity of the useless, conventional advice the duke offers him; "pierced" can also mean, however, "lanced" in the medical sense, and would then mean "treated"
 219 fortitude fortification 221 substitute viceroy; most allowed sufficiency generally acknowledged capability 221-23 opinion . . . you the general opinion, which finally controls affairs, is that you would be the best man in this situation 224 slubber besmear 225 stubborn and boisterous rough and violent 228 thrice-driven i.e., softest; agnize know in myself 234 exhibition grant of funds 236 levels with is suitable to 240 unfolding explanation; prosperous favoring 241 charter permission 245-46 My . . . lord i.e., I have become one in nature and being with the man I married (therefore, I too would go to the wars like a soldier)

171 take . . . best make the best of this disaster 186 challenge claim as right 189 get beget 193 For your sake because of you 197 lay a sentence provide a maxim 198 grise step 200 late . . . depended was supported by hope (of a better outcome) until lately 202 next closest, surest 206 bootless valueless

I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honors and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites^o for why I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

OTHELLO

Let her have your voice.^o
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat^o—the young affects^o
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction;^o
But to be free and bounteous to her mind;
And heaven defend^o your good souls that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
When she is with me. No, when light-winged toys
Of feathered Cupid seel^o with wanton^o dullness
My speculative and officed instrument,^o
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign^o and base adversities
Make head^o against my estimation!^o—

DUKE

Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going. Th' affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

FIRST SENATOR

You must away tonight.

OTHELLO

With all my heart.

DUKE

At nine i' th' morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you,
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

OTHELLO

So please your grace, my ancient;

A man he is of honesty and trust.
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

DUKE

Let it be so.

Good night to every one. [*To BRABANTIO.*] And,
noble signior,
If virtue no delighted^o beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

FIRST SENATOR

Adieu, brave Moor. Use Desdemona well.

BRABANTIO

Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt DUKE, SENATORS, OFFICERS, &c.*]

OTHELLO

My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee.

I prithee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.^o
Come, Desdemona. I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter, and direction
To spend with thee. We must obey the time.

Exit [OTHELLO, with DESDEMONA].

RODERIGO Iago?

IAGO What say'st thou, noble heart?

RODERIGO What will I do, think'st thou?

255 IAGO Why, go to bed and sleep.

RODERIGO I will incontinently^o drown myself.

300

IAGO If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why,
thou silly gentleman?

260 RODERIGO It is silliness to live when to live is torment;
and then have we a prescription to die when death is
our physician.

305

265 IAGO O villainous! I have looked upon the world for
four times seven years, and since I could distinguish
betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man
that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I
would drown myself for the love of a guinea hen, I
would change my humanity with a baboon.

310

RODERIGO What should I do? I confess it is my shame
to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue^o to amend it.

270 IAGO Virtue? A fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus,
or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our
wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or
sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it
with one gender of herbs or distract^o it with many—
either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with
industry—why, the power and corrigible^o authority
of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had
not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality,
the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct
us to most prepost'rous conclusions.^o But we have
reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings or
unbitted^o lusts, whereof I take this that you call love
to be a sect or scion.^o

315

325

320

RODERIGO It cannot be.

280 IAGO It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission
of the will. Come, be a man! Drown thyself? Drown
cats and blind puppies! I have professed me thy
friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with
cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better
stead^o thee than now. Put money in thy purse.
Follow thou the wars; defeat thy favor^o with an
usurped^o beard. I say, put money in thy purse. It
cannot be long that Desdemona should continue her
love of the Moor. Put money in thy purse. Nor he
his to her. It was a violent commencement in her and
thou shalt see an answerable^o sequestration—put but
money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in
their wills—fill thy purse with money. The food that
to him now is as luscious as locusts^o shall be to him
shortly as bitter as coloquintida.^o She must change
for youth; when she is sated with his body, she will

340

345

252 rites may refer either to the marriage rites or to the rites, formalities, of war 255 voice consent 258 heat lust; affects passions 259 proper satisfaction i.e. consummation of the marriage 261 defend forbid 264 seel sew up; wanton lascivious 265 speculative . . . instrument i.e., sight (and, by extension, the mind) 268 indign unworthy 269 Make head form an army, i.e., attack; estimation reputation 284 delighted delightful

292 advantage opportunity 300 incontinently at once 313 virtue strength (Roderigo is saying that his nature controls him) 318 distract vary 320 corrigible corrective 324 conclusions ends 326 unbitted uncontrolled 327 sect or scion offshoot 334 stead serve 335 defeat thy favor disguise your face 336 usurped assumed 340 answerable similar 343 locusts a sweet fruit 344 coloquintida a purgative derived from a bitter apple

find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony^o and a frail vow betwixt an erring^o barbarian and supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her. Therefore, make money. A pox of drowning thyself, it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing^o thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

RODERIGO Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

IAGO Thou art sure of me. Go, make money. I have told thee often, and I retell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted;^o thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive^o in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy money! We will have more of this tomorrow. Adieu.

RODERIGO Where shall we meet i' th' morning?

IAGO At my lodging.

RODERIGO I'll be with thee betimes.

IAGO Go to, farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

RODERIGO I'll sell all my land.

Exit.

IAGO

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gained knowledge^o should profane
If I would time expend with such snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
H' as done my office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety.^o He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper^o man. Let me see now:
To get his place, and to plume up my will^o
In double knavery. How? How? Let's see.
After some time, to abuse Othello's ears
That he is too familiar with his wife.
He hath a person and a smooth dispose^o
To be suspected—framed^o to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose
As asses are.
I have't! It is engendered! Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[Exit.]

349 **sanctimony** sacred bond (of marriage) 350 **erring** wandering 354 **compassing** encompassing, achieving 360 **hearted** deep-seated in the heart 361 **conjunctive** joined 373 **gained knowledge** i.e., practical, worldly wisdom 379 **surety** certainty 381 **proper** handsome 382 **plume** . . . will many explanations have been offered for this crucial line, which in Q1 reads "make up my will"; the general sense is something like "to make more proud and gratify my ego" 386 **dispose** manner 387 **framed** designed

A C T I I

Scene I. [*Cyprus.*]

Enter MONTANO and two GENTLEMEN [one above].^o

MONTANO

What from the cape can you discern at sea?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought flood.

I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Descry a sail.

MONTANO

Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements.

If it hath ruffianed so upon the sea,

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,

Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

SECOND GENTLEMAN

A segregation^o of the Turkish fleet.

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,

The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;

The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous
main,^o

Seems to cast water on the burning Bear

And quench the guards of th' ever-fixèd pole.^o

I never did like molestation view

On the enchainèd flood.

MONTANO

If that the Turkish fleet

Be not enseltered and embayed, they are drowned;

It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a [THIRD] GENTLEMAN.

THIRD GENTLEMAN

News, lads! Our wars are done.

The desperate tempest hath so banged the Turks

That their designment halts. A noble ship of Venice

Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance^o

On most part of their fleet.

MONTANO

How? Is this true?

THIRD GENTLEMAN The ship is here put in,

A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,

Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,

Is come on shore; the Moor himself at sea,

And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

MONTANO

I am glad on't. 'Tis a worthy governor.

THIRD GENTLEMAN

But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly

And prays the Moor be safe, for they were parted

With foul and violent tempest.

MONTANO

Pray heavens he be;

For I have served him, and the man commands

Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!

As well to see the vessel that's come in

II.i.s.d. the Folio arrangement of this scene requires that the First Gentleman stand above—on the upper stage—and act as a lookout, reporting sights that cannot be seen by Montano standing below on the main stage 10 **segregation** separation 13 **main** both "ocean" and "strength" 14–15 **Seems** . . . **pole** the constellation Ursa Minor contains two stars that are the "guards," or companions, of the "pole," or North Star 23 **sufferance** damage

As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indistinct regard.^o

THIRD GENTLEMAN Come, let's do so; 40
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivancie.^o

Enter CASSIO.

CASSIO
Thanks, you the valiant of the warlike isle,
That so approve^o the Moor. O, let the heavens
Give him defense against the elements, 45
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

MONTANO
Is he well shipped?

CASSIO
His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;^o
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,^o 50
Stand in bold cure.^o
(*Within.*) "A sail, a sail, a sail!"

CASSIO
What noise?

FIRST GENTLEMAN
The town is empty; on the brow o' th' sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, "A sail!"

CASSIO
My hopes do shape him for the governor. 55
[*A shot.*]

SECOND GENTLEMAN
They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends at least.

CASSIO I pray you, sir, go forth
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

SECOND GENTLEMAN
I shall.

Exit.

MONTANO
But, good lieutenant, is your general wived? 60
CASSIO
Most fortunately. He hath achieved a maid
That paragon^o description and wild fame;^o
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,^o
And in th' essential vesture of creation^o
Does tire the ingener.^o

Enter [SECOND] GENTLEMAN.

How now? Who has put in? 65

SECOND GENTLEMAN
'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

CASSIO
H'as had most favorable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,

The guttered^o rocks and congregated^o sands,
Traitors ensteeped^o to enclog the guiltless keel, 70
As having sense^o of beauty, do omit
Their mortal^o natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

MONTANO What is she?

CASSIO
She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago, 75
Whose footing^o here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's^o speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own pow'rful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall^o ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms, 80
Give renewed fire to our extincted spirits.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and EMILIA.

O, behold! The riches of the ship is come on shore!
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.

[*Kneeling.*]

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand, 85
Enwheel thee round.

DESDEMONA I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell of my lord?

CASSIO
He is not yet arrived, nor know I aught
But that he's well and will be shortly here.

DESDEMONA
O but I fear. How lost you company?

CASSIO
The great contention of sea and skies 90
Parted our fellowship.

(*Within.*) "A sail, a sail!" [*A shot.*]

But hark. A sail!

SECOND GENTLEMAN
They give this greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

CASSIO See for the news.
[*Exit GENTLEMAN.*]
Good ancient, you are welcome. [*To EMILIA.*] Wel-
come, mistress. 95

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend^o my manners. 'Tis my breeding^o
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kisses EMILIA.*]

IAGO
Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me, 100
You would have enough.

DESDEMONA Alas, she has no speech.

IAGO
In faith, too much.
I find it still when I have leave to sleep.^o

69 guttered jagged; congregated gathered 70 ensteeped
submerged 71 sense awareness 72 mortal deadly 76 foot-
ing landing 77 se'nnight's week's 79 tall brave 97 extend
stretch; breeding careful training in manners (Cassio is
considerably more the polished gentleman than Iago, and
aware of it) 103 still . . . sleep even when she allows me
to sleep she continues to scold

39-40 the main . . . regard the sea and sky becomes
indistinguishable 42 arrivancie arrivals 44 approve "honor"
or, perhaps, "are as warlike and valiant as your governor"
49 approved allowance known and tested 50 not . . .
death not so great as to be in danger 51 Stand . . . cure
are likely to be restored 62 paragons exceeds; wild fame
extravagant report 63 quirks . . . pens ingenuities of
praising pens 64 essential . . . creation essential human
nature as given by the Creator 65 tire the ingener a difficult
line, which probably means something like "outdo the human
ability to imagine and picture"

Marry, before your ladyship,^o I grant,
 She puts her tongue a little in her heart
 And chides with thinking.

EMILIA You have little cause to say so.

IAGO
 Come on, come on! You are pictures^o out of
 door,
 Bells in your parlors, wildcats in your kitchens,
 Saints in your injuries,^o devils being offended,
 Players in your housewifery,^o and housewives in your
 beds.

DESDEMONA
 O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

IAGO
 Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
 You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

EMILIA
 You shall not write my praise.

IAGO No, let me not.

DESDEMONA
 What wouldst write of me, if thou shouldst praise
 me?

IAGO
 O gentle lady, do not put me to't,
 For I am nothing if not critical.

DESDEMONA
 Come on, assay. There's one gone to the harbor?

IAGO
 Ay, madam.

DESDEMONA [*Aside.*]
 I am not merry; but I do beguile
 The thing I am by seeming otherwise.—
 Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

IAGO
 I am about it; but indeed my invention
 Comes from my pate as bird lime^o does from
 frieze^o—
 It plucks out brains and all. But my Muse labors,
 And thus she is delivered:
 If she be fair^o and wise: fairness and wit,
 The one's for use, the other useth it.

DESDEMONA
 Well praised. How if she be black^o and witty?

IAGO
 If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
 She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

DESDEMONA
 Worse and worse!

EMILIA
 How if fair and foolish?

IAGO
 She never yet was foolish that was fair,
 For even her folly helped her to an heir.

DESDEMONA These are old fond^o paradoxes to make
 fools laugh i' th' alehouse. What miserable praise hast
 thou for her that's foul and foolish?

IAGO
 There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
 But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

DESDEMONA O heavy ignorance. Thou praisest the
 worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a
 deserving woman indeed—one that in the authority
 of her merit did justly put on the vouch of very malice
 itself?^o

IAGO
 She that was ever fair, and never proud;
 Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
 Never lacked gold, and yet went never gay;
 Fled from her wish, and yet said "Now I may";
 She that being angered, her revenge being nigh,
 Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
 She that in wisdom never was so frail
 To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;^o
 She that could think, and nev'r disclose her mind;
 See suitors following, and not look behind:
 She was a wight^o (if ever such wights were)—

DESDEMONA To do what?

IAGO
 To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.^o
 DESDEMONA O most lame and impotent conclusion.
 Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.
 How say you, Cassio? Is he not a most profane and
 liberal^o counselor?

CASSIO He speaks home,^o madam. You may relish
 him more in^o the soldier than in the scholar. [*Takes
 Desdemona's hand.*]

IAGO [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm. Ay, well said,
 whisper! With as little a web as this will I ensnare as
 great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do! I will
 gyve^o thee in thine own courtship.—You say true;
 'tis so, indeed!—If such tricks as these strip you out of
 your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not
 kissed your three fingers so oft—which now again
 you are most apt to play the sir^o in. Very good! Well
 kissed! An excellent curtsy!^o 'Tis so, indeed. Yet
 again your fingers to your lips? Would they were
 clyster pipes^o for your sake! [*Trumpets within.*] The
 Moor! I know his trumpet.^o

CASSIO 'Tis truly so.

DESDEMONA Let's meet him and receive him.

CASSIO Lo, where he comes.

Enter OTHELLO and ATTENDANTS.

OTHELLO
 O my fair warrior!

DESDEMONA My dear Othello.

104 before your ladyship in your presence 107 pictures
 models (of virtue) 109 in your injuries when you injure
 others 110 housewifery this word can mean "careful,
 economical household management," and Iago would
 then be accusing women of only pretending to be good
 housekeepers, while in bed they are either (1) economical
 of their favors, or more likely (2) serious and dedicated
 workers 124 bird lime a sticky substance put on branches
 to catch birds; frieze roughcloth 127 fair light-complexioned
 129 black Brunette

136 fond foolish 143-45 one . . . itself a woman so honest
 and deserving that even malice would be forced to approve of
 her 153 To . . . tail to exchange something valuable for
 something useless 156 wight person 158 chronicle small
 beer keep household accounts (the most trivial of occupations,
 in Iago's opinion) 162 liberal licentious 163 speaks home
 thrusts deeply with his speech 163-64 relish . . . in enjoy
 him more as 168 gyve bind 172 the sir the fashionable
 gentleman 173 curtsy courtesy, i.e., bow 175 clyster pipes
 enema tubes 176 his trumpet great men had their own
 distinctive calls

OTHELLO

It gives me wonder great as my content
 To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
 If after every tempest come such calms,
 May the winds blow till they have wakened death.
 And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas 185
 Olympus-high, and duck again as low
 As hell's from heaven. If it were now to die,
 'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
 My soul hath her content so absolute
 That not another comfort like to this 190
 Succeeds in unknown fate.

DESDEMONA

The heavens forbid

But that our loves and comforts should increase
 Even as our days do grow.

OTHELLO

Amen to that, sweet powers!

I cannot speak enough of this content;
 It stops me here [*touches his heart*]; it is too much of joy. 195
 And this, and this, the greatest discords be
 [*They kiss.*]

That e'er our hearts shall make!

IAGO [*Aside.*]

O, you are well tuned now!

But I'll set down the pegs° that make this music,
 As honest as I am.

OTHELLO

Come, let us to the castle.

News, friends! Our wars are done; the Turks are
 drowned. 200

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
 Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;
 I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
 I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
 In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago, 205
 Go to the bay and disembark my coffers.
 Bring thou the master to the citadel;
 He is a good one, and his worthiness
 Does challenge° much respect. Come, Desdemona,
 Once more well met at Cyprus. 210

Exit OTHELLO and DESDEMONA [*and all but*
 IAGO and RODERIGO].

IAGO [*To an ATTENDANT.*]

Do thou meet me presently at the harbor. [*To RODERIGO.*] Come hither. If
 thou be'st valiant (as they say base men being in love
 have then a nobility in their natures more than is
 native to them), list me. The lieutenant tonight 215
 watches on the court of guard.° First, I must tell thee,
 this: Desdemona is directly in love with him.

RODERIGO With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

IAGO Lay thy finger thus [*puts his finger to his lips*],
 and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what 220
 violence she first loved the Moor but for bragging
 and telling her fantastical lies. To love him still for
 prating? Let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye
 must be fed. And what delight shall she have to look
 on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the 225
 act of sport, there should be a game° to inflame it
 and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in
 favor,° sympathy in years,° manners, and beauties;

all which the Moor is defective in. Now for want of
 these required conveniences,° her delicate tenderness 230
 will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge,°
 disrelish and abhor the Moor. Very nature will
 instruct her in it and compel her to some second
 choice. Now, sir, this granted—as it is a most preg-
 nant° and unforced position—who stands so eminent 235
 in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? A knave
 very voluble; no further conscionable° than in putting
 on the mere form of civil and humane° seeming for
 the better compass of his salt° and most hidden loose°
 affection. Why, none! Why, none! A slipper° and 240
 subtle knave, a finder of occasion, that has an eye can
 stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true ad-
 vantage never present itself. A devilish knave. Besides,
 the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those
 requisites in him that folly and green minds look after. 245
 A pestilent complete knave, and the woman hath
 found him already.

RODERIGO I cannot believe that in her; she's full of
 most blessed condition.

IAGO Blessed fig's-end! The wine she drinks is made 250
 of grapes. If she had been blessed, she would never
 have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou
 not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? Didst
 not mark that?

RODERIGO Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy. 255

IAGO Lechery, by this hand! [*Extends his index finger.*]
 An index° and obscure prologue to the history of lust
 and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips
 that their breaths embraced together. Villainous
 thoughts, Roderigo. When these mutualities so 260
 marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and
 main exercise, th' incorporate° conclusion: Pish!
 But, sir, be you ruled by me. I have brought you
 from Venice. Watch you tonight; for the command,
 I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I'll not be 265
 far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger
 Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting° his
 discipline, or from what other course you please which
 the time shall more favorably minister.

RODERIGO Well. 270

IAGO Sir, he's rash and very sudden in choler,° and
 haply may strike at you. Provoke him that he may;
 for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to
 mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true
 taste° again but by the displanting of Cassio. So 275
 shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by
 the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the
 impediment most profitably removed without the
 which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

RODERIGO I will do this if you can bring it to any 280
 opportunity.

IAGO I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel.
 I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

RODERIGO Adieu.

Exit.

198 set . . . pegs loosen the strings (to produce discord) 209
 challenge require, exact 216 court of guard guardhouse
 226 game sport (with the added sense of "gamey," "rank")
 228 favor countenance, appearance; sympathy in years
 sameness of age

230 conveniences advantages 231 heave the gorge vomit
 234-35 pregnant likely 237 no further conscionable
 having no more conscience 238 humane polite 239 salt
 lecherous; loose immoral 240 slipper slippery 257 index
 pointer 262 incorporate carnal 267 tainting discrediting
 271 choler anger 274-75 qualification . . . taste i.e.,
 appeasement will not be brought about (wine was "qualified"
 by adding water)

IAGO

That Cassio loves her, I do well believe 't;
 That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit.
 The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
 Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
 And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
 A most dear^o husband. Now I do love her too;
 Not out of absolute^o lust, though peradventure^o
 I stand accountant for as great a sin,
 But partly led to diet^o my revenge,
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leaped into my seat; the thought whereof
 Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
 And nothing can or shall content my soul
 Till I am evened with him, wife for wife.
 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace^o
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moor in the right garb^o
 (For I fear Cassio with my nightcap too),
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
 For making him egregiously an ass
 And practicing upon^o his peace and quiet,
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused:
 Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. *Exit.*

Scene II. [*A street.*]

Enter Othello's HERALD with a proclamation.

HERALD It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant
 general, that upon certain tidings now arrived im-
 porting the mere perdition^o of the Turkish fleet, every
 man put himself into triumph. Some to dance, some
 to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels
 his addition^o leads him. For, besides these beneficial
 news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was
 his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices^o are
 open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this
 present hour of five till the bell have told eleven.
 Bless the isle of Cyprus and out noble general Othello!
Exit.

Scene III. [*The citadel of Cyprus.*]

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and ATTENDANTS.

OTHELLO

Good Michael, look you to the guard tonight.
 Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,
 Not to outsport discretion.

290 dear expensive 291 out of absolute absolutely out of;
 peradventure perchance 293 diet feed 302 trace most
 editors emend to "trash," meaning to hang weights on a dog
 to slow his hunting; but "trace" clearly means something like
 "put on the trace" or "set on the track" 305 right garb
 "proper fashion" 309 practicing upon scheming to destroy
 II.ii.3 mere perdition absolute destruction 6 addition rank
 8 offices kitchens and storerooms of food

CASSIO

285 Iago hath direction what to do;
 But notwithstanding, with my personal eye
 Will I look to't. 5

OTHELLO Iago is most honest.

Michael, good night. Tomorrow with your earliest
 290 Let me have speech with you. [*To DESDEMONA.*]

Come, my dear love,
 The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,
 That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you. 10
 Good night.

295 *Exit [OTHELLO, with DESDEMONA and ATTENDANTS].*

Enter IAGO.

CASSIO Welcome, Iago. We must to the watch.

300 IAGO Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' th'
 clock. Our general cast^o us thus early for the love of
 his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame. He 15
 hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she
 is sport for Jove.

305 CASSIO She's a most exquisite lady.

IAGO And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

CASSIO Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate 20
 creature.

IAGO What an eye she has! Methinks it sounds a
 parley to provocation.

310 CASSIO An inviting eye; and yet methinks right
 modest. 25

IAGO And when she speaks, is it not an alarum^o to
 love?

CASSIO She is indeed perfection.

IAGO Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieu-
 tenant, I have a stoup^o of wine, and here without are a 30
 brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a
 measure to the health of black Othello.

CASSIO Not tonight, good Iago. I have very poor and
 unhappy brains for drinking; I could well wish
 courtesy would invent some other custom of enter- 35
 tainment.

IAGO O, they are our friends. But one cup! I'll drink
 for you.

CASSIO I have drunk but one cup tonight, and that
 was craftily qualified^o too; and behold what innovation 40
 it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity and
 dare not task my weakness with any more.

IAGO What, man! 'Tis a night of revels, the gallants
 desire it.

CASSIO Where are they?

IAGO Here, at the door. I pray you call them in.

CASSIO I'll do't, but it dislikes me. *Exit.* 45

IAGO

If I can fasten but one cup upon him
 With that which he hath drunk tonight already,
 He'll be as full of quarrel and offense 50
 As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool
 Roderigo,
 Whom love hath turned almost the wrong side out,
 To Desdemona hath tonight caroused
 Potations pottle-deep;^o and he's to watch.

II.iii.14 cast dismissed 26 alarum the call to action, "general
 quarters" 30 stoup two-quart tankard 40 qualified diluted
 54 pottle-deep to the bottom of the cup

Three else° of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honors in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I tonight flustered with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come.

Enter CASSIO, MONTANO, and GENTLEMEN.

If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

CASSIO 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse°
already.

MONTANO Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as
I am a soldier.

IAGO Some wine, ho! [*Sings.*]
And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink.
A soldier's a man;
O man's life's but a span,
Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

CASSIO 'Fore God, an excellent song!

IAGO I learned it in England, where indeed they are
most potent in potting. Your Dane, your German, and
your swag-bellied° Hollander—Drink, ho!—are noth-
ing to your English.

CASSIO Is your Englishman so exquisite° in his
drinking?

IAGO Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane
dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain;
he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle
can be filled.

CASSIO To the health of our general!

MONTANO I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you
justice.

IAGO O sweet England! [*Sings.*]
King Stephen was and a worthy peer;
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor lown°.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
And take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

CASSIO 'Fore God, this is a more exquisite song than
the other.

IAGO Will you hear't again?

CASSIO No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his
place that does those things. Well, God's above all;
and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls
must not be saved.

IAGO It's true, good lieutenant.

CASSIO For mine own part—no offense to the general,
nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved.

IAGO And so do I too, lieutenant.

CASSIO Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The
lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have

55 no more of this; let's to our affairs.—God forgive us
our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do
not think, gentlemen, I am drunk. This is my ancient;
this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not
drunk now. I can stand well enough, and I speak well
enough. 115

60 GENTLEMEN Excellent well!

CASSIO Why, very well then. You must not think
then that I am drunk. *Exit.* 120

MONTANO

To th' platform, masters. Come, let's set the watch.

IAGO

You see this fellow that is gone before.
He's a soldier fit to stand by Caesar
And give direction; and do but see his vice.
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox°,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him. 125
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

MONTANO But is he often thus?

IAGO

'Tis evermore his prologue to his sleep;
He'll watch the horologe a double set°
If drink rock not his cradle. 130

MONTANO It were well

The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true? 135

Enter RODERIGO.

IAGO [*Aside.*]

How now, Roderigo?
I pray you after the lieutenant, go!
[Exit RODERIGO.]

MONTANO

And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft° infirmity. 140
It were an honest action to say so
To the Moor.

IAGO Not I, for this fair island!
I do love Cassio well and would do much
To cure him of this evil.

("Help! Help!" *Within.*)

But hark! What noise? 145

Enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO.

CASSIO

Zounds, you rogue! You rascal!

MONTANO

What's the matter, lieutenant?

CASSIO

A knave teach me my duty? I'll beat the knave into a
twiggen° bottle.

RODERIGO

Beat me?

55 else others 56 hold . . . distance are scrupulous in main-
taining their honor 64 rouse drink 78 swag-bellied hanging
80 exquisite superb 93 lown lout

125 just equinox exact balance (of dark and light) 131
watch . . . set stay awake twice around the clock 141
ingraft ingrained 148 twiggen wicker-covered

CASSIO

Dost thou prate, rogue?

150

[Strikes him.]

MONTANO

Nay, good lieutenant! I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

[Stays him.]

CASSIO

Let me go, sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.^o

MONTANO

Come, come, you're drunk!

CASSIO

Drunk?

[They fight.]

IAGO [Aside to RODERIGO.]

Away, I say! Go out and cry a mutiny!

155

[Exit RODERIGO.]

Nay, good lieutenant. God's will, gentlemen!

Help, ho! Lieutenant. Sir. Montano.

Help, masters! Here's a goodly watch indeed!

[A bell rung.]

Who's that which rings the bell! Diablo, ho!

The town will rise. God's will, lieutenant,

You'll be ashamed forever.

160

Enter OTHELLO and ATTENDANTS.

OTHELLO

What is the matter here?

MONTANO

Zounds, I bleed still. I am hurt to the death. He dies.

[He and CASSIO fight again.]

OTHELLO

Hold for your lives!

IAGO

Hold, ho! Lieutenant. Sir. Montano. Gentlemen!

Have you forgot all place of sense and duty?

165

Hold! The general speaks to you. Hold, for shame!

OTHELLO

Why, how now, ho? From whence ariseth this?

Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?^o

For Christian shame put by this barbarous brawl!

170

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage

Holds his soul light;^o he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell! It frights the isle

From her propriety.^o What is the matter, masters?

175

Honest Iago, that looks dead with grieving,

Speak. Who began this? On thy love, I charge thee.

IAGO

I do not know. Friends all, but now, even now,

In quarter^o and in terms like bride and groom

Devesting them for bed; and then, but now—

180

As if some planet had unwitting men—

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breasts

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds,^o

And would in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

185

OTHELLO

How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

CASSIO

I pray you pardon me; I cannot speak.

OTHELLO

Worthy Montano, you were wont to be civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted, and your name is great

190

In mouths of wisest censure.^o What's the matter

That you unlace^o your reputation thus

And spend your rich opinion^o for the name

Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

MONTANO

Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger.

195

Your officer, Iago, can inform you,

While I spare speech, which something now offends^o

me,

Of all that I do know; nor know I aught

By me that's said or done amiss this night,

Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,

200

And to defend ourselves it be a sin

When violence assails us.

OTHELLO

Now, by heaven,

My blood begins my safer guides to rule,

And passion, having my best judgment collied,^o

Assays to lead the way. If I once stir

205

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

How this foul rout began, who set it on;

And he that is approved in this offense,

Though he had twinned with me, both at a birth,

210

Shall lose me. What? In a town of war

Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,

To manage^o private and domestic quarrel?

In night, and on the court and guard of safety?

'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began't?

215

MONTANO

If partially affined, or leagued in office,^o

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,

Thou art no soldier.

IAGO

Touch me not so near.

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth

Than it should do offense to Michael Cassio.

220

Yet I persuade myself to speak the truth

Shall nothing wrong him. This it is, general.

Montano and myself being in speech,

There comes a fellow crying out for help,

175

And Cassio following him with determined sword

225

To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman

Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause.

Myself the crying fellow did pursue,

Lest by his clamor—as it so fell out—

The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,

230

Outran my purpose; and I returned then rather

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,

152 mazzard head 169 heaven . . . Ottomites i.e., by sending the storm which dispersed the Turks 172 Holds . . . light values his soul lightly 174 propriety proper order 178 In quarter on duty 183 odds quarrel

191 censure judgment 192 unlace undo (the term refers specifically to the dressing of a wild boar killed in the hunt) 193 opinion reputation 197 offends harms, hurts 204 collied darkened 213 manage conduct 216 If . . . office if you are partial because you are related ("affined") or the brother officer (of Cassio)

And Cassio high in oath; which till tonight
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—
For this was brief—I found them close together
At blow and thrust, even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report;
But men are men; the best sometimes forget.
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely Cassio I believe received
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.^o

OTHELLO I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince^o this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look if my gentle love be not raised up.
I'll make thee an example.

DESDEMONA What is the matter, dear?

OTHELLO
All's well, sweeting; come away to bed. 250

[*To MONTANO.*]

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.
Lead him off. [MONTANO *led off.*]

Iago, look with care about the town
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life 255
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.
Exit, [with all but IAGO and CASSIO].

IAGO
What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CASSIO
Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO
Marry, God forbid!

CASSIO Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have 260
lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of
myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation,
Iago, my reputation.

IAGO As I am an honest man, I had thought you had
received some bodily wound. There is more sense^o 265
in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and
most false imposition,^o oft got without merit and
lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation
at all unless you repute yourself such a loser. What,
man, there are more ways to recover the general 270
again. You are but now cast in his mood^o—a punish-
ment more in policy^o than in malice—even so as one
would beat his offenseless dog to affright an imperious
lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

CASSIO I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive 275
so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and
so indiscreet an officer. Drunk! And speak parrot!^o
And squabble! Swagger! Swear! and discourse
fustian^o with one's own shadow! O thou invisible

spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, 280
let us call thee devil!

235 IAGO What was he that you followed with your
sword? What had he done to you?

CASSIO I know not.

IAGO Is't possible? 285

240 CASSIO I remember a mass of things, but nothing
distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God,
that men should put an enemy in their mouths to
steal away their brains! that we should with joy,
pleasance, revel, and applause transform ourselves into 290
beasts!

IAGO Why, but you are now well enough. How came
you thus recovered? 245

CASSIO It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give
place to the devil wrath. One unperfectness shows me 295
another, to make me frankly despise myself.

IAGO Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time,
the place, and the condition of this country stands, I
could heartily wish this had not befall'n; but since it is
as it is, mend it for your own good. 300

CASSIO I will ask him for my place again: he shall tell
me I am a drunkard. Had I as many mouths as Hydra,
such an answer would stop them all. To be now a
sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!
O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the 305
ingredient is a devil.

IAGO Come, come, good wine is a good familiar
creature if it be well used. Exclaim no more against it.
And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

CASSIO I have well approved it, sir. I drunk? 310

IAGO You or any man living may be drunk at a time,
man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife
is now the general. I may say so in this respect, for
that he hath devoted and given up himself to the
contemplation, mark, and devotement of her parts^o 315
and graces. Confess yourself freely to her; importune
her help to put you in your place again. She is of so
free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition she holds
it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is
requested. This broken joint between you and her 320
husband entreat her to splinter;^o and my fortunes
against any lay^o worth naming, this crack of your love
shall grow stronger than it was before.

CASSIO You advise me well.

IAGO I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest 325
kindness.

CASSIO I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I
will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for
me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check^o me.

IAGO You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I 330
must to the watch.

CASSIO Good night, honest Iago. *Exit CASSIO.*

IAGO

And what's he then that says I play the villain,
When this advice is free^o I give, and honest,
Probal to^o thinking, and indeed the course 335
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
Th' inclining^o Desdemona to subdue

244 *pass* allow to pass 245 *mince* cut up (i.e., tell only part of)
265 *sense* physical feeling 267 *imposition* external thing
271 *cast* . . . *mood* dismissed because of his anger 272 *in*
policy politically necessary 277 *speak parrot* gabble
without sense 278–79 *discourse fustian* speak nonsense
(fustian was a coarse cotton cloth used for stuffing)

315 *devotement* . . . *parts* devotion to her qualities
321 *splinter* splint 322 *lay* wager 329 *check* repulse 334
free generous and open 335 *Probal to* provable by 337
inclining inclined (to be helpful)

In any honest suit; she's framed as fruitful°
 As the free elements.° And then for her
 To win the Moor—were't to renounce his baptism, 340
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin—
 His soul is so enfeathered to her love
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite° shall play the god
 With his weak function.° How am I then a villain 345
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will the blackest sins put on,°
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,°
 As I do now. For whiles this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortune,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear:
 That she repeals him° for her body's lust;
 And by how much she strives to do him good, 355
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all. How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

RODERIGO I do follow here in the chase, not like a 360
 hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry.° My
 money is almost spent; I have been tonight exceedingly
 well cudgeled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have
 so much experience for my pains; and so, with no
 money at all, and a little more wit, return again to 365
 Venice.

IAGO
 How poor are they that have not patience!
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
 Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
 And wit depends on dilatory time. 370
 Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 And thou by that small hurt hath cashiered Cassio.
 Though other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.
 Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning! 375
 Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
 Retire thee; go where thou art billeted.
 Away, I say! Thou shalt know more hereafter.
 Nay, get thee gone! *Exit RODERIGO.*

Two things are to be done:
 My wife must move° for Cassio to her mistress; 380
 I'll set her on;
 Myself awhile° to draw the Moor apart
 And bring him jump° when he may Cassio find
 Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way!
 Dull not device by coldness and delay. *Exit.* 385

ACT III

Scene I. [*A street.*]

Enter CASSIO [and] MUSICIANS.

CASSIO

Masters, play here. I will content your pains.°
 Something that's brief; and bid "Good morrow,
 general."

[*They play.*]

[*Enter CLOWN.*°]

350 CLOWN Why, masters, have your instruments been in
 Naples° that they speak i' th' nose thus?

MUSICIAN How, sir, how? 5

CLOWN Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?

MUSICIAN Ay, marry, are they, sir.

355 CLOWN O, thereby hangs a tale.

MUSICIAN Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

CLOWN Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I 10
 know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the
 general so likes your music that he desires you, for
 love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

MUSICIAN Well, sir, we will not.

CLOWN If you have any music that may not be heard, 15
 to't again. But, as they say, to hear music the general
 does not greatly care.

MUSICIAN We have none such, sir.

CLOWN Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll
 away. Go, vanish into air, away! *Exit MUSICIANS.* 20

CASSIO Dost thou hear me, mine honest friend?

CLOWN No. I hear not your honest friend. I hear you.

CASSIO Prithee keep up thy quilllets.° There's a poor
 piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends
 the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one 25
 Cassio entreats her a little favor of speech. Wilt thou
 do this?

CLOWN She is stirring, sir. If she will stir hither, I shall
 seem to notify unto her.° *Exit CLOWN.*

Enter IAGO.

CASSIO

In happy time, Iago.

IAGO You have not been abed then? 30

CASSIO

Why no, the day had broke before we parted.

I have made bold, Iago, to send in to your wife;

My suit to her is that she will to virtuous Desdemona
 Procure me some access.

IAGO I'll send her to you presently, 35

And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor

Out of the way, that your converse and business
 May be more free.

CASSIO

I humbly thank you for't.

Exit [IAGO].

I never knew

A Florentine° more kind and honest.

338 framed as fruitful made as generous 339 elements
 i.e., basic nature 344 appetite liking 345 function thought
 348 put on advance, further 349 shows appearances
 354 repeals him asks for (Cassio's reinstatement) 361 fills
 . . . cry makes up one of the hunting pack, adding to the
 noise but not actually tracking 380 move petition 382
 awhile at the same time 383 jump at the precise moment
 and place

III.i.1 content your pains reward your efforts 2 s.d. Clown
 fool 4 Naples this may refer either to the Neapolitan nasal
 tone, or to syphilis—rife in Naples—which breaks down the
 nose 23 quilllets puns 29 seem . . . her the Clown is
 mocking Cassio's overly elegant manner of speaking 39
 Florentine i.e., Iago is as kind as if he were from Cassio's
 home town, Florence

Enter EMILIA.

EMILIA

Good morrow, good lieutenant. I am sorry
For your displeasure;° but all will sure be well. 40
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity,° and that in wholesome wisdom 45
He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loves
you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To bring you in again.

CASSIO Yet I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse 50
With Desdemona alone.

EMILIA Pray you come in.
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom° freely.

CASSIO I am much bound to you.
[Exeunt.]

Scene II. [The citadel.]

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and GENTLEMEN.

OTHELLO
These letters give, Iago, to the pilot
And by him do my duties to the Senate.
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair° there to me.

IAGO Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

OTHELLO
This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't? 5
GENTLEMEN We'll wait upon your lordship. Exeunt.

Scene III. [The citadel.]

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

DESDEMONA
Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

EMILIA
Good madam, do. I warrant it grieves my husband
As if the cause were his.

DESDEMONA
O, that's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio, 5
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

CASSIO Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.

DESDEMONA
I know't; I thank you. You do love my lord. 10
You have known him long, and be you well assured

He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.°

CASSIO Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long, 15
Or feed upon such nice° and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstances,°
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,°
My general will forget my love and service.

DESDEMONA
Do not doubt° that; before Emilia here 20
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article. My lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame° and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;°
I'll intermingle everything he does 25
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio,
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO [at a distance].

EMILIA
Madam, here comes my lord.

CASSIO
Madam, I'll take my leave. 30

DESDEMONA
Why, stay, and hear me speak.

CASSIO
Madam, not now. I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

DESDEMONA
Well, do your discretion. Exit CASSIO.

IAGO
Ha! I like not that. 35
OTHELLO What dost thou say?

IAGO
Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what.

OTHELLO
Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

IAGO
Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

OTHELLO I do believe 'twas he. 40

DESDEMONA [Coming to them.]
How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

OTHELLO
Who is't you mean?

DESDEMONA
Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord, 45
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present° reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,

41 displeasure discomforting 45 affinity family 53 bosom
inmost thoughts
III.ii.4 Repair go

III.iii.12-13 He . . . distance he shall act no more distant to
you than is necessary for political reasons 15 nice trivial 16
Or . . . circumstances or grow so on the basis of accidental
happenings and political needs 17 supplied filled 19 doubt
imagine 23 watch him tame animals were tamed by being
kept awake 24 board a shrift table (seem) a confessional
47 present immediate

I have no judgment in an honest face.
I prithee call him back.

OTHELLO Went he hence now?

DESDEMONA
I' sooth so humbled
That he hath left part of his grief with me
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

OTHELLO
Not now, sweet Desdemon; some other time.

DESDEMONA
But shall't be shortly?

OTHELLO The sooner, sweet, for you.

DESDEMONA
Shall't be tonight at supper?

OTHELLO No, not tonight.

DESDEMONA
Tomorrow dinner then?

OTHELLO I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

DESDEMONA
Why then, tomorrow night, on Tuesday morn,
On Tuesday noon, or night, on Wednesday morn.
I prithee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days. In faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason
(Save that, they say, the wards must make example
Out of her best), is not almost a fault
T' incur a private check.^o When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul
What you would ask me that I should deny
Or stand so mamm'ring^o on. What? Michael Cassio, 70
That came awooing with you, and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part—to have so much to do
To bring him in? By'r Lady, I could do much—

OTHELLO
Prithee no more. Let him come when he will!
I will deny thee nothing.

DESDEMONA Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit^o
To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise^o and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

OTHELLO I will deny thee nothing!
Whereon I do beseech thee grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

DESDEMONA
Shall I deny you? No. Farewell, my lord.

OTHELLO
Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.^o

DESDEMONA
Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. *Exit, [with EMILIA].*

OTHELLO
Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul 90

50 But I do love thee! And when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

IAGO
My noble lord—

OTHELLO What dost thou say, Iago?

IAGO
Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady,
Know of your love? 95

55 OTHELLO
He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

IAGO
But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No further harm.

OTHELLO Why of thy thought, Iago?

IAGO
I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

OTHELLO
O, yes, and went between us^o very oft. 100

IAGO
Indeed?

60 OTHELLO
Indeed? Ay, indeed! Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

IAGO Honest, my lord?

OTHELLO Honest? Ay, honest.

65 IAGO
My lord, for aught I know.

OTHELLO
What dost thou think?

IAGO Think, my lord?

OTHELLO Think, my lord? 105

By heaven, thou echoest me,
As if there were some monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something.
I heard thee say even now, thou lik'st not that,
When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like? 110

75 And when I told thee he was of my counsel^o
Of my whole course of wooing, thou cried'st, "In-
deed?"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit.^o If thou dost love me, 115

80 Show me thy thought.

IAGO
My lord, you know I love you.

OTHELLO I think thou dost;
And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath, 85

Therefore these stops^o of thine fright me the more;
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom;^o but in a man that's just
They're close dilations,^o working from the heart
That passion cannot rule. 120

IAGO For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest. 125

OTHELLO
I think so too.

IAGO Men should be what they seem;

66-67 is . . . check is almost not serious enough for a private rebuke (let alone a public disgrace) 70 mamm'ring hesitating 79 peculiar profit particularly personal good 82 poise weight 87 straight at once

100 between us i.e., as messenger 111 of my counsel in my confidence 115 conceit thought 120 stops interruptions 122 of custom customary 123 close dilations expressions of hidden thoughts

Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

OTHELLO

Certain, men should be what they seem.

IAGO

Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

OTHELLO

Nay, yet there's more in this?

130

I prithee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

IAGO

Good my lord, pardon me:

Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

135

Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false,
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has that breast so pure
But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets and law days,^o and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful?

140

OTHELLO

Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago, '
If thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

IAGO

I do beseech you—

Though I perchance am vicious in my guess
(As I confess it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and of my jealousy
Shape faults that are not), that your wisdom
From one that so imperfectly conceits
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.

145

It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

150

OTHELLO

What dost thou mean?

IAGO

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

155

OTHELLO

By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts!

IAGO

You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not whilst 'tis in my custody.

OTHELLO

Ha!

IAGO

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy!
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But O, what damned minutes tells^o he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts—suspects, yet fondly^o loves!

165

170

OTHELLO

O misery.

IAGO

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;

140 leets . . . days meetings of local courts 169 tells counts

170 fondly foolishly

But riches fineless^o is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good God the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

175

OTHELLO Why? Why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still^o the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No! To be once in doubt
Is to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown^o surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof there is no more but this:
Away at once with love or jealousy!

180

185

190

IAGO

I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eyes thus: not jealous nor secure.
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty^o be abused. Look to't.
I know our country disposition well:
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best con-
science

195

200

Is not to leave't undone, but kept unknown.^o

OTHELLO

Dost thou say so?

205

IAGO

She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seemed to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most.

OTHELLO

And so she did.

IAGO

Why, go to then!

She that so young could give out such a seeming
To seel^o her father's eyes up close as oak^o—
He thought 'twas witchcraft. But I am much to blame.
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

210

OTHELLO

I am bound to thee forever.

IAGO

I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.

OTHELLO

Not a jot, not a jot.

IAGO

Trust me, I fear it has.

215

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see y' are moved.
I am to pray you not to strain^o my speech

173 fineless infinite 178 To follow still to change always
(as the phases of the moon) 182 exsufflicate and blown in-
flated and flyblown 200 self-bounty innate kindness (which
attributes his own motives to others) 203–04 their . . . un-
known their morality does not forbid adultery, but it does for-
bid being found out 210 seel hoodwink; oak a close-grained
wood 218 strain enlarge the meaning of

To grosser issues, nor to larger reach°
Than to suspicion.

220

O T H E L L O

I will not.

I A G O Should you do so, my lord,

My speech should fall into such vile success

Which my thoughts aimed not. Cassio's my worthy friend—

My lord, I see y' are moved.

O T H E L L O

No, not much moved.

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

225

I A G O

Long live she so. And long live you to think so.

O T H E L L O

And yet, how nature erring from itself—

I A G O

Ay, there's the point, as (to be bold with you)

Not to affect many proposèd matches

Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,°

230

Whereto we see in all things nature tends°—

Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,

Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.

But, pardon me, I do not in position°

Distinctly° speak of her; though I may fear

235

Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,

May fall to match° you with her country forms,°

And happily° repent.

O T H E L L O

Farewell, farewell!

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more.

Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

240

I A G O

My lord, I take my leave.

[Going.]

O T H E L L O

Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

I A G O [Returns.]

My lord, I would I might entreat your honor

To scan this thing no farther. Leave it to time.

245

Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,

For sure he fills it up with great ability,

Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,

You shall by that perceive him and his means.

Note if your lady strain his entertainment°

With any strong or vehement importunity;

Much will be seen in that. In the meantime

Let me be thought too busy in my fears

(As worthy cause I have to fear I am)

And hold her free, I do beseech your honor.

255

O T H E L L O

Fear not my government.°

I A G O

I once more take my leave.

Exit.

O T H E L L O

This fellow's of exceeding honesty,

And knows all qualities,° with a learnèd spirit

Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,°

Though that her jesses° were my dear heartstrings,

260

I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind°

To prey at fortune. Haply for° I am black

And have not those soft parts° of conversation

That chamberers° have, or for I am declined

Into the vale of years—yet that's not much—

265

She's gone. I am abused, and my relief

Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,

That we can call these delicate creatures ours,

And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad

And live upon the vapor of a dungeon

270

Than keep a corner in the thing I love

For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague to great ones;

Prerogativèd are they less than the base.

'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.

Even then this forkèd° plague is fated to us

275

When we do quicken.° Look where she comes.

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, heaven mocked itself!

I'll not believe't.

DESDEMONA How now, my dear Othello?

Your dinner, and the generous islanders

By you invited, do attend° your presence.

280

O T H E L L O

I am to blame.

DESDEMONA Why do you speak so faintly?

Are you not well?

240

O T H E L L O

I have a pain upon my forehead, here.°

DESDEMONA

Why, that's with watching; 'twill away again.

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour

285

It will be well.

O T H E L L O Your napkin° is too little;

[He pushes the handkerchief away, and it falls.]

Let it° alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

245

DESDEMONA

I am very sorry that you are not well.

Exit, [with O T H E L L O].

EMILIA

I am glad I have found this napkin;

250

This was her first remembrance from the Moor.

290

My wayward husband hath a hundred times

Wooed me to steal it; but she so loves the token

(For her conjured her she should ever keep it)

That she reserves it evermore about her

To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out°

295

And give't Iago. What he will do with it,

258 **qualities** natures, types of people 259 **haggard** a partly trained hawk which has gone wild again 260 **jesses** straps which held the hawk's legs to the trainer's wrist 261 **I'd . . . wind** I would release her (like an untamable hawk) and let her fly free 262 **Haply for** it may be because 263 **soft parts** gentle qualities and manners 264 **chamberers** courtiers—or, perhaps, accomplished seducers 275 **forkèd** horned (the sign of the cuckold was horns) 276 **do quicken** are born 280 **attend** wait 283 **here** he points to his imaginary horns 286 **napkin** elaborately worked handkerchief 287 **it** it makes a considerable difference in the interpretation of later events whether this "it" refers to Othello's forehead or to the handkerchief; nothing in the text makes the reference clear 295 **work ta'en out** needlework copied

219 **reach** meaning 230 **degree** social station 231 **in . . . tends** all things in nature seek out their own kind 234 **position** general argument 235 **Distinctly** specifically 237 **fall to match** happen to compare; **country forms** i.e., the familiar appearances of her countrymen 238 **happily** by chance 250 **strain his entertainment** urge strongly that he be reinstated 256 **government** self-control

Heaven knows, not I; I nothing° but to please his fantasy.°

Enter IAGO.

IAGO
How now? What do you here alone?

EMILIA
Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

IAGO
You have a thing for me? It is a common thing— 300

EMILIA Ha?

IAGO
To have a foolish wife.

EMILIA
O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

IAGO What handkerchief?

EMILIA
What handkerchief! 305
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,
That which so often you did bid me steal.

IAGO
Hast stol'n it from her?

EMILIA
No, but she let it drop by negligence,
And to th' advantage,° I, being here, took't up. 310
Look, here 'tis.

IAGO A good wench. Give it me.

EMILIA
What will you do with't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

IAGO Why, what is that to you?

[Takes it.]

EMILIA
If it be not for some purpose of import,°
Give't me again. Poor lady, she'll run mad 315
When she shall lack° it.

IAGO Be not acknown on't.°
I have use for it. Go, leave me. Exit EMILIA.

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong 320
As proofs of Holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,°
But, with a little,° act upon the blood, 325
Burn like the mines of sulfur. I did say so.

Enter OTHELLO.

Look where he comes! Not poppy nor mandragora,°
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst° yesterday.

OTHELLO Ha! ha! False to me? 330

297 I nothing I wish nothing; fantasy fancy, whim 310
to th' advantage being lucky 314 import importance
316 lack miss; Be . . . on't Forget your ever saw it
324 are . . . distaste scarcely can be tasted 325 with a
little in a short time 327 poppy nor mandragora soporifics
330 owedst possessed

IAGO
Why, how now, general? No more of that.

OTHELLO
Avaunt! be gone! Thou hast set me on the rack.
I swear 'tis better to be much abused
Than but to know't a little.

IAGO How now, my lord?

OTHELLO
What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust? 335
I saw't not, thought it not, it harmed not me;
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.
He that is robbed, not wanting° what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robbed at all. 340

IAGO
I am sorry to hear this.

OTHELLO
I had been happy if the general camp,
Pioners° and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O now, forever
Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content! 345
Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars
That makes ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality, 350
Pride, pomp, and circumstance° of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines° whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamors° counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

IAGO
Is't possible, my lord? 355

OTHELLO
Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore!
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my waked wrath!

IAGO Is't come to this? 360

OTHELLO
Make me to see't; or at the least so prove it
That the probation° bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on—or woe upon thy life!

IAGO
My noble lord—

OTHELLO
If thou dost slander her and torture me, 365
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

IAGO O grace! O heaven forgive me! 370
Are you a man? Have you a soul or sense?
God b' wi' you! Take mine office. O wretched fool,
That lov'st to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe. 375

339 wanting missing 343 Pioners the basest manual laborers
in the army, who dug trenches and mines 351 circumstance
pageantry 352 mortal engines lethal weapons, i.e., cannon
353 clamors thunder 362 probation proof

I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith° love breeds such offense.

OTHELLO

Nay, stay. Thou shouldst be honest.

IAGO

I should be wise; for honesty's a fool
And loses that it works for.

OTHELLO

By the world,

380

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.
I'll have some proof. My name, that was as fresh
As Dian's° visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

IAGO

I see you are eaten up with passion.
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

OTHELLO

Would? Nay, and I will.

390

IAGO

And may; but how? How satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor,° grossly gape on?
Behold her topped?

OTHELLO

Death and damnation! O!

IAGO

It were a tedious° difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect.° Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster°
More than their own! What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime° as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt° as wolves in pride,° and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances
Which lead directly to the door of truth
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

395

400

405

OTHELLO

Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

IAGO

I do not like the office.°
But sith I am entered in this cause so far,
Pricked° to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say, "Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
And then, sir, would he gripe° and wring my hand,
Cry "O sweet creature!" Then kiss me hard,
As if he plucked up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips; laid his leg o'er my thigh,
And sigh, and kiss, and then cry, "Cursèd fate
That gave thee to the Moor!"

377 sith since 384 Dian's Diana's (goddess of the moon and of chastity) 392 supervisor onlooker 394 tedious hard to arrange 395 prospect sight (where they can be seen) 396 bolster go to bed 400-01 prime, salt lustful 401 pride heat 407 office duty 409 Pricked spurred 418 gripe seize

OTHELLO

O monstrous! monstrous!

IAGO

Nay, this was but his dream.

OTHELLO

But this denoted a foregone conclusion,°
'Tis a shrewd doubt,° though it be but a dream.

425

IAGO

And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate° thinly.

OTHELLO

I'll tear her all to pieces!

IAGO

Nay, yet be wise. Yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

385

430

OTHELLO

I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

IAGO

I know not that; but such a handkerchief—
I am sure it was your wife's—did I today
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

390

435

OTHELLO

If it be that—

IAGO

If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

OTHELLO

O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago:
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.
'Tis gone.
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O Love, thy crown and hearted° throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,°
For 'tis of aspics'° tongues.

395

440

400

405

445

IAGO

Yet be content.°

OTHELLO

O, blood, blood, blood!

IAGO

Patience, I say. Your mind may change.

OTHELLO

Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic Sea,°
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Nev'r keeps retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall nev'r look back, nev'r ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide° revenge
Swallow them up. [*He kneels.*] Now, by yond marble
heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

410

450

415

455

IAGO

Do not rise yet.

[*IAGO kneels.*]

420

Witness, you ever-burning lights above,

460

425 foregone conclusion consummated fact 426 shrewd doubt penetrating guess 428 demonstrate show, appear 445 hearted seated in the heart 446 fraught burden 447 aspics' asps'; content patient, quiet 450 Pontic Sea the Black Sea (famous for the strong and constant current with which it flows through the Bosphorus into the Mediterranean, where the water level is lower) 456 capable and wide sufficient and far-reaching

You elements that clip° us round about,
 Witness that here Iago doth give up
 The execution° of his wit, hands, heart
 To wronged Othello's service! Let him command,
 And to obey shall be in me remorse,°
 What bloody business ever.° [*They rise.*]

OTHELLO I greet thy love,
 Not with vain thanks but with acceptance bounteous,°
 And will upon the instant put thee to't.°
 Within these three days let me hear thee say
 That Cassio's not alive.

IAGO
 My friend is dead. 'Tis done at your request.
 But let her live.

OTHELLO Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
 Damn her!

Come, go with me apart. I will withdraw
 To furnish me with some swift means of death
 For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

IAGO
 I am your own forever. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV. [*A street.*]

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and CLOWN.

DESDEMONA Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant
 Cassio lies?°

CLOWN I dare not say he lies anywhere.

DESDEMONA Why, man?

CLOWN He's a soldier, and for me to say a soldier lies, 5
 'tis stabbing.

DESDEMONA Go to. Where lodges he?

CLOWN To tell you where he lodges is to tell you
 where I lie.

DESDEMONA Can anything be made of this? 10

CLOWN I know not where he lodges, and for me to
 devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there,
 were to lie in mine own throat.°

DESDEMONA Can you enquire him out, and be
 edified° by report? 15

CLOWN I will catechize the world for him; that is,
 make questions, and by them answer.

DESDEMONA Seek him, bid him come hither. Tell
 him I have moved° my lord on his behalf and hope all
 will be well. 20

CLOWN To do this is within the compass° of man's
 wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

Exit CLOWN.

DESDEMONA
 Where should° I lose the handkerchief, Emilia?

EMILIA
 I know not, madam.

DESDEMONA
 Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse 25

Full of crusadoes.° And but my noble Moor
 Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
 As jealous creatures are, it were enough
 To put him to ill thinking.

465 EMILIA Is he not jealous?

DESDEMONA
 Who? He? I think the sun where he was born 30
 Drew all such humors° from him.

EMILIA Look where he comes.

Enter OTHELLO.

DESDEMONA
 I will not leave him now till Cassio
 Be called to him. How is't with you, my lord?

OTHELLO
 Well, my good lady. [*Aside.*] O, hardness to dis-
 semble!°—

How do you, Desdemona?

475 DESDEMONA Well, my good lord. 35

OTHELLO
 Give me your hand. This hand is moist,° my lady.

DESDEMONA
 It hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

OTHELLO
 This argues° fruitfulness and liberal° heart,
 Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires 40
 A sequester° from liberty; fasting and prayer;
 Much castigation; exercise devout;
 For here's a young and sweating devil here
 That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
 A frank one.

DESDEMONA You may, indeed, say so;
 For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart. 45

OTHELLO
 A liberal hand! The hearts of old gave hands,
 But our new heraldry° is hands, not hearts.

DESDEMONA
 I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise!

OTHELLO
 What promise, chuck?

DESDEMONA
 I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you. 50

OTHELLO
 I have a salt and sorry rheum° offends me.
 Lend me thy handkerchief.

DESDEMONA Here, my lord.

OTHELLO That which I gave you.

DESDEMONA I have it not about me.

OTHELLO
 Not?

DESDEMONA
 No, indeed, my lord.

OTHELLO That's a fault.

461 clip enfold 463 execution workings, action 465 re-
 morse pity 466 ever soever 467 bounteous absolute 468
 to't i.e., to the work you have said you are prepared to do
 III.iv.2 lies lodges 13 lie . . . throat to lie in the throat is
 to lie absolutely and completely 15 edified enlightened
 (Desdemona mocks the Clown's overly elaborate diction)
 19 moved pleaded with 21 compass reach 23 should might

26 crusadoes Portuguese gold coins 31 humors characteristics
 34 hardness to dissemble Othello may refer here either to the
 difficulty he has in maintaining his appearance of composure,
 or to what he believes to be Desdemona's hardened hypocrisy
 36 moist a moist, hot hand was taken as a sign of a lustful
 nature 38 argues suggests; liberal free, open (but also with a
 suggestion of "licentious"; from here on in this scene Othello's
 words bear a double meaning, seeming to be normal but
 accusing Desdemona of being unfaithful) 40 sequester
 separation 47 heraldry heraldic symbolism 51 salt . . .
 rheum heavy, running head cold

That handkerchief
 Did an Egyptian to my mother give.
 She was a charmer,^o and could almost read
 The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it
 'Twould make her amiable^o and subdue my father
 Entirely to her love; but if she lost it
 Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
 Should hold her loathèd, and his spirits should hunt
 After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me,
 And bid me, when my fate would have me wived,
 To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't;
 Make it a darling like your precious eye.
 To lose't or give't away were such perdition
 As nothing else could match.

DESDEMONA Is't possible?

O T H E L L O
 'Tis true. There's magic in the web^o of it.
 A sibyl that had numbered in the world
 The sun to course two hundred compasses,
 In her prophetic fury^o sewed the work;
 The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,
 And it was dyed in mummy^o which the skillful
 Conserved of maidens' hearts.

DESDEMONA Indeed? Is't true?

O T H E L L O
 Most veritable. Therefore look to't well.

DESDEMONA
 Then would to God that I had never seen't!

O T H E L L O Ha! Wherefore?

DESDEMONA
 Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

O T H E L L O
 Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak, is it out o' th' way?

DESDEMONA Heaven bless us!

O T H E L L O Say you?

DESDEMONA
 It is not lost. But what an if it were?

O T H E L L O How?

DESDEMONA
 I say it is not lost.

O T H E L L O Fetch't, let me see't!

DESDEMONA
 Why, so I can; but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit:

Pray you let Cassio be received again.

O T H E L L O
 Fetch me the handkerchief! My mind misgives.

DESDEMONA

Come, come!

You'll never meet a more sufficient^o man—

O T H E L L O

The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA A man that all his time
 Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
 Shared dangers with you—

O T H E L L O

The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA

I' faith, you are to blame.

55 O T H E L L O Away! *Exit* O T H E L L O.

EMILIA Is not this man jealous?

DESDEMONA

I nev'r saw this before.

Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief;

60 I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

EMILIA

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,

65 They belch us.

Enter I A G O and C A S S I O.

Look you, Cassio and my husband. 105

I A G O

There is no other way; 'tis she must do't.

And lo the happiness! Go and importune her.

70 DESDEMONA

How now, good Cassio? What's the news with you?

C A S S I O

Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you

That by your virtuous means I may again

Exist, and be a member of his love

75 Whom I with all the office^o of my heart

Entirely honor. I would not be delayed.

If my offense be of such mortal kind

That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,

Nor purposed merit in futurity,

Can ransom me into his love again,

But to know so must be my benefit.^o

So shall I clothe me in a forced content,

And shut myself up in some other course

80 To fortune's alms.

DESDEMONA Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio,

My advocacy^o is not now in tune.

My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him

Were he in favor^o as in humor altered.

So help me every spirit sanctified

As I have spoken for you all my best

And stood within the blank^o of his displeasure

85 For my free speech. You must awhile be patient.

What I can do I will; and more I will

Than for myself I dare. Let that suffice you.

I A G O

Is my lord angry?

EMILIA He went hence but now,

And certainly in strange unquietness.

I A G O

90 Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon

When it hath blown his ranks into the air

And, like the devil, from his very arm

Puffed his own brother. And is he angry?

Something of moment^o then. I will go meet him.

There's matter in't indeed if he be angry.

DESDEMONA

I prithee do so. *Exit* [I A G O]. Something sure of state,^o

95 Either from Venice or some unhatched practice^o

Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,

Hath puddled^o his clear spirit; and in such cases

57 charmer magician 59 amiable desirable 69 web weav-
 ing 72 prophetic fury seized by the spirit and able to pro-
 phesy 74 mummy liquid drained from embalmed bodies
 91 sufficient complete, with all proper qualities

112 office duty 118 benefit good 122 advocacy advocacy
 124 favor countenance 127 blank bull's-eye of a target
 137 moment importance 139 of state state affairs 141
 unhatched practice undisclosed plot 142 puddled muddled

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so.
 For let our finger ache, and it endues°
 Our other, healthful members even to a sense
 Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods,
 Nor of them look for such observancy
 As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,
 I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
 But now I find I had suborned the witness,
 And he's indicted falsely.

EMILIA . . . Pray heaven it be
 State matters, as you think, and no conception
 Nor no jealous toy° concerning you.

DESDEMONA
 Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

EMILIA
 But jealous souls will not be answered so;
 They are not ever jealous for the cause,
 But jealous for they're jealous. It is a monster
 Begot upon itself, born on itself.

DESDEMONA
 Heaven keep the monster from Othello's mind!

EMILIA Lady, amen.

DESDEMONA
 I will go seek him. Cassio, walk here about.
 If I do find him fit,° I'll move your suit
 And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

CASSIO
 I humbly thank your ladyship.
Exit [DESDEMONA, with EMILIA].

Enter BIANCA.

BIANCA
 Save you, friend Cassio!
 CASSIO . . . What make you from home?
 How is't with you, my most fair Bianca?
 I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

BIANCA
 And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
 What, keep a week away? Seven days and nights?
 Eightscore eight hours? And lovers' absent hours
 More tedious than the dial eightscore times?
 O weary reck'ning.°

CASSIO . . . Pardon me, Bianca.
 I have this while with leaden thoughts been pressed,
 But I shall in a more continue° time
 Strike off this score° of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[Gives her Desdemona's handkerchief.]

Take me this work out.

BIANCA . . . O Cassio, whence came this?
 This is some token from a newer friend.
 To the felt absence now I feel a cause.
 Is't come to this? Well, well.

CASSIO . . . Go to, woman!
 Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
 From whence you have them. You are jealous now

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance.
 No, by my faith, Bianca.

145 BIANCA . . . Why, whose is it? 185

CASSIO
 I know not neither; I found it in my chamber.
 I like the work well; ere it be demanded,°
 As like enough it will, I would have it copied.
 150 Take it and do't, and leave me for this time.

BIANCA . . . Leave you? Wherefore? 190

CASSIO
 I do attend here on the general
 And think it no addition, nor my wish,
 155 To have him see me womaned.

BIANCA . . . Why, I pray you?

CASSIO
 Not that I love you not.

BIANCA . . . But that you do not love me!
 I pray you bring° me on the way a little,
 And say if I shall see you soon at night. 195

160 CASSIO
 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
 For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.

BIANCA
 'Tis very good. I must be circumstanced.°

Exeunt omnes.

A C T I V

Scene I. *[A street.]*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

IAGO
 Will you think so?
 OTHELLO . . . Think so, Iago?
 IAGO . . . What,

To kiss in private?
 170 OTHELLO . . . An unauthorized° kiss?

IAGO
 Or to be naked with her friend in bed
 An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

OTHELLO
 Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm? 5
 It is hypocrisy against the devil.
 They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
 The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

IAGO
 If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip.
 But if I give my wife a handkerchief— 10

OTHELLO . . . What then?

IAGO
 Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and being hers,
 She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

OTHELLO
 She is protectress of her honor too.
 May she give that? 15

145 **endues** leads 155 **toy** trifle 164 **fit** receptive 174
reck'ning addition 176 **continue** uninterrupted 177
Strike . . . score pay this bill (the "score" being the account
 of drinks kept in a tavern)

187 **demand** asked for (by the person who lost it) 195
bring accompany 199 **be circumstanced** accept things as
 they are

IV.i.2 **unauthorized** illicit

IAGO
Her honor is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not.
But for the handkerchief—

O T H E L L O
By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it!
Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory 20
As doth the raven° o'er the infected house,
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

IAGO
A y, what of that?

O T H E L L O That's not so good now.

IAGO
What if I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say—as knaves be such abroad° 25
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage° of some mistress,
Convincèd or supplied° them, cannot choose
But they must blab—

O T H E L L O Hath he said anything?

IAGO
He hath, my lord; but be you well assured, 30
No more than he'll unswear.

O T H E L L O What hath he said?

IAGO
Why, that he did—I know not what he did.

O T H E L L O What? what?

IAGO Lie—

O T H E L L O
With her?

IAGO With her, on her; what you will. 35

O T H E L L O Lie with her? Lie on her?—We say lie on
her when they belie her.—Lie with her! Zounds, that's
fulsome.° — Handkerchief — confessions — handker-
chief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labor— first
to be hanged, and then to confess! I tremble at it. 40
Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing
passion without some instruction.° It is not words
that shakes me thus.—Pish! Noses, ears, and lips? Is't
possible?—Confess—Handkerchief?—O devil!

Falls in a trance.

IAGO
Work on. 45
My med'cine works! Thus credulous fools are caught,
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.° What, ho! My Lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio?

CASSIO
What's the matter? 50

IAGO
My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy.
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

21 raven a harbinger of death 25 abroad i.e., in the world
27 voluntary dotage weakness of the will 28 Convincèd or
supplied persuaded or gratified (the mistress) 38 fulsome
foul, repulsive 41–42 Nature . . . instruction i.e., my
mind would not become so darkened (with anger) unless there
were something in this (accusation); it should be remembered
that Othello believes in the workings of magic and super-
natural forces 48 reproach shame

CASSIO
Rub him about the temples.

IAGO
The lethargy° must have his quiet course.
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by 55
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs.
Do you withdraw yourself a little while.
He will recover straight. When he is gone,
I would on great occasion° speak with you.
[Exit CASSIO.]

How is it, general? Have you not hurt your head? 60

O T H E L L O
Dost thou mock° me?

IAGO I mock you not, by heaven.

Would you would bear your fortune like a man.

O T H E L L O
A hornèd man's a monster and a beast.

IAGO
There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil° monster. 65

O T H E L L O
Did he confess it?

IAGO Good, sir, be a man.
Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked
May draw° with you. There's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper° beds
Which they dare swear peculiar.° Your case is better. 70
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know;
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

O T H E L L O
O, thou art wise! 'Tis certain.

IAGO Stand you awhile apart; 75
Confine yourself but in a patient list.°
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmèd with your grief—
A passion most unsuited such a man—
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away°
And laid good 'scuses upon your ecstasy;° 80
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promised. Do but encave° yourself
And mark the fleers,° the gibes, and notable° scorns
That dwell in every region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew: 85
Where, how how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry patience,
Or I shall say you're all in all in spleen,°
And nothing of a man.

O T H E L L O Dost thou hear, Iago? 90
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

IAGO That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

54 lethargy coma 59 great occasion very important matter
61 mock Othello takes Iago's comment as a reference to his
horns—which it is 65 civil city-dwelling 68 draw i.e., like
the horned ox 69 unproper i.e., not exclusively the husband's
70 peculiar their own alone 76 a patient list the bounds of
patience 79 shifted him away got rid of him by a stratagem
80 ecstasy trance (the literal meaning, "outside oneself,"
bears on the meaning of the change Othello is undergoing)
82 encave hide 83 fleers mocking looks or speeches; notable
obvious 89 spleen passion, particularly anger

[OTHELLO moves to one side, where his remarks are not audible to CASSIO and IAGO.]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A huswife^o that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and cloth. It is a creature
That dotes on Cassio, as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguiled by one.
He, when he hears of her, cannot restrain
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes.

Enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish^o jealousy must conster^o
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviors
Quite in the wrong. How do you, lieutenant?

CASSIO
The worser that you give me the addition^o
Whose want even kills me.

IAGO
Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
How quickly should you speed!

CASSIO Alas, poor caitiff!^o

OTHELLO
Look how he laughs already!

IAGO
I never knew woman love man so.

CASSIO
Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

OTHELLO
Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

IAGO
Do you hear, Cassio?

OTHELLO Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er. Go to! Well said, well said!

IAGO
She gives it out that you shall marry her.
Do you intend it?

CASSIO Ha, ha, ha!

OTHELLO
Do ye triumph, Roman? Do you triumph?

CASSIO I marry? What, a customer?^o Prithee bear
some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwhole-
some. Ha, ha, ha!

OTHELLO So, so, so, so. They laugh that win.

IAGO
Why, the cry goes that you marry her.

CASSIO Prithee, say true.

IAGO I am a very villain else.

OTHELLO Have you scored^o me? Well.

CASSIO This is the monkey's own giving out. She is
persuaded I will marry her out of her own love and
flattery, not out of my promise.

OTHELLO Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

[OTHELLO moves close enough to hear.]

CASSIO She was here even now; she haunts me in
every place. I was the other day talking on the sea bank

95 huswife housewife (but with the special meaning here of
"prostitute") 102 unbookish ignorant; conster construe
105 addition title 109 caitiff wretch 120 customer one
who sells, a merchant (here, a prostitute) 127 scored marked,
defaced

with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble,^o
and falls me thus about my neck—

OTHELLO Crying "O dear Cassio!" as it were. His
gesture imports it.

95 CASSIO So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so
shakes and pulls me! Ha, ha, ha!

OTHELLO Now he tells how she plucked him to my
chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog
I shall throw it to.

100 CASSIO Well, I must leave her company.

IAGO Before me!^o Look where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

CASSIO 'Tis such another fitchew!^o Marry a per-
fumed one? What do you mean by this haunting of me?

BIANCA Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What
did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me
even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out
the work? A likely piece of work that you should
find it in your chamber and know not who left it
there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out
the work? There! [She throws down the handkerchief.]
Give it your hobbyhorse.^o Wheresoever you had it,
I'll take out no work on't.

110 CASSIO How now, my sweet Bianca? How now?
how now?

OTHELLO By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

BIANCA If you'll come to supper tonight, you may; if
you will not, come when you are next prepared for.^o

Exit.

IAGO After her, after her!

CASSIO Faith, I must; she'll rail in the streets else.

IAGO Will you sup there?

CASSIO Yes, I intend so.

115 IAGO Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very
fain speak with you.

CASSIO Prithee come. Will you?

IAGO Go to, say no more. [Exit CASSIO.]

OTHELLO [Comes forward.] How shall I murder him,
Iago?

IAGO Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

OTHELLO O Iago!

IAGO And did you see the handkerchief?

OTHELLO Was that mine?

IAGO Yours, by this hand! And to see how he prizes
the foolish woman your wife! She gave it him, and he
hath giv'n it his whore.

125 OTHELLO I would have him nine years a-killing!—A
fine woman, a fair woman, a sweet woman?

IAGO Nay, you must forget that.

OTHELLO Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned
tonight; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned
to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the
world hath not a sweeter creature! She might lie by
an emperor's side and command him tasks.

180 IAGO Nay, that's not your way.^o

OTHELLO Hang her! I do but say what she is. So
delicate with her needle. An admirable musician. O,

134 bauble plaything 144 Before me an exclamation of
surprise 145 fitchew polecat, i.e., strong-smelling creature
154 hobbyhorse prostitute 160 next prepared for next
expected—i.e., never 186 way proper course

she will sing the savageness out of a bear! Of so high
and plenteous wit and invention°— 190

IAGO She's the worse for all this.

OTHELLO O, a thousand, a thousand times. And then,
of so gentle a condition?°

IAGO Ay, too gentle.

OTHELLO Nay, that's certain. But yet the pity of it, 195
Iago. O Iago, the pity of it, Iago.

IAGO If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her
patent to offend; for if it touch° not you, it comes near
nobody.

OTHELLO I will chop her into messes!° Cuckold me! 200

IAGO O, 'tis foul in her.

OTHELLO With mine officer!

IAGO That's fouler.

OTHELLO Get me some poison, Iago, this night. I'll
not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty 205
unprovide my mind° again. This night, Iago!

IAGO Do it not with poison. Strangle her in her bed,
even the bed she hath contaminated.

OTHELLO Good, good! The justice of it pleases. Very
good! 210

IAGO And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker.° You
shall hear more by midnight.

OTHELLO

Excellent good! [*A trumpet.*]

What trumpet is that same?

IAGO

I warrant something from Venice.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and ATTENDANTS.

'Tis Lodovico.

This comes from the duke. See, your wife's with him. 215

LODOVICO

God save you, worthy general.

OTHELLO With° all my heart, sir.

LODOVICO

The duke and the senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

OTHELLO

I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the letter and reads.*]

DESDEMONA

And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

IAGO

I am very glad to see you, signior. 220

Welcome to Cyprus.

LODOVICO

I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

IAGO Lives, sir.

DESDEMONA

Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord

An unkind° breach; but you shall make all well.

OTHELLO Are you sure of that? 225

DESDEMONA My lord?

190 invention imagination 193 so . . . condition (1) so
well born (2) of such a gentle nature 198 touch affects
200 messes bits 206 unprovide my mind undo my resolu-
tion 211 undertaker not "burier," but "one who undertakes
to do something" 216 With i.e., I greet you with 224
unkind unnatural

OTHELLO [*Reads.*] "This fail you not to do, as you
will—"

LODOVICO

He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

DESDEMONA

A most unhappy one. I would do much

T' atone° them, for the love I bear to Cassio. 230

OTHELLO

Fire and brimstone!

DESDEMONA

My lord?

OTHELLO

Are you wise?

DESDEMONA

What, is he angry?

LODOVICO

May be th' letter moved him;

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.° 235

DESDEMONA

Trust me, I am glad on't.

OTHELLO

Indeed?

DESDEMONA

My lord?

OTHELLO

I am glad to see you mad.

DESDEMONA

Why, sweet Othello—

OTHELLO Devil!

[*Strikes her.*]

DESDEMONA

I have not deserved this.

LODOVICO

My lord, this would not be believed in Venice, 240

Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much.

Make her amends; she weeps.

OTHELLO

O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem° with woman's tears,

Each drop she falls° would prove a crocodile.°

Out of my sight!

DESDEMONA

I will not stay to offend you. 245

[*Going.*]

LODOVICO

Truly, an obedient lady.

I do beseech your lordship call her back.

OTHELLO

Mistress!

DESDEMONA

My lord?

OTHELLO

What would you with her, sir?

LODOVICO

Who? I, my lord?

OTHELLO

Ay! You did wish that I would make her turn. 250

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on

And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;

And she's obedient; as you say, obedient.

Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.

Concerning this, sir—O well-painted passion! 255

I am commanded home.—Get you away;

I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate

And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt!

[*Exit* DESDEMONA.]

231 atone reconcile 235 government office 243 teem
conceive 244 falls drops; crocodile the crocodile was sup-
posed to shed false tears to lure its victims

Cassio shall have my place. And sir, tonight
I do entreat that we may sup together. 260
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and mon-
keys! *Exit.*

LODOVICO

Is this the noble Moor whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident nor dart of chance 265
Could neither graze nor pierce?

IAGO

He is much changed.

LODOVICO

Are his wits safe? Is he not light of brain?

IAGO

He's that he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be (if, what he might, he is not)
I would to heaven he were!

LODOVICO

What, strike his wife? 270

IAGO

Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

LODOVICO

Is it his use?°

Or did the letters work upon his blood°
And new-create his fault?

IAGO

Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak 275
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses° will denote him so
That I may save my speech. Do but go after
And mark how he continues.

LODOVICO

I am sorry that I am deceived in him. *Exeunt.* 280

Scene II. [*The citadel.*]

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

OTHELLO

You have seen nothing then?

EMILIA

Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

OTHELLO

Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

EMILIA

But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up° between them. 5

OTHELLO

What, did they never whisper?

EMILIA

Never, my lord.

OTHELLO

Nor send you out o' th' way?

EMILIA

Never.

OTHELLO

To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

EMILIA

Never, my lord. 10

OTHELLO

That's strange.

EMILIA

I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake° If you think other,
Remove your thought. It doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head, 15
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse,°
For if she be not honest,° chaste, and true,
There's no man happy. The purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

OTHELLO

Bid her come hither. Go.

Exit EMILIA.

She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd° 20
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villainous secrets,
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do't.

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

DESDEMONA

My lord, what is your will?

OTHELLO

Pray you, chuck, come hither.

DESDEMONA

What is your pleasure?

OTHELLO

Let me see your eyes. 25

Look in my face.

DESDEMONA

What horrible fancy's this?

OTHELLO [*To EMILIA.*]

Some of your function,° mistress:

Leave procreants alone and shut the door;

Cough or cry hem if anybody come.

Your mystery,° your mystery! Nay, dispatch! 30

Exit EMILIA.

DESDEMONA

Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words.°

OTHELLO

Why, what art thou?

DESDEMONA

Your wife, my lord; your true

And loyal wife.

OTHELLO

Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves 35

Should fear to seize thee. Therefore be double-
damned:

Swear thou art honest.

DESDEMONA

Heaven doth truly know it.

OTHELLO

Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

DESDEMONA

To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

OTHELLO

Ah, Desdemon! Away! Away! Away! 40

DESDEMONA

Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?

Am I the motive° of these tears, my lord?

If haply° you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me. If you have lost him, 45

I have lost him too.

OTHELLO

Had it pleased heaven

To try me with affliction, had they rained

All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,

Steeped° me in poverty to the very lips,

16 serpent's curse God's curse on the serpent after the fall in Eden **17 honest** chaste **20 bawd** procuress **27 Some . . . function** do your proper work (as the operator of a brothel) **30 mystery** trade **32 words** Q1 adds to this line, "but not the words" **42 motive** cause **43 haply** by chance **49 Steeped** submerged

272 use habit **273 blood** passion **277 courses** actions
IV.ii.5 that . . . up spoken **13 at stake** as the wager

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience. But, alas, to make me
The fixèd figure for the time of scorn°
To point his slow and moving finger at.
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs
Or else dries up—to be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender° in—turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin!
I here look grim as hell!°

DESDEMONA

I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

OTHELLO

O, ay, as summer flies are in the shambles,°
That quicken even with blowing.° O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst never
been born!

DESDEMONA

Alas, what ignorant° sin have I committed?

OTHELLO

Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write "whore" upon? What committed?
Committed? O thou public commoner,°
I should make very forges of my cheeks
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;°
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth
And will not hear't. What committed?

DESDEMONA

By heaven, you do me wrong!

OTHELLO

Are not you a strumpet?

DESDEMONA

No, as I am a Christian!

If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

OTHELLO

What, not a whore?

DESDEMONA

No, as I shall be saved!

OTHELLO

Is't possible?

DESDEMONA

O, heaven forgive us!

OTHELLO

I cry you mercy° then.

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello. [*Calling.*] You, mistress,

Enter EMILIA.

50

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter
And keep the gate of hell! You, you, ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your
pains.

55

[*Throws her some coins.*]

I pray you turn the key and keep our counsel. *Exit.*
EMILIA

Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? How do you, my good lady? 95

60

DESDEMONA Faith, half asleep.

EMILIA

Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

DESDEMONA With who?

EMILIA Why, with my lord, madam.

DESDEMONA

Who is thy lord?

65

EMILIA He that is yours, sweet lady. 100

DESDEMONA

I have none. Do not talk to me, Emilia.

I cannot weep, nor answers have I none

But what should go by water.° Prithee tonight

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember;

And call thy husband hither.

EMILIA

Here's a change indeed! 105

Exit.

DESDEMONA

'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.

How have I been behaved, that he might stick

The small'st opinion on my least misuse?°

75

Enter IAGO and EMILIA.

IAGO

What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with you?

DESDEMONA

I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes 110

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks.

He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.

IAGO

What is the matter, lady?

EMILIA

Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,

Thrown such despite° and heavy terms upon her 115

That true hearts cannot bear it.

DESDEMONA

Am I that name, Iago?

IAGO

What name, fair lady?

DESDEMONA

Such as she said my lord did say I was.

EMILIA

He called her whore. A beggar in his drink

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.° 120

IAGO

Why did he so?

DESDEMONA

I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

IAGO

Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day.

EMILIA

Hath she forsook so many noble matches,

53 The . . . scorn the very image of scorn in our time
61 knot and gender twist in bunches and procreate 61-63
turn . . . hell the rough sense would seem to be, "even Pati-
ence would grow pale ("turn complexion") at Desdemona's
perfidy, but that Othello looks grimly on" 65 shambles
abattoirs 66 quicken . . . blowing become impregnated as
soon as they lay their eggs 69 ignorant unknowing 72
commoner prostitute 76 winks closes its eyes (the moon
was the symbol of chastity) 87 cry you mercy ask your
pardon

103 water tears 107-08 stick . . . misuse base any doubt on
my smallest fault 115 despite abuse 120 callet slut

Her father and her country, and her friends,
To be called whore? Would it not make one weep?

DESDEMONA

It is my wretched fortune.

IAGO Beshrew^o him for't!

How comes this trick upon him?

DESDEMONA Nay, heaven doth know.

EMILIA

I will be hanged if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging,^o cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander. I will be hanged else.

IAGO

Fie, there is no such man! It is impossible.

DESDEMONA

If any such there be, heaven pardon him.

EMILIA

A halter pardon him! And hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? Who keeps her com-
pany?
What place? What time? What form? What likelihood?
The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heavens, that such companions^o thou'dst unfold,^o
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to th' west!

IAGO Speak within door.^o

EMILIA

O, fie upon them! Some such squire^o he was
That turned your wit the seamy side without
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

IAGO

You are a fool. Go to.

DESDEMONA

Alas, Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him, for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love
Either in discourse of thought^o or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will (though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement) love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me. Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat^o my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say "whore."
It does abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

IAGO

I pray you be content. 'Tis but his humor.^o

The business of the state does him offense.

DESDEMONA

If 'twere no other.

IAGO

It is but so, I warrant.

[Trumpets within.]

Hark how these instruments summon to supper.

The messengers of Venice stay the meat.^o

Go in, and weep not, All things shall be well.

[Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

RODERIGO I do not find that thou deal'st justly with
me.

IAGO What in the contrary?

RODERIGO Every day thou daff'st^o me with some
device,^o Iago, and rather, as it seems to me now,
keep'st from me all conveniency^o than suppliest me
with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no
longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up^o in
peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

IAGO Will you hear me, Roderigo?

RODERIGO I have heard too much, and your words
and performances are no kin together.

IAGO You charge me most unjustly.

RODERIGO With naught but truth. I have wasted
myself out of my means. The jewels you have had
from me to deliver Desdemona would half have
corrupted a votarist.^o You have told me she hath re-
ceived them, and returned me expectations and com-
forts of sudden respect^o and acquaintance; but I find
none.

IAGO Well, go to; very well.

RODERIGO Very well? Go to? I cannot go to, man;
nor 'tis not very well. Nay, I think it is scurvy, and
begin to find myself fopped^o in it.

IAGO Very well.

RODERIGO I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make
myself known to Desdemona. If she will return me my
jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my un-
lawful solicitation. If not, assure yourself I will seek
satisfaction of you.

IAGO You have said now?

RODERIGO Ay, and said nothing but what I protest^o
intendment of doing.

IAGO Why, now I see there's mettle^o in thee, and even
from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than
ever before. Give my thy hand, Roderigo. Thou hast
taken against me a most just exception;^o but yet I
protest I have dealt most directly^o in thy affair.

RODERIGO It hath not appeared.

IAGO I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your
suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But,
Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed which I
have greater reason to believe now than ever—I mean
purpose, courage, and valor—this night show it. If
thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona,
take me from this world with treachery and devise
engines for^o my life.

RODERIGO Well, what is it? Is it within reason and
compass?^o

168 stay the meat await the meal 174 daff'st put off 175
device scheme 176 conveniency what is needful 178 put
up accept 187 votarist nun 189 sudden respect immediate
consideration 194 fopped duped 202 protest aver 204
mettle spirit 207 exception objection 208 directly straight-
forwardly 217 engines for schemes against

127 Beshrew curse 131 cogging cheating 140 companions
fellows, rogues; unfold disclose 143 within door more
quietly and moderately 144 squire a term of contempt
152 discourse of thought thinking 159 defeat destroy
164 humor mood

IAGO Sir, there is especial commission come from 220
 Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.
 RODERIGO Is that true? Why, then Othello and
 Desdemona return again to Venice.
 IAGO O, no; he goes into Mauritania and taketh away
 with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be 225
 lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be
 so determinate^o as the removing of Cassio.
 RODERIGO How do you mean, removing him?
 IAGO Why, by making him incapable of Othello's
 place—knocking out his brains. 230
 RODERIGO And that you would have me to do?
 IAGO Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right.
 He sups tonight with a harlotry,^o and thither will I go
 to him. He knows not yet of his honorable fortune. If
 you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion 235
 to fall out^o between twelve and one, you may take
 him at your pleasure. I will be near to second^o your
 attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not
 amazed at it, but go along with me. I will show you
 such a necessity in his death that you shall think 240
 yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper
 time, and the night grows to waste. About it.
 RODERIGO I will hear further reason for this.
 IAGO And you shall be satisfied. *Exeunt.*

Scene III. [*The citadel.*]

*Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA,
 and ATTENDANTS.*

LODOVICO
 I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.
 OTHELLO
 O, pardon me: 'twill do me good to walk.
 LODOVICO
 Madam, good night. I humbly thank your ladyship.
 DESDEMONA
 Your honor is most welcome.
 OTHELLO
 Will you walk, sir? O, Desdemona. 5
 DESDEMONA My lord?
 OTHELLO Get you to bed on th' instant; I will be
 returned forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there.
 Look't be done.
 DESDEMONA I will, my lord. 10
Exit [OTHELLO, with LODOVICO and ATTENDANTS].
 EMILIA How goes it now? He looks gentler than he
 did.
 DESDEMONA
 He says he will return incontinent,^o
 And hath commanded me to go to bed,
 And bade me to dismiss you.
 EMILIA Dismiss me? 15
 DESDEMONA
 It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
 Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
 We must not now displease him.
 EMILIA I would you had never seen him!

DESDEMONA
 So would not I. My love doth so approve him 20
 That even his stubbornness, his checks,^o his frowns—
 Prithee unpin me—have grace and favor.
 EMILIA I have laid these sheets you bade me on the
 bed.
 DESDEMONA
 All's one.^o Good Father, how foolish are our minds! 25
 If I do die before, prithee shroud me
 In one of these same sheets.
 EMILIA Come, come! You talk.
 DESDEMONA
 My mother had a maid called Barbary.
 She was in love; and he she loved proved mad
 And did forsake her. She had a song of "Willow"; 30
 An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,
 And she died singing it. That song tonight
 Will not go from my mind; I have much to do
 But to go hang my head all at one side
 And sing it like poor Barbary. Prithee dispatch. 35
 EMILIA
 Shall I go fetch your nightgown?
 DESDEMONA
 No, unpin me here.
 This Lodovico is a proper man.
 EMILIA A very handsome man.
 DESDEMONA He speaks well. 40
 EMILIA I know a lady in Venice would have walked
 barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.
 DESDEMONA [*Sings.*]
 "The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore tree,
 Sing all a green willow;
 Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee, 45
 Sing willow, willow, willow.
 The fresh streams ran by her and murmured her moans;
 Sing willow, willow, willow;
 Her salt tears fell from her, and soft'ned the stones—
 Sing willow, willow, willow—" 50
 Lay by these.
 [*Gives EMILIA her clothes.*]
 "Willow, Willow"—
 Prithee hie^o thee; he'll come anon.^o
 "Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
 Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve"— 55
 Nay, that's not next. Hark! Who is't that knocks?
 EMILIA It is the wind.
 DESDEMONA [*Sings.*]
 "I called my love false love; but what said he then?
 Sing willow, willow, willow:
 If I court moe^o women, you'll couch with moe men." 60
 So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch.
 Doth that bode weeping?
 EMILIA 'Tis neither here nor there.
 DESDEMONA
 I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men.
 Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, Emilia,
 That there be women do abuse their husbands 65
 In such gross kind?
 EMILIA There be some such, no question.

219 compass possibility 227 determinate effective 233
 harlotry female 236 fall out occur 237 second support
 IV.iii.13 incontinent at once

21 checks rebukes 25 All's one No matter 53 hie hurry;
 anon at once 60 moe more

DESDEMONA

Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA

Why, would not you?

DESDEMONA

No, by this heavenly light!

EMILIA

Nor I neither by this heavenly light.

I might do't as well i' th' dark. 70

DESDEMONA

Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA The world's a huge thing; it is a great price
for a small vice.

DESDEMONA

In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMILIA In troth, I think I should; and undo't when I 75
had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a
joint-ring,^o nor for measures of lawn,^o nor for gowns,
petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition,^o but
for all the whole world? Why, who would not make
her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I 80
should venture purgatory for't.

DESDEMONA

Beshrew me if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.EMILIA Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' th' world;
and having the world for your labor, 'tis a wrong in 85
your own world, and you might quickly make it
right.

DESDEMONA I do not think there is any such woman.

EMILIA Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage as
would store^o the world they played for. 90
But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties
And pour our treasures into foreign^o laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us, 95
Or scant our former having in despite^o—
Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them. They see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour, 100
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change^o us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is. And doth affection^o breed it?
I think it doth. Is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections? 105
Desires for sport? and frailty? as men have?
Then let them use us well; else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.^o

DESDEMONA

Good night, good night. Heaven me such uses^o send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend. *Exeunt.* 110

A C T V

Scene I. [*A street.*]*Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.*

IAGO

Here, stand behind this bulk;^o straight will he come.

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.

Quick, quick! Fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.

It makes us, or it mars us, think on that,

And fix most firm thy resolution. 5

RODERIGO

Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

IAGO

Here, at thy hand. Be bold, and take thy stand.

[*Moves to one side.*]

RODERIGO

I have no great devotion to the deed,

And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons.

'Tis but a man gone. Forth my sword! He dies! 10

IAGO

I have rubbed this young quat^o almost to the sense,^o

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,

He calls me to a restitution large 15

Of gold and jewels that I bobbed^o from him

As gifts to Desdemona.

It must not be. If Cassio do remain,

He hath a daily beauty in his life

That makes me ugly; and besides, the Moor 20

May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril.

No, he must die. But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

RODERIGO

I know his gait. 'Tis he. Villain, thou diest!

[*Thrusts at CASSIO.*]

CASSIO

That thrust had been mine enemy indeed

But that my coat^o is better than thou know'st. 25

I will make proof of thine.

[*Fights with RODERIGO.*]

RODERIGO

O, I am slain!^o

CASSIO

I am maimed forever. Help, ho! Murder! Murder!

Enter OTHELLO [to one side].

OTHELLO

The voice of Cassio. Iago keeps his word.

77 **joint-ring** a ring with two interlocking halves; **lawn** fine linen 78 **exhibition** payment 89–90 **to . . . store** in addition as would fill 93 **foreign** alien, i.e., other than the wife 96 **scant** . . . **despite** reduce, in spite, our household allowance (?) 102 **change** exchange 103 **affection** strong feeling, desire 108 **instruct us so** teach us to do likewise 109 **uses** practices

V.i.i bulk projecting stall of a shop 11 **quat** pimple; **to the sense** raw 16 **bobbed** swindled 25 **coat** i.e., a mail shirt or bulletproof vest 26 **slain** most editors add here a stage direction which has Iago wounding Cassio in the leg from behind, but remaining unseen, however, nothing in the text requires this, and Cassio's wound can be given him in the fight with Roderigo, for presumably when Cassio attacks Roderigo the latter would not simply accept the thrust but would parry, since Iago enters again at line 46, he must exit at some point after line 22

RODERIGO

O, villain that I am!

OTHELLO

It is even so.

CASSIO

O help, ho! Light! A surgeon!

OTHELLO

'Tis he. O brave Iago, honest and just,
 That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
 Thou teachest me. Minion,^o your dear lies dead,
 And your unblest^o fate hies.^o Strumpet, I come.
 Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted. 35
 Thy bed, lust-stained, shall with lust's blood be
 spotted. *Exit OTHELLO.*

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO.

CASSIO

What, ho? No watch? No passage?^o Murder! Murder!

GRATIANO

'Tis some mischance. The voice is very direful.

CASSIO O, help!

LODOVICO Hark!

RODERIGO O wretched villain!

LODOVICO

Two or three groan. 'Tis heavy night.
 These may be counterfeits. Let's think't unsafe
 To come into the cry without more help.

RODERIGO

Nobody come? Then shall I bleed to death.

LODOVICO Hark!

Enter IAGO [with a light].

GRATIANO

Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

IAGO

Who's there? Whose noise is this that cries on murder?

LODOVICO

We do not know.

IAGO Do not you hear a cry?

CASSIO

Here, here! For heaven's sake, help me!

IAGO What's the matter? 50

GRATIANO

This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

LODOVICO

The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

IAGO

What are you here that cry so grievously?

CASSIO

Iago? O, I am spoiled, undone by villains.
 Give me some help. 55

IAGO

O me, lieutenant! What villains have done this?

CASSIO

I think that one of them is hereabout
 And cannot make away.

IAGO O treacherous villains!

[To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.]

What are you there? Come in, and give some help.

RODERIGO

O, help me there! 60

CASSIO

That's one of them.

30 IAGO O murd'rous slave! O villain!

[Stabs RODERIGO.]

RODERIGO

O damned Iago! O inhuman dog!

IAGO

Kill men i' th' dark?—Where be these bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town!—Ho! Murder! Murder!—

What may you be? Are you of good or evil? 65

LODOVICO

As you shall prove us, praise us.

IAGO Signior Lodovico?

LODOVICO He, sir.

IAGO

I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

GRATIANO Cassio? 70

IAGO How is't, brother?

CASSIO

My leg is cut in two.

IAGO Marry, heaven forbid!

Light, gentlemen. I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

BIANCA

What is the matter, ho? Who is't that cried?

IAGO

Who is't that cried? 75

BIANCA

O my dear Cassio! My sweet Cassio!

O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

IAGO

O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
 Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

CASSIO No. 80

GRATIANO I am sorry to find you thus. I have been to seek you.

IAGO

Lend me a garter. So. O for a chair
 To bear him easily hence.

BIANCA

Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio! 85

IAGO

Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash

To be a party in this injury.—

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come.

Lend me a light. Know we this face or no?

Alas, my friend and my dear countryman 90

Roderigo? No.—Yes, sure.—Yes, 'tis Roderigo!

GRATIANO What, of Venice?

IAGO

Even he, sir. Did you know him?

GRATIANO

Know him? Ay.

IAGO

Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon.

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners 95

That so neglected you.

GRATIANO

I am glad to see you.

33 **Minion** hussy, i.e., Desdemona 34 **unblest** unsanctified;
hies approaches swiftly 37 **passage** passers-by

IAGO

How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

GRATIANO Roderigo?

IAGO

He, he, 'tis he! [*A chair brought in.*] O, that's well said;°
the chair.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence. 100

I'll fetch the general's surgeon. [*To BIANCA.*] For you,
mistress,Save you your labor. [*To CASSIO.*] He that lies slain
here, Cassio,

Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

CASSIO

None in the world; nor do I know the man.

IAGO

What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' th' air. 105

[*CASSIO is carried off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the gastness° of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

Behold her well; I pray you look upon her.

Do you see, gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness will speak, 110

Though tongues were out of use.°

[*Enter EMILIA.*]

EMILIA

Alas, what is the matter? What is the matter, husband?

IAGO

Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo and fellows that are scaped.
He's almost slain, and Roderigo quite dead. 115

EMILIA

Alas, good gentleman! Alas, good Cassio!

IAGO

This is the fruits of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supped tonight.[*To BIANCA.*]

What, do you shake at that?

BIANCA

He supped at my house; but I therefore shake not. 120

IAGO

O, did he so? I charge° you go with me.

EMILIA

Oh fie upon thee, strumpet!

BIANCA

I am no strumpet, but of life as honest

As you that thus abuse me.

EMILIA

As I? Fie upon thee!

IAGO

Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dressed.° 125

[*To BIANCA.*]

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Emilia, run you to the citadel

And tell my lord and lady what hath happed.

[*Exit EMILIA.*]Will you go on afore? *Exeunt* [*all but IAGO*]. This is the
nightThat either makes me or fordoes me quite.° [*Exit.*] 130Scene II. [*Desdemona's chamber.*]*Enter* OTHELLO [*with a light*]; and DESDEMONA in her
bed.

OTHELLO

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul.

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars.

It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster. 5

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then put out the light.

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,°

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me; but once put out thy light, 10

Thou cunning'st° pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat°

That can thy light relume.° When I have plucked the
rose,

I cannot give it vital° growth again;

It needs must wither. I'll smell thee on the tree. 15

[*He kisses her.*]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade

Justice to break her sword. One more, one more!

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And love thee after. One more, and that's the last!

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, 20

But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly;

It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

DESDEMONA

Who's there? Othello?

OTHELLO

Ay, Desdemona.

DESDEMONA

Will you come to bed, my lord?

OTHELLO

Have you prayed tonight, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA

Ay, my lord. 25

OTHELLO

If you bethink yourself of any crime

Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,

Solicit for it straight.

DESDEMONA

Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?

OTHELLO

Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.° 30

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit.

No, heavens forfend! I would not kill thy soul.

DESDEMONA

Talk you of killing?

OTHELLO

Ay, I do.

DESDEMONA

Then heaven

Have mercy on me!

OTHELLO

Amen, with all my heart.

DESDEMONA

If you say so, I hope you will not kill me. 35

OTHELLO

Humh.

V.ii.8 minister worker, servant **11 cunning'st** most intricate and skillfully wrought (by nature excelling itself) **12 Promethean heat** divine fire (Prometheus is the Titan who stole fire from heaven and gave it to man) **13 relume** relight **14 vital** living **30 by** nearby

99 well said well done **107 gastness** terror **111 tongues**
... **use** men no longer spoke **121 charge** command **125**
dressed bandaged **130 fordoes me quite** completely ruins me

DESDEMONA

And yet I fear you; for you're fatal then
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

OTHELLO

Think on thy sins.

DESDEMONA They are loves I bear to you.

40

OTHELLO

Ay, and for that thou diest.

DESDEMONA

That death's unnatural that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

45

OTHELLO

Peace and be still.

DESDEMONA

I will so. What's the matter?

OTHELLO

That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

DESDEMONA

No, by my life and soul!

Send for the man and ask him.

OTHELLO

Sweet soul, take heed, 50

Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy deathbed.

DESDEMONA

Ay, but not yet to die.

OTHELLO

Presently.^o

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin,
For to deny each article^o with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

55

DESDEMONA

Then Lord have mercy on me.

OTHELLO

I say, amen.

DESDEMONA

And have you mercy too. I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio
But with such general warranty^o of heaven
As I might love. I never gave him token.

60

OTHELLO

By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand!
O perjured woman! thou dost stone^o my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.

65

DESDEMONA

He found it then.

I never gave it him. Send for him hither.

Let him confess a truth.

OTHELLO

He hath confessed.

DESDEMONA What, my lord?

OTHELLO

That he hath used thee.

DESDEMONA

How? Unlawfully?

OTHELLO

Ay.

70

DESDEMONA

He will not say so.

OTHELLO

No, his mouth is stopped.

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.^o

DESDEMONA

O, my fear interprets. What, is he dead?

OTHELLO

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach^o for them all.

75

DESDEMONA

Alas, he is betrayed, and I undone!

OTHELLO

Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

DESDEMONA

O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

OTHELLO

Down, strumpet!

DESDEMONA

Kill me tomorrow; let me live tonight!

80

OTHELLO

Nay, if you strive—

DESDEMONA

But half an hour!

OTHELLO

Being done, there is no pause.

DESDEMONA

But while I say one prayer!

OTHELLO

It is too late.

Smothers her.

EMILIA at the door.

EMILIA [*Calls within.*]

My lord, my lord! What, ho, my lord, my lord!

OTHELLO

What noise is this? Not dead? Not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, so.

85

EMILIA [*Within.*]

What, ho! My lord, my lord!

OTHELLO

Who's there?

EMILIA [*Within.*]

O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.

90

OTHELLO

Yes, 'tis Emilia.—By and by.—She's dead.—
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.
The noise was high.^o Ha! No more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were't good?—
I think she stirs again. No.—What's best to do?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife.
My wife! My wife! What wife? I have no wife.
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn^o at alteration.

95

100

EMILIA [*Within.*] I do beseech you

That I may speak with you, O good my lord!

OTHELLO

I had forgot thee. O, come in, Emilia.

Soft, by and by.—Let me the curtains draw.—

[*Draws the bed hangings and then opens the door.*]

52 **Presently** immediately 54 **article** item (of the charge of adultery, Othello makes heavy use of legal terms in this scene)
60 **warranty** allowance 63 **stone** turn to stone 72 **ta'en order for't** made sure of it

75 **stomach** appetite 93 **high** loud (Q1 reads "here")
99–101 **Methinks** . . . **alteration** the Elizabethans believed that great changes in human affairs were reflected by disorders in nature 101 **yawn** gape open (as in an earthquake)

Where art thou?

Enter EMILIA.

What's the matter with thee now? 105

EMILIA

O my good lord, yonder's foul murders done!

OTHELLO What? Now?

EMILIA But now, my lord.

OTHELLO

It is the very error° of the moon.

She comes more nearer earth than she was wont 110

And makes men mad.

EMILIA

Cassio, my lord, hath killed a young Venetian

Called Roderigo.

OTHELLO Roderigo killed?

And Cassio killed?

EMILIA No, Cassio is not killed.

OTHELLO

Not Cassio killed? Then murder's out of tune, 115

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

DESDEMONA

O, falsely, falsely murdered!

EMILIA O Lord! What cry is that?

OTHELLO That? What?

EMILIA

Out and alas! that was my lady's voice.

Help! Help, ho! Help! O lady, speak again! 120

Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

DESDEMONA

A guiltless death I die.

EMILIA

O, who hath done this deed?

DESDEMONA

Nobody—I myself. Farewell.

Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell! 125

[*She dies.*]

OTHELLO

Why, how should she be murd'red?

EMILIA Alas, who knows?

OTHELLO

You heard her say herself, it was not I.

EMILIA

She said so. I must needs report the truth.

OTHELLO

She's like a liar gone to burning hell!

'Twas I that killed her.

EMILIA O, the more angel she, 130

And you the blacker devil!

OTHELLO

She turned to folly, and she was a whore.

EMILIA

Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

OTHELLO

She was false as water.

EMILIA Thou art rash as fire to say

That she was false. O, she was heavenly true! 135

OTHELLO

Cassio did top her. Ask thy husband else.

O, I were damned beneath all depth in hell

109 error wandering out of regular course (disorders in the heavens were believed by some to cause disorders on earth, as well as vice versa)

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

EMILIA My husband? 140

OTHELLO Thy husband.

EMILIA

That she was false to wedlock?

OTHELLO

Ay, with Cassio. Had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,° 145

I'd not have sold her for it.

EMILIA My husband?

OTHELLO

Ay, 'twas he that told me on her first.

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds.

EMILIA My husband?

OTHELLO

What needs this iterance? Woman, I say thy husband. 150

EMILIA

O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love!

My husband say she was false?

OTHELLO

He, woman.

I say, thy husband. Dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband; honest, honest Iago.

EMILIA

If he say so, may his pernicious soul 155

Rot half a grain a day! He lies to th' heart.

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

OTHELLO Hah?

EMILIA

Do thy worst.

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven 160

Than thou wast worthy her.

OTHELLO Peace, you were best.°

EMILIA

Thou hast not half that pow'r to do me harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! Thou hast done a deed—

[*OTHELLO moves to draw his sword.*]

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known, 165

Though I lost twenty lives. Help! Help! Ho! Help!

The Moor hath killed my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO [*and others*].

MONTANO

What is the matter? How now, general?

EMILIA

O, are you come, Iago? You have done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck. 170

GRATIANO

What is the matter?

EMILIA

Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man.

He says thou told'st him that his wife was false.

I know thou didst not; thou'rt not such a villain.

Speak, for my heart is full. 175

IAGO

I told her what I thought, and told no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

145 chrysolite topaz **161 Peace . . . best** You had better be silent

EMILIA

But did you ever tell him she was false?

IAGO I did.

EMILIA

You told a lie, an odious damnèd lie!

Upon my soul, a lie! A wicked lie!

She false with Cassio? Did you say with Cassio?

IAGO

With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm^o your tongue.

EMILIA

I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:

My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.

ALL

O heavens forbend!

EMILIA

And your reports have set the murder on.

OTHELLO

Nay, stare not, masters. It is true indeed.

GRATIANO

'Tis a strange truth.

MONTANO

O monstrous act!

EMILIA

Villainy, villainy, villainy!

I think upon't—I think I smell't!—O villainy!

I thought so then.—I'll kill myself for grief.—

O villainy, villainy!

IAGO

What, are you mad? I charge you get you home.

EMILIA

Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak.

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

OTHELLO

O! O! O! [*Falls on the bed.*]

EMILIA

Nay, lay thee down and roar,

For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent

That e'er did lift up eye.

OTHELLO

O, she was foul!

[*Rises.*]

I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopped.

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

GRATIANO

Poor Desdemon! I am glad thy father's dead.

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn;

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation.^o

OTHELLO

'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed. Cassio confessed it;

And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognizance and pledge of love,

Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand.

It was a handkerchief, an antique token

My father gave my mother.

EMILIA

O God! O heavenly God!

IAGO

Zounds, hold your peace!

EMILIA

'Twill out, 'twill out! I peace?

No, I will speak as liberal as the north.^o

180

Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

IAGO

Be wise, and get you home.

EMILIA

I will not.

[*IAGO draws and threatens EMILIA.*]

185

GRATIANO

Fie! Your sword upon a woman?

EMILIA

O thou dull Moor, that handkerchief thou speak'st of 225

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;

For often with a solemn earnestness—

More than indeed belonged to such a trifle—

He begged of me to steal't.

IAGO

Villainous whore!

EMILIA

She give it Cassio? No, alas, I found it,

190

And I did give't my husband.

IAGO

Filth, thou liest!

EMILIA

By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.

O murd'rous coxcomb! What should such a fool

Do with so good a wife?

OTHELLO

Are there no stones^o in heaven

195

But what serves for the thunder? Precious villain! 235

[*OTHELLO runs at IAGO, but is disarmed by MONTANO.**IAGO kills his wife.*]

GRATIANO

The woman falls. Sure he hath killed his wife.

EMILIA

Ay, ay. O, lay me by my mistress' side. [*Exit IAGO.*]

200

GRATIANO

He's gone, but his wife's killed.

MONTANO

'Tis a notorious^o villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have recovered from the Moor.

205

Come, guard the door without. Let him not pass,

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damnèd slave.

Exit, [with all but OTHELLO and EMILIA].

OTHELLO

I am not valiant neither;

But every puny whipster^o gets my sword.

But why should honor outlive honesty?

210

Let it go all.

EMILIA

What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,

And die in music. [*Sings.*] "Willow, willow, willow."

Moor, she was chaste. She loved thee, cruel Moor,

So come my soul to bliss as I speak true.

215

So speaking as I think, alas, I die.

[*She dies.*]

OTHELLO

I have another weapon in this chamber;

220 liberal . . . north freely (and biting) as the north wind blows
 234 stones thunderbolts 239 notorious out-and-out
 244 puny whipster small top-whipping boy (?)

It was a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.
O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

GRATIANO [*Within.*]

If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear.
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

OTHELLO

Look in upon me then and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

[*Enter GRATIANO.*]

GRATIANO

What is the matter?

OTHELLO Behold, I have a weapon;

A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I have seen the day
That with this little arm and this good sword
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop. But O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'Tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed.
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,^o
And very seamark of my utmost sail.^o
Do you go back dismayed? 'Tis a lost fear.
Man but a rush^o against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starred wench!
Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,^o
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chastity.

O cursèd, cursèd slave! Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of^o this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulfur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemon! Dead Desdemon; dead. O! O!

*Enter LODOVICO, CASSIO, MONTANO, and IAGO
[as prisoner,] with OFFICERS.*

LODOVICO

Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

OTHELLO

That's he that was Othello? Here I am.

LODOVICO

Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.

OTHELLO

I look down towards his feet^o—but that's a fable.
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Wounds IAGO.*]

LODOVICO

Wrench his sword from him. [OTHELLO *is disarmed.*]

IAGO

I bleed, sir, but not killed.

OTHELLO

I am not sorry neither. I'd have thee live;
For in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

LODOVICO

O thou Othello that was once so good,

267 butt target, stopping place 268 seamark . . . sail
marker of my farthest journey 270 Man . . . rush attack
with only a reed 273 compt Judgment Day 278 the pos-
session of being possessed by 285 towards his feet i.e., for
his cloven hoofs

Fall'n in the practice^o of a cursèd slave,
What shall be said to thee?

OTHELLO Why, anything:

255 An honorable murderer, if you will;
For naught I did in hate, but all in honor.

LODOVICO

This wretch hath part confessed his villainy.
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

295

OTHELLO Ay.

CASSIO

Dear general, I never gave you cause.

OTHELLO

I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

260

300

IAGO

Demand me nothing. What you know, you know.
From this time forth I never will speak word.

265

LODOVICO

What, not to pray?

GRATIANO

Torments will ope your lips.

OTHELLO

Well, thou dost best.

305

LODOVICO

Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here another. The one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

270

275

310

OTHELLO

O villain!

CASSIO Most heathenish and most gross!

LODOVICO

Now here's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant t' have sent this damnèd villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

280

315

OTHELLO

O thou pernicious caitiff!

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief

That was my wife's?

CASSIO

I found it in my chamber;

And he himself confessed it but even now

That there he dropped it for a special purpose

Which wrought to his desire.

285

OTHELLO

O fool! Fool! Fool!

CASSIO

There is besides in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

325

LODOVICO

You must forsake this room and go with us.
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest

330

291 practice plotting

Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. Come, bring away.

O T H E L L O

Soft you, a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know't.
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean,^o threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum. Set you down this.
And say besides that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by th' throat the circumcised dog
And smote him—thus.

346 Judean most editors use the Q1 reading, "Indian," here, but F is clear; both readings point toward the infidel, the unbeliever

335 [*He stabs himself.*]

L O D O V I C O

O bloody period!^o

G R A T I A N O All that is spoke is marred.

O T H E L L O

340 I kissed thee ere I killed thee. No way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

[*He falls over Desdemona and dies.*]

C A S S I O

345 This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

L O D O V I C O [*To IAGO.*] O Spartan dog, 360

More fell^o than anguish, hunger, or the sea!

Look on the tragic loading of this bed.

This is thy work. The object poisons sight;

350 Let it be hid. [*Bed curtains drawn.*] Gratiano, keep^o the
house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor, 365

For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain,

355 The time, the place, the torture. O, enforce it!

Myself will straight aboard, and to the state

This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

Exeunt. 370

356 period end 361 fell cruel 364 keep remain in

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

EDITED BY S. NAGARAJAN

Introduction

Measure for Measure was first published in 1623 in the Folio of Shakespeare's works. It was probably written in 1604, for it is on record that a play called *Mesure for Mesure*, by "Shaxberd" was performed before King James I on December 26 of that year, when it was presumably a new play. It was thus composed just before the writing of the great tragedies in which Shakespeare's powers are seen at their height. It does not seem to have been performed again until 1662, and in fact, until recently, it was not popular on the stage in spite of its theatrical craftsmanship.

For many years it was not popular with the critics either. Coleridge, to whom we owe some of our most penetrating Shakespeare criticism, found it "a hateful work," indeed "the only painful play" that Shakespeare ever wrote. Its comedy disgusted him and its tragedy seemed merely horrible. His sense of justice was revolted by the pardon of Angelo, the corrupt deputy who is virtually guilty of both murder and rape. The heroine, Isabella, was an unamiable character who primly preferred her own chastity to her brother's life. As for that brother, he was a weak, vacillating youth who expected his sister to come to his rescue when he was overtaken by the consequences of his own immorality. The entire play lurched and slithered to an unearned happy ending that was altogether unconvincing. With the notable exception of Walter Pater, who wrote a fine essay on the play in *Appreciations*, most of the nineteenth-century critics of Shakespeare thought the play was a regrettable performance, a dark comedy, full of un-Shakespearean satire and cynicism. The only explanations they could think of were that some personal calamity or disillusionment had befallen the dramatist at the time he wrote the play or that the early sixteenth-century *Zeitgeist* was responsible for the gloom of the play.

In our own day a very different view of the play is favored. Most critics hold that the play should be read not as naturalistic drama in the nineteenth-century mode, but as a dramatic parable, symbolic in character and event, embodying some of the noblest precepts of the Christian faith. (The foremost exponent of this view has been G. Wilson Knight, though it was foreshadowed in the introduction to the play in the American First Folio edition of Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, 1903-12.) The

new interpretation may occasionally claim a consistency of impression that the play does not quite warrant, but it is more coherent than the old view, which implicitly accused Shakespeare of confusing art with life. While this is the majority view, some modern critics, such as Mary M. Lascelles, feel that the play is uneven, though great at times. They think that Shakespeare's artistic experience has raised questions that cannot properly be answered, sometimes even asked, in the restrictive medium of tragic-comedy. As for the religious significance of the play, they feel that its action and characterization are more intimately inspired by Shakespeare's immediate sources in drama and folklore than by Christianity. The Italian storybook that he probably consulted contains several tales on the theme of a woman forgiving an enemy who has done her an irreparable wrong, and the folklore of Shakespeare's day had popularized the legend of a good monarch who, like the duke in our play, moves among his people in disguise to find out the truth for himself and to protect the good and punish the wicked.

Shakespeare's chief source was almost certainly George Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra* (1578), an earnest but dull and tedious play in two parts of five acts each. Whetstone made a prose version of the story for his collection of stories called the *Heptameron of Civil Discourses* (1582). In addition to these works, Shakespeare very probably knew the Italian source of Whetstone, the *Hecatommithi* (1565) of Giraldi Cinthio, and Cinthio's dramatized version of the story, *Epitia* (1583). For summaries of these sources, see A Note on the Sources (pp. 1141-42).

When Shakespeare took up Whetstone's tale of Cassandra and Promos, he made certain far-reaching changes. (And let us add here that none of these changes would amount to much but for Shakespeare's poetry, a fact that source-study should not take for granted.) In the first place, Cassandra's enforced acceptance of the loathsome and virtually illusory choice thrust on her by Promos wounds our moral feelings, and her last-minute marriage, by royal fiat, to the violator of her honor merely adds insult to injury. Even in Shakespeare's day Puritan moralists, to mention only one group, held that there were certain wrongs that no marriage could redress. Moreover,

Cassandra's sudden change from hatred to love as soon as she is married to Promos is incredible. Very properly, therefore, Shakespeare made his heroine refuse to yield to Angelo. But since the story required that Angelo's condition somehow be met, he created the character of Mariana and substituted her for Isabella by means of an old folk-tale device that was presumably acceptable to the original audience. The bed trick, as it is usually called, had already been used in what is very likely an earlier play, *All's Well That Ends Well*. The bed trick does not commend itself to modern taste and does not quite agree with the temper of the play, but we must remember that Mariana is deeply in love with Angelo, and the consummation of her love leads to her marriage to him at the end. Our sympathies are so firmly engaged in her behalf that we want her to be happy, and we wink at this otherwise dubious method of securing her happiness.

Shakespeare also altered the significance of the brother's offense. In Whetstone's play, Andrugio is guilty of fornication, committed, as in Shakespeare's play, with the girl's consent. Cassandra attributes her brother's offense partly to the irresistible force of love and partly to his youth. In *Measure for Measure*, however, Claudio explains the reason for his arrest differently:

From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty.
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die. (I.ii.128-33)

In our very nature there is something that drives us into acts of "too much liberty," which we loathe even while we indulge in them. It is the old problem stated by Paul in his Epistle to the Romans:

For that which I do, I allow not: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I. . . . For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. . . . I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me.

Claudio is angry and disgusted with himself, as we see from the simile that he uses. Self-restraint is essential, but seems impossible. He does not know what to do about his problem. His friend, Lucio, described in the original list of actors as "a fantastic," does not see that there is a problem. His view of the matter is reflected in the imagery of his speech describing Claudio's offense:

Your brother and his lover have embraced;
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expreseth his full tilth and husbandry. (I.iv.40-44)

Juliet's "fertility" was realized by Claudio's "tilth." Not to do as Claudio did is to be guilty of a lack of "husbandry." Man must be natural in his sexual life, even as nonhuman nature is. Later Lucio implies that sex will stop only when

men give up eating; "one fruitful meal will set me to it." There is enough truth in this view of human sex to make it superficially attractive, but Shakespeare puts us on our guard by showing us its consequences. Corruption boils and bubbles in Vienna. Lucio himself, it transpires, has seduced a girl after promising to marry her, and has abandoned her and the child. (Incidentally, the child has been looked after by a bawd, a fact that should make us distrust theories of Shakespeare's cynicism in *Measure for Measure*.) He has degenerated into a coarse sensualist, bent on his own pleasures and heedless of all the essential obligations of a decent life in society. Even his interest in Claudio's pardon is not altogether unselfish. He tells Claudio that he prays Isabella may persuade Angelo to pardon Claudio "as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack" (I.ii.190-94).

Shakespeare's heroine, Isabella, is a novice of the order of Saint Clare. Why Shakespeare made this change is difficult to explain. It has been argued that he did so in order to make clear to his original audience, brought up, as it were, on heroines who gave up their chastity to save condemned brothers, that *his* heroine was a chip off a much different block, and that she could not yield to the judge because she was going to be a nun. But Shakespeare's young women do not require motivation or cause for chastity. It is an absolute value with them. Her novitiate may be related to the problem raised by her brother: Is self-control possible when the blood prompts? The "prompture of the blood" is one of her own phrases (II.iv.177), and she seems not ignorant of it personally, if we may judge from the accents of her admission to Angelo that women, no less than men, are frail:

Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! Help heaven! Men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints. (II.iv.124-29)

And then there is the "singular rigidity of her bearing" when she denounces her brother in the prison for daring to suggest that she yield to Angelo:

O you beast,
O faithless coward, O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother played my father fair,
For such a warpèd slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee. (III.i.135-46)

It is not her basic stand, her refusal to yield, that one objects to here—though Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch was moved to declare that there was something rancid in her chastity—but the harsh tone she takes with her poor

brother when he is trembling on the brink of the grave. This harshness, I think, reflects her bitterness at being asked to abet the "prompture of the blood." The only rule of the convent that we hear of in the play relates to receiving male visitors, and Isabella desires an even "stricter restraint" upon the votarists of Saint Clare, though that order of nuns has the reputation of being the strictest of the Roman Catholic Church. At the end of the play the duke makes her a proposal which, he says, "much imports her good." It surely cannot be the rank of Duchess of Vienna, because she is not presented in the play as a girl with whom such material considerations would weigh. Presumably she accepts the duke's proposal, for, though the text is silent on that point, the stage action called for when the duke says, "Give me your hand, and say you will be mine" is suggestive. (In Shakespeare's day it was perfectly in order for a novice to go back to secular life.) The novitiate of Isabella, I suggest, is *her* response to the problem of the prompture of the blood, and it is attractive to believe that she finally discovered that the problem could be resolved in the state of marriage also.

She could have learned this from Mariana. The creation of the character, Mariana, it has been noted above, is another change that Shakespeare made in his source. In spite of Angelo's perfidy, which, says the duke, "in all reason should have quenched her love" for him, she continues to cherish him. Nevertheless she hesitates to substitute herself for Isabella in Angelo's bed until she is assured by her spiritual adviser that it is no sin. Hers is a love marked by the depth and not the tumult of the soul; it is a fervent but not ungovernable love. And it is so because it is devoted to the welfare of the beloved's soul. In the last act, when she pleads with the duke to pardon her husband, she claims that "best men are molded out of faults;/And, for the most, become much more the better/For being a little bad" (V.i.441-43). Mariana's love, we may say without undue exaggeration, is a humble human instance of that divine love which, Isabella reminds Angelo in II.ii, found out the remedy when "all the souls that were, were forfeit." We know that Isabella is deeply moved as she listens to the story of Mariana's lovelorn misery, and perhaps Isabella learns from Mariana that a love centered on the soul of the beloved is free from the prompture of the blood.

There is a curious resemblance between Isabella and Angelo. It is intimated, when the duke summons Angelo to take up the reins of office, that he too has lived a life of some seclusion. Lucio tells us that Angelo has tried to "blunt his natural edge/With profits of the mind, study and fast" (I.iv.60-61); the duke admits that Angelo is "precise" and "scarce confesses/That his blood flows" (I.iii.51-52); and Lucio adds irreverently that his "blood/Is very snow-broth" (I.iv.57-58) and "his urine is congealed ice" (III.ii.111-12)! This strictness of conduct is not hypocrisy. Isabella herself allows in V.i that "a due sincerity" governed his official actions until he set eyes on her. But when she appears before him, the prompture of the blood overcomes him. He says, "Never could the strumpet,/With all her double vigor, art and nature,/Once stir my temper" (II.ii.183-85); but the very virtue of Isabella proves his undoing. The truth seems to be that he has identified his virtue wholly with a mode of external conduct. His correct conduct does not represent a trans-

formed will, but is merely a factitious creation. It is not a habit of the soul. He explains to the duke in the last act that he rejected Mariana because he suspected her of levity. It is altogether characteristic of him that he should make this mistake. His ear, coarsened by a strident moralistic code that is throttling the instincts, cannot catch the quiet melody of an ethic that has educated the very rhythm of the blood. So "the natural guiltiness" that Isabella speaks of remains, subverting virtue itself to effect Angelo's downfall. He too is a victim of the problem of "we would, and we would not," as he himself points out (IV.iv.34). And the problem arises, he adds, when we have forgotten our "grace," a word that may have a specific Christian sense in view of Isabella's charge that he is not "new made." The duke's death sentence releases Angelo from an intolerable, meaningless existence, and he welcomes it. We may stretch our belief a bit and take it that he is a new-made man after he is pardoned. To detest him and to quarrel with Shakespeare for letting him off is perhaps natural, for the process of his contrition is not fully presented, but we must try to recognize duly his part in the design of the play.

Angelo's ignorance of the true inwardness of virtue is also the cause of the excessive legalism of his rule. At bottom, the rule of law as Angelo interprets it is ultimately futile. Its severity is aimless, and its achievements are transitory. "There is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it," says the disguised duke to Escalus (III.ii.223-24). At best, law can only regulate our outward conduct; it cannot change "the old man" in us. And as long as that change does not take place, sensuality will prevail in Vienna—and elsewhere. The wise old Escalus, the most genial character in the play, tries to deal with the problem in his gentle, humanitarian way, but he discovers that Mistress Overdone is "still forfeit in the same kind" after "double and treble admonition" (III.ii.194-95). Pompey refuses to change at all. The duke himself, as it happens, intervenes to save Claudio's life precisely when Claudio sues to be rid of it. In dealing with Barnardine, the duke reveals his essentially spiritual approach to the problem of law and justice. Barnardine is a murderer and has "a stubborn soul,/That apprehends no further than this world" (V.i.482-83), and he has lived accordingly. When the duke pardons all Barnardine's earthly faults, he entrusts him to a friar for advice. There seems to be some difference between the duke and Isabella in their attitudes toward dealing with criminals. When Isabella first appears before Angelo, she does not plead, as Cassandra had done before Promos in Whetstone's play, that her brother is willing to marry the girl and that the marriage should be taken as setting right the wrong done. Lucio has told her that what the law seeks is not to enforce marriage between sexual offenders, to regularize irregular sexual unions by means of marriage *ex post facto*, but "to give fear to use and liberty" (I.iv.62). So she pleads simply for mercy. Angelo's reply is that he cannot pardon Claudio because Claudio is a forfeit of the law, not of Angelo. She reminds him that "all the souls that were were forfeit once;/And He that might the vantage best have took/Found out the remedy" (II.ii.74-76). And so would Angelo now, she implies, if he were "new made." Angelo's reply is that he did not make the law, but merely administers it; hence her reference to the remedy is irrelevant. Then she shifts her argument: though many have committed this offense, nobody has

died for it. Angelo retorts that that is precisely why the law should be enforced now so that intending offenders might take note. She then exclaims: "O, it is excellent/To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous/To use it like a giant" (II.ii.108-10). The punishment should be related not to the strength of the punisher, but to the nature of the offense and the capacity of the offender to bear the punishment. If man knew his "glassy essence," he would know in whose image he had been made, and the knowledge would teach him how to exercise his authority. Then she goes on to remind Angelo of the dependence of justice on the social status of the offender. She ends the first day's argument by declaring that none is qualified to judge who himself suffers from "the natural guiltiness." On the second day Angelo opens the argument with the proposition that murder and fornication are equally culpable. When Isabella objects that "'tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth," he invites her to commit fornication to save her brother. She is forced to make a distinction between "lawful mercy" and "foul redemption." Thus the question is raised: What is "lawful mercy"? We have seen the duke's answer: it is "lawful mercy" when the criminal is reformed by means of his spiritual reeducation. The case for lawful mercy to Claudio, his "free pardon," must rest on the fact that Claudio is "new made." How? Once again we must turn to the duke, to what he says and does in the play.

In fact, one of the most significant changes that Shakespeare made from his sources was to enlarge the role of the ruler in the story to make him a disguised spectator of the action of the play, and later an active participant in it, instead of a fifth-act *deus ex machina* solving all the otherwise insoluble problems of the play. Duke Vincentio has been rather slack in his public duties, loving his subjects not wisely but too well, and this is, as he himself rather ruefully confesses, a serious fault in him. But he is a scholar, and his supreme concern has always been to know himself. When he contributes in his indirect way to the debate initiated by Claudio, he implies that self-restraint is both essential and possible. In II.iii he goes to the prison, disguised as a friar, to console "the afflicted spirits" there, and requests the Provost to inform him of the nature of the crimes committed by the condemned prisoners so that he may "minister to them accordingly." With Claudio, the ministration takes the significant form of setting him free from "the deceiving promises of life" and of creating in him a calm resolution to face the approaching end. Sir Thomas More, the Tudor statesman and saint about whom Shakespeare may have helped to write a play, declares in his little treatise, *The Four Last Things*, written to teach the art of "dying well," that nothing can more effectively withdraw the human soul from the wretched affections of the body than a sincere remembrance of death. "The thirsty evil" that Claudio bemoans is the consequence of an excessive attachment to life. The duke succeeds with Claudio to the extent that, after a momentary lapse that shows how strong the hold of life is, Claudio says, "I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it" (III.i.170-71). After this scene Claudio appears very briefly only once more, but the three lines that he speaks (IV.ii.67-69) have a calmness of image and rhythm that is reassuring.

With Angelo the duke seemingly decides on "measure for measure." He also reminds Isabella that the ghost of her

brother, whom she supposes to be dead, cries out for vengeance. In condemning Angelo, the duke thus seems to observe the law of the Old Testament—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But actually he is testing Isabella's adherence to the New Law, which commands that one's enemy shall be loved as a friend, and that good shall be returned for evil. How superbly she meets the test! She does not plead for Angelo's pardon, for she has seen Mariana's plea for mercy disallowed. With a boldness that takes the breath away, she asserts that Angelo is not guilty at all. There are three charges against him: his "salt imagination" wronged her honor; he violated sacred chastity; and he broke his promise that he would pardon Claudio if the foul ransom was paid. On the first charge, the duke himself has recommended that Angelo be pardoned because that "salt imagination" provided the opportunity for doing a service to Mariana. The second charge is not true, since Mariana was Angelo's wife on "a precontract." As for the "promise-breach," it cannot be denied that Isabella did not in fact lie with Angelo, or that her brother was guilty, after all, of the crime for which he was sentenced. The type of betrothal which Claudio and Juliet had entered upon did not in law give them any marital rights, whereas Mariana's contract with Angelo did, at least in law. Finally, it is true that Angelo intended to violate her, but the intention never became an act, and the law cannot take cognizance of thoughts. "Thoughts are no subjects,/Intents but merely thoughts" (V.i.455-56). Counsel for the defense submits therefore that the accused is not guilty on any count, does not need a pardon, and cannot be punished with "measure for measure." The prosperous art Isabella shows in playing with reason and discourse could hardly go further. These arguments convince the duke not of Angelo's guiltlessness, of course, but of Isabella's adherence to the New Law. When Angelo is pardoned, it is because he, like Claudio earlier, is deeply repentant. We must believe that his evil has quit him.

Such, then, are some of the themes and characters of the play before us. Shakespeare's contemporaries would probably have called it a tragi-comedy, a new genre in those days. Tragi-comedy is not a loose combining of tragedy and comedy, but an independent form of dramatic composition with an aesthetic of its own. As the Italian playwright Giambattista Guarini, who had himself written a tragi-comedy, stated in his *Compendium of Tragi-Comic Poetry* (published in 1601): "He who makes a tragi-comedy does not intend to compose separately either a tragedy or a comedy, but from the two a third thing that will be perfect of its kind, and may take from the others the parts that with most verisimilitude can stand together." From tragedy, said Guarini, tragi-comedy takes the movement but not the disturbance of the feelings, the pleasure and not the sadness, the danger but not the death; from comedy, it takes laughter that is not excessive, modest amusement, feigned difficulty, happy reversal, and, above all, the comic order. Speaking of the style proper to tragi-comedy, Guarini said that the magnificent was its norm, combined not with the grave as in a tragedy, but with the polished. There is something in this description of tragi-comedy that fits *Measure for Measure*. For instance, our awareness of the immanence of the duke, with his declared objective of testing whether power will change purpose effectively, diverts the first part of the play from the tragic

course. The intrigue of the fourth act, the "feigned difficulty," does not exist for its own sake, but serves to establish the control of the duke over the action and to lead to a happy conclusion. (The duke has been often compared to Prospero in *The Tempest*, but Prospero's control over what is happening is never in doubt. The same consideration should make us hesitate to accept the extreme conclusion in the Christian interpretation of the play that the duke is Providence; Providence never had such a narrow escape from defeat at human hands.) We have not spoken much of the "modest amusement" of tragi-comedy in *Measure for Measure*, but it is there in plenty, in character, situation, and dialogue; *Measure for Measure* is a funny play, though some of the jokes, admittedly, sail very close to the wind. As for the style, its norm is indeed magnificent, but its range is wide: from the passionate conjurations of Isabella, the tortured self-examinations of Angelo, the exploratory dialectic of Angelo and Isabella in which we see character *developing*, the relentless meditative analysis of the duke, and the surging thrill of terror in Claudio as he gazes into the dark void of the beyond—from all these to the gay, irreverent bawdry of Lucio, which sets up a rival social order and morality, and the petty cunning of Pompey's coiled speech with Escalus. All may not easily agree with F. R. Leavis that *Measure for Measure* is "the most consummate of Shakespeare's achievements," but we must acknowledge with Coleridge that it is Shakespearean throughout.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

The principal sources of *Measure for Measure* are George Whetstone's play of *Promos and Cassandra* (1578) and its prose redaction in the same author's *Heptameron of Civil Discourses* (1582). Whetstone's own source was Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatomithi* (1565); and Shakespeare almost certainly knew this work, which contains the story of Othello. He may, in addition, have also known Cinthio's posthumously published play of *Epitia* (1583). Brief summaries of these sources are given here for comparison with Shakespeare's treatment of the story.

GIRALDI CINTHIO's *Hecatomithi*, DECADE 8, NOVELLA 5

The Emperor Maximian appoints one of his trusted men, Juriste, to rule over the city of Innsbruck. He charges him particularly to observe justice scrupulously. Juriste, who lacks all self-knowledge, accepts the grave responsibility with alacrity and for a while he is a model ruler.

A young man called Vico is brought before Juriste for violating a virgin, and is condemned to death according to the laws of the city. Vico's sister, Epitia, who is a student of philosophy and has a sweet way of speaking, pleads for her brother: her brother is very young; he was moved by the impulse of love; the ravished maiden is unmarried and Vico is willing to marry her; the law was made so severe only to deter would-be offenders, not really to be enforced. Captivated by Epitia's beauty and eloquence, Juriste promises to reconsider the case. When she meets him again, he proposes that she should lie with him if she wants her brother's sentence to be mitigated. Epitia refuses unless Juriste is willing to marry her afterward. Juriste does not promise to do this, though he hints at the possibility.

When Epitia goes to the prison to prepare her brother for his fate, Vico pleads passionately with her and appeals to her sisterly affection to save him. So Epitia reluctantly consents to Juriste's proposal. Juriste, however, orders the execution of Vico before lying with her.

In the morning Epitia goes home to find that Juriste has indeed kept his promise to release her brother—dead. She thinks of revenge, but instead appeals to the emperor. The emperor sends for Juriste and finds that the complaint is true. He first forces Juriste to marry Epitia, who is quite unwilling, and then he orders that Juriste be put to death. Now that Juriste is her husband, Epitia is in a cruel dilemma. She discourses to the emperor on the superiority of clemency to justice. The emperor is impressed with her forgiving nature and pardons Juriste. Epitia and her husband live happily ever after.

GIRALDI CINTHIO's *Epitia*

The story is much the same as that in the *Hecatomithi*, but there are some new characters and the brother is secretly saved by the captain of the prison. The latter announces this fact at the end of the play, to the astonishment of the other characters and also the reader, who is not given a hint of it in the prefatory "argument."

Principal among the new characters are Angela, Juriste's sister, who conveys an offer of marriage from him to Epitia and testifies against him before the emperor when Juriste breaks his word; a secretary and a podesta who argue respectively for and against forgiving Vico; a messenger who reports how Vico was put to death on special commission from the podesta, who had Juriste's authority to do so; and the captain of the prison, who brings the supposed head of Vico to Epitia.

Epitia refuses to plead for Juriste until she learns that her brother is alive. Believing that Juriste should be punished for evil intent, the emperor is at first unwilling to pardon him even after Vico reappears, but he finally grants Epitia's suit in order that she may have "complete contentment."

WHETSTONE's *Promos and Cassandra* AND *Heptameron*

In the play, Promos is appointed to rule over the city of Julio, and declares his resolve to render justice impartially. Reviving a defunct law, he sentences Andrugio to death for incontinence. The law will not accept marriage as sufficient recompense for the wrong. Andrugio's sister, Cassandra, weeps over the hard fate of her young brother, who appeals to her to plead with Promos. She therefore meets Promos and obtains a postponement of the execution. After she has left, Promos reveals in a soliloquy that he has fallen in love with her but is determined to overcome the temptation. However, having been encouraged by his corrupt servant, Phallax, to believe that Cassandra might be overcome, he is unable to subdue his desire for her. When she meets him again to learn his final decision, he first defends the law and then, when she pleads for mercy, makes his infamous proposal.

Amazed and horrified, Cassandra refuses. Promos promises to make her his wife and gives her two days in which to think it over. She goes to her brother's cell to inform him of Promos' vile condition and to prepare him for death. Andrugio, taken aback that a judge of Promos' supposed integrity has been corrupted by the same lust

for which he would condemn another, appeals to his sister to accept the proposed terms and thereby save his life. Brother and sister argue, but finally Cassandra is won over.

After satisfying his desire, Promos decides to break his word, since no one knows of his promise and Cassandra cannot reveal her own shame. He orders that Andrugio should be executed secretly and his head sent to Cassandra. While the girl is eagerly looking forward to welcoming her brother, the jailer brings her the severed head. She conceals her grief, pretending to be quite satisfied. She thinks of suicide, but later decides to appeal to the king. The jailer has in fact brought her the head of an executed criminal and released Andrugio, who goes into hiding. Promos is secretly troubled at what he has done.

In the second part of the play, the king comes to Julio. He hears Cassandra's story and promises to see that justice is done. Upon examination, Promos at once confesses, and the king orders that he first be married to Cassandra and then put to death. Promos pleads for mercy, but in vain. In the meantime, Andrugio, hiding in the woods, comes to know what is happening. Cassandra bewails her hard fate. Duty commands that she should love the husband for whose sentence she has been responsible. She appeals to the king to pardon him, but the ruler is adamant. Andrugio, now in the city under a disguise, sees his sister's unhappiness and resolves to surrender himself to the king at the risk of being put to death. Promos makes a sincere confession of his misdeeds and is led out to execution. Andrugio's boy enters with the news that his master is alive. The king pardons Andrugio, and then pardons Promos for the sake of Cassandra, exhorting Promos always to measure grace with justice. He restores him to the governorship of the city. "The lost sheep found, for joy the feast was made."

Whetstone's play also has a comic underplot, involving a courtesan, unscrupulous officers, informers, and bawds. With the corruption of the magistrates, all the city becomes corrupt.

The version in the *Heptameron* is substantially the same as that of the play. Andrugio is disguised as a hermit, and reveals himself after hearing the king say that Promos might be pardoned if Andrugio were alive. The entire story is narrated by one Isabella.

Summary

Measure for Measure is generally closer to Whetstone's versions than to *Epitia*; but it does show significant correspondences with Cinthio's play at certain points where Whetstone differs markedly. "The relation of *Measure for Measure* to Giraldi's *novella* is ambiguous, since some of the correspondences to that might have come through Whetstone, some through *Epitia*."¹ Among the similarities between *Measure for Measure* and *Epitia* may be mentioned the following: the secretary in *Epitia* protests to the

podesta of the harshness of the law and the severity of its enforcement; in a soliloquy he comments on the rigor of those in power (compare Escalus' protests to Angelo in II.i); the criminal whose head is substituted for that of Vico is hopelessly evil (compare Ragozine, described as a notorious pirate); like Isabella, *Epitia* also distinguishes between act and intention. Some close verbal parallels have been noted by Kenneth Muir.²

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

Our only authority for the text of *Measure for Measure* is the First Folio, whose text is on the whole a good one, probably based on a transcript of Shakespeare's manuscripts made by Ralph Crane, the scrivener of the King's Players. It seems a little disturbed in Act IV; the duke's speech on "place and greatness" in this act would be more appropriate preceding his lines in III.ii, after the exit of Lucio, and Kenneth Muir has made the attractive suggestion that its place should be taken by the duke's soliloquy ending Act III. In the present text the act and scene divisions are translated from Latin and in two places depart from the Folio in order to correspond to the Globe text (the Globe's divisions are used in most books on Shakespeare): Globe I.ii is split in the Folio into a new scene after the exit of Pompey, and Globe III.ii is not marked in the Folio. The present edition corrects obvious typographical errors, modernizes spelling and punctuation, expands and regularizes speech prefixes, adjusts the lineation of a few passages, transfers the indication of locale ("*The Scene: Vienna*") and the *dramatis personae* ("The Names of All the Actors") from the end to the beginning, and slightly alters the position of a few stage directions. Other substantial departures from the Folio are listed below, the present reading in boldface type and then the Folio reading in roman.

I.iii.27 **Becomes more** More 43 **it in**

I.iv.54 **givings-out** giuing-out

II.i.12 **your** our 39 **breaks** brakes

II.ii.97 **new** now 112 **ne'er** neuer

II.iv.9 **sere** feard 52 **or, to** and to 75 **Let me be** Let be 93

all-binding all-building

III.i.31 **serpigo** Sapego 52 **Bring me to hear them** Bring them to heare me 68 **Though** Through 129 **penury** periury 214 **by oath** oath

III.ii.26 **eat, array** eate away 48 **extracting it** extracting 152 **dearer** deare 225 **and it** and as it 276 **strings** stings

IV.i.62 **quests** Quest 64 **dreams** dreame

IV.ii.45-48 **if it be too little . . . fits your thief** [F gives to Pompey]

IV.iii.16 **Forthright** Forthlight 90 **yonder** yond

IV.iv.6 **redeliver** reliuer

V.i.13 **me** we 168 **her face** your face 425 **confiscation** confutation 541 **that's** that

¹ Madeleine Doran, *Endeavors of Art: A Study of Form in Elizabethan Drama* (1954), pp. 386-87.

² *Shakespeare's Sources* (1957), Vol. I, pp. 104-05.



MEASURE FOR MEASURE

The Scene: Vienna

The Names of All the Actors:

VINCENTIO *the Duke*
ANGELO *the Deputy*
ESCALUS *an ancient lord*
CLAUDIO *a young gentleman*
LUCIO *a fantastic*
TWO OTHER LIKE GENTLEMEN
PROVOST
THOMAS } *two friars*
PETER }
[A JUSTICE]
[VARRUS]

ELBOW *a simple constable*
FROTH *a foolish gentleman*
CLOWN [*Pompey, servant to Mistress Overdone*]
ABHORSON *an executioner*
BARNARDINE *a dissolute prisoner*
ISABELLA *sister to Claudio*
MARIANA *betrothed to Angelo*
JULIET *beloved of Claudio*
FRANCISCA *a nun*
MISTRESS OVERDONE *a bawd*
[LORDS OFFICERS CITIZENS BOY
ATTENDANTS]

A C T I

Scene I. [*The duke's palace.*]

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, LORDS, [*and* ATTENDANTS].

DUKE Escalus.

ESCALUS My lord.

DUKE

Of government the properties° to unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse,
Since I am put to know° that your own science°
Exceeds, in that, the lists° of all advice
My strength can give you. Then no more remains.
But that, to your sufficiency as your worth is able°,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms

5

10

For common justice, y' are as pregnant in°
As art and practice hath enrichèd any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.° Call
hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.

15

[*Exit an ATTENDANT.*]

What figure° of us, think you, he will bear?°
For you must know, we have with special soul°
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dressed him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs°
Of our own pow'r. What think you of it?

20

ESCALUS

If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo° such ample grace and honor,
It is Lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

DUKE

Look where he comes.

II pregnant in full of knowledge of **14** warp deviate **16**
figure image; **bear** represent **17** soul thought **20** organs
means of action **23** undergo enjoy

The decorative border shown above was used in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.

I.1.3 properties characteristics **5** put to know given to understand; **science** knowledge **6** lists limits **8** to . . . able perhaps a line is missing after this line

ANGELO

Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

DUKE

Angelo,

There is a kind of character° in thy life,
That to th' observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings°
Are not thine own so proper° as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,°
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched 35
But to fine issues,° nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple° of her excellence
But like a thrifty goddess she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.° But I do bend° my speech 40
To one that can my part in him advertise.°
Hold therefore, Angelo:
In our remove° be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
Though first in question,° is thy secondary.°
Take thy commission.

ANGELO

Now, good my lord,

Let there be some more test made of my mettle°
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamped upon it.

DUKE

No more evasion.

We have with a leavened° and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition
That it prefers itself,° and leaves unquestioned°
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you, 55
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well.
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

ANGELO

Yet give leave, my lord,

That we may bring° you something on the way.

DUKE

My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honor, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws 65
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand.
I'll privily away; I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well

27 **character** secret handwriting 29 **belongings** endowments
30 **proper** exclusively 32 **Heaven** . . . do see Luke 11:33,
"No man, when he hath lighted a candle, putteth it in a
secret place, neither under a bushel, but on a candlestick that
they which come in may see the light"; also Matthew 7:16,
"Ye shall know them by their fruits" 35-36 **Spirits** . . .
issues great qualities are bestowed only so that they may
lead to great achievements 37 **scruple** 1/24 oz. 40 **use**
interest; **bend** address 41 **advertise** display prominently
43 **remove** absence 46 **question** consideration; **secondary**
officer just below the chief officer 48 **mettle** pun on *metal*,
i.e., material 51 **leavened** i.e., long-pondered 54 **prefers**
itself takes precedence; **unquestioned** unexamined 61 **bring**
escort

Their loud applause and aves° vehement. 70
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

ANGELO

The heavens give safety to your purposes.

ESCALUS

Lead forth and bring you back in happiness.

DUKE

I thank you; fare you well. *Exit.* 75

ESCALUS

I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place.°
A pow'r I have, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed. 80

ANGELO

'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

ESCALUS

I'll wait upon your honor.

*Exeunt.*Scene II. [*A street.*]

Enter LUCIO *and two other* GENTLEMEN.

LUCIO If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to
composition° with the King of Hungary,° why then
all the dukes fall upon the king.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Heaven grant us its peace, but
not the King of Hungary's! 5

SECOND GENTLEMAN Amen.

LUCIO Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pirate,
that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but
scraped one out of the table.

SECOND GENTLEMAN "Thou shalt not steal"? 10

LUCIO Ay, that he razed.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Why, 'twas a commandment to
command the captain and all the rest from their func-
tions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of
us all that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish 15
the petition well that prays for peace.

SECOND GENTLEMAN I never heard any soldier dis-
like it.

LUCIO I believe thee, for I think thou never wast
where grace was said. 20

SECOND GENTLEMAN No? A dozen times at least.

FIRST GENTLEMAN What, in meter?

LUCIO In any proportion,° or in any language.

FIRST GENTLEMAN I think, or in any religion.

LUCIO Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all 25
controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a
wicked villain, despite of all grace.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Well, there went but a pair of
shears between us.°

LUCIO I grant; as there may between the lists° and 30
the velvet. Thou art the list.

70 **aves** salutations 78 **To look** . . . **place** to examine
carefully the range of my authority

I.ii.2 **composition** agreement; **Hungary** perhaps a pun on
hungry 23 **proportion** length 28-29 **there** . . . **us** i.e., we
are cut from the same cloth 30 **lists** selvage or border of
a cloth (usually of a different material from the body)

FIRST GENTLEMAN And thou the velvet. Thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-piled° piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey,° as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet.° Do I 35 speak feelingly° now?

LUCIO I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling° of thy speech. I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.° 40

FIRST GENTLEMAN I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

SECOND GENTLEMAN Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Enter bawd [MISTRESS OVERDONE].

LUCIO Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation 45 comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

SECOND GENTLEMAN To what, I pray?

LUCIO Judge.

SECOND GENTLEMAN To three thousand dolours° a 50 year.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Ay, and more.

LUCIO A French crown° more.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Thou art always figuring diseases in me, but thou art full of error. I am sound. 55

LUCIO Nay, not as one would say, healthy, but so sound as things that are hollow. Thy bones are hollow; impiety° has made a feast of thee.

FIRST GENTLEMAN How now! Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica? 60

MISTRESS OVERDONE Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Who's that, I pray thee?

MISTRESS OVERDONE Marry,° sir, that's Claudio, 65 Signior Claudio.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Claudio to prison? 'Tis not so.

MISTRESS OVERDONE Nay, but I know 'tis so. I saw him arrested; saw him carried away, and which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped 70 off.

LUCIO But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

MISTRESS OVERDONE I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child. 75

LUCIO Believe me, this may be. He promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose. 80

FIRST GENTLEMAN But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

LUCIO Away! Let's go learn the truth of it.

Exit [LUCIO, with GENTLEMEN].

MISTRESS OVERDONE Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat,° what with the gallows, and 85 what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter clown [POMPEY].

How now? What's the news with you?

POMPEY Yonder man is carried to prison.

MISTRESS OVERDONE Well; what has he done?

POMPEY A woman. 90

MISTRESS OVERDONE But what's his offense?

POMPEY Groping for trouts in a peculiar° river.

MISTRESS OVERDONE What? Is there a maid with child by him?

POMPEY No, but there's a woman with maid by him. 95

You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

MISTRESS OVERDONE What proclamation, man?

POMPEY All houses in the suburbs° of Vienna must be plucked down.

MISTRESS OVERDONE And what shall become of 100 those in the city?

POMPEY They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

MISTRESS OVERDONE But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down? 105

POMPEY To the ground, mistress.

MISTRESS OVERDONE Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

POMPEY Come, fear not you; good counselors lack no clients. Though you change your place, you need 110 not change your trade; I'll be your tapster° still. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

MISTRESS OVERDONE What's to do here, Thomas 115 Tapster? Let's withdraw.

POMPEY Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet. *Exeunt.*

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, OFFICERS, LUCIO, and two GENTLEMEN.

CLAUDIO

Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed. 120

PROVOST

I do it not in evil disposition,

But from Lord Angelo, by special charge.

CLAUDIO

Thus can the demigod Authority

Make us pay down for our offense by weight.

The words of heaven: on whom it will, it will; 125

On whom it will not, so. Yet still 'tis just.°

LUCIO

Why, how now, Claudio! Whence comes this restraint?

85 sweat sweating sickness, plague 92 peculiar private 98 suburbs in Shakespeare's London, the area of the brothels 111 tapster bartender, waiter (here, pimp) 125-26 The words . . . just see Romans 9:15, 18, "For he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion. . . . Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth"

33 three-piled (1) pile of a treble thickness (2) "piled" (bald) as a result of venereal disease 34 kersey coarse cloth (therefore "plain and honest") 35 French velvet (1) excellent velvet (2) French prostitute (syphilis was also known as "the French disease") 35-36 Do . . . feelingly i.e., Do I touch you there? 38 feeling personal experience 39-40 learn . . . thee drink to your health but not after you from the same cup (to avoid the infection) 50 dolours pun on dollars 53 French crown (1) écu (2) head that has gone bald from venereal disease 58 impiety immorality 65 Marry a light oath, from "By the Virgin Mary"

CLAUDIO

From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty.
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,^o
A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

LUCIO If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I
would send for certain of my creditors. And yet, to
say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery^o of freedom
as the mortality of imprisonment. What's thy offense,
Claudio?

CLAUDIO

What but to speak of would offend again.

LUCIO What, is't murder?

CLAUDIO No.

LUCIO Lechery?

CLAUDIO Call it so.

PROVOST Away, sir, you must go.

CLAUDIO

One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

LUCIO A hundred, if they'll do you any good. Is
lechery so looked after?

CLAUDIO

Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed.

You know the lady, she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation^o lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation^o of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,^o
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

LUCIO

With child, perhaps?

CLAUDIO Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,^o
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in^o— but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrollèd^o penalties
Which have, like unsoured armor, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs^o have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me. 'Tis surely for a name.

LUCIO I warrant it is, and thy head stands so tickle^o
on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love,
may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

132 ravin . . . bane greedily devour what is poisonous
to them 136 foppery foolishness 151 denunciation formal
announcement 153 propagation increase 154 friends rela-
tives 161 fault . . . newness i.e., weakness arising from the
sudden vision of new authority 168 stagger in am not sure
169 enrollèd inscribed in the rolls of the laws 171 zodiacs
i.e., years 175 tickle insecure

CLAUDIO

I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:

This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation.^o

Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay^o him.

I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone^o and speechless dialect,
Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

LUCIO I pray she may; as well for the encouragement
of the like, which else would stand under grievous
imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I
would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game
of tick-tack.^o I'll to her.

CLAUDIO

I thank you, good friend Lucio.

LUCIO

Within two hours.

CLAUDIO

Come, officer, away! *Exeunt.*

Scene III. [*A monastery.*]

Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS.

DUKE

No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart^o of love
Can pierce a complete^o bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbor, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled^o than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

FRIAR THOMAS May your grace speak of it?

DUKE

My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth and cost, witless bravery^o keeps.
I have delivered to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture^o and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me traveled to Poland;
For so I have strewed it in the common ear,^o
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this.

FRIAR THOMAS

Gladly, my lord.

DUKE

We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
Which for this fourteen^o years we have let slip,
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,

181 approbation novitiate 184 assay test, i.e., attempt to
persuade 186 prone winning 194 tick-tack a game using
a board into which pegs were fitted I.iii.2 dribbling dart arrow feebly shot 3 complete pro-
tected, independent 5 wrinkled mature, aged 10 witless
bravery senseless show 12 stricture strictness 15 common
ear the ear of the people 21 fourteen in I.ii.171 the time
was "nineteen" years; doubtless the printer's copy in both lines
had either xiv or xix and in one line was misread

That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
 Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
 Only to stick it in their children's sight
 For terror, not to use; in time the rod
 Becomes more mocked than feared; so our decrees,
 Dead to infliction,^o to themselves are dead,
 And Liberty^o plucks Justice by the nose;
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
 Goes all decorum.

FRIAR THOMAS It rested in your grace
 To unloose this tied-up Justice when you pleased,
 And it in you more dreadful would have seemed
 Than in Lord Angelo.

DUKE I do fear, too dreadful:
 Sith^o 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
 For what I bid them do; for we bid this be done
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
 And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my
 father,

I have on Angelo imposed the office,
 Who may, in th' ambush^o of my name, strike home,
 And yet my nature never in the fight
 To do it slander. And to behold his sway,
 I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
 Visit both prince and people. Therefore, I prithee,
 Supply me with the habit^o and instruct me
 How I may formally in person bear
 Like a true friar. Moe^o reasons for this action
 At our more leisure shall I render you;
 Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise,^o
 Stands at a guard with envy;^o scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall we see,
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

Exit, [with FRIAR].

Scene IV. [*A nunnery.*]

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA, a nun.

ISABELLA
 And have you nuns no farther privileges?

FRANCISCA
 Are not these large enough?

ISABELLA
 Yes, truly. I speak not as desiring more,
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.^o

LUCIO (*Within.*)
 Ho! Peace be in this place!

ISABELLA Who's that which calls?

FRANCISCA
 It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
 Turn you the key, and know his business of him.
 You may, I may not: you are yet unsworn.
 When you have vowed, you must not speak with men
 But in the presence of the prioress:

Then, if you speak, you must not show your face,
 Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
 He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*]

ISABELLA
 Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?
 [*Enter LUCIO.*]

LUCIO
 Hail, virgin—if you be, as those cheek-roses
 Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead^o me
 As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
 A novice of this place and the fair sister
 To her unhappy brother, Claudio?

ISABELLA
 Why "her unhappy brother"? Let me ask,
 The rather for I now must make you know
 I am that Isabella and his sister.

LUCIO
 Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.
 Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

ISABELLA
 Woe me! For what?

LUCIO
 For that which, if myself might be his judge,
 He should receive his punishment in thanks:
 He hath got his friend with child.

ISABELLA
 Sir! Make me not your story.^o

LUCIO 'Tis true.
 I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin
 With maids to seem the lapwing,^o and to jest,
 Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins so.
 I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted,
 By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
 And to be talked with in sincerity,
 As with a saint.

ISABELLA
 You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

LUCIO
 Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,^o 'tis thus:
 Your brother and his lover have embraced;
 As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
 That from the seedness^o the bare fallow brings
 To teeming foison,^o even so her plenteous womb
 Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

ISABELLA
 Someone with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

LUCIO
 Is she your cousin?

ISABELLA
 Adoptedly, as schoolmaids change their names
 By vain, though apt, affection.

LUCIO She it is.

ISABELLA
 O, let him marry her.

LUCIO This is the point:
 The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
 Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
 In hand and hope of action,^o but we do learn

28 **Dead to infliction** utterly unenforced 29 **Liberty**
 license 35 **Sith** since 41 **in th' ambush** under cover 46
habit garment 48 **Moe** more 50 **precise** fastidiously strict
 51 **Stands** . . . **envy** defies all malicious criticism
 I.iv.5 **Saint Clare** a notably strict order

17 **stead** help 30 **story** subject for mirth 32 **lapwing**
 pewit (a bird that runs away from its nest to mislead intruders)
 39 **Fewness and truth** briefly and truly 42 **seedness** sowing
 43 **foison** harvest 51–52 **Bore** . . . **action** deluded . . .
 with the hope of military action

By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo, a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He—to give fear to use and liberty,^o
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions—hath picked out an act,
Under whose heavy sense^o your brother's life
Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigor of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo. And that's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

ISABELLA

Doth he so? Seek his life?

LUCIO

Has censured^o him

Already, and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for's execution.

ISABELLA

Alas, what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

LUCIO

Assay the pow'r you have.

ISABELLA

My power? Alas, I doubt—

LUCIO

Our doubts are traitors,

And makes^o us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe^o them.

ISABELLA

I'll see what I can do.

LUCIO

But speedily.

ISABELLA

I will about it straight,
No longer staying but to give the Mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother; soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.^o

LUCIO

I take my leave of you.

ISABELLA

Good sir, adieu.

Exeunt. 90

A C T I I

Scene I. [*A room.*]*Enter* ANGELO, ESCALUS, and SERVANTS, JUSTICE.

ANGELO

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,

62 **use and liberty** habitual license 65 **sense** interpretation
72 **censured** pronounced judgment on 78 **makes** a plural
subject sometimes takes a verb ending in -s 83 **owe** own
89 **success** outcome

And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

55

ESCALUS

Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little, 5
Than fall,^o and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman
Whom I would save had a most noble father.
Let but your honor know,
Whom I believe to be most strait^o in virtue, 10
That, in the working of your own affections,^o
Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attained th' effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life 15
Erred in this point which now you censure him,
And pulled the law upon you.

ANGELO

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two 20
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to
Justice,

That Justice seizes. What knows the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,^o
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't.

75

Because we see it; but what we do not see 25
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offense
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death, 30
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

ESCALUS

Be it as your wisdom will.

ANGELO

Where is the provost?

Enter PROVOST.

PROVOST

Here, if it like your honor.

ANGELO

See that Claudio

Be executed by nine tomorrow morning.

85

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared, 35
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[Exit PROVOST.]

ESCALUS

Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all.
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from breaks of ice,^o and answer none;
And some condemnèd for a fault^o alone. 40

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, CLOWN [POMPEY], OFFICERS.

ELBOW Come, bring them away. If these be good
people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their
abuses in common houses, I know no law. Bring them
away.

ANGELO How now, sir! What's your name? And 45
what's the matter?

ELBOW If it please your honor, I am the poor duke's
constable, and my name is Elbow. I do lean upon

II.i.6 **fall** let fall 9 **strait** strict 10 **affections** passions
23 **pregnant** clear 39 **Some . . . ice** i.e., some escape after
gross violations of chastity 40 **fault** (1) small crack in the ice
(2) act of sex

justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honor two notorious benefactors. 50
 ANGELO Benefactors? Well, what benefactors are they? Are they not malefactors?
 ELBOW If it please your honor, I know not well what they are, but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world that good 55 Christians ought to have.
 ESCALUS This comes off well; here's a wise officer.
 ANGELO Go to: what quality° are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?
 POMPEY He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.° 60
 ANGELO What are you, sir?
 ELBOW He, sir! A tapster, sir, parcel-bawd,° one that serves a bad woman whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs, and now she professes a hothouse,° which, I think, is a very ill house too. 65
 ESCALUS How know you that?
 ELBOW My wife, sir, whom I detest° before heaven and your honor—
 ESCALUS How! Thy wife?
 ELBOW Ay, sir—whom, I thank heaven, is an honest° 70 woman—
 ESCALUS Dost thou detest her therefore?
 ELBOW I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty° house. 75
 ESCALUS How dost thou know that, constable?
 ELBOW Marry, sir, by my wife, who, if she had been a woman cardinally° given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.
 ESCALUS By the woman's means? 80
 ELBOW Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.
 POMPEY Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.
 ELBOW Prove it before these varlets here, thou honorable man; prove it. 85
 ESCALUS Do you hear how he misplaces?
 POMPEY Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honor's reverence, for stewed prunes.° Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit dish, a dish of 90 some threepence; your honors have seen such dishes; they are not china dishes, but very good dishes—
 ESCALUS Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.
 POMPEY No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right; but to the point. As I say, this Mistress 95 Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, 100 Master Froth, I could not give you threepence again.
 FROTH No, indeed.
 POMPEY Very well, you being then, if you be rememb'ed, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes—
 FROTH Ay, so I did indeed. 105
 POMPEY Why, very well; I telling you then, if you

be rememb'ed, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot° of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you—
 FROTH All this is true. 110
 POMPEY Why, very well, then—
 ESCALUS Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her. 115
 POMPEY Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.°
 ESCALUS No, sir, nor I mean it not.
 POMPEY Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honor's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir, a man of fourscore pound a year, 120 whose father died at Hallowmas.° Was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?
 FROTH All-hallond Eve.°
 POMPEY Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir, 'twas in the 125 Bunch of Grapes,° where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?
 FROTH I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter.
 POMPEY Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths. 130
 ANGELO
 This will last out a night in Russia,
 When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave,
 And leave you to the hearing of the cause,
 Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.
 ESCALUS
 I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. 135
Exit [ANGELO].
 Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?
 POMPEY Once, sir? There was nothing done to her once.
 ELBOW I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did 140 to my wife.
 POMPEY I beseech your honor, ask me.
 ESCALUS Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?
 POMPEY I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honor; 'tis for 145 a good purpose. Doth your honor mark his face?
 ESCALUS Ay, sir, very well.
 POMPEY Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.
 ESCALUS Well, I do so.
 POMPEY Doth your honor see any harm in his face? 150
 ESCALUS Why, no.
 POMPEY I'll be supposed° upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of 155 your honor.
 ESCALUS He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?
 ELBOW First, and° it like you, the house is a respected° house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress 160 is a respected woman.

58 quality profession 60 out at elbow somewhat seedy 62 parcel-bawd partly a bawd 65 hothouse bathhouse 67 detest he means protest 70 honest chaste 75 naughty immoral 78 cardinally he means carnally 88 stewed prunes a fruit commonly provided in brothels

108 wot know 114-16 Come me . . . yet the verbs carry a sexual innuendo 121 Hallowmas All Saints' day, November 1 123 All-hallond Eve October 31 126 Bunch of Grapes the name of a room at the tavern 152 supposed he means deposed 159 and if; respected he means suspected

POMPEY By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

ELBOW Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! The time is yet to come that she was ever respected 165 with man, woman, or child.

POMPEY Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

ESCALUS Which is the wiser here, Justice or Iniquity?° Is this true? 170

ELBOW O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal!° I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have 175 mine action of batt'ry on thee.

ESCALUS If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

ELBOW Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this 180 wicked caitiff?

ESCALUS Truly, officer, because he hath some offenses in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are. 185

ELBOW Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou see'st, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

ESCALUS Where were you born, friend? 190

FROTH Here in Vienna, sir.

ESCALUS Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

FROTH Yes, and't please you, sir.

ESCALUS So. [To POMPEY.] What trade are you of, sir? 195

POMPEY A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

ESCALUS Your mistress' name?

POMPEY Mistress Overdone.

ESCALUS Hath she had any more than one husband?

POMPEY Nine, sir; Overdone by the last. 200

ESCALUS Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you,° Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you. 205

FROTH I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

ESCALUS Well, no more of it, Master Froth; farewell. [Exit FROTH.] Come you hither to me, Master 210 Tapster. What's your name, Master Tapster?

POMPEY Pompey.

ESCALUS What else?

POMPEY Bum, sir.

ESCALUS Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing 215 about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you color° it in being a tapster, are you not? Come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you. 220

POMPEY Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

ESCALUS How would you live, Pompey? By being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? Is it a lawful trade?

POMPEY If the law would allow it, sir. 225

ESCALUS But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

POMPEY Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

ESCALUS No, Pompey. 230

POMPEY Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't, then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

ESCALUS There is pretty orders beginning, I can tell you; it is but heading° and hanging. 235

POMPEY If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads; if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after threepence a bay;° if you live to see this come to pass, 240 say Pompey told you so.

ESCALUS Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do. If I do, Pompey, 245 I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipped. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

POMPEY I thank your worship for your good counsel; [aside] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall 250 better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade.° The valiant heart's not whipped out of his trade. *Exit.*

ESCALUS Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in 255 this place of constable?

ELBOW Seven year and a half, sir.

ESCALUS I thought, by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together? 260

ELBOW And a half, sir.

ESCALUS Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't.° Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

ELBOW Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As 265 they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

ESCALUS Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish. 270

ELBOW To your worship's house, sir?

ESCALUS To my house. Fare you well. [Exit ELBOW.] What's o'clock, think you?

JUSTICE Eleven, sir.

ESCALUS I pray you home to dinner with me. 275

JUSTICE I humbly thank you.

ESCALUS

It grieves me for the death of Claudio, But there's no remedy.

169 Justice or Iniquity personified characters in morality plays 172 Hannibal he means cannibal = fleshmonger (?) 203 draw you (1) draw drinks for you (2) empty you, disembowel you 218 color camouflage

235 heading beheading 240 bay space under a single gable 252 carman . . . jade the cartman whipped the whore after carting her through the streets; a "jade" is literally a nag 263 put . . . upon't impose on you the task of being constable

JUSTICE

Lord Angelo is severe.

ESCALUS

It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still° the nurse of second woe.

But yet—poor Claudio! There is no remedy.

Come, sir.

*Exeunt.*Scene II. [*A room.*]*Enter* PROVOST, [*and a*] SERVANT.

SERVANT

He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:

I'll tell him of you.

PROVOST Pray you, do. [*Exit* SERVANT.] I'll know

His pleasure; maybe he will relent. Alas,

He hath but as offended in a dream.

All sects,° all ages smack of this vice; and he

To die for't!

Enter ANGELO.

ANGELO Now, what's the matter, provost?

PROVOST

Is it your will Claudio shall die tomorrow?

ANGELO

Did not I tell thee yea? Hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

PROVOST

Lest I might be too rash.

Under your good correction, I have seen,

When, after execution, judgment hath

Repented o'er his doom.

ANGELO

Go to; let that be mine.°

Do you your office, or give up your place,

And you shall well be spared.

PROVOST

I crave your honor's pardon.

What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?

She's very near her hour.

ANGELO

Dispose of her

To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

[*Re-enter* SERVANT.]

SERVANT

Here is the sister of the man condemned

Desires access to you.

ANGELO

Hath he a sister?

PROVOST

Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid

And to be shortly of a sisterhood,

If not already.

ANGELO

Well, let her be admitted.

[*Exit* SERVANT.]

See you the fornicatress be removed;

Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;

There shall be order for't.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

PROVOST

'Save your honor.

ANGELO

Stay a little while. [*To* ISABELLA.] Y' are welcome:

what's your will?

ISABELLA

I am a woeful suitor to your honor,

Please but your honor hear me.

280

ANGELO

Well; what's your suit?

ISABELLA

There is a vice that most I do abhor,

And most desire should meet the blow of justice,

For which I would not plead, but that I must,

For which I must not plead, but that I am

At war 'twixt will and will not.

30

ANGELO

Well: the matter?

ISABELLA

I have a brother is condemned to die.

I do beseech you, let it be his fault,°

And not my brother.

35

PROVOST [*Aside.*] Heaven give thee moving graces.

ANGELO

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?

Why, every fault's condemned ere it be done.

Mine were the very cipher of a function,

To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,

And let go by the actor.

40

ISABELLA

O just but severe law!

I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your honor.

LUCIO [*Aside to* ISABELLA.]

Give't not o'er so. To him again, entreat him,

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;

You are too cold; if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.

45

To him, I say!

10

ISABELLA

Must he needs die?

ANGELO

Maiden, no remedy.

ISABELLA

Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,

And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

50

ANGELO

I will not do't.

ISABELLA

But can you, if you would?

ANGELO

Look what° I will not, that I cannot do.

ISABELLA

But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,

If so your heart were touched with that remorse°

As mine is to him?

ANGELO

He's sentenced; 'tis too late.

55

LUCIO [*Aside to* ISABELLA.]

You are too cold.

20

ISABELLA

Too late? Why, no: I, that do speak a word,

May call it again. Well, believe this:

No ceremony° that to great ones 'longs,

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,

The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,

Become them with one half so good a grace

As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he,

You would have slipped like him; but he, like you,

Would not have been so stern.

65

ANGELO

Pray you, be gone.

35 let . . . fault condemn his fault, not him 52 Look what
 whatever 54 remorse compassion 59 ceremony insignia
 of greatness

281 still always

II.ii.5 sects classes 12 mine i.e., my responsibility

ISABELLA

I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

LUCIO [*Aside to ISABELLA.*]

Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

ANGELO

Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

ISABELLA

Alas, alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

ANGELO

Be you content, fair maid;

It is the law, not I, condemn your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he must die tomorrow.

ISABELLA

Tomorrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season:° shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offense?
There's many have committed it.

LUCIO [*Aside to ISABELLA.*] Ay, well said.

ANGELO

The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did th' edict infringe
Had answered for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass,° that shows what future evils,
Either new, or by remissness new conceived,°
And so in progress to be hatched and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But here they live, to end.

ISABELLA

Yet show some pity.

ANGELO

I show it most of all when I show justice,
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed° offense would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies tomorrow; be content.

ISABELLA

So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

LUCIO [*Aside to ISABELLA.*] That's well said.

ISABELLA

Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,

86 of season in season 96 glass magic glass 96-97 future
. . . conceived evils that will take place in future, but that
are either now planned or may be planned later ("remissness"
= careless omission of duty) 103 dismissed forgiven

For every pelting,° petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder.
Nothing but thunder. Merciful heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulfurous bolt
Splits the unwedgeable and gnarlèd oak
Than the soft myrtle. But man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,° like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As makes the angels weep; who, with our spleens,°
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

LUCIO [*Aside to ISABELLA.*]

O, to him, to him, wench! He will relent;
He's coming; I perceive't.

PROVOST [*Aside.*] Pray heaven she win him.

ISABELLA

We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But in the less, foul profanation.

LUCIO

Thou'rt i' th' right, girl; more o' that.

ISABELLA

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

LUCIO [*Aside to ISABELLA.*]

Art avised° o' that? More on't.

ANGELO

Why do you put these sayings upon me?

ISABELLA

Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice° o' th' top; go to your bosom,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

ANGELO [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. [*Aloud.*] Fare
you well.

ISABELLA

Gentle my lord, turn back.

ANGELO

I will bethink me; come again tomorrow.

ISABELLA

Hark how I'll bribe you; good my lord, turn back.

ANGELO

How? Bribe me?

ISABELLA

Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

LUCIO [*Aside to ISABELLA.*]

You had marred all else.

ISABELLA

Not with fond sicles° of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rate are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers

113 pelting paltry 121 glassy essence the rational soul
which reveals to man, as in a mirror, what constitutes him
a human being (?) fragile nature (?) 123 spleens the spleen
was believed the seat of mirth and anger 133 avised
informed 137 skins the vice i.e., covers the sore of vice
with a skin, but does not heal it (or perhaps "skins off the
visible layer of vice") 150 sicles shekels

That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere sunrise, prayers from preservèd souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

ANGELO Well; come to me tomorrow.

LUCIO [*Aside to ISABELLA.*]

Go to; 'tis well; away.

ISABELLA

Heaven keep your honor safe.

ANGELO [*Aside.*] Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.°

ISABELLA At what hour tomorrow

Shall I attend your lordship?

ANGELO At any time 'fore noon.

ISABELLA

'Save your honor.

[*Exeunt ISABELLA, LUCIO, and PROVOST.*]

ANGELO From thee, even from thy virtue!

What's this? What's this? Is this her fault or mine?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?

Ha, not she. Nor doth she tempt; but it is I

That, lying by the violet in the sun,

Do as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,

Corrupt with virtuous season.° Can it be

That modesty may more betray our sense

Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,

And pitch our evils° there? O fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?

Dost thou desire her foully for those things

That make her good? O, let her brother live:

Thieves for their robbery have authority

When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,

That I desire to hear her speak again,

And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,

With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous

Is that temptation that doth goad us on

To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,

With all her double vigor, art and nature,

Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid

Subdues me quite. Ever till now,

When men were fond,° I smiled, and wond' red how.

Exit.

Scene III. [*The prison.*]

Enter DUKE [disguised as a friar] and PROVOST.

DUKE

Hail to you, provost—so I think you are.

PROVOST

I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?

DUKE

Bound by my charity and my blest order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Here in the prison. Do me the common right

5

To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

155

PROVOST

I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,

10

Who, falling in the flaws° of her own youth,

Hath blistered° her report:° she is with child;

And he that got it, sentenced; a young man

More fit to do another such offense

Than die for this.

15

DUKE

When must he die?

PROVOST

As I do think, tomorrow.

[*To JULIET.*]

I have provided for you; stay awhile,

And you shall be conducted.

DUKE

Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

JULIET

I do, and bear the shame most patiently.

20

DUKE

I'll teach you how you shall arraign° your conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound

Or hollowly put on.

JULIET

I'll gladly learn.

DUKE

Love you the man that wronged you?

JULIET

Yes, as I love the woman that wronged him.

25

DUKE

So, then, it seems your most offenseful act

Was mutually committed?

JULIET

Mutually.

180

DUKE

Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

JULIET

I do confess it, and repent it, father.

DUKE

'Tis meet so, daughter. But lest you do repent

30

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame—

Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,

But as we stand in fear—

JULIET

I do repent me, as it is an evil,

35

And take the shame with joy.

DUKE

There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die tomorrow,

And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you, Benedicite!°

Exit.

JULIET

Must die tomorrow! O injurious love,

40

That respites° me a life, whose very comfort

Is still a dying horror.

PROVOST

'Tis pity of him.

Exeunt.

160 cross are at cross-purposes 168 Corrupt . . . season go bad in the season that blossoms the flower 172 evils evil structures (e.g., perhaps whorehouses or privies) 187 fond infatuated

II.iii.II flaws sudden gusts of wind 12 blistered whores were branded on the forehead; report reputation 21 arraign interrogate 39 Benedicite bless you 41 respites saves

Scene IV. [*A room.*]*Enter* ANGELO.

ANGELO

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
 To several^o subjects: heaven hath my empty words,
 Whilst my invention,^o hearing not my tongue,
 Anchors on Isabel: heaven in my mouth,
 As if I did but only chew his name,
 And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
 Of my conception.^o The state,^o whereon I studied,
 Is like a good thing, being often read,
 Grown sere^o and tedious; yea, my gravity,
 Wherein, let no man hear me, I take pride,
 Could I with boot^o change for an idle plume
 Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
 How often dost thou with thy case,^o thy habit,^o
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
 To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood.
 Let's write "good angel" on the devil's horn,
 'Tis not the devil's crest. How now, who's there?

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT

One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

ANGELO

Teach her the way. [*Exit* SERVANT.] O heavens,
 Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
 Making both it unable for itself,
 And dispossessing all my other parts
 Of necessary fitness?
 So play the foolish throngs with one that swoonds,^o
 Come all to help him, and so stop the air
 By which he should revive; and even so
 The general,^o subject to a well-wished king,
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
 Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
 Must needs appear offense.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

ISABELLA

I am come to know your pleasure.

ANGELO

That you might know it, would much better please me
 Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

ISABELLA

Even so. Heaven keep your honor.

ANGELO

Yet may he live awhile, and it may be,
 As long as you or I; yet he must die.

ISABELLA

Under your sentence?

ANGELO

Yea.

ISABELLA

When? I beseech you that in his reprieve,
 Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
 That his soul sicken not.

ANGELO

Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good

II.iv.2 several separate 3 invention imagination 7 concep-
 tion thought; state attitude (?) statecraft (?) 9 sere worn out
 11 boot profit 13 case either "chance" or "outside";
 habit either "behavior" or "garment" 24 swoonds swoons
 27 general multitude

To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n
 A man already made, as to remit
 Their saucy sweetness^o that do coin heaven's image
 In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
 Falsely to take away a life true made,
 As to put metal in restrainèd^o means
 To make a false one.

ISABELLA

5 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

ANGELO

Say you so? Then I shall pose^o you quickly.
 Which had you rather: that the most just law
 Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
 10 Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
 As she that he hath stained?

ISABELLA

Sir, believe this:

I had rather give my body than my soul.

ANGELO

15 I talk not of your soul; our compelled sins
 Stand more for number than for accompt.^o

ISABELLA

How say you?

ANGELO

Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
 Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
 I, now the voice of the recorded law,
 20 Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life;
 Might there not be a charity in sin
 To save this brother's life?

ISABELLA

Please you to do't,

I'll take it as a peril to my soul,

It is no sin at all, but charity.

ANGELO

25 Pleased you to do't at peril of your soul,
 Were equal poise^o of sin and charity.

ISABELLA

That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
 Heaven let me bear it. You granting of my suit,
 If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
 70 To have it added to the faults of mine,
 And nothing of your answer.

ANGELO

Nay, but hear me.

Your sense pursues not mine; either you are ignorant,
 Or seem so, crafty; and that's not good.

ISABELLA

Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
 But graciously to know I am no better.

ANGELO

Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
 35 When it doth tax^o itself, as these black masks
 Proclaim an enshield^o beauty ten times louder
 Than beauty could, displayed. But mark me;
 To be receivèd plain, I'll speak more gross:
 Your brother is to die.

ISABELLA So.

ANGELO

And his offense is so, as it appears,
 40 Accountant^o to the law upon that pain.^o

43-44 to remit . . . sweetness to pardon their lascivious
 pleasures 47 restrainèd forbidden 50 pose baffle (with a
 difficult question) 57 Stand . . . accompt are enumerated
 but not counted against us 67 poise balance 78 tax censure
 79 enshield concealed 85 Accountant accountable; pain
 punishment

ISABELLA True.

ANGELO

Admit no other way to save his life—
As I subscribe° not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question°—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer:
What would you do?

ISABELLA

As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

ANGELO Then must your brother die.

ISABELLA

And 'twere the cheaper way.
Better it were a brother died at once
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die forever.

ANGELO

Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slandered so?

ISABELLA

Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses; lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

ANGELO

You seemed of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

ISABELLA

O, pardon me, my lord. It oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we
mean.

I something do excuse the thing I hate
For his advantage that I dearly love.

ANGELO

We are all frail.

ISABELLA Else let my brother die,

If not a fedary, but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.°

ANGELO

Nay, women are frail too.

ISABELLA

Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.°
Women! Help heaven! Men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous° to false prints.

ANGELO

I think it well,

88 **subscribe** assent to 89 **But** . . . **question** except to
keep alive the argument 121–22 **If** . . . **weakness** probably
a line has been omitted, but perhaps the meaning is, "Let my
brother die if he is the only inheritor of human frailty instead
of being a mere vassal to it" 125 **forms** images, appearances
129 **credulous** receptive

And from this testimony of your own sex— 130

Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames—let me be bold:
I do arrest your words.° Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, as you are well expressed° 135
By all external warrants, show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.°

ISABELLA

I have no tongue but one; gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

ANGELO

Plainly conceive, I love you. 140

ISABELLA

My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.

100 ANGELO

He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

ISABELLA

I know your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is, 145
To pluck on° others.

ANGELO

Believe me, on mine honor,

105 My words express my purpose.

ISABELLA

Ha! Little honor to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose. Seeming, seeming!
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't: 150
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretched throat I'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

110

ANGELO

Who will believe thee, Isabel?

My unsoiled name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch° against you, and my place i' th' state, 155
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,

115

And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein.
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite, 160
Lay by all nicety and prolixious° blushes,

That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will,°

Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness° shall his death draw out 165
To ling'ring sufferance.° Answer me tomorrow,

Or, by the affection° that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,

Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

Exit.

ISABELLA

To whom should I complain? Did I tell this, 170
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the selfsame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;°
Bidding the law make curtsy to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite, 175
To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother.

133 **I . . . words** I take you at your word 135 **expressed**
shown to be 137 **the destined livery** the dress that it is
the destiny of a woman to wear 146 **pluck on** draw on
155 **vouch** testimony 161 **prolixious** tediously drawn-out
163 **will** carnal appetite 165 **unkindness** unnatural behavior
166 **sufferance** torture 167 **affection** passion 173 **approof**
approval

Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honor,
 That, had he twenty heads to tender down
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up, 180
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorred pollution.
 Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
 "More than our brother is our chastity."
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request, 185
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. *Exit.*

A C T I I I

Scene I. [*The prison.*]

Enter DUKE [as a friar], CLAUDIO, and PROVOST.

DUKE

So then, you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

CLAUDIO

The miserable have no other medicine
 But only hope:
 I have hope to live, and am prepared to die.

DUKE

Be absolute^o for death; either death or life 5
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would keep; a breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skyey influences,^o
 That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,^o 10
 Hourly afflict; merely, thou art death's fool,^o
 For him thou labor'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble,
 For all th' accommodations^o that thou bear'st
 Are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant, 15
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork^o
 Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st;^o yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
 For thou exists on many a thousand grains 20
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not,
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain,^o
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon.^o If thou art rich, thou'rt poor. 25
 For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none,
 For thine own bowels,^o which do call thee sire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,^o 30
 Do curse the gout, serpigo,^o and the rheum,^o
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor
 age,

III.i.5 absolute unconditionally prepared **9 skyey influ-**
ences influence of the stars **10 keep'st** dwellest **11 fool** the
 professional jester in a nobleman's household, whose job was
 to keep his master amused **14 accommodations** necessities
16 fork forked tongue (of a snake) **18 provok'st** invokest
23 certain invariable **24-25 For . . . moon** your tempera-
 ment (desire?) moves to numerous things, changeable as (or
 "influenced by") the moon **29 bowels** offspring **30 The**
mere . . . loins the very issue of your own loins **31**
serpigo a skin disease; **rheum** catarrh

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth 35
 Becomes as agèd, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied eld,^o and when thou art old and rich,
 Thou has neither heat, affection,^o limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
 That bears^o the name of life? Yet in this life 40
 Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

CLAUDIO I humbly thank you.
 To sue to live, I find I seek to die,
 And seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

ISABELLA

What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

PROVOST

Who's there? Come in, the wish deserves a welcome. 45

DUKE

Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

CLAUDIO

Most holy sir, I thank you.

ISABELLA

My business is a word or two with Claudio.

PROVOST

And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

DUKE

Provost, a word with you. 50

PROVOST

As many as you please.

DUKE

Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be con-
 cealed. [*DUKE and PROVOST withdraw.*]

CLAUDIO

Now, sister, what's the comfort?

ISABELLA

Why,
 As all comforts are, most good, most good indeed. 55
 Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
 Intends you for his swift ambassador,
 Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:^o
 Therefore your best appointment^o make with speed;
 Tomorrow you set on.

CLAUDIO Is there no remedy? 60

ISABELLA

None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
 To cleave a heart in twain.

CLAUDIO But is there any?

ISABELLA

Yes, brother, you may live;
 There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
 If you'll implore it, that will free your life, 65
 But fetter you till death.

CLAUDIO Perpetual durance?^o

ISABELLA

Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,
 Though all the world's vastidity^o you had,
 To a determined scope.^o

CLAUDIO But in what nature?

36 eld old age **37 affection** feeling **39 bears** deserves
58 leiger resident ambassador **59 appointment** preparation
66 durance imprisonment **68 vastidity** vast spaces **69**
determined scope fixed limit

ISABELLA

In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honor from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

CLAUDIO Let me know the point.

ISABELLA

O, I do fear thee, Claudio, and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honor. Dar'st thou die?
The sense° of death is most in apprehension,°
And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

CLAUDIO Why give you me this shame? 80

Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

ISABELLA

There spake my brother, there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die,
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances.° This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth enmew°
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast,° he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

CLAUDIO The prenzie° Angelo!

ISABELLA

O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards.° Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed?

CLAUDIO O heavens, it cannot be.

ISABELLA

Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offense,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest tomorrow.

CLAUDIO Thou shalt not do't.

ISABELLA

O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

CLAUDIO Thanks, dear Isabel.

ISABELLA

Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.

CLAUDIO

Yes. Has he affections° in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
When he would force° it? Sure, it is no sin,
Or of the deadly seven° it is the least.

ISABELLA

Which is the least?

CLAUDIO

70 If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?° O Isabel!

ISABELLA

What says my brother?

CLAUDIO

Death is a fearful thing.

115

ISABELLA

75 And shamèd life a hateful.

CLAUDIO

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction° and to rot,
This sensible° warm motion° to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted° spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbèd ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent° world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathèd worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

120

125

130

90 ISABELLA

Alas, alas.

CLAUDIO Sweet sister, let me live:

What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with° the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

ISABELLA

95 O you beast, 135

O faithless coward, O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother played my father fair,
For such a warpèd slip of wilderness°
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

140

145

CLAUDIO

Nay, hear me, Isabel.

ISABELLA

O, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.

105 Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd,

'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

CLAUDIO

O, hear me, Isabella! 150

[The DUKE comes forward.]

DUKE

Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

110 ISABELLA What is your will?

DUKE Might you dispense with your leisure, I would
by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction
I would require is likewise your own benefit.

155

77 **sense** feeling; **apprehension** imagination 88 **appliances** devices 90 **enmew** drive into the water (as a hawk drives a fowl) 92 **cast** vomited up 93 **prenzie** meaning unknown; perhaps a slip for *princely* 96 **guards** trimmings 107 **affections** sensual appetites 109 **force** enforce 110 **deadly seven** pride, envy, wrath, sloth, avarice, gluttony, lechery

113-14 **Why . . . fined** Why for the momentary trifle (of sexual intercourse) would he be eternally damned? 118 **obstruction** motionlessness 119 **sensible** endowed with feeling; **motion** organism 120 **delighted** capable of delight 125 **pendent** hanging in space 134 **dispenses with** grants a dispensation for 141 **wilderness** wild nature without nurture

ISABELLA I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs, but I will attend you awhile.

DUKE [*Aside to CLAUDIO.*] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo 160 had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay^o of her virtue to practice his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honor in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to 165 Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible. Tomorrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

CLAUDIO Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out 170 of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

DUKE Hold you there; farewell. [*Exit CLAUDIO.*] Provost, a word with you.

[*Enter PROVOST.*]

PROVOST What's your will, father?

DUKE That now you are come, you will be gone. 175 Leave me awhile with the maid. My mind promises with my habit^o no loss shall touch her by my company.

PROVOST In good time.^o *Exit.*

DUKE The hand that hath made you fair hath made 180 you good. The goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion,^o shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding, and, but that 185 frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

ISABELLA I am now going to resolve^o him. I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should 190 be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.^o

DUKE That shall not be much amiss. Yet, as the matter 195 now stands, he will avoid your accusation: he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited 200 benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

ISABELLA Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit 205 to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

DUKE Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea? 210

ISABELLA I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

DUKE She should this Angelo have married; was

affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: 215 between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity,^o her brother Frederick was wracked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, 220 in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate^o husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

ISABELLA Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

DUKE Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them 225 with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonor: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not. 230

ISABELLA What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?^o

DUKE It is a rupture that you may easily heal, and the 235 cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

ISABELLA Show me how, good father.

DUKE This forenamed maid hath yet in her the con- 240 tinuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this 245 advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course—and now follows all—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up^o your appoint- 250 ment, go in your place. If the encounter^o acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.^o The maid will I frame^o and 255 make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

ISABELLA The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfec- 260 tion.

DUKE It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's; there at the moated grange^o 265 resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

ISABELLA I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. *Exit.*

162 assay test 177 habit religious dress 179 In good time very well 183 complexion character 189 resolve answer 193–94 discover his government expose his rule

215–16 limit of the solemnity date set for the marriage ceremony 222 combinate betrothed 234 avail benefit 250 stead up keep 251 encounter i.e., sexual union 255 scaled weighed; frame prepare 265 grange farm

[Scene II. Before the prison.]

Enter, [to the DUKE,] ELBOW, clown [POMPEY, and] OFFICERS.

ELBOW Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.^o

DUKE O heavens! What stuff is here?

POMPEY 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries,^o the merriest was put down, and the worsè allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.^o

ELBOW Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.

DUKE And you, good brother father. What offense hath this man made you, sir?

ELBOW Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

DUKE
Fie, sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw^o or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice; say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

POMPEY Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

DUKE
Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer.
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

ELBOW He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whore-master; if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.^o

DUKE
That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeing, free!

Enter LUCIO.

ELBOW His neck will come to your waist—a cord,^o sir.

POMPEY I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

LUCIO How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images,^o newly made

woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter and method? Is't not drowned i' th' last rain, ha? What say'st thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

DUKE Still thus, and thus; still worse.

LUCIO How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

POMPEY Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef,^o and she is herself in the tub.^o

LUCIO Why, 'tis good. It is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd, an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

POMPEY Yes, faith, sir.

LUCIO Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell; go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

ELBOW For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

LUCIO Well, then, imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too, bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey, you will turn good husband^o now, Pompey, you will keep the house.

POMPEY I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

LUCIO No, indeed, will I not, Pompey, it is not the wear.^o I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage. If you take it not patiently, why, your mettle^o is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, friar.

DUKE And you.

LUCIO Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

ELBOW Come your ways, sir, come.

POMPEY You will not bail me then, sir?

LUCIO Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar, what news?

ELBOW Come your ways, sir, come.

LUCIO Go to kennel, Pompey, go. [Exeunt ELBOW, POMPEY, and OFFICERS.] What news, friar, of the duke?

DUKE I know none. Can you tell me of any?

LUCIO Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

DUKE I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

LUCIO It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary^o he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

DUKE He does well in't.

LUCIO A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him; something too crabbed that way, friar.

DUKE It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

LUCIO Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great

III.ii.4 **bastard** sweet Spanish wine 6-7 **two usuries** lechery is a form of usury, since it exacts a high interest 10-11 **stands . . . facing** represents the trimming 23 **maw** belly 38 **he . . . errand** i.e., he has a hard (or fruitless?) journey ahead 41 **His . . . cord** He will be dropped down to your waist (a reference to the cord around a friar's waist) 46 **Pygmalion's images** i.e., prostitutes (Pompey is compared to Pygmalion, sculptor of a female statue that came to life)

56 **beef** prostitutes (who serve as flesh-food) 57 **in the tub** taking the cure for venereal disease (a tub was also used for corning beef, hence the reference to powdering—pickling—in Lucio's next speech) 70 **husband** housekeeper, manager 75 **wear** fashion 76 **mettle** spirit (with pun on *metal*, i.e., of chains) 94 **usurp the beggary** in reference to the duke's voluntary life in vagabondage

kindred, it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation. Is it true, think you?

DUKE How should he be made, then?

LUCIO Some report a sea maid^o spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stockfishes.^o But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true. And he is a motion generative;^o that's infallible.

DUKE You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

LUCIO Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

DUKE I never heard the absent duke much detected for^o women; he was not inclined that way.

LUCIO O, sir, you are deceived.

DUKE 'Tis not possible.

LUCIO Who, not the duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty, and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish;^o the duke had crotchets^o in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

DUKE You do him wrong, surely.

LUCIO Sir, I was an inward^o of his. A shy fellow was the duke, and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

DUKE What, I prithee, might be the cause?

LUCIO No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand, the greater file^o of the subject held the duke to be wise.

DUKE Wise! Why, no question but he was.

LUCIO A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

DUKE Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking. The very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must, upon a warranted need,^o give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth,^o and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskillfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much dark'ned in your malice.

LUCIO Sir, I know him, and I love him.

DUKE Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

LUCIO Come, sir, I know what I know.

DUKE I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you, your name?

109 sea maid which would explain his fish-like coldness

110 stockfishes dried cod 112-13 motion generative

masculine puppet 122-23 detected for accused of 127

clack-dish beggar's bowl (metaphorical here) 128 crotchets

whims 131 inward intimate companion 137 greater file

majority 144 upon . . . need if proof be demanded

146 bringings-forth public actions

LUCIO Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the duke. 160

DUKE He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

LUCIO I fear you not.

DUKE O, you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again. 165

LUCIO I'll be hanged first; thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die tomorrow or no? 170

DUKE Why should he die, sir?

LUCIO Why? For filling a bottle with a tundish.^o I would the duke we talk of were returned again; this ungenitured^o agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light. Would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing.^o Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays.^o He's now past it, yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelled brown bread and garlic. Say that I said so. Farewell. Exit. 175 180

DUKE

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here? 185

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and [OFFICERS, with] bawd [MISTRESS OVERDONE].

ESCALUS Go, away with her to prison! 190

MISTRESS OVERDONE Good my lord, be good to me. Your honor is accounted a merciful man, good my lord.

ESCALUS Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant. 195

PROVOST A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honor.

MISTRESS OVERDONE My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob;^o I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me. 200

ESCALUS That fellow is a fellow of much license; let him be called before us. Away with her to prison. Go to, no more words. [Exeunt OFFICERS, with MISTRESS OVERDONE.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die tomorrow. Let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him. 205 210

172 tundish funnel 174 ungenitured sexless 179 untrussing undressing 181 eat . . . Fridays the duke allegedly ate mutton on a Friday, which was a fast day, and also practiced venery; "mutton" also means "harlot," and Friday is the day of the planet Venus 203 Philip and Jacob May 1

PROVOST So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for th' entertainment of death.

ESCALUS Good even, good father. 215

DUKE Bliss and goodness on you!

ESCALUS Of whence are you?

DUKE

Not of this country, though my chance is now

To use it for my time; I am a brother

Of gracious order, late come from the Sec 220

In special business from his Holiness.

ESCALUS What news abroad i' th' world?

DUKE None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it,° novelty is only in request,° and it is as dangerous to be aged° in 225

any kind of course as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security° enough to make fellowships° accursed. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it 230 is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

ESCALUS One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

DUKE What pleasure was he given to? 235

ESCALUS Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find 240 Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

DUKE He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed 245 to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

ESCALUS You have paid the heavens your function, 250 and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labored for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty,° but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice. 255

DUKE If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

ESCALUS I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well. 260

DUKE Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and PROVOST.*]

He who the sword of heaven will bear

Should be as holy as severe;

Pattern in himself to know,

Grace to stand, and virtue go;° 265

More nor less to others paying

223-24 fever . . . cure it i.e., the dissolution of the fever alone can now restore goodness to its pristine health 224-25 novelty . . . request change is urgently needed 225 aged old and worn out 228 security heedlessness 229 fellowships human societies 252-53 extremest . . . modesty as far as is proper 264-65 Pattern . . . go He should have a model in himself of grace which will stand if virtue elsewhere ebbs

Than by self-offenses weighing.

Shame to him whose cruel striking

Kills for faults of his own liking.

Twice treble shame on Angelo, 270

To weed my° vice and let his grow.

O, what may man within him hide,

Though angel on the outward side!

How may likeness made in crimes,

Making practice on the times, 275

To draw with idle spiders' strings

Most ponderous and substantial things?

Craft against vice I must apply:

With Angelo tonight shall lie

His old betrothèd but despisèd; 280

So disguise shall, by th' disguisèd,

Pay with falsehood false exacting,

And perform an old contracting. *Exit.*

A C T I V

Scene I. [*The moated grange.*]

Enter MARIANA and BOY singing.

Song.

Take, O, take those lips away,

That so sweetly were forsworn;

And those eyes, the break of day,

Lights that do mislead the morn;

But my kisses bring again, bring again; 5

Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

Enter DUKE [disguised as before].

MARIANA

Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away.

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice

Hath often stilled my brawling discontent.

[*Exit BOY.*]

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish 10

You had not found me here so musical.

Let me excuse me, and believe me so,

My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

DUKE

'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm. 15

I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here today? Much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

MARIANA You have not been inquired after; I have sat here all day. 20

Enter ISABELLA.

DUKE I do constantly believe you. The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

MARIANA I am always bound to you. *Exit.* 25

DUKE

Very well met, and well come.

What is the news from this good deputy?

271 my used impersonally

ISABELLA

He hath a garden circummured^o with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backed;
And to that vineyard is a planchèd^o gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key.
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads.
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

DUKE

But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

ISABELLA

I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't.
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept,^o he did show me
The way twice o'er.

DUKE

Are there no other tokens

Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

ISABELLA

No, none, but only a repair i' th' dark,
And that I have possessed^o him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon^o me, whose persuasion^o is
I come about my brother.

DUKE

'Tis well borne up.

I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, ho, within! Come forth.

Enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

ISABELLA

I do desire the like.

DUKE

Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

MARIANA

Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

DUKE

Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

MARIANA

Will't please you walk aside? *Exit, [with ISABELLA].*

DUKE

O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee; volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests^o
Upon thy doings; thousand escapes^o of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies.

Enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Welcome, how agreed? 65

ISABELLA

She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

IV.i.28 **circummured** walled around 30 **planchèd** planked
40 **In** . . . **precept** teaching by gestures 42 **her observance**
what she must do 44 **possessed** informed 47 **stays upon**
waits for; **persuasion** conviction 62 **quests** cry of the hound
on the scent 63 **escapes** sallies

DUKE

It is not my consent

But my entreaty too.

ISABELLA

Little have you to say

When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
"Remember now my brother."

MARIANA

Fear me not.

70

DUKE

Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.

He is your husband on a precontract;^o
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's^o to sow.

75

Exeunt.

Scene II. [*The prison.*]

Enter PROVOST and clown [POMPEY].

PROVOST Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a
man's head?

POMPEY If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he
be a married man, he's his wife's head,^o and I can never
cut off a woman's head.

5

PROVOST Come, sir, leave me your snatches,^o and
yield me a direct answer. Tomorrow morning are to
die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a
common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper.
If you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem
you from your gyves;^o if not, you shall have your full
time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an
unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious
bawd.

10

POMPEY Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out
of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful
hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction
from my fellow partner.

15

PROVOST What, ho, Abhorson!° Where's Abhorson,
there?

20

Enter ABHORSON.

ABHORSON Do you call, sir?

PROVOST Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you tomor-
row in your execution. If you think it meet, com-
pound^o with him by the year, and let him abide here
with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss
him. He cannot plead his estimation^o with you; he
hath been a bawd.

25

ABHORSON A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! He will dis-
credit our mystery.^o

PROVOST Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather
will turn the scale.

30

Exit.

POMPEY Pray, sir, by your good favor—for surely,
sir, a good favor^o you have, but that you have a
hanging look—do you call, sir, your occupation a
mystery?

35

ABHORSON Ay, sir; a mystery.

72 **precontract** legally binding betrothal agreement 76
tithe tithe corn

IV.ii.4 **he's** . . . **head** see Ephesians 5:23, "For the husband
is the head of the wife" 6 **snatches** quibbles 11 **gyves**
shackles 19 **Abhorson** pun on *ab-whore-son*, son from a
whore 23–24 **compound** settle 26 **estimation** reputation
29 **mystery** craft 33 **favor** countenance

POMPEY Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, 40 if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

ABHORSON Sir, it is a mystery.

POMPEY Proof?

ABHORSON Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it 45 big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.°

Enter PROVOST.

PROVOST Are you agreed?

POMPEY Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your 50 hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oft'ner ask forgiveness.°

PROVOST You, sirrah, provide your block and your ax tomorrow four o'clock.

ABHORSON Come on, bawd. I will instruct thee in 55 my trade; follow.

POMPEY I do desire to learn, sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn,° you shall find me yare;° for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn. 60

PROVOST

Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.

Exit [POMPEY, with ABHORSON].

Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death.
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight tomorrow 65
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

CLAUDIO

As fast locked up in sleep as guiltless labor
When it lies starkly° in the traveler's bones;
He will not wake.

PROVOST Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*] But, 70
hark, what noise?—

Heaven give your spirits comfort. [*Exit CLAUDIO.*]

By and by.

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve

For the most gentle Claudio. Welcome, father.

Enter DUKE [disguised as before].

DUKE

The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who called here of late? 75

PROVOST

None since the curfew rung.

DUKE

Not Isabel?

PROVOST No.

DUKE They will, then, ere't be long.

44-48 Every . . . thief interpretation uncertain 52 ask forgiveness the executioner always asked the condemned man to forgive him 58 turn execution (pun) 59 yare ready 68 starkly stiffly

PROVOST

What comfort is for Claudio?

DUKE

There's some in hope.

PROVOST

It is a bitter deputy. 80

DUKE

Not so, not so; his life is paralleled
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his pow'r 85
To qualify° in others; were he mealed° with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. [*Knocking within.*] Now are
they come. [*Exit PROVOST.*]

This is a gentle provost—seldom when
The steelèd jailer is the friend of men.

[*Knocking within.*]

How now, what noise? That spirit's possessed with
haste 90
That wounds th' unsisting° postern° with these strokes.

[*Enter PROVOST.*]

PROVOST

There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is called up.

DUKE

Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die tomorrow?

PROVOST

None, sir, none. 95

DUKE

As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

PROVOST

Happily

You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we.
Besides, upon the very siege° of justice 100
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Professed the contrary.

Enter a MESSENGER.

This is his lord's man.

DUKE

And here comes Claudio's pardon.

MESSENGER My lord hath sent you this note, and by
me this further charge, that you swerve not from the 105
smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other
circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is
almost day.

PROVOST I shall obey him. [*Exit MESSENGER.*]

DUKE [*Aside.*]

This is his pardon, purchased by such sin 110
For which the pardoners himself is in.
Hence hath offense his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority.
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is th' offender friended. 115
Now, sir, what news?

PROVOST I told you. Lord Angelo, belike° thinking

85 qualify moderate; mealed stained 91 unsisting perhaps "unassisting," perhaps a printer's slip for "resisting"; postern small door 100 siege seat 117 belike perhaps

me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on;° methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

DUKE Pray you, let's hear.

PROVOST [*Reads*] the letter. "Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."

What say you to this, sir?

DUKE What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in th' afternoon?

PROVOST A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

DUKE How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

PROVOST His friends still wrought reprieves for him; and, indeed, his fact,° till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

DUKE It is now apparent?

PROVOST Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

DUKE Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

PROVOST A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.°

DUKE He wants° advice.

PROVOST He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not moved him at all.

DUKE More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning,° I will lay myself in hazard.° Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect,° I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present° and a dangerous courtesy.

PROVOST Pray, sir, in what?

DUKE In the delaying death.

PROVOST Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited,° and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

DUKE By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

PROVOST Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favor.°

120 DUKE O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared° before his death; you know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

PROVOST Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

DUKE Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

PROVOST To him, and to his substitutes.

DUKE You will think you have made no offense, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

PROVOST But what likelihood is in that?

DUKE Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful,° that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt° you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character,° I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

PROVOST I know them both.

DUKE The contents of this is the return of the duke.

You shall anon overread it at your pleasure, where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor, perchance of the duke's death, perchance entering into some monastery, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, th' unfolding star° calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head; I will give him a present shrift,° and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve° you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

Exit, [with PROVOST].

Scene III. [*The prison.*]

Enter clown [POMPEY].

POMPEY I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity° of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks,° ready money; marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of

176-77 **discover the favor** recognize the face 180 **bared** shaved
194 **fearful** full of fear 195 **attempt** move 198 **character**
handwriting 208 **unfolding star** morning star (signaling the shepherd to lead the sheep from the fold) 212 **shrift** absolution
214 **resolve** convince

IV.iii.5 **commodity** worthless goods whose purchase at a heavy price was forced on a debtor in dire need by a usurious creditor, who thus circumvented the contemporary laws against usury 7 **marks** a mark was about two-thirds of a pound

119 **putting-on** urging 139 **fact** evil deed 148 **desperately mortal** about to die without hope of the future 149 **wants** needs 159 **cunning** knowledge; lay . . . hazard take a risk 162-63 **in . . . effect** by open proof 164 **present** immediate 169 **limited** determined

Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of 10
 peach-colored satin, which now peaches° him a beggar.
 Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master
 Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur,° and Master
 Starve-lackey, the rapier and dagger man, and young
 Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master 15
 Forthright the tilter,° and brave Master Shoe-tie° the
 great traveler, and wild Half-can° that stabbed Pots,
 and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade,
 and are now "for the Lord's sake."°

Enter ABHORSON.

ABHORSON Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither. 20

POMPEY Master Barnardine! You must rise and be
 hanged, Master Barnardine!

ABHORSON What, ho, Barnardine!

BARNARDINE (*Within.*) A pox o' your throats! Who
 makes that noise there? What are you? 25

POMPEY Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must
 be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

BARNARDINE [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away! I
 am sleepy.

ABHORSON Tell him he must awake, and that quickly 30
 too.

POMPEY Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are
 executed, and sleep afterwards.

ABHORSON Go into him, and fetch him out.

POMPEY He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his 35
 straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

ABHORSON Is the ax upon the block, sirrah?

POMPEY Very ready, sir.

BARNARDINE How now, Abhorson? What's the
 news with you? 40

ABHORSON Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into
 your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

BARNARDINE You rogue, I have been drinking all
 night; I am not fitted for't.

POMPEY O, the better, sir: for he that drinks all 45
 night, and is hanged betimes° in the morning, may
 sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE [disguised as before].

ABHORSON Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly°
 father. Do we jest now, think you?

DUKE Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how 50
 hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you,
 comfort you, and pray with you.

BARNARDINE Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard
 all night, and I will have more time to prepare me,
 or they shall beat out my brains with billets.° I will 55
 not consent to die this day, that's certain.

DUKE

O, sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you
 Look forward on the journey you shall go.

BARNARDINE I swear I will not die today for any
 man's persuasion. 60

II peaches betrays **13 Copper-spur** i.e., Master Pretentious
 (copper was a bogus substitute for gold) **16 tilter** fighter;
Shoe-tie rosette (worn by gallants) **17 Half-can** a larger
 vessel than a pot **19 for . . . sake** the cry of prisoners begging
 alms from passers-by **46 betimes** early **48 ghostly** spiritual
55 billets cudgels

DUKE But hear you—

BARNARDINE Not a word. If you have anything to
 say to me, come to my ward, for thence will not I
 today. *Exit.*

Enter PROVOST.

DUKE

Unfit to live or die. O gravel heart! 65
 After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and POMPEY.*]

PROVOST

Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

DUKE

A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
 And to transport him in the mind he is
 Were damnable.

PROVOST

Here in the prison, father, 70
 There died this morning of a cruel fever
 One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
 A man of Claudio's years, his beard and head
 Just of his color. What if we do omit
 This reprobate till he were well inclined, 75
 And satisfy the deputy with the visage
 Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

DUKE

O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides.
 Dispatch it presently;° the hour draws on
 Prefixed° by Angelo. See this be done, 80
 And sent according to command, whiles I
 Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

PROVOST

This shall be done, good father, presently;
 But Barnardine must die this afternoon,
 And how shall we continue Claudio, 85
 To save me from the danger that might come
 If he were known alive?

DUKE

Let this be done:
 Put them in secret holds,° both Barnardine and
 Claudio.

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal° greeting 90
 To yonder generation, you shall find
 Your safety manifested.

PROVOST

I am your free dependant.°

DUKE

Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.
Exit [PROVOST].

Now will I write letters to Angelo—
 The provost, he shall bear them—whose contents 95
 Shall witness to him I am near at home,
 And that by great injunctions I am bound
 To enter publicly. Him I'll desire
 To meet me at the consecrated fount,
 A league below the city; and from thence, 100
 By cold gradation° and well-balanced form,
 We shall proceed with Angelo.

Enter PROVOST.

PROVOST

Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

79 presently at once **80 Prefixed** predetermined **88 holds**
 cells **89 journal** daily **92 your free dependant** freely at
 your service **101 cold gradation** deliberate steps

DUKE

Convenient is it. Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things
That want^o no ear but yours. 105

PROVOST

I'll make all speed. *Exit.*

ISABELLA (*Within.*)

Peace, ho, be here!

DUKE

The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither.
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

ISABELLA

Ho, by your leave!

DUKE

Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

ISABELLA

The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

DUKE

He hath released him, Isabel, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

ISABELLA

Nay, but it is not so.

DUKE

It is no other. Show your wisdom, daughter,
In your close^o patience.

ISABELLA

O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

DUKE

You shall not be admitted to his sight.

ISABELLA

Unhappy Claudio, wretched Isabel,
Injurious world, most damnèd Angelo!

DUKE

This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore, give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity.
The duke comes home tomorrow—nay, dry your
eyes—

One of our covent,^o and his confessor,
Gives me this instance:^o already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their pow'r. If you can, pace^o your
wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom^o on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honor.

ISABELLA

I am directed by you.

DUKE

This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return.
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house tonight. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you

Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo

Accuse him home and home. For my poor self, 145

I am combinèd^o by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter;
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course. Who's here? 150

Enter LUCIO.

LUCIO Good even. Friar, where's the provost?

110 DUKE Not within, sir.

LUCIO O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to
see thine eyes so red; thou must be patient. I am fain
to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for 155
my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me
to't. But they say the duke will be here tomorrow. By
my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother. If the old
fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he
had lived. [*Exit ISABELLA.*] 160

DUKE Sir, the duke is marvelous little beholding to
your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

115 LUCIO Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I
do; he's a better woodman^o than thou tak'st him for.

DUKE Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well. 165

LUCIO Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee: I can tell
thee pretty tales of the duke.

DUKE You have told me too many of him already,
sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

120 LUCIO I was once before him for getting a wench 170
with child.

DUKE Did you such a thing?

LUCIO Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear
it: they would else have married me to the rotten
medlar.^o 175

DUKE Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest
you well.

125 LUCIO By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end.
If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it.
Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. *Exeunt.* 180

Scene IV. [*A room.*]

130 *Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.*

ESCALUS Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched
other.

ANGELO In most uneven and distracted manner. His
actions show much like to madness; pray heaven his
wisdom be not tainted. And why meet him at the 5
gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

135 ESCALUS I guess not.

ANGELO And why should we proclaim it in an hour
before his ent'ring, that if any crave redress of in-
justice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street? 10

140 ESCALUS He shows his reason for that: to have a dis-
patch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices^o
hereafter which shall then have no power to stand
against us.

146 combinèd bound 164 woodman hunter (here, of
women) 175 medlar applelike fruit edible only when partly
decayed (here, a prostitute)

IV.iv.12 devices false complaints

106 want need 120 close deep, secret 130 covent convent
131 instance proof 134 pace conduct 136 bosom desire

ANGELO

Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed. 15
 Betimes i' th' morn I'll call you at your house.
 Give notice to such men of sort and suit°
 As are to meet him.

ESCALUS I shall, sir. Fare you well. *Exit.*

ANGELO Good night.

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,° 20
 And dull to all proceedings. A deflow' red maid,
 And by an eminent body that enforced
 The law against it! But that her tender shame
 Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,°
 How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no; 25
 For my authority bears of a credent bulk,°
 That no particular scandal once can touch
 But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
 Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,°
 Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge, 30
 By so receiving a dishonored life
 With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived!
 Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
 Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.
Exit.

Scene V. [*Outside the town.*]

Enter DUKE [*in his own habit*] and FRIAR PETER.

DUKE

These letters at fit time deliver me.°
 The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
 The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
 And hold you ever to our special drift,
 Though sometimes you do blench° from this to that, 5
 As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
 And tell him where I stay; give the like notice
 To Valencius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
 And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
 But send me Flavius first.

FRIAR PETER It shall be speeded well. 10
[Exit.]

Enter VARRIUS.

DUKE

I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste.
 Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
 Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. *Exeunt.*

Scene VI. [*Near the city gate.*]

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

ISABELLA

To speak so indirectly I am loath:
 I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
 That is your part. Yet I am advised to do it,
 He says, to veil full purpose.

MARIANA Be ruled by him.

ISABELLA

Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure 5

17 men . . . suit noblemen 20 unpregnant unreceptive
 24 maiden loss loss of maidenhood 26 bears . . . bulk
 is derived from trusted material 29 sense feeling
 IV.v.i me for me 5 blench deviate

He speak against me on the adverse side,
 I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
 That's bitter to sweet end.

MARIANA

I would Friar Peter—

Enter FRIAR PETER.

ISABELLA

O peace! The friar is come.

FRIAR PETER

Come, I have found you out a stand most fit 10
 Where you may have such vantage° on the duke,
 He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets
 sounded.
 The generous° and gravest citizens
 Have hent° the gates, and very near upon
 The duke is ent'ring: therefore, hence, away! *Exeunt.* 15

A C T V

Scene I. [*The city gate.*]

Enter DUKE, VARRIUS, LORDS, ANGELO, ESCALUS,
 LUCIO, [PROVOST, OFFICERS, and] CITIZENS, at
 several doors.

DUKE

My very worthy cousin,° fairly met.
 Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

ANGELO, ESCALUS

Happy return be to your royal grace.

DUKE

Many and hearty thankings to you both.
 We have made inquiry of you, and we hear 5
 Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
 Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
 Forerunning more requital.°

ANGELO

You make my bonds still greater.

DUKE

O, your desert speaks loud, and I should wrong it 10
 To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,°
 When it deserves, with characters of brass,
 A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
 And razure° of oblivion. Give me your hand,
 And let the subject see, to make them know
 That outward courtesies would fain proclaim 15
 Favors that keep° within. Come, Escalus,
 You must walk by us on our other hand—
 And good supporters are you.

Enter [FRIAR] PETER and ISABELLA.

FRIAR PETER

Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

ISABELLA

Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard° 20
 Upon a wronged—I would fain have said, a maid.

IV.vi.ii vantage advantageous position 13 generous high-
 born 14 hent gathered at
 V.i.i cousin a sovereign's address to a nobleman 8 Fore-
 running more requital preceding additional reward 10
 To . . . bosom to keep it locked hidden in my heart 13
 razure erasure 16 keep dwell 20 Vail your regard cast
 your attention

O worthy prince, dishonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

DUKE

Relate your wrongs. In what? By whom? Be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.

ISABELLA

O worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
Hear me yourself, for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me, here!

ANGELO

My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm.
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice—

ISABELLA

By course of justice!

ANGELO

And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

ISABELLA

Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak.
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

DUKE

Nay, it is ten times strange.

ISABELLA

It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange.
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th' end of reck'ning.

DUKE

Away with her! Poor soul,

She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

ISABELLA

O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touched with madness. Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff^o on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute^o
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, caracts,^o titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince;
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

DUKE

By mine honesty,

If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

ISABELLA

O gracious duke,

Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality,^o but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems^o true.

DUKE

Many that are not mad

Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?

ISABELLA

I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemned upon the act of fornication
To lose his head, condemned by Angelo.
I, in probation^o of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother, one Lucio
As then the messenger—

LUCIO

That's I, and't like^o your grace.

I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.

ISABELLA

That's he indeed.

DUKE

You were not bid to speak.

LUCIO

No, my good lord,

Nor wished to hold my peace.

DUKE

I wish you now, then;

Pray you, take note of it, and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.^o

LUCIO

I warrant your honor.

DUKE

The warrant's^o for yourself; take heed to't.

ISABELLA

This gentleman told somewhat of my tale—

LUCIO

Right.

DUKE

It may be right; but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

ISABELLA

I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy—

DUKE

That's somewhat madly spoken.

ISABELLA

Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter.^o

DUKE

Mended again. The matter: proceed.

ISABELLA

In brief, to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I prayed, and kneeled,
How he refell^o me, and how I replied—
For this was of much length—the vild^o conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.

DUKE

He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse^o confutes mine honor,
And I did yield to him; but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting,^o he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

DUKE

This is most likely!

ISABELLA

O, that it were as like as it is true!

DUKE

By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou
speak'st,
Or else thou art suborned against his honor
In hateful practice.^o First, his integrity

53 caitiff wretch 54 absolute perfect 56 caracts symbols of
office 65 inequality injustice 67 seems which seems

72 probation novitiate 74 and't like if it please 82 perfect
thoroughly prepared 83 warrant warning 90 to the matter
appropriate 94 refell^o refuted 95 vild vile 100 remorse
pity 102 surfeiting satiating 107 practice plot

Stands without blemish. Next, it imports^o no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper^o to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weighed thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Someone hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

ISABELLA And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripened time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapped up
In countenance. Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wronged, hence unbelieved go!

DUKE
I know you'd fain be gone. An officer,
To prison with her! Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

ISABELLA
One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

DUKE
A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

LUCIO
My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar,
I do not like the man. Had he been lay,^o my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swung^o him soundly.

DUKE
Words against me! This's a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

LUCIO
But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison; a saucy friar,
A very scurvy^o fellow.

FRIAR PETER
Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

DUKE We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

FRIAR PETER
I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,^o
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

LUCIO
My lord, most villainously; believe it.

FRIAR PETER
Well, he in time may come to clear himself,
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know

Is true and false; and what he with his oath
And all probation^o will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented.^o First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

DUKE Good friar, let's hear it.
[ISABELLA is carried off guarded.]

Enter MARIANA.

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo,
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

MARIANA
Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

DUKE What, are you married?

MARIANA No, my lord.

DUKE Are you a maid?

MARIANA No, my lord.

DUKE A widow, then?

MARIANA Neither, my lord.

DUKE Why, you are nothing, then: neither maid,
widow, nor wife?

LUCIO My lord, she may be a punk;^o for many of
them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

DUKE
Silence that fellow. I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

LUCIO Well, my lord.

MARIANA
My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married,
And I confess, besides, I am no maid.

I have known^o my husband; yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.

LUCIO He was drunk, then, my lord; it can be no
better.

DUKE For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so
too!

LUCIO Well, my lord.

DUKE
This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

MARIANA
Now I come to't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In selfsame manner doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all th' effect of love.

ANGELO
Charges she moe than me?

MARIANA Not that I know.

DUKE
No? You say your husband?

MARIANA
Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,

108 imports signifies 110 proper belonging 128 lay a lay-
man 130 swung thrashed 136 scurvy worthless 145
temporary meddler meddler in temporal affairs

157 probation proof 158 convented sent for 179 punk
harlot 186 known had intercourse with

Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

ANGELO

This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

MARIANA

My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on;
This is the hand which, with a vowed contract,
Was fast belocked in thine; this is the body
That took away the match^o from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden house
In her imagined person.

DUKE Know you this woman?

LUCIO

Carnally, she says.

DUKE Sirrah, no more!

LUCIO

Enough, my lord.

ANGELO

My lord, I must confess I know this woman:
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions^o
Came short of composition,^o but in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity;^o since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honor.

MARIANA

Noble prince,

As there comes light from heaven and words from
breath,

As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows; and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in's garden house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else forever be confixèd^o here,
A marble monument.

ANGELO

I did but smile till now;

Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touched. I do perceive
These poor informal^o women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

DUKE

Ay, with my heart,

And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish friar and thou pernicious woman,
Compact^o with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's sealed in approbation?^o You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.

There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

FRIAR PETER

205 Would he were here, my lord, for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

DUKE

Go, do it instantly.

[Exit PROVOST.]

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
210 Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement. I for a while
Will leave you, but stir not you till you have
Well determined upon these slanderers.

ESCALUS

My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. Exit [DUKE]. 260

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar
Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

LUCIO Cucullus non facit monachum;^o honest in
215 nothing but in his clothes, and one that hath spoke
most villainous speeches of the duke. 265

ESCALUS We shall entreat you to abide here till he
come, and enforce them against him; we shall find
this friar a notable^o fellow.

LUCIO As any in Vienna, on my word.

220 ESCALUS Call that same Isabel here once again; I
would speak with her. [Exit an ATTENDANT.] Pray
you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see
how I'll handle her.

LUCIO Not better than he, by her own report.

ESCALUS Say you?

LUCIO Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her pri-
vately, she would sooner confess; perchance, publicly,
she'll be ashamed.

Enter DUKE [as a friar], PROVOST, ISABELLA, [and
OFFICERS].

ESCALUS I will go darkly^o to work with her.

LUCIO That's the way; for women are light at mid-
night. 280

ESCALUS Come on, mistress, here's a gentlewoman
denies all that you have said.

235 LUCIO My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of—
here with the provost. 285

ESCALUS In very good time. Speak not you to him
till we call upon you.

LUCIO Mum.

ESCALUS Come, sir, did you set these women on to
slander Lord Angelo? They have confessed you did. 290

DUKE 'Tis false.

ESCALUS How! Know you where you are?

DUKE

Respect to your great place; and let the devil
Be sometime honored for his burning throne.
Where's the duke? 'Tis he should hear me speak. 295

ESCALUS

The duke's in us, and we will hear you speak.
Look you speak justly.

211 match meeting 219 proportions dowry 220 composi-
tion previous agreement 221-22 disvalued In levity dis-
credited for lightness 232 confixèd fixed firmly 236 informal
(1) rash (2) informing 242 Compact in collusion 245
approbation attested integrity

263 Cucullus . . . monachum the cowl does not make the
monk (Latin) 268 notable notorious 279 darkly slyly,
subtly

DUKE

Boldly, at least. But, O poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort^o your manifest^o appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

LUCIO

This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

ESCALUS

Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed friar,
Is't not enough thou hast suborned these women
To accuse this worthy man, but in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper^o ear,
To call him villain? And then to glance from him
To th' duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to th' rack with him. We'll touse^o
you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.
What, "unjust"!

DUKE

Be not so hot. The duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial.^o My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'errun the stew. Laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits^o in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.^o

ESCALUS

Slander to th' state! Away with him to prison!

ANGELO

What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

LUCIO 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-
pate; do you know me?

DUKE I remember you, sir, by the sound of your
voice. I met you at the prison, in the absence of the
duke.

LUCIO O, did you so? And do you remember what
you said of the duke?

DUKE Most notedly, sir.

LUCIO Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-
monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported
him to be?

DUKE You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you
make that my report. You, indeed, spoke so of him;
and much more, much worse.

LUCIO O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee
by the nose for thy speeches?

DUKE I protest I love the duke as I love myself.

ANGELO Hark, how the villain would close^o now,
after his treasonable abuses.

ESCALUS Such a fellow is not to be talked withal.
Away with him to prison! Where is the provost?
Away with him to prison, lay bolts enough upon him,

302 retort refer back; manifest clear 309 proper very 312
touse pull 317 provincial belonging to the province or state
322 forfeits extracted teeth (barbers acted as dentists) 323 As
much . . . mark to be mocked at as much as to be seen
344 close come to agreement

let him speak no more. Away with those giglets^o too,
and with the other confederate companion.

DUKE [*To the PROVOST.*] Stay, sir; stay awhile.

ANGELO What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

LUCIO Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why,
you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded,
must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to
you. Show your sheep-biting^o face, and be hanged an
hour. Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the DUKE.*]

DUKE

Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke.
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.

[*To LUCIO.*]

Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you
Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

LUCIO

This may prove worse than hanging.

DUKE [*To ESCALUS.*]

What you have spoke I pardon. Sit you down.
We'll borrow place of him. [*To ANGELO.*] Sir, by
your leave.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office?^o If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

ANGELO

O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like pow'r divine,
Hath looked upon my passes.^o Then, good prince,
No longer session^o hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession.
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

DUKE

Come hither, Mariana.
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

ANGELO

I was, my lord.

DUKE

Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, friar, which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.

Exit [*ANGELO, with MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, and
PROVOST.*]

ESCALUS

My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonor
Than at the strangeness of it.

DUKE

Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince. As I was then
Advertising and holy^o to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorneyed at your service.

ISABELLA

O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employed and pained
Your unknown sovereignty!

DUKE

You are pardoned, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.

349 giglets wanton women 356 sheep-biting currish 366
office service 372 passes trespasses 373 session trial 385
Advertising and holy attentive and devoted

Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart,
 And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
 Laboring to save his life, and would not rather
 Make rash remonstrance of my hidden pow'r
 Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid, 395
 It was the swift celerity of his death,
 Which I did think with slower foot came on,
 That brained my purpose. But, peace be with him.
 That life is better life, past fearing death,
 Than that which lives to fear. Make it your comfort, 400
 So happy is your brother.

Enter ANGELO, MARIANA, [FRIAR] PETER, PROVOST.

ISABELLA I do, my lord.

DUKE
 For this new-married man, approaching here,
 Whose salt° imagination yet hath wronged
 Your well-defended honor, you must pardon
 For Mariana's sake. But as he adjudged your brother, 405
 Being criminal, in double violation,
 Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
 Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,
 The very mercy of the law cries out
 Most audible, even from his proper tongue, 410
 "An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"
 Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
 Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.°
 Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
 Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee van-
 tage. 415
 We do condemn thee to the very block
 Where Claudio stooped to death, and with like haste.
 Away with him.

MARIANA O my most gracious lord,
 I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

DUKE
 It is your husband mocked you with a husband. 420
 Consenting to the safeguard of your honor,
 I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,°
 For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
 And choke your good to come. For his possessions,
 Although by confiscation they are ours, 425
 We do instate and widow you withal,
 To buy you a better husband.

MARIANA O my dear lord,
 I crave no other, nor no better man.

DUKE
 Never crave him; we are definitive.°

MARIANA
 Gentle my liege— [Kneeling.]

DUKE You do but lose your labor. 430
 Away with him to death! [To LUCIO.] Now, sir, to
 you.

MARIANA
 O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part,
 Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
 I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

DUKE

Against all sense you do importune her; 435
 Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,°
 Her brother's ghost his pavèd° bed would break,
 And take her hence in horror.

MARIANA Isabel,
 Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me,
 Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all. 440
 They say, best men are molded out of faults;
 And, for the most, become much more the better
 For being a little bad; so may my husband.
 O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

DUKE

He dies for Claudio's death.

ISABELLA [Kneeling.] Most bounteous sir, 445
 Look, if it please you, on this man condemned,
 As if my brother lived. I partly think
 A due sincerity governèd his deeds,
 Till he did look on me. Since it is so,
 Let him not die. My brother had but justice, 450
 In that he did the thing for which he died.
 For Angelo,
 His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
 And must be buried but as an intent
 That perished by the way. Thoughts are no subjects,° 455
 Intent but merely thoughts.

MARIANA Merely, my lord.

DUKE

Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.
 I have bethought me of another fault.
 Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
 At an unusual hour?

PROVOST It was commanded so. 460

DUKE

Had you a special warrant for the deed?

PROVOST

No, my good lord; it was by private message.

DUKE

For which I do discharge you of your office;
 Give up your keys.

PROVOST

Pardon me, noble lord.

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;° 465

Yet did repent me, after more advice;°
 For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
 That should by private order else have died,
 I have reserved alive.

DUKE

What's he?

PROVOST

His name is Barnardine.

DUKE

I would thou hadst done so by Claudio. 470

Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[Exit PROVOST.]

ESCALUS

I am sorry, one so learnèd and so wise
 As you, Lord Angelo, have still° appeared,
 Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
 And lack of tempered judgment afterward. 475

ANGELO

I am sorry that such sorrow I procure,
 And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,

403 salt lecherous 413 Measure still for Measure see
 Matthew 7:1-2, "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with
 what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what
 measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again" 422
 imputation accusation 429 definitive determined

436 fact crime 437 pavèd slab-covered 455 no subjects
 i.e., not subject to law 465 knew it not was not sure 466
 advice thought 473 still ever

That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Enter BARNARDINE and PROVOST, CLAUDIO
[muffled], JULIET.

DUKE

Which is that Barnardine?

PROVOST This, my lord. 480

DUKE

There was a friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st° thy life according. Thou'rt condemned;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit° them all, 485
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

PROVOST

This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head; 490
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[Unmuffles CLAUDIO.]

DUKE *[To ISABELLA.]*

If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardoned; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that. 495
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quick'ning° in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well;
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.
I find an apt remission° in myself, 500
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.

[To LUCIO.]

You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury,° an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus? 505

LUCIO 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to

484 squar'st regulate 485 quit pardon 497 quick'ning
animation 500 remission wish to forgive 503 luxury lust

the trick.° If you will hang me for it, you may; but I
had rather it would please you I might be whipped.

DUKE

Whipped first, sir, and hanged after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city, 510
If any woman wronged by this lewd fellow—
As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child—let her appear,
And he shall marry her. The nuptial finished,
Let him be whipped and hanged. 515

LUCIO I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a
whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a
duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in
making me a cuckold.

DUKE

Upon mine honor, thou shalt marry her. 520
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

LUCIO Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to
death, whipping, and hanging. 525

DUKE

Slandering a prince deserves it.

[Exeunt OFFICERS, with LUCIO.]

She, Claudio, that you wronged, look you restore.°
Joy to you, Mariana. Love her, Angelo;
I have confessed her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness; 530
There's more behind° that is more grate.°
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's; 535
Th' offense pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion° much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So, bring us to our palace, where we'll show 540
What's yet behind, that's meet° you all should know.

[Exeunt.]

507 trick fashion 527 restore i.e., by marriage 531 behind
to come; grate gratifying 537 motion proposal 541
meet fitting

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR

EDITED BY RUSSELL FRASER

Introduction

In structure *King Lear* differs significantly from the other tragedies of Shakespeare. It is like them in this: it dramatizes the fall of a hero who, assailed by the rebel passion, gives it sovereign sway and masterdom, and is in consequence destroyed. That is the case of Brutus, Othello, and Macbeth. But the resemblance is more ostensible than real. Ostensibly the play is one long denouement. In fact the declining action, which is the dogging of the hero to death, is complemented by a rising action, which is the hero's regeneration. Yeats' metaphor of the gyres is apposite. As the one wanes to nothing, the other, which lives within it, emerges. This emergent, or renascent, action is a condition of the hero's loss of the world. The play fools us. Its primary story is not the descent of the king into hell, but the ascent of the king as he climbs the mountain of purgatory and is fulfilled. The suspense the play develops is a function of the ascending action, which is not material but spiritual. Battles and thrones are nugatory. What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?

The rising and falling curves, the hero tasting his folly, the hero triumphing over it, intersect in the center of the play, in the fourth scene of Act III. It is on the heath that Lear reaches his nadir. His characteristic utterance is the imperative mood; the wonted reversal follows: he is made less than the slave and sumpter to a detested groom. These are the injuries that he himself has procured. So far the parallel is precise to the action of the other tragedies.

But now the crucial difference. It is also on the heath that Lear is made pregnant to pity. That is another and an unexpected kind of reversal. "In, boy; go first." These words, addressed to the Fool, who stands shivering in the rain before a hovel that is the refuge of a madman, constitute the real, as opposed to the apparent, hinge of the play. They do not signal the decay but the metamorphosis of the king: Lear in a red shirt. The great apostrophe to the poor follows at once. From this point, the action turns upward.

The structure of the subplot duplicates and so of course clarifies and confirms that of the central story. As the king is limed, and by his own folly, so are Gloucester and Edgar: "A credulous father, and a brother noble." The one

is, initially, an unthinking sensualist. The other, the younger, is initially a kind of clown: "and pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy." But the degradation of Gloucester is not ratified. He also undergoes a miraculous transformation. The critical point or pivot at which this transformation is announced is located, like Lear's, in the mathematical center of the play (III.iii), which is also, with a fit symmetry, the metaphysical center. The placatory man, who would have all well between the contending parties, is emboldened suddenly to choose. "If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved." In that decision is his death, but also his salvation.

The retrieving of Edgar is more spectacular, if not so abruptly achieved. Edgar is conceded the chance to grow and prosper. He seizes his chance; he makes himself over. "Bear free and patient thoughts." The dupe of the opening scenes is the philosopher who dominates in the close of the play.

This is not to pretend that the close is thereby made happy. "All's cheerless, dark, and deadly." Kent's somber valediction is approved. If the kindness of the one daughter hints at the redemption of Nature, it does not deprecate entirely the general curse which twain have brought her to. The implication is uneasy in Edgar's assertion (as of one who is saying "what we ought to say") that man must obey the weight of the time. His flawed heart, on the evidence of the play, is too weak to support it. His nature cannot carry the affliction or the fear.

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? (Othello, II.i.8-9)

Man endures until he expires, dying the pain of death every hour, in a night that pities neither wise man nor fool. What is more unsettling, to be wise is not to be provident. "Man may his fate foresee, but not prevent." And thus Webster's conclusion, in *The White Devil*: "'Tis better to be fortunate than wise." Man is the natural fool of fortune. That is the title he is born with. It is the stars, and not our own endeavors, that govern. After all we are their tennis balls, struck and bandied which way please them. We do not get our deserts. The optimism is foolishness, to which we are prone.

I would not take this from report: it is,
And my heart breaks at it. (IV.vi.141-42)

The wry conjunctions contrived by the playwright—who knows out of what bitterness or whimsy—attest to its fatuity. Edgar, in a sanguine mood, is sure that the worst returns to laughter. He is confronted at once with the bleeding visage of his father.

The worst is not
So long as we can say, "This is the worst." (IV.i.27-28)

But Shakespeare is not done with him yet. "If ever I return to you again, I'll bring you comfort." That is Edgar's promise to Gloucester before the battle. It is a rash promise, and poor comfort attends on it. A hiatus ensues, filled up with alarums and excursions. Then Edgar reenters and speaks again: "Away, old man. . . . King Lear hath lost."

The optimism of Albany, as it is more eupeptic, is more sternly reprovéd.

All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. (V.iii.304-06)

In that cheerful saying his philosophy is embodied. But the pentameter line wants its conclusion. Albany, rather cruelly, is made to supply it: "O, see, see!" It is the last agony of Lear to which his attention is directed.

Albany, as he presents the hopeful man who insists, a little too suavely, that God's in His heaven, is Shakespeare's particular butt. It is he who cries, of Cordelia: "The gods defend her!" The stage direction follows, enforcing the most monstrous conjunction in the play: "Enter Lear with Cordelia in his arms." The gods do not defend us. Perhaps they are unable to do so. "The gods reward your kindness," says Kent to Gloucester. That is the reading of the Folio, and surely it is the right reading. But the reading of the quarto provokes speculation: "The gods deserve your kindness." It is as if the gods are weak, and require that man collaborate with them in wielding the world (Shakespeare imitating Will James). Lear, as his ardor for the right grows upon him, shakes the superflux to the wretched. His intent is, as he says, to show the heavens more just. It is at least tenable to interpret: his intent is to justify their feckless ways as he can.

Maybe the heavens are worse than insufficient. What is said of the king,

If Fortune brag of two she loved and hated,
One of them we behold. (V.iii.282-83)

suggests not merely a lack of capacity in the ordering of things, but a malevolent purpose, as if the gods had marked us down for their sport. On this reading, Lear's reference to himself and Cordelia as "God's spies" will mean, as Warburton suggested long ago, "spies placed over God Almighty, to watch his motions." Maybe there is need of surveillance, if the human sacrifices on which the gods themselves throw incense are offered up for their delectation; if the brand of fire that parts the predestined victims is handed down, and with an antique

malice, from heaven. *Tantaene animis coelestibus irae!* The chill that invades us as, huddled with the others against the roaring wind and rain, we await the advent of unaccommodated man: "What art thou that dost grumble there i' th' straw?" is occasioned by the wild surmise, so much more fearful because it is involuntary, that the fiend is really walking up and down in the earth, and with the sufferance and even the connivance of heaven. In the pitiless conclusion of *King Lear*,

Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never. (V.iii.309-10)

the dominion of the Prince of Darkness seems confirmed, and his presence a substantial presence as, with his terrible vans, he enshadows and overwhelms the just and the unjust alike.

That is, I daresay, only an apparition, the disnatured child of night thoughts, and as such may be dispelled. But it needs more than to rub one's eyes, or to mutter a pious ejaculation. To such a degree is this true that even critics so tough-minded as Dr. Johnson have averted their eyes rather than acquiesce in the final horror with which the dramatist confronts them. It is too literal, too realistic for "dramatick exhibition." And yet it is remarkable that this play, in which Shakespeare's unremitting fidelity to fact is almost an occasion for scandal, manifests in its beginning a studied and a deliberate indifference to fact. If subsequent scenes are so realistic as hardly to be endured, the opening scenes have not to do with realism but with ritual and romance. Their abiding characteristic is a niggling formality. They do not wear the aspect of life so much as the aspect of art. Kent, lapsing into rude rhyme as he takes his departure, catches and communicates that aspect. His language is gnomic, admonitory, and simple—not naively but consciously simple: "artificial." He is not, for the moment, a real (an eccentric) man who displaces air like Hamlet or Parolles. He is, and by design, a flat character, highly conventionalized, who figures in a mumming or mystery. He would speak a prophecy before he goes.

The language of the other protagonists is of a piece with his. It does not evoke—not yet—the savage business of dragons of the prime (for all that the dragon is portentous in the comminatory speeches of the king), so much as the ceremonious (the otherworldly!) business of proceedings at law and finance. Legal and fiscal metaphors reverberate. Gloucester, treating of his sons, asserts that the elder is no more dear than the younger, in his account. Lear, enacting his intention to abdicate the throne, renounces interest of territory, or possession. In lieu of Kent's insistence that he reserve his state, he stipulates his troop of knights as reservation, explicitly a legalism, in which the action of retaining a privilege is denoted. He would extend his largest bounty where nature challenges merit, or makes title to it. Regan, whose tenders of affection aim at that title, finds that Goneril had anticipated her very deed of love. The king, in whose lexicon love is a commodity, urges his youngest daughter to discover what portion her protestations can draw. But Cordelia loves only according to her bond. Failing to please, her price is fallen. Goneril pleases, in that she is taken as permitting to her father twice the retinue permitted by Regan. Her devotion may therefore be measured. She is precisely twice her sister's love.

Lear is not easily persuaded of his error, that devotion—in his psychology, a ponderable thing—is to be assessed and ought to be requited in ponderable ways. The inadmissible equation is there still, in the crass appeal to Regan when his agony is upon him:

Thy half o' th' kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed. (II.iv.177-78)

He is appropriately answered, since that respects of fortune are his love: "Good sir, to th' purpose" (II.iv.178).

This patina of the unreal and the ritualistic, overlaying the initial action of the play, is not peculiar to the love test. The characters themselves move in an air of unreality. There is about them a felt sense of disjunction, as between what they are and what they seem to be. Lear is not a king but the show of a king. It is an insubstantial pageant over which he presides, recalling, in its unreality, the specious parade with which an earlier tragedy of Shakespeare's commences, that of Richard II, the mockery king of snows. Kent's acumen is verified when, with a lack of respect that is intended to shock and thereby to quicken perception, he sees and salutes his master, not as a monarch but as an old man.

But if Lear is a simulacrum, so are the wicked daughters. Their essential vacuity, echoing to the touch, announces itself as it issues in their fulsome avowals of love. Kent points to it obliquely in his praise of Cordelia:

Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sounds
Reverb no hollowness. (I.i.153-54)

Gloucester discerns it, magnified to cosmic proportions, in the disordered state of the macrocosm, riven by machinations, by the hollowness that is hypocrisy. All that glisters is taken for gold. The pretension of the hypocrite, who professes herself

an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense professes
(I.i.73-74)

weighs more than the practice of the candid and guileless retainer, who professes himself to be no less than he seems. The vizard is everything, and hence what is lifelike and vital is eclipsed. The characters are cut in alabaster. The same metaphor describes the fool and the knave and the paragon of virtue, divesting each of human personality. Gloucester, who seems a good old man, is brazed by self-indulgence, become like hard metal. Regan, in whom nature appears tender-hefted, is hardened to insensibility, made of that self metal as her sister. Cordelia is, conversely, a little-seeming substance. But Cordelia is rendered also in nonhuman terms: her love, a precious metal, is more ponderous than her tongue.

Stylization of language and gesture is notable in such a play as *The Tempest*, and for excellent and obvious reasons. Shakespeare's resort to it in *King Lear* seems, however, gratuitous, and even antipathetic to the spirit of the play. *King Lear* is not masquelike nor, certainly, romantic, in the harrowing story it tells. But observe that *The Tempest* begins, not formally, but realistically, with the faithful depicting of a ship driving on the rocks, a wild and literal

scene in which the blasphemy and execration of real and affrighted persons bass the throbbing of the storm. And then the scene shifts abruptly. The auditor or reader, whose belief is purchased at the outset by a terrific glimpse of the real world, is brought safe to shore: is induced to enter, and willingly, the world of enchantment and romance. The fact of the transition, and the implausibility attendant on it, elude him. The tempest is still dinning in his ears.

In *King Lear* the dramatic problem is exactly reversed. It is to ensure that those whose disenchantment the playwright is already preparing, who are to be compelled to look on the Gorgon features, will not evince incredulity or petrification. The problem is resolved by emphasizing at the outset the elements of unreality and romance. The impelling action of *King Lear* is made to resemble a fairy tale, which is, I suppose, its ultimate provenance. The auditor or reader is cozened. Before he is aware, he has become a participant in the fierce and excessively painful dispute between damnation and impassioned clay.

But there is more than craft to Shakespeare's design in thus introducing his drama. He makes his characters unreal initially because he means them, at least in part, to be symbolic. The stylized quality of the beginning, as of a charade, its legalistic and ceremonious nature, the exalting in it of appearance as against reality, all work to the fulfilling of that primary intention. And though *King Lear* is essentially representational drama, though realism very quickly takes precedence over ritual, the element of the symbolic is never dissipated altogether but figures in important ways until the end. Just as in *Twelfth Night*, whose burden is mistaken identity and the hocus-pocus of identical twins, realism intrudes persistently to temper and give substance to romance—

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be called deformed but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourished by the devil
(III.iv.370-73)

—so in *King Lear*, an antiromantic play in that its burden is a relentless anatomizing of evil, the symbolic declines to yield entirely to the representational. It persists, not to give substance to the real, which is substantial enough—

Out, vile jelly.
Where is thy luster now? (III.vii.85-86)

—but to order the real and make it meaningful, to avoid a confounding of it with the merely sensational. Not to grasp this ordering function is, necessarily, to run counter, to smell a fault where no fault is. Thus the embarrassment of critics so estimable as Goethe (for whom the action of the play was a tissue of the improbable and absurd), and Coleridge (who saw the first scene as dispensable), and A. C. Bradley (who detected and enumerated in the whole, more and grosser inconsistencies than in any other of the great tragedies).

Misconstruction of the role and character of Cordelia typifies this failure to come to terms with the symbolic. Cordelia is, of old, a deeply disquieting figure. Why does she love, and yet remain silent? The question has engendered a little galaxy of answers. It is a question not to be

asked. The first principle of good dramatic manners is to concede to the dramatist his given, so long as he is able to exploit it. Here, the given is the heroine's fatal reserve. It is the lever or prise that starts the play on its progress. As such, it may not be queried, any more than the procedure that governs in chess or in the writing of an Italian sonnet.

But "reserve" is after all the wrong word. It suggests the wrong frame of reference. It leads to the rationalization of conduct, on realistic grounds. To make the horrid point, this judgment of a contemporary critic may be cited, that Cordelia loved her father "less than she loved her own way and hated her sisters." That is a fair sample of the appeal to realism. It is at all costs to be avoided. Cordelia does not betray, what Coleridge thought to perceive, "some little faulty admixture of pride and sullenness." No faintest stain of guilt or responsibility attaches to her. She is not imperious, like the king, not headstrong, not intractable. The appeal to heredity is a variation of the appeal to realism, and is, in this context, equally and altogether inapposite. Shakespeare's characters, unlike Eugene O'Neill's, have no antecedents. It is of no use to say that Cordelia is her father's daughter. The reason she will not speak is because she cannot speak; and she cannot because the heart of a fool is in his mouth but the mouth of the wise is in his heart.

This is to say that the muteness of Cordelia (like the fantastic credulity of Gloucester) is not so much a reflection of character as it is the embodiment of an idea. Less real than symbolic, her affinity is more to a creature of fairy tale like Cinderella than to a heroine of the realistic drama like Blanche DuBois. In delineating her behavior the playwright may be, psychologically, so penetrating and exact as really to catch the manners living as they rise: that is partly a gratuity. More important is his intention, not to portray a veritable woman, but to dramatize the proposition that plainness is more than eloquence, that beauty is to be purchased by the weight, that meager lead, which rather threatens than promises aught, buys more than silver and gold. The agitation of those who worry the details of the love test in an attempt to make it credible, which means to make it conformable to the canons of the realistic theater, is founded on their misapprehension of symbolic action.

When Cordelia is depicted as the last and least, it is not her slightness of stature that the dramatist is glancing at—or not that, decisively. He is preparing an ironic and a pregnant echo, to amplify Kent's assertion, a little later: "Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least" (I.i.152). But more than that, he is invoking the promise of Scripture, unspoken in the play, and yet close to the theme, which is the heart (but not the moral!) of the play: the first shall be last and the last shall be first. When Cordelia herself exclaims, as she prepares to engage the British powers,

O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about (IV.iv.23-24)

it is not altogether the realistic business of an imminent battle to which she is adverting. (Certainly that business does not much preoccupy Shakespeare.) And therefore we are not to wonder why the King of France was, so inopportunist, called back to his kingdom, nor whether

Shakespeare's allegiance or circumspection dictated the victory of the English. We want to catch in what is said an anterior saying, the sentence of the Evangelist, so much more than a literary reminiscence, and estimate accordingly the symbolic role the speaker plays: "Knew ye not that I must go about my father's business." It may be that Cordelia is that quintessence of womanhood celebrated reverentially (and with an appropriate taciturnity as to particulars) by critics like A. W. Schlegel: "Of Cordelia's heavenly beauty of soul, I do not dare to speak." But it is not after all the literal woman to whom Shakespeare is holding up the mirror. Compare Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*, or Rosalind in *As You Like It*.

It is a nice but an indispensable point to adjudicate, just when the dramatist intends that the canons of ordinary realism are to be set aside or, better, transcended. Pretty clearly he wishes to transcend them when, in Act II, Kent is made to sleep in the stocks, and Edgar, unmindful of him, to step forward and tell of his purposed transformation. Bradley is bemused: "One cannot help asking . . . whether Edgar is mad that he should return from his hollow tree . . . to his father's castle in order to soliloquize." But Shakespeare, in juxtaposing the two characters, is not concerned with motivation or, certainly, with locale. No doubt the Bedlam is understood to remain on the heath. But precisely where he is, is not a question that ought to detain us. Neither are we to ask why he fails to perceive that someone else is up there with him on stage, in full view of the audience, and so, presumably, of himself; nor how Kent, for all his travails, can sleep undisturbed through twenty lines of blank verse. In the bringing together of the two good men, each of whom has been driven to the lowest and most dejected point of fortune, a dramatic emblem is achieved, a speaking picture, whose purport is not realistic but symbolic. What Shakespeare is after is this dark collocation, or sequence:

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels. (II.ii.160)

Edgar I nothing am. (II.iii.21)

In the same way the symbolic overtops the conventionally real when, in the final act, Edgar issues his challenge to Edmund. One is not to belabor the improbability of Edmund's failure to recognize his brother, though, in point of fact, the failure is itself symbolic: the villain is indeed cozened and beguiled, and not for reasons of dramatic exigency but by virtue of his own willful behavior. But what is central to the scene is the intimation one hears, in the blast of the trumpet that announces the combat, of that final trump that vindicates the right and summons the perpetrator of wrong to the Judgment. When—another illustration—Edgar, opposing Oswald, assumes the character of a rustic, the clownish dialect he speaks is, realistically, absurd: what is its occasion? Symbolically, however, it is deeply congruous. The power of truth is attested to, however ludicrous its aspect, and the frailty which is falsehood exposed, in this meeting of the ragged fellow, whose West Country accent gives him out to be a bumpkin, but who intrinsically merits and possesses all honors, and the gilded courtier, whose extrinsic show and sophistication betoken all honors and are as paste and cover to none. "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman"

(III.iv.141). In Edgar's vanquishing of Oswald, which is the triumph of the lowly and the unprepossessing over the world of robes and furred gowns, Lear's great social speeches are enacted and answered.

A similar intention, to effect on stage a symbolic tableau, dictates the grouping of the protagonists at the end of the play. All are there in the resolution, occupying, I think, the same positions they assumed at first, and not least the wicked sisters, whose dead bodies are brought on, no doubt to exemplify this judgment of the heavens, but more, to direct the attention of the audience back and back, over all the dreadful ground that has been traced, to the opening scene. In their beginning is their ending. Perhaps the great wheel of the play, now come full circle, is impelled in its progress by something more than mechanical law.

What this other law may be is the central question Shakespeare poses and endeavors to answer. Lear, as is fitting, is made to enunciate it: "Who is it that can tell me who I am?" But the question is not peculiar to Lear but is implicit in the utterance and conduct of all those who inhabit the darkness with him. Kent as Caius is interrogated by the king:

What art thou?

A man, sir. (I.iv.9-11)

But what is it, to be a man? What is man to profess? To what law are his services bound? Gloucester interrogates Edgar: "Now, good sir, what are you?" and is answered:

A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,

Am pregnant to good pity. (IV.vi.222-24)

Cornwall, whose disposition will not be rubbed or stopped, does not manifest that pity. It is ascendant, though tardily, in Gloucester, who, if he dies for it, must relieve his master. Why is that? And why had Kent rather break his own heart than the king's? How does one construe that fitness to which Albany appeals, in declining to let his hands obey his blood; or that pleasure, a more intriguing word, which inclines the Old Man to succor the blinded Gloucester, "Come on't what will"? What point inheres in Albany's characterization of Oswald, as Oswald reports it:

he called me sot,

And told me I had turned the wrong side out (IV.ii.8-9)

and in what manner does it comment on the Captain's decision to collaborate in the killing of the king and Cordelia: "If it be man's work, I'll do't" (V.iii.40).

There ought here to ensue a brief though perceptible silence, in token of the irony and expectation with which these laconic words are charged. The dramatist is bidding us essay a definition of the nature of man's work and, concomitantly, of the nature of man. Edmund, with his customary *sang-froid*, addresses himself to the task:

men

Are as the time is. (V.iii.31-32)

Kent speaks to it, describing Oswald: "A tailor made thee" (II.ii.56-57). So in whimsical ways does the Fool, begging pardon of Goneril: "Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint stool" (III.vi.51), and also the king, whose confusion is at once real and assumed: "Your name, fair gentlewoman?" (I.iv.237), and, in sterner ways, the First Servant, drawing his sword against Cornwall: "Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger" (III.vii.81). To divine the way in which these lines reticulate is to resolve at least a corner of the mystery which is the play.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

King Lear was probably written between 1603 and 1606. The evidence is as follows. Under the date of November 26, 1607, the printers Nathaniel Butter and John Busby entered the play in the Stationers' Register, thereby asserting their right to print it. That right was exercised in the following year, with the appearance of the first quarto of 1608. The title page of that quarto (Q1) announces a performance of the play as having taken place before the king on Saint Stephen's Night (December 26) in the Christmas holidays. The entry in the Stationers' Register (1607), since it refers to the Court performance as occurring on "Christmas Last," fixes the date of that performance as December 26, 1606. This date is therefore the *terminus ad quem* for the composition of the play. The earliest date, that of 1603, is more difficult to establish. Probably it is fixed by the entry in the Stationers' Register, on March 16, 1603, of Samuel Harsnett's *Declaration of Egregious Popishe Impostures*. Harsnett's work, a treatise on diabolism and an attack on the Jesuits, was written in 1602-03. It is utilized by Shakespeare in his play, chiefly for the names of the demons who lurk about Poor Tom. Assume—and it is reasonable to do so—that Shakespeare did not have access to Harsnett's *Declaration* before the date of publication, and 1603 becomes the *terminus a quo* for the writing of *King Lear*.

Astrological reference furnishes another clue. Gloucester, citing as portentous "These late eclipses in the sun and moon" (I.ii.106-07), is commonly thought to be speaking of a contemporary event. There were in fact eclipses in 1601 and, more pertinently, in September (the moon) and October (the sun) of 1605. It has been suggested, moreover, that a publication of 1606, telling of "The Earth's and Moone's late and horrible obscurations," lies directly behind Gloucester's superstitious mutterings. The pamphlet in question, translated from the High Dutch and edited by the almanac writer Edward Gresham, is entitled *Strange fearful & true news which happened at Carlstadt, in the Kingdome of Croatia*. Its preface is dated February 11, 1606.

Finally, there is the reemergence, in the period just before the first recorded performance of Shakespeare's play, of the older dramatic version of his story, *The True Chronicle History of King Leir*. Though this play was probably written about 1590, and was on the boards in 1594, it was published and perhaps acted again in 1605: on May 8, 1605, it is entered in the Stationers' Register. Presumably Shakespeare used the edition appearing in that year, in writing his own play.

The publication, then, of the old chronicle history in 1605, the notable eclipses occurring in the fall of the same

year, and the appearance of Gresham's pamphlet early in 1606 seem to point to the winter of 1605-06 as the period in which Shakespeare wrote *King Lear*.

The ultimate source of the play is an ancient folk tale existing in many versions. It first appears as literature in the twelfth-century *Historia Regum Britanniae* (ii, 11-15), by Geoffrey of Monmouth. Throughout the Middle Ages and on into the Renaissance, the Lear story retained its popularity, appearing in some fifty different accounts. Shakespeare was familiar with it from the retelling in what is perhaps his most important source book, the second edition (1587) of *The Chronicles of England, Scotlande, and Irelande* by Raphael Holinshed, first compiled in 1577. From Edmund Spenser, in *The Faerie Queene* (1590), Shakespeare derived the name of Cordelia in its present form, and also the detail of her death by hanging (II.x. 27-32). Other suggestions were furnished by John Higgins, in *A Mirror for Magistrates* (1574), that immensely popular collection of stories of the falls of princes; and of course, by *The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his three daughters*. John Marston, in *The Malcontent* (1604), dramatizes a feigned suicide (4.3) that seems to parallel Gloucester's, at the Cliffs of Dover (IV.vi). The author of *The London Prodigal* (1605), a play once attributed to Shakespeare and performed by his company, anticipates the rustic dialogue affected by Edgar in his combat with Oswald (IV.vi). As previously noted, Harsnett and, possibly, Gresham were also of use to Shakespeare. So, in less tangible ways, was his great French contemporary, Montaigne, whose *Essais* were translated into English by John Florio in 1603. Numerous words and passages in Florio's translation (which Shakespeare may have read in manuscript) are echoed in *King Lear*. More impressive, however, is the impact on Shakespeare of Montaigne's skeptical thought, as expressed particularly in the *Apology for Raymond Sebonde*.

None of these sources of *Lear* includes the analogous story of Gloucester and his two sons. That story Shakespeare adapted from Sir Philip Sidney's account of the unhappy King of Paphlagonia, in his famous romantic narrative *Arcadia* (ii, 10), written early in the 1580's but not published until 1590. The typing of the subplot to the old and sufficiently horrid tale of King Lear and his daughters has, of course, the effect of engrossing the horror, until the audience is almost persuaded that ferocious cruelty is not so much an aberration as the norm. Certainly, if Lear is childed as Edgar is fathered it is no longer possible to see as merely sensational or idiosyncratic the evil that Shakespeare anatomizes in the play. Earlier writers, handling one or the other story, allow of that view. Shakespeare, in fusing the two stories, is at pains to controvert it. What is more, he darkens consistently, in manipulating his sources, whatever dark suggestion is latent in them. In the old *Leir*, in Holinshed, in Spenser, in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, the travails of the king are intermitted at last. Vice is punished and virtue rewarded: Cordelia triumphs over her wicked sisters; her father, restored to the throne, dies at the apogee, and in peace. It is true that, in some sources, Cordelia ends a suicide. But that is an irrelevant epilogue: the chief business of the tale is happily resolved.

It is left to Shakespeare to cancel that happy resolution. He is the first to educe tragedy from what is essentially a melodramatic romance. The madness of Lear is altogether

his own contribution. So is the pathetic figure of the Fool. So is the murder of Cordelia, that cruelest stroke of all, which is made to fall just as the good are preparing to taste the wages of their virtue.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The earliest extant version of Shakespeare's *King Lear* is the first quarto of 1608. This premier edition is known as the Pied Bull Quarto, after the sign which hung before the establishment of the printer. The title page reads as follows: "M. William Shak-speare:/HIS/True Chronicle Historie of the life and/death of King Lear and his three/Daughters./With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne/and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his/sullen and assumed humor of/Tom of Bedlam:/As it was played before the Kings Maiestie at Whitehall vpon/S. Stephans night in Christmas Hollidayes./By his Maiesties seruants playing vsually at the Gloabe/on the Bancke-side./LONDON,/Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls/Church-yard at the signe of the Pide Bull neere/S^t. Austin's Gate. 1608." Twelve copies of the first quarto survive. They are, however, in ten different states, because proofreading, and hence correcting, took place as the play was being printed. The instances (167 in all) in which these copies of Q1 differ one from another have been enumerated by contemporary scholarship.¹

In 1619 the second quarto appeared, known as the N. Butter Quarto, and falsely dated in the same year as the first (the title page reads: "Printed for Nathaniel Butter, 1608"). The source of Q2 was apparently a copy of Q1 in which a number of sheets had been corrected.

Four years later *King Lear* was reprinted once more, this time in the first collection of Shakespeare's works, the First Folio of 1623. The source of the Folio text seems to have been, again, a corrected copy of Q1. The corrections in this copy, however, do not duplicate those in the presumptive source of Q2, but are at once more and less extensive. In some cases the quarto that lies behind the Folio offers corrections not found in the source of Q2. In other cases, corrections incorporated in the course of Q2 are not included in the source of F1. The Folio text, moreover, omits some 300 lines found in the quarto, and thus leads to the supposition that the copy used in preparing the Folio had been collated with the promptbook—a shorter, acting version of the play—in the possession of Shakespeare's company. The Folio text would seem, then, to stand in close relation to Shakespeare's play as it was actually performed. On the other hand, the Folio does include some 100 lines not found in the quarto.

It is now very generally, though not unanimously, agreed that the Folio is superior to the quarto, and ought to serve as the basis of any modern edition. The present text of *King Lear* is based, therefore, on the First Folio of 1623, except when the Folio is guilty of an obvious misprinting, or when it omits pertinent material found in the quarto, or when its version seems to the editor so inferior to the quarto version as to demand precedence for the latter, or when an emendation, even though perhaps

¹ W. W. Greg, *The Variants in the First Quarto of "King Lear,"* London, 1940 (for 1939).

unnecessary (like Edwards' "top th' legitimate"), has been canonized by use and wont.

In the preparation of this text, the spelling of Folio and quarto has been modernized; punctuation and capitalization have been altered, when alteration seemed suitable; character designations have been expanded or clarified (F "Cor." becomes "Cordelia," F "Bastard" and "Steward" become "Edmund" and "Oswald"); contractions not affecting pronunciation have been eliminated (F "banish'd" becomes "banished"); necessary quotation marks (as in the reading of a letter) have been supplied; as have diacritical marks whenever a syllable that is normally unemphasized must be stressed (as in "oppressèd"). Act and scene divisions have been translated from Latin. These changes are not recorded.

All other departures from the Folio appearing in this text are recorded below in boldface type. Unless specifically noted, these departures derive in every case from the first quarto [Q]. If some other source is levied on, such as the second quarto [Q2] or Second Folio [F2] or the conjecture of an editor (for example, [Theobald]), that source is given, within brackets, immediately after the reading. There follows next, in roman type, the Folio reading that has been superseded. If an editor's emendation has been preferred to both Folio and quarto readings, the emendation, with its provenance, is followed by the folio and quarto readings it replaces.

Stage directions are not given lineation. Reference to them in these notes is determined, therefore, by the line of text they follow. If a stage direction occurs at the beginning of a scene, reference is to the line of text it precedes. On occasion, the stage direction in the present text represents a conflation of Folio and quarto. In that case, both Folio and quarto readings are set down in the notes. Stage directions and notations of place, printed within brackets, are, unless otherwise noted, substantially from the Globe edition. The list of dramatis personae, first given by Rowe, is taken also from the Globe edition.

I.i.5 equalities qualities 33 **s.d. Sound . . . Attendants** Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants [F] Sound a Sennet, Enter one bearing a Coronet, then Lear, then the Dukes of Albany, and Cornwall, next Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, with followers [Q] 68 **Speak** [F omits] 96 **loved me.** I loved me 97 **Return** I return 104 **To love my father all** [F omits] 110 **mysteries** [F2] miseries [F] mistress [Q] 155 **as a pawn** as pawn 156 **nor** nere [i.e., "ne'er"] 163 **the thy** 170 **sentence** sentences 174 **diseases** disasters 188 **Gloucester** Cor[delia] 206 **on** in 214 **best object** object 225 **well will** 233 **Better thou** Better thou hadst 248 **respects of fortune** respect and Fortunes 266 **s.d. Lear . . . Attendants** [Capell] Exit Lear and Burgundy [Q] 281 **shame them derides** with shame derides 289 **hath not been** hath been 296 **ingrafted** ingrafted 302 **let's hit** let us sit

I.ii.21 top th' [Edwards] to' th' [F] tooth' [Q] 98–100 **Edmund . . . earth** [F omits] 134 **Fut** [F omits] 136 **Edgar** [F omits] 137 **and pat** [Steevens] Pat [F] and out [Q] 147–55 **as . . . come** [F omits] 156 **Why, the** 169 **brother** [F omits] 176 **Go armed** [F omits] 182 **s.d. Exit Edgar** Exit

I.iii.17–21 Not . . . abused [F omits] 25–26 **I would . . . speak** [F omits] 27 **Go, prepare** prepare

I.iv.1 well will 51 **daughter** Daughters 99 **Fool my Boy** 114 **Lady the Brach** [Steevens] the Lady Brach [F] Ladie oth'e brach [Q] 142–57 **That . . . snatching** [F omits] 155 **on't** [Q2] [F omits] an't [Q] 156 **ladies** [Q corrected] [F omits] lodes [Q uncorrected] 164 **crown** Crownes 179 **fools** Foole 191 **Methinks** [F omits] 217 **it had** it's had 220 **Come, sir** [F omits] 229 **or his** his 233–36 **I . . . father** [F omits] 259

O . . . come [F omits] 293 **the cause** more of it 306 **Yea . . . this** [F omits] 345 **You are** [F2] Your are [F] Y'are [Q]; **attasked for** [Q corrected: "attaskt"] at task for [F] alapt [Q uncorrected]

I.v.1 s.d. Enter . . . Fool [Q2] Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole 17 **Why . . . boy** What can'st tell Boy

II.i.20 s.d. Enter Edgar [placed by Theobald] [F prints after line 19] 54 **But** And 71 **I should** should I 72 **ay** [F omits] 79 **I . . . him** [F omits] 79 **s.d. Tucket within** [placed by Malone] [F prints after line 78] 80 **why** wher 88 **strange news** strangenesse

II.ii.23 clamorous [Q corrected] clamours [F] clamarous [Q uncorrected] 44 **s.d. Enter . . . drawn** Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Servants [F] Enter Edmund with his rapier drawne, Gloster the Duke and Dutchesse [Q] 77 **too t'** 80 **Reneg** Revenge 81 **gale** gall 110 **flick'ring** [Pope: "flickering"] flicking [F] flitkering [Q] 125 **dread** dead 132 **respect** respects 141 **s.d. Stocks brought out** [placed by Dyce] [F prints after line 139] [Q omits] 143–47 **His . . . with** [F omits] 145 **contennèd'st** [Capell] [F omits] contaned [Q uncorrected] temnest [Q corrected] 153 **For . . . legs** [F omits] 154 **Come . . . away** [F assigns to Cornwall]; **my good lord** my Lord 154 **s.d. Exeunt . . . Kent** Exit [F] [Q omits] 155 **duke's** Duke 176 **s.d. Sleeps** [F omits]

II.iii. Scene III [Steevens] [F, Q omit] 4 **unusual** unusall 15 **mortified bare arms** mortified Armes 18 **sheepcotes** Sheeps-Cotes

II.iv.1 s.d. Scene IV [Steevens] [F, Q omit] 2 **messenger** Messengers 6 **thy** ahy 9 **man's** man 18–19 **No . . . have** [F omits] 30 **panting** painting 33 **whose** those 62 **the** the the 74 **have** hause 85 **s.d. Enter . . . Gloucester** [F prints after line 83] 128 **mother's** Mother 165 **her pride** [F omits] 181 **s.d. Enter Oswald** [placed by Dyce] [F and Q print after line 179] 183 **fickle** fickly 186 **s.d. Enter Goneril** [placed by Johnson] [F and Q print after line 184] 280 **s.d. Storm and tempest** [F prints after line 281] [Q omits] 283 **s.d. Exeunt . . . Fool** [Q2] Exeunt [F] Exeunt Lear, Leister, Kent, and Foole [Q] 292 **s.d. Enter Gloucester** [F and Q print after line 291]

III.i.7–15 tears . . . all [F omits] 30–42 **But . . . you** [F omits]

III.ii.3 drowned drown 71 **That** And 78 **True . . . boy** True boy

III.iv.7 skin: so [Rowe] skinso [F] skin, so [Q] 10 **thy** they 27 **s.d. Exit** [placed by Johnson] [F prints after line 26] [Q omits] 38 **s.d. Enter Fool** [Duthie] Enter Edgar, and Foole [F, which prints after line 36] [Q omits] 44 **s.d. Enter Edgar** Enter Edgar, and Foole [F, which prints after line 36] [Q omits] 46 **blows . . . wind** blow the windes 47 **thy cold bed** thy bed 52 **ford** Sword 57 **Bless** Blisse 58 **Bless** blisse 62 **What, has** Ha's 90 **deeply** deerely 99 **sessa** [Malone] Sesey [F] caese [Q] cease [Q2] 112 **s.d. Enter . . . torch** [F prints after line 108] Enter Gloster [Q, which prints after line 112] 113 **foul fiend Flibbertigibbet** foule Flibbertigibbet 114 **till . . . cock** at first Cocke 133 **hath had** hath

III.v.13 his this 26 **dearer** deere

III.vi.5 s.d. Exit [placed by Capell] [F prints after line 3] 17–55 **The . . . 'scape** [F omits] 22 **Now** [Q2] [F omits] no [Q] 25 **bourne** [Capell] [F omits] broome [Q] 34 **cushions** [F omits] cushings [Q] 47 **she kicked** [Q2] [F omits] kicked [Q] 53 **made on** [Capell] [F omits] made an [Q] 68 **lym** [Hanmer] Hym [F] him [Q] 69 **tike, or trundle** tight, or Troudle 73 **Sessa!** [Malone] sese [F] [Q omits] 84 **s.d. Enter Gloucester** [placed by Capell] [F prints after line 80] 96–100 **Oppressèd . . . behind** [F omits] 101–14 **When . . . lurk** [F omits]

III.vii.21 s.d. Exit Oswald [Staunton] [F and Q omit] 23 **s.d. Exeunt . . . Edmund** [Staunton] [F (Exit) and Q (Exit Gon. and Bast.) print after line 22] 28 **s.d. Enter . . . three** [Q, which prints after "traitor"] Enter Gloucester, and Servants [F, which prints as here after "control"] 60 **rash** sticke 65 **dearn** sterne 80 **s.d. Draw and fight** [F omits] 82 **s.d. She . . . him** Killes him [F] Shee . . . behind [Q] 101–09 **I'll . . . him** [F omits] 101 **Second Servant** [Capell] [F omits] Servant [Q] 102 **Third Servant** [Capell] [F omits] 2 Servant [Q] 105 **Second Servant** [Capell] [F omits] 1 Ser. [Q] 106 **roguish** [Q2] [Q omits] 108 **Third Servant** [Capell] [F omits] 2 Ser. [Q] 109 **s.d. Exeunt severally** [F omits] Exit [Q]

IV.i.9 s.d. led by an Old Man [Q, which prints after line 12] and an Old man [F, which places after line 9, as here] 41 **Then,**

prithe, get thee gone Get thee away 59-63 **Five** . . . **master** [F omits] 61 **Flibbertigibbet** [Pope] Stiberdigebit [Q] 62 **mopping and mowing** [Theobald] Mobing, & Mohing [Q]
IV.ii.1 s.d. Enter Goneril and Edmund Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward 2 s.d. [after "way"] **Enter Oswald** [placed by Theobald] [Q prints after "master," line 2] [F omits] 26 s.d. **Exit Edmund** [placed by Rowe] Exit [F, which prints after "death"] [Q omits] 29 s.d. **Exit** [F omits] Exit Stew. [Q] 32-51 **I** . . . **deep** [F omits] 33 **its** ith [Q] 46 **benefited** [Q corrected] beniflicted [Q uncorrected] 48 **these** [Jennens; Heath conj.] the [Q uncorrected] this [Q corrected] 50 **Humanity** [Q corrected] Humanly [Q uncorrected] 54-60 **that** . . . **so** [F omits] 57 **noiseless** [Q corrected] noystles [Q uncorrected] 58 **thy state begins to threat** [Jennens] thy slayer begin threats [Q uncorrected] thy state begins thereat [Q corrected] thy slaier begins threats [Q2] 59 **Whilst** [Q corrected] Whil's [Q uncorrected] 63-70 **Thou** . . . **news** [F omits] 66 **dislocate** [Q3] dislecate [Qq. 1, 2] 69 **mew** [Q corrected] now [Q uncorrected] 69 s.d. **Enter a Messenger** [F prints after line 62] Enter a Gentleman [Q, which prints after line 70; and Q2, which prints after line 69, as here] 76 **thereat enraged** threat-enrag'd 80 **justicers** [Q corrected] Iustices [F, Q] 88 s.d. **Exit** [F omits]
IV.iii. Scene III Scena Tertia [for Scene IV] 1 s.d. **Enter** . . . **Gentleman** [F omits the entire scene] 13 **sir** [Theobald] say 18 **stroke** [Pope] streme 22 **seemed** [Pope: "seem'd"] seeme 31 **believed** [Q2] beleeft 33 **moistened** [Capell] moystened her 57 **Exeunt** [Pope] Exit
IV.iv. Scene IV [Pope] Scena Tertia [F] [Q omits] 1 s.d. **Cordelia, Doctor, and Soldiers** Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Souldiours [F] Cordelia, Doctor and others [Q] 3 **femiter** Fenitar 6 **century** Centery 18 **distress** desires 28 **right** Rite
IV.v. Scene V [Pope] Scena Quarta [F] [Q omits] 39 **meet him** meet
IV.vi. Scene VI [Pope] Scena Quinta [Q omits] 17 **walk** walk'd 34 s.d. **He kneels** [F omits] 41 s.d. **He falls** [F omits] 71 **whelked** wealk'd; **enridgèd** enraged 83 **coining** crying 97 **had white** had the white 164 **Through** Thorough; **small** great 165 **Plate sin** [Theobald] Place sinnes [Q omits] 197 **Ay** . . . **dust** [F omits] 198 **Good sir** [Q2] [F and Q omit] 204 s.d. **Exit** . . . **follow** Exit [F] Exit King running [Q] 206 **one** a 242 **I'se** [Johnson: "Ise"] ice [F] ile [Q] 244 s.d. **They fight** [F omits] 252 s.d. **He dies** [F omits] 271 **and** . . . **venture** [Q reads "Venter"] [F omits] [This line, from the First Quarto, is almost universally omitted from editions of the play] 273

indistinguished indinguish'd 286 s.d. **Drum afar off** [F prints after line 284] A drum a farre off [Q, which prints as here]
IV.vii.1 s.d. Enter . . . **Gentleman** Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman [F] Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Doctor [Q] 24 **doubt not** doubt 24-25 **Very** . . . **there** [F omits] 32 **warring** iarring 33-36 **To** . . . **helm** [F omits] 79-80 **and** . . . **lost** [F omits] 84 s.d. **Exeunt** . . . **Gentleman** Exeunt 85-97 **Holds** . . . **fought** [F omits]
V.i.11-13 That . . . **hers** [F omits] 16 **Fear me not** Feare not 18-19 **I** . . . **me** [F omits] 23-28 **Where** . . . **nobly** [F omits] 33 **I** . . . **tent** [F omits] 36 **pray you** pray 40 s.d. **To those going out** [F and Q omit]; **To Edgar** [F and Q omit]; **Exeunt** [placed by Cambridge edition] [Q prints after "word," line 39] [F omits] 47 **love** loues 51 s.d. **Exit** [placed by Dyce] [F and Q print after line 50]
V.iii.13 hear poor rogues heere (poore Rogues) [reference in F is to Lear and Cordelia] 26 s.d. **Exeunt** . . . **guarded** Exit [F] [Q omits] 39-40 **I** . . . **do't** [F omits] 40 s.d. **Exit Captain** [F prints after line 38] [Q omits] 48 **and appointed guard** [Q corrected, and Q2] [F and Q omit] 55-60 **At** . . . **place** [F omits] 56 **We** [Q corrected, and Q2] mee [Q] 58 **sharpness** [Q corrected, and Q2] sharpes [Q] 84 **attaint** arrest 85 **sister** Sisters 98 **he is** hes 103 **Edmund** . . . **ho, a herald** [F omits] 107 s.d. **Enter a Herald** [placed by Hanmer] [F prints after line 102] [Q omits] 110 **Sound, trumpet** [F omits] 110 s.d. **A trumpet sounds** [F prints after line 109] [Q omits] trumpet [F2] Tumpet 116 **Sound** [F omits] 116 s.d. **First trumpet** [F prints after line 115] [Q omits] 118 s.d. **Enter** . . . **him** Enter Edgar armed [F] Enter Edgar at the third sound, a trumpet before him [Q] 137 **illustrious** illustirous 145 **some say** (some say) 152 s.d. **fight** Fights [F, which prints after line 153, "him"] [Q omits] 162 **Ask** . . . **know** [F gives to Edmund] 162 s.d. **Exit** [placed here by Q: "Exit. Gonorill"] [F prints after line 161, "for't"] 206-23 **This** . . . **slave** [F omits] 215 **him** [Theobald] me [Q] [F omits] 223 s.d. **Enter** . . . **knife** Enter a Gentleman [F] Enter one with a bloudie knife [Q] 234 s.d. **Enter Kent** [placed by Q2] [F prints after line 231, "Kent"] [Q prints after "allow" in line 235] 240 s.d. **The** . . . **in** Gonerill and Regans bodies brought out [F, which prints after line 232] 253 s.d. **Exit Messenger** [Theobald] [F and Q omit] 259 **Howl, howl, howl, howl** Howle, howle, howle; **you are** your are 279 **them** him 291 **You are** [Q2] Your are [F] You'r [Q] 296 s.d. **Enter a Messenger** [F, which prints after "him"] Enter Captaine [Q, placed as here]



THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR

[Dramatis Personae]

LEAR *King of Britain*
KING OF FRANCE
DUKE OF BURGUNDY
DUKE OF CORNWALL *husband to Regan*
DUKE OF ALBANY *husband to Goneril*
EARL OF KENT
EARL OF GLOUCESTER
EDGAR *son to Gloucester*
EDMUND *bastard son to Gloucester*
CURAN *a courtier*
OSWALD *steward to Goneril*
OLD MAN *tenant to Gloucester*

DOCTOR
LEAR'S FOOL
A CAPTAIN *subordinate to Edmund*
GENTLEMEN *attending on Cordelia*
A HERALD
SERVANTS *to Cornwall*
GONERIL } *daughters to Lear*
REGAN }
CORDELIA }
KNIGHTS *attending on Lear* OFFICERS
MESSENGERS SOLDIERS ATTENDANTS

Scene: Britain]

A C T I

Scene I. [*King Lear's palace.*]

Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND.

KENT I thought the king had more affected° the Duke of Albany° than Cornwall.

GLOUCESTER It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most, for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.°

KENT Is not this your son, my lord?

GLOUCESTER His breeding,° sir, hath been at my

charge. I have so often blushed to acknowledge him 10
that now I am brazed° to't.

KENT I cannot conceive° you.

GLOUCESTER Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her 15
bed. Do you smell a fault?

KENT I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue° of it being so proper.°

GLOUCESTER But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my 20
account:° though this knave° came something saucily° to the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson° must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund? 25

EDMUND No, my lord.

GLOUCESTER My Lord of Kent. Remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

11 **brazed** made brazen, hardened 12 **conceive** understand (pun follows) 17 **issue** result (child) 18 **proper** handsome 21 **account** estimation; **knave** fellow (without disapproval); **saucily** (1) insolently (2) lasciviously 24 **whoreson** fellow (literally, son of a whore)

The decorative border shown above appeared on the first page of King Lear in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.

I.i.i affected loved **2 Albany** Albanacte, whose domain extended "from the river Humber to the point of Caithness" (Holinshed) **5-7 equalities** . . . **moiety** shares are so balanced against one another that careful examination by neither can make him wish the other's portion **9 breeding** upbringing

EDMUND My services to your lordship.

KENT I must love you, and sue° to know you better. 30

EDMUND Sir, I shall study deserving.

GLOUCESTER He hath been out° nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sound a sennet.° Enter one bearing a coronet,° then King LEAR, then the Dukes of CORNWALL and ALBANY, next GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and ATTENDANTS.

LEAR

Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER

I shall, my lord.

Exit, [with EDMUND]. 35

LEAR

Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.°

Give me the map there. Know that we have divided

In three our kingdom; and 'tis our fast° intent

To shake all cares and business from our age,

Conferring them on younger strengths, while we 40

Unburthened crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,

And you our no less loving son of Albany,

We have this hour a constant will to publish°

Our daughters' several° dowers, that future strife

May be prevented° now. The princes, France and

Burgundy,

45

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,

Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,

And here are to be answered. Tell me, my daughters

(Since now we will divest us both of rule,

Interest° of territory, cares of state), 50

Which of you shall we say doth love us most,

That we our largest bounty may extend

Where nature doth with merit challenge.° Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

GONERIL

Sir, I love you more than word can wield° the matter; 55

Dearer than eyesight, space,° and liberty;

Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;

As much as child e'er loved, or father found;

A love that makes breath° poor, and speech unable:° 60

Beyond all manner of so much° I love you.

CORDELIA [*Aside.*]

What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent.

LEAR

Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests, and with champains riched,°

With plenteous rivers, and wide-skirted meads,° 65

We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issues°

Be this perpetual.° What says our second daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? Speak.

REGAN

I am made of that self mettle° as my sister,

And prize me at her worth.° In my true heart 70

I find she names my very deed of love;°

Only she comes too short, that° I profess

Myself an enemy to all other joys

Which the most precious square of sense professes,°

And find I am alone felicitate° 75

In your dear highness' love.

CORDELIA [*Aside.*]

Then poor Cordelia!

And yet not so, since I am sure my love's

More ponderous° than my tongue.

LEAR

To thee and thine hereditary ever

Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom, 80

No less in space, validity,° and pleasure

Than that conferred on Goneril. Now, our joy,

Although our last and least;° to whose young love

The vines of France and milk° of Burgundy

Strive to be interest;° what can you say to draw 85

A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

CORDELIA

Nothing, my lord.

LEAR Nothing?

CORDELIA Nothing.

LEAR

Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again. 90

CORDELIA

Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave

My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty

According to my bond,° no more nor less.

LEAR

How, how, Cordelia? Mend your speech a little,

Lest you may mar your fortunes.

CORDELIA

Good my lord,

95

You have begot me, bred me, loved me. I

Return those duties back as are right fit,°

Obey you, love you, and most honor you.

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say

They love you all? Haply,° when I shall wed, 100

That lord whose hand must take my plight° shall

carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty.

Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,

To love my father all.

LEAR

But goes thy heart with this?

CORDELIA

Ay, my good lord.

105

LEAR

So young, and so untender?

CORDELIA

So young, my lord, and true.

LEAR

Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower!

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,

69 **self mettle** same material or temperament 70 **prize** . . .

worth value me the same (imperative) 71 **my** . . . **love**

what my love really is (a legalism) 72 **that** in that 74 **Which**

. . . **professes** which the choicest estimate of sense avows 75

felicitate made happy 78 **ponderous** weighty 81 **validity**

value 83 **least** youngest, smallest 84 **milk** i.e., pastures

85 **interest** closely connected, as interested parties 93 **bond**

filial obligation 97 **Return** . . . **fit** i.e., am correspond-

ingly dutiful 100 **Haply** perhaps 101 **plight** troth plight

30 **sue** entreat 32 **out** away, abroad 33 **s.d.** **sennet** set of notes played on a trumpet, signaling the entrance or departure of a procession; **coronet** small crown, intended for Cordelia 36 **darker purpose** hidden intention 38 **fast** fixed 43 **constant** . . . **publish** fixed intention to proclaim 44 **several** separate 45 **prevented** forestalled 50 **Interest** legal right 53 **nature** . . . **challenge** natural affection contends with desert for (or lays claim to) bounty 55 **wield** handle 56 **space** scope 60 **breath** language; **unable** impotent 61 **Beyond** . . . **much** beyond all these comparisons 64 **champains riched** enriched plains 65 **wide-skirted meads** extensive grasslands 66 **issues** descendants 67 **perpetual** in perpetuity

The mysteries of Hecate° and the night,
 By all the operation of the orbs°
 From whom we do exist and cease to be,
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,°
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,°
 Or he that makes his generation messes°
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbored, pitied, and relieved,
 As thou my sometime° daughter.

KENT Good my liege—

LEAR

Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon° and his wrath.

I loved her most, and thought to set my rest°

On her kind nursery.° Hence and avoid my sight!

So be my grave my peace, as here I give

Her father's heart from her! Call France. Who stirs?

Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,

With my two daughters' dowers digest° the third;

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.°

I do invest you jointly with my power,

Preeminence, and all the large effects

That troop with majesty.° Ourselves,° by monthly
 course,

With reservation° of an hundred knights,

By you to be sustained, shall our abode

Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain

The name, and all th' addition° to a king. The sway,

Revenue, execution of the rest,

Belovèd sons, be yours; which to confirm,

This coronet° part between you.

KENT Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honored as my king,

Loved as my father, as my master followed,

As my great patron thought on in my prayers—

LEAR

The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft.°

KENT

Let it fall° rather, though the fork° invade

The region of my heart. Be Kent unmannerly

When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?

Thinkst thou that duty shall have dread to speak

When power to flattery bows? To plainness honor's
 bound

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state,°

And in thy best consideration° check

110 This hideous rashness. Answer my life my judgment,°
 Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least,
 Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sounds
 Reverb° no hollowness.°

LEAR Kent, on thy life, no more!

115 KENT

My life I never held but as a pawn°

To wage° against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,

Thy safety being motive.°

LEAR

Out of my sight!

KENT

See better, Lear, and let me still° remain

The true blank° of thine eye.

LEAR

Now by Apollo—

KENT

Now by Apollo, king,

Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

125 LEAR

O vassal! Miscreant!°

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

ALBANY, CORNWALL Dear sir, forbear!

KENT

130 Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow

Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift,

Or, whilst I can vent clamor° from my throat,

I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

LEAR

Hear me, recreant!°

On thine allegiance,° hear me!

That thou hast sought to make us break our vows,

Which we durst never yet, and with strained° pride

To come betwixt our sentence° and our power,

Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,

Our potency made good,° take thy reward.

Five days we do allot thee for provision°

To shield thee from diseases° of the world,

And on the sixth to turn thy hated back

Upon our kingdom. If, on the tenth day following,

Thy banished trunk° be found in our dominions,

The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,

This shall not be revoked.

KENT

140 Fare thee well, king. Sith° thus thou wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.

[To CORDELIA.]

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said.

[To REGAN and GONERIL.]

And your large speeches may your deeds approve,°

That good effects° may spring from words of love.

110 **mysteries of Hecate** secret rites of Hecate (goddess of the infernal world, and of witchcraft) 111 **operation** . . .
orbs astrological influence 114 **Propinquity** . . . **blood**
 relationship and common blood 116 **Scythian** type of the
 savage 117 **makes** . . . **messes** eats his own offspring 120
sometime former 122 **dragon** (1) heraldic device of
 Britain (2) emblem of ferocity 123 **set my rest** (1) stake
 my all (a term from the card game of primero) (2) find my
 rest 124 **nursery** care, nursing 128 **digest** absorb 129
Let . . . **her** Let her pride be her dowry and gain her a
 husband 131–32 **effects** . . . **majesty** accompaniments that
 go with kingship 132 **Ourselves** the royal “we” 133 **reserva-**
tion the action of reserving a privilege (a legalism) 136
addition titles and honors 139 **coronet** the crown that was
 to have been Cordelia's 143 **make** . . . **shaft** avoid the
 arrow 144 **fall** strike; **fork** forked head of the arrow 149
Reserve thy state retain your kingly authority 150 **best**
consideration most careful reflection

151 **Answer** . . . **judgment** I will stake my life on my
 opinion 154 **Reverb** reverberate; **hollowness** (1) emptiness
 (2) insincerity 155 **pawn** stake in a wager 156 **wage** (1)
 wager (2) carry on war 157 **motive** moving cause 158 **still**
 always 159 **blank** the white spot in the center of the target
 (at which Lear should aim) 161 **vassal! Miscreant!** base
 wretch! Misbeliever 165 **vent clamor** utter a cry 166
recreant traitor 167 **On thine allegiance** to forswear, which
 is to commit high treason 169 **strained** forced (and so
 excessive) 170 **sentence** judgment, decree 172 **Our** . . .
good my royal authority being now asserted 173 **for pro-**
vision for making preparation 174 **diseases** troubles 177
trunk body 180 **Sith** since 184 **approve** prove true 185
effects results

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course° in a country new. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter GLOUCESTER, with FRANCE and
BURGUNDY; ATTENDANTS.

GLOUCESTER

Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

LEAR

My Lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king 190
Hath rivaled for our daughter. What in the least
Will you require in present° dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

BURGUNDY

Most royal majesty,

I crave no more than hath your highness offered,
Nor will you tender° less.

LEAR

Right noble Burgundy, 195

When she was dear° to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands.
If aught within that little seeming substance,°
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,°
And nothing more, may fitly like° your grace, 200
She's there, and she is yours.

BURGUNDY

I know no answer.

LEAR

Will you, with those infirmities she owes,°
Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow' red with our curse, and strangered° with our
oath,
Take her, or leave her?

BURGUNDY

Pardon me, royal sir. 205

Election makes not up° on such conditions.

LEAR

Then leave her, sir; for, by the pow'r that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. [*To FRANCE.*] For you, great
king,
I would not from your love make such a stray
To° match you where I hate; therefore beseech° you 210
T' avert your liking a more worthier way°
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

FRANCE

This is most strange,

That she whom even but now was your best object,° 215
The argument° of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous to dismantle°
So many folds of favor. Sure her offense
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it,° or your fore-vouched° affection 220
Fall into taint;° which to believe of her

Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.°

CORDELIA

I yet beseech your majesty,

If for° I want that glib and oily art 225
To speak and purpose not,° since what I well intend
I'll do't before I speak, that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonored step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favor;
But even for want of that for which I am richer, 230
A still-soliciting° eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost° me in your liking.

LEAR

Better thou

Hadst not been born than not t' have pleased me better.

FRANCE

Is it but this? A tardiness in nature° 235
Which often leaves the history unspoke°
That it intends to do. My Lord of Burgundy,
What say you° to the lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards° that stands
Aloof from th' entire point.° Will you have her? 240
She is herself a dowry.

BURGUNDY

Royal king,

Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

LEAR

Nothing. I have sworn. I am firm. 245

BURGUNDY

I am sorry then you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

CORDELIA

Peace be with Burgundy.

Since that respects of fortune° are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

FRANCE

Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being poor, 250
Most choice forsaken, and most loved despised,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon.
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'Tis strange that from their cold'st
neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.° 255
Thy dow' rless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,°
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France.
Not all the dukes of wat' rish° Burgundy
Can buy this unprized precious° maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind. 260
Thou lovest here,° a better where° to find.

LEAR

Thou hast her, France; let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see

187 **shape** . . . **course** pursue his customary way 187
s.d. **Flourish** trumpet fanfare 192 **present** immediate
195 **tender** offer 196 **dear** (1) beloved (2) valued at a high
price 198 **little seeming substance** person who is (1) incon-
siderable (2) outspoken 199 **pieced** added to it 200 **fitly like**
please by its fitness 202 **owes** possesses 204 **strangered**
made a stranger 206 **Election** . . . **up** no one can choose
209-10 **make** . . . **To** stray so far as to 210 **beseech** I
beseech 211 **avert** . . . **way** turn your affections from her
and bestow them on a better person 214 **your best object**
the one you loved most 215 **argument** subject 217 **dis-**
mantle strip off 220 **That monsters it** as makes it monstrous,
unnatural; **fore-vouched** previously sworn 221 **Fall into**
taint must be taken as having been unjustified all along; i.e.,
Cordelia was unworthy of your love from the first

222-23 **reason** . . . **me** my reason would have to be supported
by a miracle to make me believe 224 **for** because 225 **pur-**
pose not not mean to do what I promise 231 **still-soliciting**
always begging 233 **lost** ruined 235 **tardiness in nature**
natural reticence 236 **leaves** . . . **unspoke** does not announce
the action 238 **What say you** i.e., will you have 239 **regards**
considerations (the dowry) 239-40 **stands** . . . **point** have
nothing to do with the essential question (love) 248
respects of fortune mercenary considerations 255 **in-**
flamed respect more ardent affection 256 **chance** lot
258 **wat' rish** (1) with many rivers (2) weak, diluted 259
unprized precious unappreciated by others, and yet precious
261 **here** in this place; **where** other place

That face of hers again. Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.^o 265
Come, noble Burgundy.

Flourish. Exeunt [LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL,
ALBANY, GLOUCESTER, and ATTENDANTS].

FRANCE

Bid farewell to your sisters.

CORDELIA

The jewels of our father,^o with washed^o eyes
Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you are,
And, like a sister,^o am most loath to call 270
Your faults as they are named.^o Love well our
father.

To your professèd^o bosoms I commit him.

But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,

I would prefer^o him to a better place.

So farewell to you both. 275

REGAN

Prescribe not us our duty.

GONERIL

Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath received you

At Fortune's alms.^o You have obedience scanted,^o

And well are worth the want that you have wanted.^o

CORDELIA

Time shall unfold what plighted^o cunning hides, 280

Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.^o

Well may you prosper.

FRANCE

Come, my fair Cordelia.

Exit FRANCE and CORDELIA.

GONERIL Sister, it is not little I have to say of what
most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father
will hence tonight. 285

REGAN That's most certain, and with you; next
month with us.

GONERIL You see how full of changes his age is. The
observation we have made of it hath not been little.
He always loved our sister most, and with what poor 290
judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.^o

REGAN 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever
but slenderly known himself.

GONERIL The best and soundest of his time^o hath
been but rash; then must we look from his age to 295
receive not alone the imperfections of long-ingrafted^o
condition,^o but therewithal^o the unruly waywardness
that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

REGAN Such unconstant starts^o are we like to have
from him as this of Kent's banishment. 300

GONERIL There is further compliment^o of leave-
taking between France and him. Pray you, let's hit^o

together; if our father carry authority with such dis-
position as he bears,^o this last surrender^o of his will
but offend^o us. 305

REGAN We shall further think of it.

GONERIL We must do something, and i' th' heat.^o

Exeunt.

Scene II. [*The Earl of Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter EDMUND [*with a letter*].

EDMUND

Thou, Nature,^o art my goddess; to thy law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I

Stand in the plague of custom,^o and permit

The curiosity^o of nations to deprive me,

For that^o I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines^o 5

Lag of^o a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,^o

My mind as generous,^o and my shape as true,

As honest^o madam's issue? Why brand they us 10

With base? With baseness? Bastardy? Base? Base?

Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take

More composition^o and fierce^o quality

Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,

Go to th' creating a whole tribe of fops^o

Got^o 'tween asleep and wake? Well then, 15

Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land.

Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund

As to th' legitimate. Fine word, "legitimate."

Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,^o

And my invention^o thrive, Edmund the base 20

Shall top th' legitimate. I grow, I prosper.

Now, gods, stand up for bastards.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

GLOUCESTER

Kent banished thus? and France in choler parted?

And the king gone tonight? prescribed^o his pow'r?

Confined to exhibition?^o All this done 25

Upon the gad?^o Edmund, how now? What news?

EDMUND

So please your lordship, none.

GLOUCESTER

Why so earnestly seek you to put up^o that letter?

EDMUND

I know no news, my lord.

GLOUCESTER

What paper were you reading?

30

EDMUND Nothing, my lord.

265 benison blessing 268 The jewels . . . father you
creatures prized by our father; washed (1) weeping (2) clear-
sighted 270 like a sister because I am a sister, i.e., loyal, affec-
tionate 271 as . . . named by their right and ugly names 272
professèd pretending to love 274 prefer recommend 278
At Fortune's alms as a charitable bequest from Fortune (and
so, by extension, as one beggared or cast down by Fortune);
scanted stinted 279 worth . . . wanted deserve to be
denied, even as you have denied 280 plighted pleaded,
enfolded 281 Who . . . derides Those who hide their evil
are finally exposed and shamed ("He that hideth his sins, shall
not prosper") 291 grossly obviously 294 of his time period
of his life up to now 296 long-ingrafted implanted for a
long time 297 condition disposition; therewithal with
them 299 unconstant starts impulsive whims 301 com-
pliment formal courtesy 302 hit agree

303-04 carry . . . bears continues, and in such frame of
mind, to wield the sovereign power 304 last surrender
recent abdication 305 offend vex 307 i' th' heat while the
iron is hot

I.ii.1 Nature Edmund's conception of Nature accords with
our description of a bastard as a natural child 3 Stand . . .
custom respect hateful convention 4 curiosity nice dis-
tinctions 5 For that because; moonshines months 6
Lag of short of being (in age) 7 compact framed 8
generous gallant 9 honest chaste 12 composition com-
pleteness; fierce energetic 14 fops fools 15 Got begot 19
speed prosper 20 invention plan 24 prescribed limited
25 exhibition an allowance or pension 26 Upon the gad
on the spur of the moment (as if pricked by a gad or goad)
28 put up put away, conceal

GLOUCESTER No? What needed then that terrible dispatch° of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see. Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles. 35

EDMUND I beseech you, sir, pardon me. It is a letter from my brother that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.°

GLOUCESTER Give me the letter, sir. 40

EDMUND I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.°

GLOUCESTER Let's see, let's see.

EDMUND I hope, for my brother's justification, he 45 wrote this but as an essay or taste° of my virtue.

GLOUCESTER (*Reads.*) "This policy and reverence° of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times;° keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish° them. I begin to find an idle and fond° bondage 50 in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered.° Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue° for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, 55

Edgar."

Hum! Conspiracy? "Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue." My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? A heart and brain to breed it in? When came you to this? Who brought it? 60

EDMUND It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.°

GLOUCESTER You know the character° to be your brother's? 65

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

GLOUCESTER It is his.

EDMUND It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his 70 heart is not in the contents.

GLOUCESTER Has he never before sounded° you in this business?

EDMUND Never, my lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect° age, and 75 fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

GLOUCESTER O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain, unnatural, detested,° brutish villain; worse than brutish! Go, sirrah,° seek him. 80 I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! Where is he?

EDMUND I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony

of his intent, you should run a certain course;° where, 85 if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap° in your own honor and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down° my life for him that he hath writ this to feel° my affection to your honor, and to no 90 other pretense of danger.°

GLOUCESTER Think you so?

EDMUND If your honor judge it meet,° I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance° have your satisfaction, and that 95 without any further delay than this very evening.

GLOUCESTER He cannot be such a monster.

EDMUND Nor is not, sure.

GLOUCESTER To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek 100 him out; wind me into him,° I pray you; frame° the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.°

EDMUND I will seek him, sir, presently;° convey° the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.° 105

GLOUCESTER These late° eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of nature° can reason° it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects.° Love cools, 110 friendship falls off,° brothers divide. In cities, mutinies;° in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction,° there's son against father; the king falls from bias of nature,° there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time.° Machina- 115 tions, hollowness,° treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly° to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing.° Do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished; his offense, honesty. 'Tis strange. *Exit.* 120

EDMUND This is the excellent foppery° of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeits of our own behavior,° we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars; as if we were villains on° necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, 125 thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance;° drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence;° and all that we are evil in,

85 run . . . course proceed safely, know where you are going
87 gap breach 89 pawn down stake 90 feel test 91 pre-
tense of danger dangerous purpose 93 meet fit 95
auricular assurance proof heard with your own ears 101
wind . . . him insinuate yourself into his confidence for
me; frame manage 102-03 unstate . . . resolution forfeit
my earldom to know the truth 104 presently at once;
convey manage 105 withal with it 106 late recent
107-08 wisdom of nature scientific learning 108 reason
explain 108-09 yet . . . effects nonetheless our world is
punished with subsequent disasters 110 falls off revolts;
mutinies riots 112-13 This . . . prediction my son's
villainous behavior is included in these portents, and bears them
out 114 bias of nature natural inclination (the metaphor
is from the game of bowls) 115 best . . . time our best
days 116 hollowness insincerity 117 disquietly unquietly
118 it . . . nothing you will not lose by it 121 foppery
folly 122-23 often . . . behavior often caused by our own
excesses 124 on of 126 treachers . . . predominance
traitors because of the ascendancy of a particular star at our
birth 127-28 by . . . influence because we had to submit to
the influence of our star

32-33 terrible dispatch hasty putting away 39 o'erlooking
inspection 42-43 to blame blameworthy 46 essay or taste
test 47 policy and reverence policy of reverencing (hendi-
adys) 48 best . . . times best years of our lives (i.e., our
youth) 50 relish enjoy; idle and fond foolish 51-52 who
. . . suffered which rules, not from its own strength, but
from our allowance 54 revenue income 62-63 casement
. . . closet window of my room 64 character handwriting
67 in . . . that in view of what it is; fain prefer to 72
sounded sounded you out 75 perfect mature 79 detested
detestable 80 sirrah sir (familiar form of address)

by a divine thrusting on.° An admirable evasion of
whoremaster° man, to lay his goatish° disposition on 130
the charge of a star. My father compounded° with my
mother under the Dragon's Tail,° and my nativity°
was under Ursa Major,° so that it follows I am rough
and lecherous. Fut!° I should have been that° I am,
had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled 135
on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe° of the old
comedy. My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh
like Tom o' Bedlam.°—O, these eclipses do portend
these divisions. Fa, sol, la, mi.° 140

EDGAR How now, brother Edmund; what serious
contemplation are you in?

EDMUND I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I
read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

EDGAR Do you busy yourself with that? 145

EDMUND I promise you, the effects he writes of suc-
ceed° unhappily: as of unnaturalness° between the
child and the parent, death, dearth, dissolutions of
ancient amities,° divisions in state, menaces and
maledictions against king and nobles, needless diffi- 150
dences,° banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts,°
nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

EDGAR How long have you been a sectary astronomi-
cal?°

EDMUND Come, come, when saw you my father last? 155

EDGAR Why, the night gone by.

EDMUND Spake you with him?

EDGAR Ay, two hours together.

EDMUND Parted you in good terms? Found you no
displeasure in him by word nor countenance?° 160

EDGAR None at all.

EDMUND Bethink yourself wherein you may have
offended him; and at my entreaty forbear his presence°
until some little time hath qualified° the heat of his
displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that 165
with the mischief of your person it would scarcely
allay.°

EDGAR Some villain hath done me wrong.

EDMUND That's my fear, brother. I pray you have a
continent forbearance° till the speed of his rage goes 170
slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging,
from whence I will fitly° bring you to hear my lord

129 **divine thrusting on** supernatural compulsion 130
whoremaster lecherous; **goatish** lascivious 131 **com-**
pounded (1) made terms (2) formed (a child) 132 **Dragon's**
Tail the constellation Draco; **nativity** birthday 133 **Ursa**
Major the Great Bear 134 **Fut** 'S foot (an impatient oath);
that what 137 **catastrophe** conclusion 138–39 **My . . .**
Bedlam I must be doleful, like a lunatic beggar out of
Bethlehem (Bedlam) Hospital, the London madhouse 140 **Fa,**
sol, la, mi Edmund's humming of the musical notes is perhaps
prompted by his use of the word *division*, which describes
a musical variation 146–47 **succeed** follow 147 **unnatural-**
ness unkindness 149 **amities** friendships 150–51 **diffidences**
distrusts 151 **dissipation of cohorts** falling away of sup-
porters 153–54 **sectary astronomical** believer in astrology
160 **countenance** expression 163 **forbear his presence**
keep away from him 164 **qualified** lessened 166–67 **with**
. . . **allay** even an injury to you would not appease his anger
169–70 **have . . . forbearance** be restrained and keep
yourself withdrawn 172 **fitly** at a fit time

175 speak. Pray ye, go; there's my key. If you do stir
abroad, go armed.

EDGAR Armed, brother?

EDMUND Brother, I advise you to the best. Go armed.
I am no honest man if there be any good meaning
toward you. I have told you what I have seen and
heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror°
of it. Pray you, away. 180

EDGAR Shall I hear from you anon?°

EDMUND I do serve you in this business.

Exit EDGAR.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty 185
My practices° ride easy. I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit.
All with me's meet° that I can fashion fit.° *Exit.*

Scene III. [*The Duke of Albany's palace.*]

Enter GONERIL, and [*OSWALD, her*] steward.

GONERIL Did my father strike my gentleman for
chiding of his Fool?°

OSWALD Ay, madam.

GONERIL

By day and night he wrongs me. Every hour
He flashes into one gross crime° or other 5
That sets us all at odds. I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous,° and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him. Say I am sick.
If you come slack of former services,° 10
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.°

[*Horns within.*]

OSWALD He's coming, madam; I hear him.

GONERIL

Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows. I'd have it come to question.° 15
If he distaste° it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
Not to be overruled. Idle° old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away. Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again, and must be used 20
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abused.°
Remember what I have said.

OSWALD Well, madam.

GONERIL

And let his knights have colder looks among you.
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so.
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, 25
That I may speak.° I'll write straight° to my sister
To hold my course. Go, prepare for dinner. *Exeunt.*

179 **image and horror** true horrible picture 181 **anon** in a
little while 186 **practices** plots 188 **meet** proper; **fashion**
fit shape to my purpose

I.iii.2 **Fool** court jester 5 **crime** offense 7 **riotous** dissolute
10 **come . . . services** are less serviceable to him than
formerly 11 **answer** answer for 14 **come to question** be
discussed openly 15 **distaste** dislike 17 **Idle** foolish 21
With . . . abused with restraints as well as soothing words
when they are misguided 25–26 **breed . . . speak** find in
this opportunities for speaking out 26 **straight** at once

Scene IV. [*A hall in the same.*]*Enter* KENT [*disguised*].

KENT

If but as well I other accents borrow
 That can my speech defuse,^o my good intent
 May carry through itself to that full issue^o
 For which I razed my likeness.^o Now, banished Kent,
 If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemned, 5
 So may it come,^o thy master whom thou lov'st
 Shall find thee full of labors.

Horns within.^o *Enter* LEAR, [KNIGHTS,] and ATTENDANTS.

LEAR Let me not stay^o a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [*Exit an ATTENDANT.*] How now, what art thou? 10

KENT A man, sir.

LEAR What dost thou profess?^o What wouldst thou with us?

KENT I do profess^o to be no less than I seem, to serve him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that is 15 honest, to converse with him that is wise and says little, to fear judgment,^o to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.^o

LEAR What art thou?

KENT A very honest-hearted fellow and as poor as 20 the king.

LEAR If thou be'st as poor for a subject as he's for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

KENT Service.

LEAR Who wouldst thou serve? 25

KENT You.

LEAR Dost thou know me, fellow?

KENT No, sir, but you have that in your countenance^o which I would fain^o call master. 30

LEAR What's that? 30

KENT Authority.

LEAR What services canst thou do?

KENT I can keep honest counsel,^o ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it,^o and deliver a plain message bluntly. That which ordinary men are fit for, I am 35 qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.

LEAR How old art thou?

KENT Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything. I have years on my back forty-eight. 40

LEAR Follow me; thou shalt serve me. If I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's my knave?^o my Fool? Go you and call my Fool hither.

[*Exit an ATTENDANT.*]*Enter* OSWALD.

I.iv.2 defuse disguise 3 full issue perfect result 4 razed my likeness shaved off, disguised my natural appearance 6 So . . . come so may it fall out 7 s.d. within offstage 8 stay wait 12 What . . . profess What do you do? 14 profess claim 17 judgment by a heavenly or earthly judge 18 eat no fish i.e., (1) I am no Catholic, but a loyal Protestant (2) I am no weakling (3) I use no prostitutes 28 countenance bearing 29 fain like to 33 honest counsel honorable secrets 33-34 mar . . . it i.e., I cannot speak like an affected courtier ("curious" = elaborate, as against plain) 43 knave boy

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter? 45

OSWALD So please you— *Exit.*

LEAR What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll^o back. [*Exit a KNIGHT.*] Where's my Fool? Ho, I think the world's asleep.

[*Reenter* KNIGHT.]

How now? Where's that mongrel? 50

KNIGHT He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

LEAR Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

KNIGHT Sir, he answered me in the roundest^o manner, he would not. 55

LEAR He would not?

KNIGHT My lord, I know not what the matter is; but to my judgment your highness is not entertained^o with that ceremonious affection as you were wont. There's a great abatement of kindness appears as well 60 in the general dependants^o as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

LEAR Ha? Say'st thou so?

KNIGHT I beseech you pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think 65 your highness wronged.

LEAR Thou but rememb'rest^o me of mine own conception.^o I have perceived a most faint neglect^o of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity^o than as a very pretense^o and purpose of un- 70 kindness. I will look further into't. But where's my Fool? I have not seen him this two days.

KNIGHT Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the Fool hath much pined away.

LEAR No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you 75 and tell my daughter I would speak with her. Go you, call hither my Fool. [*Exit an ATTENDANT.*]

Enter OSWALD.

O, you, sir, you! Come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?

OSWALD My lady's father. 80

LEAR "My lady's father"? My lord's knave, you whoreson dog, you slave, you cur!

OSWALD I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

LEAR Do you bandy^o looks with me, you rascal? 85

[*Striking him.*]OSWALD I'll not be stricken,^o my lord.KENT Nor tripped neither, you base football^o player.[*Tripping up his heels.*]

LEAR I thank thee, fellow. Thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

KENT Come, sir, arise, away. I'll teach you differ- 90 ences.^o Away, away. If you will measure your lubber's^o

47 clotpoll clodpoll, blockhead 54 roundest rudest 58 entertained treated 61 dependants servants 67 rememb'-rest remindest 67-68 conception idea 68 faint neglect i.e., "weary negligence" (I.iii.13) 69-70 mine . . . curiosity suspicious concern for my own dignity 70 very pretense actual intention 85 bandy exchange insolently (metaphor from tennis) 86 stricken struck 87 football a low game played by idle boys, to the scandal of sensible men 90-91 differences of rank 91 lubber's lout's

length again, tarry; but away. Go to!° Have you wisdom?° So.° [Pushes OSWALD out.]

LEAR Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee. There's earnest° of thy service. 95

[Giving KENT money.]

Enter FOOL.

FOOL Let me hire him too. Here's my coxcomb.°

[Offering KENT his cap.]

LEAR How now, my pretty knave? How dost thou?

FOOL Sirrah, you were best° take my coxcomb.

KENT Why, Fool?

FOOL Why? For taking one's part that's out of favor. 100

Nay, an° thou canst not smile as the wind sits,° thou'lt

catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb. Why,

this fellow has banished° two on's daughters, and did

the third a blessing against his will. If thou follow him,

thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, 105

nuncle?° Would I had two coxcombs and two

daughters.

LEAR Why, my boy?

FOOL If I gave them all my living,° I'd keep my cox-

combs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy 110

daughters.

LEAR Take heed, sirrah—the whip.

FOOL Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be

whipped out, when Lady the Brach° may stand by th'

fire and stink. 115

LEAR A pestilent gall° to me.

FOOL Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

LEAR Do.

FOOL Mark it, nuncle.

Have more than thou showest, 120

Speak less than thou knowest,

Lend less than thou owest,°

Ride more than thou goest,°

Learn more than thou trowest,°

Set less than thou throwest;° 125

Leave thy drink and thy whore,

And keep in-a-door,

And thou shalt have more

Than two tens to a score.°

KENT This is nothing, Fool. 130

FOOL Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd° lawyer

—you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use

of nothing, nuncle?

LEAR Why, no, boy. Nothing can be made out of

nothing. 135

FOOL [To KENT.] Prithee tell him, so much the rent

of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

92 Go to expression of derisive incredulity 92-93 Have you wisdom i.e., Do you know what's good for you? 93 So good 95 earnest money for services rendered 96 coxcomb professional fool's cap, shaped like a coxcomb 98 you were best you had better 101 an if; smile . . . sits ingratiate yourself with those in power 103 banished alienated (by making them independent) 106 nuncle contraction of "mine uncle" 109 living property 114 Brach bitch 116 gall sore 122 owest ownest 123 goest walkest 124 trowest knowest 125 Set . . . throwest bet less than you play for (get odds from your opponent) 128-29 have . . . score i.e., come away with more than you had (two tens, or twenty shillings, make a score, or one pound) 131 unfee'd unpaid for

LEAR A bitter° fool.

FOOL Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one? 140

LEAR No, lad; teach me.

FOOL That lord that counseled thee

To give away thy land,

Come place him here by me,

Do thou for him stand. 145

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;

The one in motley° here,

The other found out° there.°

LEAR Dost thou call me fool, boy? 150

FOOL All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

KENT This is not altogether fool, my lord.

FOOL No, faith; lords and great men will not let me.°

If I had a monopoly° out, they would have part on't. 155

And ladies too, they will not let me have all the fool

to myself; they'll be snatching. Nuncle, give me an

egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

LEAR What two crowns shall they be?

FOOL Why, after I have cut the egg i' th' middle and 160

eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou

clovest thy crown i' th' middle and gav'st away both

parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt.°

Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou

gav'st thy golden one away. If I speak like myself° 165

in this, let him be whipped° that first finds it so.

[Singing.]

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year,

For wise men are grown foppish,

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.° 170

LEAR When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

FOOL I have used° it, nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st

thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'st

them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches, 175

[Singing.]

Then they for sudden joy did weep,

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep°

And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach 180

thy Fool to lie. I would fain learn to lie.

LEAR And° you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

FOOL I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are.

They'll have me whipped for speaking true; thou'lt

have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am 185

138 bitter satirical 148 motley the drab costume of the professional jester 149 found out revealed; there the Fool points at Lear, as a fool in the grain 154 let me i.e., let me have all the folly to myself 155 monopoly James I gave great scandal by granting to his "snatching" courtiers-royal patents to deal exclusively in some commodity 163 bor'st . . . dirt like the foolish and unnatural countryman in Aesop's fable 165 like myself like a fool 166 let . . . whipped i.e., let the man be whipped for a fool who thinks my true saying to be foolish 167-70 Fools . . . apish i.e., fools were never in less favor than now, and the reason is that wise men, turning foolish, and not knowing how to use their intelligence, imitate the professional fools and so make them unnecessary 173 used practiced 178 play bo-peep (1) act like a child (2) blind himself 182 And if

whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle: thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides and left nothing i' th' middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

LEAR How now, daughter? What makes that frontlet^o 190
on? Methinks you are too much of late i' th' frown.

FOOL Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning. Now thou art an O without a figure.^o I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing. [*To GONERIL.*] Yes, forsooth, 195
I will hold my tongue. So your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,^o
Weary of all, shall want^o some.

[*Pointing to LEAR.*]

That's a shealed peascod.^o 200

GONERIL

Not only, sir, this your all-licensed^o Fool,
But other^o of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank^o and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought by making this well known unto you 205
To have found a safe^o redress, but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late^o have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance;^o which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,^o 210
Which, in the tender of^o a wholesome weal,^o
Might in their working do you that offense,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.^o

FOOL For you know, nuncle, 215
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo^o so long
That it had it head bit off by it^o young.

So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.^o

LEAR Are you our daughter?

GONERIL

Come, sir, 220
I would you would make use of your good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught^o and put away
These dispositions^o which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

FOOL May not an ass know when the cart draws the 225
horse? Whoop, Jug,^o I love thee!

LEAR

Does any here know me? This is not Lear.
Does Lear walk thus? Speak thus? Where are his eyes?

Either his notion^o weakens, or his discernings^o
Are lethargied^o—Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so. 230

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

FOOL Lear's shadow.

LEAR I would learn that; for, by the marks of sover-
eignty,^o knowledge, and reason, I should be false^o
persuaded I had daughters. 235

FOOL Which^o they will make an obedient father.

LEAR Your name, fair gentlewoman?

GONERIL

This admiration,^o sir, is much o' th' savor^o
Of other your^o new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright. 240
As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires,
Men so disordered, so deboshed,^o and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows^o like a riotous inn. Epicurism^o and lust 245
Makes it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a graced^o palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desired^o
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train,^o 250
And the remainders^o that shall still depend,^o
To be such men as may besort^o your age,
Which know themselves, and you.

LEAR Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses; call my train together.
Degenerate^o bastard, I'll not trouble thee: 255
Yet have I left a daughter.

GONERIL

You strike my people, and your disordered rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

LEAR

Woe, that too late repents. O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir. Prepare my horses. 260
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster.

ALBANY Pray, sir, be patient.

LEAR

Detested kite,^o thou liest.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,^o 265
That all particulars of duty know,
And, in the most exact regard,^o support
The worships^o of their name. O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine,^o wrenched my frame of nature 270
From the fixed place;^o drew from my heart all love,

190 **frontlet** frown (literally, ornamental band) 194 **figure** digit, to give value to the cipher (Lear is a nought) 198 **crum** soft bread inside the loaf 199 **want** lack 200 **shealed** peascod empty pea pod 201 **all-licensed** privileged to take any liberties 202 **other** others 204 **rank** gross 206 **safe** sure 207 **too late** lately 208–09 **put . . . allowance** promote it by your approval 209 **allowance** approval 210 **redresses sleep** correction fail to follow 211 **tender of** desire for; **weal** state 212–14 **Might . . . proceeding** as I apply it, the correction might humiliate you; but the need to take action cancels what would otherwise be unfilial conduct in me 216 **cuckoo** which lays its eggs in the nests of other birds 217 **it** its 218 **darkling** in the dark 222 **fraught** endowed 223 **dispositions** moods 226 **Jug** Joan (a quotation from a popular song?)

229 **notion** understanding; **discernings** faculties 230 **lethargied** paralyzed 233–34 **marks of sovereignty** i.e., tokens that Lear is king, and hence father to his daughters 234 **false** falsely 236 **Which** whom (Lear) 238 **admiration** (affected) wonderment; **is . . . savor** smacks much 239 **other** your others of your 243 **deboshed** debauched 245 **Shows** appears; **Epicurism** riotous living 247 **graced** dignified 248 **desired** requested 250 **disquantity your train** reduce the number of your dependents. 251 **remainders** those who remain; **depend** attend on you 252 **besort** befit 255 **Degenerate** unnatural 264 **kite** scavenging bird of prey 265 **parts** accomplishments 267 **exact regard** strict attention to detail 268 **worships** honor 270 **engine** destructive contrivance 270–71 **wrenched . . . place** i.e., disorders my natural self

And added to the gall.° O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in

[*Striking his head.*]

And thy dear judgment out. Go, go, my people.

ALBANY

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

LEAR

It may be so, my lord.

Hear, Nature, hear; dear goddess, hear:
Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful.
Into her womb convey sterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increase,°
And from her derogate° body never spring
A babe to honor her. If she must teem,°
Create her child of spleen,° that it may live
And be a thwart disnatured° torment to her.
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent° tears fret° channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits°
To laughter and contempt, that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child. Away, away!

Exit.

ALBANY

Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

GONERIL

Never afflict yourself to know the cause,
But let his disposition° have that scope
As° dotage gives it.

Enter LEAR.

LEAR

What, fifty of my followers at a clap?°
Within a fortnight?

ALBANY

What's the matter, sir?

LEAR

I'll tell thee. [*To GONERIL.*] Life and death, I am
ashamed

That thou hast power to shake my manhood° thus!
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,°
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon
thee!

Th' untented woundings° of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond° eyes,
Beweep° this cause again, I'll pluck ye out
And cast you, with the waters that you loose,°
To temper° clay. Yea, is it come to this?

Ha! Let it be so. I have another daughter,
Who I am sure is kind and comfortable.°
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolvisish visage. Thou shalt find

275

280

285

290

295

305

310

That I'll resume the shape° which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.

Exit [LEAR, with KENT and ATTENDANTS].

GONERIL

Do you mark that?

ALBANY

I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you°—

GONERIL

Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho!

315

[*To the FOOL.*]

You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master!

FOOL Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry. Take the Fool°
with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter.°
So the Fool follows after.°

320

Exit.

GONERIL

This man hath had good counsel. A hundred knights!
'Tis politic° and safe to let him keep
At point° a hundred knights: yes, that on every dream,
Each buzz,° each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard° his dotage with their pow'rs
And hold our lives in mercy.° Oswald, I say!

325

ALBANY

Well, you may fear too far.

GONERIL

Safer than trust too far.

330

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken.° I know his heart.
What he hath uttered I have writ my sister.
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have showed th' unfitness—

Enter OSWALD.

How now, Oswald? 335

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

OSWALD Ay, madam.

GONERIL

Take you some company,° and away to horse.
Inform her full of my particular° fear,
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact° it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your return. [*Exit OSWALD.*] No, no, my
lord,
This milky gentleness and course° of yours,
Though I condemn not,° yet under pardon,
You are much more attasked° for want of wisdom
Than praised for harmful mildness.°

340

345

ALBANY

How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;

272 gall bitterness 281 increase childbearing 282 derogate degraded 283 teem conceive 284 spleen ill humor 285 thwart disnatured perverse unnatural 287 cadent falling; fret wear 288 benefits the mother's beneficent care of her child 294 disposition mood 295 As that 296 at a clap at one stroke 299 shake my manhood i.e., with tears 300 perforce involuntarily, against my will 302 untented woundings wounds too deep to be probed with a tent (a roll of lint) 303 fond foolish 304 Beweep if you weep over 305 loose (1) let loose (2) lose, as of no avail 306 temper mix with and soften 308 comfortable ready to comfort

311 shape i.e., kingly role 313-14 I cannot . . . you i.e., even though my love inclines me to you, I must protest 317 Fool (1) the Fool himself (2) the epithet or character of "fool" 322-23 halter, after pronounced "hauter," "auter" 325 politic good policy 326 At point armed 327 buzz rumor 328 enguard protect 329 in mercy at his mercy 332 Not . . . taken rather than remain fearful of being overtaken by them 338 company escort 339 particular own 341 compact strengthen 343 milky . . . course mild and gentle way (hendiadys) 344 condemn not condemn it not 345 attasked taken to task, blamed 346 harmful mildness dangerous indulgence

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

GONERIL Nay then—

ALBANY Well, well, th' event.° *Exeunt.* 350

Scene V. [*Court before the same.*]

Enter LEAR, KENT, and FOOL.

LEAR Go you before to Gloucester with these letters.

Acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know than comes from her demand out of the letter.°

If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you. 5

KENT I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. *Exit.*

FOOL If a man's brains were in's heels, were't° not in danger of kibes?°

LEAR Ay, boy. 10

FOOL Then I prithee be merry. Thy wit shall not go slipshod.°

LEAR Ha, ha, ha.

FOOL Shalt° see thy other daughter will use thee kindly;° for though she's as like this as a crab's° like 15 an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

LEAR Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

FOOL She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' th' middle on's° face? 20

LEAR No.

FOOL Why, to keep one's eyes of° either side's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

LEAR I did her wrong.

FOOL Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell? 25

LEAR No.

FOOL Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

LEAR Why?

FOOL Why, to put's head in; not to give it away to 30 his daughters, and leave his horns° without a case.

LEAR I will forget my nature.° So kind a father! Be my horses ready?

FOOL Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars° are no moe° than seven is a pretty° 35 reason.

LEAR Because they are not eight.

FOOL Yes indeed. Thou wouldst make a good fool.

LEAR To take't again perforce!° Monster ingratitude!

FOOL If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee 40 beaten for being old before thy time.

LEAR How's that?

FOOL Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

LEAR

O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! 45

Keep me in temper;° I would not be mad!

[*Enter* GENTLEMAN.]

How now, are the horses ready?

GENTLEMAN Ready, my lord.

LEAR Come, boy.

FOOL

She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure, 50

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.°

Exeunt.

A C T I I

Scene I. [*The Earl of Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, severally.°

EDMUND Save° thee, Curan.

CURAN And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

EDMUND How comes that? 5

CURAN Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.°

EDMUND Not I. Pray you, what are they?

CURAN Have you heard of no likely° wars toward,° 10 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

EDMUND Not a word.

CURAN You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *Exit.*

EDMUND

The duke be here tonight? The better!° best! 15

This weaves itself perforce° into my business.

My father hath set guard to take my brother,

And I have one thing of a queasy question°

Which I must act. Briefness° and Fortune, work!

Brother, a word; descend. Brother, I say! 20

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches. O sir, fly this place.

Intelligence° is given where you are hid.

You have now the good advantage of the night.

Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither, now i' th' night, i' th' haste,° 25

And Regan with him. Have you nothing said

Upon his party° 'gainst the Duke of Albany?

Advise yourself.°

EDGAR I am sure on't,° not a word.

46 in temper sane 50-51 She . . . shorter The maid who laughs, missing the tragic implications of this quarrel, will not have sense enough to preserve her virginity ("things" = penises)

II.i.s.d. severally separately (from different entrances onstage) 1 Save God save 8 ear-kissing arguments subjects whispered in the ear 10 likely probable; toward impending 15 The better So much the better 16 perforce necessarily 18 of . . . question that requires delicate handling (to be "queasy" is to be on the point of vomiting) 19 Briefness speed 22 Intelligence information 25 i' th' haste in great haste 27 Upon his party censuring his enmity 28 Advise yourself Reflect; on't of it

350 th' event i.e., we'll see what happens

I.v.3. than . . . letter than her reading of the letter brings her to ask 8 were't i.e., the brains 9 kibes chilblains 11-12 Thy . . . slipshod Your brains shall not go in slippers (because you have no brains to be protected from chilblains) 14 Shalt thou shalt 15 kindly (1) affectionately (2) after her kind or nature; crab crab apple 19 on's of his 22 of on 31 horns (1) snail's horns (2) cuckold's horns 32 nature paternal instincts 35 seven stars the Pleiades; moe more; pretty apt 39 To . . . perforce (1) of Goneril, who has forcibly taken away Lear's privileges; or (2) of Lear, who meditates a forcible resumption of authority

EDMUND

I hear my father coming. Pardon me:
In cunning° I must draw my sword upon you. 30
Draw, seem to defend yourself; now quit you° well.
Yield! Come before my father! Light ho, here!
Fly, brother. Torches, torches!—So farewell.

Exit EDGAR.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion°

[*Wounds his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavor. I have seen drunkards 35
Do more than this in sport. Father, father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOUCESTER, and SERVANTS with torches.

GLOUCESTER

Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

EDMUND

Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon 40
To stand auspicious mistress.

GLOUCESTER

But where is he?

EDMUND

Look, sir, I bleed.

GLOUCESTER

Where is the villain, Edmund?

EDMUND

Fled this way, sir, when by no means he could—

GLOUCESTER

Pursue him, ho! Go after. [*Exeunt some SERVANTS.*]

By no means what?

EDMUND

Persuade me to the murder of your lordship; 45
But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend;°
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to th' father. Sir, in fine,°
Seeing how loathly opposite° I stood 50
To his unnatural purpose, in fell° motion°
With his preparèd sword he charges home
My unprovided° body, latched° mine arm;
But when he saw my best alarumed° spirits
Bold in the quarrel's right,° roused to th' encounter, 55
Or whether gasted° by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

GLOUCESTER

Let him fly far.

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—dispatch.° The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch° and patron, comes tonight. 60
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake.
He that conceals him, death.°

EDMUND

When I dissuaded him from his intent, 65
And found him pight° to do it, with curst° speech

I threatened to discover° him. He replied,
“Thou unpossessing° bastard, dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal°
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee 70
Make thy words faithed?° No. What I should deny—
As this I would, ay, though thou didst produce
My very character°—I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion,° plot, and damnèd practice.°
And thou must make a dullard of the world,° 75
If they not thought° the profits of my death
Were very pregnant° and potential spirits°
To make thee seek it.”

GLOUCESTER

O strange and fastened° villain!

Would he deny his letter, said he? I never got° him.

Tucket° within.

Hark, the duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes. 80
All ports° I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that. Besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural° boy, I'll work the means 85
To make thee capable.°

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and ATTENDANTS.

CORNWALL

How now, my noble friend! Since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

REGAN

If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, my lord? 90

GLOUCESTER

O madam, my old heart is cracked, it's cracked.

REGAN

What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father named, your Edgar?

GLOUCESTER

O lady, lady, shame would have it hid.

REGAN

Was he not companion with the riotous knights 95
That tended upon my father?

GLOUCESTER

I know not, madam. 'Tis too bad, too bad.

EDMUND

Yes, madam, he was of that consort.°

REGAN

No marvel then, though he were ill affected.°
'Tis they have put° him on the old man's death, 100
To have th' expense and waste° of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well informed of them, and with such cautions
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

CORNWALL

Nor I, assure thee, Regan. 105

30 **In cunning** as a pretense 31 **quit you** acquaint yourself
34 **beget opinion** create the impression 47 **bend aim** 49 **in fine** finally 50 **loathly opposite** bitterly opposed 51 **fell** deadly; **motion** thrust (a term from fencing) 53 **unprovided** unprotected; **latched** wounded (lanced) 54 **best alarumed** wholly aroused 55 **Bold . . . right** confident in the rightness of my cause 56 **gasted** struck aghast 59 **dispatch** i.e., he will be killed 60 **arch** chief 64 **death** the same elliptical form that characterizes “dispatch,” line 59 66 **pight** determined; **curst** angry

67 **discover** expose 68 **unpossessing** beggarly (landless) 69 **reposal** placing 71 **faithed** believed 73 **character** handwriting 74 **suggestion** instigation; **practice** device 75 **make . . . world** think everyone stupid 76 **not thought** did not think 77 **pregnant** teeming with incitement; **potential spirits** powerful evil spirits 78 **fastened** hardened 79 **got** begot 79 **s.d. Tucket** Cornwall's special trumpet call 81 **ports** exits, of whatever sort 85 **natural** (1) kind (filial) (2) illegitimate 86 **capable** able to inherit 98 **consort** company 99 **ill affected** disposed to evil 100 **put** set 101 **expense and waste** squandering

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A childlike° office.

EDMUND It was my duty, sir.

GLOUCESTER

He did bewray his practice,° and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

CORNWALL

Is he pursued?

GLOUCESTER Ay, my good lord.

CORNWALL

If he be taken, he shall never more
Be feared of doing° harm. Make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.° For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience° doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours.
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

EDMUND I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else.

GLOUCESTER For him I thank your grace.

CORNWALL

You know not why we came to visit you?

REGAN

Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night.
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some prize,°
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences,° which° I best thought it fit
To answer from° our home. The several messengers
From hence attend dispatch.° Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom,° and bestow
Your needful° counsel to our businesses,
Which craves the instant use.°

GLOUCESTER I serve you, madam.

Your graces are right welcome. *Exeunt. Flourish.* 130

Scene II. [Before Gloucester's castle.]

Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.

OSWALD Good dawning° to thee, friend. Art of this
house?°

KENT Ay.

OSWALD Where may we set our horses?

KENT I' th' mire.

OSWALD Prithee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

KENT I love thee not.

OSWALD Why then, I care not for thee.

KENT If I had thee in Lipsbury Pinfold,° I would make
thee care for me.

107 **childlike** filial 108 **bewray his practice** disclose his plot
112 **of doing** because he might do 112-13 **Make . . .**
please Use my power freely, in carrying out your plans for his
capture 114 **virtue and obedience** virtuous obedience
121 **prize** importance 124 **differences** quarrels; **which**
referring not to "differences," but to the letter Lear has written
125 **from** away from 126 **attend dispatch** are waiting to be
sent off 127 **Lay . . . bosom** console yourself (about Edgar's
supposed treason) 128 **needful** needed 129 **craves . . .**
use demands immediate transaction

II.ii.1 **dawning** dawn is impending, but not yet arrived 1-2
Art . . . house Do you live here? 9 **Lipsbury Pinfold** a
pound or pen in which strayed animals are enclosed ("Lipsbury"
may denote a particular place, or may be slang for "between
my teeth")

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

KENT Fellow, I know thee.

OSWALD What dost thou know me for?

KENT A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats;° 15
a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited,°
hundred-pound,° filthy worsted-stocking° knave; a
lily-livered, action-taking,° whoreson, glass-gazing,°
superserviceable,° finical° rogue; one-trunk-inheriting°
slave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good 20
service,° and art nothing but the composition° of a
knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of
a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous
whining if thou deniest the least syllable of thy
addition.° 25

OSWALD Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou,
thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor
knows thee!

KENT What a brazen-faced varlet art thou to deny
thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripped up 30
thy heels and beat thee before the king? [*Drawing his*
sword.] Draw, you rogue, for though it be night, yet
the moon shines. I'll make a sop o' th' moonshine° of
you. You whoreson cullionly barbermonger,° draw!

OSWALD Away, I have nothing to do with thee. 35

KENT Draw, you rascal. You come with letters
against the king, and take Vanity the puppet's° part
against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue,
or I'll so carbonado° your shanks. Draw, you rascal.
Come your ways!° 40

OSWALD Help, ho! Murder! Help!

KENT Strike, you slave! Stand, rogue! Stand, you
neat° slave! Strike!

[*Beating him.*]

OSWALD Help, ho! Murder, murder!

Enter EDMUND, with his rapier drawn, CORNWALL,
REGAN, GLOUCESTER, SERVANTS.

EDMUND How now? What's the matter? Part! 45

KENT With you,° goodman boy,° if you please!
Come, I'll flesh° ye, come on, young master.

GLOUCESTER Weapons? Arms? What's the matter
here?

CORNWALL Keep peace, upon your lives. He dies 50
that strikes again. What is the matter?

15 **broken meats** scraps of food 16 **three-suited** the
wardrobe permitted to a servant or "knave" 17 **hundred-**
pound the extent of Oswald's wealth, and thus a sneer at his
aspiring to gentility; **worsted-stocking** worn by servants 18
action-taking one who refuses a fight and goes to law instead;
glass-gazing conceited 19 **superserviceable** sycophantic,
serving without principle; **finical** overfastidious; **one-trunk-**
inheriting possessing only a trunkful of goods 20-21 **bawd**
. . . **service** pimp, to please his master 21 **composition**
compound 25 **addition** titles 33 **sop . . . moonshine** i.e.,
Oswald will admit the moonlight, and so sop it up, through the
open wounds Kent is preparing to give him 34 **cullionly**
barbermonger base patron of hairdressers (effeminate man)
37 **Vanity the puppet's** Goneril, here identified with one of
the personified characters in the morality plays, which were
sometimes put on as puppet shows 39 **carbonado** cut across,
like a piece of meat before cooking 40 **Come your ways**
Get along! 43 **neat** (1) foppish (2) unmixed, as in "neat wine"
46 **With you** i.e., the quarrel is with you; **goodman boy**
young man (peasants are "goodmen"; "boy" is a term of
contempt) 47 **flesh** introduce to blood (term from hunting)

REGAN The messengers from our sister and the king.

CORNWALL What is your difference?° Speak.

OSWALD I am scarce in breath, my lord.

KENT No marvel, you have so bestirred° your valor. 55

You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee.° A tailor made thee.°

CORNWALL Thou art a strange fellow. A tailor make a man?

KENT A tailor, sir. A stonecutter or a painter could 60 not have made him so ill, though they had been but two years o' th' trade.

CORNWALL

Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

OSWALD This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of° his gray beard— 65

KENT Thou whoreson zed,° thou unnecessary letter!

My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted° villain into mortar and daub the wall of a jakes° with him. Spare my gray beard, you wagtail!°

CORNWALL

Peace, sirrah! 70

You beastly° knave, know you no reverence?

KENT

Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege.

CORNWALL

Why art thou angry?

KENT

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these, 75

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords° atwain

Which are too intrince° t' unloose; smooth° every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel,

Being oil to fire, snow to the colder moods;

Renege,° affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks° 80

With every gale and vary° of their masters,

Knowing naught, like dogs, but following.

A plague upon your epileptic° visage!

Smile you° my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum Plain,° 85

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.°

CORNWALL

What, art thou mad, old fellow?

GLOUCESTER

How fell you out? Say that.

KENT

No contraries° hold more antipathy

Than I and such a knave. 90

CORNWALL

Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

KENT

His countenance likes° me not.

CORNWALL

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

KENT

Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:

I have seen better faces in my time 95

Than stands on any shoulder that I see

Before me at this instant.

CORNWALL

This is some fellow

Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect

A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb

Quite from his nature.° He cannot flatter, he; 100

An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth.

And° they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.

These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness

Harbor more craft and more corrupter ends

Than twenty silly-ducking observants° 105

That stretch their duties nicely.°

KENT

Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,

Under th' allowance° of your great aspect,°

Whose influence,° like the wreath of radiant fire

On flick'ring Phoebus' front°—

CORNWALL

What mean'st by this? 110

KENT To go out of my dialect,° which you discom-

mend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer. He° that

beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave,

which, for my part, I will not be, though I should

win your displeasure to entreat me to't.° 115

CORNWALL

What was th' offense you gave him?

OSWALD

I never gave him any.

It pleased the king his master very late°

To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;°

When he, compact,° and flattering his displeasure, 120

Tripped me behind; being down, insulted, railed,

And put upon him such a deal of man°

That worthied him,° got praises of the king

For him attempting who was self-subdued;°

And, in the fleshment° of this dread exploit, 125

Drew on me here again.

53 difference quarrel 55 bestirred exercised 56 nature . . . thee nature renounces any part in you 56-57 A tailor made thee from the proverb "The tailor makes the man" 65 at suit of out of pity for 66 zed the letter Z, generally omitted in contemporary dictionaries 68 unbolted unsifted, i.e., altogether a villain 69 jakes privy; wagtail a bird that bobs its tail up and down, and thus suggests obsequiousness 71 beastly irrational 76 holy cords sacred bonds of affection (as between husbands and wives, parents and children) 77 intrince entangled, intricate; smooth appease 80 Renege deny; halcyon beaks the halcyon or kingfisher serves here as a type of the opportunist because, when hung up by the tail or neck, it was supposed to turn with the wind, like a weathervane 81 gale and vary varying gale (hendiadys) 83 epileptic distorted by grinning 84 Smile you do you smile at 85 Sarum Plain Salisbury Plain 86 Camelot the residence of King Arthur (presumably a particular point, now lost, is intended here) 89 contraries opposites

92 likes pleases 99-100 constrains . . . nature forces the manner of candid speech to be a cloak, not for candor but for craft 102 And if 105 silly-ducking observants ridiculously obsequious attendants 106 nicely punctiliously 108 allowance approval; aspect (1) appearance (2) position of the heavenly bodies 109 influence astrological power 110 Phoebus' front forehead of the sun 111 dialect customary manner of speaking 112 He i.e., the sort of candid-crafty man Cornwall has been describing 114-15 though . . . to't even if I were to succeed in bringing your graceless person ("displeasure" personified, and in lieu of the expected form, "your grace") to beg me to be a plain knave 118 very late recently 119 misconstruction misunderstanding 120 compact in league with the king 122 put . . . man pretended such manly behavior 123 worthied him made him seem heroic 124 For . . . self-subdued for attacking a man (Oswald) who offered no resistance 125 fleshment the blood-thirstiness excited by his first success or "fleshing"

KENT None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.^o

CORNWALL Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn^o ancient knave, you reverent^o braggart,
We'll teach you.

KENT Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your stocks for me, I serve the king, 130
On whose employment I was sent to you.
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person^o of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

CORNWALL Fetch forth the stocks. As I have life and honor, 135
There shall he sit till noon.

REGAN Till noon? Till night, my lord, and all night too.

KENT Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

REGAN Sir, being his knave, I will.

CORNWALL This is a fellow of the selfsame color^o 140
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away^o the stocks.
Stocks brought out.

GLOUCESTER Let me beseech your grace not to do so.
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check^o him for't. Your purposed^o low correction 145
Is such as basest and contemnèd'st^o wretches
For pilf'rings and most common trespasses
Are punished with.
The king his master needs must take it ill
That he, so slightly valued in^o his messenger,
Should have him thus restrained.

CORNWALL I'll answer^o that. 150

REGAN My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.
[KENT is put in the stocks.]
Come, my good lord, away!
[Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER and KENT.]

GLOUCESTER I am sorry for thee, friend. 'Tis the duke's pleasure, 155
Whose disposition^o all the world well knows
Will not be rubbed^o nor stopped. I'll entreat for thee.

KENT Pray do not, sir. I have watched^o and traveled hard.
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.^o 160

126-27 None . . . fool i.e., cowardly rogues like Oswald always impose on fools like Cornwall (who is likened to Ajax: [1] the braggart Greek warrior [2] a jakes or privy) 128 stubborn rude; reverent old 133 grace and person i.e., Lear as sovereign and in his personal character 140 color kind 141 away out 144 check correct; purposed intended 145 contemnèd'st most despised 149 slightly valued in little honored in the person of 150 answer answer for 156 disposition inclination 157 rubbed diverted (metaphor from the game of bowls) 158 watched gone without sleep 160 A . . . heels Even a good man may have bad fortune

Give^o you good morrow.

GLOUCESTER The duke's to blame in this. 'Twill be ill taken.^o *Exit.*

KENT Good king, that must approve^o the common saw,^o
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st 165
To the warm sun.^o
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,^o
That by thy comfortable^o beams I may 170
Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery.^o I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been informed
Of my obscurèd^o course. And shall find time
From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies.^o All weary and o'erwatched,
Take vantage,^o heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging. Fortune, good night; 175
Smile once more, turn thy wheel.^o
Sleeps.

[Scene III. A wood.]

Enter EDGAR.

EDGAR I heard myself proclaimed,
And by the happy^o hollow of a tree
Escaped the hunt. No port is free, no place
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking.^o Whiles I may 'scape, 5
I will preserve myself; and am bethought^o
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast;^o my face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket^o my loins, elf^o all my hairs in knots, 10
And with presented^o nakedness outface^o
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof^o and precedent
Of Bedlam^o beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike^o in their numbed and mortified^o bare arms 15
Pins, wooden pricks,^o nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object^o from low^o farms,
Poor pelting^o villages, sheepcotes, and mills,
Sometimes with lunatic bans,^o sometime with
prayers,

161 Give God give 162 taken received 163 approve confirm; saw proverb 164-65 Thou . . . sun i.e., Lear goes from better to worse, from heaven's blessing or shelter to lack of shelter 166 beacon . . . globe i.e., the sun, whose rising Kent anticipates 167 comfortable comforting 168-69 Nothing . . . misery i.e., True perception belongs only to the wretched 171 obscurèd disguised 171-73 shall . . . remedies a possible reading: Cordelia, away from this monstrous state of things, will find occasion to right the wrongs we suffer 174 vantage advantage (of sleep) 176 turn thy wheel i.e., so that Kent, who is at the bottom, may climb upward II.iii.2 happy lucky 5 attend my taking watch to capture me 6 am bethought have decided 8-9 penury . . . beast poverty, to show how contemptible man is, reduced to the level of a beast 10 Blanket cover only with a blanket; elf tangle (into "elflocks," supposed to be caused by elves) 11 presented the show of; outface brave 13 proof example 14 Bedlam see I.ii.138-39 15 Strike stick; mortified not alive to pain 16 pricks skewers 17 object spectacle; low humble 18 pelting paltry 19 bans curses

Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod, Poor Tom,^o 20
That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.^o *Exit.*

[Scene IV. Before Gloucester's castle. KENT in the stocks.]

Enter LEAR, FOOL, and GENTLEMAN.

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

GENTLEMAN As I learned,
The night before there was no purpose^o in them
Of this remove.^o

KENT Hail to thee, noble master.

LEAR Ha! 5
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?^o

KENT No, my lord.

FOOL Ha, ha, he wears cruel^o garters. Horses are tied
by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by
th' loins, and men by th' legs. When a man's overlusty
at legs,^o then he wears wooden netherstocks.^o 10

LEAR
What's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?

KENT It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

LEAR No.

KENT Yes. 15

LEAR No, I say.

KENT I say yea.

LEAR No, no, they would not.

KENT Yes, they have.

LEAR
By Jupiter, I swear no! 20

KENT
By Juno, I swear ay!

LEAR They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't. 'Tis worse than
murder

To do upon respect^o such violent outrage.
Resolve^o me with all modest^o haste which way
Thou mightst deserve or they impose this usage, 25
Coming from us.

KENT My lord, when at their home
I did commend^o your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that showed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,^o
Stewed^o in his haste, half breathless, panting forth 30
From Goneril his mistress salutations,
Delivered letters, spite of intermission,^o
Which presently^o they read; on^o whose contents

20 **Poor** . . . Tom Edgar recites the names a Bedlam beggar gives himself 21 **That's** . . . am There's a chance for me in that I am no longer known for myself

II.iv.3 **purpose** intention 4 **remove** removal 6 **Mak'st** . . . **pastime** Are you doing this to amuse yourself? 7 **cruel** (1) painful (2) "crewel," a worsted yarn used in garters 9-10 **overlusty at legs** (1) a vagabond (2) sexually promiscuous (?) 10 **netherstocks** stockings (as opposed to knee breeches, or upperstocks) 23 **upon respect** (1) on the respect due to the king (2) deliberately 24 **Resolve** inform; **modest** becoming 27 **commend** deliver 29 **reeking post** sweating messenger 30 **stewed** steaming 32 **spite of intermission** in spite of the interrupting of my business 33 **presently** at once; **on** on the strength of

They summoned up their meiny,^o straight took
horse,
Commanded me to follow and attend 35
The leisure of their answer, gave me cold looks,
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome I perceived had poisoned mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Displayed^o so saucily against your highness, 40
Having more man than wit^o about me, drew;
He raised^o the house, with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth^o
The shame which here it suffers.
FOOL Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that 45
way.^o

Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind,^o
But fathers that bear bags^o
Shall see their children kind. 50
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key^o to th' poor.
But for all this, thou shalt have as many dolors^o for
thy daughters as thou canst tell^o in a year.

LEAR
O, how this mother^o swells up toward my heart! 55
Hysterica passio,^o down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's^o below. Where is this daughter?

KENT
With the earl, sir, here within.

LEAR Follow me not;
Stay here. *Exit.*

GENTLEMAN
Made you no more offense but what you speak of? 60
KENT None.

How chance^o the king comes with so small a number?
FOOL And^o thou hadst been set i' th' stocks for that
question, thou'dst well deserved it.

KENT Why, Fool? 65

FOOL We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee
there's no laboring i' th' winter.^o All that follow their
noses are led by their eyes but blind men, and there's
not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's
stinking.^o Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs 70
down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following. But
the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee
after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give
me mine again. I would have none but knaves follow
it since a fool gives it. 75

34 **meiny** retinue 40 **Displayed** showed off 41 **more** . . . **wit** more manhood than sense 42 **raised** aroused 43 **worth** deserving 45-46 **Winter's** . . . **way** More trouble is to come, since Cornwall and Regan act so ("geese" is used contemptuously, as in Kent's quarrel with Oswald, II.ii.85-86) 48 **blind** i.e., indifferent 49 **bags** moneybags 52 **turns the key** i.e., opens the door 53 **dolors** (1) sorrows (2) dollars (English name for Spanish and German coins) 54 **tell** (1) tell about (2) count 55-56 **mother** . . . **Hysterica passio** hysteria, causing suffocation or choking 57 **element** proper place 62 **How chance** how does it happen that 63 **And if** 66-67 **We'll** . . . **winter** in the popular fable the ant, unlike the improvident grasshopper, anticipates the winter when none can labor by laying up provisions in the summer; Lear, trusting foolishly to summer days, finds himself unprovided for, and unable to provide, now that "winter" has come 67-70 **All** . . . **stinking** i.e., all can smell out the decay of Lear's fortunes

That sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,^o
Will pack,^o when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the Fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly.
The knave turns Fool that runs away,
The Fool no knave,^o perdy.^o

KENT Where learned you this, Fool?

FOOL Not i' th' stocks, fool.

Enter LEAR and GLOUCESTER.

LEAR

Deny^o to speak with me? They are sick, they are weary,

They have traveled all the night? Mere fetches,^o

The images^o of revolt and flying off!^o

Fetch me a better answer.

GLOUCESTER

My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality^o of the duke,
How unremovable and fixed he is
In his own course.

LEAR

Vengeance, plague, death, confusion!

Fiery? What quality? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester,

I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

GLOUCESTER

Well, my good lord, I have informed them so.

LEAR

Informed them? Dost thou understand me, man?

GLOUCESTER

Ay, my good lord.

LEAR

The king would speak with Cornwall. The dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands—tends^o—
service.

Are they informed of this? My breath and blood!

Fiery? The fiery duke, tell the hot duke that—

No, but not yet. May be he is not well.

Infirmity doth still neglect all office

Whereto our health is bound.^o We are not ourselves

When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind

To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;

And am fallen out^o with my more headier will^o

To take the indisposed and sickly fit

For the sound man. [*Looking on KENT.*] Death on my
state!^o Wherefore

Should he sit here? This act persuades me

That this remotion^o of the duke and her

Is practice^o only. Give me my servant forth.^o

Go tell the duke and's wife I'd speak with them!

Now, presently!^o Bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum

Till it cry sleep to death^o

GLOUCESTER

I would have all well betwixt you.

Exit.

LEAR

O me, my heart, my rising heart! But down!

FOOL Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney^o did to the
eels when she put 'em i' th' paste^o alive. She knapped^o
'em o' th' coxcombs^o with a stick and cried, "Down,
wantons,^o down!" 'Twas her brother that, in pure
kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.^o

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, SER-
VANTS.*

LEAR

Good morrow to you both.

CORNWALL

Hail to your grace.

KENT *here set at liberty.*

REGAN

I am glad to see your highness.

LEAR

Regan, I think you are. I know what reason

I have to think so. If thou shouldst not be glad,

I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,

Sepulchring an adultress.^o [*To KENT.*] O, are you free?

Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,

Thy sister's naught.^o O Regan, she hath tied

Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here.

[*Points to his heart.*]

I can scarce speak to thee. Thou'lt not believe

With how depraved a quality^o—O Regan!

REGAN

I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope

You less know how to value her desert

Than she to scant her duty.^o

LEAR

Say? how is that?

REGAN

I cannot think my sister in the least

Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance

She have restrained the riots of your followers,

'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,

As clears her from all blame.

LEAR

My curses on her!

REGAN

O, sir, you are old,

Nature in you stands on the very verge

Of his confine.^o You should be ruled, and led

116 cry . . . death follow sleep, like a cry or pack
of hounds, until it kills it 119 cockney Londoner
(ignorant city dweller) 120 paste pastry pie; knapped
rapped 121 coxcombs heads 122 wantons i.e., playful
things (with a sexual implication) 123 buttered his
hay i.e., the city dweller does from ignorance what the
dishonest ostler does from craft: greases the hay the
traveler has paid for, so that the horse will not eat 128-29
divorce . . . adultress i.e., repudiate your dead mother as
having conceived you by another man 131 naught wicked
134 quality nature 135-37 I have . . . duty despite the
double negative, the passage means, "I believe that you fail to
give Goneril her due, rather than that she fails to fulfill her duty"
144-45 Nature . . . confine i.e., you are nearing the end of
your life

77 form show 78 pack be off 82-83 The . . . knave i.e.,
the faithless man is the true fool, for wisdom requires fidelity;
Lear's Fool, who remains faithful, is at least no knave 83 perdy
by God (French *par Dieu*) 86 Deny refuse 87 fetches subter-
fuges, acts of tacking (nautical metaphor) 88 images exact
likenesses; flying off desertion 90 quality temperament
99 tends attends (i.e., awaits); with, possibly, an ironic
second meaning, "tenders," or "offers" 104 Whereto . . .
bound duties which we are required to perform, when in
health 107 fallen out angry; headier will headlong inclina-
tion 109 state royal condition 111 remotion (1) removal
(2) remaining aloof 112 practice pretense; forth i.e., out of
the stocks 114 presently at once

By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself.° Therefore I pray you
That to our sister you do make return,
Say you have wronged her.

LEAR Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:°
“Dear daughter, I confess that I am old.

[*Kneeling.*]

Age is unnecessary. On my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.”

REGAN

Good sir, no more. These are unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.

LEAR

[*Rising.*] Never, Regan.

She hath abated° me of half my train,
Looked black upon me, struck me with her tongue,
Most serpentlike, upon the very heart.
All the stored vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top!° Strike her young bones,°
You taking° airs, with lameness.

CORNWALL

Fie, sir, fie!

LEAR

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-sucked° fogs, drawn by the pow'rful sun,
To fall and blister° her pride.

REGAN

O the blest gods!

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

LEAR

No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse.
Thy tender-hefted° nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce, but
thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy° hasty words, to scant my sizes,°
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt°
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,°
Effects° of courtesy, dues of gratitude.
Thy half o' th' kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed.

REGAN

Good sir, to th' purpose.°

Tucket within.

LEAR

Who put my man i' th' stocks?

CORNWALL

What trumpet's that?

REGAN

I know't—my sister's. This approves° her letter,

180

That she would soon be here.

Enter OSWALD.

Is your lady come?

LEAR

This is a slave, whose easy borrowed° pride
Dwells in the fickle grace° of her he follows.
Out, varlet,° from my sight.

CORNWALL

What means your grace?

LEAR

Who stocked my servant? Regan, I have good hope 185
Thou didst not know on't.

Enter GONERIL.

Who comes here? O heavens!

155

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow° obedience, if you yourselves are old,
Make it° your cause. Send down, and take my part.

[*To GONERIL.*]

160

Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?
O Regan, will you take her by the hand?

190

GONERIL

Why not by th' hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offense that indiscretion finds°
And dotage terms so.

LEAR

O sides,° you are too tough!

Will you yet hold? How came my man i' th' stocks? 195

CORNWALL

I set him there, sir; but his own disorders°
Deserved much less advancement.°

LEAR

You? Did you?

REGAN

I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.°
If till the expiration of your month
You will return and sojourn with my sister, 200
Dismissing half your train, come then to me.
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.°

LEAR

Return to her, and fifty men dismissed?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose 205
To wage° against the enmity o' th' air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch.° Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded° France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought 210
To knee° his throne, and, squirelike,° pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter°
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at OSWALD.*]

GONERIL

At your choice, sir.

LEAR

I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad. 215
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.

146-47 **some** . . . **yourself** some discreet person who understands your condition more than you do 150 **becomes the house** suits my royal and paternal position 156 **abated** curtailed 160 **top** head; **young bones** the reference may be to unborn children, rather than to Goneril herself 161 **taking** infecting 164 **fen-sucked** drawn up from swamps by the sun 165 **fall and blister** fall upon and raise blisters 168 **tender-hefted** gently framed 172 **bandy** volley (metaphor from tennis); **scant my sizes** reduce my allowances 173 **oppose the bolt** bar the door 175 **offices** . . . **childhood** natural duties, a child's duty to its parent 176 **Effects** manifestations 178 **to th' purpose** come to the point 180 **approves** confirms

182 **easy borrowed** (1) facile and taken from another (2) acquired without anything to back it up (like money borrowed without security) 183 **grace** favor 184 **varlet** base fellow 188 **Allow** approve of 189 **it** my cause 193 **finds** judges 194 **sides** breast 196 **disorders** misconduct 197 **advancement** promotion 198 **seem so** act weak 203 **entertainment** maintenance 206 **wage** fight 208 **Necessity's sharp pinch** a summing up of the hard choice he has just announced 209 **hot-blooded** passionate 211 **knee** kneel before; **squirelike** like a retainer 213 **sumpter** pack horse

We'll no more meet, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, or embossèd carbuncle°
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it.
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer° shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging° Jove.
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leisure,
I can be patient, I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

REGAN Not altogether so.
I looked not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister,
For those that mingle reason with your passion°
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

LEAR Is this well spoken?

REGAN
I dare avouch° it, sir. What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that° both charge° and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold° amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

GONERIL
Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

REGAN
Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack° ye,
We could control them. If you will come to me
(For now I spy a danger), I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty. To no more
Will I give place or notice.°

LEAR
I gave you all.

REGAN And in good time you gave it.

LEAR
Made you my guardians, my depositaries,°
But kept a reservation° to be followed
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty? Regan, said you so?

REGAN
And speak't again, my lord. No more with me.

LEAR
Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favored°
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise.° [To GONERIL.] I'll go
with thee.

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.°

GONERIL Hear me, my lord.
What need you five-and-twenty? ten? or five?

To follow° in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

REGAN What need one? 260

220 LEAR
O reason° not the need! Our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.°

225 Allow not nature more than nature needs,°
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady:
If only to go warm were gorgeous, 265

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.° But, for true need—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need.
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both. 270

230 If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool° me not so much
To bear° it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnatural hags! 275
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep.
No, I'll not weep. 280

Storm and tempest.

240 I have full cause of weeping, but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws°
Or ere° I'll weep. O Fool, I shall go mad!

Exeunt LEAR, GLOUCESTER, KENT, and FOOL.

CORNWALL
Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

REGAN
245 This house is little; the old man and's people
Cannot be well bestowed.° 285

GONERIL
'Tis his own blame; hath° put himself from rest°
And must needs taste his folly.

REGAN
For his particular,° I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

250 GONERIL So am I purposed.° 290
Where is my Lord of Gloucester?

CORNWALL
Followed the old man forth.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

He is returned.

GLOUCESTER
255 The king is in high rage.

CORNWALL Whither is he going?

GLOUCESTER
He calls to horse, but will I know not whither.

259 follow attend on you 261 reason scrutinize
262 Are . . . superfluous have some trifle not absolutely
necessary 263 needs i.e., to sustain life 265-67 If . . .
warm If to satisfy the need for warmth were to be gorgeous,
you would not need the clothing you wear, which is worn
more for beauty than warmth 272 fool humiliate 273 To
bear as to make me bear 282 flaws (1) pieces (2) cracks (3)
gusts of passion 283 Or ere before 286 bestowed lodged
287 hath he hath; rest (1) place of residence (2) repose of mind
289 his particular himself personally 290 purposed deter-
mined

221 embossèd carbuncle swollen boil 224 Thunder-
bearer Jupiter 225 high-judging (1) supreme (2) judging
from heaven 231 mingle . . . passion i.e., consider
your turbulent behavior coolly and reasonably 234 avouch
swear by 236 sith that since; charge expense 239
Hold preserve 242 slack neglect 246 notice recognition
248 depositaries trustees 249 reservation condition 253
well-favored handsome 254-55 not . . . praise i.e., that
Goneril is not so bad as Regan is one thing in her favor 257
her love i.e., as loving as she

CORNWALL

'Tis best to give him way, he leads himself.° 295

GONERIL

My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

GLOUCESTER

Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds
Do sorely ruffle.° For many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

REGAN

O, sir, to willful men

The injuries that they themselves procure 300
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors.
He is attended with a desperate train,
And what they may incense° him to, being apt
To have his ear abused,° wisdom bids fear.

CORNWALL

Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night. 305
My Regan counsels well. Come out o' th' storm.*Exeunt.*

A C T I I I

Scene I. [*A heath.*]*Storm still.° Enter KENT and a GENTLEMAN severally.*

KENT

Who's there besides foul weather?

GENTLEMAN

One minded like the weather most unquietly.°

KENT

I know you. Where's the king?

GENTLEMAN

Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea, 5
Or swell the curlèd waters 'bove the main,°
That things might change° or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless° rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man° to outscorn 10
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn° bear would
couch,°The lion, and the belly-pinched° wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted° he runs,
And bids what will take all.°

KENT

But who is with him? 15

GENTLEMAN

None but the Fool, who labors to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.

KENT

Sir, I do know you,

And dare upon the warrant of my note°

295 **give** . . . **himself** let him go; he insists on his own way 298 **ruffle** rage 303 **incense** incite 303-04 **being** . . . **abused** he being inclined to harken to bad counsel III.i.s.d. still continually 2 **minded** . . . **unquietly** disturbed in mind, like the weather 6 **main** land 7 **change** (1) be destroyed (2) be exchanged (i.e., turned upside down) (3) change for the better 8 **eyeless** (1) blind (2) invisible 10 **little** . . . **man** the microcosm, as opposed to the universe or macrocosm, which it copies in little 12 **cub-drawn** sucked dry by her cubs, and so ravenously hungry; **couch** take shelter in its lair 13 **belly-pinched** starved 14 **unbonneted** hatless 15 **take all** like the reckless gambler, staking all he has left 18 **warrant** . . . **note** strength of what I have taken note (of you)

Commend a dear thing° to you. There is division, 20
Although as yet the face of it is covered
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have—as who have not, that° their great stars
Throned° and set high?—servants, who seem no less,°
Which are to France the spies and speculations 25
Intelligent° of our state. What hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings° of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them hath borne°
Against the old kind king, or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings°— 30
But, true it is, from France there comes a power°
Into this scattered° kingdom, who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point°
To show their open banner. Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build° so far 35
To° make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making° just° report
Of how unnatural and bemadding° sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.°
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,° 40
And from some knowledge and assurance° offer
This office° to you.

GENTLEMAN

I will talk further with you.

KENT

No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more 45
Than my out-wall,° open this purse and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
As fear not but you shall, show her this ring,
And she will tell you who that fellow° is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king. 50

GENTLEMAN

Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?

KENT

Few words, but, to effect,° more than all yet:
That when we have found the king—in which your
pain°
That way, I'll this—he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. *Exeunt [severally].* 55

Scene II. [*Another part of the heath.*]*Storm still. Enter LEAR and FOOL.*

LEAR

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks. Rage, blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes,° spout

19 **Commend** . . . **thing** entrust important business
22 **that** whom 22-23 **stars** **Throned** destinies have throned
23 **seem no less** seem to be so 24-25 **speculations** **Intelli-**
gent giving intelligence 26 **snuffs and packings** quarrels
and plots 27 **hard** . . . **borne** close and cruel control they
have exercised 29 **furnishings** excuses 30 **power** army
31 **scattered** disunited 33 **at point** ready 35 **If** . . . **build**
if you can trust me, proceed 36 **To** as to 37 **making** for
making; **just** accurate 38 **bemadding** maddening 39 **plain**
complain of 40 **blood and breeding** noble family
41 **knowledge and assurance** sure and trustworthy informa-
tion 42 **office** service (i.e., the trip to Dover) 45 **out-wall**
superficial appearance 48 **fellow** companion 52 **to effect**
in their importance 53 **pain** labor
III.ii.2 **hurricanoes** waterspouts

Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks.°

You sulph'rous and thought-executing° fires,
Vaunt-couriers° of oak-cleaving thunderbolts, 5
Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity° o' th' world,
Crack Nature's molds,° all germains spill° at once,
That makes ingrateful° man.

FOOL O nuncle, court holy-water° in a dry house is 10
better than this rain water out o' door. Good nuncle,
in; ask thy daughters blessing. Here's a night pities
neither wise man nor fools.

LEAR

Rumble thy bellyful. Spit, fire. Spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters. 15
I tax° not you, you elements, with unkindness.
I never gave you kingdom, called you children,
You owe me no subscription.° Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure.° Here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man. 20
But yet I call you servile ministers,°
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high-engendered battles° 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foul.

FOOL He that has a house to put's head in has a good 25
headpiece.°

The codpiece° that will house
Before the head as any,
The head and he° shall louse:
So beggars marry many.° 30
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.°

For there was never yet fair woman but she made 35
mouths in a glass.°

Enter KENT.

LEAR

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

KENT Who's there?

FOOL Marry,° here's grace and a codpiece; that's a 40
wise man and a fool.°

KENT

Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love night
Love not such nights as these. The wrathful skies
Gallow° the very wanderers of the dark
And make them keep° their caves. Since I was man, 45
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid° thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry°
Th' affliction nor the fear.

LEAR

Let the great gods
That keep this dreadful pudder° o'er our heads 50
Find out their enemies now.° Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipped of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou perjured,° and thou simular° of virtue
That art incestuous. Caitiff,° to pieces shake, 55
That under covert and convenient seeming°
Has practiced on° man's life. Close° pent-up guilts,
Rive° your concealing continents° and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.° I am a man
More sinned against than sinning.

KENT

Alack, bareheaded? 60
Gracious my lord,° hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.
Repose you there, while I to this hard house
(More harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised,
Which even but now, demanding after° you, 65
Denied me to come in) return, and force
Their scanted° courtesy.

LEAR

My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art° of our necessities is strange, 70
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor Fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

FOOL [Singing.]

He that has and a little tiny wit,
With heigh-ho, the wind and the rain, 75
Must make content with his fortunes fit,°
Though the rain it raineth every day.

LEAR True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this
hovel. Exit, [with KENT].

FOOL This is a brave° night to cool a courtesan. I'll 80
speak a prophecy ere I go:

40 Marry a mild oath, from "By the Virgin Mary"
40-41 here's . . . fool Kent's question is answered: the
king ("grace") is here, as well as the Fool—who custom-
arily wears an exaggerated codpiece; but which is
left ambiguous, since Lear has previously been called a
codpiece 44 Gallow frighten 45 keep remain inside 46
horrid horrible 48 carry endure 50 pudder turmoil 51
Find . . . now i.e., discover sinners by the terror they reveal
54 perjured perjurer; simular counterfeiter 55 Caitiff
wretch 56 seeming hypocrisy 57 practiced on plotted
against; Close hidden 58 Rive split open; continents
containers 58-59 cry . . . grace beg mercy from the venge-
ful gods (here figured as officers who summoned a man charged
with immorality before the ecclesiastical court) 61 Gracious
my lord my gracious lord 65 demanding after asking for
67 scanted stinted 70 art magic powers of the alchemists,
who sought to transmute base metals into precious 76 Must
. . . fit must be satisfied with a fortune as tiny as his wit 80
brave fine

3 cocks weathercocks 4 thought-executing (1) doing
execution as quick as thought (2) executing or carry-
ing out the thought of him who hurls the lightning
5 Vaunt-couriers heralds, scouts who range before the
main body of the army 7 rotundity i.e., not only the
sphere of the globe, but the roundness of gestation (Delius)
8 Nature's molds the molds or forms in which men are made;
all germains spill destroy the basic seeds of life 9 ingrateful
ungrateful 10 court holy-water flattery 16 tax accuse
18 subscription allegiance, submission 19 pleasure will
21 ministers agents 23 high-engendered battles armies
formed in the heavens 26 headpiece (1) helmet (2) brain
27 codpiece penis (literally, padding worn at the crotch of a
man's hose) 29 he it 30 many i.e., lice 27-30 The . . .
many The man who gratifies his sexual appetites before he
has a roof over his head will end up a lousy beggar
31-34 The . . . wake The man who, ignoring the fit order of
things, elevates what is base above what is noble, will suffer for
it as Lear has, in banishing Cordelia and enriching her sisters
35-36 made . . . glass posed before a mirror (irrelevant
nonsense, except that it calls to mind the general theme of
vanity and folly)

When priests are more in word than matter;
 When brewers mar their malt with water;
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors,
 No heretics burned, but wenches' suitors;° 85
 When every case in law is right,
 No squire in debt nor no poor knight;
 When slanders do not live in tongues;
 Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
 When usurers tell their gold i' th' field,° 90
 And bawds and whores do churches build,°
 Then shall the realm of Albion°
 Come to great confusion.
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That going shall be used with feet.° 95
 This prophecy Merlin° shall make, for I live before
 his time. *Exit.*

Scene III. [*Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter GLOUCESTER and EDMUND.

GLOUCESTER Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity° him, they took from me the use of mine own house, charged me on pain of perpetual displeasure neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or s any way sustain° him.

EDMUND Most savage and unnatural.

GLOUCESTER Go to; say you nothing. There is division° between the dukes, and a worse° matter than that. I have received a letter this night—'tis dangerous 10 to be spoken°—I have locked the letter in my closet.° These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home;° there is part of a power° already footed;° we must incline to° the king. I will look° him and privily° relieve him. Go you and maintain talk with the duke, 15 that my charity be not of° him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is strange things toward,° Edmund; pray you be careful. *Exit.* 20

EDMUND

This courtesy forbid° thee shall the duke
 Instantly know, and of that letter too.
 This seems a fair deserving,° and must draw me

82-85 **When** . . . **suitors** the first four prophecies are fulfilled already, and hence "confusion" has come to England: the priest does not suit his action to his words; the brewer adulterates his beer; the nobleman is subservient to his tailor (i.e., cares only for fashion); religious heretics escape, and only those burn (i.e., suffer) who are afflicted with venereal disease 90 **tell** . . . **field** count their money in the open 86-91 **When** . . . **build** the last six prophecies, as they are Utopian, are meant ironically; they will never be fulfilled 92 **Albion** England 95 **going** . . . **feet** people will walk on their feet 96 **Merlin** King Arthur's great magician who, according to Holinshed's *Chronicles*, lived later than Lear

III.iii.3 **pity** show pity to 6 **sustain** care for 9 **division** falling out; **worse** more serious (i.e., the French invasion) 11 **spoken** spoken of; **closet** room 13 **home** to the utmost; **power** army; **footed** landed 14 **incline** to take the side of; **look** search for; **privily** secretly 16 **of** by 19 **toward** impending 21 **courtesy** forbid kindness forbidden (i.e., to Lear) 23 **fair** **deserving** an action deserving reward

That which my father loses—no less than all.
 The younger rises when the old doth fall. *Exit.* 25

Scene IV. [*The heath. Before a hovel.*]

Enter LEAR, KENT, and FOOL.

KENT

Here is the place, my lord. Good my lord, enter.
 The tyranny of the open night's too rough
 For nature to endure. *Storm still.*

LEAR

Let me alone.

KENT

Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR

Wilt break my heart?°

KENT

I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter. 5

LEAR

Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
 Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;

But where the greater malady is fixed,°

The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;

But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea, 10

Thou'dst meet the bear i' th' mouth.° When the
 mind's free,°

The body's delicate. The tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else,

Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude,

Is it not as° this mouth should tear this hand 15

For lifting food to't? But I will punish home.°

No, I will weep no more. In such a night

To shut me out! Pour on, I will endure.

In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril,

Your old kind father, whose frank° heart gave all— 20

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that.

No more of that.

KENT

Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR

Prithee go in thyself; seek thine own ease.

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder

On things would hurt me more, but I'll go in. 25

[*To the FOOL.*]

In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty°—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

Exit [FOOL].

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,

That bide° the pelting of this pitiless storm,

How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides, 30

Your looped and windowed° raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en

Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;°

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,

That thou mayst shake the superflux° to them, 35

And show the heavens more just.

III.iv.4 **break my heart** i.e., by shutting out the storm which distracts me from thinking 8 **fixed** lodged (in the mind) 11 **i' th' mouth** in the teeth; **free** i.e., from care 15 **as as if** 16 **home** to the utmost 20 **frank** liberal (magnanimous) 26 **houseless poverty** the unsheltered poor, abstracted 29 **bide** endure 31 **looped and windowed** full of holes 33 **Take physic, pomp** Take medicine to cure yourselves, you great men 35 **superflux** superfluity

EDGAR [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half!^o
Poor Tom!

Enter FOOL.

FOOL Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help
me, help me!

KENT

Give me thy hand. Who's there?

FOOL A spirit, a spirit. He says his name's Poor Tom.

KENT

What art thou that dost grumble there i' th' straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR [*disguised as a madman*].

EDGAR Away! the foul fiend follows me. Through the
sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.^o Humh! Go to
thy cold bed, and warm thee.^o

LEAR Didst thou give all to thy daughters? And art
thou come to this?

EDGAR Who gives anything to Poor Tom? Whom
the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame,
through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire;
that hath laid knives under his pillow and halters in
his pew,^o set ratsbane^o by his porridge,^o made him
proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over
four-inched bridges,^o to course^o his own shadow for^o a
traitor. Bless thy five wits,^o Tom's a-cold. O, do, de,
do, de, do, de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-
blasting,^o and taking.^o Do Poor Tom some charity,
whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him
now—and there—and there again—and there.

Storm still.

LEAR

What, has his daughters brought him to this pass?^o
Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give 'em
all?

FOOL Nay, he reserved a blanket,^o else we had been
all shamed.

LEAR

Now all the plagues that in the pendulous^o air
Hang fated o'er^o men's faults light on thy daughters!

KENT

He hath no daughters, sir.

LEAR

Death, traitor; nothing could have subdued^o nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.

Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on^o their flesh?
Judicious punishment—'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican^o daughters.

37 Fathom and half Edgar, because of the downpour, pretends to take soundings **45–46 Through . . . wind** a line from the ballad of "The Friar of Orders Gray" **46–47 Go . . . thee** a reminiscence of *The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, lines 9–10, which themselves are an echo of a line in Thomas Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy* **53–54 knives . . . halters . . . ratsbane** the fiend tempts Poor Tom to suicide **54 pew** gallery or balcony outside a window; **porridge** broth **55–56 ride . . . bridges** i.e., risk his life **56 course** chase; **for** as **57 five wits** common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory **58–59 star-blasting** the evil caused by malignant stars **59 taking** pernicious influences **62 pass** wretched condition **64 blanket** i.e., to cover his nakedness **66 pendulous** overhanging **67 fated o'er** destined to punish **69 subdued** reduced **72 on** i.e., shown to **74 pelican** supposed to feed on its parent's blood

EDGAR Pillicock sat on Pillicock Hill.^o Alow, alow, 75
loo, loo!^o

FOOL This cold night will turn us all to fools and
madmen.

EDGAR Take heed o' th' foul fiend; obey thy parents;
keep thy word's justice;^o swear not; commit not^o 80
with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on
proud array. Tom's a-cold.

LEAR What hast thou been?

EDGAR A servingman, proud in heart and mind; that
curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap;^o served the 85
lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness
with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and
broke them in the sweet face of heaven. One that slept
in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine
loved I deeply, dice dearly; and in woman out- 90
paramoured the Turk.^o False of heart, light of ear,^o
bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in
greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey.^o Let not the
creaking^o of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy
poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, 95
thy hand out of plackets,^o thy pen from lenders' books,^o
and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn
blows the cold wind; says suum, mun, nonny.^o
Dolphin^o my boy, boy, sessa!^o let him trot by.

Storm still.

LEAR Thou wert better in a grave than to answer^o 100
with thy uncovered body this extremity^o of the skies.
Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou
ow'st^o the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep
no wool, the cat^o no perfume. Ha! here's three on's^o
are sophisticated.^o Thou art the thing itself; unaccom- 105
modated^o man is no more but such a poor, bare,
forked^o animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings!^o
Come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

FOOL Prithee, nuncle, be contented, 'tis a naughty^o
night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild^o field 110
were like an old lecher's heart—a small spark, all the
rest on's^o body, cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Enter GLOUCESTER *with a torch.*

75 Pillicock . . . Hill probably quoted from a nursery rhyme, and suggested by "pelican"; "pillicock" is a term of endearment and the phallus **75–76 Alow . . . loo** a hunting call, or the refrain of the song (?) **80 keep . . . justice** i.e., do not break thy word; **commit not** i.e., adultery **85 gloves . . . cap** i.e., as a pledge from his mistress **90–91 out-paramoured the Turk** had more concubines than the sultan **91 light of ear** ready to hear flattery and slander **93 prey** preying **94 creaking** deliberately cultivated, as fashionable **96 plackets** opening in skirts; **pen . . . books** i.e., do not enter your name in the moneylender's account book **98 suum, mun, nonny** the noise of the wind **99 Dolphin** the French dauphin (identified by the English with the devil; Poor Tom is presumably quoting from a ballad); **sessa** an interjection: "Go on!" **100 answer** confront, bear the brunt of **101 extremity** extreme severity **103 ow'st** have taken from **104 cat** civet cat, whose glands yield perfume; **on's** of us **105 sophisticated** adulterated, made artificial **105–06 unaccommodated** uncivilized **107 forked** i.e., two-legged; **lendings** borrowed garments **109 naughty** wicked **110 wild** barren **112 on's** of his

EDGAR This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet.^o He begins at curfew,^o and walks till the first cock.^o He gives the web and the pin,^o squints^o the eye, and makes 115 the harelip; mildews the white^o wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old;^o

He met the nightmare,^o and her nine fold;^o

Bid her alight^o

And her troth plight,^o

And aroint^o thee, witch, aroint thee!

KENT

How fares your grace?

LEAR What's he?

KENT

Who's there? What is't you seek?

GLOUCESTER

What are you there? Your names?

EDGAR Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the todpole, the wall-newt and the water;^o that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets,^o swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog,^o drinks the green mantle^o of the standing^o pool; who is whipped from tithing^o to tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, 130

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear,

But mice and rats, and such small deer,^o

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.^o

Beware my follower!^o Peace, Smulkin,^o peace, thou fiend!

GLOUCESTER

What, hath your grace no better company?

EDGAR

The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman.

Modo^o he's called, and Mahu.^o

GLOUCESTER

Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile

That it doth hate what gets^o it.

EDGAR Poor Tom's a-cold.

GLOUCESTER

Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer^o

T' obey in all your daughters' hard commands.

Though their injunction be to bar my doors

And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,

Yet have I ventured to come seek you out

And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

LEAR

First let me talk with this philosopher.

What is the cause of thunder?

KENT

Good my lord, take his offer; go into th' house.

LEAR

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.^o 155

What is your study?^o

EDGAR

How to prevent^o the fiend, and to kill vermin.

120 LEAR

Let me ask you one word in private.

KENT

Importune him once more to go, my lord.

His wits begin t' unsettle.

GLOUCESTER

Canst thou blame him? 160

Storm still.

125

His daughters seek his death. Ah, that good Kent,

He said it would be thus, poor banished man!

Thou say'st the king grows mad—I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself. I had a son,

Now outlawed from my blood;^o he sought my life 165

But lately, very late.^o I loved him, friend,

No father his son dearer. True to tell thee,

The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this!

I do beseech your grace—

LEAR

O, cry you mercy,^o sir.

Noble philosopher, your company.

170

EDGAR Tom's a-cold.

GLOUCESTER

In, fellow, there, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

LEAR

Come, let's in all.

KENT

This way, my lord.

LEAR

With him!

I will keep still with my philosopher.

KENT

Good my lord, soothe^o him; let him take the fellow. 175

GLOUCESTER

Take him you on.^o

145

KENT

Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

LEAR

Come, good Athenian.^o

GLOUCESTER

No words, no words! Hush.

150

EDGAR

Child Rowland to the dark tower came;^o 180

His word was still,^o "Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man."^o

Exeunt.

Scene V. [Gloucester's castle.]

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

CORNWALL I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

155 **Theban** i.e., Greek philosopher 156 **study** particular scientific study 157 **prevent** balk 165 **outlawed** . . . **blood** disowned and tainted, like a carbuncle in the corrupted blood 166 **late** recently 169 **cry you mercy** I beg your pardon 175 **soothe** humor 176 **you on** with you 178 **Athenian** i.e., philosopher (like "Theban"). 180 **Child** . . . **came** from a lost ballad (?); "child" = a candidate for knighthood; "Rowland" was Charlemagne's nephew, the hero of *The Song of Roland* 181 **His** . . . **still** his motto was always 181–82 **Fie** . . . **man** a deliberately absurd linking of the chivalric hero with the nursery tale of Jack the Giant-Killer

113 **Flibbertigibbet** a figure from Elizabethan demonology 114 **curfew** 9 P.M.; **first cock** midnight 115 **web** . . . **pin** cataract; **squints** crosses 116 **white** ripening 118 **Swithold** . . . **old** Withold (an Anglo-Saxon saint who subdued demons) walked three times across the open country 119 **nightmare** demon; **fold** offspring 120 **alight** i.e., from the horse she had possessed 121 **her troth plight** pledge her word 122 **aroint** be gone 128 **todpole** . . . **water** tadpole, wall lizard, water newt 130 **sallets** salads 131 **ditch-dog** dead dog in a ditch; **mantle** scum; **standing** stagnant 132 **tithing** a district comprising ten families 136–37 **But** . . . **year** adapted from a popular romance, "Bevis of Hampton" 136 **deer** game 138 **follower** familiar 138–42 **Smulkin** . . . **Modo** . . . **Mahu** Elizabethan devils, from Samuel Harsnett's *Declaration* of 1603 144 **gets** begets 146 **suffer** permit me

EDMUND How, my lord, I may be censured,^o that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears^o me to think of.

CORNWALL I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.^o

EDMUND How malicious is my fortune that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves^o him an intelligent party^o to the advantages^o of France. O heavens, that his treason were not! or not I the detector!

CORNWALL Go with me to the duchess.

EDMUND If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

CORNWALL True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.^o

EDMUND [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting^o the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere^o in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.^o

CORNWALL I will lay trust upon^o thee, and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. *Exeunt.*

Scene VI. [*A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle.*]

Enter KENT and GLOUCESTER.

GLOUCESTER Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can. I will not be long from you.

KENT All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience.^o The gods reward your kindness. *Exit [GLOUCESTER].*

Enter LEAR, EDGAR, and FOOL.

EDGAR Frateretto^o calls me, and tells me Nero^o is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent,^o and beware the foul fiend.

FOOL Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman.^o

LEAR A king, a king.

FOOL No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

LEAR To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing^o in upon 'em—

EDGAR The foul fiend bites my back.

FOOL He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

LEAR

It shall be done; I will arraign^o them straight.^o

[*To EDGAR.*]

Come, sit thou here, most learned justice.^o

[*To the FOOL.*]

Thou, sapient^o sir, sit here. Now, you she-foxes—

EDGAR Look, where he^o stands and glares. Want'st thou eyes at trial, madam?^o

Come o'er the bourn,^o Bessy, to me.

FOOL

Her boat hath a leak,

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.^o

EDGAR The foul fiend haunts Poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale.^o Hoppedance^o cries in Tom's belly for two white herring.^o Croak^o not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

KENT

How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed.^o

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

LEAR

I'll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence.^o

[*To EDGAR.*]

Thou, robèd man of justice, take thy place.

[*To the FOOL.*]

And thou, his yokefellow of equity,^o

Bench^o by his side. [*To KENT.*] You are o' th' commission;^o

Sit you too.

EDGAR Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;^o

And for one blast of thy minikin^o mouth

Thy sheep shall take no harm.^o

Purr, the cat is gray.^o

LEAR Arraign her first. 'Tis Goneril, I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

FOOL Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

LEAR She cannot deny it.

20 arraign bring to trial; straight straightaway 21 justice justicer, judge 22 sapient wise 23 he i.e., a fiend 23-24 Want'st . . . madam (to Goneril) i.e., Do you want eyes to look at you during your trial? The fiend serves that purpose 25 bourn brook (Edgar quotes from a popular ballad) 26-28 Her . . . thee the Fool parodies the ballad 30 nightingale i.e., the Fool's singing; Hoppedance Hoberdidance (another devil from Harsnett's *Declaration*) 31 white herring unsmoked (as against the black and sulfurous devil?); Croak rumble (because his belly is empty) 33 amazed astonished 35 evidence the evidence of witnesses against them 37 yokefellow of equity partner in justice 38 Bench sit on the bench; commission those commissioned as king's justices 41-44 Sleepest . . . harm probably quoted or adapted from an Elizabethan song 42 corn wheat 43 minikin shrill 45 gray devils were thought to assume the shape of a gray cat

III.v.3 censured judged 4 something fears somewhat frightens 8-9 a provoking . . . himself a stimulating goodness in Edgar, brought into play by a blamable badness in Gloucester 12 approves proves; intelligent party (1) spy (2) well-informed person 12-13 to the advantages on behalf of 20 apprehension arrest 21 comforting supporting (a legalism) 22 persevere persevere 24 blood natural feelings 25 lay trust upon (1) trust (2) advance

III.vi.5 impatience raging 6 Frateretto Elizabethan devil, from Harsnett's *Declaration*; Nero who is mentioned by Harsnett, and whose angling is reported by Chaucer in "The Monk's Tale" 7 innocent fool 10 yeoman farmer (just below a gentleman in rank; the Fool asks what class of man has most indulged his children, and thus been driven mad) 16 hissing hissing

FOOL Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint stool.°

LEAR

And here's another, whose warped looks proclaim
What store° her heart is made on. Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

55

EDGAR Bless thy five wits!

KENT

O pity! Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

EDGAR [*Aside.*]

My tears begin to take his part so much
They mar my counterfeiting.°

60

LEAR

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart—see, they bark at me.

EDGAR Tom will throw his head at them. Avaunt,
you curs.

Be thy mouth or black or° white,

65

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach° or lym,°

Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail°—

Tom will make him weep and wail;

70

For, with throwing° thus my head,

Dogs leaped the hatch,° and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de. Sessa!° Come, march to wakes° and
fairs and market towns. Poor Tom, thy horn° is dry.

LEAR Then let them anatomize Regan. See what 75
breeds about her heart.° Is there any cause in nature
that make° these hard hearts? [*To EDGAR.*] You, sir, I
entertain° for one of my hundred;° only I do not like
the fashion of your garments. You will say they are
Persian;° but let them be changed. 80

KENT

Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

LEAR

Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains.°

So, so. We'll go to supper i' th' morning.

FOOL And I'll go to bed at noon.°

Enter GLOUCESTER.

GLOUCESTER

Come hither, friend. Where is the king my master? 85

51 Cry . . . stool proverbial and deliberately impudent
apology for overlooking a person; a joint stool was a low stool
made by a joiner, perhaps here a stage property to represent
Goneril and, in line 52, Regan, "joint stool" can also suggest
the judicial bench; hence Goneril may be identified by the
Fool, ironically, with those in power, who judge 53 store
stuff 54 Corruption . . . place bribery in the court 60
counterfeiting i.e., feigned madness 65 or . . . or either
. . . or 68 brach bitch; lym bloodhound (from the liam or
leash with which he was led) 69 bobtail . . . trundle-tail
short-tailed or long-tailed cur 71 throwing jerking (as a
hound lifts its head from the ground, the scent having been lost)
72 leaped the hatch leaped over the lower half of a divided
door (i.e., left in a hurry) 73 Sessa Be off!; wakes feasts
attending the dedication of a church 74 horn horn bottle
which the Bedlam used in begging a drink (Edgar is suggesting
that he is unable to play his role any longer) 75-76 Then . . .
heart i.e., If the Bedlam's horn is dry, let Regan, whose heart
has become as hard as horn, be dissected 77 make subjunctive
78 entertain engage; hundred i.e., Lear's hundred knights
80 Persian gorgeous (ironically of Edgar's rags) 82 curtains
Lear imagines himself in bed 84 And . . . noon the Fool's
last words

KENT

Here, sir, but trouble him not; his wits are gone.

GLOUCESTER

Good friend, I prithee take him in thy arms.

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.

There is a litter ready; lay him in't

And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt 90
meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,

With thine and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up,

And follow me, that will to some provision° 95

Give thee quick conduct.°

KENT

Oppressed nature sleeps.

This rest might yet have balmed thy broken sinews,°

Which, if convenience° will not allow,

Stand in hard cure.° [*To the FOOL.*] Come, help to 100
bear thy master.

Thou must not stay behind.

GLOUCESTER

Come, come, away! 100

Exeunt [all but EDGAR].

EDGAR

When we our betters see bearing our woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.°

Who alone suffers suffers most i' th' mind,

Leaving free° things and happy shows° behind;

But then the mind much sufferance° doth o'erskip 105

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.°

How light and portable° my pain seems now,

When that which makes me bend makes the king bow.

He childed as I fathered. Tom, away.

Mark the high noises,° and thyself bewray° 110

When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts° defile
thee,

In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.°

What will hap more° tonight, safe 'scape the king!

Lurk,° lurk. [*Exit.*]

Scene VII. [*Gloicester's castle.*]

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,
and SERVANTS.*

CORNWALL [*To GONERIL.*] Post speedily to my lord
your husband; show him this letter. The army of
France is landed. [*To SERVANTS.*] Seek out the
traitor Gloucester. [*Exeunt some of the SERVANTS.*]

REGAN Hang him instantly. 5

GONERIL Pluck out his eyes.

CORNWALL Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund,
keep you our sister company. The revenges we are

95 provision maintenance 96 conduct direction 97
balmed . . . sinews soothed thy racked nerves 98 conveni-
ence fortunate occasion 99 Stand . . . cure will be hard to
cure 102 our foes enemies peculiar to ourselves 104 free
carefree; shows scenes 105 sufferance suffering 106 bear-
ing fellowship suffering has company 107 portable able to
be supported or endured 110 Mark . . . noises observe
the rumors of strife among those in power; bewray reveal
111 wrong thoughts misconceptions 112 In . . . thee on
the manifesting of your innocence recalls you from outlawry
and restores amity between you and your father 113 What
. . . more whatever else happens 114 Lurk hide

bound° to take upon your traitorous father are not fit
for your beholding. Advise the duke where you are
going, to a most festinate° preparation. We are bound
to the like. Our posts° shall be swift and intelligent°
betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister; farewell, my Lord of
Gloucester.°

Enter OSWALD.

How now? Where's the king?

OSWALD

My Lord of Gloucester hath conveyed him hence.
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists° after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lords dependants,°
Are gone with him toward Dover, where they boast
To have well-armèd friends.

CORNWALL Get horses for your mistress.
[*Exit OSWALD.*]

GONERIL

Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

CORNWALL

Edmund, farewell. [*Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.*]

Go seek the traitor Gloucester,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other SERVANTS.*]

Though well we may not pass upon° his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a court'sy to° our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control.

Enter GLOUCESTER, brought in by two or three.

Who's there, the traitor?

REGAN

Ingrateful fox, 'tis he.

CORNWALL

Bind fast his corky° arms.

GLOUCESTER

What means your graces? Good my friends, consider
You are my guests. Do me no foul play, friends.

CORNWALL

Bind him, I say. [*SERVANTS bind him.*]

REGAN

Hard, hard! O filthy traitor.

GLOUCESTER

Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

CORNWALL

To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find—

[*REGAN plucks his beard.*°]

GLOUCESTER

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

REGAN

So white, and such a traitor?

GLOUCESTER

Naughty° lady,

These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin

Will quicken° and accuse thee. I am your host.

40

With robber's hands my hospitable favors°

You should not ruffle° thus. What will you do?

CORNWALL

Come, sir, what letters had you late° from France?

REGAN

Be simple-answered,° for we know the truth.

CORNWALL

And what confederacy have you with the traitors

45

Late footed in the kingdom?

REGAN

To whose hands you have sent the lunatic king:

Speak.

GLOUCESTER

I have a letter guessingly° set down,

Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,

50

And not from one opposed.

CORNWALL

Cunning.

REGAN

And false.

CORNWALL

Where hast thou sent the king?

GLOUCESTER

To Dover.

REGAN

Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at
peril°—

CORNWALL

Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

55

GLOUCESTER

I am tied to th' stake, and I must stand the course.°

REGAN

Wherefore to Dover?

GLOUCESTER

Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed° flesh rash° boarish fangs.

60

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell-black night endured, would have buoyed° up
And quenched the stellèd° fires.

Yet, poor old heart, he holp° the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howled that dearn° time,

65

Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the
key."°

All cruels else subscribe.° But I shall see

The wingèd° vengeance overtake such children.

CORNWALL

See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

70

GLOUCESTER

He that will think° to live till he be old,

Give me some help.—O cruel! O you gods!

REGAN

One side will mock° another. Th' other too.

41 hospitable favors face of your host 42 ruffle tear at
violently 43 late recently 44 simple-answered straight-
forward in answering 49 guessingly without certain knowl-
edge 54 charged at peril ordered under penalty 56 course
coursing (in which a relay of dogs baits a bull or bear
tied in the pit) 60 anointed holy (because king); rash strike
with the tusk, like a boar 62 buoyed risen 63 stellèd (1)
fixed (as opposed to the planets or wandering stars) (2) starry
64 holp helped 65 dearn dread 66 turn the key i.e.,
unlock the gate 67 All . . . subscribe All cruel creatures but
man are compassionate 68 wingèd (1) heavenly (2) swift
71 will think expects 73 mock make ridiculous (because of
the contrast)

III.vii.9 bound (1) forced (2) purposing to 11 festinate
speedy 12 posts messengers; intelligent full of information
13-14 Lord of Gloucester Edmund, now elevated to the
title 18 questrists searchers 19 lords dependants attendant
lords (members of Lear's retinue) 25 pass upon pass
judgment on 27 do . . . to indulge 30 corky sapless
(because old) 35 s.d. plucks his beard a deadly insult 38
Naughty wicked 40 quicken come to life

CORNWALL

If you see vengeance—

FIRST SERVANT Hold your hand, my lord!

I have served you ever since I was a child;

But better service have I never done you

Than now to bid you hold.

REGAN

How now, you dog?

FIRST SERVANT

If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

I'd shake it° on this quarrel. What do you mean!°

CORNWALL My villain!°

Draw and fight.

FIRST SERVANT

Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

REGAN

Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus?

She takes a sword and runs at him behind, kills him.

FIRST SERVANT

O, I am slain! my lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief° on him. O!

CORNWALL

Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly.

Where is thy luster now?

GLOUCESTER

All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature°

To quit° this horrid act.

REGAN

Out, treacherous villain,

Thou call'st on him that hates thee. It was he

That made the overture° of thy treasons to us;

Who is too good to pity thee.

GLOUCESTER

O my follies! Then Edgar was abused.°

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

REGAN

Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Dover. *Exit [one], with GLOUCESTER.*

How is't, my lord? How look you?°

CORNWALL

I have received a hurt. Follow me, lady.

Turn out that eyeless villain. Throw this slave

Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace.

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm. *Exeunt.* 100

SECOND SERVANT

I'll never care what wickedness I do,

If this man come to good.

THIRD SERVANT

If she live long,

And in the end meet the old course of death,°

Women will all turn monsters.

SECOND SERVANT

Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam

To lead him where he would. His roguish madness

Allows itself to anything.°

79 **shake it** an insult comparable to Regan's plucking of Gloucester's beard; **What . . . mean** i.e., What terrible thing are you doing? 80 **villain** serf (with a suggestion of the modern meaning) 84 **mischief** injury 88 **enkindle** . . . **nature** fan your natural feeling into flame 89 **quit** requite 91 **overture** disclosure 93 **abused** wronged 96 **How look you** How are you? 103 **meet** . . . **death** die the customary death of old age 106-07 **His** . . . **anything** his lack of all self-control leaves him open to any suggestion

THIRD SERVANT

Go thou. I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs

To apply to his bleeding face. Now heaven help him.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

A C T I V

Scene I. [*The heath.*]*Enter EDGAR.*

EDGAR

Yet better thus, and known to be contemned,°

Than still contemned and flattered. To be worst,

The lowest and most dejected° thing of fortune,

Stands still in esperance,° lives not in fear:

The lamentable change is from the best,

The worst returns to laughter.° Welcome then,

Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!

The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst

Owes° nothing to thy blasts.

Enter GLOUCESTER, led by an OLD MAN.

But who comes here?

My father, poorly led?° World, world, O world!

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,

Life would not yield to age.°

OLD MAN

O, my good lord,

I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant,

These fourscore years.

GLOUCESTER

Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:

Thy comforts° can do me no good at all;

Thee they may hurt.°

OLD MAN

You cannot see your way.

GLOUCESTER

I have no way and therefore want° no eyes;

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,

Our means secure us, and our mere defects

Prove our commodities.° Oh, dear son Edgar,

The food° of thy abused° father's wrath!

Might I but live to see thee in° my touch,

I'd say I had eyes again!

OLD MAN

How now! Who's there?

EDGAR [*Aside.*]

O gods! Who is't can say, "I am at the worst"?

I am worse than e'er I was.

OLD MAN

'Tis poor mad Tom.

EDGAR [*Aside.*]

And worse I may be yet: the worst is not

So long as we can say, "This is the worst."°

IV.i.1 known . . . contemned conscious of being despised
 3 dejected abased 4 esperance hope 6 returns to laughter
 changes for the better 9 Owes is in debt for 10 poorly led
 (1) led like a poor man, with only one attendant (2) led by a
 poor man 11-12 But . . . age We should not agree to grow
 old and hence die, except for the hateful mutability of life
 16 comforts ministrations 17 hurt injure 18 want require
 20-21 Our . . . commodities Our resources make us over-
 confident, while our afflictions make for our advantage 22
 food i.e., the object on which Gloucester's anger fed; abused
 deceived 23 in i.e., with, by means of 27-28 the . . .
 worst so long as a man continues to suffer (i.e., is still alive),
 even greater suffering may await him

OLD MAN

Fellow, where goest?

GLOUCESTER Is it a beggar-man?

OLD MAN

Madman and beggar too.

GLOUCESTER

He has some reason,° else he could not beg.

I' th' last night's storm I such a fellow saw,

Which made me think a man a worm. My son

Came then into my mind, and yet my mind

Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard more

since.

As flies to wanton° boys, are we to th' gods,

They kill us for their sport.

EDGAR [*Aside.*] How should this be?°

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,

Ang'ring° itself and others. Bless thee, master!

GLOUCESTER

Is that the naked fellow?

OLD MAN

Ay, my lord.

GLOUCESTER

Then, prithee, get thee gone: if for my sake

Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain

I' th' way toward Dover, do it for ancient° love,

And bring some covering for this naked soul,

Which I'll entreat to lead me.

OLD MAN

Alack, sir, he is mad.

GLOUCESTER

'Tis the time's plague,° when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;°

Above the rest,° be gone.

OLD MAN

I'll bring him the best 'parel° that I have,

Come on't what will.

GLOUCESTER

Sirrah, naked fellow—

EDGAR

Poor Tom's a-cold. [*Aside.*] I cannot daub it° further.

GLOUCESTER

Come hither, fellow.

EDGAR [*Aside.*]

And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

GLOUCESTER

Know'st thou the way to Dover?

EDGAR

Both stile and gate, horse-way and footpath.

Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits.

Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend!

Five fiends have been in Poor Tom at once; of lust, as

Obidicut;° Hobbididence, prince of dumbness;° Mahu, 60

of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of

mopping and mowing;° who since possesses chamber-

maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

31 **reason** faculty of reasoning 36 **wanton** (1) playful (2) reckless37 **How** . . . **be** i.e., How can this horror be? 39 **Ang'ring**offending 43 **ancient** (1) the love the Old Man feels, by

virtue of his long tenancy (2) the love that formerly obtained

between master and man 46 **time's plague** characteristic dis-order of this time 47 **thy pleasure** as you like it 48 **the rest**all 49 **'parel** apparel 52 **daub it** lay it on (figure fromplastering mortar) 60 **Obidicut** Hoberdicut, a devil (like thefour that follow, from Harsnett's *Declaration*); **dumbness**

muteness (like the crimes and afflictions in the next lines, the result

of diabolic possession) 62 **mopping and mowing** grimacing

and making faces

GLOUCESTER

Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues

Have humbled to all strokes:° that I am wretched 65

Makes thee the happier. Heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous° and lust-dieted° man,

That slaves° your ordinance,° that will not see

Because he does not feel, feel your pow'r quickly;

So distribution should undo excess,° 70

And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

EDGAR Ay, master.

GLOUCESTER

There is a cliff whose high and bending° head

Looks fearfully° in the confinèd deep:°

Bring me but to the very brim of it, 75

And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear

With something rich about me: from that place

I shall no leading need.

EDGAR

Give me thy arm:

Poor Tom shall lead thee.

*Exeunt.*Scene II. [*Before the Duke of Albany's palace.*]*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND.*

GONERIL

Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband

Not met° us on the way.

Enter OSWALD.

Now, where's your master?

OSWALD

Madam, within; but never man so changed.

I told him of the army that was landed:

He smiled at it. I told him you were coming; 5

His answer was, "The worse." Of Gloucester's

treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son

When I informed him, then he called me sot,°

And told me I had turned the wrong side out:

What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him; 10

What like,° offensive.

GONERIL [*To EDMUND.*]

Then shall you go no further.

It is the cowish° terror of his spirit,

That dares not undertake:° he'll not feel wrongs,

Which tie him to an answer.° Our wishes on the way 15

May prove effects.° Back, Edmund, to my brother;

Hasten his musters° and conduct his pow'rs.°

I must change names° at home and give the distaff°

65 **humbled** . . . **strokes** brought so low as to bear anything humbly 67 **superfluous** possessed of superfluities; **lust-dieted** whose lust is gratified (like Gloucester's) 68 **slaves** (1) tramples, spurns like a slave (2) tears, rends (Old English *slaefan*) (?); **ordinance** law 70 **So** . . . **excess** Then the man with too much wealth would distribute it among those with too little 73 **bending** overhanging 74 **fearfully** occasioning fear; **confinèd deep** the sea, hemmed in below

IV.ii.2 **Not met** did not meet 8 **sot** fool 11 **What like** what he should like 13 **cowish** cowardly 14 **undertake** venture 15 **tie** . . . **answer** oblige him to retaliate 15-16 **Our** . . . **effects** Our desires (that you might be my husband), as we journeyed here, may be fulfilled 17 **musters** collecting of troops; **conduct his pow'rs** lead his army 18 **change names** i.e., exchange the name of "mistress" for that of "master"; **distaff** spinning stick (wifely symbol)

Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear, 20
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's° command. Wear this; spare speech;

[Giving a favor.]

Decline your head.° This kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:
Conceive,° and fare thee well. 25

EDMUND

Yours in the ranks of death.

GONERIL

My most dear Gloucester!
Exit [EDMUND].

O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due:
My fool usurps my body.°

OSWALD Madam, here comes my lord. *Exit.*

Enter ALBANY.

GONERIL

I have been worth the whistle.°

ALBANY

O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:°
That nature which contemns° its origin
Cannot be bordered certain in itself;°
She that herself will sliver and disbranch° 35
From her material sap,° perforce must wither
And come to deadly use.°

GONERIL

No more; the text° is foolish.

ALBANY

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savor but themselves.° What have you done? 40
Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugged bear° would
lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate, have you madded.°
Could my good brother suffer you to do it? 45
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits°
Send quickly down to tame these vile offenses,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself, 50
Like monsters of the deep.

GONERIL

Milk-livered° man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;

22 **mistress's** lover's (and also, Albany having been disposed of, lady's or wife's) 23 **Decline your head** i.e., that Goneril may kiss him 25 **Conceive** understand (with a sexual implication, that includes "stretch thy spirits," line 24; and "death," line 26: "to die," meaning "to experience sexual intercourse") 29 **My . . . body** My husband wrongfully enjoys me 30 **I . . . whistle** i.e., Once you valued me (the proverb is implied, "It is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling") 32 **disposition** nature 33 **contemns** despises 34 **bordered . . . itself** kept within its normal bounds 35 **sliver and disbranch** cut off 36 **material sap** essential and life-giving sustenance 37 **come . . . use** i.e., be as a dead branch for the burning 38 **text** i.e., on which your sermon is based 40 **Filths . . . themselves** the filthy relish only the taste of filth 43 **head-lugged bear** bear-baited by the dogs, and hence enraged 44 **madded** made mad 47 **visible spirits** avenging spirits in material form 51 **Milk-livered** lily-livered (hence cowardly, the liver being regarded as the seat of courage)

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honor from thy suffering;° that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punished 55
Ere they have done their mischief.° Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless° land,
With plumèd helm° thy state begins to threat,°
Whilst thou, a moral° fool, sits still and cries,
"Alack, why does he so?"

ALBANY

See thyself, devil!

60

Proper° deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

GONERIL

O vain fool!

ALBANY

Thou changèd and self-covered° thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature.° Were't my fitness°
To let these hands obey my blood,° 65
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: howe'er° thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

GONERIL

Marry, your manhood mew°—

Enter a MESSENGER.

ALBANY What news? 70

MESSENGER

O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead,
Slain by his servant, going to° put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

ALBANY

Gloucester's eyes!

MESSENGER

A servant that he bred,° thrilled with remorse,°
Opposed against the act, bending his sword 75
To his great master, who thereat enraged
Flew on him, and amongst them felled° him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke which since
Hath plucked him after.°

ALBANY

This shows you are above,

You justicers,° that these our nether° crimes 80
So speedily can venge.° But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?

MESSENGER

Both, both, my lord.

This letter, madam, craves° a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

GONERIL

[*Aside.*] One way I like this well;

53-54 **discerning . . . suffering** able to distinguish between insults that ought to be resented, and ordinary pain that is to be borne 55-56 **Fools . . . mischief** Only fools are sorry for criminals whose intended criminality is prevented by punishment 57 **noiseless** i.e., the drum, signifying preparation for war, is silent 58 **helm** helmet; **thy . . . threat** France begins to threaten Albany's realm 59 **moral** moralizing; but also with the implication that morality and folly are one 61 **Proper** (1) natural (to a fiend) (2) fair-appearing 63 **changèd and self-covered** i.e., transformed, by the contorting of her woman's face, on which appears the fiendish behavior she has allowed herself (Goneril has disguised nature by wickedness) 64 **Be-monster . . . feature** do not change your appearance into a fiend's; **my fitness** appropriate for me 65 **blood** passion 67 **howe'er** but even if 69 **your manhood mew** (1) coop up or confine (pretended) manhood (2) molt or shed it, if that is what is supposed to "shield" me from you 72 **going to** as he was about to 74 **bred** reared; **thrilled with remorse** pierced by compassion 77 **amongst them felled** others assisting, they felled 79 **plucked him after** i.e., brought Cornwall to death with his servant 80 **justicers** judges; **nether** committed below (on earth) 81 **venge** avenge 83 **craves** demands

But being widow, and my Gloucester with her, 85
 May all the building in my fancy pluck
 Upon my hateful life.° Another way,°
 The news is not so tart.°—I'll read, and answer. *Exit.*

ALBANY

Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

MESSENGER

Come with my lady hither.

ALBANY

He is not here. 90

MESSENGER

No, my good lord; I met him back° again.

ALBANY

Knows he the wickedness?

MESSENGER

Ay, my good lord; 'twas he informed against him,
 And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
 Might have the freer course.

ALBANY

Gloucester, I live 95

To thank thee for the love thou showed'st the king,

And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend:

Tell me what more thou know'st. *Exeunt.*

[Scene III. *The French camp near Dover.*]

Enter KENT and a GENTLEMAN.

KENT Why the King of France is so suddenly gone
 back, know you no reason?

GENTLEMAN Something he left imperfect in the
 state,° which since his coming forth is thought of,
 which imports° to the kingdom so much fear and
 danger that his personal return was most required and
 necessary.

KENT

Who hath he left behind him general?

GENTLEMAN The Marshal of France, Monsieur La
 Far. 10

KENT Did your letters pierce° the queen to any
 demonstration of grief?

GENTLEMAN

Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence,

And now and then an ample tear trilled° down

Her delicate cheek: it seemed she was a queen 15

Over her passion, who most rebel-like

Sought to be king o'er her.

KENT

O, then it moved her.

GENTLEMAN

Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove

Who should express her goodliest.° You have seen

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears 20

Were like a better way:° those happy smilets°

That played on her ripe lip seemed not to know

What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence

As pearls from diamonds dropped. In brief,

86–87 **May . . . life** These things (line 85) may send
 my future hopes, my castles in air, crashing upon down
 the hateful (married) life I lead now 87 **Another**
way looked at another way 88 **tart** sour 91 **back** going
 back

IV.iii.3–4 **imperfect . . . state** unsettled in his own kingdom
 5 **imports** portends 11 **pierce** impel 14 **trilled** trickled
 19 **Who . . . goodliest** which should give her the most
 becoming expression 21 **Were . . . way** i.e., improved on
 that spectacle; **smilets** little smiles

Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved, 25
 If all could so become it.°

KENT

Made she no verbal question?

GENTLEMAN

Faith, once or twice she heaved° the name of "father"

Pantingly forth, as if it pressed her heart;

Cried, "Sisters! Sisters! Shame of ladies! Sisters!"

Kent! Father! Sisters! What, i' th' storm? i' th' night? 30

Let pity not be believed!"° There she shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

And clamor moistened:° then away she started

To deal with grief alone.

KENT

It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions;° 35

Else one self mate and make could not beget

Such different issues.° You spoke not with her since?

GENTLEMAN No.

KENT

Was this before the king returned?

GENTLEMAN

No, since.

KENT

Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's i' th' town; 40

Who sometime in his better tune° remembers

What we are come about, and by no means

Will yield to see his daughter.

GENTLEMAN

Why, good sir?

KENT

A sovereign° shame so elbows° him: his own unkindness

That stripped her from his benediction, turned her 45

To foreign casualties,° gave her dear rights

To his dog-hearted daughters: these things sting

His mind so venomously that burning shame

Detains him from Cordelia.

GENTLEMAN

Alack, poor gentleman!

KENT

Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not? 50

GENTLEMAN

'Tis so;° they are afoot.

KENT

Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause°

Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;

When I am known aright, you shall not grieve 55

Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go

Along with me. *[Exeunt.]*

[Scene IV. *The same. A tent.*]

*Enter, with drum and colors, CORDELIA, DOCTOR,
 and SOLDIERS.*

CORDELIA

Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now

As mad as the vexed sea; singing aloud;

25–26 **Sorrow . . . it** sorrow would be a coveted jewel if it
 became others as it does her 27 **heaved** expressed with
 difficulty 31 **Let . . . believed** Let it not be believed for pity
 33 **clamor moistened** moistened clamor, i.e., mixed (and
 perhaps assuaged) her outcries with tears 35 **govern our**
conditions determine what we are 36–37 **Else . . . issues**
 otherwise the same husband and wife could not produce such
 different children 41 **better tune** composed, less jangled
 intervals 44 **sovereign** overpowering; **elbows** jogs his elbow
 (i.e., reminds him) 46 **casualties** chances 51 **'Tis so** i.e., I
 have heard of them 53 **dear cause** important reason

Crowned with rank femiter and furrow-weeds,
 With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flow'rs,
 Darnel,^o and all the idle weeds that grow 5
 In our sustaining corn.^o A century^o send forth;
 Search every acre in the high-grown field,
 And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an OFFICER.*] What
 can man's wisdom^o
 In the restoring his bereavèd^o sense?
 He that helps him take all my outward^o worth. 10

DOCTOR

There is means, madam:
 Our foster-nurse^o of nature is repose,
 The which he lacks: that to provoke^o in him,
 Are many simples operative,^o whose power
 Will close the eye of anguish.

CORDELIA

All blest secrets, 15
 All you unpublished virtues^o of the earth,
 Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate^o
 In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for him,
 Lest his ungoverned rage dissolve the life
 That wants the means to lead it.^o

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

News, madam; 20

The British pow'rs are marching hitherward.

CORDELIA

'Tis known before. Our preparation stands
 In expectation of them. O dear father,
 It is thy business that I go about;
 Therefore^o great France 25
 My mourning and importuned^o tears hath pitied.
 No blown^o ambition doth our arms incite,
 But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:
 Soon may I hear and see him! *Exeunt.*

[Scene V. Gloucester's castle.]

Enter REGAN and OSWALD.

REGAN

But are my brother's pow'rs set forth?

OSWALD

Ay, madam.

REGAN

Himself in person there?

OSWALD

Madam, with much ado:^o

Your sister is the better soldier.

REGAN

Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

OSWALD

No, madam. 5

IV.iv.3-5 femiter . . . **Darnel** femiter fumitory, whose leaves and juice are bitter; **furrow-weeds** weeds that grow in the furrow, or plowed land; **hardocks** hoar or white docks (?), burdocks, harlocks; **hemlock** a poison; **nettles** plants that sting and burn; **cuckoo-flow'rs** identified with a plant employed to remedy diseases of the brain; **Darnel** tares, noisome weeds 6 **sustaining corn** life-maintaining wheat; **century** sentry (?); troop of a hundred soldiers 8 **What** . . . **wisdom** what can science accomplish 9 **bereavèd** impaired 10 **outward** material 12 **foster-nurse** fostering nurse 13 **provoke** induce 14 **simples operative** efficacious medicinal herbs 16 **unpublished virtues** i.e., secret remedial herbs 17 **remediate** remedial 20 **wants** . . . **it** i.e., lacks the reason to control the rage 25 **Therefore** because of that 26 **importuned** importunate 27 **blown** puffed up
IV.v.2 ado bother and persuasion

REGAN

What might import^o my sister's letter to him?

OSWALD

I know not, lady.

REGAN

Faith, he is posted^o hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance,^o Gloucester's eyes being out,
 To let him live. Where he arrives he moves 10
 All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
 In pity of his misery, to dispatch
 His nighted^o life; moreover, to descry
 The strength o' th' enemy.

OSWALD

I must needs after him, madam, with my letter. 15

REGAN

Our troops set forth tomorrow: stay with us;
 The ways are dangerous.

OSWALD

I may not, madam:

My lady charged my duty^o in this business.

REGAN

Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
 Transport her purposes^o by word? Belike,^o 20
 Some things I know not what. I'll love thee much,
 Let me unseal the letter.

OSWALD

Madam, I had rather—

REGAN

I know your lady does not love her husband;
 I am sure of that: and at her late^o being here
 She gave strange eliads^o and most speaking looks 25
 To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.^o

OSWALD I, madam?

REGAN

I speak in understanding: y' are; I know't:
 Therefore I do advise you, take this note:^o
 My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talked; 30
 And more convenient^o is he for my hand
 Than for your lady's: you may gather more.^o
 If you do find him, pray you, give him this;^o
 And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
 I pray, desire her call^o her wisdom to her. 35
 So, fare you well.
 If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
 Preferment^o falls on him that cuts him off.

OSWALD

Would I could meet him, madam! I should show
 What party I do follow.

REGAN

Fare thee well.

Exeunt. 40

[Scene VI. Fields near Dover.]

Enter GLOUCESTER and EDGAR.

GLOUCESTER

When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?

6 **import** purport, carry as its message 8 **is posted** has ridden speedily 9 **ignorance** folly 13 **nighted** (1) darkened, because blinded (2) benighted 18 **charged my duty** ordered me as a solemn duty 20 **Transport her purposes** convey her intentions; **Belike** probably 24 **late** recently 25 **eliads** amorous looks 26 **of her bosom** in her confidence 29 **take this note** take note of this 31 **convenient** fitting 32 **gather more** surmise more yourself 33 **this** this advice 35 **call** recall 38 **Preferment** promotion

EDGAR

You do climb up it now. Look, how we labor.

GLOUCESTER

Methinks the ground is even.

EDGAR

Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

GLOUCESTER

No, truly.

EDGAR

Why then your other senses grow imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.^o

GLOUCESTER

So may it be indeed.

Methinks thy voice is altered, and thou speak'st

In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

EDGAR

Y' are much deceived: in nothing am I changed

But in my garments.

GLOUCESTER

Methinks y' are better spoken.

EDGAR

Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. How fearful

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

The crows and choughs^o that wing the midway air^oShow scarce so gross^o as beetles. Half way downHangs one that gathers sampire,^o dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

The fishermen that walk upon the beach

Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring^o barkDiminished to her cock;^o her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge

That on th' unnumb' red idle pebble^o chafes

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

Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight

Topple^o down headlong.

GLOUCESTER

Set me where you stand.

EDGAR

Give me your hand: you are now within a foot

Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.^o

GLOUCESTER

Let go my hand.

Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies^o and gods

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;

Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

EDGAR

Now fare ye well, good sir.

GLOUCESTER

With all my heart.

EDGAR [Aside.]

Why I do trifle thus with his despair

Is done to cure it.^o

GLOUCESTER

O you mighty gods!

He kneels.

This world I do renounce, and in your sights

Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer and not fall

IV.vi.6 **anguish** pain 13 **choughs** a kind of crow; **midway air** i.e., halfway down the cliff 14 **gross** large 15 **sampire** samphire, an aromatic herb associated with Dover Cliffs 18 **anchoring** anchored 19 **cock** cockboat, a small boat usually towed behind the ship 21 **unnumb' red idle pebble** innumerable pebbles, moved to and fro by the waves to no purpose 23-24 **the . . . Topple** my failing sight topple me 27 **upright** i.e., even up in the air, to say nothing of forward, over the cliff 29 **Fairies** who are supposed to guard and multiply hidden treasure 33-34 **Why . . . it** I play on his despair in order to cure it

To quarrel with^o your great opposeless^o wills,My snuff^o and loathèd part of nature should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!

Now, fellow, fare thee well. *He falls.*

EDGAR

Gone, sir, farewell.

And yet I know not how^o conceit^o may rob

The treasury of life, when life itself

Yields to^o the theft. Had he been where he thought,

By this had thought been past. Alive or dead?

Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak!

Thus might he pass^o indeed: yet he revives.

What are you, sir?

GLOUCESTER

Away, and let me die.

EDGAR

Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,^o

Thou'dst shivered like an egg: but thou dost breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.

Ten masts at each^o make not the altitude

Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:

Thy life's^o a miracle. Speak yet again.

GLOUCESTER

But have I fall'n, or no?

EDGAR

From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.^oLook up a-height;^o the shrill-gorged^o lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

GLOUCESTER

Alack, I have no eyes.

Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,

To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile^o the tyrant's rage

And frustrate his proud will.

EDGAR

Give me your arm.

Up, so. How is't? Feel you^o your legs? You stand.

GLOUCESTER

Too well, too well.

EDGAR

This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' th' cliff, what thing was that

Which parted from you?

GLOUCESTER

A poor unfortunate beggar.

EDGAR

As I stood here below, methought his eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,

Horns whelked^o and waved like the enridgèd^o sea:It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,^oThink that the clearest^o gods, who make them honorsOf men's impossibilities,^o have preserved thee.

GLOUCESTER

I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear

Affliction till it do cry out itself,

"Enough, enough," and die. That thing you speak of,

37-38 **fall . . . with** rebel against 38 **opposeless** not to be, and not capable of being, opposed 39 **snuff** the guttering (and stinking) wick of a burnt-out candle 42 **how** but what; **conceit** imagination 44 **Yields to** allows 47 **pass** die 50 **precipitating** falling 53 **at each** one on top of the other 55 **life's** survival 57 **ourn** boundary 58 **a-height** on high; **gorged** throated, voiced 63 **beguile** cheat (i.e., by suicide) 65 **Feel you** have you any feeling in 71 **whelked** twisted; **enridgèd** i.e., furrowed into waves 72 **happy father** fortunate old man 73 **clearest** purest 73-74 **who . . . impossibilities** who cause themselves to be honored and revered by performing miracles of which men are incapable

I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
 "The fiend, the fiend"—he led me to that place.

EDGAR

Bear free° and patient thoughts.

Enter LEAR [*fantastically dressed with wild flowers*].

But who comes here? 80

The safer° sense will ne'er accommodate°
 His master thus.

LEAR No, they cannot touch me for coining;° I am
 the king himself.

EDGAR

O thou side-piercing sight! 85

LEAR Nature's above art in that respect.° There's your
 press-money.° That fellow handles his bow like a
 crow-keeper;° draw me a clothier's yard.° Look, look,
 a mouse! Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese will
 do't. There's my gauntlet;° I'll prove it on° a giant. 90
 Bring up the brown bills.° O, well flown,° bird! i' th'
 clout, i' th' clout:° hewgh!° Give the word.°

EDGAR Sweet marjoram.°

LEAR Pass.

GLOUCESTER

I know that voice. 95

LEAR Ha! Goneril, with a white beard! They flattered
 me like a dog,° and told me I had white hairs in my
 beard ere the black ones were there.° To say "ay" and
 "no" to everything that I said! "Ay" and "no" too
 was no good divinity.° When the rain came to wet 100
 me once and the wind to make me chatter; when the
 thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found
 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o'
 their words: they told me I was everything; 'tis a lie,
 I am not ague-proof.° 105

GLOUCESTER

The trick° of that voice I do well remember:
 Is't not the king?

LEAR Ay, every inch a king.

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.

I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?°
 Adultery? 110

80 **free** i.e., emancipated from grief and despair, which fetter the soul 81 **safer** sounder, saner; **accommodate** dress, adorn 83 **touch** . . . **coining** arrest me for minting coins (the king's prerogative) 86 **Nature's** . . . **respect** i.e., a born king is superior to legal (and hence artificial) inhibition; there is also a glance here at the popular Renaissance debate concerning the relative importance of nature (inspiration) and art (training) 87 **press-money** paid to conscripted soldiers 88 **crow-keeper** a farmer scaring away crows; **clothier's yard** the standard English arrow was a cloth-yard long; here the injunction is to draw the arrow back, like a powerful archer, a full yard to the ear 90 **gauntlet** armored glove, thrown down as a challenge; **prove it on** maintain my challenge even against 91 **brown bills** halberds varnished to prevent rust (here the reference is to the soldiers who carry them); **well flown** falconer's cry; and perhaps a reference to the flight of the arrow 92 **clout** the target shot at; **hewgh** imitating the whizzing of the arrow (?); **word** password 93 **Sweet marjoram** herb, used as a remedy for brain disease 97 **like a dog** as a dog flatters 97-98 **I . . . there** I was wise before I had even grown a beard 100 **no good divinity** bad theology, because contrary to the biblical saying (II Corinthians 1:18), "Our word toward you was not yea and nay"; see also James 5:12, "But let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation"; and Matthew 5:36-37 105 **ague-proof** secure against fever 106 **trick** intonation 109 **cause** offense

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:

The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
 Does lecher° in my sight.

Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's bastard son
 Was kinder to his father than my daughters 115
 Got° 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury,° pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.°

Behold yond simp'ring dame,

Whose face between her forks presages snow,°

That minces° virtue and does shake the head 120

To hear of pleasure's name.°

The fitchew,° nor the soiled° horse, goes to't

With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are Centaurs,°

Though women all above: 125

But to the girdle° do the gods inherit,°

Beneath is all the fiend's.

There's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous
 pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie, fie!

pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet;° good apothecary, 130
 sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

GLOUCESTER

O, let me kiss that hand!

LEAR Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.°

GLOUCESTER

O ruined piece of nature! This great world

Shall so wear out to nought.° Dost thou know me? 135

LEAR I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou
 squiny° at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid;° I'll
 not love. Read thou this challenge;° mark but the
 penning of it.

GLOUCESTER

Were all thy letters suns, I could not see. 140

EDGAR

I would not take° this from report: it is,

And my heart breaks at it.

LEAR Read.

GLOUCESTER

What, with the case° of eyes?

LEAR O, ho, are you there with me?° No eyes in your 145
 head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a
 heavy case,° your purse in a light,° yet you see how
 this world goes.

GLOUCESTER

I see it feelingly.°

LEAR What, art mad? A man may see how this world 150
 goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond

113 **lecher** copulate 116 **Got** begot 117 **luxury** lechery; for . . . **soldiers** i.e., (1) whom copulation will supply (?) (2) and am therefore powerless (?) 119 **Whose** . . . **snow** whose cold demeanor seems to promise chaste behavior ("forks" = legs) 120 **minces** squeamishly pretends to 121 **pleasure's name** the very name of sexual pleasure 122 **fitchew** polecat (and slang for prostitute); **soiled** put to pasture, and hence wanton with feeding 124 **Centaurs** lustful creatures, half man and half horse 126 **girdle** waist; **inherit** possess 130 **civet** perfume 133 **mortality** (1) death (2) existence 134-35 **This** . . . **nought** i.e., The universe (macrocosm) will decay to nothing in the same way as the little world of man (microcosm) 137 **squiny** squint, look sideways, like a prostitute; **blind Cupid** the sign hung before a brothel 138 **challenge** a reminiscence of lines 89-90 141 **take** believe 144 **case** empty sockets 145 **are** . . . **me** is that what you tell me 147 **heavy case** sad plight (pun on line 144); **light** i.e., empty 149 **feelingly** (1) by touch (2) by feeling pain (3) with emotion

justice rails upon yond simple° thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places, and, handy-dandy,° which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

GLOUCESTER Ay, sir.

LEAR And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority:° a dog's obeyed in office.°

Thou rascal beadle,° hold thy bloody hand!

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thy own back; Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind°

For which thou whip'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.°

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;

Robes and furred gowns° hide all. Plate sin with gold, 165

And the strong lance of justice hurtless° breaks;

Arm it in rags, a pygmy's straw does pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able° 'em:

Take that° of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,°

And, like a scurvy politician,° seem

To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now.

Pull off my boots: harder, harder: so.

EDGAR

O, matter and impertinency° mixed!

Reason in madness!

LEAR

If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air

We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee: mark.

GLOUCESTER

Alack, alack the day!

LEAR

When we are born, we cry that we are come

To this great stage of fools. This° a good block.°

It were a delicate° stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt: I'll put't in proof;°

And when I have stol'n upon these son-in-laws,

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

152 simple common, of low estate **153 handy-dandy** i.e., choose, guess (after the children's game—"Handy-dandy, prickly prandy"—of choosing the correct hand) **158 image of authority** symbol revealing the true meaning of authority **158-59 a dog's . . . office** i.e., whoever has power is obeyed **160 beadle** parish constable **162 kind** i.e., sexual act **163 The usurer . . . cozener** i.e., The powerful money-lender, in his role as judge, puts to death the petty cheat **165 Robes . . . gowns** worn by a judge **166 hurtless** i.e., without hurting the sinner **168 able** vouch for **169 that** the immunity just conferred (line 168) **170 glass eyes** spectacles **171 scurvy politician** vile politic man **174 matter and impertinency** sense and nonsense **183 This'** this is; **block** various meanings have been suggested, for example, the stump of a tree, on which Lear is supposed to climb; a mounting-block, which suggests "horse" (line 185); a hat (which Lear or another must be made to wear), from the block on which a felt hat is molded, and which would suggest a "felt" (line 185); the proposal here is that "block" be taken to denote the quintain, whose function is to bear blows, "a mere lifeless block" (*As You Like It*, I.ii.247), an object shaped like a man and used for tilting practice; see also *Much Ado About Nothing*, II.i.231-32, "She misused me past the endurance of a block!" and, in the same passage, the associated reference, "I stood like a man at a mark [target]" (lines 237-38) **184 delicate** subtle **185 put't in proof** test it

Enter a GENTLEMAN, [with ATTENDANTS].

GENTLEMAN

O, here he is: lay hand upon him. Sir,

Your most dear daughter—

LEAR

No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even

The natural fool° of fortune. Use me well;

You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;

I am cut° to th' brains.

GENTLEMAN

You shall have anything.

LEAR

No seconds?° all myself?

Why, this would make a man a man of salt,°

To use his eyes for garden water-pots,

Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

GENTLEMAN

Good sir—

LEAR

I will die bravely,° like a smug° bridegroom.° What!

I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king;

Masters, know you that?

GENTLEMAN

You are a royal one, and we obey you.

LEAR Then there's life in't.° Come, and you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.°

Exit [running; ATTENDANTS follow].

GENTLEMAN

A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,

Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter

Who redeems Nature from the general curse

Which twain have brought her to.°

EDGAR

Hail, gentle° sir.

GENTLEMAN

Sir, speed° you: what's your will?

EDGAR

Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?°

GENTLEMAN

Most sure and vulgar:° every one hears that,

Which can distinguish sound.

EDGAR

But, by your favor,

How near's the other army?

GENTLEMAN

Near and on speedy foot; the main descry

Stands on the hourly thought.°

EDGAR

I thank you, sir: that's all.

GENTLEMAN

Though that the queen on special cause is here,

Her army is moved on.

EDGAR

I thank you, sir. *Exit [GENTLEMAN].*

GLOUCESTER

You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;

191 natural fool born sport (with pun on "natural" = imbecile) **193 cut** wounded **194 seconds** supporters **195 man of salt** i.e., all (salt) tears **199 bravely** (1) smartly attired (2) courageously; **smug** spick and span; **bridegroom** whose "brave" sexual feats are picked up in the pun on "die" **203 there's life in't** there's still hope **204 Sa . . . sa** hunting and rallying cry; also an interjection of defiance **207-08 general . . . to** (1) universal condemnation which Goneril and Regan have made for (2) damnation incurred by the original sin of Adam and Eve **209 gentle** noble; **speed** Godspeed **210 toward** impending **211 vulgar** common knowledge **214-15 the main . . . thought** we expect to see the main body of the army any hour

Let not my worser spirit° tempt me again
To die before you please.

EDGAR Well pray you, father. 220

GLOUCESTER

Now, good sir, what are you?

EDGAR

A most poor man, made tame° to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,°
Am pregnant° to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.°

GLOUCESTER Hearty thanks; 225

The bounty and the benison° of heaven
To boot, and boot.°

Enter OSWALD.

OSWALD A proclaimed prize!° Most happy!°
That eyeless head of thine was first framed° flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:° the sword is out 230
That must destroy thee.

GLOUCESTER Now let thy friendly° hand
Put strength enough to't. [EDGAR interposes.]

OSWALD Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a published° traitor? Hence!
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm. 235

EDGAR

Chill° not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.°

OSWALD

Let go, slave, or thou diest!

EDGAR Good gentleman, go your gait,° and let poor
volk° pass. And chud ha' bin zwaggered° out of my
life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. 240
Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor'
ye,° or I'se° try whether your costard° or my ballow°
be the harder: chill be plain with you.

OSWALD Out, dunghill!

They fight.

EDGAR Chill pick your teeth,° zir: come; no matter 245
vor your foins.°

[OSWALD falls.]

OSWALD

Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse:
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters which thou find'st about° me
To Edmund Earl of Gloucester; seek him out 250
Upon the English party.° O, untimely death!
Death! *He dies.*

219 **worser spirit** bad angel, evil side of my nature 222 **tame**
submissive 223 **art** . . . **sorrows** instruction of sorrows
painfully experienced 224 **pregnant** disposed 225 **biding**
place of refuge 226 **benison** blessing 227 **To** . . .
boot also, and in the highest degree; **proclaimed prize**
i.e., one with a price on his head; **happy** fortunate
(for Oswald) 228 **framed** created 230 **thyself remember**
i.e., pray, think of your sins 231 **friendly** i.e., because
it offers the death Gloucester covets 233 **published**
proclaimed 236 **Chill** I will (Edgar speaks in rustic
dialect); **vurther 'casion** further occasion 238 **gait** way
239 **volk** folk; **And** . . . **zwaggered** if I could have
been swaggered 241-42 **che vor' ye** I warrant you 242 **I'se**
I shall; **costard** head (literally, "apple"); **ballow** cudgel
245 **Chill** . . . **teeth** I will knock your teeth out 246 **foins**
thrusts 249 **about** upon 251 **party** side

EDGAR

I know thee well. A serviceable° villain,
As duteous° to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

GLOUCESTER What, is he dead? 255

EDGAR

Sit you down, father; rest you.
Let's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of
May be my friends. He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other deathsman.° Let us see:
Leave,° gentle wax;° and, manners, blame us not: 260
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;
Their papers° is more lawful.

Reads the letter.

"Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have
many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want
not,° time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is 265
nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I
the prisoner, and his bed my jail; from the loathed
warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for
your labor.

"Your—wife, so I would° say—affectionate servant, 270
and for you her own for venture,°
Goneril."

O indistinguished space of woman's will!°
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange° my brother! Here in the sands 275
Thee I'll rake up,° the post unsanctified°
Of murderous lechers; and in the mature° time,
With this ungracious paper° strike° the sight
Of the death-practiced° duke: for him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell. 280

GLOUCESTER

The king is mad: how stiff° is my vile sense,°
That I stand up, and have ingenious° feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:°
So should my thoughts be severed from my griefs,
And woes by wrong imaginations° lose 285
The knowledge of themselves. *Drum afar off.*

EDGAR

Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow° you with a friend. *Exeunt.*

Scene VII. [A tent in the French camp.]

Enter CORDELIA, KENT, DOCTOR, and GENTLEMAN.

CORDELIA

O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
253 **serviceable** ready to be used 254 **duteous** obedient
259 **deathsman** executioner 260 **Leave** by your leave;
wax with which the letter is sealed 262 **Their papers**
i.e., to rip their papers 264-65 **if** . . . **not** if your
desire (and lust) be not lacking 270 **would** would like to
271 **and** . . . **venture** i.e., and one who holds you her own for
venturing (Edmund had earlier been promised union by
Goneril, "If you dare venture in your own behalf," IV.ii.21)
273 **indistinguished** . . . **will** unlimited range of woman's
lust 275 **exchange** substitute 276 **rake up** cover up, bury;
post unsanctified unholy messenger 277 **mature** ripe 278
ungracious paper wicked letter; **strike** blast 279 **death-**
practiced whose death is plotted 281 **stiff** unbending; **vile**
sense hateful capacity for feeling 282 **ingenious** conscious
283 **distract** distracted, mad 285 **wrong imaginations**
delusions 288 **bestow** lodge

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

KENT

To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go° with the modest truth,
Nor more nor clipped,° but so.

CORDELIA

Be better suited:°

These weeds° are memories° of those worser hours:
I prithee, put them off.

KENT

Pardon, dear madam;

Yet to be known shortens my made intent:°
My boon I make it,° that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.°

CORDELIA

Then be't so, my good lord. [*To the DOCTOR.*] How
does the king?

DOCTOR

Madam, sleeps still.

CORDELIA

O you kind gods!

Cure this great breach in his abusèd° nature.
Th' untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up°
Of this child-changèd° father.

DOCTOR

So please your majesty

That we may wake the king: he hath slept long.

CORDELIA

Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed
I' th' sway of° your own will. Is he arrayed?

Enter LEAR in a chair carried by SERVANTS.

GENTLEMAN

Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.

DOCTOR

Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.°

CORDELIA

Very well.

DOCTOR

Please you, draw near. Louder the music there!

CORDELIA

O my dear father, restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence° made.

KENT

Kind and dear princess.

CORDELIA

Had you not been their father, these white flakes°
Did challenge° pity of them. Was this a face
To be opposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted° thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross° lightning to watch—poor perdu!°—
With this thin helm?° Mine enemy's dog,

Though he had bit me, should have stood that
night

Against my fire; and wast thou fain,° poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues° forlorn,
In short° and musty straw?° Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.° He wakes; speak to him.

DOCTOR

Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

CORDELIA

How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

LEAR

You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave:
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire,° that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

CORDELIA

Sir, do you know me?

LEAR

You are a spirit, I know. Where did you die?

CORDELIA

Still, still, far wide.°

DOCTOR

He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

LEAR

Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?
I am mightily abused.° I should ev'n die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands: let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition.

CORDELIA

O, look upon me, sir,

And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
You must not kneel.

LEAR

Pray, do not mock me:

I am a very foolish fond° old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this man,
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly° ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

CORDELIA

And so I am, I am.

LEAR

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

CORDELIA

No cause, no cause.

IV.vii.5 go conform 6 clipped curtailed; suited attired 7 weeds clothes; memories reminders 9 Yet . . . intent to reveal myself just yet interferes with the plan I have made 10 My . . . it I ask this reward 11 meet fitting 15 abusèd disturbed 16 wind up tune 17 child-changèd changed, deranged (and also, reduced to a child) by the cruelty of his children 20 I' . . . of according to 24 temperance sanity 29 reverence revered person 30 flakes hairs (in long strands) 31 challenge claim 33 deep dread-bolted deep-voiced and furnished with the dreadful thunderbolt 35 cross zigzag; perdu (I) sentry in a forlorn position (2) lost one 36 helm helmet (his scanty hair)

38 fain pleased 39 rogues vagabonds 40 short when straw is freshly cut, it is long, and suitable for bedding, given its flexibility and crispness; as it is used, it becomes musty, shreds into pieces, is "short"; in contemporary Maine usage, "short manure" refers to dung mixed with straw that has been broken up, "long manure" to dung mixed with coarse new straw 42 concluded all come to a complete end 47 wheel of fire torment associated by the Middle Ages with hell, where Lear thinks he is 50 wide i.e., of the mark (of sanity) 53 abused deluded 60 fond in dotage 65 mainly entirely

LEAR

Am I in France?

KENT In your own kingdom, sir.

LEAR

Do not abuse° me.

DOCTOR

Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,°
 You see, is killed in him: and yet it is danger
 To make him even o'er° the time he has lost. 80
 Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
 Till further settling.°

CORDELIA

Will't please your highness walk?°

LEAR You must bear with me.

Pray you now, forget and forgive. I am old and
 foolish. *Exeunt. Mane[n]t° KENT and GENTLEMAN.*

GENTLEMAN Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of 85
 Cornwall was so slain?

KENT Most certain, sir.

GENTLEMAN Who is conductor of his people?

KENT As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

GENTLEMAN They say Edgar, his banished son, is 90
 with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

KENT Report is changeable.° 'Tis time to look about;
 the powers° of the kingdom approach apace.

GENTLEMAN The arbitrement° is like to be bloody.
 Fare you well, sir. [Exit.] 95

KENT

My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,°
 Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. *Exit.*

A C T V

Scene I. [*The British camp near Dover.*]

*Enter, with drum and colors, EDMUND, REGAN,
 GENTLEMEN, and SOLDIERS.*

EDMUND

Know° of the duke if his last purpose hold,°
 Or whether since he is advised° by aught
 To change the course: he's full of alteration
 And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.°
 [To a GENTLEMAN, who goes out.]

REGAN

Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.° 5

EDMUND

'Tis to be doubted,° madam.

REGAN

Now, sweet lord,
 You know the goodness I intend upon you:
 Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,
 Do you not love my sister?

EDMUND

In honored° love.

77 **abuse** deceive 78 **rage** frenzy 80 **even o'er** smooth over
 by filling in; and hence, "recollect" 82 **settling** calming 83
walk perhaps in the sense of "withdraw" 84 **s.d. Mane[n]t**
 remain 92 **Report is changeable** rumors are unreliable 93
powers armies 94 **arbitrement** deciding encounter 96
My . . . wrought the aim and end, the close of my life, will
 be completely worked out

V.i.i **Know** learn; **last purpose hold** most recent intention
 (to fight) be maintained 2 **advised** induced 4 **constant**
pleasure fixed (final) decision 5 **miscarried** come to grief
 6 **doubted** feared 9 **honored** honorable

REGAN

But have you never found my brother's way 10
 To the forfended° place?

EDMUND

That thought abuses° you.

REGAN

I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
 And bosomed with her, as far as we call hers.°

EDMUND

No, by mine honor, madam.

REGAN

I shall never endure her: dear my lord, 15
 Be not familiar with her.

EDMUND

Fear° me not.—

She and the duke her husband!

*Enter, with drum and colors, ALBANY, GONERIL, [and]
 SOLDIERS.*

GONERIL [*Aside.*]

I had rather lose the battle than that sister
 Should loosen° him and me.

ALBANY

Our very loving sister, well be-met.° 20
 Sir, this I heard, the king is come to his daughter,
 With others whom the rigor of our state°
 Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,°
 I never yet was valiant: for this business,
 It touches us, as° France invades our land, 25
 Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
 Most just and heavy causes make oppose.°

EDMUND

Sir, you speak nobly.

REGAN

Why is this reasoned?°

GONERIL

Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
 For these domestic and particular broils° 30
 Are not the question° here.

ALBANY

Let's then determine

With th' ancient of war° on our proceeding.

EDMUND

I shall attend you presently at your tent.

REGAN

Sister, you'll go with us?°

GONERIL No. 35

REGAN

'Tis most convenient;° pray you, go with us.

GONERIL [*Aside.*]

O, ho, I know the riddle.°—I will go.

*Exeunt both the ARMIES.**Enter EDGAR [disguised].*

EDGAR

If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
 Hear me one word.

11 **forfended** forbidden; **abuses** (1) deceives (2) demeans, is
 unworthy of 12-13 **I . . . hers** I fear that you have united
 with her intimately, in the fullest possible way 16 **Fear**
 distrust 19 **loosen** separate 20 **be-met** met 22 **rigor** . . .
state tyranny of our government 23 **honest** honorable 25
touches us, as concerns me, only in that 26-27 **Not** . . .
oppose and not in that France emboldens the king and others,
 who have been led, by real and serious grievances, to take up
 arms against us 28 **reasoned** argued 30 **particular broils**
 private quarrels 31 **question** issue 32 **th' ancient of war**
 experienced commanders 34 **us** me (rather than Edmund)
 36 **convenient** fitting, desirable 37 **riddle** real reason (for
 Regan's curious request)

ALBANY [*To those going out.*]
I'll overtake you. [*To EDGAR.*] Speak. 40
Exeunt [all but ALBANY and EDGAR].

EDGAR
Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For° him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove°
What is avouchèd° there. If you miscarry, 45
Your business of° the world hath so an end,
And machination° ceases. Fortune love you.

ALBANY
Stay till I have read the letter.

EDGAR I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. 50

ALBANY
Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook° thy paper.
Exit [EDGAR].

Enter EDMUND.

EDMUND
The enemy's in view: draw up your powers.
Here is the guess° of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery;° but your haste
Is now urged on you.

ALBANY We will greet° the time. *Exit.* 55

EDMUND
To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous° of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enjoyed,
If both remain alive: to take the widow 60
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly° shall I carry out my side,°
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance° for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise 65
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.° *Exit.* 70

Scene II. [*A field between the two camps.*]

Alarum° within. Enter, with drum and colors, LEAR, CORDELIA, and SOLDIERS, over the stage; and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLOUCESTER.

EDGAR
Here, father,° take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.

42-43 **sound** For summon 44 **prove** i.e., by trial of combat
45 **avouchèd** maintained 46 **of** in 47 **machination**
plotting 51 **o'erlook** read over 53 **guess** estimate 54 **By**
diligent discovery obtained by careful reconnoitering
55 **greet** i.e., meet the demands of 57 **jealous** suspicious
62 **hardly** with difficulty; **carry . . . side** (1) satisfy my ambi-
tion (2) fulfill my bargain (with Goneril) 64 **countenance**
authority 69-70 **for . . . debate** my position requires me to
act, not to reason about right and wrong
V.ii.s.d. **Alarum** a trumpet call to battle 1 **father** i.e.,
venerable old man (Edgar has not yet revealed his identity)

If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

GLOUCESTER Grace go with you, sir.
Exit [EDGAR].

Alarum and retreat° within. [Re]enter EDGAR.

EDGAR
Away, old man; give me thy hand; away! 5
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:°
Give me thy hand; come on.

GLOUCESTER
No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

EDGAR
What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither: 10
Ripeness° is all. Come on.

GLOUCESTER And that's true too. *Exeunt.*

Scene III. [*The British camp near Dover.*]

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colors, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as prisoners; SOLDIERS, CAP- TAIN.

EDMUND
Some officers take them away: good guard,°
Until their greater pleasures° first be known
That are to censure° them.

CORDELIA We are not the first
Who with best meaning° have incurred the worst.
For thee, oppressèd king, I am cast down; 5
Myself could else out-frown false Fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

LEAR
No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' th' cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down 10
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies,° and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out; 15
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies:° and we'll wear out,°
In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by th' moon.°

EDMUND Take them away.

LEAR
Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, 20
The gods themselves throw incense.° Have I caught
thee?

4 s.d. **retreat** signaled by a trumpet 6 **ta'en** captured 11
Ripeness maturity, as of fruit that is ready to fall
V.iii.i **good guard** let them be well guarded 2 **their greater**
pleasures the will of those in command, the great ones 3
censure pass judgment on 4 **meaning** intentions 13
gilded butterflies i.e., gorgeously attired courtiers, flutter-
ing after nothing 16-17 **take . . . spies** profess to read the
riddle of existence, as if endowed with divine omniscience 17
wear out outlast 18-19 **packs . . . moon** intriguing and
partisan cliques of those in high station, whose fortunes change
every month 20-21 **Upon . . . incense** i.e., the gods
approve our renunciation of the world

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes.° Wipe thine eyes;
The good years° shall devour them,° flesh and fell,°
Ere they shall make us weep. We'll see 'em starved
first. 25

Come. [Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.]

EDMUND

Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note: go follow them to prison:
One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way 30
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is:° to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:° thy great employment
Will not bear question;° either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

CAPTAIN I'll do't, my lord. 35

EDMUND

About it; and write happy° when th' hast done.
Mark; I say, instantly, and carry it so°
As I have set it down.

CAPTAIN

I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I'll do't. Exit CAPTAIN. 40

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN [another
CAPTAIN, and] SOLDIERS.

ALBANY

Sir, you have showed today your valiant strain,°
And fortune led you well: you have the captives
Who were the opposites of° this day's strife:
I do require them of you, so to use them 45
As we shall find their merits° and our safety
May equally determine.

EDMUND

Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;°
Whose° age had charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,° 50
And turn our impressed lances in our eyes°
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen:
My reason all the same; and they are ready
Tomorrow, or at further space,° t'appear
Where you shall hold your session.° At this time 55
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness.°

22-23 He . . . foxes No human agency can separate us, but only divine interposition, as of a heavenly torch parting us like foxes that are driven from their place of refuge by fire and smoke 24 good years plague and pestilence ("undefined malefic power or agency," N.E.D.); them the enemies of Lear and Cordelia; fell skin 32 as . . . is i.e., absolutely determined by the exigencies of the moment 33 become a sword befit a soldier 34 bear question admit of discussion 36 write happy style yourself fortunate 37 carry it so manage the affair in exactly that manner (as if Cordelia had taken her own life) 41 strain (1) stock (2) character 43 opposites of opponents in 45 merits deserts 48 retention . . . guard confinement under duly appointed guard 49 Whose i.e., Lear's 50 pluck . . . side win the sympathy of the people to himself 51 turn . . . eyes turn our conscripted lancers against us 54 further space a later time 55 session trial 57-58 best . . . sharpness worthiest causes may be judged badly by those who have been affected painfully by them, and whose passion has not yet cooled

The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

ALBANY Sir, by your patience, 60
I hold you but a subject of° this war,
Not as a brother.

REGAN That's as we list to grace° him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person; 65
The which immediacy may well stand up
And call itself your brother.°

GONERIL Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself
More than in your addition.°

REGAN In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers° the best. 70

GONERIL
That were the most,° if he should husband you.°

REGAN

Jesters do oft prove prophets.

GONERIL Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so looked but a-squint.°

REGAN

Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.° General, 75
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;°
Dispose of them, of me; the walls is thine:°
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord, and master.

GONERIL Mean you to enjoy him?

ALBANY

The let-alone° lies not in your good will. 80

EDMUND

Nor in thine, lord.

ALBANY Half-blooded° fellow, yes.

REGAN [To EDMUND.]

Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.°

ALBANY

Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and in thy attaint°
This gilded serpent [pointing to GONERIL]. For your 85
claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife.
'Tis she is subcontracted° to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banes.°
If you will marry, make your loves° to me;
My lady is bespoke.°

GONERIL An interlude!° 90

61 subject of subordinate in 62 list to grace wish to honor 65-67 Bore . . . brother was authorized, as my deputy, to take command; his present status, as my immediate representative, entitles him to be considered your equal 69 your addition honors you have bestowed on him 70 compeers equals 71 most most complete investing in your rights; husband you become your husband 73 a-squint cross-eyed 75 From . . . stomach angrily 76 patrimony inheritance 77 walls is thine i.e., Regan's person, which Edmund has stormed and won 80 let-alone power to prevent 81 Half-blooded bastard, and so only half noble 82 prove . . . thine prove by combat your entitlement to my rights 84 in thy attaint as a sharer in the treason for which you are impeached 87 subcontracted pledged by a contract which is called into question by the existence of a previous contract (Goneril's marriage) 88 contradict your banes forbid your announced intention to marry (by citing the precontract) 89 loves love-suits 90 bespoke already pledged; interlude play

ALBANY

Thou art armed, Gloucester: let the trumpet sound:
 If none appear to prove upon thy person
 Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
 There is my pledge^o [*throwing down a glove*]: I'll make^o
 it on thy heart,
 Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
 Than I have here proclaimed thee.

REGAN

Sick, O, sick!

GONERIL [*Aside.*]If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.^oEDMUND [*Throwing down a glove.*]

There's my exchange:^o what in the world he is
 That names me traitor, villainlike he lies:^o
 Call by the trumpet:^o he that dares approach,
 On him, on you—who not?—I will maintain
 My truth and honor firmly.

ALBANY

A herald, ho!

EDMUND

A herald, ho, a herald!

ALBANY

Trust to thy single virtue:^o for thy soldiers,
 All levied in my name, have in my name
 Took their discharge.

REGAN

My sickness grows upon me.

ALBANY

She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*]*Enter a HERALD.*

Come hither, herald. Let the trumpet sound—
 And read out this.

CAPTAIN Sound, trumpet!

A trumpet sounds.

HERALD (*Reads.*) "If any man of quality or degree^o
 within the lists^o of the army will maintain upon Ed-
 mund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a mani-
 fold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the
 trumpet: he is bold in his defense."

EDMUND Sound!

First trumpet.

HERALD Again!

Second trumpet.

HERALD Again!

Third trumpet.

*Trumpet answers within. Enter EDGAR, at the third
 sound, armed, a trumpet before him.^o*

ALBANY

Ask him his purposes, why he appears
 Upon this call o' th' trumpet.

HERALD

What are you?

Your name, your quality,^o and why you answer

This present summons?

EDGAR

Know, my name is lost;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:^o

Yet am I noble as the adversary

I come to cope.^o

ALBANY

Which is that adversary?

EDGAR

What's he that speaks for Edmund, Earl of Gloucester?

EDMUND

Himself: what say'st thou to him?

EDGAR

Draw thy sword,

That if my speech offend a noble heart,

Thy arm do thee justice: here is mine.

Behold it is my privilege,

The privilege of mine honors,

My oath, and my profession.^o I protest,Maugre^o thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,Despite thy victor sword and fire-new^o fortune,Thy valor and thy heart,^o thou art a traitor,

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,

Conspirant^o 'gainst this high illustrious prince,And from th' extremest upward^o of thy headTo the descent and dust below thy foot,^oA most toad-spotted traitor.^o Say thou "No,"This sword, this arm and my best spirits are bent^oTo prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,^o

Thou liest.

EDMUND In wisdom^o I should ask thy name,

But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,

And that thy tongue some say^o of breeding breathes,What safe and nicely^o I might well delay^o

By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:

Back do I toss these treasons^o to thy head;With the hell-hated^o lie o'erwhelm thy heart;

Which for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,

Where they shall rest for ever.^o Trumpets, speak!*Alarums. [They] fight. [EDMUND falls.]*

ALBANY

Save^o him, save him!

GONERIL

This is practice,^o Gloucester:

By th' law of war thou wast not bound to answer

An unknown opposite;^o thou art not vanquished,

But cozened and beguiled.

ALBANY

Shut your mouth, dame,

123 canker-bit eaten by the caterpillar **125 cope**
 encounter **130–32 it** . . . **profession** my knighthood
 entitles me to challenge you, and to have my challenge
 accepted **133 Maugre** despite **134 fire-new** fresh from the
 forge or mint **135 heart** courage **137 Conspirant** con-
 spiring, a conspirator **138 extremest upward** the very top
139 the . . . **foot** your lowest part (sole) and the dust beneath
 it **140 toad-spotted traitor** spotted with treason (and hence
 venomous, as the toad is allegedly marked with spots that
 exude venom) **141 bent** directed **142 whereto I speak**
 Edgar speaks from the heart, and speaks to the heart of Edmund
143 wisdom prudence (since he is not obliged to fight with
 one of lesser rank) **145 say** assay (i.e., touch, sign)
146 safe and nicely cautiously and punctiliously; **delay**
 i.e., avoid **148 treasons** accusations of treason **149**
hell-hated hated like hell **150–52 Which** . . . **ever**
 which accusations of treason, since as yet they do no
 harm, even though I have hurled them back, I now thrust upon
 you still more forcibly, with my sword, so that they may
 remain with you permanently **153 Save** spare; **practice**
 trickery **155 opposite** opponent

94 pledge gage; **make** prove **97 medicine** poison
98 exchange technical term, denoting the glove Edmund
 throws down **99 villainlike he lies** the lie direct, a challenge
 to mortal combat **100 trumpet** trumpeter **104 single**
virtue unaided valor **111 quality or degree** rank or
 position **112 lists** rolls **118 s.d. trumpet before him**
 trumpeter preceding him **121 quality** rank

Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir;^o
Thou^o worse than any name, read thine own evil.
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

GONERIL

Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine: 160
Who can arraign me for't?

ALBANY

Most monstrous! O!

Know'st thou this paper?

GONERIL

Ask me not what I know. *Exit.*

ALBANY

Go after her; she's desperate; govern^o her.

EDMUND

What you have charged me with, that have I done;
And more, much more; the time will bring it out. 165
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on^o me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

EDGAR

Let's exchange charity.^o

I am no less in blood^o than thou art, Edmund;
If more,^o the more th' hast wronged me. 170
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant^o vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place^o where thee he got^o
Cost him his eyes.

EDMUND

Th' hast spoken right, 'tis true; 175

The wheel is come full circle; I am here.^o

ALBANY

Methought thy very gait did prophesy^o
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!

EDGAR

Worthy^o prince, I know't. 180

ALBANY

Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

EDGAR

By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape^o 185
That followed me so near—O, our lives' sweetness,
That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once!^o—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, t' assume a semblance
That very dogs disdained: and in this habit^o 190
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,^o
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begged for him, saved him from despair;
Never—O fault!—revealed myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was armed, 195
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,

157 **Hold, sir** to Edmund: "Just a moment!" 158
Thou probably Goneril 163 **govern** control 167 **fortune**
on victory over 168 **charity** forgiveness and love
169 **blood** lineage 170 **If more** if I am more noble
(since legitimate) 172 **of our pleasant** out of our pleasurable
174 **place** i.e., the adulterous bed; **got** begot 176 **wheel**
. . . **here** i.e., Fortune's wheel, on which Edmund ascended,
has now, in its downward turning, deposited him at the bottom,
whence he began 177 **gait did prophesy** carriage did
promise 180 **Worthy** honorable 185 **to escape** (my wish)
to escape the sentence of death 186–88 **O . . . once** How
sweet is life, that we choose to suffer death every hour rather
than make an end at once 190 **habit** attire 191 **rings**
sockets

I asked his blessing, and from first to last
Told him our pilgrimage.^o But his flawed^o heart—
Alack, too weak the conflict to support—
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief, 200
Burst smilingly.

EDMUND

This speech of yours hath moved

me,

And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

ALBANY

If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,^o 205
Hearing of this.

EDGAR

This would have seemed a period^o

To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.^o
Whilst I was big in clamor,^o came there in a man, 210
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,^o
Shunned my abhorred^o society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fastened on my neck, and bellowed out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father; 215
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear received: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant,^o and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranced.^o

ALBANY

But who was this? 220

EDGAR

Kent, sir, the banished Kent; who in disguise
Followed his enemy^o king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a GENTLEMAN, with a bloody knife.

GENTLEMAN

Help, help, O, help!

EDGAR

What kind of help?

ALBANY

Speak, man.

EDGAR

What means this bloody knife?

GENTLEMAN

'Tis hot, it smokes;^o 225

It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!

ALBANY

Who dead? Speak, man.

GENTLEMAN

Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poisoned; she confesses it.

EDMUND

I was contracted^o to them both: all three 230
Now marry^o in an instant.

EDGAR

Here comes Kent.

ALBANY

Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.

[*Exit GENTLEMAN.*]

198 **our pilgrimage** of our (purgatorial) journey; **flawed**
cracked 205 **dissolve** i.e., into tears 206 **period** limit
207–09 **but . . . extremity** just one woe more, described too
fully, would go beyond the extreme limit 210 **big in clamor**
loud in lamentation 211 **estate** condition 212 **abhorred**
abhorrent 218 **puissant** overmastering 220 **tranced** insensi-
ble 222 **enemy** hostile 225 **smokes** steams 230 **contracted**
betrothed 231 **marry** i.e., unite in death

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.

Enter KENT.

O, is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment^o
Which very manners^o urges. 235

KENT I am come
To bid my king and master aye^o good night:
Is he not here?

ALBANY Great thing of^o us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Cordelia?
See'st thou this object,^o Kent? 240

The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.

KENT
Alack, why thus?

EDMUND Yet^o Edmund was beloved:
The one the other poisoned for my sake,
And after slew herself.

ALBANY
Even so. Cover their faces.

EDMUND
I pant for life:^o some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to th' castle; for my writ^o
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:
Nay, send in time. 245

ALBANY Run, run, O, run!

EDGAR
To who, my lord? Who has the office?^o Send
Thy token of reprieve.^o 250

EDMUND
Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.

EDGAR Haste thee, for thy life.
[*Exit MESSENGER.*]

EDMUND
He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid^o herself. 255

ALBANY
The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[*EDMUND is borne off.*]

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA in his arms, [GENTLEMAN,
and others following].*

LEAR
How, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever.
I know when one is dead and when one lives;
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,^o

235 **compliment** ceremony 236 **very manners** ordinary
civility 237 **aye** forever 238 **thing of** matter by
240 **object** sight (the bodies of Goneril and Regan)
241 **Yet** in spite of all 245 **pant for life** gasp for breath 247
writ command (ordering the execution) 250 **office** commis-
sion 251 **token of reprieve** sign that they are reprieved
257 **fordid** destroyed 264 **stone** i.e., the surface of the crystal
looking-glass

Why, then she lives.

KENT Is this the promised end?^o 265

EDGAR

Or image^o of that horror?

ALBANY Fall and cease.^o

LEAR

This feather stirs; she lives. If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem^o all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

KENT O my good master.

LEAR

Prithee, away.

EDGAR 'Tis noble Kent, your friend. 270

LEAR

A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her; now she's gone for ever.
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha,
What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman. 275
I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee.

GENTLEMAN

'Tis true, my lords, he did.

LEAR

Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion^o
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses^o spoil me.^o Who are you? 280
Mine eyes are not o' th' best: I'll tell you straight.^o

KENT

If Fortune brag of two^o she loved and hated,
One of them we behold.

LEAR

This is a dull sight.^o Are you not Kent?

KENT

The same,

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?^o 285

LEAR

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

KENT

No, my good lord; I am the very man.

LEAR

I'll see that straight.^o 255

KENT

That from your first of difference and decay^o
Have followed your sad steps. 290

LEAR

You are welcome hither.

KENT

Nor no man else:^o all's cheerless, dark and deadly.
Your eldest daughters have fordone^o themselves,
And desperately^o are dead.

LEAR

Ay, so I think.

ALBANY

He knows not what he says, and vain is it 295

265 **promised end** doomsday 266 **image** exact likeness;
Fall and cease i.e., Let the heavens fall, and all things finish
268 **redeem** make good 278 **falchion** small curved sword
280 **crosses** troubles; **spoil me** i.e., my prowess as a sword-
man 281 **tell you straight** recognize you straightaway 282
two i.e., Lear, and some hypothetical second, who is also a
prime example of Fortune's inconstancy ("loved and hated")
284 **dull sight** (1) melancholy spectacle (2) faulty eyesight
(Lear's own, clouded by weeping) 285 **Caius** Kent's name, in
disguise 289 **see that straight** attend to that in a moment
290 **your . . . decay** beginning of your decline in fortune
292 **Nor . . . else** no, I am not welcome, nor is anyone else
293 **fordone** destroyed 294 **desperately** in despair

That we present us to him.

EDGAR Very bootless.°

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Edmund is dead, my lord.

ALBANY That's but a trifle here.

You lords and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come°

Shall be applied. For us, we° will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power: [*to EDGAR and KENT*] you,
to your rights;

With boot,° and such addition° as your honors

Have more than merited. All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!

LEAR

And my poor fool° is hanged: no, no, no life?

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,

Never, never, never, never, never.

Pray you, undo this button.° Thank you, sir.

Do you see this? Look on her. Look, her lips,

296 bootless fruitless **299 What . . . come** whatever aid may present itself to this great ruined man **300 us, we** the royal "we" **303 boot** good measure; **addition** additional titles and rights **307 fool** Cordelia ("fool" being a term of endearment; but it is perfectly possible to take the word as referring also to the Fool) **311 undo this button** i.e., to ease the suffocation Lear feels

Look there, look there. *He dies.*

EDGAR He faints. My lord, my lord!

KENT

Break, heart; I prithee, break.

EDGAR

Look up, my lord.

KENT

Vex not his ghost:° O, let him pass! He hates him **315**

That would upon the rack° of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.°

EDGAR

He is gone indeed.

KENT

The wonder is he hath endured so long:

He but usurped° his life.

ALBANY

Bear them from hence. Our present business **320**

Is general woe. [*To KENT and EDGAR.*] Friends of my

soul, you twain,

Rule in this realm and the gored state sustain.

KENT

I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;

My master calls me, I must not say no.

EDGAR

The weight of this sad time we must obey,° **325**

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most: we that are young

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

Exeunt, with a dead march.

315 Vex . . . ghost do not trouble his departing spirit **316 rack** instrument of torture, stretching the victim's joints to dislocation **317 longer** (1) in time (2) in bodily length **319 usurped** possessed beyond the allotted term **325 obey** submit to

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

EDITED BY SYLVAN BARNET

Introduction

The date of *Macbeth*, like that of many of Shakespeare's plays, is not beyond all dispute, but there are good reasons for believing it was written in 1605–06 and was performed at Hampton Court in 1606 before James I of England and his brother-in-law, Christian of Denmark. The play, indeed, seems to have been written to please James (and perhaps thus to further the fortunes of Shakespeare's theatrical company, which in 1603 had been named the King's Men). The evidence that Shakespeare sought to please James ranges from the highly favorable portrait of Banquo, from whom the Stuarts claimed descent (the pageant in IV.i of Banquo and the eight kings seems to be a polite tribute to James, who was the ninth Stuart monarch), to such a small detail as the omission of a defeat of the Danes—this to avoid embarrassing the visiting Danish king. But for a discussion of all such evidence, the reader must consult Henry N. Paul's *The Royal Play of Macbeth*. Our concern here will not be with the play Shakespeare wrote for the two kings, but with the play he wrote for us.

Although *Macbeth* draws its material from Holinshed's *Chronicles*, a historical compilation that provided Shakespeare with much of the material for the ten plays that in the Folio of 1623 comprise the section labeled "Histories," *Macbeth* was entitled a tragedy and was printed among the tragedies in the Folio. James may have looked on the play as history, but it is not history. (Banquo, for example, was a convenient invention of a Scottish historian who in the early sixteenth century needed to give the Stuart line a proper beginning.) It is something that poets and literary critics customarily consider superior to history: a vision of life that has the concreteness of history and yet the wisdom of philosophy. Of course none of Shakespeare's history plays is satisfactory history; the exclusion of *Macbeth* from the "Histories" does not mean that the editors of the Folio recognized in it any unusual departure from fact. Perhaps *Macbeth* was excluded simply because its dramatis personae are Scottish, not English. But its presence among the "Tragedies" may mean that the editors saw a fundamental difference between *Macbeth* and, say, *Richard III*, which had earlier been published as a tragedy and which is called a tragedy even while it is placed among the "Histories." When one reads or sees *Richard III*, one cannot help

feeling—even despite some familiarity with modern historical accounts that have demonstrated Shakespeare's distortions of fact—that one is experiencing a re-creation or re-presentation of what men did to other men during a segment of English history. When one reads or sees *Macbeth*, one cannot help feeling that one is experiencing a re-creation or re-presentation of what a man is, in the present, even in the timeless.

Suppose we take a definition of tragedy and apply it to *Macbeth*. We may find that the play helps to support the definition, and that when we apply this touchstone we see things in the play that we might otherwise have missed. (But we will also see that the definition shrinks the play, and that after it has served its purpose it must be discarded for another that may further illuminate the play.) Let us take as our first touchstone a line uttered in Cyril Tourneur's *The Revenger's Tragedy*, a play apparently written about the same time as *Macbeth*:

When the bad bleed, then is the tragedy good.

In this view, tragedy shows the punishment of evildoers; at its conclusion (to quote the Duke of Albany, in *King Lear*)

All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. (V.iii.304–06)

What is there of this in *Macbeth*? If Tourneur's "bad" includes, as it must, a man who knowingly kills his benefactor, and who follows this murder with tyrannical assaults upon the lives of his countrymen (including women and children), then the formula has some relevance to *Macbeth*. For although most discussions of tragedy start from Aristotle's assumption that the best tragedy concerns a man who does a deed of horror in ignorance (Oedipus kills an old man who, unknown to him, is his father; Othello kills Desdemona in the mistaken belief that she is unchaste; Brutus makes errors of judgment that undercut his high-minded aspirations), *Macbeth* is not confused about the criminal nature of his deed. When

he kills the king who is his guest and generous lord, he knows, as Oedipus, Othello, and Brutus do not, that he does a "horrid deed." Even before he does the deed he foresees the outcome, apparently sensing that in the nature of things something rather like Albany's view will come about through the workings of even-handed justice. In his first soliloquy he says:

we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips.¹ (I.vii.8-12)

Nor does Macbeth lose his moral sense after his first crime. Midway in the play, when he has already suffered violent feelings of guilt, he determines to toughen himself in villainous practice; he has seen the ghost of one of his victims because (he thinks) he is still a fearful novice in crime and he has not yet inured himself by "hard use." A little later, when he fears he is losing his control, he determines that his course must be bloodier:

From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to th' edge o' th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool. (IV.i.146-54)

Another way of seeing something of Macbeth's calculated villainy—something of the quality that puts him in Tourneur's classification of "the bad"—is to see what his opponents are like. Who are they? Chief of them is Malcolm, the heir to the throne—a man chaste, trustworthy, and patriotic—and they include men who are distressed to hear that Macbeth has made "each new morn/ New widows howl, new orphans cry." To these enemies of Macbeth, he is a butcher, a tyrant, a hell-kite, a hellhound. Malcolm and his allies, on the other hand, are the instruments of the powers above, and are God's soldiers. The concluding speech sharply contrasts the defeated tyrant (at whose fall, Dr. Johnson says, "every reader rejoices") and the rightful king:

What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time—
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiendlike queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace

¹ By the way, although the idea that an evil act engenders its own punishment is scarcely novel, Shakespeare's use of it here is probably indebted to a passage in Holinshed's *Chronicles*: "For the prick of conscience, as it chanceth ever in tyrants and such as attain to any estate by unrighteous means, caused him ever to fear, lest he should be served of the same cup as he had ministered to his predecessors."

We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

(V.viii.64-75)

Macbeth has been allied with witches or fiends, but the rightful ruler will work "by the grace of Grace." Macbeth has been unable to "buckle his distempered cause/Within the belt of rule," but the rightful ruler will perform his actions "in measure, time, and place." Macbeth had heard Duncan say to him "I have begun to plant thee, and will labor/To make thee full of growing," yet he had turned against the source of his growth, killed Duncan, and so made of himself a rootless branch that must become desiccated; the rightful ruler's mind turns to planting newly with the time.

It can be put this way: Macbeth's action is contrary to nature, and he knows it. The mere thought of his deed makes his body function unnaturally. The witches' solicitation, he says,

doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature. (I.iii.135-37)

The wounds inflicted on Duncan look like "a breach in nature," and the sun feels the effect of the murder:

By th' clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it? (II.iv.6-10)

To which the Old Man replies: "'Tis unnatural,/Even like the deed that's done."

By turning against the source of his growth, then, Macbeth becomes infected:

Who then shall blame
His pestered senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there? (V.ii.22-25)

But of course this is not the whole story, and the Macbeth that has been thus far discussed is only a part of Shakespeare's Macbeth. At the outset of the play we meet not Macbeth but the Weird Sisters. The next time they assemble, the third one says, it will be to meet with Macbeth. The incantatory quality of their verse—the power of the rhyme, the alliteration, and the mysterious paradoxes—can be felt even in a single couplet:

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air. (I.i.10-11)

We may insist, on reflection, that Macbeth is a free agent who need not have yielded to the witches' hints; certainly he harbors within him what they present to our eye. Yet can we feel sure that he has not been ensnared: the charm has been wound up, and if he is the tyrant, viewed another way he is the victim of infernal tyranny. "The instruments of darkness tell us truths,/Win us with honest trifles, to

betray's/In deepest consequence." The witches can control the winds, and we first see Macbeth on a "blasted heath." The very air he breathes, as it is in part made up of the witches who "melted as breath into the wind," is infected. This second view, of Macbeth as victim, though it must not be pressed (the noble Duncan finds the air sweet—but, in another way, he too is a victim), finds support in Shakespeare's other tragedies and even in his use of the word "tragedy" and its derivatives. He seems never to use it in a context that bears much resemblance to Tourneur's line, "When the bad bleed, then is the tragedy good." Always, or almost always, the word is linked with a violent death that evokes woe or is said to be woeful. Because he does not mention "tragedy" in *Macbeth*, an example must be drawn from another play. One of his earliest uses of the word will suffice. In *1 Henry VI*, Salisbury, an English commander, has been killed by a hidden French gunner. Talbot, Salisbury's cohort, laments the sudden fall:

Accursèd tower! Accursèd fatal hand
That hath contrived this woeful tragedy! (I.iv.76–77)

The reference to the tower, and the word "fatal" ("destined," "fated") are important, for they suggest that tragedy sets its woeful happenings against a mysterious backdrop of inhuman and inscrutable forces.

The Weird Sisters in *Macbeth* are of course part of this inscrutable surrounding. In the Folio their name is spelled "weyard" or "weyward" (perhaps with a glance at "wayward"?) but the stage directions and speech prefixes call them witches. They have the traditional petty malice (and beards) of witches, and they acknowledge "masters," but they also have properties not associated with witches: they vanish like bubbles, and they speak authoritatively. In the fourth act they are closer to the Furies than to mischievous hags. No English play before *Macbeth* has such imposing witches, and if the Weird Sisters resemble witches in their ability to sail in a sieve and in their animal-killing and in their cookery and in their revenge on the sailor's wife, they nevertheless seem also to merit the title Macbeth gives them—"juggling fiends." Their name suggests the Fates (Old English *wyrd*, fate), and Holinshed conjectures that they may be "the goddesses of destiny," though of course Holinshed's view need not be Shakespeare's.

Is it, then, Macbeth's bad luck that the witches wait for him? Or is there something within himself that has attracted them, and that makes him recognize his kinship with them? Are they the dramatist's concrete embodiments of a part of Macbeth? As soon as we ask these questions we realize that debate is futile; we cannot reply by pointing to Elizabethan treatises on demonology; we can only repeat portions of the play; and the play does not provide unequivocal answers.

Equivocation, in fact, is in part what the play is about. The Porter (II.iii) soliloquizes about an equivocator, but we do not have to wait for him to introduce the theme of doubleness or ambiguity. The Weird Sisters, in the first scene, will meet "when the battle's lost and won," and for them "fair is foul, and foul is fair." A few moments later Macbeth will enter, and his first line will be "So foul and fair a day I have not seen" (I.iii.38). One aspect of this pervasive doubleness is in the word-play. The Porter has his quibbles, of course, but so do Macbeth and Lady

Macbeth. Second meanings, however, lurk not only under words (for example, *gild/guilt*); there are second meanings under whole speeches and actions. This is not surprising in a play in which the protagonist is advised to "look like th' innocent flower,/But be the serpent under't," and in which we hear "Away, and mock the time with fairest show:/False face must hide what the false heart doth know." Still, it was not inevitable that Shakespeare should so brilliantly follow the innocent Duncan's observation that "There's no art/To find the mind's construction in the face:/He was a gentleman on whom I built/An absolute trust" with a stage direction, "*Enter Macbeth*," that is, enter another whose appearance will deceive Duncan.

It is time that we look more closely at Macbeth's double nature, for if he is the "devilish Macbeth" that Malcolm says he is, he is also something else.

Very early in the play—immediately after the odd ritual of a dozen lines in which the Weird Sisters inform us that they will meet with Macbeth—we get a report of Macbeth's loyalty and courage. He is "brave Macbeth," "valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman," and "noble Macbeth," and by his deeds against rebels and foreign invaders he has earned these words. His first appearance on the stage does not quite confirm this report, but if anything it even more potently engages our sympathetic interest; he starts and seems "to fear/Things that do sound so fair." With hindsight we can say that he starts because he has already harbored criminal impulses that respond to the witches' words, but what is more important is that his apprehensiveness suggests both an apartness from others and a self-division that will make us see in him a good deal more than the blackguard. Twice in this first view of Macbeth we hear him described as "rapt," and his asides—confessing his uncertainties—complicate him and make him more than the hero described in the previous scene. There he had unseamed a rebel from the nave to the chops, had been an eagle, a cannon, and valor's minion. That is, when we first hear of Macbeth we hear of a man of noble and unambiguous action; when we first see Macbeth, we see a man of uncertainty. His first appearance puts him in the company of sympathetic tragic heroes such as Hamlet and Romeo. (Hamlet's first remark is an aside, and his next few speeches reveal he is not at one with his surroundings or himself. When we first see Romeo he is so abstracted that he is unaware of the time of day, and he endures "sad hours.") Conversely, Macbeth is far from the evil Richard III, whose history Shakespeare presented in the tragic shape of a rise and fall. Richard is unambiguously a villain. As early as the thirtieth line of the play he begins

I am determinèd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate, the one against the other.
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous. (I.i.30–37)

This unmitigated villainy is not without its attractions, but contrast it with Macbeth's recoil at his own murderous thoughts:

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not. (I.iii.139-42)

It is not, then, that he commits crimes and at the end suffers; he suffers even before he commits his first criminal action, and because he is his own tormentor he scarcely needs the spectator's punishing eyes. Immediately after killing Duncan he is afflicted with doubts and has a premonition of the sleeplessness that will ensue. Lady Macbeth takes a simpler view: "Consider it not so deeply," "These deeds must not be thought/After these ways; so, it will make us mad," "A little water clears us of this deed:/How easy is it then!" (But if she here seems as black as the evil angel that prompts Mankind to illicit deeds in the old morality plays, she too reveals inner depths in the sleepwalking scene, when we see that like her husband she is troubled with thick-coming fancies that keep her from her rest.)

Macbeth early recognizes the unnaturalness of his thoughts, and, as the asides in the first act make clear, they estrange him from his fellows and even almost from himself. They

make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature. (I.iii.136-37)

The soldier who fought along with his countrymen—who is described as a savior—becomes, by the last act, a man who knows that he has no friends (enemy troops, rather than troops of friends, surround him); his soldiers at the end—those who do not desert him—are mere "constrained things/Whose hearts are absent too." His course in blood has separated him not only from God ("wherefore could I not pronounce 'Amen'?"), and from his subjects (he cannot banquet at ease with them), but even from his wife. At the start of the play she is his "dearest partner of greatness," and his "dearest love." But midway in the play (though she is "dearest chuck") he keeps from her the plot against Banquo, and at the end he seems almost insensible to her death: "She should have died hereafter." There are many ways of responding to the news of the death of a beloved one, and in this play Shakespeare gives us three. It is instructive to compare Macduff's response (IV.iii) and Old Siward's (V.viii), very different yet not totally so, and to contrast them to Macbeth's utterly dissimilar response.

What of Macbeth's own death? Its effect on us is complex. When his severed head is brought in, perhaps we sense a parallel between Macbeth's career and that of the treacherous Macdonwald, whose head Macbeth had justly fixed upon the battlements, and a contrast between, first, Macbeth and the Thane of Cawdor, who confessed his treasons and yielded up his life "as 'twere a trifle," and, second, between Macbeth and Young Siward, who died as "God's soldier"; but perhaps too we feel that there is something of the soldierly Macbeth in his final contest, and, equally important, that his death is the release (hence it is not wholly painful to him) of one who knows he harvested what he sowed, and who is weary of the sun.

The speech Macbeth makes before he dies can here be used to remind us that he holds our interest partly by his

language. It is not a matter of confusing the character with the author, but simply a matter of recognizing that one of the things that makes us interested in Macbeth (and in all the people embodied in the play, or, rather, the people who embody the play) is memorable speech. The point might be made by printing the lines he utters on the nothingness of life just after he learns of Lady Macbeth's death—lines so potent that although they fit exactly into their place in the drama they have often been taken out and held to represent Shakespeare's own view—yet the role that Macbeth's language plays can be still better seen by quoting a dying speech that David Garrick composed for Macbeth in the eighteenth century. Even the reader who has read only as much of the play as has been quoted in this introduction must recognize that every word of Shakespeare's Macbeth will engage him as Garrick's does not. Garrick's Macbeth says:

Hell drags me down. I sink,
I sink. Oh! my soul is lost forever.
Oh!

Dies.

The final speech of Shakespeare's Macbeth is an almost indescribable blend of corrupted pride, desperation, animal fury, and courage; it is not one of the meditative or descriptive passages that even out of context has a life of its own, but like all the other lines in the play it holds us rapt.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

Literature commonly has two sources: it owes something to the thoughts and activities of the day, and it owes much to earlier literature. *Macbeth* is no exception.

First, *Macbeth* is indebted to the fact that a Scot had acceded to the English throne. More specifically, James I had written a book called *Demonology*, and in it Shakespeare could have learned, for example, that witches can foretell the future. If Shakespeare wanted to please or honor James, who was supposedly descended from Banquo, he would naturally write a play about Scottish history showing James' ancestor in a favorable light and making use of James' interest in witchcraft. (Henry N. Paul's *The Royal Play of Macbeth* discusses in great detail the connections between the play and the king.) Yet another, though smaller, influence of the age is seen in the discussion of equivocation in II.iii, a topic much in the air after the trial of the Jesuit Father Garnet (March 1606), who had admitted that he believed equivocation was justifiable if used for a good end.

If we turn to books, it is evident that Shakespeare's chief debt is to Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*. In Holinshed Shakespeare found not only the story of Macbeth, who killed King Duncan, but another story of regicide that suited his purposes even better. Holinshed says that Duncan was "negligent," and that during his reign "many misruled persons took occasion thereof to trouble the peace and quiet state of the commonwealth." According to the *Chronicles*, Macbeth, with Banquo, openly killed the king; Macbeth's wife is mentioned only once. Shakespeare, clearly, had to dissociate Banquo from Macbeth, and perhaps give Macbeth some other ally. He

found a way in Holinshed's story of Donwald, who, urged by his wife, killed his guest, the pious King Duff. But even the story of Donwald and his wife did not contain the sleep-walking scene that Shakespeare invented for Lady Macbeth. A study of the episodes in Holinshed shows that Holinshed actually provided only the broad outline of the story and some hints for particular episodes rather than the characters as we know them or the moral feeling as we sense it.

Other books provided some additional material: possibly Shakespeare browsed through several works on witchcraft and on Scottish history; possibly Seneca's *Agamemnon* helped him (in its portrait of Clytemnestra) to draw Lady Macbeth; certainly *Agamemnon* gave him a few verbal tags, as did the Bible, which also gave him, more important, a conception of the consequences of sin. Finally, it should be mentioned that Shakespeare, like other writers, borrowed from himself. Macbeth owes something to Tarquin in *Lucrece*, who at night performs a deed he knows is repellent and who is aware of his shortsightedness in giving up what Macbeth calls his "eternal jewel":

Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy? (lines 213-14)

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

Macbeth, never printed during Shakespeare's lifetime, was first printed in the Folio of 1623. The play is remarkably short, and it may be that there has been some cutting. That in I.v Lady Macbeth apparently proposes to kill Duncan, and that later in the play Macbeth kills him, is scarcely evidence that a scene had been lost, but the inconsistent stage directions concerning Macbeth's death (one calls for him to be slain on stage, another suggests he is both slain and decapitated offstage) indicate some sort of revision. Nevertheless, when one reads the account of Macbeth in Holinshed (Shakespeare's source), one does not feel that the play as it has come down to us omits anything of significance. If, as seems likely, the play was presented at court, its brevity may well be due to King James' known aversion to long plays. On the other hand, it is generally believed that Hecate is a non-Shakespearean addition to the play (she dominates III.v and has a few lines in IV.i), but the evidence is not conclusive, although the passages (along with IV.i.125-32) sound un-Shakespearean.

The present division into acts and scenes is that of the Folio except for V.viii, a division added by the Globe editors. The present edition silently modernizes spelling and punctuation, regularizes speech prefixes, and translates into English the Folio's Latin designations of act and scene. Other departures from the Folio are listed below. The reading of the present text is given first, in boldface type, and then the reading of the Folio (F) in roman.

I.i.9 Second Witch . . . Anon [F attributes to "All," as part of the ensuing speech]

I.ii.13 gallowglasses gallowgrosses **14 quarrel** Quarry **26 thunders break** Thunders **33-34 Dismayed . . . Banquo** [one line in F] **33-35 Dismayed . . . lion** [three lines in F, ending: Banquoh, Eagles, Lyon] **42 But . . . faint** [F gives to previous line] **46 So . . . look** [F gives to next line] **59 Sweno . . . king** [F gives to previous line]

I.iii.5 Give . . . I [F prints as a separate line] **32 weïrd** weyward [also at I.v.8; II.i.20; "weyard" at III.i.2;

III.iv.133; IV.i.136] **39 Forres** Soris **78 Speak . . . you** [F prints as a separate line] **81-82 Into . . . stayed** [three lines in F, ending: corporall, Winde, stay'd] **98 Came can** **108 why . . . me** [F gives to next line] **III-14 Which . . . not** [five lines in F, ending: loose, Norway, helpe, labour'd, not] **131 If ill** [F gives to next line] **140-42 Shakes . . . not** [F's lines end: Man, surmise, not] **143 If . . . crown me** [two lines in F, ending: King, crown me] **149-53 Give . . . time** [seven lines in F, ending: fauour, forgotten, registred, Leafe, them, vpon, time] **156 Till . . . friends** [two lines in F, ending: enough, friends]

I.iv.1 Are not Or not [given in F to next line] **2-8 My . . . died** [seven lines in F, ending: back, die, hee, Pardon, Repentance, him, dy'de] **23-27 In . . . honor** [six lines in F, ending: selfe, Duties, State, should, Loue, Honor]

I.v.22-23 And yet . . . have it [three lines in F, ending: winne, cryes, haue it]

I.vi.1 the air [F gives to next line] **4 martlet** Barlet **9 most must** **17-20 Against . . . hermits** [F's lines end: broad, House, Dignities, Ermites]

I.vii.6 shoal Schoole [variant spelling] **47 do no** **58 as you** [F gives to next line]

II.i.4 Hold . . . heaven [two lines in F, ending: Sword, Heauen]

7-9 And . . . repose [F's endings: sleepe, thoughts, repose]

13-17 He . . . content [F's endings: Pleasure, Offices, withall, Hostesse, content] **25 when 'tis** [F gives to next line] **55 strides**

sides **56 sure** sowre **57 way they** they may

II.ii.2-6 What . . . possets [6 lines in F, ending: fire, shriek'd, good-night, open, charge, Possets] **13 s.d. Enter Macbeth** [F places after "die" in line 8]

14 I . . . noise [two lines in F, ending: deed, noyse] **18-19 Hark . . . chamber** [one line in F] **22-25**

There's . . . sleep [F's endings: sleepe, other, Prayers, sleepe]

32 Stuck . . . throat [F gives to previous line] **64-65 To wear**

. . . chamber [three lines in F, ending: white, entry, Chamber]

68 Hath . . . knocking [two lines in F, ending: vnattended, knocking]

72-73 To . . . couldst [four lines in F, ending: deed, my selfe, knocking, could'st. The s.d. "Knock" appears after "deed"]

II.iii.23-25 Faith . . . things [two lines of verse in F, the second beginning "And"] **42 s.d. Enter Macbeth** [F places after line 42]

51-52 I'll . . . service [one line of prose in F] **54-61 The night**

. . . shake [10 lines in F, ending: vnruely, downe, Ayre, Death, terrible, Euent, time, Night, feurous, shake] **64 Tongue nor**

heart [F gives to next line] **86-87 O . . . murdered** [one line in F]

137-43 What . . . bloody [nine lines in F, ending: doe, them, Office, easie, England, I, safer, Smiles, bloody]

II.iv.14 And . . . horses [F prints as a separate line] **17 make**

[F gives to next line] **19 They . . . so** [F prints as a separate line]

III.i.34-35 Craving . . . with you [three lines in F, ending: Horse, Night, you]

42-43 The sweeter . . . you [three lines in F, ending: welcome, alone, you]

72 Who's there [F prints as a separate line] **75-82 Well . . . might** [ten lines in F, ending: then, speeches, past, fortune, selfe, conference, with you, crost, them, might]

85-91 I . . . ever [nine lines in F, ending: so, now, meeting, predominant, goe, man, hand, begger'd, euer] **III I do**

[F gives to previous line] **114-15 Both . . . enemy** [one line in F]

128 Your . . . most [two lines in F, ending: you, most]

III.ii.16 But . . . suffer [two lines in F, ending: dis-ioynt, suffer]

22 Duncan . . . grave [F prints as a separate line] **43 there . . .**

done [F gives to next line] **50 and . . . crow** [F gives to next line]

III.iii.9 The rest [F gives to next line] **17 O . . . fly, fly, fly**

[two lines in F, the first ending: Trecherie] **21 We . . . affair**

[two lines in F, ending: lost, Affaire]

III.iv.20-21 Most . . . perfect [four lines in F, ending: Sir, scap'd, againe, perfect] **48 Here . . . Highness** [two lines in F, ending: Lord, Highness]

109 broke . . . meeting [F gives to next line] **121 s.d. Exeunt Exit** **122 blood will have blood**

[F prints as a separate line] **144 in deed** indeed

III.v.36 back again [F prints as a separate line]

III.vi.1 My . . . thoughts [two lines in F, ending: Speeches, Thoughts]

24 son Sonnes **38 the** their

IV.i.46-47 Open . . . knocks [one line in F] **59 germens**

Germaine **71 Beware Macduff** [F prints as a separate line] **79**

Laugh to scorn [F prints as a separate line] **86 What is this**

[F gives to next line] **93 Dunsinane** Dunsmane **98 Birnam**

Byrnan [this F spelling, or with *i* for *y* or with a final *e*, occurs at V.ii.5, 31; V.iii.2, 60; V.iv.3; V.v.34, 44; V.viii.30]

119 eighth

eight **133 Let . . . hour** [F prints as a separate line]

IV.ii.27 **Fathered . . . fatherless** [two lines in F, ending: is, Father-lesse] 34 **Poor bird** [F prints as a separate line] 36-44 **Why . . . for thee** [ten lines in F, ending: Mother, for, saying, is dead, Father, Husband, Market, againe, wit, thee] 50-51 **Every . . . hanged** [two lines of verse in F, ending: Traitor, hang'd] 59-60 [two lines of verse in F, ending: Monkie, Father] 79 **What . . . faces** [F prints as a separate line] IV.iii.4 **down-fall'n** downfall 15 **deserve** discern 25 **where**

. . . **doubts** [F prints as a separate line] 102 **Fit to govern** [F gives to next line] 107 **accursed** accust 133 **thy they** 140 **I pray you** [F prints as a separate line] 173 **O, relation** [F gives to next line] 211-12 **Wife . . . found** [one line in F] 212-13 **And . . . too** [one line in F] V.iii.39 **Cure her** Cure 55 **senna** Cyme V.vi.1 **Your . . . down** [F prints as a separate line] V.viii.54 **behold . . . stands** [F prints as a separate line]



THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

[Dramatis Personae

DUNCAN *King of Scotland*

MALCOLM
DONALBAIN } *his sons*

MACBETH
BANQUO
MACDUFF
LENNOX
ROSS
MENTEITH
ANGUS
CAITHNESS } *noblemen of Scotland*

FLEANCE *son to Banquo*

SIWARD *Earl of Northumberland, general of the
English forces*

YOUNG SIWARD *his son*

SEYTON *an officer attending on Macbeth*
SON *to Macduff*

AN ENGLISH DOCTOR

A SCOTTISH DOCTOR

A PORTER

AN OLD MAN

THREE MURDERERS

LADY MACBETH

LADY MACDUFF

A GENTLEWOMAN *attending on Lady Macbeth*

HECATE

WITCHES

APPARITIONS

LORDS OFFICERS SOLDIERS

ATTENDANTS MESSENGERS

Scene: Scotland; England]

A C T I

Scene I. [*An open place.*]

Thunder and lightning. Enter three WITCHES.

FIRST WITCH

When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH

When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH

That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH

Where the place?

SECOND WITCH Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH

There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH

I come, Graymalkin.°

The decorative border shown above appeared on the first page of Macbeth in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.

I.i.8 Graymalkin the witch's attendant spirit, a gray cat

SECOND WITCH

Paddock° calls.

THIRD WITCH Anon!°

ALL

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Exeunt.

10

Scene II. [*A camp.*]

*Alarum within.° Enter KING [Duncan], MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with ATTENDANTS, meeting
a bleeding CAPTAIN.*

KING

What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

MALCOLM

This is the sergeant°

9 Paddock toad; **Anon** at once

I.ii.s.d. Alarum within trumpet call offstage **3 sergeant**
i.e., officer (he is called, perhaps with no inconsistency in
Shakespeare's day, a captain in the s.d. and speech prefixes;
Sergeant is trisyllabic)

Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil^o
As thou didst leave it.

CAPTAIN Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art.^o The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the Western Isles^o
Of kerns and gallowglasses^o is supplied;
And Fortune, on his damnèd quarrel^o smiling,
Showed like a rebel's whore:^o but all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion^o carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which nev'r shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to th' chops,^o
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

KING
O valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!

CAPTAIN
As whence the sun 'gins his reflection^o
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valor armed,
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels
But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,^o
With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

KING Dismayed not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

CAPTAIN Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth,^o I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;^o
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
Except^o they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,^o
I cannot tell—
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

KING
So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honor both. Go get him surgeons.
[Exit CAPTAIN, attended.]

Enter ROSS and ANGUS.

Who comes here?
MALCOLM The worthy Thane^o of Ross.

6 broil quarrel 9 choke their art hamper each other's
doings 12 Western Isles Hebrides 13 Of . . . gallow-
glasses with lightly armed Irish foot soldiers and heavily
armed ones 14 damnèd quarrel accursed cause 15 Showed
. . . whore i.e., falsely appeared to favor Macdonwald 19
minion favorite (trisyllabic) 22 nave . . . chops navel to
the jaws 25 reflection four syllables; the ending -ion
here and often elsewhere in the play—is disyllabic
31 surveying vantage seeing an opportunity 36 sooth
truth 37 cracks explosives 39 Except unless 40 memo-
rize another Golgotha make the place as memorable as
Golgotha, "the place of the skull" 45 Thane a Scottish title
of nobility

LENNOX

5 What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he
look

That seems to^o speak things strange.

ROSS

God save the king!

KING

Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

10 ROSS

From Fife, great king;

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky

And fan our people cold.

Norway^o himself, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

15 The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal^o conflict;

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,^o

Confronted him with self-comparisons,^o

Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish^o spirit: and, to conclude,

20 The victory fell on us.

KING

Great happiness!

ROSS

That now

Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;^o

Nor would we deign him burial of his men

Till he disbursèd, at Saint Colme's Inch,^o

Ten thousand dollars^o to our general use.

25 KING

No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive

Our bosom interest:^o go pronounce his present^o death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

ROSS

I'll see it done.

KING

What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. *Exeunt.*

Scene III. [A heath.]

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES.

35 FIRST WITCH

Where hast thou been, sister?

SECOND WITCH

Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH

40 Sister, where thou?

FIRST WITCH

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,

And mounched, and mounched, and mounched.

"Give me," quoth I.

"Aroint thee,^o witch!" the rump-fed ronyon^o cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

SECOND WITCH

I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH

Th' art kind.

47 seems to seems about to 51 Norway the King
of Norway 53 dismal threatening 54 Bellona's . . .
proof the mate of the goddess of war, clad in tested
(proved) armor 55 self-comparisons counter-movements
57 lavish insolent 59 composition terms of peace
61 Inch island 62 dollars Spanish and Dutch currency
64 Our bosom interest my (plural of royalty) heart's trust;
present immediate

I.iii.6 Aroint thee begone; rump-fed ronyon fat-rumped
scabby creature

THIRD WITCH

And I another.

FIRST WITCH

I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,^o

All the quarters that they know

I' th' shipman's card.^o

I'll drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his penthouse lid;^o

He shall live a man forbid:^o

Weary sev'nights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak,^o and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.

Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH

Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH

Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wracked as homeward he did come.

Drum within.

THIRD WITCH

A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

ALL

The weird^o sisters, hand in hand,

Posters^o of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about:

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine.

Peace! The charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

MACBETH

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO

How far is't called to Forres? What are these

So withered, and so wild in their attire,

That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,

And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught

That man may question?^o You seem to understand
me,

By each at once her choppy^o fingers laying

Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret

That you are so.

MACBETH

Speak, if you can: what are you?

FIRST WITCH

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH

All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO

Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair? I' th' name of truth,

Are ye fantastical,^o or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace^o and great prediction 55

Of noble having^o and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal:^o to me you speak not.

15 If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow and which will not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60

Your favors nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH Hail!

20 SECOND WITCH Hail!

THIRD WITCH Hail!

FIRST WITCH

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater. 65

SECOND WITCH

25 Not so happy,^o yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH

Thou shalt get^o kings, though thou be none.

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

FIRST WITCH

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH

Stay, you imperfect^o speakers, tell me more: 70

By Sinel's^o death I know I am Thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives,

30 A prosperous gentleman; and to be king

Stand not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence 75

You owe^o this strange intelligence?^o Or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

WITCHES *vanish.*

BANQUO

The earth hath bubbles as the water has,

And these are of them. Whither are they vanished? 80

MACBETH

Into the air, and what seemed corporal^o melted

As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!

BANQUO

Were such things here as we do speak about?

40 Or have we eaten on the insane^o root

That takes the reason prisoner? 85

MACBETH

Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO

You shall be king.

45 MACBETH

And Thane of Cawdor too. Went it not so?

BANQUO

To th' selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSS and ANGUS.

ROSS

The king hath happily received, Macbeth,

The news of thy success; and when he reads^o 90

Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,

His wonders and his praises do contend

Which should be thine or his.^o Silenced with that,

55 **grace** honor 56 **having** possession 57 **rapt withal**
entranced by it 66 **happy** fortunate 67 **get** beget 70
imperfect incomplete 71 **Sinel** Macbeth's father 76
owe own, have; **intelligence** information 81 **corporal**
corporeal 84 **insane** insanity-producing 90 **reads** considers
92-93 **His wonders** . . . **his** Duncan's speechless admira-
tion, appropriate to him, contends with his desire to praise
you (?)

15 **ports they blow** harbors to which the winds blow (?)
17 **card** compass card 20 **penthouse lid** eyelid (the figure is
of a lean-to) 21 **forbid** cursed 23 **peak** wasteway 32 **weird**
destiny-serving (?) 33 **Posters** swift travelers 43 **question**
talk to 44 **choppy** chapped 53 **fantastical** imaginary

In viewing o'er the rest o' th' selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale
Came post with post,^o and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,
And poured them down before him.

ANGUS We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

ROSS
And for an earnest^o of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor; 105
In which addition,^o hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

BANQUO What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH
The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?

ANGUS Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life 110
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined^o
With those of Norway, or did line^o the rebel
With hidden help and vantage,^o or that with both
He labored in his country's wrack,^o I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed and proved, 115
Have overthrown him.

MACBETH [*Aside.*] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.^o [*To ROSS and ANGUS.*] Thanks
for your pains.

[*Aside to BANQUO.*]

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

BANQUO [*Aside to MACBETH.*] That, trusted home,^o 120
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.^o
Cousins,^o a word, I pray you.

MACBETH [*Aside.*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling^o act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
[*Aside.*]

This supernatural soliciting^o 130
Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated^o heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature?^o Present fears

97–98 As thick . . . post as fast as could be counted came messenger after messenger 104 earnest pledge 106 addition title 111 combined allied 112 line support 113 vantage opportunity 114 wrack ruin 117 behind i.e., to follow 120 home all the way 126 In deepest consequence in the most significant sequel 127 Cousins i.e., fellow noblemen 128 swelling stately 130 soliciting inviting 136 seated fixed 137 Against . . . nature contrary to my natural way

Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,^o 140
Shakes so my single^o state of man that function
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

BANQUO Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH [*Aside.*]

100 If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown
me,
Without my stir.

BANQUO New honors come upon him,
Like our strange^o garments, cleave not to their mold 145
But with the aid of use.

MACBETH [*Aside.*] Come what come may
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BANQUO
Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.^o

MACBETH
Give me your favor.^o My dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains 150
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.

[*Aside to BANQUO.*]

Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weighed it,^o let us speak
Our free hearts^o each to other.

BANQUO Very gladly. 155

MACBETH
Till then, enough. Come, friends. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV. [*Forres. The palace.*]

Flourish.^o Enter KING [*Duncan*], LENNOX, MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, and ATTENDANTS.

KING
Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission^o yet returned?

MALCOLM My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confessed his treasons, 5
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He died
As one that had been studied^o in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed^o 10
As 'twere a careless^o trifle.

KING There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

135 Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now 15

139 fantastical imaginary 140 single unaided, weak (or "entire"?) 145 strange new 148 stay . . . leisure await your convenience 149 favor pardon 154 The . . . it i.e., when we have had time to think 155 Our free hearts our minds freely I.iv.s.d. Flourish fanfare 2 in commission i.e., commissioned to oversee the execution 9 studied rehearsed 10 owed owned 11 careless uncared-for

Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion^o both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! Only I have left to say, 20
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

MACBETH

The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself.^o Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties 25
Are to your throne and state children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward^o your love and honor.

KING

Welcome hither.

I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known 30
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

BANQUO

There if I grow,

The harvest is your own.

KING

My plenteous joys,

Wanton^o in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes, 35
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate^o upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honor must
Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

MACBETH

The rest is labor, which is not used for you.^o
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful 45
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

KING

My worthy Cawdor!

MACBETH [*Aside.*]

The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires; 50
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand;^o yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. *Exit.*

KING

True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations^o I am fed; 55
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.
It is a peerless kinsman. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene V. [*Inverness. Macbeth's castle.*]

Enter Macbeth's wife [LADY MACBETH], alone, with a letter.

LADY MACBETH [*Reads.*] "They met me in the day

19 **proportion** preponderance 23 **pays itself** is its own reward 27 **Safe toward** safeguarding (?) 34 **Wanton** unrestrained 37 **establish our estate** settle the succession 44 **The . . . you** Repose is laborious when not employed for you 52 **wink . . . hand** be blind to the hand's deed 55 **his commendations** commendations of him

of success; and I have learned by the perfect'st report
they have more in them than mortal knowledge.
When I burned in desire to question them further,
they made themselves air, into which they vanished. 5
Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives^o
from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor';
by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me,
and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail,
king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to 10
deliver thee,^o my dearest partner of greatness, that
thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being
ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to
thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be 15

What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness^o

To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness^o should attend it. What thou wouldst 20
highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great
Glamis,

That which cries, "Thus thou must do" if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither, 25
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round^o
Which fate and metaphysical^o aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.^o

Enter MESSENGER.

What is your tidings? 30

MESSENGER

The king comes here tonight. 45

LADY MACBETH

Thou'rt mad to say it!

Is not thy master with him, who, were't so,
Would have informed for preparation?

MESSENGER

So please you, it is true. Our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him,^o 35
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

LADY MACBETH

Give him tending;

He brings great news. *Exit MESSENGER.*

The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 40
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal^o thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,^o
That no compunctious visitings of nature^o 45
Shake my fell^o purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect^o and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for^o gall, you murd'ring ministers,^o

I.v.6 **missives** messengers 11 **deliver thee** report to you
17 **milk . . . kindness** i.e., gentle quality of human nature
20 **illness** wickedness 28 **round** crown 29 **metaphysical**
supernatural 30 **withal** with 35 **had . . . him** outdistanced
him 41 **mortal** deadly 44 **remorse** compassion 45
compunctious . . . nature natural feelings of compassion
46 **fell** savage 47 **effect** fulfillment 48 **for** in exchange for;
ministers agents

Wherever in your sightless° substances
 You wait on° nature's mischief! Come, thick night, 50
 And pall° thee in the dunnest° smoke of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry, "Hold, hold!"

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!° 55
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant° present, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.°

MACBETH My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH And when goes hence?

MACBETH Tomorrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH O, never 60
 Shall sun that morrow see!
 Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,°
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue: look like th' innocent 65
 flower,
 But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
 Must be provided for: and you shall put
 This night's great business into my dispatch;°
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. 70

MACBETH We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH Only look up clear.°
 To alter favor ever is to fear.°
 Leave all the rest to me.

Exeunt.

Scene VI. [*Before Macbeth's castle.*]

Hautboys° and torches. Enter KING [Duncan], MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and ATTENDANTS.

KING
 This castle hath a pleasant seat;° the air
 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle° senses.

BANQUO This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet,° does approve°
 By his loved masionry° that the heaven's breath 5
 Smells wooingly here. No jutty,° frieze,
 Buttress, nor coign of vantage,° but this bird
 Hath made his pendent bed and procreant° cradle.

49 sightless invisible 50 wait on assist 51 pall enshroud;
 dunnest darkest 55 all-hail hereafter the third all-hail (?)
 the all-hail of the future (?) 57 ignorant unknowing
 58 instant present 63 To . . . time i.e., to deceive
 people of the day 68 dispatch management 71 look
 up clear appear undisturbed 72 To alter . . . fear To
 show a disturbed face is dangerous

I.vi.s.d. Hautboys oboes 1 seat site 3 gentle soothed 4
 temple-haunting martlet martin (swift) nesting in churches;
 approve prove 5 mansionry nests 6 jutty projection 7
 coign of vantage advantageous corner 8 procreant breeding

Where they most breed and haunt,° I have observed
 The air is delicate.

Enter LADY [MACBETH].

KING See, see, our honored hostess! 10
 The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
 Which still we thank as love.° Herein I teach you
 How you shall bid God 'ield° us for your pains
 And thank us for your trouble.

LADY MACBETH All our service 15
 In every point twice done, and then done double,
 Were poor and single business° to contend
 Against those honors deep and broad wherewith
 Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
 And the late dignities heaped up to them,
 We rest your hermits.°

KING Where's the Thane of Cawdor? 20
 We coursed° him at the heels, and had a purpose
 To be his purveyor:° but he rides well,
 And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp° him
 To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
 We are your guest tonight.

LADY MACBETH Your servants ever 25
 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,°
 To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
 Still° to return your own.

KING Give me your hand.
 Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
 And shall continue our graces towards him. 30
 By your leave, hostess. *Exeunt.*

Scene VII. [*Macbeth's castle.*]

*Hautboys. Torches. Enter a SEWER,° and diverse SER-
 VANTS with dishes and service over the stage. Then enter
 MACBETH.*

MACBETH
 If it were done° when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly. If th' assassination
 Could trammel up° the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease,° success;° that but this blow 5
 Might be the be-all and the end-all—here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump° the life to come. But in these cases
 We still° have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague th' inventor: this even-handed° justice 10
 Commends° th' ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door, 15

9 haunt visit 11-12 The love . . . love The love offered
 me sometimes inconveniences me, but still I value it as
 love 13 'ield reward 16 single business feeble service
 20 your hermits dependents bound to pray for you 21
 coursed pursued 22 purveyor advance-supply officer 23
 holp helped 26 Have . . . compt have their dependents,
 themselves, and their possessions in trust 28 Still always
 I.vii.s.d. Sewer chief butler 1 done over and done with
 3 trammel up catch in a net 4 his surcease Duncan's death
 (?) the consequence's cessation (?); success what follows 7
 jump risk 8 still always 10 even-handed impartial 11
 Commends offers

Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties° so meek, hath been
 So clear° in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off;
 And pity, like a naked newborn babe,
 Striding° the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers° of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That° tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on th' other—

Enter LADY [MACBETH].

How now! What news?

LADY MACBETH

He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH

Hath he asked for me?

LADY MACBETH

Know you not he has?

MACBETH

We will proceed no further in this business:
 He hath honored me of late, and I have bought°
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH

Was the hope drunk

Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now, to look so green° and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
 To be the same in thine own act and valor
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,
 Letting "I dare not" wait upon° "I would,"
 Like the poor cat° i' th' adage?

MACBETH

Prithee, peace!

I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH

What beast was't then

That made you break° this enterprise to me?
 When you durst do it, then you were a man;
 And to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
 Did then adhere,° and yet you would make both.
 They have made themselves, and that their° fitness now
 Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
 Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
 And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
 Have done to this.

MACBETH

If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH

We fail?

But° screw your courage to the sticking-place,°

17 **faculties** powers 18 **clear** spotless 22 **Striding** bestriding
 23 **sightless couriers** invisible coursers (i.e., the winds)
 25 **That** so that 32 **bought** acquired 37 **green** sickly
 44 **wait upon** follow 45 **cat** which wants fish but
 fears to wet its paws 48 **break** broach 52 **adhere**
 suit 53 **that their** their very 60 **But** only; **sticking-place**
 notch (holding the bowstring of a taut crossbow)

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
 Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassail° so convince,°
 That memory, the warder° of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbeck only:° when in swinish sleep
 Their drenchèd natures lies° as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 Th' unguarded Duncan, what not put upon
 His spongy° officers, who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell?°

MACBETH

Bring forth men-children only;

For thy undaunted mettle° should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
 When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
 That they have done't?

LADY MACBETH

Who dares receive it other,°

As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
 Upon his death?

MACBETH

I am settled, and bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
 Away, and mock the time° with fairest show:
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
Exeunt.

A C T I I

Scene I. [*Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.*]

40 *Enter* BANQUO, and FLEANCE, with a torch before him.

BANQUO

How goes the night, boy?

FLEANCE

The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

BANQUO

And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE

I take't, 'tis later, sir.

BANQUO

Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry° in heaven.
 Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
 A heavy summons° lies like lead upon me,
 And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
 Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature
 Gives way to in repose!

Enter MACBETH, and a SERVANT with a torch.

Give me my sword!

Who's there?

MACBETH

A friend.

BANQUO

What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
 He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

64 **wassail** carousing; **convince** overpower 65 **warder**
 guard 66–67 **receipt** . . . **only** i.e., the receptacle
 ("receipt"), which should collect the distillate of thought—
 reason—will be a mere vessel ("limbeck") of undistilled liquids
 68 **lies** lie 71 **spongy** sodden 72 **quell** killing 73 **mettle**
 substance 77 **other** otherwise 81 **mock the time** beguile the
 world

II.i.4 **husbandry** frugality 6 **summons** call (to sleep)

Sent forth great largess to your offices:^o
 This diamond he greets your wife withal,
 By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up^o
 In measureless content.

MACBETH Being unprepared,
 Our will became the servant to defect,^o
 Which else should free have wrought.

BANQUO All's well.
 I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
 To you they have showed some truth.

MACBETH I think not of them.
 Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
 We would spend it in some words upon that business,
 If you would grant the time.

BANQUO At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH
 If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,^o
 It shall make honor for you.

BANQUO So^o I lose none
 In seeking to augment it, but still keep
 My bosom franchised^o and allegiance clear,^o
 I shall be counseled.

MACBETH Good repose the while!

BANQUO Thanks, sir. The like to you!
Exit BANQUO, [with FLEANCE].

MACBETH
 Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
 She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
Exit [SERVANT].

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
 thee.
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible^o
 To feeling as to sight, or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon^o gouts^o of blood,
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
 It is the bloody business which informs^o
 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse^o
 The curtained sleep; witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings,^o and withered murder,
 Alarumed^o by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's^o ravishing strides, towards his design 55

14 largess . . . offices gifts to your servants' quarters
 16 shut up concluded 18 Our . . . defect our good
 will was hampered by our deficient preparations 25 cleave
 . . . 'tis join my cause, when the time comes 26 So
 provided that 28 franchised free (from guilt); clear
 spotless 36 sensible perceptible 46 dudgeon wooden hilt;
 gouts large drops 48 informs gives shape (?) 50 abuse
 deceive 52 Hecate's offerings offerings to Hecate (goddess
 of sorcery) 53 Alarumed called to action 55 Tarquin
 Roman tyrant who ravished Lucrece

Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.^o Whiles I threat, he lives: 60
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

A bell rings.

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. *Exit.*

Scene II. [Macbeth's castle.]

Enter LADY [MACBETH].

LADY MACBETH
 That which hath made them drunk hath made me
 bold;
 What hath quenched them hath given me fire. Hark!
 Peace!

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night.^o He is about it.
 The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms 5
 Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged
 their possets,^o
 That death and nature^o do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

MACBETH [Within.] Who's there? What, ho?

LADY MACBETH
 Alack, I am afraid they have awaked
 And 'tis not done! Th' attempt and not the deed 10
 Confounds^o us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
 He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter MACBETH.

My husband!

MACBETH
 I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH
 I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. 15
 Did not you speak?

MACBETH When?

LADY MACBETH Now.
 MACBETH As I descended?

LADY MACBETH Ay.

MACBETH Hark!
 Who lies i' th' second chamber?

LADY MACBETH Donalbain.

MACBETH This is a sorry^o sight. 20

LADY MACBETH

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH

There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried,
 "Murder!"

That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them.

59-60 take . . . it remove (by noise) the horrible silence
 attendant on this moment and suitable to it (?)

II.ii.3-4 bellman . . . good-night i.e., the owl's call, por-
 tending death, is like the town crier's call to a condemned man
 6 possets bedtime drinks 7 nature natural vitality 11 Con-
 founds ruins 20 sorry miserable

But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH There are two lodged together. 25

MACBETH
One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's^o hands:
List'ning their fear, I could not say, "Amen,"
When they did say, "God bless us!"

LADY MACBETH Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH
But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"? 30
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACBETH
Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep"—the innocent sleep, 35
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve^o of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,^o
Chief nourisher in life's feast—

LADY MACBETH What do you mean?

MACBETH
Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house: 40
"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more."

LADY MACBETH
Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend^o your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water, 45
And wash this filthy witness^o from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH I'll go no more. 50
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures. 'Tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted^o devil. If he do bleed, 55
I'll gild^o the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. *Exit. Knock within.*

MACBETH Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here? Ha! They pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather 60
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,^o
Making the green one red.^o

Enter LADY [MACBETH].

LADY MACBETH
My hands are of your color, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. (*Knock.*) I hear a knocking

At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber. 65

A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.^o (*Knock.*) Hark! more
knocking.
Get on your nightgown,^o lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers.^o Be not lost 70
So poorly^o in your thoughts.

MACBETH
To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
(*Knock.*)

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
couldst! *Exeunt.*

Scene III. [*Macbeth's castle.*]

Enter a PORTER. Knocking within.

PORTER Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were
porter of hell gate, he should have old^o turning the key.
(*Knock.*) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' th'
name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged
himself on th' expectation of plenty.^o Come in time! 5
Have napkins enow^o about you; here you'll sweat for't.
(*Knock.*) Knock, knock! Who's there, in th' other
devil's name? Faith, here an equivocator,^o that could
swear in both the scales against either scale; who
committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could 10
not equivocate to heaven. O, come in, equivocator.
(*Knock.*) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith,
here's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of
a French hose:^o come in, tailor. Here you may roast
your goose.^o (*Knock.*) Knock, knock; never at quiet! 15
What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll
devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in
some of all professions that go the primrose way to th'
everlasting bonfire. (*Knock.*) Anon, anon! [*Opens an*
entrance.] I pray you, remember the porter. 20

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.

MACDUFF
Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?
PORTER Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second
cock:^o and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three 25
things.
MACDUFF What three things does drink especially
provoke?
PORTER Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.
Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes
the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore 30
much drink may be said to be an equivocator with
lechery: it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on
and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens

67-68 **Your . . . unattended** Your firmness has deserted
you 69 **nightgown** dressing-gown 70 **watchers** i.e., up
late 71 **poorly** weakly

II.iii.2 **should have old** would certainly have plenty of
4-5 **farmer . . . plenty** the farmer hoarded so he could later
sell high, but when it looked as though there would be a crop
surplus he hanged himself 6 **enow** enough 8 **equivocator**
i.e., Jesuit (who allegedly employed deceptive speech to further
God's ends) 14 **French hose** tight-fitting hose 15 **goose**
pressing iron 23-24 **second cock** about 3 A.M.

27 **hangman's** executioner's (i.e., bloody) 36 **knits . . .**
sleeve straightens out the tangled skein 38 **second course**
i.e., sleep (the less substantial first course is food) 44 **unbend**
relax 46 **witness** evidence 54 **painted** depicted 55 **gild** paint
61 **incarnadine** redden 62 **the . . . red** perhaps "the green
one" means "the ocean," but perhaps "one" here means
"totally," "uniformly"

him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the 35 lie, leaves him.

MACDUFF I believe drink gave thee the lie^o last night.

PORTER That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I 40 made a shift to cast^o him.

MACDUFF Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

LENNOX

Good morrow, noble sir.

MACBETH Good morrow, both.

MACDUFF

Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

MACBETH Not yet. 45

MACDUFF

He did command me to call timely^o on him:

I have almost slipped^o the hour.

MACBETH I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF

I know this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 'tis one.

MACBETH

The labor we delight in physics pain.^o 50

This is the door.

MACDUFF I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.^o *Exit MACDUFF.*

LENNOX

Goes the king hence today?

MACBETH He does: he did appoint so.

LENNOX

The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say, 55
Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion^o and confused events
New hatched to th' woeful time: the obscure bird^o
Clamored the livelong night. Some say, the earth 60
Was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH 'Twas a rough night.

LENNOX

My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter MACDUFF.

MACDUFF

O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee.

MACBETH AND LENNOX What's the matter? 65

MACDUFF

Confusion^o now hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' th' building.

MACBETH What is't you say? The life?

LENNOX

Mean you his majesty? 70

MACDUFF

Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon:^o do not bid me speak;

See, and then speak yourselves. Awake, awake!

Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX.

Ring the alarum bell. Murder and treason!

Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! Awake! 75

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,^o

And look on death itself! Up, up, and see

The great doom's image!^o Malcolm! Banquo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,^o

To countenance^o this horror. Ring the bell. 80

Bell rings. Enter LADY [MACBETH].

LADY MACBETH

What's the business,

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley

The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

MACDUFF O gentle lady,

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:

The repetition,^o in a woman's ear,

Would murder as it fell. 85

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo!

Our royal master's murdered.

LADY MACBETH Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

BANQUO Too cruel anywhere.

Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,

And say it is not so. 90

Enter MACBETH, LENNOX, and ROSS.

MACBETH

Had I but died an hour before this chance,

I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant

There's nothing serious in mortality:^o

All is but toys.^o Renown and grace is dead,

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees^o

Is left this vault^o to brag of. 95

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

DONALBAIN

What is amiss?

MACBETH You are, and do not know't.

The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood

Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

MACDUFF

Your royal father's murdered.

MALCOLM

O, by whom? 100

LENNOX

Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done't:

Their hands and faces were all badged^o with blood;

So were their daggers, which unwiped we found

72 **Gorgon** creature capable of turning beholders to stone 76 **counterfeit** imitation 78 **great doom's image** likeness of Judgment Day 79 **sprites** spirits 80 **countenance** be in keeping with 85 **repetition** report 93 **serious in mortality** worthwhile in mortal life 94 **toys** trifles 95 **lees** dregs 96 **vault** (1) wine vault (2) earth, with the sky as roof (?) 102 **badged** marked

37 **gave** . . . **lie** called you a liar (with a pun on the sense of "stretched you out") 41 **cast** with a pun on the sense of "vomit" 46 **timely** early 47 **slipped** let slip 50 **The** . . . **pain** Labor that gives us pleasure cures discomfort 52 **limited service** appointed duty 58 **combustion** tumult 59 **obscure bird** bird of darkness, i.e., the owl 66 **Confusion** destruction

Upon their pillows. They stared, and were distracted.
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

105

MACBETH

O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

MACDUFF

Wherefore did you so?

MACBETH

Who can be wise, amazed,° temp'rate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.

The expedition° of my violent love

110

Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,

Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers

115

Unmannerly breeched with gore.° Who could refrain,°

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make's love known?

LADY MACBETH

Help me hence, ho!

MACDUFF

Look to° the lady.

MALCOLM [*Aside to DONALBAIN.*]

Why do we hold our tongues,

120

That most may claim this argument for ours?°

DONALBAIN [*Aside to MALCOLM.*]

What should be spoken here,

Where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,°

May rush, and seize us? Let's away:

Our tears are not yet brewed.

125

MALCOLM [*Aside to DONALBAIN.*]

Nor our strong sorrow

Upon the foot of motion.°

BANQUO

Look to the lady.

[*LADY MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,°

That suffer in exposure, let us meet

And question° this most bloody piece of work,

130

To know it further. Fears and scruples° shake us.

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence

Against the undivulged pretense° I fight

Of treasonous malice.

MACDUFF

And so do I.

ALL

So all.

MACBETH

Let's briefly° put on manly readiness,

135

And meet i' th' hall together.

ALL

Well contented.

Exeunt [all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN].

MALCOLM

What will you do? Let's not consort with them.

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office°

Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

DONALBAIN

To Ireland, I; our separated fortune

140

Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are

There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,

The nearer bloody.

MALCOLM

This murderous shaft that's shot

Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way

Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;

145

And let us not be dainty of° leave-taking,

But shift away. There's warrant° in that theft

Which steals itself° when there's no mercy left.

*Exeunt.*Scene IV. [*Outside Macbeth's castle.*]*Enter ROSS with an OLD MAN.*

OLD MAN

Threescore and ten I can remember well:

Within the volume of which time I have seen

Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore° night

Hath trifled former knowings.°

ROSS

Ha, good father,

Thou see'st the heavens, as troubled with man's act,

5

Threatens his bloody stage. By th' clock 'tis day,

120

And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp:°

Is't night's predominance,° or the day's shame,

That darkness does the face of earth entomb,

When living light should kiss it?

OLD MAN

'Tis unnatural,

10

Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last

A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,°

Was by a mousing° owl hawked at and killed.

ROSS

And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and
certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions° of their race,

15

Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,°

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make

War with mankind.

OLD MAN

'Tis said they eat° each other.

ROSS

They did so, to th' amazement of mine eyes,

That looked upon't.

Enter MACDUFF.

Here comes the good Macduff.

20

How goes the world, sir, now?

MACDUFF

Why, see you not?

ROSS

Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

MACDUFF

Those that Macbeth hath slain.

ROSS

Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?°

MACDUFF

They were suborned:°

25

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,

Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them

146 dainty of fussy about 147 warrant justification 148
steals itself steals oneself away

II.iv.3 sore grievous 4 trifled former knowings made

trifles of former experiences 7 traveling lamp i.e., the sun

8 predominance astrological supremacy 12 tow'ring . . .

place soaring at her summit 13 mousing i.e., normally

mouse-eating 15 minions darlings 16 flung out lunged

wildly 18 eat ate 24 pretend hope for; suborned bribed

108 amazed bewildered 110 expedition haste 116
Unmannerly . . . gore covered with unseemly breeches
of blood; refrain check oneself 119 Look to look after
121 That . . . ours who are the most concerned with
this topic 123 auger-hole i.e., unsuspected place 125-27
Our tears . . . motion i.e., we have not yet had time
for tears nor to express our sorrows in action (?) 128 naked
frailties hid poor bodies clothed 130 question discuss 131
scruples suspicions 133 undivulged pretense hidden pur-
pose 135 briefly quickly 138 office function

Suspicion of the deed.
ROSS 'Gainst nature still.
Thriftless° ambition, that will ravin up°
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
MACDUFF
He is already named,° and gone to Scone
To be invested.°
ROSS Where is Duncan's body?
MACDUFF
Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.
ROSS Will you to Scone?
MACDUFF
No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
ROSS Well, I will thither.
MACDUFF
Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu,
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
ROSS Farewell, father.
OLD MAN
God's benison° go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
Exeunt omnes.

A C T I I I

Scene I. [Forres. The palace.]

Enter BANQUO.
BANQUO
Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for't. Yet it was said
It should not stand° in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more!
Sennet° sounded. Enter MACBETH as king, LADY
[MACBETH], LENNOX, ROSS, LORDS, and ATTEN-
DANTS.

MACBETH
Here's our chief guest.
LADY MACBETH If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing° unbecoming.

MACBETH
Tonight we hold a solemn° supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

BANQUO Let your highness

28 Thriftless wasteful; ravin up greedily devour 31
named elected 32 invested installed as king 40 benison
blessing

III.i.4 stand continue 10 s.d. Sennet trumpet call 13 all-
thing altogether 14 solemn ceremonious

Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

MACBETH
30 Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH
We should have else desired your good advice 20
(Which still° hath been both grave and prosperous°)
In this day's council; but we'll take tomorrow.
Is't far you ride?

BANQUO
35 As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,° 25
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

MACBETH Fail not our feast.

BANQUO
My lord, I will not.

MACBETH
We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed°
In England and in Ireland, not confessing 30
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention.° But of that tomorrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly.° Hie you to horse. Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you? 35

BANQUO
Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.

MACBETH
I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. *Exit BANQUO.*

Let every man be master of his time 40
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone. While° then, God be with you!
Exeunt LORDS [and all but MACBETH
and a SERVANT].

5 Sirrah,° a word with you: attend° those men
Our pleasure?

ATTENDANT
They are, my lord, without° the palace gate.

MACBETH
10 Bring them before us. *Exit SERVANT.*
To be thus is nothing, but° to be safely thus—
Our fears in° Banquo stick deep,
And in his royalty of nature reigns that 50
Which would° be feared. 'Tis much he dares;
And, to° that dauntless temper° of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him 55
My genius is rebuked,° as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters,

21 still always; grave and prosperous weighty and profitable
25 Go . . . better unless my horse goes better than I expect
29 are bestowed have taken refuge 32 invention lies 33-34
cause . . . jointly matters of state demanding our joint
attention 43 While until 44 Sirrah common address to an
inferior; attend await 46 without outside 48 but unless 49
in about 51 would must 52 to added to; temper quality
56 genius is rebuked guardian spirit is cowed

When first they put the name of king upon me,
 And bade them speak to him; then prophetlike
 They hailed him father to a line of kings. 60
 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
 And put a barren scepter in my gripe,^o
 Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I filed^o my mind; 65
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
 Put rancors^o in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them, and mine eternal jewel^o
 Given to the common enemy of man,^o
 To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings! 70
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,^o
 And champion me to th' utterance!^o Who's there?

Enter SERVANT and two MURDERERS.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

Exit SERVANT.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

MURDERERS

It was, so please your highness.

MACBETH

Well then, now 75

Have you considered of my speeches? Know
 That it was he in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune,^o which you thought had been
 Our innocent self: this I made good to you
 In our last conference; passed in probation^o with you, 80
 How you were borne in hand,^o how crossed;^o the
 instruments,^o
 Who wrought with them, and all things else that
 might
 To half a soul^o and to a notion^o crazed
 Say, "Thus did Banquo."

FIRST MURDERER

You made it known to us.

MACBETH

I did so; and went further, which is now 85
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,
 That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled,^o
 To pray for this good man and for his issue,
 Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave 90
 And beggared yours for ever?

FIRST MURDERER

We are men, my liege.

MACBETH

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for^o men;
 As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
 Shoughs, water-rugs^o and demi-wolves, are clept^o
 All by the name of dogs: the valued file^o 95
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The housekeeper,^o the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him closed,^o whereby he does receive

Particular addition, from the bill^o 100
 That writes them all alike: and so of men.
 Now if you have a station in the file,
 Not i' th' worst rank of manhood, say't,
 And I will put that business in your bosoms
 Whose execution takes your enemy off, 105
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,^o
 Which in his death were perfect.

SECOND MURDERER

I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Hath so incensed that I am reckless what 110
 I do to spite the world.

FIRST MURDERER

And I another

So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
 That I would set^o my life on any chance,
 To mend it or be rid on't.

MACBETH

Both of you

Know Banquo was your enemy.

BOTH MURDERERS

True, my lord. 115

MACBETH

So is he mine, and in such bloody distance^o
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life:^o and though I could
 With barefaced power sweep him from my sight 120
 And bid my will avouch^o it, yet I must not,
 For^o certain friends that are both his and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall^o
 Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
 That I to your assistance do make love,
 Masking the business from the common eye 125
 For sundry weighty reasons.

SECOND MURDERER

We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

FIRST MURDERER

Though our lives—

MACBETH

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at
 most
 I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy^o o' th' time, 130
 The moment on't;^o for't must be done tonight,
 And something^o from the palace; always thought^o
 That I require a clearness:^o and with him—
 To leave no rubs^o nor botches in the work—
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company, 135
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:^o
 I'll come to you anon.

MURDERERS

We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH

I'll call upon you straight.^o Abide within. 140

62 gripe grasp 65 filed defiled 67 rancors bitter enmities 68 eternal jewel i.e., soul 69 common . . . man i.e., the devil 71 list lists 72 champion . . . utterance fight against me to the death 77-78 held . . . fortune kept you from good fortune (?) 80 passed in probation reviewed the proofs 81 borne in hand deceived; crossed thwarted; instruments tools 83 half a soul a halfwit; notion mind 88 gospelled i.e., made meek by the gospel 92 go for pass as 94 Shoughs, water-rugs shaggy dogs, long-haired water dogs; clept called 95 valued file classification by valuable traits 97 housekeeper watchdog 99 closed enclosed

100 Particular . . . bill special distinction in opposition to the list 107 wear . . . life have only imperfect health while he lives 113 set risk 116 distance quarrel 118 near'st of life most vital spot 120 avouch justify 121 For because of 122 wail his fall bewail his death 130 perfect spy exact information (?) (spy literally means "observation"; apparently Macbeth already has the Third Murderer in mind) 131 on't of it 132 something some distance; thought remembered 133 clearness freedom from suspicion 134 rubs flaws 138 Resolve yourselves apart Decide by yourselves 140 straight immediately

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out tonight. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. [*The palace.*]

Enter [LADY MACBETH] *and a* SERVANT.

LADY MACBETH

Is Banquo gone from court?

SERVANT

Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

LADY MACBETH

Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

SERVANT

Madam, I will. *Exit.*

LADY MACBETH

Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy

Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! Why do you keep alone,

Of sorriest^o fancies your companions making,

Using those thoughts which should indeed have died 10

With them they think on? Things without^o all remedy

Should be without regard: what's done is done.

MACBETH

We have scorched^o the snake, not killed it:

She'll close^o and be herself, whilst our poor malice^o

Remains in danger of her former tooth. 15

But let the frame of things disjoint,^o both the worlds^o
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams

That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, 20

Than on the torture^o of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy.^o Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

Treason has done his^o worst: nor steel, nor poison,

Malice domestic,^o foreign levy, nothing, 25

Can touch him further.

LADY MACBETH

Come on.

Gentle my lord, sleek^o o'er your rugged^o looks;

Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

MACBETH

So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;^o 30

Present him eminence,^o both with eye and tongue:

Unsafe the while, that we must lave^o

Our honors in these flattering streams

And make our faces vizards^o to our hearts,

Disguising what they are.

LADY MACBETH

You must leave this. 35

MACBETH

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

III.ii.9 **sorriest** most despicable 11 **without** beyond 13 **scorched** slashed, scored 14 **close** heal; **poor malice** feeble enmity 16 **frame** . . . **disjoint** universe collapse; **both the worlds** heaven and earth (?) 21 **torture** i.e., rack 22 **ecstasy** frenzy 24 **his** its 25 **Malice domestic** civil war 27 **sleek** smooth; **rugged** furrowed 30 **Let** . . . **Banquo** focus your thoughts on Banquo 31 **Present him eminence** honor him 32 **Unsafe** . . . **lave** i.e., you and I are unsafe because we must dip 34 **vizards** masks

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

LADY MACBETH

But in them nature's copy's^o not eterne.

MACBETH

There's comfort yet; they are assailable.

Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown 40

His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons

The shard-borne^o beetle with his drowsy hums

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done

A deed of dreadful note.

LADY MACBETH

What's to be done?

MACBETH

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,^o 45

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling^o night,

Scarf up^o the tender eye of pitiful day,

And with thy bloody and invisible hand

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond^o

Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow 50

Makes wing to th' rooky^o wood.

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,

Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

Thou marvel'st at my words: but hold thee still;

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill: 55

So, prithee, go with me. *Exeunt.*

Scene III. [*Near the palace.*]

Enter three MURDERERS.

FIRST MURDERER

But who did bid thee join with us?

THIRD MURDERER

Macbeth.

SECOND MURDERER

He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers

Our offices and what we have to do

To the direction just.^o

FIRST MURDERER

Then stand with us.

The west glimmers with some streaks of day. 5

Now spurs the lated^o traveler apace

To gain the timely inn, and near approaches

The subject of our watch.

THIRD MURDERER

Hark! I hear horses.

BANQUO (*Within.*)

Give us a light there, ho!

SECOND MURDERER

Then 'tis he. The rest

That are within the note of expectation^o 10

Already are i' th' court.

FIRST MURDERER

His horses go about.

THIRD MURDERER

Almost a mile: but he does usually—

So all men do—from hence to th' palace gate

Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *with a torch.*

38 **nature's copy** nature's lease (?) imitation (i.e., a son) made by nature (?) 42 **shard-borne** borne on scaly wings (?) dung-bred (?) 45 **chuck** chick (a term of endearment) 46 **seeling** eye-closing 47 **Scarf up** blindfold 49 **bond** i.e., between Banquo and fate (?) Banquo's lease on life (?) Macbeth's link to humanity (?) 51 **rooky** full of rooks III.iii.2-4 **He needs** . . . **just** We need not mistrust him (the Third Murderer) since he describes our duties according to our exact directions 6 **lated** belated 10 **within** . . . **expectation** on the list of expected guests

SECOND MURDERER

A light, a light!

THIRD MURDERER 'Tis he.

FIRST MURDERER Stand to't. 15

BANQUO

It will be rain tonight.

FIRST MURDERER Let it come down.

[*They set upon BANQUO.*]

BANQUO

O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!

[*Exit FLEANCE.*]

Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[*Dies.*]

THIRD MURDERER

Who did strike out the light?

FIRST MURDERER Was't not the way?°

THIRD MURDERER

There's but one down; the son is fled. 20

SECOND MURDERER

We have lost best half of our affair.

FIRST MURDERER

Well, let's away and say how much is done. *Exeunt.*Scene IV. [*The palace.*]*Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY [MACBETH], ROSS, LENNOX, LORDS, and ATTENDANTS.*

MACBETH

You know your own degrees;° sit down:

At first and last, the hearty welcome.

LORDS

Thanks to your majesty.

MACBETH

Ourself will mingle with society°

And play the humble host. 5

Our hostess keeps her state,° but in best time

We will require° her welcome.

LADY MACBETH

Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter FIRST MURDERER.

MACBETH

See, they encounter° thee with their hearts' thanks. 10

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' th' midst:

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure°

The table round. [*Goes to FIRST MURDERER.*] There's blood upon thy face.

MURDERER

'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH

'Tis better thee without than he within.° 15

Is he dispatched?

MURDERER

My lord, his throat is cut;

That I did for him.

MACBETH

Thou art the best o' th' cutthroats.

Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance;

If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

19 way i.e., thing to do

III.iv.I degrees ranks 4 society the company 6 keeps her state remains seated in her chair of state 7 require request 10 encounter meet 12 measure goblet 15 thee . . . within outside you than inside him

MURDERER

Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped. 20

MACBETH [*Aside.*]

Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded° as the rock,

As broad and general as the casing° air:

But now I am cabined, cribbed,° confined, bound in

To saucy° doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe? 25

MURDERER

Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenchèd° gashes on his head,

The least a death to nature.

MACBETH

Thanks for that.

[*Aside.*]

There the grown serpent lies; the worm° that's fled

Hath nature that in time will venom breed, 30

No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone. Tomorrow

We'll hear ourselves° again. *Exit [FIRST] MURDERER.*

LADY MACBETH

My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer.° The feast is sold

That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making,

'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;° 35

From thence, the sauce to meat° is ceremony;

Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the GHOST of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place.

MACBETH

Sweet remembrancer!°

Now good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!

LENNOX

May't please your highness sit.

MACBETH

Here had we now our country's honor roofed,° 40

Were the graced person of our Banquo present—

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness

Than pity for mischance!°

ROSS

His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness

To grace us with your royal company? 45

MACBETH

The table's full.

LENNOX

Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH

Where?

LENNOX

Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

MACBETH

Which of you have done this?

LORDS

What, my good lord?

MACBETH

Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake 50

Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS

Gentlemen, rise, his highness is not well.

22 founded firmly based 23 broad . . . casing unconfined as the surrounding 24 cribbed penned up 25 saucy insolent 27 trenchèd trenchlike 29 worm serpent 32 hear ourselves talk it over 33 the cheer a sense of cordiality 33-35 The feast . . . home The feast seems sold (not given) during which the host fails to welcome the guests. Mere eating is best done at home 36 meat food 37 remembrancer reminder 40 our . . . roofed our nobility under one roof 42-43 Who . . . mischance whom I hope I may reprove because he is unkind rather than pity because he has encountered an accident

LADY MACBETH

Sir, worthy friends. My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.
The fit is momentary; upon a thought°
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion.°
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

MACBETH

Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.

LADY MACBETH [*Aside to MACBETH.*] O proper stuff! 60

This is the very painting of your fear.
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws° and starts,
Impostors to° true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized° by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

MACBETH

Prithee, see there!

Behold! Look! Lo! How say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel houses° and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.° [*Exit GHOST.*]

LADY MACBETH What, quite unmanned in folly?

MACBETH

If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH

Fie, for shame!

MACBETH

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;°
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear. The times has been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,°
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

LADY MACBETH My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

MACBETH

I do forget.

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all!
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.

Enter GHOST.

I drink to th' general joy o' th' whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! To all and him we thirst,°
And all to all.°

LORDS

Our duties, and the pledge.

MACBETH

Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!

55 upon a thought as quick as thought 57 extend his
passion lengthen his fit 63 flaws gusts, outbursts 64
to compared with 66 Authorized vouched for 71
charnel houses vaults containing bones 72-73 our
. . . kites our tombs shall be the bellies of rapacious
birds 76 purged . . . weal i.e., cleansed the state and made it
gentle 81 mortal . . . crowns deadly wounds on their heads
91 thirst desire to drink 92 all to all everything to everybody
(?) let everybody drink to everybody (?)

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation° in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

95

LADY MACBETH

Think of this, good peers,

But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other.
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACBETH

What man dare, I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcan° tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves°
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert° with thy sword.

100

If trembling I inhabit then, protest me

105

The baby of a girl.° Hence, horrible shadow!

Unreal mock'ry, hence!

[*Exit GHOST.*]

Why, so: being gone,

I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

LADY MACBETH

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired° disorder.

MACBETH

Can such things be,

110

And overcome us° like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,°
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanched with fear.

115

ROSS

What sights, my lord?

LADY MACBETH

I pray you, speak not: he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,°
But go at once.

LENNOX

Good night; and better health

120

Attend his majesty!

LADY MACBETH

A kind good night to all!

Exeunt LORDS.

MACBETH

It will have blood, they say: blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augures and understood relations° have
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth°
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?°

125

LADY MACBETH

Almost at odds° with morning, which is which.

MACBETH

How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

LADY MACBETH

Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH

I hear it by the way,° but I will send:

130

There's not a one of them but in his house

95 speculation sight 101 Hyrcan of Hyrcania (near
the Caspian Sea) 102 nerves sinews 104 the desert a lonely
place 105-06 If . . . girl If then I tremble, proclaim me a baby
girl 110 admired amazing 111 overcome us come over us
112-13 You . . . owe i.e., You make me wonder what my
nature is 119 Stand . . . going do not insist on departing in
your order of rank 124 Augures . . . relations auguries
and comprehended reports 125 By . . . forth by magpies,
choughs, and rooks (telltale birds) revealed 126 What . . .
night What time of night is it? 127 at odds striving 130
by the way incidentally

I keep a servant fee'd.° I will tomorrow,
 And betimes° I will, to the weird sisters:
 More shall they speak, for now I am bent° to know
 By the worst means the worst. For mine own good 135
 All causes° shall give way. I am in blood
 Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
 Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
 Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
 Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.° 140

LADY MACBETH

You lack the season of all natures,° sleep.

MACBETH

Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse°
 Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.°

We are yet but young in deed. *Exeunt.*

Scene V. [*A witches' haunt.*]

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES, meeting HECATE.

FIRST WITCH

Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

HECATE

Have I not reason, beldams° as you are,
 Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
 To trade and traffic with Macbeth
 In riddles and affairs of death;
 And I, the mistress of your charms,
 The close contriver° of all harms,
 Was never called to bear my part,
 Or show the glory of our art?
 And, which is worse, all you have done 5
 Hath been but for a wayward son,
 Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now: get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron° 10
 Meet me i' th' morning: thither he
 Will come to know his destiny.
 Your vessels and your spells provide,
 Your charms and everything beside.
 I am for th' air; this night I'll spend 20
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
 Great business must be wrought ere noon.
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vap'rous drop profound;°
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
 And that distilled by magic sleights° 25
 Shall raise such artificial sprites°
 As by the strength of their illusion
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.°
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:

And you all know security°
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Music and a song.

Hark! I am called; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me. *[Exit.]* 35

Sing within, "Come away, come away," &c.

FIRST WITCH

Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

Exeunt.

Scene VI. [*The palace.*]

Enter LENNOX and another LORD.

LENNOX

My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,°
 Which can interpret farther. Only I say
 Things have been strangely borne.° The gracious
 Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead.
 And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late; 5

Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance killed,
 For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought,° how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain

To kill their gracious father? Damnèd fact!° 10

How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight,
 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,

That were the slaves of drink and thralls° of sleep?
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;

For 'twould have angered any heart alive 15
 To hear the men deny't. So that I say
 He has borne° all things well: and I do think

That, had he Duncan's sons under his key—
 As, an't° please heaven, he shall not—they should find

What 'twere to kill a father. So should Fleance. 20
 But, peace! for from broad words,° and 'cause he
 failed

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
 Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

20

LORD

The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,° 25

Lives in the English court, and is received
 Of the most pious Edward° with such grace

That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect.° Thither Macduff 25

Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid° 30
 To wake Northumberland° and warlike Siward;

That by the help of these, with Him above
 To ratify the work, we may again

30

Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives, 35

32 security overconfidence

132 fee'd i.e., paid to spy 133 betimes quickly 134 bent determined 136 causes considerations 140 may be scanned can be examined 141 season . . . natures seasoning (preservative) of all living creatures 142 My . . . self-abuse my strange delusion 143 initiate . . . use beginner's fear that lacks hardening practice

III.v.2 beldams hags 7 close contriver secret inventor 15 Acheron river of Hades 24 profound heavy 26 sleights arts 27 artificial sprites spirits created by magic arts (?) artful (cunning) spirits (?) 29 confusion ruin

III.vi.1 My . . . thoughts My recent words have only coincided with what you have in your mind 3 borne managed 8 cannot . . . thought can fail to think 10 fact evil deed 13 thralls slaves 17 borne managed 19 an't if it 21 for . . . words because of frank talk 25 due of birth birthright 27 Edward Edward the Confessor (reigned 1042-66) 28-29 nothing . . . respect does not diminish the high respect in which he is held 30 upon his aid to aid him (Malcolm) 31 To wake Northumberland i.e., to arouse the people in an English county near Scotland

Do faithful homage and receive free° honors:
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt at war.

LENNOX Sent he to Macduff?

LORD

He did: and with an absolute "Sir, not I," 40
The cloudy° messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time
That clogs° me with this answer."

LENNOX And that well might

Advise him to a caution, t' hold what distance 45
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!

LORD I'll send my prayers with him.

Exeunt.

A C T I V

Scene I. [*A witches' haunt.*]

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES.

FIRST WITCH

Thrice the brinded° cat hath mewed.

SECOND WITCH

Thrice and once the hedge-pig° whined.

THIRD WITCH

Harpier° cries. 'Tis time, 'tis time.

FIRST WITCH

Round about the caldron go:
In the poisoned entrails throw. 5
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelt' red venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

ALL

Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH

Fillet° of a fenny° snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog, 15
Adder's fork° and blindworm's° sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's° wing,
For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL

Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caldron bubble. 20

THIRD WITCH

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witch's mummy,° maw and gulf° 25
Of the ravined° salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digged i' th' dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips, 30
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,°
Make the gruel thick and slab:°
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,°
For th' ingredience of our caldron.

ALL

Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caldron bubble. 35

SECOND WITCH

Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE and the other three WITCHES.

HECATE

O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' th' gains: 40
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

Music and a song: "Black spirits," &c.

[*Exeunt HECATE and the other three WITCHES.*]

SECOND WITCH

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes: 45
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH.

MACBETH

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?

ALL

A deed without a name.

MACBETH

I conjure you, by that which you profess, 50
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty° waves
Confound° and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged° and trees blown 55
down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope°
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germens° tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken,° answer me 60
To what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH Speak.

SECOND WITCH Demand.

THIRD WITCH We'll answer.

23 **Witch's mummy** mummified flesh of a witch; **maw and gulf** stomach and gullet 24 **ravined** ravenous 31 **Ditch-delivered** . . . **drab** born in a ditch of a harlot 32 **slab** viscous 33 **chaudron** entrails 53 **yesty** foamy 54 **Confound** destroy 55 **bladed** . . . **lodged** grain in the ear be beaten down 57 **slope** bend 59 **nature's germens** seeds of all life 60 **sicken** i.e., sicken at its own work

36 **free** freely granted 41 **cloudy** disturbed 43 **clogs** burdens

IV.i.i **brinded** brindled 2 **hedge-pig** hedgehog 3 **Harpier** an attendant spirit, like Graymalkin and Paddock in I.i 8 **Swelt'red** . . . **got** venom sweated out while sleeping 12 **Fillet** slice; **fenny** from a swamp 16 **fork** forked tongue; **blindworm** a legless lizard 17 **howlet** owl

FIRST WITCH

Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

MACBETH

Call 'em, let me see 'em.

FIRST WITCH

Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow;° grease that's sweaten°
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

65

ALL

Come, high or low,

Thyself and office° deftly show!

Thunder. FIRST APPARITION: *an armed head.*

MACBETH

Tell me, thou unknown power—

FIRST WITCH

He knows thy thought:

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

70

FIRST APPARITION

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Macduff!
Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough.

He descends.

MACBETH

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks:
Thou hast harped° my fear aright. But one word
more—

FIRST WITCH

He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first.

75

Thunder. SECOND APPARITION: *a bloody child.*

SECOND APPARITION

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

MACBETH

Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

SECOND APPARITION

Be bloody, bold, and resolute! Laugh to scorn
The pow'r of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

80

Descends.

MACBETH

Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate.° Thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

85

Thunder. THIRD APPARITION: *a child crowned, with a tree in his hand.*

What is this,

That rises like the issue° of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?°

ALL

Listen, but speak not to't.

THIRD APPARITION

Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill
Shall come against him.

90

Descends.

MACBETH

That will never be.

Who can impress° the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements,° good!
Rebellious dead,° rise never, till the Wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature,° pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.° Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

95

100

ALL

Seek to know no more.

MACBETH

I will be satisfied.° Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that caldron? And what noise° is this?

105

Hautboys.

FIRST WITCH Show!

SECOND WITCH Show!

THIRD WITCH Show!

ALL

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

110

A show of eight KINGS and BANQUO, last [KING] with a glass° in his hand.

MACBETH

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo. Down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyelids. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start,° eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?°
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more.
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That twofold balls and treble scepters° carry:
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;
For the blood-boltered° Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

115

120

FIRST WITCH

Ay, sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,°
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round,°
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

125

130

Music. The WITCHES dance, and vanish.

MACBETH

Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

95 **impress** conscript 96 **bodements** prophecies 97 **Rebel-**
lious dead perhaps a reference to Banquo, but perhaps a misprint
for "rebellion's head" 99 **lease of nature** natural lifespan 100
mortal custom natural death 104 **satisfied** i.e., fully informed
160 **noise** music 111 **s.d. glass** mirror 116 **Start** i.e., from the
sockets 117 **crack of doom** blast (of a trumpet?) at Doomsday
121 **twofold** . . . **scepters** coronation emblems 123 **blood-**
boltered matted with blood 127 **sprites** spirits 130 **antic**
round grotesque circular dance

65 **farrow** young pigs; **sweaten** sweated 68 **office** function
74 **harped** hit upon, struck the note of 84 **take** . . . **fate** get
a guarantee from fate (i.e., he will kill Macduff and thus will
compel fate to keep its word) 87 **issue** offspring 88–89
round . . . **sovereignty** i.e., crown

SON Who must hang them?
LADY MACDUFF Why, the honest men. 55
SON Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there
are liars and swearers enow° to beat the honest men
and hang up them.
LADY MACDUFF Now, God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father? 60
SON If he were dead, you'd weep for him. If you
would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly
have a new father.
LADY MACDUFF Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!
Enter a MESSENGER.
MESSENGER
Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, 65
Though in your state of honor I am perfect.°
I doubt° some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely° man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage; 70
To do worse to you were fell° cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. *Exit MESSENGER.*
LADY MACDUFF Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm 75
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defense,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these faces?
Enter MURDERERS.
MURDERER
Where is your husband? 80
LADY MACDUFF
I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.
MURDERER He's a traitor.
SON
Thou li'st, thou shag-eared° villain!
MURDERER What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*]
Young fry° of treachery!
SON He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [Dies.] 85
Exit [LADY MACDUFF], crying "Murder!"
[followed by MURDERERS].

Scene III. [England. Before the king's palace.]

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.
MALCOLM
Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
MACDUFF Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal° sword, and like good men
57 enow enough 66 in . . . perfect I am fully informed
of your honorable rank 67 doubt fear 68 homely plain
71 fell fierce 83 shag-eared hairy-eared (?) with shaggy hair
hanging over the ears (?) 84 fry spawn
IV.iii.3 mortal deadly

Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom.° Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows 5
Strike heaven on the face, that° it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out
Like syllable of dolor.°
MALCOLM What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend,° I will. 10
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole° name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest:° you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet. I am young; but some-
thing
You may deserve of him through me;° and wisdom° 15
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
T' appease an angry god.
MACDUFF
I am not treacherous.
MALCOLM But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In° an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon; 20
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:°
Angels are bright still, though the brightest° fell:
Though all things foul would wear° the brows of
grace,
Yet grace must still look so.°
MACDUFF I have lost my hopes.
MALCOLM
Perchance even there where I did find my doubts. 25
Why in that rawness° left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies° be your dishonors,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just° 30
Whatever I shall think.
MACDUFF Bleed, bleed, poor country:
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis° sure,
For goodness dare not check° thee: wear thou thy
wrongs;
The title is affeered.° Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st 35
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp
And the rich East to boot.
MALCOLM Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash 40
Is added to her wounds. I think withal°
There would be hands uplifted in my right;°
And here from gracious England° have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for° all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head, 45
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country

4 **Bestride** . . . **birthdom** protectively stand over our native land 6 **that** so that 8 **Like** . . . **dolor** similar sound of grief 10 **to friend** friendly, propitious 12 **sole** very 13 **honest** good 15 **deserve** . . . **me** i.e., earn by betraying me to Macbeth; **wisdom** it may be wise 19–20 **recoil** In give way under 21 **transpose** transform 22 **the brightest** i.e., Lucifer 23 **would wear** desire to wear 24 **so** i.e., like itself 26 **rawness** unprotected condition 29 **jealousies** suspicions 30 **rightly just** perfectly honorable 32 **basis** foundation 33 **check** restrain 34 **affeered** legally confirmed 41 **withal** moreover 42 **in my right** on behalf of my claim 43 **England** i.e., the King of England 44 **for** despite

Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

MACDUFF What should he be?

MALCOLM

It is myself I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars° of vice so grafted°
That, when they shall be opened,° black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.°

50

MACDUFF Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
In evils to top Macbeth.

55

MALCOLM I grant him bloody,
Luxurious,° avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden,° malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness:° your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent° impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

60

65

MACDUFF Boundless intemperance
In nature° is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey° your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time° you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough. There cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

70

75

MALCOLM With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection° such
A stanchless° avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

80

MACDUFF This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming° lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings.° Yet do not fear.
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own.° All these are portable,°
With other graces weighed.

85

90

MALCOLM

But I have none: the king-becoming graces,

As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of° them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,°
Acting in many ways. Nay, had I pow'r, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar° the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

95

MACDUFF O Scotland, Scotland!

100

MALCOLM

If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

MACDUFF

Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction° stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed?° Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died° every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Hath banished me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

105

110

MALCOLM Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples,° reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains° hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom° plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! For even now
I put myself to° thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For° strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life. My first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point,° was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel!° Why are you
silent?

115

120

125

130

135

MACDUFF

Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a DOCTOR.

95 **relish of** taste for (?) trace of (?) 96 **division** . . . crime
variations of each kind of crime 99 **Uproar** put into a
tumult 107 **interdiction** curse, exclusion 108 **breed** ancestry
111 **Died** i.e., prepared for heaven 116 **scruples** suspicions
118 **trains** plots 119 **modest wisdom** i.e., prudence 122 **to**
under 125 **For** as 135 **at a point** prepared 136-37 **the**
chance . . . **quarrel** May our chance of success equal the
justice of our cause

51 **particulars** special kinds; **grafted** engrafted 52 **opened** in
bloom, i.e., revealed 55 **confineless harms** unbounded evils
58 **Luxurious** lecherous 59 **Sudden** violent 61 **volup-**
tuousness lust 64 **continent** restraining 67 **In nature** in
man's nature 71 **Convey** secretly manage 72 **time** age, i.e.,
people 77 **ill-composed affection** evilly compounded
character 78 **stanchless** never-ending 86 **summer-seeming**
befitting summer, i.e., youthful (?) transitory (?) 87 **sword**
. . . **kings** i.e., the cause of death to our kings 88-89 **foisons**
. . . **own** enough abundance of your own to satisfy your
covetousness 89 **portable** bearable

- MALCOLM
Well, more anon. Comes the king forth, I pray you? 140
- DOCTOR
Ay, sir. There are a crew of wretched souls
That stay^o his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art;^o but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.^o
- MALCOLM I thank you, doctor. 145
Exit [DOCTOR].
- MACDUFF
What's the disease he means?
- MALCOLM 'Tis called the evil:^o
A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often since my here-remain in England
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely visited^o people, 150
All swoll'n and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere^o despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp^o about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves 155
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue^o
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak^o him full of grace.
- Enter ROSS.*
- MACDUFF See, who comes here?
- MALCOLM
My countryman; but yet I know him not. 160
- MACDUFF
My ever gentle^o cousin, welcome hither.
- MALCOLM
I know him now: good God, betimes^o remove
The means that makes us strangers!
- ROSS Sir, amen.
- MACDUFF
Stands Scotland where it did?
- ROSS Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot 165
Be called our mother but our grave, where nothing^o
But who knows nothing is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not marked;^o where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy.^o The dead man's knell 170
Is there scarce asked for who, and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
- MACDUFF O, relation
Too nice,^o and yet too true!
- MALCOLM What's the newest grief?
- ROSS
That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;^o 175
- Each minute teems^o a new one.
- MACDUFF How does my wife?
- ROSS
Why, well.
- MACDUFF And all my children?
- ROSS Well too.
- MACDUFF
The tyrant has not battered at their peace?
- ROSS
No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
- MACDUFF
Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes't? 180
- ROSS
When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily^o borne, there ran a rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out;^o
Which was to my belief witnessed^o the rather, 185
For that I saw the tyrant's power^o afoot.
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
- MALCOLM Be't their comfort
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; 190
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.^o
- ROSS Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would^o be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch^o them.
- MACDUFF What concern they? 195
- The general cause or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?^o
- ROSS No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
- MACDUFF If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200
- ROSS
Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
- MACDUFF Humh! I guess at it.
- ROSS
Your castle is surprised;^o your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner, 205
Were, on the quarry^o of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.
- MALCOLM Merciful heaven!
What, man! Ne'er pull your hat upon your brows.
Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart,^o and bids it break. 210
- MACDUFF
My children too?
- ROSS Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
- MACDUFF And I must be from thence!

142 stay await 142-43 convinces . . . art i.e., defies the efforts of medical science 145 presently amend immediately recover 146 evil scrofula, called "the king's evil" because it could allegedly be cured by the king's touch 150 strangely visited oddly afflicted 152 mere utter 153 stamp coin 156 virtue power 159 speak proclaim 161 gentle noble 162 betimes quickly 166 nothing no one 169 marked noticed 170 modern ecstasy i.e., ordinary emotion 173-74 relation Too nice tale too accurate 175 That . . . speaker The report of the grief of an hour ago is hissed as stale news

176 teems gives birth to 182 heavily sadly 183 out i.e., up in arms 184 witnessed attested 185 power army 192 gives out reports 194 would should 195 latch catch 196-97 fee-grief . . . breast i.e., a personal grief belonging to an individual 204 surprised suddenly attacked 206 quarry heap of slaughtered game 210 Whispers . . . heart whispers to the overburdened heart

My wife killed too?
ROSS I have said.
MALCOLM Be comforted.
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
MACDUFF
He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite!° All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
MALCOLM
Dispute° it like a man.
MACDUFF I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! Naught° that I am,
Not for their own demerits but for mine
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
MALCOLM
Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
MACDUFF
O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission;° front to front°
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him. If he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
MALCOLM This time goes manly.
Come, go we to the king. Our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave.° Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the pow'rs above
Put on their instruments.° Receive what cheer you
may.
The night is long that never finds the day. *Exeunt.* 240

A C T V

Scene I. [*Dunsinane. In the castle.*]

Enter a DOCTOR of physic and a waiting-GENTLEWOMAN.

DOCTOR I have two nights watched with you, but
can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she
last walked?
GENTLEWOMAN Since his majesty went into the
field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her 5
nightgown upon her, unlock her closet,° take forth
paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it,
and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most
fast sleep.
DOCTOR A great perturbation in nature, to receive at 10

once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watch-
ing!° In this slumb'ry agitation, besides her walking
and other actual performances,° what, at any time,
have you heard her say?
215 GENTLEWOMAN That, sir, which I will not report 15
after her.
DOCTOR You may to me, and 'tis most meet° you
should.
GENTLEWOMAN Neither to you nor anyone, having
no witness to confirm my speech. 20
Enter LADY [MACBETH] with a taper.
Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise,° and,
upon my life, fast asleep! Observe her; stand close.°
DOCTOR How came she by that light?
GENTLEWOMAN Why, it stood by her. She has light
by her continually. 'Tis her command. 25
DOCTOR You see, her eyes are open.
GENTLEWOMAN Ay, but their sense° are shut.
DOCTOR What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs
her hands.
GENTLEWOMAN It is an accustomed action with her, 30
to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her
continue in this a quarter of an hour.
LADY MACBETH Yet here's a spot.
DOCTOR Hark! she speaks. I will set down what
comes from her, to satisfy° my remembrance the more 35
strongly.
LADY MACBETH Out, damned spot! Out, I say!
One: two: why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky.
Fie, my lord, fie! A soldier, and afeard? What need
we fear who knows it, when none can call our pow'r 40
to accompt?° Yet who would have thought the old
man to have had so much blood in him?
DOCTOR Do you mark that?
LADY MACBETH The Thane of Fife had a wife.
Where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be 45
clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that!
You mar all with this starting.
DOCTOR Go to,° go to! You have known what you
should not.
GENTLEWOMAN She has spoke what she should not, 50
I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.
LADY MACBETH Here's the smell of the blood still.
All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
hand. Oh, oh, oh!
DOCTOR What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely 55
charged.°
GENTLEWOMAN I would not have such a heart in
my bosom for the dignity° of the whole body.
DOCTOR Well, well, well—
GENTLEWOMAN Pray God it be, sir. 60
DOCTOR This disease is beyond my practice.° Yet I
have known those which have walked in their sleep
who have died holily in their beds.
LADY MACBETH Wash your hands; put on your
nightgown; look not so pale! I tell you yet again, 65
Banquo's buried. He cannot come out on's° grave.

217 hell-kite hellish bird of prey 220 Dispute counter 225
Naught wicked 232 intermission interval; front to front
forehead to forehead (i.e., face to face) 237 Our lack . . .
leave We need only to take our leave 239 Put . . . instru-
ments arm themselves (?) urge us, their agents, onward (?)
V.i.6 closet chest

11-12 effects of watching deeds of one awake 13 actual
performances deeds 17 meet suitable 21 guise custom 22
close hidden 27 sense i.e., powers of sight 35 satisfy
confirm 41 to accompt into account 48 Go to an exclama-
tion 56 charged burdened 58 dignity worth, rank 61
practice professional skill 66 on's of his

DOCTOR Even so?

LADY MACBETH To bed, to bed! There's knocking
at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your
hand! What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, 70
to bed! *Exit LADY [MACBETH].*

DOCTOR Will she go now to bed?

GENTLEWOMAN Directly.

DOCTOR

Foul whisp'rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds 75
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,^o
And still^o keep eyes upon her. So good night. 80
My mind she has mated^o and amazed my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

GENTLEWOMAN Good night, good doctor.
Exeunt.

Scene II. [*The country near Dunsinane.*]

*Drum and colors. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS,
ANGUS, LENNOX, SOLDIERS.*

MENTEITH

The English pow'r^o is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them; for their dear^o causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.^o

ANGUS Near Birnam Wood 5
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

CAITHNESS

Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

LENNOX

For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file^o
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough^o youths that even now 10
Protest^o their first of manhood.

MENTEITH What does the tyrant?

CAITHNESS

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered^o cause 15
Within the belt of rule.^o

ANGUS Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid^o his faith-breach.
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title 20
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

MENTEITH Who then shall blame
His pestered^o senses to recoil and start,

79 **annoyance** injury 80 **still** continuously 81 **mated**
baffled

V.ii.1 **pow'r** army 3 **dear** heartfelt 4-5 **Would** . . . **man**
i.e., would incite a dead man (or a paralyzed man) to join the
bloody and grim call to battle 8 **file** list 10 **unrough** i.e.,
beardless 11 **Protest** assert 15 **distempered** swollen by
dropsy 16 **rule** self-control 18 **minutely revolts upbraid**
rebellions every minute rebuke 23 **pestered** tormented

When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

CAITHNESS Well, march we on, 25
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.
Meet we the med'cine^o of the sickly weal,^o
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.^o

LENNOX Or so much as it needs
To dew^o the sovereign^o flower and drown the weeds. 30
Make we our march towards Birnam.

Exeunt, marching.

Scene III. [*Dunsinane. In the castle.*]

Enter MACBETH, DOCTOR, and ATTENDANTS.

MACBETH

Bring me no more reports; let them fly all!
Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint^o with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences^o have pronounced me thus: 5
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false
thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures.
The mind I sway^o by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear. 10

Enter SERVANT.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!^o
Where got'st thou that goose look?

SERVANT

There is ten thousand—

MACBETH

Geese, villain?

SERVANT

Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH

Go prick thy face and over-red^o thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?^o 15
Death of^o thy soul! Those linen^o cheeks of thine
Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

SERVANT

The English force, so please you.

MACBETH

Take thy face hence. [*Exit SERVANT.*]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push^o 20
Will cheer me ever, or disseat^o me now.
I have lived long enough. My way of life
Is fall'n into the sear,^o the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, 25
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,

27 **med'cine** i.e., Malcolm; **weal** commonwealth 29 **Each**
. . . **us** i.e., every last drop of our blood (?) 30 **dew** bedew,
water (and thus make grow); **sovereign** (1) royal (2) remedial
V.iii.3 **taint** become infected 5 **mortal consequences** future
human events 9 **sway** move 11 **loon** fool 14 **over-red**
cover with red 15 **patch** fool 16 **of** upon; **linen** i.e., pale
20 **push** effort 21 **disseat** i.e., unthroned (with word-play on
"cheer," pronounced "chair") 23 **sear** withered

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

SEYTON

What's your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH

What news more? 30

SEYTON

All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

MACBETH

I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hacked.

Give me my armor.

SEYTON

'Tis not needed yet.

MACBETH

I'll put it on.

Send out moe° horses, skirr° the country round. 35

Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.

How does your patient, doctor?

DOCTOR

Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies

That keep her from her rest.

MACBETH

Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, 40

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

Raze out° the written troubles of the brain,

And with some sweet oblivious° antidote

Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

DOCTOR

Therein the patient 45

Must minister to himself.

MACBETH

Throw physic° to the dogs, I'll none of it.

Come, put mine armor on. Give me my staff.

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—

Come, sir, dispatch.° If thou couldst, doctor, cast 50

The water° of my land, find her disease

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo,

That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug, 55

Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

DOCTOR

Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation

Makes us hear something.

MACBETH

Bring it° after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane°

Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane. 60

DOCTOR [Aside.]

Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here. Exeunt.

Scene IV. [Country near Birnam Wood.]

Drum and colors. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, Siward's son, [YOUNG SIWARD], MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, and SOLDIERS, marching.

MALCOLM

Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand

35 moe more; skirr scour 42 Raze out erase 43 oblivious causing forgetfulness 47 physic medical science 50 dispatch hurry 50–51 cast The water analyze the urine 58 it i.e., the armor 59 bane destruction

That chambers will be safe.°

MENTEITH

We doubt it nothing.°

SIWARD

What wood is this before us?

MENTEITH

The Wood of Birnam.

MALCOLM

Let every soldier hew him down a bough

And bear't before him. Thereby shall we shadow 5

The numbers of our host, and make discovery°

Err in report of us.

SOLDIERS

It shall be done.

SIWARD

We learn no other but° the confident tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure°

Our setting down before't.

MALCOLM

'Tis his main hope, 10

For where there is advantage to be given°

Both more and less° have given him the revolt,

And none serve with him but constrained things

Whose hearts are absent too.

MACDUFF

Let our just censures

Attend the true event,° and put we on 15

Industrious soldiership.

SIWARD

The time approaches,

That will with due decision make us know

What we shall say we have and what we owe.°

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:° 20

Towards which advance the war.° Exeunt, marching.

Scene V. [Dunsinane. Within the castle.]

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and SOLDIERS, with drum and colors.

MACBETH

Hang out our banners on the outward walls.

The cry is still "They come!" Our castle's strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie

Till famine and the ague° eat them up.

Were they not forced° with those that should be ours, 5

We might have met them dareful,° beard to beard,

And beat them backward home. A cry within of women.

What is that noise?

SEYTON

It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[Exit.]

MACBETH

I have almost forgot the taste of fears:

The time has been, my senses would have cooled 10

To hear a night-shriek, and my fell° of hair

Would at a dismal treatise° rouse and stir

As life were in't. I have supped full with horrors.

V.iv.2 That . . . safe that a man will be safe in his bedroom; nothing not at all 6 discovery reconnaissance 8 no other but nothing but that 9 endure allow 11 advantage . . . given afforded an opportunity 12 more and less high and low 14–15 just . . . event true judgment await the actual outcome 18 owe own (the contrast is between "what we shall say we have" and "what we shall really have") 20 certain . . . arbitrate the definite outcome must be decided by battle 21 war army

V.v.4 ague fever 5 forced reinforced 6 met them dareful i.e., met them in the battlefield boldly 11 fell pelt 12 treatise story

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start° me.

[Enter SEYTON.]

Wherefore was that cry? 15

SEYTON

The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH

She should° have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.°
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, 20
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage 25
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly!

MESSENGER

Gracious my lord, 30
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

MACBETH Well, say, sir.

MESSENGER

As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

MACBETH Liar and slave! 35

MESSENGER

Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say a moving grove.

MACBETH If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling° thee. If thy speech be sooth,° 40
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution,° and begin
To doubt° th' equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam Wood
Do come to Dunsinane!" And now a wood 45
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches° does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish th' estate° o' th' world were now undone. 50
Ring the alarum bell! Blow wind, come wrack!
At least we'll die with harness° on our back. *Exeunt.*

Scene VI. [Dunsinane. Before the castle.]

Drum and colors. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their ARMY, with boughs.

MALCOLM

Now near enough. Your leavy° screens throw down,

15 **start** startle 17 **should** inevitably would (?) 18 **word**
message 40 **cling** wither; **sooth** truth 42 **pull in resolution**
restrain confidence 43 **doubt** suspect 47 **avouches** asserts
50 **th' estate** the orderly condition 52 **harness** armor
V.vi.1 **leavy** leafy

And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle.° Worthy Macduff and we°
Shall take upon's what else remains to do, 5
According to our order.°

SIWARD Fare you well.

Do we° but find the tyrant's power° tonight,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

MACDUFF

Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. 10
Exeunt. Alarums continued.

Scene VII. [Another part of the field.]

Enter MACBETH.

MACBETH

They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But bearlike I must fight the course.° What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter YOUNG SIWARD. 30

YOUNG SIWARD

What is thy name?

MACBETH Thou'lt be afraid to hear it. 5

YOUNG SIWARD

No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

MACBETH My name's Macbeth. 35

YOUNG SIWARD

The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

MACBETH No, nor more fearful.

YOUNG SIWARD

Thou liest, abhorrèd tyrant; with my sword 10
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

Fight, and YOUNG SIWARD slain.

MACBETH Thou wast born of woman.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that's of a woman born. *Exit.*

45 *Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

MACDUFF

That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine, 15
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns,° whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves.° Either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,
I sheathe again undeeded.° There thou shouldst be; 20
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited.° Let me find him, Fortune!
And more I beg not. *Exit. Alarums.*

Enter MALCOLM and SIWARD.

4 **battle** battalion; **we** Malcolm uses the royal "we"
6 **order** plan 7 **Do we** if we do; **power** forces
V.vii.2 **course** bout, round (he has in mind an attack of dogs
or men upon a bear chained to a stake) 17 **kerns** foot soldiers
(contemptuous) 18 **staves** spears 20 **undeeded** i.e., having
done nothing 22 **bruited** reported

SIWARD

This way, my lord. The castle's gently rend'red:^o
 The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
 The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
 The day almost itself professes^o yours,
 And little is to do.

MALCOLM We have met with foes
 That strike beside us.^o

SIWARD Enter, sir, the castle.
Exeunt. Alarum.

[Scene VIII. Another part of the field.]

Enter MACBETH.

MACBETH

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
 On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives,^o the gashes
 Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

MACDUFF Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH

Of all men else I have avoided thee.
 But get thee back! My soul is too much charged^o
 With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF I have no words:
 My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
 Than terms can give thee out!^o *Fight. Alarum.*

MACBETH Thou lovest labor:

As easy mayst thou the intrenchant^o air
 With thy keen sword impress^o as make me bleed:
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
 To one of woman born.

MACDUFF Despair^o thy charm,
 And let the angel^o whom thou still hast served
 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
 Untimely ripped.

MACBETH

Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
 For it hath cowed my better part of man!^o
 And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
 That palter^o with us in a double sense;
 That keep the word of promise to our ear,
 And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF

Then yield thee, coward,
 And live to be the show and gaze o' th' time:^o
 We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters^o are,
 Painted upon a pole,^o and underwrit,
 "Here may you see the tyrant."

MACBETH

I will not yield,
 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,

24 gently rend'red surrendered without a struggle 27 itself
 professes declares itself 29 beside us i.e., deliberately miss
 us (?) as our comrades (?)

V.viii.2 Whiles . . . lives so long as I see living men 5
 charged burdened 8 terms . . . out words can describe you
 9 intrenchant incapable of being cut 10 impress make an
 impression on 13 Despair despair of 14 angel i.e., fallen
 angel, fiend 18 better . . . man manly spirit 20 palter
 equivocate 24 gaze . . . time spectacle of the age 25
 monsters freaks 26 Painted . . . pole i.e., pictured on a
 banner set by a showman's booth

And to be baited^o with the rabble's curse.

Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane,
 And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
 Yet I will try the last. Before my body
 I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff;
 And damned be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"
Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.

[Re]enter fighting, and MACBETH slain. [Exit MACDUFF,
 with MACBETH.] Retreat and flourish.^o Enter, with drum
 and colors, MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSS, THANES, and
 SOLDIERS.

MALCOLM

I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

SIWARD

Some must go off;^o and yet, by these I see,
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MALCOLM

Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSS

Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
 He only lived but till he was a man;
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
 In the unshrinking station^o where he fought,
 But like a man he died.

SIWARD

Then he is dead?

ROSS

Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
 Must not be measured by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.

SIWARD

Had he his hurts before?

ROSS

Ay, on the front.

SIWARD

Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death:
 And so his knell is knolled.

MALCOLM

He's worth more sorrow,

And that I'll spend for him.

SIWARD

He's worth no more:

They say he parted well and paid his score:^o
 And so God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

20

Enter MACDUFF with Macbeth's head.

MACDUFF

Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
 Th' usurper's cursèd head. The time is free.^o
 I see thee compassed^o with thy kingdom's pearl,
 That speak my salutation in their minds,
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
 Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL

Hail, King of Scotland!

Flourish.

MALCOLM

We shall not spend a large expense of time
 Before we reckon with your several loves,^c

29 baited assailed (like a bear by dogs) 34 s.d. Retreat
 and flourish trumpet call to withdraw, and fanfare 36 go
 off die (theatrical metaphor) 42 unshrinking station i.e.,
 place at which he stood firmly 52 parted . . . score
 departed well and settled his account 55 The time is free
 The world is liberated 56 compassed surrounded 61
 reckon . . . loves reward the devotion of each of you

And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time°— 65
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers°
Of this dead butcher and his fiendlike queen,

64-65 **What's . . . time** what else must be done which should
be newly established in this age 68 **ministers** agents

Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent° hands 70
Took off her life—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us,° by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time, and place:°
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone. 75

Flourish. Exeunt omnes.

70 **self and violent** her own violent 72 **calls upon us**
demands my attention 73 **in . . . place** fittingly, at the
appropriate time and place

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

EDITED BY BARBARA EVERETT

Introduction

Antony and Cleopatra was written in 1607, or a little earlier. That is, it probably followed immediately after the four great tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*, all of which were written in the half-dozen years after the turn of the century—the period during which Shakespeare's genius was at its most assured, mature, and profound. And *Antony and Cleopatra* itself witnesses to this authoritative mastery of an artistic maturity: Coleridge, in a fine phrase, spoke of the play as being "in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigor of maturity, a formidable rival of the *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Hamlet*." But whether the play is, in reality, a tragedy, is a more open question: its uniqueness of form and mood is a part of its power, and unique things are not easy to classify. When the Folio editors came to collect the plays together after Shakespeare's death, they named this *The Tragedie of Anthonie, and Cleopatra* (unless the title was Shakespeare's own) and placed it in the "Tragedies" section that closed the Folio. But the play is, in its total effect, so unlike the tragedies that preceded it, that for long now critics have hesitated to group it with them. The words with which Coleridge praises the play are in themselves suggestive of a distinction; Bradley, later, did not include it in his *Shakespearean Tragedy*, and G. Wilson Knight similarly excludes it from his study of the tragedies, *The Wheel of Fire*—though both discuss it elsewhere. New classifications of the play have been made in the attempt to specify its highly individual quality. It is most usually referred to, now, as a "Roman play" and grouped as such with *Julius Caesar* and *Coriolanus*: on the grounds that all three, in taking their materials from North's Plutarch, take also from these "Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans" an interest that is at least as historical and political as it is tragical, and an ethos that is at least as classical as it is Christian. A recent study has classified it anew as a "problem play," and grouped it as such with *Julius Caesar* and *Measure for Measure*, arguing that all three are alike, and unusual, in presenting a specifically moral problem in such a way as to leave radical indecision about the rights and wrongs of the case. And lastly, though no critic has ever gone so far as to group the play with the comedies, several have pointed out—and with good reason—how comic its effect sometimes is.

Obviously, categorizing a play is not vital to understanding it. Moreover, the exercise of classifying a thing can only aim at the comparative, and hope to create some limited definition within which unlike things may be compared and contrasted, and so throw light on one another. However, the attempts to classify *Antony and Cleopatra*—and the difficulties met with in the process—do have an unusual interest. For it is "uncategorizable" in a new and special way. There are one or two plays of Shakespeare—*Troilus and Cressida* and *Measure for Measure* are probably the best examples—which are similarly hard to classify, but which remain much simpler propositions. Though brilliant and full of interest, they are far from perfect or coherent works of art; and it is therefore easier to see in them (or to imagine one sees) the marks of changing purpose, or of discordances within the given materials, that make the act of classification so difficult. It is possible to suggest that *Measure for Measure* was intended to be a comedy on a not unfamiliar pattern, though in an unfamiliar milieu, but that the development in Shakespeare's artistic vision broke apart the preconceived notion on which the play began. Similarly, it is possible to suggest that *Troilus and Cressida* may have begun as a love tragedy on the same design as *Romeo and Juliet*, but that a greatly changed mood and insight destroyed that simpler romantic formula. Both plays at least offer materials for such hesitant suggestions with their sudden changes of mood, their strange discordances in characterization, their awkward or seemingly patched-up endings. *Antony and Cleopatra*, by contrast, suggests no such change of purpose or uncertainty in handling materials. It is, in final poetic and dramatic effect, one of the most triumphantly harmonious, coherent, and "finished" plays that Shakespeare ever wrote, from first to last line bearing the impress of a unified purpose powerfully carried out. Coleridge, again, seizes on this dominant effect of the play when he points out the degree to which Shakespeare "impresses the notion of giant strength. . . . This [is] owing to the manner in which it is sustained throughout—that he *lives* in and through the play." And yet, though the impression of a unified purpose is so strong, it is far from easy to decide what that unified purpose is.

One of the reasons for this is that the play "works" at many different levels and in many different ways. In it, many different—and even contradictory—kinds of experience are fused together; with the result that the play is continually suggestive of different kinds and categories of drama. Diversity and complexity of experience are of course a part of the strength and power of the preceding tragedies: but in them all diversities are subsumed under a dominating tragic discipline, by which the play moves steadily to its catastrophic climax. *Hamlet's* Gravedigger, *Lear's* Fool, *Macbeth's* Porter do not provide "comic relief," though this phrase is sometimes used of them: rather, they substantiate the tragic experience from a point of view at a large distance from the heroic—and therefore substantiate it the more impressively. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, the tragic and the comic experience coexist, among others. It is tragic not only in the sense of containing the "sad" and the "serious" (for many of Shakespeare's best and truest comedies also do that) but also in the expression of an irremediable loss, incurred consciously and borne responsibly: Antony reaches "the very heart of loss," and knows it. And yet it is also comic, not only in the sense of containing the satirical or the farcical (for Shakespeare's tragedies also do that) but also in the expression of an ineffaceable lightheartedness: as when Cleopatra, preparing for death, says:

go fetch

My best attires. I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony. (V.ii.227–29)

and, to the asp that kills her:

O, couldst thou speak,

That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass
Unpolicied! (V.ii.306–08)

"Lighthearted" is not, admittedly, a complete enough word for this: the somewhat old-fashioned word "high-hearted" is perhaps closer to it. But however it is named, the mood evoked here, and elsewhere in the play, is nearer to the experience evoked in the mature comedies than it is to the gravely responsible tone of *Hamlet* at his death, *Othello's* solemn bravura, *Lear's* agonized questioning, or *Macbeth's* desperate obduracy. The tone and presentation throughout the play is thus so compounded of strangely blended elements as to be elusive of a final classification. The play can be described from several different points of view, and in the terms of several different categories, and each would point to elements really present in it: but none would describe it quite completely enough.

There is, for instance, good reason to call *Antony and Cleopatra* a "Roman play," and to point out the historical and political interest that distinguishes it from the earlier tragedies. As in *Julius Caesar*, which had been written some eight years earlier (that is, just before *Hamlet*, the first of the mature tragedies), Shakespeare has taken his materials from well-known history—so well known, in fact, as in part to circumscribe his treatment of it. The basis of *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth* is also of course historical, but presented Shakespeare with nothing as radically unalterable as the murder of Julius Caesar, the fate of Antony, or the coming to power of Octavius Caesar.

Shakespeare's Octavius—Caesar, as he is always called in *Antony and Cleopatra*—was to become Augustus, perhaps the greatest of Roman emperors, creator of the Pax Romana that closed the long period of unrest, revolution, and war, with the time of peace in which Christ was to be born. Thus, in the war with Antony, when Antony's allies have deserted and sympathy for him is at its strongest, Caesar redresses the balance by a brief but significant reminder of his future role in history:

The time of universal peace is near.
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nooked world
Shall bear the olive freely. (IV.vi.5–7)

Antony's course is as much a "given factor" as Caesar's. Plutarch's "Life of Antony" (perhaps somewhat romanticizing the case) had established the cause of Antony's downfall: he had lost the world because of his love for Cleopatra. Whether that love were treated with some severity (as Plutarch treated it) or with tender admiration (as Chaucer and many others had treated it), its fatality had become an historical fact.

The political battle, then, is between two men sharply distinguished in their roles: Caesar, the young, sober, peace-loving imperial administrator, and Antony, the middle-aged soldier, orator, and lover, a hardened campaigner in war, politics, and love. And the battle is fought for a large enough issue: the rule of the whole civilized world some forty years before the birth of Christ. For Antony and Caesar are two of the triumvirs who rule the Empire between them, and early in the play it becomes clear that the third, Lepidus, is an insignificant go-between. The scale of the prize that the two men are fighting for is also established at once in the play. Philo bitterly sees Antony as

The triple pillar of the world transformed
Into a strumpet's fool. (I.i.12–13)

And Antony himself turns an exhilarated affirmation of his love into a rejection of the whole Empire:

Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space. (I.i.33–34)

On Antony's second appearance in the play, he is presented in a scene all the more sharply effective for its contrast with the immediately preceding scene of the fortune-telling, which is slow, sleepy, and casual: he appears as a man facing a rapid and cumulatively urgent succession of news from all over the Empire—the wars of his wife Fulvia and his brother Lucius, their conjunct war against Caesar, the swift and victorious invasions of the Parthian Labienus, Fulvia's death, the threats of Pompey, and the dangerously shifting sympathies of the Roman people. Caesar, in his turn, is presented on his first appearance in an exactly comparable way, as a man habituated to an enormous and urgent sphere of action. Both these scenes are brilliantly effective in their conversion of necessary exposition to purely dramatic purposes: they move with an almost breathless speed and energy, and establish Antony and Caesar as men of affairs at a very high level indeed. This effect is maintained, though by less concentrated means, throughout the play. The action moves rapidly from place

to place in the great Empire, from Alexandria to Rome, from Misenum to "a plain in Syria," from Athens to Rome again. The characters think and plan—sometimes rhetorically, sometimes merely with an easy and businesslike precision—in terms of the whole world:

[his] quality, going on,
 The sides o' th' world may danger. (I.ii.192-93)
 thou, the greatest soldier of the world (I.iii.38)
 The demi-Atlas of this earth (I.v.23)
 The third o' th' world is yours (II.ii.63)
 To you all three,
 The senators alone of this great world (II.vi.8-9)
 Wilt thou be lord of all the world? (II.vii.63)
 These three world-sharers (II.vii.71)
 Wars 'twixt you twain would be
 As if the world should cleave. (III.iv.30-31)
 The greater cantle of the world is lost
 With very ignorance (III.x.6-7)

Such language (of which this is only a selection) is the medium of the play, and it establishes the size of the battlefield—real and metaphorical—on which the contest for power is being fought.

The course of this battle for power is simple in outline. The first appearance of Antony and Caesar—Antony in his "Egyptian fetters," though still able to throw them off: Caesar revealing in clear, precise terms his cool disgust at Antony's way of life and aware also of the dangers of such a political associate—presents them as personally incompatible and potentially rivals. As Caesar says:

[it] cannot be
 We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
 So diff'ring in their acts. (II.ii.113-15)

The two are reconciled under the pressure of Pompey's threat to the triumvirate and seal their peace by Antony's marriage to Octavia, Caesar's sister. The desertion of Octavia by Antony gives Caesar the pretext for war, once he has himself gained some advantage in power. After the ruinous defeat at Actium, Antony's fall is rapid: his allies and his armies desert to the more powerful man, and he is lost. Through an apparently leisurely and circuitous stream of events that keeps closely to the historical sequence, there emerges into prominence the political theme: the maneuvers and manipulations, the honors and dishonors, of a battle between incompatible standards for the government of the whole Roman world.

To describe the play in these terms is to give it something of the discipline, and something of the limitation, of any game of power—say, a game of chess played out on the board of the world. And such an image would not be entirely alien to the mood of the play: Antony, for instance, accuses Cleopatra in similar terms, in a moment of despairing anger:

she, Eros, has
 Packed cards with Caesar, and false-played my glory
 Unto an enemy's triumph. (IV.xiv.18-20)

And yet to use this image of the game is to realize how much in the play it does not comprehend: indeed, even as Antony uses this image, there is a sudden and significant sense that he has lost even his imaginative command of the full weight of the situation. If the play presents a game of history and politics, it presents also something deeper and more important: a tragedy of human experience. When Antony finds himself at "the very heart of loss," he is maddened at both the loss of the world and the loss of all trust in Cleopatra; but in losing both, he is also crying out at the loss of himself.

It is not enough to say, simply, that Shakespeare is far more interested in the loser, Antony, than he is in the winner, Caesar; or even to say that his interest is with that relation between Antony and Cleopatra that caused the loss of the world. It is rather that the whole situation is presented so that the historical and political interest—the gain or loss of world power—becomes a part or facet of another and greater subject: the ruin of two people, and with them, of a whole sphere of human experience. Any political history may have its "human interest"; Plutarch's "Life of Antony" is vivid, shrewd, and alive in its portraiture, and Shakespeare is largely and unusually indebted to Plutarch's characterization of Antony. What differentiates *Antony and Cleopatra* is not merely a livelier or even a deeper characterization, but a transformation of all action and event into a process of tragic and individual experience.

This touches several characters besides the hero and heroine. The mere opportunist, Pompey, soon to disappear from the play, has a moment of sudden importance, seriousness, and dignity in the galley scene, when he rejects the chance of world power on a point of honor. The tough, cynical, common-sense soldier, Enobarbus (who in Plutarch dies of an ague), dies of a broken heart at his desertion of Antony, and the scene has, again, a weight of dignity and solemnity. Caesar himself, on hearing of the death of Antony, is moved—for the first time in the play—by a sudden access of personal feeling, in the awareness of what he has lost of himself by that death. None of these incidents could have any historical or political importance, though they might, perhaps, be shown as having historical and political effects; their significance and their weight lie in a different sphere of value. It is significant that each of these small incidents has the effect of isolating the person concerned, so that he appears for a moment as detached from, or even alien to, the world around him; for tragedy deals with the experience of a man, or of Man, rather than of men.

The greatest individuals in the play are, of course, Antony and Cleopatra: it is on their absolute selfhood that they base their glory. "We stand up peerless." And it is this arrogant and obdurate sense of themselves that distinguishes them from Caesar—though all three are, in fact, engaged on a quite similar quest for power that makes them, on a detached view, remarkably alike. Caesar can speak as nobly, as authoritatively, and as impressively as the other two; but he speaks a different language. His words have, at their best, the stature of judgment: of a rational social wisdom that takes its force from its generality. To him, Antony is

A man who is th' abstract of all faults
 That all men follow. (I.iv.9-10)

He surveys Antony with a level detachment that reduces his actions to caricature, and gives the final condemnation a rigorous justice:

to confound such time
That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure
And so rebel to judgment. (I.iv.28-33)

This is powerfully spoken, and its effect is largely that of the judicial and weighty summary of a situation from outside; it is the voice of common judgment and social wisdom. This voice interposes its realities throughout the play, and is not confined to Caesar alone: Antony too can speak with the voice of "Rome." But the language that Antony and Cleopatra make their own is something very different, and challenges the sober judgment of Rome. It is a language expressive of a whole radically different way of living and feeling: a language of immediate individual experience, sensory in its apprehension, exalted or intense in its tone, and arrogant in its claims. Love or desolation, exhilaration or rage become their own argument, and the intense experience of an exceptional individual becomes its own rationale. So Antony, proclaiming his love for Cleopatra, converts his profession into a challenge of Rome and all that Rome stands for:

Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space,
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man. The nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless. (I.i.33-40)

So also Cleopatra, exquisitely lamenting the death of Antony, transforms her desolation into a vision of an empty world:

O, see, my women,
The crown o' th' earth doth melt. My lord!
O, withered is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men. The odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. (IV.xv.62-68)

Both these speeches reveal an element vital to the characterization of Antony and Cleopatra. The first is more than a profession of love—whether we choose to regard that love as the glorification of sensual excitement or as the affirmation of a noble passion; the second is more than a woman's lament for a dead man—whether we choose to regard that lament as profound insight or as delusion. Each is an affirmation of selfhood, and a proclamation that this self is "peerless," "remarkable," incomparable, in its love and in its loss and in its very existence. Antony and Cleopatra are—to put the matter at its simplest—proud: proud of being themselves, and proud of being greater than anyone else in the world. Nor are they monstrous in this, for

the whole world of the play is governed by the ideal of pride, and in it "honor" and "nobility," "greatness" and "reputation," are the very fabric of existence. Antony's fame, eminence, and power; Cleopatra's royalty; their love for each other; the admiration of their followers—all these things feed their pride and are fed by it. And all their great and good qualities serve it: Antony's courage and generosity and largeness of spirit, Cleopatra's wit and charm and enormous abundance of life. When their "greatness" is destroyed, the world is empty to them, for the loss of pride is a death:

The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off. (IV.xiii.5-6)

The tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra, then, is not simply their loss of the world, nor even their death, but the destruction of pride that accompanies both. All that makes them admirable is inextricably confused with its own corruptions: their energy, vitality, and power are self-defeating. Antony is caught between the dual and mutually destructive sources of his pride, power in Rome and pleasure in Egypt; Cleopatra discovers or proves at Actium her full power over Antony, and in doing so loses both him and the world. Cleopatra fights to hold Antony, and Antony fights to hold the world, and in the process all Antony's courage reveals itself as inextricable from blind and irrational violence, and his generosity from sensual obsession; all Cleopatra's vitality and self-possession reveals itself as wayward, demanding, and treacherous. Caesar sees clearly when he calls Antony "the old ruffian," and Antony knows Cleopatra for a "boggler ever." In defeat—a defeat which is the loss of an ideal, as well as the loss of the world—both grow, paradoxically, more gentle, more human, and more wholly sympathetic. But both choose the "Roman" death of suicide, which is itself a last affirmation of pride in themselves and a refusal of the humiliation of walking in Caesar's triumph. Cleopatra places on her head the crown of a country she no longer rules, prepares to join a husband she never had, and rejects with contempt a world which has humiliated her, dying a death

fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings. (V.ii.326-27)

This tragic subject Shakespeare has created out of his historical and political materials; and it is a subject that merits Caesar's words at the close of the play:

High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. (V.ii.359-62)

Yet there can be a large difference between a play's "subject," summarized in detachment, and the full effect of the play itself; and this is true of *Antony and Cleopatra*. It certainly contains the "high events," the "pity" and "glory" that Caesar suggests as he closes the play on a fittingly high and sober note. But to leave the account of the play here would be as partial as to describe it, simply, as a historical and political drama.

In the first place, Antony's and Cleopatra's fates and fortunes are not presented with the kind of tragic or dramatic

intensity that such an outline might suggest. Rather, they and their world are presented in a series of leisurely—at first sight, almost casual—insights, that include in their range the great and the small, the significant and the insignificant: a fortunetelling and a great battle, a political conference and a wild party, a memory of the lovers' first meeting and a death in a monument, a woman slapping a messenger and a countryman giving a lecture on the nature of asps. Instead of the cumulative intensity of the earlier tragedies, which speed and slacken and speed again to their catastrophic climaxes, the play presents something more leisurely, more spacious, and more impassive; its structure lies in the panoramic or kaleidoscopic display of diverse aspects of a world, seen in all its variety. At one moment, we watch a conference of world leaders, attempting with some dignity and seriousness to come to terms with each other—an attempt that justifies Antony's earlier bitter self-accusations; after the briefest of pauses, they are all celebrating in a farcical party that ends with a Bacchic version of ring-a-ring-a-roses. Cleopatra speaks, over the dead Antony, her exquisite lament for the loss of all that is valuable in the world; shortly after, she is doing her best to cheat Caesar of her jewels. The whole play is constructed, in this manner, out of a pattern of juxtapositions and contrasts, with the point of view continually shifting and changing; and the effect is something very different from "tragic" intensity, though full of a complex and absorbing life.

Closely related to this fluid and changing dramatic vision is the presentation of the characters themselves; indeed, it might be more proper to say that the concept of "character" itself is transformed. The earlier tragic heroes change, where they change at all in the course of the play, by a process of development; inner potentialities for good and evil are gradually brought to the view as the play proceeds. This is only very partially true of Antony and Cleopatra. They display, rather, a succession of different moods and impulses, continually changing. This is, of course, most true of Cleopatra, who is "infinite variety" itself; but there is hardly a character in the play who is not capable, to some degree, of being and doing the unexpected. The result is that a quick fluidity and changeableness of character becomes the norm, almost the rule: and in such a world, tragic motivation becomes impossible, and tragic responsibility is largely absent. Men seem to be moved by impulse and instinct, chance and expediency; and the guilts and terrors, shames and miseries of the earlier tragedies are very largely absent.

This is to suggest a world that relatively lacks psychological and metaphysical depth. It would be truer to say that *Antony and Cleopatra* creates a physical rather than a metaphysical world and that its density of substance rather than its depth of treatment commands the attention. It creates a world that is triumphantly "natural" rather than "supernatural"—although the natural, in this play, is not without its mysteries. The soothsayer reads, and reads correctly, in "Nature's infinite book of secrecy"; and when the soldiers, on guard by night in the streets of Alexandria, hear "Music i' th' air," they recognize it as the departure of a god from a defeated man:

'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him. (IV.iii.15-16)

To say that the world of *Antony and Cleopatra* is "natural" is to say that it presents all experiences and all events as rooted in the "dungy earth" or the "varying tide" of physical existence. And that physical existence is itself a "varying shore," subject to continual change in the battle of the elements. In politics as in love, the procession of times moves in a continual destruction; so Antony, in the proclamation of his love that challenges the power of the great Roman Empire, is making a proclamation and a challenge that time itself will silently verify:

Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space:
Kingdoms are clay. (I.i.33-35)

The great lyrical image for the triumph of time is the image of the setting of the sun and the coming on of night; and this image fittingly colors the close of the play. The suicide of both Antony and Cleopatra is prefaced by the same echoing image:

Unarm, Eros. The long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. (IV.xiv.35-36)

Finish, good lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark. (V.ii.193-94)

Wherever such imagery occurs in the play, it has an effect that is undoubtedly complex. One of the many things it does is to suggest that Antony's political defeat and his and Cleopatra's individual tragedy are both set within the context of a larger process, simpler and more universal. All that happens in the play—the reversals of fortune, the victories and defeats, the alienations and reconciliations—all are a part of the "interchange of state" that rules the whole natural world,

Increasing store with loss, and loss with store. (Sonnet 64)

Antony, in his "dotage," and Cleopatra, "wrinkled deep in time," suffer a defeat at the hands of a power greater than Caesar; and the cold politician Caesar himself has fought his way to the possession of an empire that will crumble in his hands to "dungy earth."

This fact Antony and Cleopatra know, and Caesar does not; their wisdom and their folly derives from their knowledge of it, and Caesar's power and his limitations derive from his ignorance or denial of it. Caesar's ambition is to "possess the time," by possessing the world for a while: Antony and Cleopatra live only in the present instant, and lose the world for good:

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. (I.i.46-47)

To give up the battle with time and live intensely in the present instant; to create a small and circumscribed area in which to exist, in an exhilarated moment of freedom and vitality—this is a way or vision of life more native to comedy than to tragedy. And it is the way of life that Cleopatra, above all, represents.

That time—O, times!—
I laughed him out of patience; and that night
I laughed him into patience; and next morn,

Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. (II.v.18-23)

Cleopatra's world is essentially a world of "play": a world, that is, that studies to find fit expression for the exuberance of natural energies and needs no justification for what it does. Her world is self-justifying, self-delighting, perhaps self-destroying; as such it is a perpetual challenge and threat to Caesar's vision of universal power and universal peace. The two cannot coexist: and in any battle between Cleopatra's devious wits and Caesar's steady will-to-power, the latter must triumph. Yet Cleopatra will live out even defeat on her own terms, as though it were an exuberant and triumphant game, the rules of which are her own and no one else's; her image of the dead Antony is of a god who has eluded, by the play of his intense natural energies, the restraining world of time:

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphinlike, they showed his back above
The element they lived in. (V.ii.86-90)

Just such an image she makes of her own death: she "plays till doomsday," secure and free within the limited dream she has created.

Certainly that dream is a limited one, always circumscribed by the opposed realities of Caesar and of time:

CLEOPATRA

Think you there was or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?

DOLABELLA Gentle madam, no. (V.ii.93-94)

In presenting these realities side by side, and involved with each other—the comic and tragic deeply interfused—*Antony and Cleopatra* creates a world that is as complex as it is profoundly original. One phrase of Cleopatra's—her "Here's sport indeed," as she draws the dying Antony to her—bears all the profound comic pathos and tragic irony that fills and characterizes the play. Yet this mingled experience is as strong as it is complex; it has a power and vitality that is Antony's when, in defeat, he "mocks the midnight bell":

Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let's mock the midnight bell. (III.xiii.183-85)

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

The principal source of *Antony and Cleopatra* is the "Life of Marcus Antonius," in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans* (published 1579). Shakespeare seems to have known parts, at least, of North's Plutarch for some ten years before he wrote *Antony and Cleopatra*; and he had already used the early part of the "Life of Marcus Antonius" when gathering materials for *Julius Caesar*, seven or so years before. The use Shakespeare makes of this "Life" for *Antony and Cleopatra*, however, is far more thorough, more extensive, and more interesting. Considerable insight into Shakespeare's artistry

and method of working may be gained from a comparison of the source with the play: so much does Shakespeare take from Plutarch, and so radically does he transform it. From Plutarch's whole conception of Antony, down to the last few words of his Charmion, Shakespeare borrows heavily and directly, humanizing and deepening all that he borrows; and the process is illuminating.

Shakespeare's handling of his main source may be briefly outlined as follows. Plutarch's life of Antony is full, leisurely, and detailed. Shakespeare takes from Plutarch all the major events of Antony's later life, with one exception: the long and unsuccessful campaign against the Parthians; he also makes use of events that take place before the opening of the play, such as Antony's first meeting with Cleopatra and what ensues from it. In addition, he borrows—sometimes to an exceptional degree—from Plutarch's vivid, pithy, and dignified narration of speeches and events. In each case, the rehandling is instructive.

Two examples of the first kind of borrowing must suffice here. First, the situation at the opening of the play. Plutarch recounts how Antony, while with Cleopatra in Alexandria, hears news both of Fulvia's and Lucius' wars against Caesar, their defeat and expulsion from Italy, and of Labienus' victories in Asia; Antony prepares to meet the Parthians but is recalled to Italy by letters from his wife, and on the journey hears of her death. At a later point, after his marriage to Octavia, the threat from Sextus Pompeius arises. All this Shakespeare compacts into the news brought, with an effect of rapidly mounting disaster, to Antony in Cleopatra's court, violently challenging his former mood of serene and triumphant exhilaration and necessitating his immediate departure. Thus, in the first two scenes of the play, Shakespeare uses Plutarch's materials cogently and with strong effect, establishing thereby the major conflict of the play. For a second example: his handling of the events succeeding Actium. Shakespeare abbreviates and rearranges, so that the defeat's importance and finality (and Cleopatra's blame in it) are accentuated; the desertion of Domitius (a minor character in Plutarch, whom Shakespeare converts into the far more important Enobarbus) is moved from before Actium to after it, accentuating Antony's isolation in defeat, and the deserter dies not of illness but of a broken heart; and the one successful sally against Caesar, Shakespeare places after, instead of before, Antony's farewell to his servants and the departure of Hercules—thus making the isolated Antony's last exhilaration of victory the more ironic and pathetic, and yet paradoxically heroic. In each of these examples, Shakespeare is not merely compacting and rearranging for dramatic purposes; he is making great tragedy out of good history.

The same may be said of some of the passages where the verbal echoes and reminiscences are strongest. For example, Enobarbus' famous "The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne . . ." is extremely close to Plutarch's beautiful description of Cleopatra at Cydnus. But where Plutarch is describing a rich and exquisite scene, Shakespeare is creating—by small additions and alterations—the extraordinary power of Cleopatra that draws the people, the winds, and the water longingly after her. By giving the speech of reminiscence to the tough and common-sense Enobarbus, and touching it with his humor and "Roman" sanity, Shakespeare heightens, by contrast, the hyperbolic

praise of Cleopatra; and, more, he brings alive the conflicting values of the play. Antony is about to marry Octavia; Enobarbus' speech revives the full and fatal power of Cleopatra, at her first meeting with Antony. Both the re-creation of the speech and its placing in the play throw the greatest light on Shakespeare's artistic intentions.

A reader interested in the other works that contributed to the play (to a much smaller degree, but still interestingly) will find a discussion of them in Kenneth Muir's useful study, *Shakespeare's Sources* (1957), Vol. I, "Comedies and Tragedies," pp. 201-19.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

Antony and Cleopatra was entered in the Stationers' Register in May 1608. Though this procedure normally suggested that publication would follow shortly, the play remained, in fact, unprinted until 1623, when it appeared in the "Tragedies" section of the First Folio. This First Folio text of the play is therefore the single authoritative one, and all succeeding editions—including of course the present one—derive from it.

It is widely agreed that the Folio text of *Antony and Cleopatra* was almost certainly printed directly from Shakespeare's own manuscript, and not from a transcript or prompter's copy. The features of the Folio text that suggest a source in Shakespearean manuscript may be briefly summarized as follows. First, it contains unusual spellings and word usages, some of which seem to be peculiar to Shakespeare, and some of which were, at any rate, archaic by the time the Folio was printed. Second, many of the Folio misprints are of the kind (occurring also in other texts of the plays) that would seem to arise from the individual character of Shakespeare's own handwriting. Third, it lacks all act and scene divisions, except for the opening "Actus Primus, Scoena Prima"; a lack that indicates copy prepared primarily for the theater. Fourth, its stage directions are unusually full and detailed, and are often of the nature of an author's "notes on the text"; for example, "Alarum afar off, as at a sea fight." And lastly, the Folio text contains a passage in the first scene at the monument (IV.xv.12-29) that suggests the direct carrying over of the author's deletions and rewritings (see relevant footnote to text). None of this is absolutely conclusive, but taken together the evidence leaves little doubt that the Folio text was printed directly from Shakespeare's manuscript.

As a text, it is relatively good: it contains many slips but few real difficulties. Its major flaw is the occurrence of very frequent mislineation. This has been silently adjusted in the present edition, as the "correct" lineation is either clear, or, where doubtful, immaterial. The present edition also adds a list of dramatis personae, which is lacking in the Folio; and it adds act and scene divisions, and indications of locality, except for the Folio's opening "Actus Primus, Scoena Prima" which is here translated. It also supplements the existing stage directions. All such additions and supplementations are indicated by brackets. The positions of a few stage directions have been slightly altered; speech prefixes and other abbreviations are expanded, punctuation and spelling are modernized. The spelling of proper names is regularized: for example, "Cleopatra" is given, though in F "Cleopater" also appears; again, "Decretas" is given though in F "Decretus" also appears;

"Canidius" is given for F's "Camidius," "Camidias," and "Camindius"; and so forth. (In a few instances, where the change is more marked, the reading is listed below.) All other departures from the Folio text are listed below, and utilize earlier editorial emendations; the adopted reading is given in boldface type, and then the original reading in roman. As in the footnotes to the text, a line number followed by "s.d." indicates the stage direction that follows the given line, or that interrupts it.

I.i.39 On One 50 whose who

I.ii.4 charge change 41 fertile foretell 64 Alexas [F treats "Alexas" as a speech prefix and gives him the rest of the speech here given to Charmian] 81 Saw Saue 113 [F adds s.d.: "Enter another Messenger"] 114 ho, the news! how the newes? 115 First Attendant 1 Mes 116 Second Attendant 2 Mes 119 Messenger 3 Mes 131 Ho now, Enobarbus! How now Enobarbus 138 occasion an occasion 180 leave loue 185 Hath Haue 194 hair heire

I.iii.25 first fist 43 services Seruicles 82 by my sword by Sword

I.iv.3 Our One 8 Vouchsafed vouchsafe 9 abstract abstracts 44 deared fear'd 46 lackeying lacking 56 wassails Vassailes 58 Pansa Pausa 75 we me

I.v.34 s.d. Antony Caesar 50 dumbled dumbe 61 man mans II.i.16, 18, 38 [F's speech prefix here, as for all speeches in the scene other than those of Pompey and Varrius, is "Mene." But the context clearly indicates that Menas as well as Menecrates speaks in the scene] 21 waned wand 41 warred wan'd

II.ii.121 not so not, say 122 reproof prooffe 172 s.d. Exit Exit omnes. Manet 206 glow gloue 208 gentlewomen Gentlewoman 225 heard hard 234 pow'r breathe powr breath

II.iii.21 afeard a feare 29 away alway

II.v.12 Tawny-finned Tawny fine 43 is 'tis 52 jailer laylor

II.vi.s.d. Agrippa, with Agrippa, Menas with 19 is his 58 composition composon 66 meanings meaning 69 more of more

II.vii.1 their th' their 4 high-colored high Conlord 13 lief liue 36 pyramises Pyramisis 92 then then he 101 grows grow 112 bear beate 125 Splits Spleet's 129 father's Father 130-34 Take . . . out [F gives all to Enobarbus, mistaking (?) speech prefix "Menas" for vocative]

III.i.5 Silius Romaine [so throughout scene] 8 whither whether III.ii.10 Agrippa Ant 16 figures Figure 60 wept weepe

III.iv.9 took't look't 24 yours your 30 Your You 38 has he's III.v.14 world, thou hast would thou hadst 16 the one the other the other

III.vi.13 he there hither; kings of kings King of Kings 74 Comagene Comageat

III.vii.4 it is it it 5 Is't If 23 Toryne Troine 35 muleters Militer 51 Actium Action 69 led leade 72 Canidius Ven

III.x.s.d. Enobarbus Enobarbus and Scarus 14 June Inne 27 he his

III.xi.19 that them 44 He is Hee's 47 seize cease 51 whither whether 58 tow stowe 59 Thy The

III.xiii.10 merèd meered 55 Caesar Caesars 56 embraced embrace 74 deputation disputation 104 errand arrant 162 smite smile 165 discandying discandering 168 sits sets 199 preys on prayes in 201 s.d. Exit Exeunt

IV.ii.1 Domitius Domitian

IV.iii.7 Third Soldier 1

IV.iv.5-8 Nay . . . must be [F gives all to Cleopatra, mistaking (?) speech prefix "Anthony" for vocative, and misplacing (?) it after "help too"] 8 Sooth, la Sooth-law 13 daff't daft 24 Captain Alex

IV.v.1, 3, 6 Soldier Eros

IV.viii.2 gests guests 23 favoring sauoring

IV.xii.4 augurers Auguries 21 spanieled pannelled

IV.xiv.4 towered toward 10 dislimns dislimes 19 Caesar Caesars 104 ho! how?

IV.xv.76 e'en in 94 s.d. off of

V.i.s.d. Maecenas Menas 28, 31 Agrippa Dol 59 live leaue

V.ii.56 varletry Varlotarie 81 little O, th' earth little o' th' earth 87 autumn 'twas Antony it was 104 smites suites 216 Ballad Ballads; o' tune a Tune 228 Cydnus Cidrus 318 awry away 319 s.d. rustling in rustling in and Dolabella



THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

[Dramatis Personae]

MARK ANTONY
OCTAVIUS CAESAR
M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS } *triumvirs*

SEXTUS POMPEIUS
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS
VENTIDIUS
EROS
SCARUS
DECRETAS
DEMETRIUS
PHILO } *friends to Antony*

CANIDIUS *lieutenant general to Antony*
SILIUS *an officer in Ventidius' army*

MAECENAS
AGRIPPA
DOLABELLA
PROCULEIUS } *friends to Caesar*
THIDIAS
GALLUS

TAURUS *lieutenant general to Caesar*

MENAS
MENEKRATES } *friends to Pompey*
VARRIUS

ROMAN OFFICER *under Ventidius*

AN AMBASSADOR *from Antony to Caesar*

ALEXAS
MARDIAN
SELEUCUS } *attendants on Cleopatra*
DIOMEDES

A SOOTHSAYER

A CLOWN

CLEOPATRA *Queen of Egypt*

OCTAVIA *sister to Caesar and wife to Antony*

CHARMIAN } *attendants on Cleopatra*
IRAS

OFFICERS SOLDIERS MESSENGERS
ATTENDANTS

Scene: several parts of the Roman Empire]

A C T I

Scene I. [*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

PHILO

Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glowed like plated° Mars, now bend, now turn
The office° and devotion of their view 5
Upon a tawny front.° His captain's heart,

The decorative border shown above was used in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.

I.i.4 plated armored **5 office** service **6 tawny front** dark face (with a pun on the military sense of *front*, "first line of battle")

Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper°
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gypsy's° lust.

*Flourish.° Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her LADIES,
the TRAIN, with EUNUCHS fanning her.*

Look where they come: 10
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar° of the world transformed
Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see.

CLEOPATRA

If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

8 reneges all temper gives up all self-control **10 gypsy's** gypsies were believed to have come from Egypt, hence "gyptians"; they had a reputation for trickery, sorcery, and lechery **10 s.d. Flourish** fanfare of trumpets **12 The triple pillar** i.e., one of the triumvirs who ruled the world

ANTONY

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned. 15

CLEOPATRA

I'll set a bourn^o how far to be beloved.

ANTONY

Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

News, my good lord, from Rome.

ANTONY

Grates me! The sum.^o

CLEOPATRA

Nay, hear them, Antony.

Fulvia^o perchance is angry; or who knows 20
If the scarce-bearded Caesar^o have not sent
His pow'rful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
Take in^o that kingdom, and enfranchise^o that.
Perform't, or else we damn thee."

ANTONY

How,^o my love?

CLEOPATRA

Perchance? Nay, and most like: 25
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal^o
Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where's Fulvia's process?^o Caesar's I would say? Both?
Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine 30
Is Caesar's homager:^o else so^o thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

ANTONY

Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space,
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike 35
Feeds beast as man. The nobleness of life
Is to do thus;^o when such a mutual pair
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet^o
We stand up peerless.

CLEOPATRA

Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her? 40
I'll seem the fool I am not. Antony
Will be—himself.^o

ANTONY

But stirred^o by Cleopatra.

Now for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound^o the time with conference harsh. 45
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport tonight?

CLEOPATRA

Hear the ambassadors.

ANTONY

Fie, wrangling queen!

Whom everything becomes—to chide, to laugh, 50
To weep; whose every passion fully^o strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired.

16 bourn limit 18 Grates . . . sum It's irritating!
Be brief 20 Fulvia Antony's wife 21 scarce-bearded
Caesar Octavius, then twenty-three, was some twenty years
younger than Antony 23 Take in occupy; enfranchise set
free from slavery 24 How a common exclamation, like
"What!" 26 dismissal dismissal 28 process summons
(i.e., to appear in court) 31 homager vassal; else so or else
37 thus perhaps they embrace, but perhaps "thus" alludes to
their way of life 39 weet know 43 himself (1) the peerless
Antony (2) the fool he is; stirred (1) angered (2) inspired,
inflamed 45 confound waste 50 fully absolutely and suc-
cessfully

No messenger but thine; and all alone

Tonight we'll wander through the streets and note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;

Last night you did desire it. [*To ATTENDANTS.*] Speak 55
not to us. *Exeunt* [ANTONY and CLEOPATRA,
with the TRAIN.

DEMETRIUS

Is Caesar with^o Antonius prized so slight?

PHILO

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

DEMETRIUS

I am full sorry

That he approves^o the common liar, who 60
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds tomorrow. Rest you happy! *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.]

Enter ENOBARBUS, LAMPRIUS, a SOOTHSAYER,
RANNIUS, LUCILLIUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, MARDIAN
the eunuch, and ALEXAS.

CHARMIAN Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any-
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the
soothsayer that you praised so to th' queen? O, that I
knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his
horns with garlands!^o 5

ALEXAS Soothsayer!

SOOTHSAYER Your will?

CHARMIAN Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that know
things?

SOOTHSAYER

In Nature's infinite book of secrecy 10
A little I can read.

ALEXAS Show him your hand.

ENOBARBUS

Bring in the banquet^o quickly: wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

CHARMIAN Good sir, give me good fortune. 15

SOOTHSAYER

I make not, but foresee.

CHARMIAN Pray then, foresee me one.

SOOTHSAYER

You shall be yet far fairer^o than you are.

CHARMIAN He means in flesh.

IRAS No, you shall paint when you are old. 20

CHARMIAN Wrinkles forbid!

ALEXAS Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

CHARMIAN Hush!

SOOTHSAYER

You shall be more loving than beloved.

CHARMIAN I had rather heat my liver^o with drinking. 25

ALEXAS Nay, hear him.

CHARMIAN Good now, some excellent fortune! Let

56 with by 58 property quality 59 still always 60
approves corroborates

I.ii.4-5 charge . . . garlands be a blindly happy cuckold of
a husband (*charge* = load; *horns* = symbol of a cuckold;
garlands = bridegroom's chaplet, and sign of happy pros-
perity) 13 banquet light refreshment of fruit and wine
18 fairer more beautiful (though in the next line Charmian
pretends to take it another way, "plumper") 25 liver believed
to be the seat of sexual desire

me be married to three kings in a forenoon and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry° may do homage; find me to marry me with 30 Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.

SOOTHSAYER

You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

CHARMIAN O excellent! I love long life better than figs.°

SOOTHSAYER

You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune 35
Than that which is to approach.

CHARMIAN Then belike my children shall have no names.° Prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

SOOTHSAYER

If every of your wishes had a womb, 40
And fertile every wish, a million.

CHARMIAN Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.°

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

CHARMIAN Nay, come, tell Iras hers. 45

ALEXAS We'll know all our fortunes.

ENOBARBUS Mine, and most of our fortunes, tonight, shall be—drunk to bed.

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

CHARMIAN E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth 50
famine.

IRAS Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

CHARMIAN Nay, if an oily palm° be not a fruitful prognostication,° I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a workyday° fortune. 55

SOOTHSAYER Your fortunes are alike.

IRAS But how, but how? Give me particulars.

SOOTHSAYER I have said.

IRAS Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

CHARMIAN Well, if you were but an inch of fortune 60
better than I, where would you choose it?

IRAS Not in my husband's nose.°

CHARMIAN Our worser thoughts heavens mend!
Alexas—come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go,° sweet Isis,° I beseech 65
thee, and let her die too, and give him a worse, and let worse follow worse till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fiftyfold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight: good Isis, I beseech thee! 70

IRAS Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! For, as it is a heartbreaking to see a handsome man loose-wived,° so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul° knave uncuckolded. Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum,° and fortune him accordingly! 75

CHARMIAN Amen.

29–30 **Herod of Jewry** i.e., even that blustering tyrant who slaughtered the innocents of Judea 34 **figs** phallic allusion 37–38 **have no names** be bastards 42 **I . . . witch** (1) You have no power of prophecy, so I absolve you from the charge of being a witch (2) A sorcerer like you is allowed to be outspoken 53 **oily palm** sign of a lascivious nature 53–54 **fruitful prognostication** omen of fertility 55 **workyday** commonplace 62 **husband's nose** bawdy, hence “worser thoughts” in next line 65 **go** satisfactorily copulate (?) bear children (?); **Isis** goddess of fertility and the moon 73 **loose-wived** with a faithless, lecherous wife 74 **foul** ugly 74–75 **keep decorum** i.e., act like a just goddess

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

ENOBARBUS

Hush, here comes Antony.

CHARMIAN Not he, the queen. 80

Enter CLEOPATRA.

CLEOPATRA

Saw you my lord?

ENOBARBUS No, lady.

CLEOPATRA Was he not here?

CHARMIAN No, madam.

CLEOPATRA

He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought° hath struck him. Enobarbus!

ENOBARBUS Madam? 85

CLEOPATRA

Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

ALEXAS

Here at your service. My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a MESSENGER [and ATTENDANTS].

CLEOPATRA

We will not look upon him. Go with us.

Exeunt [all but ANTONY, MESSENGER, and ATTENDANTS].

MESSENGER

Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

ANTONY

Against my brother Lucius? 90

MESSENGER Ay.

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Caesar,

Whose better issue° in the war, from Italy

Upon the first encounter drave them.

ANTONY Well, what worst? 95

MESSENGER

The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ANTONY

When it concerns the fool or coward. On.
Things that are past are done, with me. 'Tis thus:
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as° he flattered.

MESSENGER Labienus— 100

This is stiff news—hath with his Parthian force
Extended° Asia: from Euphrates°
His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia,
Whilst—

ANTONY Antony, thou wouldst say—

MESSENGER O, my lord. 105

ANTONY

Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:°
Name Cleopatra as she is called in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice

84 **Roman thought** (1) thought of Rome (2) serious reflection 94 **better issue** greater success 100 **as** as if 102 **Extended** seized upon; **Euphrates** accented on first syllable 106 **Speak** . . . **tongue** Be blunt, don't diminish what everyone is saying

Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds 110
When our quick winds° lie still, and our ills told us
Is as our earing.° Fare thee well awhile.

MESSENGER

At your noble pleasure. *Exit MESSENGER.*

ANTONY

From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

FIRST ATTENDANT

The man from Sicyon—is there such an one? 115

SECOND ATTENDANT

He stays upon your will.°

ANTONY

Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another MESSENGER, with a letter.

What are you?

MESSENGER

Fulvia thy wife is dead.

ANTONY

Where died she?

MESSENGER

In Sicyon.

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*]

ANTONY

Forbear me.° [*Exit MESSENGER.*]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts doth often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again. The present pleasure,
By revolution low'ring,° does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could° pluck her back that shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting° queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, 130
My idleness doth hatch. Ho now, Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

ENOBARBUS What's your pleasure, sir?

ANTONY I must with haste from hence.

ENOBARBUS Why, then we kill all our women. We
see how mortal an unkindness is to them. If they suffer 135
our departure, death's the word.

ANTONY I must be gone.

ENOBARBUS Under a compelling occasion let women
die.° It were pity to cast them away for nothing,
though between them and a great cause they should 140
be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the
least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die
twenty times upon far poorer moment.° I do think
there is mettle° in death, which commits some loving
act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying. 145

ANTONY She is cunning past man's thought.

ENOBARBUS Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of
nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot
call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are
greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report. 150

III quick winds lively winds (that ventilate the soil) **III–12**
our ills . . . **earring** i.e., when our faults are told to us, it is like
plowing (that makes the ground fertile) **116 stays** . . . **will**
awaits your pleasure **122 Forbear me** leave me **126 By**
revolution low'ring sinking in our estimation (as the wheel
of time turns and spins the present moment downward) **128**
could would like to **129 enchanting** spellbinding **139 die**
throughout this speech Enobarbus puns on a second meaning
of *die*, "to experience sexual orgasm" **143 moment** cause
144 mettle strength

This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a
show'r of rain as well as Jove.

ANTONY Would I had never seen her!

ENOBARBUS O, sir, you had then left unseen a won-
derful piece of work, which not to have been blest 155
withal would have discredited your travel.

ANTONY Fulvia is dead.

ENOBARBUS Sir?

ANTONY Fulvia is dead.

ENOBARBUS Fulvia? 160

ANTONY Dead.

ENOBARBUS Why, sir, give the gods a thankful
sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife
of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the
earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are 165
worn out, there are members to make new. If there
were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed
a cut,° and the case to be lamented. This grief is
crowned with consolation: your old smock brings
forth a new petticoat, and indeed the tears live in an 170
onion that should water this sorrow.

ANTONY

The business she hath broach'd in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

ENOBARBUS And the business you have broached
here cannot be without you; especially that of 175
Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.°

ANTONY

No more light° answers. Let our° officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break°
The cause of our expedience° to the queen
And get her leave to part. For not alone 180
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,°
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends° in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Caesar and commands 185
The empire of the sea. Our slippery people,
Whose love is never linked to the deserver
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon° his son; who, high in name and power, 190
Higher than both in blood and life,° stands up
For the main soldier;° whose quality, going on,
The sides o' th' world may danger.° Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair,° hath yet but life
And not a serpent's poison. Say our pleasure, 195
To such whose places under us require,
Our quick remove from hence.

ENOBARBUS I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*]

168 cut (1) severe blow (2) pudendum (the entire speech infuses
bawdy meanings [e.g., of "tailors" and "members"] into the
conceit of the world as a tailor's shop, with the gods as tailors
cutting new clothes out of old, replacing old people with new;
the tailor's shop is where men make love and breed) **174–76**
And . . . **abode** bawdy again **177 light** indecent; **our** royal
plural **178 break** tell **179 expedience** (1) haste (2) expedi-
tion **181 more urgent touches** more pressing reasons **183**
many . . . **friends** many who plot on my behalf **188–90**
throw . . . **Upon** transfer . . . to **191 blood and life**
courage and energy **191–92 stands** . . . **soldier** sets himself
up as the greatest soldier in the world **192–93 whose** . . .
danger whose character may, if his fortunes prosper, threaten
the structure of the world **194 courser's hair** a horse's hair
placed in water was thought to turn into a serpent

[Scene III. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, ALEXAS, and IRAS.

CLEOPATRA

Where is he?

CHARMIAN I did not see him since.°

CLEOPATRA

See where he is, who's with him, what he does:

I did not send you. If you find him sad,°

Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report

That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return. 5

[Exit ALEXAS.]

CHARMIAN

Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce

The like from him.

CLEOPATRA What should I do, I do not?

CHARMIAN

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

CLEOPATRA

Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him! 10

CHARMIAN

Tempt° him not so too far. I wish, forbear.

In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

CLEOPATRA I am sick and sullen.

ANTONY

I am sorry to give breathing° to my purpose—

CLEOPATRA

Help me away, dear Charmian! I shall fall. 15

It cannot be thus long; the sides of nature

Will not sustain it.°

ANTONY Now, my dearest queen—

CLEOPATRA

Pray you, stand farther from me.

ANTONY

What's the matter?

CLEOPATRA

I know by that same eye there's some good news. 20

What, says the married woman you may go?

Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here.

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

ANTONY

The gods best know—

CLEOPATRA

O, never was there queen

So mightily betrayed! Yet at the first 25

I saw the treasons planted.°

ANTONY

Cleopatra—

CLEOPATRA

Why should I think you can be mine, and true

(Though you in swearing shake the thronèd gods)

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows 30

Which break themselves in swearing.°

ANTONY

Most sweet queen—

I.iii.1 since recently 3 sad serious 11 Tempt try 14 breathing utterance 16-17 sides . . . it the human frame will not stand it 26 planted like seeds, and like mines 31 Which . . . swearing which are broken the second they are uttered

CLEOPATRA

Nay, pray you seek no color° for your going,

But bid farewell, and go. When you sued staying,°

Then was the time for words: no going then;

Eternity was in our lips and eyes, 35

Bliss in our brows' bent,° none our parts so poor

But was a race of heaven;° they are so still,

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,

Art turned the greatest liar.

ANTONY

How now, lady?

CLEOPATRA

I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know 40

There were a heart in Egypt.°

ANTONY

Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands

Our services awhile; but my full heart

Remains in use with you.° Our Italy

Shines o'er with civil swords;° Sextus Pompeius 45

Makes his approaches to the port of Rome;

Equality of two domestic powers

Breed scrupulous faction;° the hated, grown to strength,

Are newly grown to love;° the condemned Pompey,

Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace 50

Into the hearts of such as have not thrived

Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge

By any desperate change.° My more particular,°

And that which most with you should safe my 55

going,

Is Fulvia's death.

CLEOPATRA

Though age from folly could not give me freedom,

It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die?

ANTONY

She's dead, my queen.

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read 60

The garboils° she awaked. At the last, best,°

See when and where she died.

CLEOPATRA

O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials° thou shouldst fill

With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,

In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be. 65

ANTONY

Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,

As you shall give th' advice. By the fire

That quickens Nilus' slime,° I go from hence

32 color pretext 33 sued staying pleaded to stay 36 brows' bent eyebrows' arch 37 race of heaven (1) of heavenly flavor (2) of heavenly origin, rooted in heaven 41 Egypt here, as elsewhere, Cleopatra as well as the country 44 in . . . you for you to possess 45 civil swords swords drawn in civil war 47-48 Equality . . . faction Where the rule at home is equally divided between two, parties grow up, quarreling over tiny points 48-49 the hated . . . love The hated begin to be loved as they gain power 53-54 quietness . . . change i.e., a long peace has developed disease in the body politic, which demands to be made well by the blood-letting of war and revolution 54 My more particular my own more personal reason 61 garboils commotion; best i.e., best news of all 63 sacred vials the bottles of tears supposedly placed by Romans in friends' tombs 68-69 By . . . slime by the sun that generates life in the Nile's mud

Thy soldier-servant, making peace or war
As thou affects.^o

CLEOPATRA Cut my lace,^o Charmian, come—
But let it be: I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.^o

ANTONY My precious queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which stands^o
An honorable trial.

CLEOPATRA So Fulvia told me.
I prithee turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honor.

ANTONY You'll heat my blood: no more. 80

CLEOPATRA You can do better yet; but this is meetly.^o

ANTONY Now by my sword—

CLEOPATRA And target.^o Still he mends.
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.^o

ANTONY I'll leave you, lady. 85

CLEOPATRA Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it:
That you know well. Something it is I would—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.^o 90

ANTONY But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject,^o I should take you
For idleness itself.

CLEOPATRA 'Tis sweating labor
To bear^o such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becoming^o kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honor calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you. Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory, and smooth success
Be strewed before your feet!

ANTONY Let us go. Come:
Our separation so abides and flies
That thou residing here goes yet with me,
And I hence fleeting here remain with thee.
Away! Exeunt. 105

[Scene IV. Rome. Caesar's house.]

Enter Octavius [CAESAR], reading a letter, LEPIDUS,
and their TRAIN.

71 affects choosest; Cut my lace of her tight bodice, i.e.,
"Give me air" 73 So Antony loves (1) if Antony loves
me (2) in just such a changeable way does Antony love me
74 stands sustains 81 meetly suitable 82 target small shield
84-85 How . . . chafe how gracefully this descendant of
Hercules acts out his rage 90-91 my . . . forgotten (1) My
forgetful memory is like Antony and has deserted me (2) My
forgetfulness even, like my memory, is consumed by the image
of Antony, and my mind is empty of all else 91-92 But that
. . . subject if you were not queen over trifling 93-94 labor
To bear pun on childbirth 96 becoming^o graces

CAESAR
You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know
It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor.^o From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike 5
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy^o
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners. You shall find
there
A man who is th' abstract of all faults
That all men follow.^o

LEPIDUS I must not think there are 10
Evils enow^o to darken all his goodness;
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary
Rather than purchased,^o what he cannot change 15
Than what he chooses.

CAESAR
You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tippling^o with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet 20
With knaves that smells of sweat. Say this becomes
him
(As his composure^o must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish); yet must Antony
No way excuse his foils^o when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness.^o If he filled 25
His vacancy^o with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for't.^o But to confound^o such time
That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid 30
As we rate boys who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure
And so rebel to judgment.^o

Enter a MESSENGER.

LEPIDUS Here's more news.

MESSENGER 100
Thy biddings have been done, and every hour,
Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report 35
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea,
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have feared Caesar: to the ports
The discontents^o repair, and men's reports
Give him^o much wronged.

CAESAR I should have known no less. 40
It hath been taught us from the primal state^o

I.iv.3 competitor partner 6 queen of Ptolemy Cleopatra
had nominally married her brother Ptolemy, who was only a
child, at the command of Julius Caesar 9-10 abstract . . .
follow symbol of universal weakness 11 enow enough
14 purchased acquired 19 keep . . . tippling exchange
toasts 22 composure character 24 foils stains 24-25 when
. . . lightness when his triviality throws such a burden on us
26 vacancy leisure 27-28 Full . . . for't let him pay the
price in sickness and syphilis 28 confound waste 30-33 'tis
. . . judgment deserves the considered rebuke we give to
boys who, though old enough to know better, give up all the
wisdom they have learned in exchange for a moment's pleasure
39 discontents malcontents 40 Give him say he is 41 from
. . . state since governments began

That he which is was wished until he were;°
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
 Comes deared by being lacked. This common body,°
 Like to a vagabond flag° upon the stream, 45
 Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
 To rot itself with motion.

MESSENGER Caesar, I bring thee word
 Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
 Makes the sea serve them, which they ear° and wound
 With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads 50
 They make in Italy; the borders maritime
 Lack blood to think on't, and flush° youth revolt.
 No vessel can peep forth but 'tis as soon
 Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
 Than could his war resisted.

CAESAR Antony, 55
 Leave thy lascivious wassails.° When thou once
 Was beaten from Modena,° where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against
 (Though daintily brought up) with patience more 60
 Than savages could suffer.° Thou didst drink
 The stale° of horses and the gilded° puddle
 Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did
 deign°
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge.
 Yea, like the stag when snow the pasture sheets, 65
 The barks of trees thou browsed. On the Alps
 It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on. And all this
 (It wounds thine honor that I speak it now)
 Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek 70
 So much as lanked° not.

LEPIDUS 'Tis pity of him.

CAESAR
 Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
 Did show ourselves i' th' field; and to that end
 Assemble we immediate council. Pompey 75
 Thrives in our idleness.

LEPIDUS Tomorrow, Caesar,
 I shall be furnished to inform you rightly
 Both what by sea and land I can be able°
 To front° this present time.

CAESAR Till which encounter,
 It is my business too. Farewell. 80

LEPIDUS
 Farewell, my lord. What you shall know meantime
 Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
 To let me be partaker.

CAESAR Doubt not, sir;
 I knew it for my bond.° *Exeunt.*

[Scene V. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.]

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
 MARDIAN.

CLEOPATRA Charmian!

CHARMIAN Madam?

CLEOPATRA [Yawning.]

Ha, ha.

Give me to drink mandragora.°

CHARMIAN Why, madam?

CLEOPATRA

That I might sleep out this great gap of time 5

My Antony is away.

CHARMIAN You think of him too much.

CLEOPATRA

O, 'tis treason!

CHARMIAN Madam, I trust, not so.

CLEOPATRA

Thou, eunuch Mardian!

MARDIAN What's your highness' pleasure?

CLEOPATRA

Not now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee 10

That, being unseminared,° thy freer thoughts

May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?°

MARDIAN Yes, gracious madam.

CLEOPATRA Indeed?

MARDIAN

Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing 15

But what indeed is honest° to be done:

Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.°

CLEOPATRA

O, Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? Or is he on his horse? 20

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse, for wot'st° thou whom thou

mov'st?

75 The demi-Atlas° of this earth, the arm

And burgonet° of men. He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?" 25

(For so he calls me.) Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison. Think on me,

That am with Phoebus'° amorous pinches black

And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted Caesar,°

80 When thou wast here above the ground, I was 30

A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey°

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect,° and die

With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS from Antony.

ALEXAS Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

42 **That** . . . **were** that a man in power had supporters until he gained power 44 **common body** populace 45 **vagabond flag** aimlessly drifting iris 49 **ear** plow 52 **flush** vigorous, lusty 56 **wassails** revelry 57 **Modena** accented on second syllable 61 **suffer** summon up 62 **stale** urine; **gilded** i.e., yellow with scum 63 **deign** not disdain 71 **lanked** thinned 78 **I** . . . **able** my powers can be 79 **front** confront 84 **bond** duty

I.v.4 **mandragora** mandrake (a strong narcotic) 11 **unseminared** unsexed 12 **affections** passions 16 **honest** chaste 18 **Venus** . . . **Mars** Venus, goddess of love, and Mars, god of war, were lovers 22 **wot'st** knowest 23 **demi-Atlas** the Titan Atlas supported the heavens on his shoulders 24 **burgonet** visored helmet 28 **Phoebus'** the sun's 29 **Broad-fronted Caesar** wide-browed Caesar (i.e., Julius Caesar, whose mistress she had been in youth) 31 **great Pompey** Cneius Pompeius (son of Pompey the Great) 33 **aspect** gaze (accented on second syllable)

CLEOPATRA

How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.^o
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

35

ALEXAS

Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kissed—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient^o pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

40

CLEOPATRA

Mine ear must pluck it thence.

ALEXAS

"Good friend," quoth he,

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

45

CLEOPATRA

What was he, sad or merry? 50

ALEXAS

Like to the time o' th' year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

CLEOPATRA

O well-divided disposition!^o Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man;^o but note him.
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seemed to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both.
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?^o

55

60

ALEXAS

Ay, madam, twenty several^o messengers.
Why do you send so thick?

CLEOPATRA

Who's born that day

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

65

CHARMIAN

O, that brave^o Caesar!

CLEOPATRA

Be choked with such another emphasis!^o
Say "the brave Antony."

CHARMIAN

The valiant Caesar!

CLEOPATRA

By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth
If thou with Caesar paragon^o again
My man of men.

70

CHARMIAN

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

CLEOPATRA

My salad days,

When I was green^o in judgment, cold in blood,
To say as I said then. But come, away,
Get me ink and paper.
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt.

75

Exeunt.

[A C T I I]

[Scene I. Messina. Pompey's house.]

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS, in warlike manner.

POMPEY

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

MENECRATES

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

POMPEY

Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue^o for.

MENECRATES

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise pow'rs
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

5

POMPEY

I shall do well:

The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent,^o and my auguring^o hope
Says it will come to th' full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors.^o Caesar gets money where
He loses hearts. Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flattered, but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

10

15

MENAS

Caesar and Lepidus

Are in the field;^o a mighty strength they carry.

POMPEY

Where have you this? 'Tis false.

MENAS

From Silvius, sir.

POMPEY

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

20

25

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius?

36-37 that . . . thee alchemists long tried to make or discover the "philosopher's stone" or *elixir vitae*—known as the "great medicine" and the "tincture"—which had the property of turning base metals to gold, and of restoring youth 41 orient eastern, bright 43 firm constant 45 piece add to 48 arm-gaunt battleworn (?) battle-hungry (?) 50 beastly dumb^o silenced by a beast 53 disposition temperament 54 'tis the man that's exactly what he is like 61 posts messengers 62 several separate 67 brave splendid, fine 68 emphasis forceful statement 71 paragon compare

74 green young, silly

II.i.1 shall surely must 3 what . . . deny i.e., delay in performing does not necessarily imply a refusal 5 sue beg 10 crescent growing (i.e., waxing like the moon—hence the following image); auguring prophesying 13 without doors out-of-doors (contrasted with the indoor "wars" of love) 17 in the field ready for battle 20 charms spells 21 Salt lustful; waned pale and thin (like the old moon) 26 prorogue suspend 27 Lethe'd oblivious (from Lethe, a river in Hades; those who drank of the water forgot all)

VARRIUS

This is most certain, that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected. Since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for farther travel.^o 30

POMPEY I could have given less matter

A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donned his helm
For such a petty war. His soldiership
Is twice the other twain; but let us rear
The higher our opinion,^o that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

MENAS I cannot hope^o

Caesar and Antony shall well greet^o together;
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Caesar;
His brother warred upon him—although I think
Not moved^o by Antony. 40

POMPEY I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between them-
selves,^o 45

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement^o their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our gods will have't! It only stands
Our lives upon,^o to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. Exeunt.

[Scene II. Rome. Lepidus' house.]

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

LEPIDUS

Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

ENOBARBUS I shall entreat him

To answer like himself: if Caesar move^o him,
Let Antony look over Caesar's head
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonio's beard,
I would not shave't today!^o 5

LEPIDUS 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.^oENOBARBUS Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't. 10LEPIDUS
But small to greater matters must give way.

30-31 'tis . . . travel there has been time for an even longer
journey 35-36 let . . . opinion let us think all the better of
ourselves 38 hope believe 39 well greet meet amiably 42
moved encouraged 44-45 Were't . . . themselves Had
we not challenged them (and thus united them) they would
probably have quarreled among themselves 48 cement
accented on first syllable 50-51 It . . . upon only, it is a
matter of life and death to us all

II.ii.4 move irritate 8 I . . . today (1) I would not do him
the courtesy of clean-shaving (2) I would not remove the
temptation of plucking it (an incitement to fight) 9 private
stomaching personal resentment

ENOBARBUS

Not if the small come first.

LEPIDUS Your speech is passion;

But pray you stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS [in conversation].

ENOBARBUS And yonder, Caesar.

Enter [from the other side] CAESAR, MAECENAS, and
AGRIPPA [in conversation]. 35

ANTONY

If we compose^o well here, to Parthia. 15
Hark, Ventidius.

CAESAR I do not know,

Maecenas; ask Agrippa.

LEPIDUS

Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard. When we debate 20
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to th' matter.^o

ANTONY 'Tis spoken well. 25

Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.^o Flourish.

CAESAR

Welcome to Rome.

ANTONY

Thank you.

CAESAR

Sit.

ANTONY

Sit, sir.

CAESAR

Nay then.

[They sit.]

ANTONY

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

CAESAR

I must be laughed at 30
If, or for nothing or^o a little, I

Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' th' world; more laughed at that I should
Once name you derogately,^o when to sound your
name

It not concerned me.

ANTONY

My being in Egypt, Caesar, 35
What was't to you?

CAESAR

No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there
Did practice on my state,^o your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

ANTONY

How intend you? Practiced? 40

CAESAR

You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother

15 compose come to an agreement 25 Nor . . . matter
and do not let ill temper be added to the problem at hand
27 thus perhaps Antony embraces Caesar, but perhaps he
means his words would be temperate in any circumstance 31
or . . . or either . . . or 34 derogately disparagingly 39
practice . . . state plot against my rule

Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you;° you were the word of war.°

ANTONY

You do mistake your business: my brother never 45
Did urge me° in his act. I did inquire it
And have my learning from some true reports°
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,° 50
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have to make it with,°
It must not be with this.

CAESAR

You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me, but 55
You patched up your excuses.

ANTONY

Not so, not so:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend° those wars 60
Which fronted° mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another;°
The third o' th' world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace° easy, but not such a wife.

ENOBARBUS Would we had all such wives, that the 65
men might go to wars with the women.

ANTONY

So much uncurbable, her garboils, Caesar,
Made out of her impatience—which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too—I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must 70
But° say, I could not help it.

CAESAR

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

ANTONY

Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted, then: 75
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' th' morning; but next day
I told him of myself,° which was as much
As to have asked him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of° our strife: if we contend, 80
Out of our question wipe him.

CAESAR

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

LEPIDUS

Soft,° Caesar!

ANTONY

No,

Lepidus; let him speak.
The honor is sacred which he talks on now, 85
Supposing that I lacked it. But on, Caesar,
The article of my oath—

44 Was . . . you had you as root cause (?) provided you with a pretext (?); you . . . war The war was about you 46 Did urge me made use of my name 47 reports reporters 50 stomach desire 52–53 If . . . with if you want to fabricate a quarrel out of odds and ends, though in fact you have more substantial materials for one 60 with . . . attend look favorably on 61 fronted attacked 62 I . . . another I wish you were married to just such a wife 64 pace train (used of horses) 71 But only 74 missive messenger 78 myself my condition 80 Be nothing of have no place in 82 article precise terms 83 Soft be careful

CAESAR

To lend me arms and aid when I required them,
The which you both denied.

ANTONY

Neglected rather:

And then when poisonèd hours had bound me up 90
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it.° Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here, 95
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honor
To stoop in such a case.

LEPIDUS

'Tis noble spoken.

MAECENAS

If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs° between ye: to forget them quite 100
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.°

LEPIDUS

Worthily spoken, Maecenas.

ENOBARBUS Of, if you borrow one another's love
for the instant, you may, when you hear no more
words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time 105
to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

ANTONY

Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

ENOBARBUS That truth should be silent I had almost
forgot.

ANTONY

You wrong this presence;° therefore speak no more. 110

ENOBARBUS Go to, then; your considerate stone.°

CAESAR

I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions°
So diff'ring in their acts. Yet if I knew 115
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' th' world I would pursue it.

AGRIPPA

Give me leave, Caesar.

CAESAR

Speak, Agrippa.

AGRIPPA

Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,°
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony 120
Is now a widower.

CAESAR

Say not so, Agrippa:

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.°

ANTONY

I am not married, Caesar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak. 125

AGRIPPA

To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims

94 it honesty (?) 100 griefs grievances 102 Speaks . . . you demands your reconciliation 110 presence dignified company 111 your considerate stone I will be silent as stone about what I am thinking 114 conditions temperaments 119 by . . . side i.e., half-sister (though actually Octavia was a full sister of Octavius) 122–23 your . . . rashness You would get a deserved reproof for being foolhardy

No worse a husband than the best of men;
 Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
 That which none else can utter. By this marriage
 All little jealousies,^o which now seem great,
 And all great fears, which now import^o their dangers,
 Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
 Where now half-tales be truths:^o her love to both
 Would each to other, and all loves to both,
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
 For 'tis a studied, not a present^o thought,
 By duty ruminated.

ANTONY Will Caesar speak?

CAESAR
 Not till he hears how Antony is touched^o
 With what is spoke already.

ANTONY What power is in Agrippa,
 If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
 To make this good?

CAESAR The power of Caesar, and
 His power unto Octavia.

ANTONY May I never
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
 Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand.
 Further this act of grace,^o and from this hour
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves
 And sway our great designs.

CAESAR There's my hand.
 A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
 Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
 To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
 Fly off our loves^o again.

LEPIDUS Happily, amen.

ANTONY
 I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey,
 For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
 Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
 Lest my remembrance^o suffer ill report:
 At heel of that,^o defy him.

LEPIDUS Time calls upon's.
 Of us must Pompey presently^o be sought,
 Or else he seeks out us.

ANTONY Where lies he?

CAESAR
 About the Mount Mesena.^o

ANTONY
 What is his strength by land?

CAESAR
 Great and increasing; but by sea
 He is an absolute master.

ANTONY So is the fame.^o
 Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it,
 Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
 The business we have talked of.

CAESAR With most gladness;
 And do invite you to my sister's view,
 Whither straight I'll lead you.

133 jealousies suspicions **134 import** bring **135-36 truths**
would . . . truths Things true would be disbelieved, whereas
 now half-truths are believed **139 present** momentary **141**
touched affected **148 grace** reconciliation **154 Fly . . .**
loves May our love for each other desert us **158 remem-**
brance memory (of kindnesses done) **159 At . . . that**
 immediately after **160 presently** at once **162 Mesena**
 Misenum, an Italian port **165 fame** report

130 ANTONY Let us, Lepidus,
 Not lack your company. **170**

LEPIDUS Noble Antony,
 Not sickness should detain me.

*Flourish. Exit [all but] ENOBARBUS,
 AGRIPPA, MAECENAS.*

MAECENAS Welcome from Egypt, sir.

ENOBARBUS Half the heart^o of Caesar, worthy
 Maecenas. My honorable friend, Agrippa. **175**

AGRIPPA Good Enobarbus.

MAECENAS We have cause to be glad that matters are
 so well digested.^o You stayed well by't^o in Egypt.

ENOBARBUS Ay, sir, we did sleep day out of counte-
 nance^o and made the night light with drinking. **180**

MAECENAS Eight wild boars roasted whole at a
 breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

ENOBARBUS This was but as a fly by^o an eagle: we
 had much more monstrous matter of feast, which
 worthily deserved noting. **185**

MAECENAS She's a most triumphant lady, if report be
 square^o to her.

ENOBARBUS When she first met Mark Antony, she
 pursed up^o his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

AGRIPPA There she appeared indeed; or my reporter **190**
 devised^o well for her.

ENOBARBUS

150 I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
 Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that
 The winds were lovesick with them; the oars were
 silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
 The water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggared all description: she did lie **200**

In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,^o
 O'erpicturing that Venus where we see
 The fancy outwork nature:^o on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem **205**
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did.^o

AGRIPPA O, rare for Antony.

ENOBARBUS

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,^o
 So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
 And made their bends adornings.^o At the helm **210**
 A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,

174 Half the heart dear friend (though possibly the idea is that
 Caesar is equally devoted to Agrippa and to Maecenas) **178**
digested digested; **stayed well by't** "lived it up."
179-80 we . . . countenance We disconcerted the day by
 sleeping through it **183 by** compared with **187 square** just,
 true **189 pursed up** put in her purse, took possession of
191 devised invented **201 cloth-of-gold of tissue** a rich
 fabric interwoven with gold threads **202-03 O'erpicturing**
 . . . **nature** surpassing that painting of Venus where we
 can see the imagination excelling nature itself in creative
 ability **207 And . . . did** i.e., and seemed to produce the
 warm color they were cooling **208 Nereides** sea nymphs
209-10 tended . . . adornings stood before her and waited
 on her, their bowing movements being works of art in
 themselves

That yarely frame the office.^o From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs.^o The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i' th' marketplace, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,^o
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

AGRIPPA Rare Egyptian!

ENOBARBUS

Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper. She replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak, 225
Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And, for his ordinary,^o pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

AGRIPPA Royal wench!
She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed;
He plowed her, and she cropped.^o

ENOBARBUS I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That^o she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, pow'r breathe forth.

MAECENAS

Now Antony must leave her utterly.

ENOBARBUS

Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies; for vilest things
Become themselves^o in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.^o

MAECENAS

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

AGRIPPA Let us go.

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

ENOBARBUS Humbly, sir, I thank you. *Exeunt.*

[Scene III. Rome. Caesar's house.]

Enter ANTONY, CAESAR, OCTAVIA *between them.*

ANTONY

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

OCTAVIA

All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

ANTONY

Good night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:

213 yarely . . . office deftly perform the task 215 wharfs
banks 218 but for vacancy i.e., but for the law that nature
abhors a vacuum 227 ordinary public dinner in a tavern 230
she cropped i.e., had a child (Caesarion) 233 That so that
241 Become themselves are becoming 242 riggish wanton
245 lottery allotment

I have not kept my square,^o but that to come
Shall all be done by th' rule. Good night, dear lady.

215 Good night, sir.

CAESAR Good night. *Exit, [with OCTAVIA].*

Enter SOOTHSAYER.

ANTONY

Now, sirrah: you do wish yourself in Egypt?

10

SOOTHSAYER

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

ANTONY

If you can, your reason?

SOOTHSAYER

I see it in my motion,^o have it not in my tongue,
But yet hie you to Egypt again.

ANTONY

Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's, or mine? 15

SOOTHSAYER Caesar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side.
Thy daemon,^o that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, 20
Where Caesar's is not. But near him thy angel
Becomes afeard, as being o'erpow'ed: therefore
Make space enough between you.

ANTONY

Speak this no more.

SOOTHSAYER

235 To none but thee; no more but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and of^o that natural luck 25
He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy luster thickens^o
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But he away, 'tis noble.

240

ANTONY

Get thee gone.
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him. 30

Exit [SOOTHSAYER].

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,^o
He hath spoken true. The very dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance:^o if we draw lots, he speeds;^o
His cocks do win the battle still^o of mine 35
When it is all to naught,^o and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhooped,^o at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' th' East my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius,

You must to Parthia. Your commission's ready: 40
Follow me, and receive't. *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV. Rome. A street.]

Enter LEPIDUS, MAECENAS, and AGRIPPA.

II.iii.6 kept my square kept straight 13 motion mind 18
daemon guardian angel 25 of by 26 thickens dims 31
art or hap skill or chance 34 chance luck; speeds is
successful 35 still always 36 it . . . naught the odds are
all to nothing (against him) 37 inhooped confined within
a ring

LEPIDUS

Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

AGRIPPA

Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

LEPIDUS

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

MAECENAS

We shall,

As I conceive^o the journey, be at Mount^o
Before you, Lepidus.

LEPIDUS

Your way is shorter;

My purposes do draw me much about:^o

You'll win two days upon me.

BOTH

Sir, good success.

LEPIDUS

Farewell.

Exeunt. 10

[Scene V. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.]

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

CLEOPATRA

Give me some music: music, moody^o food
Of us that trade in love.

OMNES^o

The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN the eunuch.

CLEOPATRA

Let it alone, let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

CHARMIAN

My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

CLEOPATRA

As well a woman with an eunuch played
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir?

MARDIAN As well as I can, madam.

CLEOPATRA

And when good will is showed, though't come too
short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.

Give me mine angle,^o we'll to th' river: there,

My music playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-finned fishes. My bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, "Ah, ha! y' are caught!"

CHARMIAN

'Twas merry when 15

You wagered on your angling, when your diver

Did hang a salt^o fish on his hook, which he

With fervency drew up.

CLEOPATRA

That time—O times!—

I laughed him out of patience; and that night

I laughed him into patience; and next morn,

Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;

Then put my tires^o and mantles on him, whilst

I wore his sword Philippan.^o

Enter a MESSENGER.

O, from Italy!

II.iv.6 **conceive** understand; **Mount** i.e., Misenum 8 **My**

. . . **about** My plans take me the long way around

II.v.1 **moody** melancholy (with pun on musical *mood* or key)

2 **Omnes** all (Latin) 10 **angle** fishing tackle 17 **salt** dried

22 **tires** headdresses 23 **Philippan** Antony's sword is named
after Philippi, where he conquered Brutus and Cassius

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

MESSENGER

Madam, madam— 25

CLEOPATRA

Antonio's dead! If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him. There is gold and here
My bluest veins to kiss, a hand that kings
Have lipped, and trembled kissing.

30

MESSENGER

First, madam, he is well.

CLEOPATRA

Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use

To say the dead are well:^o bring it to that,

The gold I give thee will I melt and pour

Down thy ill-uttering throat.

35

MESSENGER

Good madam, hear me.

CLEOPATRA

Well, go to, I will:

But there's no goodness in thy face if Antony

Be free and healthful; so tart a favor^o

To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,

Thou shouldst come like a Fury crowned with snakes, 40

Not like a formal^o man.

MESSENGER

Will't please you hear me?

CLEOPATRA

I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,

Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail

Rich pearls upon thee.

45

MESSENGER

Madam, he's well.

CLEOPATRA

Well said.

MESSENGER

And friends with Caesar.

CLEOPATRA

Th' art an honest man.

MESSENGER

Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.

CLEOPATRA

Make thee a fortune from me.

MESSENGER

But yet, madam—

CLEOPATRA

I do not like "But yet"; it does allay

The good precedence:^o fie upon "But yet";

"But yet" is as a jailer to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: he's friends with Caesar, 55

In state of health, thou say'st, and thou say'st, free.

MESSENGER

Free, madam, no: I made no such report;

He's bound unto Octavia.

CLEOPATRA

For what good turn?^o

MESSENGER

For the best turn i' th' bed.

CLEOPATRA

I am pale, Charmian.

MESSENGER

Madam, he's married to Octavia.

60

33 **well** i.e., in having gone to heaven 38 **tart a favor**
sour an expression 41 **formal** (1) sane (2) normally shaped
50–51 **allay** . . . **precedence** qualify the good news before it
58 **For** . . . **turn** she takes his "bound" in the sense "indebted
to"; he then takes up her "turn," or "act," in a sexual sense

CLEOPATRA

The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

Strikes him down.

MESSENGER

Good madam, patience.

CLEOPATRA What say you? *Strikes him.* Hence,

Horrible villain! Or I'll spurn° thine eyes

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

*She hales him up and down.*Thou shalt be whipped with wire and stewed in brine, 65
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.°

MESSENGER Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

CLEOPATRA

Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage, 70

And I will boot thee° with what gift beside

Thy modesty° can beg.

MESSENGER He's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA

Rogue, thou hast lived too long. *Draw a knife.*

MESSENGER Nay, then I'll run.

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. *Exit.*

CHARMIAN

Good madam, keep yourself within yourself, 75

The man is innocent.

CLEOPATRA

Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.

Melt Egypt into Nile, and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:

Though I am mad, I will not bite him. Call! 80

CHARMIAN

He is afraid to come.

CLEOPATRA I will not hurt him.

[Exit CHARMIAN.]

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself; since I myself

Have given myself the cause.°

Enter [CHARMIAN and] the MESSENGER again.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good 85

To bring bad news: give to a gracious message

An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell

Themselves, when they be felt.

MESSENGER I have done my duty.

CLEOPATRA

Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do 90

If thou again say, "Yes."

MESSENGER He's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA

The gods confound° thee! Dost thou hold there still?

MESSENGER

Should I lie, madam?

CLEOPATRA

O, I would thou didst,

63 **spurn** kick 66 **pickle** pickling solution (of painful salt or acid) 71 **boot thee** compensate you 72 **modesty** humble rank 84 **the cause** i.e., by loving Antony 92 **confound** destroy

So° half my Egypt were submerged and made

A cistern for scaled snakes! Go get thee hence; 95

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face,° to me

Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

MESSENGER

I crave your highness' pardon.

CLEOPATRA

He is married?

MESSENGER

Take no offense that I would not offend you:°

To punish me for what you make me do 100

Seems much unequal:° he's married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA

O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,

That art not what th' art sure of!° Get thee hence,

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome

Are all too dear for me. Lie they upon thy hand, 105

And be undone° by 'em! *[Exit MESSENGER.]*

CHARMIAN

Good your highness, patience.

CLEOPATRA

In praising Antony I have dispraised Caesar.

CHARMIAN

Many times, madam.

CLEOPATRA

I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint. O, Iras, Charmian! 'Tis no matter. 110

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature° of Octavia: her years,

Her inclination,° let him not leave out

The color of her hair. Bring me word quickly.

[Exit ALEXAS.]

Let him forever go!—let him not!—Charmian, 115

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way's a Mars.° *[To MARDIAN.]* Bid you

Alexas

Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,

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

*Exeunt.**[Scene VI. Near Misenum.]*

Flourish. Enter POMPEY [and MENAS] at one door, with drum and trumpet: at another, CAESAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MAECENAS, AGRIPPA, with SOLDIERS marching.

POMPEY

Your hostages I have, so have you mine;

And we shall talk before we fight.

CAESAR

Most meet°

That first we come to words, and therefore have we

Our written purposes before us sent;

Which, if thou hast considered, let us know 5

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword

94 **So** even if 96 **Hadst** . . . **face** even if you were as handsome as Narcissus (Greek youth of great beauty) 99 **Take** . . . **you** Do not be angry at me for hesitating to tell you what I know will anger you 101 **unequal** unjust 103 **That** . . . **of** who are not really as wicked as the news you insist on 106 **undone** bankrupted 112 **feature** appearance (not limited to facial characteristics) 113 **inclination** character 116–17 **Though** . . . **Mars** alluding to "perspective" pictures, trick paintings that showed contrasted figures—here a monstrous woman and the god of war—when looked at from opposite sides

II.vi.2 **meet** fit

And carry back to Sicily much tall° youth
That else must perish here.

POMPEY To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors° for the gods: I do not know 10
Wherefore my father should revengers want,°
Having a son and friends, since Julius Caesar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,°
There saw you laboring for him. What was't
That moved pale Cassius to conspire? And what 15
Made all-honored, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the armed rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol—but that they would
Have one man but a man?° And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden 20
The angered ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that spiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

CAESAR Take your time.

ANTONY
Thou canst not fear° us, Pompey, with thy sails.
We'll speak with thee° at sea. At land thou know'st 25
How much we do o'ercount thee.

POMPEY At land indeed
Thou dost o'ercount° me of my father's house:
But since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou mayst.°

LEPIDUS Be pleased to tell us
(For this is from the present°) how you take 30
The offers we have sent you.

CAESAR There's the point.

ANTONY
Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.°

CAESAR And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.°

POMPEY You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must 35
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
To part with unhacked edges° and bear back
Our targes° undinted.

OMNES° That's our offer.

POMPEY Know then
I came before you here a man prepared 40
To take this offer. But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience. Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Caesar and your brother were at blows,

Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly. 45

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

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

ANTONY
The beds i' th' East are soft; and thanks to you, 50
That called me timelier° than my purpose hither;
For I have gained by't.

CAESAR Since I saw you last
There's a change upon you.

POMPEY Well, I know not
What counts° harsh Fortune casts° upon my face,
But in my bosom shall she never come 55
To make my heart her vassal.

LEPIDUS Well met here.

POMPEY
I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed.
I crave our composition° may be written,
And sealed between us.

CAESAR That's the next to do.

POMPEY
We'll feast each other ere we part, and let's 60
Draw lots who shall begin.

ANTONY That will I, Pompey.

POMPEY
No, Antony, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Caesar
Grew fat with feasting there.

ANTONY You have heard much. 65

POMPEY
I have fair meanings, sir.

ANTONY And fair words to them.

POMPEY
Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard Apollodorus carried—

ENOBARBUS
No more of that: he did so.

POMPEY What, I pray you?

ENOBARBUS
A certain queen to Caesar in a mattress. 70

POMPEY
I know thee now; how far'st thou, soldier?

ENOBARBUS Well;
And well am like to do, for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.°

POMPEY Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight
When I have envied thy behavior.

ENOBARBUS Sir, 75
I never loved you much; but I ha' praised ye
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

POMPEY Enjoy thy plainness,

7 tall brave 10 factors agents 11 want lack 13 ghosted haunted 19 but a man merely a man (and not a king or demi-god) 24 fear frighten 25 speak with thee meet you 27 o'ercount cheat (Antony had used it in the sense of "outnumber," but Pompey punningly alludes to a house Antony bought from the elder Pompey but did not pay for) 28–29 But . . . mayst But since cuckoos can't build (and therefore have to steal other birds' nests), keep it if you can hold on to it (Pompey includes in this sentence a jeering suggestion that Antony is a cuckold, a lover of a faithless woman) 30 from the present beside the point 33 embraced if accepted 33–34 And . . . fortune (1) and what the result may be, if you try to do better for yourself (i.e., risk war) (2) and the even greater things you may gain, if you join us and our affairs prosper 38 edges swords 39 targes shields; Omnes i.e., Caesar, Antony, Lepidus

47–48 am . . . you I am ready indeed to give you the free and full thanks that I owe you 51 timelier earlier 54 counts reckonings; casts (1) throws (2) sums up (the lines and wrinkles resulting from a hard life are compared to a bill of costs written out by a cruelly precise Fortune) 58 composition agreement 73 toward in the offing (accented "toward")

It nothing ill becomes thee.^o

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

80

ALL Show's the way, sir.

POMPEY Come.

Exeunt. Manet^o ENOBARBUS and MENAS.

MENAS [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known,^o sir.

ENOBARBUS At sea, I think.

MENAS We have, sir.

85

ENOBARBUS You have done well by water.

MENAS And you by land.

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

MENAS Nor what I have done by water.

90

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

MENAS And you by land.

ENOBARBUS There I deny my land service.^o But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority,^o 95 here they might take two thieves kissing.^o

MENAS All men's faces are true,^o whatsome'er their hands are.

ENOBARBUS But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

100

MENAS No slander; they steal hearts.

ENOBARBUS We came hither to fight with you.

MENAS For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

ENOBARBUS If he do, sure he cannot weep't back 105 again.

MENAS Y' have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

ENOBARBUS Caesar's sister is called Octavia.

MENAS True, sir, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus. 110

ENOBARBUS But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

MENAS Pray ye,^o sir?

ENOBARBUS 'Tis true.

MENAS Then is Caesar and he forever knit together. 115

ENOBARBUS If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

MENAS I think the policy^o of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

ENOBARBUS I think so too. But you shall find the 120 band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.^o

MENAS Who would not have his wife so?

ENOBARBUS Not he that himself is not so; which is 125 Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Caesar, and, as I said before, that which is the strength

of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is. 130 He married but his occasion^o here.

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

ENOBARBUS I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt. 135

MENAS Come, let's away.

Exeunt.

[Scene VII. On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum.]

Music plays. Enter two or three SERVANTS, with a banquet.

FIRST SERVANT Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants^o are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' th' world will blow them down.

SECOND SERVANT Lepidus is high-colored.

FIRST SERVANT They have made him drink alms 5 drink.^o

SECOND SERVANT As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, "No more";^o reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' drink.

FIRST SERVANT But it raises the greater war between 10 him and his discretion.

SECOND SERVANT Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship. I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partisan^o I could not heave.

FIRST SERVANT To be called into a huge sphere,^o 15 and not to be seen to move^o in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster^o the cheeks.

A sennet^o sounded. Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MAECENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other CAPTAINS.

ANTONY

Thus do they, sir: they take^o the flow o' th' Nile

By certain scales i' th' pyramid. They know

By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth 20

Or foison^o follow. The higher Nilus swells,

The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman

Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,

And shortly comes to harvest.

LEPIDUS Y' have strange serpents there. 25

ANTONY Ay, Lepidus.

LEPIDUS Your^o serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

ANTONY They are so.

POMPEY Sit—and some wine! A health to Lepidus! 30

LEPIDUS I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.^o

131 occasion convenience

II.vii.2 plants pun on foot or sole of foot 5–6 alms drink (1) remains of liquor usually saved for alms people (2) drinking done kindly, i.e., toasts given to smooth over quarrels 8 No more (1) no more quarreling (2) no more to drink 14 partisan great long-handled spear 15 sphere (1) area of influence (2) revolving circle holding a star or planet, in the old astronomy 16 move (1) be active, influential (2) circle, like a planet 17 disaster ruin (with a suggestion of a star's malignant influence) 17 s.d. sennet trumpet call signaling the entrance of a great man 18 take measure 19 scales i' degree marks on 20–21 dearth Or foison famine or plenty 27 Your a colloquialism suggesting casual knowledgeableness 31–32 I'll ne'er out I won't give in

79 It . . . thee It suits you very well 81 s.d. Manet Latin for "remains"; the plural is properly *manent*, but the singular is often used for the plural, just as "exit" is often used for "exeunt" 83 known met 94 deny . . . service a quibble: "I claim exemption from military service" and "I deny that I have been a thief" 95 authority authority to arrest 96 two thieves kissing (1) two crooks fraternizing (2) two thieving hands clasping 97 true (1) honest (2) natural, without make-up 113 Pray ye pardon me (incredulous) 118 policy political expediency 123 still conversation quiet manner

ENOBARBUS Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll
be in° till then.

LEPIDUS Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' 35
pyramises° are very goodly things; without contra-
diction I have heard that.

MENAS [*Aside to POMPEY.*]

Pompey, a word.

POMPEY [*Aside to MENAS.*] Say in mine ear: what is't?

MENAS [*Aside to POMPEY.*]

Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

And hear me speak a word.

POMPEY [*Aside to MENAS.*] Forbear me till anon.° 40

[MENAS] *whispers in's ear.*

This wine for Lepidus!

LEPIDUS What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

ANTONY It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad
as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves
with it° own organs. It lives by that which nourisheth 45
it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

LEPIDUS What color is it of?

ANTONY Of it own color too.

LEPIDUS 'Tis a strange serpent.

ANTONY 'Tis so; and the tears of it are wet. 50

CAESAR Will this description satisfy him?

ANTONY With the health that Pompey gives him;
else he is a very epicure.

POMPEY [*Aside to MENAS.*]

Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? Away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I called for? 55

MENAS [*Aside to POMPEY.*]

If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

POMPEY [*Aside to MENAS.*]

I think th' art mad. The matter?

[*Rises and walks aside.*]

MENAS

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

POMPEY

Thou hast served me with much faith. What's else to
say?

Be jolly, lords.

ANTONY These quicksands, Lepidus, 60
Keep off them, for you sink.

MENAS

Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

POMPEY What say'st thou?

MENAS

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

POMPEY

How should that be?

MENAS

But entertain it,°

And though thou think me poor, I am the man 65
Will give thee all the world.

POMPEY Hast thou drunk well?

MENAS

No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:

Whate'er the ocean pales,° or sky inclips,°

Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

POMPEY

Show me which way.

70

MENAS

These three world-sharers, these competitors,°

Are in thy vessel. Let me cut the cable;

And when we are put off, fall to their throats.

All there is thine.

POMPEY

Ah, this thou shouldst have done,

And not have spoke on't. In me 'tis villainy, 75

In thee't had been good service. Thou must know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor;

Mine honor, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue

Hath so betrayed thine act. Being done unknown, 80

I should have found it afterwards well done,

But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

MENAS [*Aside.*]

For this,

I'll never follow thy palled° fortunes more.

Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offered,

Shall never find it more.

POMPEY

This health to Lepidus!

85

ANTONY

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

ENOBARBUS

Here's to thee, Menas!

MENAS

Enobarbus, welcome.

POMPEY Fill till the cup be hid.

ENOBARBUS There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Points to the SERVANT who carried off LEPIDUS.*]

MENAS Why? 90

ENOBARBUS 'A° bears the third part of the world,
man; see'st not?

MENAS

The third part then is drunk. Would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!°

ENOBARBUS

Drink thou: increase the reels.° 95

MENAS Come.

POMPEY

This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

ANTONY

It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels,° ho!

Here's to Caesar!

CAESAR

I could well forbear't.

It's monstrous labor when I wash my brain 100

And it grows fouler.

ANTONY

Be a child o' th' time.

CAESAR

Possess it, I'll make answer;°

But I had rather fast from all, four days,

Than drink so much in one.

ENOBARBUS

Ha, my brave emperor!

Shall we dance now the Egyptian bacchanals° 105

And celebrate our drink?

POMPEY

Let's ha't, good soldier.

69 pales fences in; inclips embraces 71 competitors partners
83 palled decayed 91 'A he 94 go on wheels (1) go easily
(2) spin wildly 95 reels (1) revels (2) staggering movements
98 Strike the vessels broach the casks 102 Possess . . .
answer Master the time (rather than be mastered by it), is
my answer 105 bacchanals riotous salute to Bacchus, god
of wine

34 in (1) in the game (2) in liquor 36 pyramises a false
plural made up from the Latin singular; Lepidus is pretentious
and drunk 40 Forbear . . . anon Leave me alone for a
minute 45 it its 58 held . . . to treated respectfully 64
But entertain it only accept it

ANTONY

Come, let's all take hands
Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.^o

ENOBARBUS

All take hands:

Make battery to our ears with the loud music;
The while I'll place you; then the boy shall sing.
The holding^o every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

Music plays. ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.

The Song.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!^o
In thy fats^o our cares be drowned,
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned.
Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round!

CAESAR

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

Let me request you off:^o our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise^o hath almost
Anticked^o us all. What needs more words? Good
night.

Good Antony, your hand.

POMPEY

I'll try you^o on the shore.

ANTONY

And shall, sir. Give's your hand.

POMPEY

O, Antony,

You have my father's house. But what, we are
friends!

Come down into the boat.

[Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS and MENAS.]

ENOBARBUS *[To MENAS.]* Take heed you fall not.

MENAS

I'll not on shore; no, to my cabin!
These drums! These trumpets, flutes! What!
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows. Sound and be hanged, sound
out!

Sound a flourish, with drums.

ENOBARBUS

Hoo, says 'a. There's my cap.

[Throws his cap in the air.]

MENAS

Hoa! Noble captain, come.

Exeunt.

[A C T I I I]

[Scene I. A plain in Syria.]

*Enter VENTIDIUS as it were in triumph, the dead body of
Pacorus borne before him; [with SILIUS and other
ROMANS].*

VENTIDIUS

Now, darting^o Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleased Fortune does of Marcus Crassus^o death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body
Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

SILIUS

Noble Ventidius,

Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow. Spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand captain, Antony,
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

VENTIDIUS

O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough: a lower place,^o note well,
May make too great an act. For learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
Caesar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person. Sossius,
One of my place^o in Syria, his^o lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by th' minute,^o lost his favor.
Who does i' th' wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition
(The soldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him, and in his offense
Should my performance perish.^o

SILIUS

Thou hast, Ventidius, that

Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scarce distinction.^o Thou wilt write to Antony?

VENTIDIUS

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

SILIUS

Where is he now?

VENTIDIUS

He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.

Exeunt.

III.i.i **darting** the Parthians' method of attack was to fling darts and then retreat swiftly, shooting arrows **2 Marcus Crassus** treacherously killed by Orodes, King of Parthia and father of Pacorus **12 lower place** subordinate **18 place** rank; **his** Antony's **20 by th' minute** every minute, incessantly **27 perish** i.e., lose its value to me **27–29 that . . . distinction** that quality (i.e., discretion) without which it is hard to see any difference between a soldier and his sword **34 jaded** driven like nags

109 Lethe forgetfulness **112 holding** refrain **115 pink eyne** half-closed eyes **116 fats** vats **121 request you off** beg you leave the ship with me **125 disguise** drunken revelry **126 Anticked** made fools of **127 try you** test your power (to hold liquor)

[Scene II. Rome. Caesar's house.]

Enter AGRIPPA at one door, ENOBARBUS at another.

AGRIPPA

What, are the brothers parted?°

ENOBARBUS

They have dispatched with Pompey; he is gone;
The other three are sealing.° Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Caesar is sad, and Lepidus
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green-sickness.°

AGRIPPA

'Tis a noble Lepidus.

ENOBARBUS

A very fine one. O, how he loves Caesar!

AGRIPPA

Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

ENOBARBUS

Caesar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

AGRIPPA

What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

ENOBARBUS

Spake you of Caesar? How! The nonpareil!°

AGRIPPA

O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!°

Would you praise Caesar, say "Caesar": go no
further.

AGRIPPA

Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

ENOBARBUS

But he loves Caesar best, yet he loves Antony:

Hoo! Hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast,° write, sing, number—hoo!—

His love to Antony. But as for Caesar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

AGRIPPA

Both he loves.

ENOBARBUS

They are his shards,° and he their beetle. [*Trumpet
within.*] So—

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

AGRIPPA

Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell!

Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

ANTONY

No further, sir.

CAESAR

You take from me a great part of myself;

Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band

Shall pass on thy approof.° Most noble Antony,

Let not the piece° of virtue which is set

Betwixt us as the cement° of our love

To keep it builded, be the ram to batter

The fortress of it: for better might we

Have loved without this mean,° if on both parts
This be not cherished.

ANTONY

Make me not offended

In° your distrust.

CAESAR

I have said.

ANTONY

You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious,° the least cause

For what you seem to fear. So the gods keep you

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!

We will here part.

CAESAR

Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.

The elements be kind to thee, and make

Thy spirits all of comfort. Fare thee well.

OCTAVIA

My noble brother!

ANTONY

The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,

And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

OCTAVIA

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

CAESAR

What,

Octavia?

OCTAVIA

I'll tell you in your ear.

ANTONY

Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can

Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's-down feather

That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,

And neither way inclines.°

ENOBARBUS [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*]

Will Caesar weep?

AGRIPPA [*Aside to ENOBARBUS.*]

He has a cloud in's face.

ENOBARBUS [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*]

He were the worse for that, were he a horse;°

So is he, being a man.

AGRIPPA [*Aside to ENOBARBUS.*] Why, Enobarbus,

When Antony found Julius Caesar dead,

He cried almost to roaring; and he wept

When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

ENOBARBUS [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*]

That year indeed he was troubled with a rheum.°

What willingly he did confound° he wailed,

Believe't, till I wept too.

CAESAR

No, sweet Octavia,

You shall hear from me still: the time shall not

Outgo my thinking on you.

ANTONY

Come, sir, come,

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:

Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,

And give you to the gods.

CAESAR

Adieu; be happy!

LEPIDUS

Let all the number of the stars give light

To thy fair way!

III.ii.1 parted departed 3 sealing making the last arrangements 6 green-sickness anemia supposed to affect lovesick girls (Lepidus' hangover is attributed to his love of Antony and Octavius) 11 nonpareil unequalled thing 12 Arabian bird phoenix (unique and immortal) 17 cast count 20 shards wings 26-27 As my thoughts . . . approof as I believe you to be, and such as I would give my utmost bond that you will triumphantly prove to be 28 piece masterpiece 29 cement accented on first syllable

32 mean intermediary 34 In by 35 curious overscrupulous 49-51 swan's . . . inclines pressure of feeling urges Octavia to speak but prevents her from finding the words; she hesitates—like a feather held immobile by cross-currents at the turn of the tide—between husband and brother, love and sorrow, speech and silence 53 horse a horse with a dark face, or without a white star on its face, was less prized 58 rheum watering at the eyes 59 confound destroy

CAESAR Farewell, farewell! *Kisses* OCTAVIA.
 ANTONY Farewell!
Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

[Scene III. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.]

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

CLEOPATRA

Where is the fellow?

ALEXAS

Half afeard to come.

CLEOPATRA

Go to, go to.

Enter the MESSENGER *as before.*

Come hither, sir.

ALEXAS

Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry^o dare not look upon you

But when you are well pleased.

CLEOPATRA

That Herod's head

I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone

Through whom I might command it? Come thou
 near.

MESSENGER

Most gracious majesty!

CLEOPATRA

Didst thou behold Octavia?

MESSENGER Ay, dread queen.

CLEOPATRA Where?

MESSENGER

Madam, in Rome.

I looked her in the face, and saw her led

Between her brother and Mark Antony.

CLEOPATRA

Is she as tall as me?

MESSENGER

She is not, madam.

CLEOPATRA

Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongued or low?

MESSENGER

Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

CLEOPATRA

That's not so good.^o He cannot like her long.

CHARMIAN

Like her? O Isis! 'Tis impossible.

CLEOPATRA

I think so, Charmian. Dull of tongue, and dwarfish.

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,

If e'er thou look'st on majesty.

MESSENGER

She creeps:

Her motion and her station are as one.^o

She shows a body rather than a life,

A statue than a breather.

CLEOPATRA

Is this certain?

MESSENGER

Or I have no observance.

CHARMIAN

Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

CLEOPATRA

He's very knowing,

III.iii.2 s.d. as before i.e., nervously, as he left her 3 Herod of Jewry i.e., even the fiercest of tyrants 17 That's . . . good (1) That's a nuisance. Nevertheless . . . (2) That's a bad thing to be 22 Her motion . . . one Moving and standing still are the same thing with her

I do perceive't. There's nothing in her yet.
 The fellow has good judgment.

CHARMIAN

Excellent.

CLEOPATRA

Guess at her years, I prithee.

MESSENGER

Madam,

She was a widow—

CLEOPATRA

Widow? Charmian, hark.

MESSENGER

And I do think she's thirty.^o

CLEOPATRA

Bear'st thou her face in mind? Is't long or round?

MESSENGER

Round, even to faultiness.

CLEOPATRA

For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.

Her hair, what color?

MESSENGER

Brown, madam; and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.^o

CLEOPATRA

There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill;

I will employ thee back again: I find thee

Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;

Our letters are prepared. [Exit MESSENGER.]

CHARMIAN

A proper^o man.

CLEOPATRA

Indeed he is so: I repent me much

That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,

This creature's no such thing.^o

CHARMIAN

Nothing, madam.

CLEOPATRA

The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

CHARMIAN

Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,^o

And serving you so long!

CLEOPATRA

I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian;

But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write. All may be well enough.

CHARMIAN

I warrant you, madam.

Exeunt.

[Scene IV. Athens. Antony's house.]

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

ANTONY

Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,

That were excusable, that and thousands more

Of semblable import^o—but he hath waged

New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it

To public ear;^o

Spoke scanty of me: when perforce he could not

But pay me terms of honor, cold and sickly

He vented them, most narrow measure^o lent me;

31 thirty Cleopatra, being thirty-eight, lets this pass 37 As low . . . it colloquial phrase: low enough, and I hope she's pleased with it 41 proper excellent 44 no such thing nothing very much 46 Isis else defend Isis forbid III.iv.3 semblable import similar significance 4-5 made . . . ear i.e., like Julius Caesar, made a will benefiting the people and so worked up popular support 8 narrow measure little credit

When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.°

OCTAVIA O, my good lord, 10
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach° not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts.
The good gods will mock me presently° 15
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"—
Undo that prayer by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

ANTONY Gentle Octavia, 20
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honor,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless.° But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between's: the meantime, lady, 25
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain° your brother. Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

OCTAVIA Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be 30
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

ANTONY
When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way, for our faults
Can never be so equal that your love 35
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. *Exeunt.*

[Scene V. Athens. Antony's house.]

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS.

ENOBARBUS How now, friend Eros?

EROS There's strange news come, sir.

ENOBARBUS What, man?

EROS Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey. 5

ENOBARBUS This is old. What is the success?°

EROS Caesar, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry,°
would not let him partake in the glory of the action;
and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had 10
formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal,°
seizes him; so the poor third is up,° till death enlarge
his confine.

ENOBARBUS

Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps,° no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast, 15
They'll grind the one the other.° Where's Antony?

10 from his teeth grudgingly 12 Stomach resent 15
presently immediately 24 branchless mutilated 27 stain
eclipse (the reputation of)

III.v.6 success sequel 8 rivalry partnership 11 upon . . .
appeal on his (Caesar's) own accusation 12 up shut up,
imprisoned 14 chaps jaws 15-16 And . . . other and feed
them with all the victims in the world, they (Caesar and
Antony) will nevertheless meet, and one consume the other

EROS

He's walking in the garden—thus, and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries "Fool Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murd'ed Pompey.°

ENOBARBUS Our great navy's rigged. 20

EROS

For Italy and Caesar. More, Domitius:
My lord desires you presently. My news
I might have told hereafter.

ENOBARBUS 'Twill be naught;

But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

EROS Come, sir. *Exeunt.* 25

[Scene VI. Rome. Caesar's house.]

Enter AGRIPPA, MAECENAS, and CAESAR.

CAESAR

Contemning° Rome, he has done all this and more
In Alexandria. Here's the manner of't:
I' th' marketplace on a tribunal silvered,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold 5
Were publicly enthroned; at the feet sat
Caesarion, whom they call my father's° son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment° of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, 10
Absolute queen.

MAECENAS This in the public eye?

CAESAR

I' th' common showplace, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaimed the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assigned 15
Syria, Cilicia, and Phoenicia. She
In th' habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appeared, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

MAECENAS Let Rome be thus informed.

AGRIPPA

Who, queasy° with his insolence already, 20
Will their good thoughts call from him.

CAESAR

The people knows it, and have now received
His accusations.

AGRIPPA Who does he accuse?

CAESAR

Caesar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoiled,° we had not rated° him 25
His part o' th' isle. Then does he say he lent me
Some shipping, unrestored. Lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain
All this revenue.°

AGRIPPA Sir, this should be answered. 30

20 Pompey Pompey has by now been murdered, according
to Plutarch, by Antony's command; Pompey would have
proved useful to Antony in the coming war

III.vi.1 Contemning despising 6 my father Octavius had
been adopted by Julius Caesar 9 stablishment possession 20
queasy disgusted 25 spoiled despoiled; rated allotted 30
revenue accented on second syllable

CAESAR

'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel,
That he his high authority abused
And did deserve his change; for what I have con-
quered,
I grant him part; but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquered kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

MAECENAS He'll never yield to that.

CAESAR

Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA, with her TRAIN.

OCTAVIA

Hail, Caesar, and my lord, hail, most dear Caesar!

CAESAR

That ever I should call thee castaway!

OCTAVIA

You have not called me so, nor have you cause.

CAESAR

Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Caesar's sister. The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops. But you are come
A market maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation° of our love; which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved.° We should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

OCTAVIA

Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrained, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grievèd ear withal; whereon I begged
His pardon for return.

CAESAR

Which soon he granted,

Being an abstract° 'tween his lust and him.

OCTAVIA

Do not say so, my lord.

CAESAR

I have eyes upon him,

And his affairs come to me on the wind.

Where is he now?

OCTAVIA

My lord, in Athens.

CAESAR

No, my most wrongèd sister, Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now° are levying
The kings o' th' earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the King of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, King
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Mauchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, King

52 ostentation public display 53 left unloved (1) unrequited
(2) thought not to exist 61 abstract (1) immaterial, merely
notional thing (2) shortcut (3) symbol (of what prevented him
from indulging his lust) 67 who now and they now

Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The Kings of Mede and Lycaonia;
With a more larger list of scepters.

75

OCTAVIA

Ay me most wretched,

That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That does afflict each other!

35

CAESAR

Welcome hither.

Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceived both how you were wrong led
And we in negligent danger.° Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewailed their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused°
Beyond the mark° of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, makes his ministers
Of us° and those that love you. Best of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

80

85

AGRIPPA

Welcome, lady.

90

MAECENAS

Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you.

Only th' adulterous Antony, most large°

45

In his abominations, turns you off

And gives his potent regiment to a trull°

95

That noises it° against us.

OCTAVIA

Is it so, sir?

CAESAR

Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you

50

Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister! *Exeunt.*

[Scene VII. Near Actium. Antony's camp.]

55

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

CLEOPATRA

I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

ENOBARBUS

But why, why, why?

CLEOPATRA

60

Thou hast forspoke° my being in these wars,

And say'st it is not fit.

ENOBARBUS

Well, is it, is it?

CLEOPATRA

Is't not denounced against us?° Why should not we
Be there in person?

5

ENOBARBUS [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:

If we should serve with horse and mares together,

The horse were merely° lost; the mares would bear

65

A soldier and his horse.

CLEOPATRA

What is't you say?

ENOBARBUS

Your presence needs must puzzle° Antony;

10

Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,

70

81 in negligent danger endangered by doing nothing 86
abused deceived 87 mark reach 88-89 makes . . . us
make us their agents of justice 93 large loose, licentious 95
potent . . . trull powerful authority to a prostitute 96
noises it is clamorous

III.vii.3 forspoke spoken against 5 denounced against us
Caesar had declared, or denounced—the technical term—war
on Cleopatra personally 8 merely utterly 10 puzzle
bewilder, bring to a standstill

What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

CLEOPATRA Sink Rome, and their tongues rot 15
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' th' war,
And as the president of my kingdom will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

ENOBARBUS Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

ANTONY Is it not strange, Canidius, 20
That from Tarentum and Brundisium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea
And take in° Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?

CLEOPATRA
Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

ANTONY A good rebuke, 25
Which might have well becomeed the best of men
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

CLEOPATRA By sea; what else?

CANIDIUS
Why will my lord do so?

ANTONY For that° he dares us to't.

ENOBARBUS
So hath my lord dared him to single fight. 30

CANIDIUS
Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Caesar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

ENOBARBUS Your ships are not well manned;
Your mariners are muleters,° reapers, people 35
Ingrossed by swift impress.° In Caesar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought;
Their ships are yare,° yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

ANTONY By sea, by sea. 40

ENOBARBUS
Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land,
Distract° your army, which doth most consist
Of war-marked footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forgo 45
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard'
From firm security.

ANTONY I'll fight at sea.

CLEOPATRA
I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.

ANTONY
Our overplus of shipping will we burn, 50
And with the rest full-manned, from th' head of
Actium

Beat th' approaching Caesar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Thy business?

MESSENGER

The news is true, my lord, he is descried;
Caesar has taken Toryne. 55

ANTONY

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

Enter a SOLDIER.

How now, worthy soldier? 60

SOLDIER

O noble emperor, do not fight by sea,
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let th' Egyptians
And the Phoenicians go a-ducking:° we
Have used to conquer standing on the earth 65
And fighting foot to foot.

ANTONY

Well, well: away!

Exit ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.

SOLDIER

By Hercules, I think I am i' th' right.

CANIDIUS

Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't:° so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

SOLDIER

You keep by land

The legions and the horse whole, do you not? 70

CANIDIUS

Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Caelius are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Caesar's
Carries° beyond belief.

SOLDIER

While he was yet in Rome, 75

His power went out in such distractions° as
Beguiled all spies.

CANIDIUS

Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

SOLDIER

They say, one Taurus.

CANIDIUS

Well I know the man.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

The emperor calls Canidius.

CANIDIUS

With news the time's with labor, and throws forth 80
Each minute some.° *Exeunt.*

23 take in conquer 29 For that because 35 muleters mule
drivers 36 Ingrossed . . . impress collected by hasty
conscription 38 yare swift, nimble 43 Distract (1) divide
(2) confuse

57 power army 60 Thetis sea goddess, mother of Achilles
64 a-ducking (1) swimming like ducks (2) tipped underwater
68-69 his . . . on't his entire plan of action has developed
away from its sources of power 75 Carries shoots him for-
ward 76 distractions divisions 80-81 With . . . some
More news is born every minute

[Scene VIII. *A plain near Actium.*]

Enter CAESAR, with his ARMY, marching.

CAESAR Taurus!

TAURUS My lord?

CAESAR

Strike not by land; keep whole, provoke not battle
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll. Our fortune lies
Upon this jump.^o *Exit, [with TAURUS and the ARMY].* 5

[Scene IX. *Another part of the plain.*]

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

ANTONY

Set we our squadrons on yond side o' th' hill
In eye of Caesar's battle;^o from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *Exit, [with ENOBARBUS].*

[Scene X. *Another part of the plain.*]

CANIDIUS *marcheth with his land ARMY one way over the stage, and TAURUS, the lieutenant of Caesar, [with his ARMY,] the other way. After their going in is heard the noise of a sea fight. Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.*

ENOBARBUS

Naught,^o naught, all naught! I can behold no longer.
Th' *Antoniad*, the Egyptian admiral,^o
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

SCARUS Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod^o of them!

ENOBARBUS What's thy passion? 5

SCARUS
The greater cantle^o of the world is lost
With very ignorance;^o we have kissed away
Kingdoms and provinces.

ENOBARBUS How appears the fight?

SCARUS
On our side like the tokened pestilence,^o
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred^o nag of Egypt— 10
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' th' midst o' th' fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appeared,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,^o
The breese^o upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

ENOBARBUS That I beheld: 15
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

III.viii.6 jump risk

III.ix.2 battle battle line

III.x.1 Naught i.e., all's come to nothing 2 admiral flagship
5 synod assembly 6 cantle segment of a sphere 7 With very
ignorance by utter stupidity 9 tokened pestilence first fatal
symptoms of the plague 10 ribaudred apparently from
ribald, but of uncertain meaning; probably just a cursing word;
"filthy" 13 elder greater 14 breese gadfly (with pun on
breeze, wind)

SCARUS She once being loofed,^o
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea wing, and (like a doting mallard^o)
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her. 20
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

ENOBARBUS Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

CANIDIUS

Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general 25
Been what he knew himself,^o it had gone well.
O, he has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own.

ENOBARBUS Ay, are you thereabouts?^o
Why then, good night indeed.

CANIDIUS

Toward Peloponnesus are they fled. 30

SCARUS

'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

CANIDIUS To Caesar will I render
My legions and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

ENOBARBUS

I'll yet follow
The wounded chance^o of Antony, though my reason 35
Sits in the wind against me.^o [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene XI. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter ANTONY, with ATTENDANTS.

ANTONY

Hark! The land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither.
I am so lated^o in the world that I
Have lost my way forever. I have a ship
Laden with gold: take that, divide it; fly, 5
And make your peace with Caesar.

OMNES

Fly? Not we.

ANTONY

I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone.
I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you. Be gone. 10
My treasure's in the harbor. Take it. O,
I followed that^o I blush to look upon.
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness,^o and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone; you shall 15
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness; take the hint^o

17 loofed (1) luffed, i.e., with the head of a ship turned into the
wind (2) aloofed, rapidly departing 19 mallard wild duck
26 Been . . . himself been his true self—and he knew what
that was 28 are you thereabouts Is that where your thoughts
are? 35 wounded chance broken fortunes 36 Sits . . .
me is opposed to me
III.xi.3 lated belated (as of a traveler, caught by the encroach-
ing night) 12 that what 14 rashness foolishness 18 hint
opportunity

Which my despair proclaims. Let that be left
Which leaves itself.^o To the seaside straightway! 20
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now,
Nay, do so; for indeed I have lost command,^o
Therefore I pray you. I'll see you by and by.

Sits down.

Enter CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN, [IRAS,] and EROS.

EROS Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him. 25
IRAS Do, most dear queen.

CHARMIAN Do: why, what else?

CLEOPATRA Let me sit down. O, Juno!

ANTONY No, no, no, no, no.

EROS See you here, sir? 30

ANTONY O, fie, fie, fie!

CHARMIAN Madam!

IRAS Madam, O, good empress!

EROS Sir, sir!

ANTONY

Yes, my lord, yes. He^o at Philippi kept 35
His sword e'en like a dancer,^o while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,^o and no practice had
In the brave squares^o of war: yet now—No matter. 40

CLEOPATRA Ah, stand by.

EROS The queen, my lord, the queen.

IRAS

Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied^o with very shame.

CLEOPATRA

Well then, sustain me. O! 45

EROS

Most noble sir, arise. The queen approaches.
Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but^o
Your comfort makes the rescue.

ANTONY

I have offended reputation,^o
A most unnoble swerving.

EROS Sir, the queen. 50

ANTONY

O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back^o what I have left behind
'Stroyed in dishonor.

CLEOPATRA O my lord, my lord, 55
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have followed.

ANTONY Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by th' strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that

Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods 60
Command me.

CLEOPATRA O, my pardon!

ANTONY

Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness,^o who
With half the bulk o' th' world played as I pleased, 65
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection,^o would
Obey it on all cause.

CLEOPATRA Pardon, pardon!

ANTONY

Fall^o not a tear, I say; one of them rates^o
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss; 70
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster:^o
Is 'a come back? Love, I am full of lead.
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune
knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

Exeunt.

[Scene XII. Egypt. Caesar's camp.]

Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, [THIDIAS,] with others.

CAESAR

Let him appear that's come from Antony.
Know you him?

DOLABELLA Caesar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is plucked, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers 5
Not many moons gone by.

Enter AMBASSADOR from Antony.

CAESAR

Approach and speak.

AMBASSADOR

Such as I am, I come from Antony.
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.^o 10

CAESAR Be't so. Declare thine office. 10

AMBASSADOR

Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires^o to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessons^o his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him. 15
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle^o of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.^o

CAESAR For Antony, 20
I have no ears to his request. The queen

19-20 **Let . . . itself** Leave the man who has taken leave of his senses (?) Leave the man who has given himself up for lost (?)
23 **I . . . command** (1) My feelings are becoming uncontrollable (2) I have lost the right to order you 35 **He** Octavius
36 **like a dancer** i.e., for ornament only 39 **Dealt on lieutenantry** told his subordinates how to fight 40 **squares** squadrons 44 **unqualitied** beside himself 47 **but** unless 49 **reputation** honor 53 **By looking back** i.e., by averting my eyes and by lonely meditation on

63 **palter . . . lowness** employ the tricks of a man brought low 67 **affection** love 69 **Fall** let fall; **rates** (1) is worth (2) berates, rebukes as unimportant 71 **our schoolmaster** i.e., the tutor of his and Cleopatra's children
III.xii.10 **To . . . sea** (1) to the great sea that is its source and end (2) to the great sea that is Antony 12 **Requires** requests 13 **lessons** disciplines (though perhaps the word should be emended to "lessens") 18 **circle** crown 19 **Now . . . grace** now dependent for its fate on your favor

Of audience nor desire shall fail, so° she
From Egypt drive her all-disgracèd friend
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

AMBASSADOR

Fortune pursue thee!

CAESAR Bring him through the bands. 25
[Exit AMBASSADOR.]

[To THIDIAS.]

To try thy eloquence now 'tis time. Dispatch.
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers.° Women are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure 30
The ne'er-touched vestal.° Try thy cunning, Thidias;
Make thine own edict° for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

THIDIAS Caesar, I go.

CAESAR

Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,°
And what thou think'st his very action speaks 35
In every power that moves.

THIDIAS Caesar, I shall. Exeunt.

[Scene XIII. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.]

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and
IRAS.

CLEOPATRA

What shall we do, Enobarbus?

ENOBARBUS

Think, and die.

CLEOPATRA

Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

ENOBARBUS

Antony only, that would make his will°
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges 5
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his affection° should not then
Have nicked° his captainship, at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The merèd question.° 'Twas a shame no less 10
Than was his loss, to course° your flying flags
And leave his navy gazing.

CLEOPATRA

Prithee, peace.

Enter the AMBASSADOR, with ANTONY.

ANTONY

Is that his answer?

AMBASSADOR

Ay, my lord.

21 so provided that 27-29 promise . . . offers possibly corrupt; rearranges to the much more lucid: "promise/What she requires and in our name add more/Offer from thine invention" 30 perjure make a perjurer of 31 ne'er-touched vestal immaculate virgin 32 Make . . . edict decree what you think the right reward 34 becomes his flaw takes his fall

III.xiii.3 will desire, lust 7 affection passion 8 nicked (1) maimed (2) got the better of 10 merèd question sole ground of dispute 11 course pursue

ANTONY

The queen shall then have courtesy, so° she 15
Will yield us up.

AMBASSADOR He says so.

ANTONY

Let her know't.

To the boy Caesar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

CLEOPATRA

That head, my lord?

ANTONY

To him again! Tell him he wears the rose 20
Of youth upon him; from which the world should
note

Something particular.° His coin, ships, legions
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' th' command of Caesar. I dare him therefore 25
To lay his gay comparisons° apart
And answer me declined,° sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[Exeunt ANTONY and AMBASSADOR.]

ENOBARBUS [Aside.]

Yes, like enough: high-battled° Caesar will
Unstate his happiness and be staged to th' show 30
Against a sworder!° I see men's judgments are
A parcel° of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike.° That he should dream,
Knowing all measures,° the full Caesar will 35
Answer his emptiness! Caesar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT

A messenger from Caesar.

CLEOPATRA

What, no more ceremony? See, my women,
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneeled unto the buds. Admit him, sir. 40
[Exit SERVANT.]

ENOBARBUS [Aside.]

Mine honesty and I begin to square.°
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith° mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer 45
And earns a place i' th' story.

Enter THIDIAS.

CLEOPATRA

Caesar's will?

THIDIAS

Hear it apart.

CLEOPATRA None but friends: say boldly.

THIDIAS

So, haply,° are they friends to Antony.

15 so if 22 Something particular i.e., a fact concerning Caesar 26 comparisons i.e., the ships, etc., which make him Antony's superior by comparison 27 declined i.e., in years and fortunes 29 high-battled elevated high by great armies 30-31 Unstate . . . sworder strip his good fortune of all its power, and make a public exhibition of himself against a gladiator 32 parcel part 34 suffer all alike deteriorate together 35 knowing all measures having experienced every measure of fortune 41 square quarrel 43 faith faithfulness 48 haply perhaps

ENOBARBUS

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

THIDIAS

So.

Thus then, thou most renowned: Caesar entreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Caesar.°

CLEOPATRA

Go on: right royal.

THIDIAS

He knows that you embraced not Antony
As you did love, but as you feared him.

CLEOPATRA

O!

THIDIAS

The scars upon your honor therefore he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

CLEOPATRA

He is a god, and knows

What is most right. Mine honor was not yielded,
But conquered merely.°

ENOBARBUS

[*Aside.*] To be sure of that,

I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. *Exit ENOBARBUS.*

THIDIAS

Shall I say to Caesar

What you require° of him? For he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon. But it would warm his spirits
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,°
The universal landlord.

CLEOPATRA

What's your name?

THIDIAS

My name is Thidias.

CLEOPATRA

Most kind messenger,

Say to great Caesar this: in deputation°
I kiss his conqu'ring hand; tell him I am prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him, from his all-obeying° breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.°

THIDIAS

'Tis your noblest course:

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

CLEOPATRA

[*Giving her hand.*] Your Caesar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place,
As° it rained kisses.

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

ANTONY

Favors, by Jove that thunders!

What art thou, fellow?

THIDIAS

One that but performs

The bidding of the fullest° man, and worthiest
To have command obeyed.

50

ENOBARBUS

[*Aside.*] You will be whipped.

ANTONY [*Calling for SERVANTS.*]

Approach there!—Ah, you kite!° Now, gods and
devils!

Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cried,
"Ho!"

90

Like boys unto a muss° kings would start forth,
And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet.

Enter a SERVANT [followed by others].

Take hence this Jack° and whip him.

ENOBARBUS [*Aside.*]

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

60

ANTONY

Moon and stars!

95

Whip him! Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here—what's her name
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till like a boy you see him cringe his face
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

100

THIDIAS

Mark Antony—

ANTONY

Tug him away. Being whipped,

Bring him again. The Jack of Caesar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

70

Exeunt [SERVANTS,] with THIDIAS.

You were half blasted° ere I knew you. Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,
Forborne the getting° of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?°

105

CLEOPATRA

Good my lord—

ANTONY

You have been a boggler° ever:

110

But when we in our viciousness grow hard
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seel° our eyes,
In our own filth drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.°

80

CLEOPATRA

O, is't come to this?

115

ANTONY

I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Caesar's trencher:° nay, you were a fragment°
Of Gneius Pompey's, besides what hotter hours,
Unregist' red in vulgar fame,° you have
Luxuriously picked out.° For I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

120

CLEOPATRA

Wherefore is this?

87 fullest greatest (in character and fortunes) 89 kite ignoble
bird of prey 91 muss scramble; fighting heap of bodies 93
Jack fellow, knave 105 blasted worn out 107 getting
begetting 109 feeders servants, parasites 110 boggler
waverer 112 seel blind (in falconry, a hawk's eyelids are
seeled, or sewn up, before it grows used to being hooded)
115 confusion destruction 117 trencher wooden dish;
fragment leftover 119 vulgar fame common knowledge,
popular rumor 120 Luxuriously picked out lecherously
selected

55 Caesar i.e., famous for generosity 62 merely utterly 66
require request 71 shroud protection 74 in deputation by
proxy 77 all-obeying which all obey 78 doom of Egypt
judgment of the Queen of Egypt 80 If . . . can if a wise
man has the courage merely to go on being wise 82 duty
i.e., a kiss 85 As as if

ANTONY

To let a fellow that will take rewards
 And say, "God quit° you!" be familiar with
 My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal
 And pligher of high hearts. O, that I were
 Upon the hill of Basan to outroar
 The hornèd herd!° For I have savage cause,
 And to proclaim it civilly were like
 A haltered neck which does the hangman thank
 For being yare° about him.

Enter a SERVANT, with THIDIAS.

Is he whipped?

SERVANT

Soundly, my lord.

ANTONY

Cried he? And begged 'a pardon?

SERVANT

He did ask favor.

ANTONY

If that thy father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
 To follow Caesar in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipped for following him. Hence-
 forth

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Caesar,
 Tell him thy entertainment:° look thou say
 He makes me angry with him; for he seems
 Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
 Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
 When my good stars that were my former guides
 Have empty left their orbs° and shot their fires
 Into th' abysm of hell. If he mislike
 My speech and what is done, tell him he has
 Hipparchus, my enfranchèd° bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou.
 Hence with thy stripes, be gone! *Exit THIDIAS.*

CLEOPATRA

Have you done yet?

ANTONY

Alack, our terrene moon°

Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony.

CLEOPATRA

I must stay his time.°

ANTONY

To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
 With one that ties his points?°

CLEOPATRA

Not know me yet?

ANTONY

Cold-hearted toward me?

CLEOPATRA

Ah, dear, if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
 And poison it in the source, and the first stone
 Drop in my neck: as it determines,° so

Dissolve my life! The next Caesarion smite,
 Till by degrees the memory° of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,
 By the discandying° of this pelleted storm,
 Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey!

ANTONY

I am satisfied.

Caesar sits down in Alexandria, where
 I will oppose his fate.° Our force by land
 Hath nobly held; our severed navy too
 Have knit again, and fleet,° threat'ning most sealike.
 Where hast thou been, my heart?° Dost thou hear,
 lady?

If from the field I shall return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;°
 I and my sword will earn our chronicle.°
 There's hope in't yet.

CLEOPATRA

That's my brave lord!

ANTONY

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

CLEOPATRA

It is my birthday.

I had thought t' have held it poor. But since my lord
 Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

ANTONY

We will yet do well.

CLEOPATRA

Call all his noble captains to my lord.

ANTONY

Do so, we'll speak to them; and tonight I'll force
 The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my
 queen,
 There's sap in't yet! The next time I do fight,
 I'll make death love me, for I will contend
 Even with his pestilent scythe.

Exeunt [all but ENOBARBUS].

ENOBARBUS

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

Exit.

124 quit reward 126-28 O . . . herd i.e., Antony is so well provided with the cuckold's horns that he should be among the "fat bulls of Basan" of Psalm 22 131 yare deft 140 entertainment reception 146 orbs spheres 149 enfranchèd freed 153 terrene moon earthly Isis (goddess of the moon) 155 stay his time i.e., wait till his rage ends 157 one . . . points one who laces up his clothes, i.e., a valet 161 determines comes to an end, melts

163 memory memorials, heirs 165 discandying melting 169 oppose his fate challenge his destiny 171 fleet float 172 heart courage 174 in blood (1) covered with blood (2) in full vigor 175 chronicle place in history 178 I . . . breathed I will have the strength, courage, and expertise of three men 180 nice delicate, wanton 183 gaudy joyful 197 estridge goshawk (?) ostrich (?)

[A C T I V]

[Scene I. Before Alexandria. Caesar's camp.]

Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, and MAECENAS, with his ARMY, CAESAR reading a letter.

CAESAR
He calls me boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt. My messenger
He hath whipped with rods; dares me to personal
combat.
Caesar to Antony: let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

MAECENAS Caesar must think,
When one so great begins to rage,° he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction:° never anger
Made good guard for itself.

CAESAR Let our best heads
Know that tomorrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files° there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in.° See it done,
And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earned the waste. Poor Antony!
Exeunt.

[Scene II. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.]

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, with others.

ANTONY
He will not fight with me, Domitius?

ENOBARBUS No.

ANTONY
Why should he not?

ENOBARBUS
He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

ANTONY Tomorrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or° I will live,
Or bathe my dying honor in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't° thou fight well?

ENOBARBUS
I'll strike, and cry, "Take all!"°

ANTONY Well said, come on;
Call forth my household servants; let's tonight
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four SERVITORS.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest—so hast thou—
Thou—and thou—and thou: you have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.°
CLEOPATRA [Aside to ENOBARBUS.] What means this?

ENOBARBUS [Aside to CLEOPATRA.]
'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

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

OMNES The gods forbid!

ANTONY
Well, my good fellows, wait on me tonight:
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too
And suffered my command.°

CLEOPATRA [Aside to ENOBARBUS.]
What does he mean?

ENOBARBUS [Aside to CLEOPATRA.]
To make his followers weep.

ANTONY Tend me tonight;
May be it is the period° of your duty.
Haply° you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance tomorrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away, but like a master
Married to your good service; stay till death.
Tend me tonight two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield° you for't!

ENOBARBUS What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

ANTONY Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me° if I meant it thus!
Grace° grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of tomorrow, and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honor.° Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. Exeunt.

[Scene III. Alexandria. Before Cleopatra's palace.]

Enter a company of SOLDIERS.

FIRST SOLDIER
Brother, good night: tomorrow is the day.

SECOND SOLDIER
It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

FIRST SOLDIER
Nothing. What news?

SECOND SOLDIER
Belike° 'tis but a rumor. Good night to you.

IV.i.7 rage grow mad 9 Make . . . distraction profit from
his rage 12 files ranks 14 fetch him in capture him
IV.ii.5 or either 7 Woo't wilt 8 Take all all or nothing
13 kings . . . fellows kings have served me too, but no
better

23 suffered my command served under my authority 25
period end 26 Haply perhaps 33 yield reward 37 the
witch take me may I be bewitched 38 Grace (1) God's
grace, favor (2) herb of grace, rue 44 death and honor
honorable death
IV.iii.5 Belike probably

FIRST SOLDIER

Well, sir, good night. *They meet other SOLDIERS.*

SECOND SOLDIER Soldiers, have careful watch.

THIRD SOLDIER

And you. Good night, good night.

They place themselves in every corner of the stage.

SECOND SOLDIER

Here we;° and if tomorrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

FIRST SOLDIER

'Tis a brave army,

And full of purpose.

Music of the hautboys is under the stage.

SECOND SOLDIER Peace! What noise?

FIRST SOLDIER

List, list!

SECOND SOLDIER

Hark!

FIRST SOLDIER Music i' th' air.

THIRD SOLDIER

Under the earth.

FOURTH SOLDIER

It signs° well, does it not?

THIRD SOLDIER

No.

FIRST SOLDIER

Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

SECOND SOLDIER

'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,

Now leaves him.

FIRST SOLDIER

Walk; let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

SECOND SOLDIER How now, masters?

OMNES (*Speak together.*)

How now?

How now? Do you hear this?

FIRST SOLDIER

Ay. Is't not strange?

THIRD SOLDIER

Do you hear, masters? Do you hear?

FIRST SOLDIER

Follow the noise so far as we have quarter.

Let's see how it will give off.°

OMNES

Content. 'Tis strange.

Exeunt.

[Scene IV. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.]

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with [CHARMIAN and] others [attending].

ANTONY

Eros! Mine armor, Eros!

CLEOPATRA

Sleep a little.

ANTONY

No, my chuck.° Eros! Come, mine armor, Eros!

Enter EROS [with armor].

Come, good fellow, put thine iron° on.

8 Here we here is our post **13 signs** signifies **22 give off** cease**IV.iv.2 chuck** chick **3 thine iron** that armor (of mine) you hold

If Fortune be not ours today, it is

Because we brave her.° Come.

CLEOPATRA

Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

ANTONY

Ah, let be, let be! Thou art

The armorer of my heart. False.° false; this, this.

CLEOPATRA

Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.

ANTONY

Well, well,

We shall thrive now. See'st thou, my good fellow?

Go put on thy defenses.

EROS

Briefly,° sir.

CLEOPATRA

Is not this buckled well?

ANTONY

Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To daff't° for our repose, shall hear a storm.

Thou fumblest, Eros, and my queen's a squire

More tight° at this than thou. Dispatch. O, love,

That thou couldst see my wars today, and knew'st

The royal occupation:° thou shouldst see

A workman° in't.

Enter an armed SOLDIER.

Good morrow to thee; welcome:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.°

To business that we love we rise betime

And go to't with delight.

SOLDIER

A thousand, sir,

Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,°

And at the port° expect you.

*Shout. Trumpets flourish. Enter CAPTAINS and**SOLDIERS.*

CAPTAIN

The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

ALL

Good morrow, general.

ANTONY

'Tis well blown,° lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.

So, so. Come, give me that: this way; well said.°

Fare thee well, dame; whate'er becomes of me,

This is a soldier's kiss. Rebukable

And worthy shameful check° it were to stand

On more mechanic compliment.° I'll leave thee

Now like a man of steel. You that will fight,

Follow me close; I'll bring you to't. Adieu.

Exeunt [all but CLEOPATRA and CHARMIAN].

CHARMIAN

Please you retire to your chamber?

CLEOPATRA

Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then Antony—but now—Well, on.

Exeunt.

4-5 If . . . her (1) If Fortune is not friendly to us today, it will be because we defy her (2) We shall be fortunate today, or we shall defy Fortune **7 False** i.e., wrong piece **10 Briefly** soon **13 daff't** put it off **15 tight** skilled **17 royal occupation** kingly trade **18 workman** professional **19 charge** duty **22 riveted trim** armor **23 port** gate **25 well blown** (1) i.e., on the trumpets (2) in full flower (of the morning) **28 well said** well done **31 shameful check** shaming rebuke **31-32 to . . . compliment** to make a business of vulgar civilities

[Scene V. Alexandria. Antony's camp.]

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS, [a SOLDIER meeting them].

SOLDIER

The gods make this a happy^o day to Antony!

ANTONY

Would thou and those thy scars had once prevailed
To make me fight at land!

SOLDIER

Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followèd thy heels. 5

ANTONY

Who's gone this morning?

SOLDIER

Who?

One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee, or from Caesar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine."

ANTONY

What sayest thou?

SOLDIER

Sir,

He is with Caesar.

EROS

Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him. 10

ANTONY

Is he gone?

SOLDIER

Most certain.

ANTONY

Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him
(I will subscribe^o) gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch. Enobarbus!
Exit, [with EROS and SOLDIER]. 15

[Scene VI. Alexandria. Caesar's camp.]

Flourish. Enter AGRIPPA, CAESAR, with ENOBARBUS, and DOLABELLA.

CAESAR

Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.

Our will is Antony be took alive:

Make it so known.

AGRIPPA

Caesar, I shall. [Exit.]

CAESAR

The time of universal peace is near. 5
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nooked^o world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Antony

Is come into the field.

CAESAR

Go charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the vant,^o

That Antony may seem to spend his fury 10

Upon himself. Exeunt [all but ENOBARBUS].

ENOBARBUS

Alexas did revolt and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did dissuade^o

IV.v.1 happy fortunate 14 subscribe sign

IV.vi.6 three-nooked three-cornered (Europe, Asia, Africa)

9 vant first lines 13 dissuade i.e., persuade to leave Antony

Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar
And leave his master Antony. For this pains 15
Caesar hath hanged him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honorable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely
That I will joy no more.

Enter a SOLDIER of Caesar's.

SOLDIER

Enobarbus, Antony 20

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus. The messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

ENOBARBUS

I give it you.

SOLDIER

Mock not, Enobarbus: 25
I tell you true: best you safed the bringer
Out of the host;^o I must attend mine office
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. Exit.

ENOBARBUS

I am alone the^o villain of the earth, 30
And feel I am so most.^o O, Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows^o my
heart.
If swift thought^o break it not, a swifter mean 35
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee! No, I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die: the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. Exit.

[Scene VII. Field of battle between the camps.]

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA [and SOLDIERS].

AGRIPPA

Retire; we have engaged ourselves too far:
Caesar himself has work,^o and our oppression^o
Exceeds what we expected. Exit, [with SOLDIERS].

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.

SCARUS

O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home 5
With clouts^o about their heads.

ANTONY

Thou bleed'st apace.

SCARUS

I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.^o [Retreat sounded] far off.

ANTONY

They do retire.

26-27 best . . . host you had better see that the man who
brought them has safe-conduct through enemy lines 30 alone
the the only 31 And . . . most and no one could be more
bitterly aware of it 34 blows swells 35 thought sorrow
IV.vii.2 has work is hard-pressed; our oppression the pres-
sure on us 6 clouts (1) blows (2) bandages 8 H pun on
ache, pronounced "aitch"

SCARUS

We'll beat 'em into bench holes.^o I have yet
Room for six scotches^o more.

Enter EROS.

EROS

They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

SCARUS

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

ANTONY

I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly^o comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valor. Come thee on.

SCARUS

I'll halt^o after. *Exeunt.*

[Scene VIII. Before Alexandria.]

Alarum. Enter ANTONY *again in a march; SCARUS,*
with others.

ANTONY

We have beat him to his camp. Run one before
And let the queen know of our gests.^o Tomorrow,
Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has today escaped. I thank you all,
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine: you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip^o your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honored gashes whole.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

[*To* SCARUS.] Give me thy hand;
To this great fairy^o I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' th' world,
Chain mine armed neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness^o to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

CLEOPATRA

Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue,^o com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

ANTONY

Mine nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! Though
gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet
ha' we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth.^o Behold this man:
Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand.—
Kiss it, my warrior.—He hath fought today
As if a god in hate of mankind had
Destroyed in such a shape.

CLEOPATRA

I'll give thee, friend,
An armor all of gold; it was a king's.

9 **bench holes** holes in a privy 10 **scotches** gashes 12
score slash 15 **sprightly** high-hearted 16 **halt** limp
IV.viii.2 **gests** deeds 8 **clip** embrace 12 **fairy** enchantress
15 **proof of harness** impenetrable armor 17 **virtue** valor
22 **Get** . . . youth keep pace with every point won by
youth

ANTONY

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

[Scene IX. Caesar's camp.]

Enter a SENTRY *and his* COMPANY. ENOBARBUS
follows.

SENTRY

If we be not relieved with this hour,
We must return to th' court of guard. The night
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle
By th' second hour i' th' morn.

FIRST WATCH

This last day was

A shrewd^o one to's.

ENOBARBUS

O, bear me witness, night—

SECOND WATCH

What man is this?

FIRST WATCH

Stand close, and list him.

ENOBARBUS

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

SENTRY

Enobarbus?

SECOND WATCH

Peace:

Hark further.

ENOBARBUS

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

O, Antony! O, Antony!

[*Dies.*]

FIRST WATCH

Let's speak to him.

SENTRY

Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Caesar.

SECOND WATCH

Let's do so. But he sleeps.

28 **carbuncled** jeweled 29 **Phoebus' car** the sun god's
chariot 31 **targets** shields; owe own 37 **tabourines** small
drums
IV.ix.5 **shrewd** curst, bad 12 **mistress** i.e., the moon 13
disponge drip 20 **in** . . . **particular** yourself 21 **in regis-**
ter in its records 22 **master-leaver** (1) supreme traitor (2)
runaway servant

SENTRY

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

FIRST WATCH Go we to him.

SECOND WATCH

Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

FIRST WATCH Hear you, sir?

SENTRY

The hand of death hath raught° him. *Drums afar off.*

Hark! The drums

Demurely° wake the sleepers. Let us bear him 30
To th' court of guard: he is of note. Our hour
Is fully out.

SECOND WATCH

Come on then; he may recover yet.

Exeunt, [with the body].

[Scene X. Between the two camps.]

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with their ARMY.

ANTONY

Their preparation is today by sea;
We please them not by land.

SCARUS For both, my lord.

ANTONY

I would they'd fight i' th' fire or i' th' air;°
We'd fight there too. But this it is: our foot 5
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us—order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven—
Where their appointment we may best discover
And look on their endeavor. *Exeunt.*

[Scene XI. Between the two camps.]

Enter CAESAR and his ARMY.

CAESAR

But being charged,° we will be still by land—
Which, as I take't, we shall, for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage.° *Exeunt.*

[Scene XII. Before Alexandria.]

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

ANTONY

Yet they are not joined.° Where yond pine does stand
I shall discover all. I'll bring thee word
Straight how 'tis like to go. *Exit.*

27 for a prelude to 29 raught reached 30 Demurely
soberly, with a low sound

IV.x.3 i' th' fire or i' th' air i.e., as well as the other two
elements, earth and water (land and sea)

IV.xi.1 But being charged unless we are attacked 4 hold
. . . advantage take up the best position we can

IV.xii.1 joined i.e., in battle

Alarum afar off, as at a sea fight.°

SCARUS

Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests. The augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell, look grimly, 5
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted° fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter ANTONY.

ANTONY

All is lost!

This foul Egyptian hath betrayèd me: 10
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turned° whore! 'Tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly; 15
For when I am revenged upon my charm,°
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.

[Exit SCARUS.]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more.
Fortune and Antony part here, even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts 20
That spanieled me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy,° melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is barked,°
That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! This grave charm,° 25
Whose eye becked forth my wars, and called them
home,
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,°
Like a right° gypsy hath at fast and loose°
Beguiled me, to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!° 30

CLEOPATRA

Why is my lord enraged against his love?

ANTONY

Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving
And blemish Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians;° 35
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot°
Of all thy sex: most monsterlike be shown
For poor'st diminutives,° for dolts, and let
Patient Octavia plow thy visage up
With her preparèd nails. *Exit CLEOPATRA.*

'Tis well th' art gone,

If it be well to live; but better 'twere. 40

3 s.d. Alarum . . . fight the Folio prints this direction just
before the entrance of Antony and Scarus; if F's placement is
correct, the noise fills the otherwise empty stage for a moment
and makes ironic Antony's first line, but probably the direction
should be placed either in its present position or in the middle
of line 9 8 fretted (1) checkered (2) worn, decayed 13
Triple-turned i.e., from Pompey, from Julius Caesar, from
Antony 16 charm witch 22 discandy dissolve 23 barked
stripped bare 25 grave charm deadly witch 27 crownet
. . . end crown and end of all I did 28 right true; fast and
loose a cheating game played by gypsies, in which the dupe
inevitably fails to make fast a coiled rope 30 Avaunt Begone!
34 plebeians accented on first syllable 35 spot blemish 37
diminutives little people, i.e., the populace

Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
 Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me; teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage.
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' th' moon,° 45
 And with those hands that grasped the heaviest club
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under this plot: she dies for't. Eros, ho! *Exit.*

[Scene XIII. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.]

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, MARDIAN.

CLEOPATRA

Help me, my women! O, he's more mad
 Than Telamon° for his shield; the boar of Thessaly°
 Was never so embossed.°

CHARMIAN

To th' monument:

There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
 The soul and body rive° not more in parting 5
 Than greatness going off.

CLEOPATRA

To th' monument!

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself:
 Say that the last I spoke was "Antony"
 And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence, Mardian,
 And bring me how he takes my death. To th' monu-
 ment! *Exeunt.* 10

[Scene XIV. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.]

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

ANTONY

Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

EROS

Ay, noble lord.

ANTONY

Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,
 A vapor sometime like a bear or lion,
 A towered citadel, a pendant rock,
 A forkèd mountain, or blue promontory 5
 With trees upon't that nod unto the world
 And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these
 signs:
 Thy are black vesper's pageants.°

EROS

Ay, my lord.

43-45 **Nessus** . . . **moon** the death of Antony's ancestor Hercules—called Alcides in line 44—is here recalled; Hercules killed the centaur Nessus with a poisoned arrow, for trying to rape his wife Deianira; the dying Nessus in revenge gave his robe, soaked in poisoned blood, to Deianira, pretending it would act as a love charm; she sent it to her husband for this purpose; in his dying agonies Hercules hurled the bringer of it, Lichas, high in the air

IV.xiii.2 **Telamon** Ajax, who went mad and killed himself when he lost the contest between himself and Odysseus for the arms and shield of Achilles; **boar of Thessaly** sent by Artemis to ravage the country of King Oeneus, and killed by his son Meleager 3 **embossed** (of a hunted animal) foaming at the mouth from fury and exhaustion 5 **rive** rend

IV.xiv.8 **black vesper's pageants** evening's brightly colored but unreal scenery ("pageants" = floats of the mystery plays, hence plays, masques, etc.)

ANTONY

That which is now a horse, even with a thought
 The rack dislimns,° and makes it indistinct 10
 As water is in water.

EROS

It does, my lord.

ANTONY

My good knave° Eros, now thy captain is
 Even such a body: here I am Antony,
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
 I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen— 15
 Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
 Which, whilst it was mine, had annexed unto't
 A million moe,° now lost—she, Eros, has
 Packed cards with Caesar, and false-played my glory
 Unto an enemy's triumph.° 20
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us
 Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!

She has robbed me of my sword.°

MARDIAN

No, Antony;

My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
 With thine entirely.

ANTONY

Hence, saucy eunuch, peace! 25

She hath betrayed me and shall die the death.

MARDIAN

Death of one person can be paid but once,
 And that she has discharged. What thou wouldst do
 Is done unto thy hand.° The last she spake
 Was "Antony! most noble Antony!" 30
 Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
 The name of Antony; it was divided
 Between her heart and lips: she rend'red° life,
 Thy name so buried in her.

ANTONY

Dead, then?

MARDIAN

Dead.

ANTONY

Unarm, Eros. The long day's task is done, 35
 And we must sleep. [*To MARDIAN.*] That thou
 depart'st hence safe
 Does pay thy labor richly: go. *Exit MARDIAN.*

Off, pluck off:

The sevenfold shield of Ajax° cannot keep
 The battery° from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
 Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,° 40
 Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.
 No more a soldier. Bruisèd pieces,° go;
 You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile.

Exit EROS.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now 45
 All length° is torture: since the torch is out,
 Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labor

9-10 **even** . . . **dislimns** as swift as thought the cloud formation ("rack") obliterates 12 **knave** boy 18 **moe** more 19-20 **Packed** . . . **triumph** stacked the cards to favor herself and Caesar, and so treacherously played her hand as to allow Caesar to trump my glory 23 **sword** i.e., soldiership, masculinity 29 **unto thy hand** already for you 33 **rend'red** surrendered 38 **sevenfold** . . . **Ajax** made of brass and lined with seven layers of oxhide 39 **battery** bombardment 40 **thy continent** what holds you in 42 **pieces** armor 46 **length** length of life

Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength.° Seal then,° and all is done.
 Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me. 50
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
 And with our sprightly° port° make the ghosts gaze:
 Dido and her Aeneas° shall want troops,°
 And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Enter EROS.

EROS
 What would my lord?
 ANTONY Since Cleopatra died, 55
 I have lived in such dishonor that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quartered° the world and o'er green Neptune's back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack°
 The courage of a woman; less noble mind 60
 Than she which by her death our Caesar tells
 "I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That, when the exigent° should come, which now
 Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
 Th' inevitable prosecution° of 65
 Disgrace and horror, that on my command
 Thou then wouldst kill me. Do't, the time is come.
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st.
 Put color in thy cheek.

EROS The gods withhold me!
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts, 70
 Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

ANTONY Eros,
 Wouldst thou be windowed in great Rome and see
 Thy master thus: with pleached° arms, bending down
 His corrigible° neck, his face subdued
 To penetrative shame,° whilst the wheeled seat 75
 Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensued?°

EROS I would not see't.

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

EROS O, sir, pardon me. 80

ANTONY
 When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
 To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
 Or thy precedent° services are all
 But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

EROS
 Turn from me then that noble countenance 85
 Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

48-49 very . . . strength the image probably is of a creature caught more tightly in a net by the very violence of its struggles **49 Seal then** finish then (i.e., the final act of sealing a document, especially a will) **52 sprightly** (1) high-hearted, gay (2) ghostly; **port** bearing **53 Dido . . . Aeneas** the legendary lovers are brought together, though in Virgil, Dido repulses forever the faithless Aeneas; **want troops** lack retinue **58 Quartered** (1) covered with troops (2) carved up **59 to lack** for lacking **63 exigent** need **65 inevitable prosecution** unescapable pursuit **73 pleached** folded (twisted behind?) **74 corrigible** submissive **74-75 subdued . . . shame** filled with the humiliation of deepest shame **76-77 branded . . . ensued** made as hideously clear as the mark branded on a criminal or animal the abject nature of the man who followed **83 precedent** former

ANTONY
 Lo thee!°
 [*Turns from him.*]

EROS
 My sword is drawn.

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

EROS My dear master,
 My captain, and my emperor, let me say, 90
 Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

ANTONY
 'Tis said, man, and farewell.

EROS
 Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

ANTONY Now, Eros.

EROS
 Why, there then! Thus I do escape the sorrow
 Of Antony's death. *Kills himself.*

ANTONY Thrice-nobler than myself, 95
 Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
 I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
 Have by their brave instruction got upon me
 A nobleness in record.° But I will be
 A bridegroom in my death, and run into't 100
 As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
 Thy master dies thy scholar. To do thus

[*Falls on his sword.*]

I learned of thee. How? Not dead? Not dead?
 The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter [DECRETAS and] a [company of the] GUARD.

FIRST GUARD What's the noise?

ANTONY
 I have done my work ill, friends. O, make an end 105
 Of what I have begun.

SECOND GUARD The star is fall'n.

FIRST GUARD
 And time is at his period.°

ALL Alas, and woe!

ANTONY
 Let him that loves me strike me dead.

FIRST GUARD
 Not I.

SECOND GUARD Nor I.

THIRD GUARD Nor anyone. *Exeunt [GUARD].*

DECRETAS
 Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly. 110
 This sword but shown to Caesar, with this tidings,
 Shall enter° me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

DIOMEDES
 Where's Antony?

DECRETAS There, Diomed, there.

DIOMEDES Lives he?
 Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit DECRETAS.*]

87 Lothee There you are, then! **98-99 got . . . record**
 beaten me in achieving a noble place in the story **107 period**
 end **112 enter** recommend

ANTONY

Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give
me
Sufficing strokes for death.

DIOMEDES

Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

ANTONY

When did she send thee?

DIOMEDES

Now, my lord.

ANTONY

Where is she?

DIOMEDES

Locked in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had disposed^o with Caesar, and that your rage
Would not be purged,^o she sent you word she was
dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.

ANTONY

Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I prithee.

DIOMEDES

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

Enter four or five of the GUARD of Antony.

ANTONY

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

FIRST GUARD

Woe, woe, are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.^o

ALL

Most heavy day!

ANTONY

Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

Exit [the GUARD,] bearing ANTONY.

[Scene XV. Alexandria. The monument.]

Enter CLEOPATRA and her MAIDS aloft,^o with CHARMIAN and IRAS.

CLEOPATRA

O, Charmian, I will never go from hence.

CHARMIAN

Be comforted, dear madam.

CLEOPATRA

No, I will not.

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

Enter DIOMED [below].

How now? Is he dead?

122 **disposed** settled things 123 **purged** cured 132-33
live . . . out outlive all your faithful men

IV.xv.s.d. **aloft** presumably on the upper stage at the back of
the main stage

DIOMEDES

His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' th' other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, [below,] ANTONY, and the GUARD [bearing him].

CLEOPATRA

O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in: darkling^o stand 10
The varying shore o' th' world! O Antony,
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help:
Help, friends below, let's draw him hither.^o

ANTONY

Peace!

Not Caesar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself. 15

CLEOPATRA

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

ANTONY

I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune^o death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips. 20

CLEOPATRA

I dare not,^o dear;

Dear my lord, pardon: I dare not,
Lest I be taken. Not th' imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Caesar ever shall 25
Be brooch'd with me,^o if knife, drugs, serpents have
Edge, sting, or operation. I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion,^o shall acquire no honor
Demuring^o upon me. But come, come, Antony—
Help me, my women—we must draw thee up: 30
Assist, good friends.

ANTONY

O, quick, or I am gone.

CLEOPATRA

Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,^o
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-winged Mercury should fetch thee up 35
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were ever fools. O, come, come, come.

They heave ANTONY aloft to CLEOPATRA.

And welcome, welcome! Die when thou hast lived,
Quickened^o with kissing. Had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

ALL

A heavy sight! 40

ANTONY

I am dying, Egypt, dying.

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

CLEOPATRA

No, let me speak, and let me rail so high

10 **darkling** in darkness 12-13 **Help . . . hither** Shakespeare appears to have made a false start, afterward left uncanceled, in lines 12-13, or even to line 29; Cleopatra's plan for getting Antony in is passed over, then repeated, in a curious way; and Antony's "I am dying" is also repeated 19 **importune** beg 21 **dare not** i.e., dare not descend, or open the gates 25 **Be . . . me** have me as its ornament 28 **still conclusion** (1) silent judgment (2) impassive finality 29 **Demuring** looking soberly 33 **heaviness** (1) weight (2) sorrow 39 **Quickened** come to life

That the false housewife^o Fortune break her wheel,^o
Provoked by my offense.^o

ANTONY One word, sweet queen. 45

Of Caesar seek your honor, with your safety. O!

CLEOPATRA

They do not go together.

ANTONY Gentle, hear me:

None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.

CLEOPATRA

My resolution and my hands I'll trust,

None about Caesar. 50

ANTONY

The miserable change now at my end

Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts

In feeding them with those my former fortunes,

Wherein I lived; the greatest prince o' th' world, 55

The noblest; and do now not basely die,

Not cowardly put off my helmet to

My countryman; a Roman, by a Roman

Valiantly vanquished. Now my spirit is going,

I can no more.

CLEOPATRA Noblest of men, woo't die?

Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide 60

In this dull world, which in thy absence is

No better than a sty? O, see, my women,

[ANTONY dies.]

The crown o' th' earth doth melt. My lord!

O, withered is the garland^o of the war,

The soldier's pole^o is fall'n: young boys and girls 65

Are level now with men. The odds^o is gone,

And there is nothing left remarkable^o

Beneath the visiting moon.

[Faints.]

CHARMIAN O, quietness, lady!

IRAS She's dead too, our sovereign. 70

CHARMIAN Lady!

IRAS Madam!

CHARMIAN O madam, madam, madam!

IRAS Royal Egypt! Empress!

CHARMIAN Peace, peace, Iras! 75

CLEOPATRA

No more but e'en a woman, and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks

And does the meanest chares.^o It were for me

To throw my scepter at the injurious gods,

To tell them that this world did equal theirs 80

Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught.

Patience is sottish,^o and impatience does

Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin

To rush into the secret house of death

Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women? 85

What, what, good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?

My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,

Our lamp is spent, it's out. Good sirs,^o take heart:

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble, 90

Let's do't after the high Roman fashion,

And make death proud to take us. Come, away.

This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Ah, women, women! Come; we have no friend

But resolution, and the briefest^o end.

Exeunt, bearing off Antony's body.

[A C T V]

[Scene I. Alexandria. Caesar's camp.]

Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MAECENAS,
[GALLUS, PROCULEIUS,] *with his* COUNCIL OF WAR. 55

CAESAR

Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield:

Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks

The pauses that he makes.^o

DOLABELLA

Caesar, I shall. [Exit.]

Enter DECRETAS, *with the sword of Antony.* 60

CAESAR

Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st

Appear thus^o to us?

DECRETAS

I am called Decretas. 5

Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy

Best to be served. Whilst he stood up and spoke,

He was my master, and I wore my life

To spend upon his haters. If thou please

To take me to thee, as I was to him 10

I'll be to Caesar; if thou pleasest not,

I yield thee up my life.

70

CAESAR

What is't thou say'st?

DECRETAS

I say, O Caesar, Antony is dead.

CAESAR

The breaking^o of so great a thing should make

A greater crack.^o The round world 15

Should have shook lions into civil^o streets

And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony

Is not a single doom; in the name lay

A moiety^o of the world.

DECRETAS

He is dead, Caesar,

80

Not by a public minister of justice

Nor by a hired knife; but that self^o hand

Which writ his honor in the acts it did

Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,

Splitted the heart. This is his sword,

I robbed his wound of it: behold it stained 25

With his most noble blood.

CAESAR

[Weeping.] Look you, sad friends.

The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings

To wash the eyes of kings.

AGRIPPA

And strange it is

94 briefest swiftest

V.i.2-3 Being . . . makes Tell him that, since he is truly defeated, these delays are a mere mockery 5 thus i.e., holding a naked sword 14 breaking (1) destruction (2) disclosure, report 15 crack (1) breach (2) explosive sound 16 civil city 19 moiety half 21 self selfsame

44 false housewife treacherous hussy, strumpet; wheel (1) spinning wheel (the especial property of a "housewife") (2) wheel of Fortune, whose turns govern the affairs of men 45 offense insults 64 garland flower, crown 65 pole (1) standard (2) polestar (3) Maypole (suggested by "garland") 66 odds measure, distinctive value 67 remarkable wonderful 78 chares chores 82 sottish dully stupid 88 sirs used of women, as of men

That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted° deeds.

MAECENAS His taints and honors
Waged equal with° him.

AGRIPPA A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. Caesar is touched.

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

CAESAR O Antony,
I have followed° thee to this. But we do launch°
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day
Or look on thine: we could not stall° together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as sovereign° as the blood of hearts
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design,° my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his° thoughts did kindle—that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends—

Enter an EGYPTIAN.

But I will tell you at some meeter season.
The business of this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

EGYPTIAN
A poor Egyptian yet.° The queen my mistress,
Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparèdly may frame herself
To th' way she's forced to.

CAESAR Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honorable and how kindly we
Determine for her. For Caesar cannot live
To be ungentle.

EGYPTIAN So the gods preserve thee! *Exit.* 60

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

PROCULEIUS Caesar, I shall.
Exit PROCULEIUS.

CAESAR
Gallus, go you along. [*Exit GALLUS.*] Where's
Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?

ALL Dolabella! 70

30 persisted persisted in 31 Waged equal with were equally
matched in 36 followed pursued; launch lance 39 stall
dwell 41 sovereign potent 42–43 my competitor . . .
design my partner in noblest enterprise 46 his its 52 yet
still (though Egypt will soon be Roman) 63 passion strong
emotion (here, grief) 65–66 For . . . triumph Alive, in
Rome, walking in my triumphal procession, she would
manifest my power to the end of time

CAESAR
Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed. He shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly° I was drawn into this war,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can show in this.

Exeunt.

[Scene II. Alexandria. The monument.]

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

CLEOPATRA
My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Caesar:
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,°
A minister of her will. And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates° more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Caesar's.°

*Enter, [to the gates of the monument,] PROCULEIUS,
[GALLUS, and SOLDIERS].*

PROCULEIUS
Caesar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

CLEOPATRA What's thy name?

PROCULEIUS
My name is Proculeius.

CLEOPATRA Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,°
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquered Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

PROCULEIUS Be of good cheer:
Y' are fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing.
Make your full reference freely° to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,°
Where he for grace is kneeled to.

CLEOPATRA Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' th' face.

PROCULEIUS This I'll report, dear lady.

74 hardly reluctantly
V.ii.3 knave servant 7 palates tastes 7–8 dung . . .
Caesar's the dungy earth, whose fruits are the source of life
to beggar and to emperor 14 to be deceived whether or
not I am deceived 23 Make . . . freely hand your affairs
fully 27 pray . . . kindness beg you to assist him to be kind
to you

Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

[Enter GALLUS and SOLDIERS behind.]°

You see how easily she may be surprised.

[They seize CLEOPATRA.]

Guard her till Caesar come.

IRAS Royal Queen!

CHARMIAN O, Cleopatra! Thou art taken, queen.

CLEOPATRA

Quick, quick, good hands! [Draws a dagger.]

PROCULEIUS Hold, worthy lady, hold!

[Disarms her.]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved,° but not betrayed.

CLEOPATRA What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?°

PROCULEIUS Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty by
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.°

CLEOPATRA Where art thou, death?

Come hither, come! Come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

PROCULEIUS O, temperance, lady!

CLEOPATRA

Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir—
If idle talk will once be necessary—
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinioned° at your master's court
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry°
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! Rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark nak'd and let the waterflies
Blow° me into abhorring! Rather make
My country's high pyramides° my gibbet
And hang me up in chains!

PROCULEIUS You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Caesar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

DOLABELLA Proculeius,
What thou hast done, thy master Caesar knows,
And he hath sent for thee. For the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

PROCULEIUS So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her

[To CLEOPATRA.]

To Caesar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

CLEOPATRA Say, I would die. 70
Exit PROCULEIUS, [with SOLDIERS].

DOLABELLA

Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

CLEOPATRA

I cannot tell.

DOLABELLA Assuredly you know me.

CLEOPATRA

No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?°

DOLABELLA I understand not, madam. 75

CLEOPATRA

I dreamt there was an Emperor Antony.

O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man.

DOLABELLA If it might please ye—

CLEOPATRA

His face was as the heav'ns, and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted 80
The little O, th' earth.

DOLABELLA Most sovereign creature—

CLEOPATRA

His legs bestrid the ocean: his reared arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres,° and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail° and shake the orb, 85
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphinlike, they showed his back above
The element they lived in. In his livery° 90
Walked crowns and crownets:° realms and islands
were

As plates° dropped from his pocket.

DOLABELLA Cleopatra—

CLEOPATRA

Think you there was or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?

DOLABELLA Gentle madam, no.

CLEOPATRA

You lie, up to the hearing of the gods. 95
But if there be nor ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming;° nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy, yet t' imagine
An Antony were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.°

DOLABELLA Hear me, good madam. 100

75 trick way **83–84 propertied** . . . **spheres** musical as the spheres (referring to the belief in the music of the spheres, made by the harmonious blend of each planet's "note" and normally too fine for human ears to catch) **85 quail** make quail **90 livery** (1) service (2) possession, guardianship (legal term) **91 crowns and crownets** i.e., kings and princes **92 plates** silver coins **96–97 But** . . . **dreaming** but suppose you were right, and no such man exists, and never did exist, how can I have imagined such a man, for no mere dreaming fantasy could make something so great **97–100 nature** . . . **quite** reality lacks the material to compete with imagination in the creation of strange forms, yet the creation of an Antony would be a masterpiece of conception on the part of reality, surpassing and discrediting all the illusions of imagination

34 s.d. the Folio gives no stage direction here; it was presumably left to the stage performance to decide on the procedure by which the Romans capture the tomb **41 Relieved** rescued **42 languish** lingering illness **46 let come forth** allow to be revealed **53 pinioned** with clipped wings **56 varletry** mob **60 Blow** swell **61 pyramides** four syllables, accented on second

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight. Would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do° feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

CLEOPATRA I thank you, sir.
Know you what Caesar means to do with me?

DOLABELLA
I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

CLEOPATRA
Nay, pray you, sir.

DOLABELLA Though he be honorable—

CLEOPATRA
He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

DOLABELLA
Madam, he will. I know't.

*Flourish. Enter PROCULEIUS, CAESAR, GALLUS,
MAECENAS, and others of his TRAIN.*

ALL
Make way there! Caesar!

CAESAR
Which is the Queen of Egypt?

DOLABELLA
It is the emperor, madam.

Cleopatra kneels.

CAESAR
Arise! You shall not kneel:
I pray you rise; rise, Egypt.

CLEOPATRA Sir, the gods
Will have it thus. My master and my lord
I must obey.

CAESAR Take to you no hard thoughts.
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

CLEOPATRA Sole sir o' th' world,
I cannot project° mine own cause so well
To make it clear,° but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.

CAESAR Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce.°
If you apply° yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

CLEOPATRA
And may, through all the world: 'tis yours, and we,
Your scutcheons° and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

[Hands him a paper.]

CAESAR

You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA

This is the brief° of money, plate, and jewels
I am possessed of. 'Tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. *[Calling.]* Where's Seleucus? 140

[Enter SELEUCUS.]

SELEUCUS Here, madam.

CLEOPATRA

This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

SELEUCUS

Madam,
I had rather seel° my lips than to my peril
Speak that which is not.

CLEOPATRA What have I kept back?

SELEUCUS

Enough to purchase what you have made known.

CAESAR

Nay, blush not, Cleopatra, I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

CLEOPATRA

See, Caesar: O, behold,
How pomp is followed! Mine° will now be yours,
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired! What, goest thou back? Thou
shalt 155

115 Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely° base!

CAESAR Good queen, let us entreat you.

CLEOPATRA

O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honor of thy lordliness 160
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel° the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy.° Say, good Caesar,
That I some lady° trifles have reserved, 165
Immoment° toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern° friends withal; and say
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia° and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation—must I be unfolded 170
With° one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. *[To SELEUCUS.]* Prithee go
hence,
Or I shall show the cinders° of my spirits
Through th' ashes of my chance.° Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

CAESAR Forbear, Seleucus. 175
[Exit SELEUCUS.]

CLEOPATRA

Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought°

103 but I do if I do not 121 project set forth (accented on first syllable) 122 clear innocent 125 enforce emphasize 126 apply conform 135 scutcheons armorial bearings (alluding to the captured shields displayed by a conqueror)

138 brief summary 146 seel sew up 151 Mine i.e., my followers 158 rarely exceptionally 163 Parcel piece out 164 envy malice 165 lady lady's 166 Immoment unimportant 167 modern ordinary 169 Livia Caesar's wife 170-71 unfolded With exposed by 173 cinders burning coals 174 chance fortune 176 misthought misjudged

For things that others do, and when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,^o
Are therefore to be pitied.

CAESAR Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged, 180
Put we i' th' roll of conquest: still be't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
Caesar's no merchant, to make prize^o with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheered,
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen, 185
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you
That we remain your friend; and so adieu.

CLEOPATRA
My master, and my lord!

CAESAR Not so. Adieu. 190
Flourish. Exeunt CAESAR and his TRAIN.

CLEOPATRA
He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself! But hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers to CHARMIAN.*]

IRAS
Finish, good lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

CLEOPATRA Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided; 195
Go put it to the haste.

CHARMIAN Madam, I will.

Enter DOLABELLA.

DOLABELLA
Where is the queen?

CHARMIAN Behold, sir. [*Exit.*]

CLEOPATRA Dolabella!

DOLABELLA
Madam, as thereto sworn, by your command
(Which my love makes religion to obey) 200
I tell you this: Caesar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will he send before.
Make your best use of this. I have performed
Your pleasure, and my promise.

CLEOPATRA Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

DOLABELLA I, your servant. 205
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Caesar.

CLEOPATRA Farewell, and thanks. *Exit [DOLABELLA].*

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet,^o shall be shown
In Rome as well as I: mechanic slaves^o
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers shall 210
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,

Rank of gross diet,^o shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapor.

IRAS The gods forbid!

CLEOPATRA
Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors^o
Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald^o rhymers 215
Ballad us out o' tune. The quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness^o 220
I' th' posture of a whore.

IRAS O, the good gods!

CLEOPATRA
Nay, that's certain.

IRAS
I'll never see't! For I am sure mine nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

CLEOPATRA Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer 225
Their most absurd intents.

Enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian!
Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch
My best attires. I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah^o Iras, go. 230
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed,
And when thou hast done this chare,^o I'll give thee
leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
[*Exit IRAS.*] *A noise within.*
Wherefore's this noise?

Enter a GUARDSMAN.

GUARDSMAN Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs. 235

CLEOPATRA
Let him come in. *Exit GUARDSMAN.*
What poor an^o instrument
May do a noble deed! He brings me liberty.
My resolution's placed,^o and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon^o 240
No planet is of mine.

Enter GUARDSMAN and CLOWN^o [with basket].

GUARDSMAN This is the man.

CLEOPATRA
Avoid,^o and leave him. *Exit GUARDSMAN.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus^o there,
That kills and pains not?

178 **We . . . name** (1) we have to be responsible for faults committed in our name ("merits" = deserts, acts deserving punishment) (2) our name is used to validate the actions of others 183 **make prize** haggle 208 **puppet** she envisages Iras as a doll manipulated by the puppeteer, Octavius—i.e., a figure posed on a float following Caesar in the triumphal procession 209 **mechanic slaves** vulgar workmen

212 **Rank . . . diet** stinking of bad food 214 **Saucy lictors** insolent officers 215 **scald** scurvy 220 **boy my greatness** reduce my greatness to the crude imitation that a boy can manage (in England women's parts were acted by boys or young men) 229 **Sirrah** an address to inferiors, used equally of men or women 231 **chare** chore 236 **What poor an** what a poor 238 **placed** fixed 240 **fleeting moon** a symbol of fickleness, especially in women; and Cleopatra's special symbol, as being Isis or moon goddess 241 **s.d. Clown** rustic 242 **Avoid** depart 243 **worm of Nilus** serpent of Nile, i.e., asp or small viper

CLOWN Truly I have him; but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal:° those that do die of it do seldom or never recover. 245

CLEOPATRA Remember'st thou any that have died on't? 250

CLOWN Very many, men and women too. I heard of° one of them no longer than yesterday; a very honest° woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do but in the way of honesty; how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt; truly, she makes a very good report o' th' worm; but he that will believe all that they say shall never be saved by half that they do; but this is most falliable, the worm's an odd worm. 255

CLEOPATRA Get thee hence, farewell.

CLOWN I wish you all joy of the worm. 260

[Sets down his basket.]

CLEOPATRA Farewell.

CLOWN You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.°

CLEOPATRA Ay, ay, farewell.

CLOWN Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people: for indeed there is no goodness in the worm. 265

CLEOPATRA Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

CLOWN Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding. 270

CLEOPATRA Will it eat me?

CLOWN You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman. I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress° her not. But truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five. 275

CLEOPATRA Well, get thee gone, farewell.

CLOWN Yes, forsooth. I wish you joy o' th' worm. Exit.

[Enter IRAS with a robe, crown, etc.]

CLEOPATRA

Give me my robe, put on my crown, I have Immortal longings° in me. Now no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip. Yare,° yare, good Iras; quick: methinks I hear Antony call: I see him rouse himself To praise my noble act. I hear him mock The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men To excuse their after wrath.° Husband, I come: Now to that name my courage prove my title! I am fire, and air; my other elements I give to baser life.° So, have you done? 280 285 290

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.

Farewell, kind Charmian, Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.]

Have I the aspic° in my lips? Dost fall?

If thou and nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,

Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still? 295

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world

It is not worth leave-taking.

CHARMIAN

Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say

The gods themselves do weep.

CLEOPATRA

This proves me base: 300

If she first meet the curlèd° Antony,

He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss

Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,°

[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate°

Of life at once untie. Poor venomous fool,

Be angry, and dispatch.° O, couldst thou speak,

That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass

Unpolicied!° 305

CHARMIAN O eastern star!°

CLEOPATRA

Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep?

CHARMIAN

O, break! O, break! 310

CLEOPATRA

As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle—

O, Antony! Nay, I will take thee too:

[Applies another asp to her arm.]

What° should I stay—

Dies.°

CHARMIAN

In this wild world? So, fare thee well.

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies

A lass unparalleled. Downy windows, close;

And golden Phoebus° never be beheld

Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;

I'll mend it, and then play— 315

Enter the GUARD, rustling in.

FIRST GUARD

Where's the queen?

CHARMIAN

Speak softly, wake her not. 320

FIRST GUARD

Caesar hath sent—

CHARMIAN

Too slow a messenger.

[Applies an asp.]

O, come apace, dispatch; I partly feel thee.

FIRST GUARD

Approach, ho! All's not well: Caesar's beguiled.

247 immortal his blunder for mortal 251 heard of heard from 252 honest (1) chaste (2) truthful (similar innuendoes fill the speech, with puns on "lie" and "die") 263 do his kind act according to his nature 274 dress (1) prepare (i.e., of food) (2) clothe, equip 281 Immortal longings (1) the desires of a goddess (2) longings for immortality 283 Yare quickly 287 their after wrath the retributive punishments heaped by the gods on those who have been too proud of their good fortune 289-90 I am . . . life man was believed to be made up of four elements, two higher—fire and air—and two lower or baser—earth and water

293 aspic asp 301 curlèd freshly barbered 303 thou mortal wretch you deadly little object ("wretch," like "fool" in line 305, is often an affectionate term, used especially of children) 304 intricate intricate 306 dispatch quickly end it 308 Unpolicied lacking statecraft; eastern star morning star, Venus 313 What why 313 s.d. Dies modern actresses prefer to die upright, seated regally, but Caesar's penultimate and final speeches suggest that Cleopatra dies—as in Plutarch—"upon a bed" 317 Phoebus sun god

SECOND GUARD

There's Dolabella sent from Caesar; call him.

FIRST GUARD

What work is here! Charmian, is this well done? 325

CHARMIAN

It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

CHARMIAN *dies*.*Enter DOLABELLA.*

DOLABELLA

How goes it here?

SECOND GUARD All dead.

DOLABELLA

Caesar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects° in this: thyself art coming 330

To see performed the dreaded act which thou

So sought'st to hinder.

Enter CAESAR and all his TRAIN, marching.

ALL

A way there, a way for Caesar!

DOLABELLA

O, sir, you are too sure an augurer:

That you did fear is done.

CAESAR

Bravest at the last,

She leveled at° our purposes, and being royal, 335

Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?

I do not see them bleed.

DOLABELLA

Who was last with them?

FIRST GUARD

A simple countryman, that brought her figs.

This was his basket.

330 Touch their effects meet with realization 335 leveled
 at (1) guessed (2) fought against

CAESAR

Poisoned, then.

FIRST GUARD

O, Caesar,

This Charmian lived but now, she stood and spake; 340

I found her trimming up the diadem

On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,

And on the sudden dropped.

CAESAR

O, noble weakness!

If they had swallowed poison, 'twould appear

By external swelling; but she looks like sleep, 345

As she would catch another Antony

In her strong toil° of grace.

DOLABELLA

Here, on her breast,

There is a vent° of blood, and something blown;°

The like is on her arm.

FIRST GUARD

This is an aspic's trail; and these fig leaves 350

Have slime upon them, such as th' aspic leaves

Upon the caves of Nile.

CAESAR

Most probable

That so she died: for her physician tells me

She hath pursued conclusions° infinite

Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed, 355

And bear her women from the monument.

She shall be buried by her Antony.

No grave upon the earth shall clip° in it

A pair so famous. High events as these

Strike° those that make them; and their story is 360

No less in pity, than his glory which

Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall

In solemn show attend this funeral,

And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see

High order in this great solemnity. *Exeunt omnes.* 365

347 toil snare 348 vent discharge; blown swollen 354
 conclusions experiments 358 clip clasp 360 Strike touch

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

EDITED BY REUBEN BROWER

Introduction

The closing speech of *Coriolanus* reminds us of similar speeches at the end of other plays by Shakespeare:

Take him up.
Help, three o' th' chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully;
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
Assist. *Exeunt, bearing the body of Marcius.*
A dead march sounded.

So *Julius Caesar*:

According to his virtue, let us use him
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.

And *Hamlet*:

Let four captains
Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royal; and for his passage
The soldiers' music and the rite of war
Speak loudly for him.

Though we recognize in all these endings the convention by which the curtainless Elizabethan stage was cleared of its actors, yet we can easily imagine that the convention might have been expressed in different language, and without this special emphasis on the protagonist—borne from the scene “like a soldier,” with “music and the rite of war”—particularly when he happened to be Hamlet. It seems certain that the gesture so expressed was more than a stage convention, or rather that it represented another and deeper convention about the nature of the chief actor in a tragedy. The modern reader certainly feels some strain in speaking of *The Tragedy of Coriolanus*, particularly if he has just been reading *King Lear* or *Antony and Cleopatra*,

plays that most of us regard as prime examples of that ever-debatable term. George Bernard Shaw has called *Coriolanus* Shakespeare's “finest comedy”; one critic has described it as a satire; another, as debate rather than a tragedy. Most of us will agree that when we speak of *Coriolanus* as a “tragedy,” we mean something rather peculiar. But those who admire the play will rejoice in that “peculiarity.” The aim of this introductory essay is to give some clue to its essence, to its rare and special value. (The editor assumes that the reader will have read the play at least once before turning to the Introduction.)

The more alert and more literate members of Shakespeare's audience—not to be identified with any one social class—would have recognized that the three processional speeches above marked the death of a hero in a more than modern conventional sense. Even if they were relatively unread, they were literate in a most relevant respect, through hearing in the theater the language of dying heroes in these and in many other plays. They would have sensed much by way of implication in “virtue,” “like a soldier,” and “a noble memory,” just as they would have appreciated the special force of “deeds” in the great speech of Cominius:

COMINIUS

I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be uttered feebly. It is held
That valor is the chiefest virtue and
Most dignifies the haver. If it be, 85
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others. Our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight, 90
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him. He bestrid
An o'erpressed Roman, and i' th' consul's view
Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee. In that day's feats, 95
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age

heroic ideal implied by Cominius' speech and by Coriolanus' further history in the play.

Shakespeare himself was familiar with the ancient heroic tradition in various forms. If he knew little Greek, he had access to Latin and French translations of Homer, to Virgil, Ovid, and Seneca in the original and translation, and to the early books of Chapman's *Iliad*, of which he had made use in *Troilus and Cressida* (1601-02). Although Chapman considerably revised his earlier version before publishing his complete *Iliad* in 1611, his translation may serve as a relevant example of the Renaissance remaking of the ancient heroic ideal. Back of Chapman stands the Homeric hero as he is presented in the *Iliad*: he is the man who "goes forward" in battle to display his excellence in fighting, who faces death with clear-eyed awareness and with very human fears, knowing that his lot or *moira* is unchangeable, that his every act is related to divine if only partially understood powers. The greatest of heroes, Achilles, goes well beyond the typical heroic norms, both in the excesses of his wrath and in the assertion of an absolute superheroism that aims at being "godlike" indeed, and that makes him finally a deeply tragic figure. In asserting his own will, Achilles ironically brings on himself the death of Patroclus, and in living out the violence of wrath, he comes to recognize the uselessness and the inevitability of all violence. In the scene with Priam near the close of the *Iliad*, he sees that both the hero and his victim are acting parts within a pattern controlled by the gods.

The Renaissance image of the ancient hero, though ultimately inherited from Homer, had been much affected by the two great Roman transformations of Virgil and Seneca, and by the reshaping of the Greco-Roman tradition in the medieval romances. These various traditions were complexly blended in the Renaissance theory of the Heroic Poem, an ideal pattern that attempted to strike a compromise between Romance and ancient epic. (*The Faerie Queene* is the unclassic example of what happened when traditions so opposed were combined in a single work.) But the theory itself was much more classical than romantic and much more Virgilian than Homeric. The true heroic poem was like the *Aeneid*, required to have an abstract subject, preferably Christian and explicitly moral, and a hero who equaled and surpassed Aeneas as an exemplar of virtue.

There are many signs in Chapman's *Iliad* of his response to this Renaissance theory: for example, his view that the *Iliad* is "the true image of all virtues and humane government." Homer embodies all truth, and the highest truth is "learning," learning in a very special sense:

this is learning; to have skill to throw
Reins on your body's powers that nothing know,
And fills the soul's powers so with act and art
That she can curb the body's angry part,
All perturbations; all affects that stray
From this one object, which is to obey
Her sovereign empire. *The Tears of Peace* (1609)

In the first word of the *Iliad*—"wrath"—Homer "contracts" his "Proposition," his subject: "predominant perturbation," that is, "the body's fervor and fashion of outward fortitude, to all possible height of heroical action." The "affects," the passions when "predominant," do not

obey the rule of "the soul," or "reason," as Chapman says elsewhere. We have in Chapman the translator a heroic poet who distrusts heroic passion—since it leads almost inevitably to a failure of "learning"—but who has the wisdom to admit that this same passion offers the greatest occasions for the exercise of moral control.

Consider now Chapman's version (1611) of the scene in the *Iliad*, Book I, in which Achilles is tempted to draw his sword, but on Athena's advice decides not to:

Thetis' son at this stood vext. His heart
Bristled his bosom and two ways drew his discursive
part—
If, from his thigh his sharp sword drawn, he should make
room about
Atrides' person, slaught'ring him, or sit his anger out
And curb his spirit. While these thoughts strived in his
blood and mind
And he his sword drew, down from heaven Athenia
stooped and shined . . .
He, turning back his eye, amaze struck every faculty,
Yet straight he knew her by her eyes, so terrible they were
Sparkling with ardor, and thus spoke: "Thou seed of
Jupiter,
Why com'st thou? To behold his pride, that boasts our
empire?
Then witness, with it, my revenge, and see that insolence
die
That lives to wrong me." She replied: "I come from
heaven to see
Thy anger settled, if thy soul will use her sovereignty
In fit reflection. I am sent from Juno, whose affects
Stand heartily inclined to both. Come, give both respects
And cease contention. Draw no sword. Use words, and
such as may
Be bitter to his pride, but just. For, trust in what I say,
A time shall come when thrice the worth of that he
forceth now
He shall propose for recompense of these wrongs. There-
fore throw
Reins on thy passions, and serve us."

Chapman, we see, has turned the episode into one of "learning" in his sense. First, the inner action is given much greater importance than in the original. This Achilles is more of a meditator than Homer's: "his heart . . . two ways drew his *discursive* part," that is, the part that reasons. In Homer we have simply a very physical heart in a "shaggy chest," whereas in Chapman we find Hamlet's contrast of man and "beast that wants discourse of reason." The process by which Chapman's Achilles "curbs his spirit" is a good example of how Chapman takes over an elementary form of thought from Homer and gives it a new and complex interpretation. So we hear of various powers of mind: "amaze struck every faculty." More significant is Athena's advice on the right way to settle anger. Homer's goddess says merely, "Stop quarreling; don't draw your sword." But Chapman's says:

"Therefore throw
Reins on thy passions, and serve us."

This Athena adds another note; like Hamlet, Achilles is to "speak daggers," but use none: "Draw no sword. Use

words . . . but *just*" ones. The addition is important, since Chapman is in fact eager to make Achilles' wrath moral by substituting controlled anger for mere passion. Achilles' reply to Athena is another example of "learning":

"Though my heart

Burn in anger, yet my soul must conquer th' angry part
And yield you conquest. Who subdues his earthly part for
heaven,

Heaven to his prayers subdues his wish."

The basic opposition of passions and soul may be either Platonic or Christian, but Chapman's language is so emphatically Christian that we may wonder whether we are listening to a hero or a saint. (At other points in Chapman's *Iliad*, Achilles is as bloodthirsty and cruel as Homer's hero at his worst.) Whatever Chapman's intention may have been, his true hero seems more often to be Hector, who displays the self-control, the self-knowledge, that Achilles aspires to but rarely achieves.

Although Chapman has so completely reinterpreted the ancient heroic image in Renaissance terms, we can still trace in his heroes the main outlines of the heroic role as it appears in the *Iliad*. But it is the Renaissance transformation of the ancient ideal that is most instructive if we are to understand the heroes of Shakespeare: in particular, Chapman's tendency to regard the heroic career as moral education or as a tragic failure to live up to a moral ideal. Modern readers, it should be added, are in general too prone to see the meditateness of the Renaissance hero and to miss the complete heroic image as Shakespeare and Chapman understood it.

For a practicing dramatist, this ideal, a blend of the ancient and modern, pagan and Christian, held important possibilities. A Renaissance Achilles or Hector who faced the irony of his situation, who clearly recognized the conflict of allegiances, would be tragic in the fullest sense. He would be, for example, the Antony of *Antony and Cleopatra*. The ideal that Shakespeare had encountered in Chapman's *Iliad* and elsewhere was wonderfully renewed for him by his reading of another ancient classic, one that he read with the closest attention, Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans* in North's translation. It is worth noting here that twice in the "Life of Coriolanus" Plutarch illustrates his point by quoting Homer, and especially interesting that in defending Homer's allowance for "our own free will and reason" he quotes, in a fairly lax version, the lines on Achilles' "angry heart."

The concept of the true hero implied in the North-Plutarch "Life," on which Shakespeare's play is largely based, is very close to Chapman's, as may be seen from some of the more general comments on the hero's character:

this Martius' natural wit and great heart did marvelously stir up his courage to do and attempt notable acts. But on the other side, for lack of education, he was so choleric and impatient, that he would yield to no living creature: which made him churlish, uncivil, and altogether unfit for any man's conversation. Yet men marveling much at his constancy, that he was never overcome with pleasure nor money and how he would endure easily all manner of

pains and travails, thereupon they well liked and commended his stoutness and temperancy. But for all that, they could not be acquainted with him, as one citizen useth to be with another in the city. His behavior was so unpleasant to them by reason of a certain insolent and stern manner he had, which, because he was too lordly, was disliked. And to say truly, the greatest benefit that learning bringeth unto men is this: that it teacheth men that be rude and rough of nature, by compass and rule of reason, to be civil and courteous, and to like better the mean state than the higher. Now in those days, valiantness was honored in Rome above all other virtues, which they call *virtus*, by the name of virtue itself, as including in that general name all other special virtues besides. So that *virtus* in the Latin was as much as valiantness.

(Plutarch, "Life of Coriolanus")

Note first the high praise of Martius' "great heart" and "notable acts," and more especially what follows: "*But on the other side*"—here North sounds exactly like Chapman—"for lack of education, he was so choleric and impatient, that he would yield to no living creature." North reinforces this with a remark showing clearly that "education" means "learning" in Chapman's sense of the word: "And to say truly, the greatest benefit that learning bringeth into men is this: that it teacheth men that be rude and rough of nature, by compass and rule of reason, to be civil and courteous." But in the next sentence we are reminded that Coriolanus was the pattern of *virtus*. Yet according to North's view—and it would be Chapman's, too—Coriolanus was not fit to be "a prince" or "governor," because he "lacked the gravity and affability that is gotten with judgment of learning and reason." He has another characteristic that is connected with his "choler" and his "self-will and opinion" (we should say, "pride"): "[he] remembered not how willfulness is the thing of the world, which a governor of a commonwealth for pleasing should shun, being that which Plato called solitariness." Note how Coriolanus' obstinacy and pride are described as "solitariness," the uncivil "aloneness" of men "who will never yield to others' reason."

Bearing in mind Plutarch's picture of heroic Coriolanus, and this brief sketch of the ancient hero in Renaissance guise, let us return to the "deeds of Coriolanus" in Shakespeare's play. We can now appreciate more fully certain features of Cominius' narrative: the august and at times coldly Latin style, the nobility of this display of *virtue*, the terrifying energy of a hero who is a lone instrument of death and destiny. We see in Coriolanus a figure like Achilles in his most vengeful phrase, hurrying for slaughter, who "did/Run reeking o'er the lives of men." We recall, too, how in earlier scenes Shakespeare has stressed by imagery and stage business the "bloodiness," "aloneness," and other nonhuman qualities underlined also in Cominius' portrait. Coriolanus has been pictured as "mantled," "painted," "smeared," and "masqued" in blood; heard with the "thunder-like percussion" of a cannon; seen swordlike "outdaring his senseless sword" and acting alone, apart from his plebeian followers—both impressions being vividly merged in the scene when his men "*wave their swords*" and "*take him up in their arms*":

O me alone! Make you a sword of me?

(I.vi.76)

Whether these cries are to be read as questions or as exclamations—and there is no certainty—it is clear that in uttering them Coriolanus sees himself in splendid isolation, like a sword swung aloft in battle.

But this very emphasis on a nonhuman aloneness is a sign that Shakespeare was not writing an ancient heroic tragedy, not even of the Renaissance type of *Antony and Cleopatra*. He had seen in Plutarch's "solitariness" another subject and another possible treatment. "Suppose we set Achilles down in the Roman forum—what then?" There are subtle hints in Cominius' speech of this other subject and attitude: "It is held/That valor is the chiefest virtue . . . if it be. . . ." Menenius' comment, "He's right noble./Let him be called for" is just, but also offhand and curt in Coriolanus' own manner. "Enough of that," Menenius seems to say—and irony breaks in. "Say more," he implies, "and you may remind people of this hero's immense pride," "his haughty obstinate mind," as North puts it, a quality that Shakespeare stresses much more than Plutarch. But Shakespeare does not limit himself, as some critics suppose, to portraying a flawed proud and angry man. He had grasped in the *Lives* and in the Roman historians the importance of the forum, of the Roman state, which he viewed with his contemporaries as an example both of "the mischiefs of discord and civil dissension" and of the well-ordered society, a model of a true commonwealth. Shakespeare sets the "deeds of Coriolanus" against the great parable of Menenius, "the body's members" and their revolt "against the belly" (I.i.97–156). There are many contemporary documents that show a familiarity with this figure and with the related metaphor of the "disease" and "health" of the body politic. To the Elizabethan mind, the state, in more than a modern figurative sense, embodies a natural order: the parts receive from the governing center "that natural competency/Whereby they live." The dramatic point of the brilliantly comic scene in which this fable is presented does not lie in the fable itself, but in the way it is acted out by Menenius in cooperation with the citizens. The good-natured insolence and sturdy candor, the tough repartee of the exchanges, belong to a game played between patrician and people. The "belly-smile" of the patrician, and the "great toe" of the plebeian, help to impart the feeling of healthy relatedness in a civil society. To that, "*Enter Caius Marcius*"—followed by Menenius' greeting:

Hail, noble Marcius!

with the answer:

Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious rogues
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs? (I.i.165–68)

The "nature" of the state is henceforth counterpoised by the "nature" of Coriolanus: "What he cannot help in his nature," one citizen says to another in the beginning of this same scene, "you account a vice in him." From here to the end of the play Shakespeare keeps dramatizing this clash of natures until Coriolanus, still protesting, hears "great Nature" cry, "Deny not." and

He bowed his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free. (V.vi.24–25)

In North's version of the climactic scene where Coriolanus gives in to his mother's pleas (V.iii), there is considerable emphasis on the claims of "nature" and the "natural" in various senses. But there is nothing in the "Life" as a whole like Shakespeare's interweaving throughout his drama of variations on this central theme. The opposition of "natures" in *Coriolanus* produces a continuous play of irony, as every protestation of the hero, or of his friends and enemies, is heard against a suppressed negation.

Again taking a hint from Plutarch—which he develops fully and explicitly—Shakespeare introduces one further strand of ironic ambiguity into his picture of Coriolanus, the link between his heroic energy and his love of his mother. "There's no man in the world," she explains near the end of the play, "More bound to's mother." (Such is the stuff of heroes: Achilles must have his guardian Thetis.) "What he hath done famously," a citizen says, "though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue" (I.i.36–40). More curious still, warmaking, love, and marriage are closely related and almost identified in the minds of Volumnia and her son. Coriolanus has a way of embracing generals as if they were brides of war:

MARCIUS [*To COMINIUS.*]

O, let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I wooed; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burned to bedward! (I.vi.29–32)

Much later—with the inevitability ironic echo—Aufidius answers him in kind:

that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. (IV.v.119–22)

If we keep in mind these many contrasts in the nature of Coriolanus, and the heroic image that his role evokes by similarity and by contrast, and if we remember, too, the vision of society symbolized by Menenius' fable, we shall appreciate better the Shakespearean complexity of the climactic scenes of the play. We shall also reach a truer measure of its peculiar flavor as tragedy. Consider first the scene where Coriolanus, about to be made consul, makes his magnificent attack on the tribunes and their officers. To him, the advice to abolish the tribuneship is a call to a godlike "noble life":

Therefore, beseech you—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonor
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become't;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For th' ill which doth control't. (III.i.149–61)

By this point in the play the noble life is not only being equated with the "deeds of Coriolanus," but with the ironic qualifications of his pride. "A 'noble' life" on his lips can be taken by the tribunes and people simply as "the life of the nobles, the Senate." Coriolanus' plea for the "fundamental part of state," his concern for the "integrity" of the body politic, seemingly echoes Menenius' fable; but "to pluck out/The multitudinous tongue," to eliminate the tribunes, is effectively to deny the people any part in the government. Coriolanus does not want a "blended" voice, but only one. He alone, he half implies, is the proper voice of the state. He is making this plea, he says, in the interest of avoiding "confusion." But the hero who pleads for order, who fears revolution, speaks revolutionary doctrines and nearly starts one. He of course intends a counterrevolution; but he very nearly sets a true popular revolution under way.

The metaphor that runs through Coriolanus' speech is the familiar medical one of the play (used once, but only once, by Plutarch): he offers "a dangerous physic," and in his view he is the health of the state. But to the tribune Sicinius, "He's a disease that must be cut away" (III.i.294). Menenius accepts the implication, but proposes "a cure" rather than "surgery." He would proceed by "the humane way" of compromise; that is, by Chapman's (and Plutarch's) way of "humane government." But the fatality of Coriolanus' nature—his pride and "choler," his lack of temperance—carries him on to destroy what he thinks he is saving. "His nature is too noble for the world," says Menenius,

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. (III.i.255-59)

Here is the man who will equal the gods, the forgelike machine of war and death, deafened by wrath.

Coriolanus' insistence on being true to his heroic nature is constantly to the fore from this point to the end of the play. So in the next scene with the nobles and Volumnia, a scene that has no parallel in Plutarch, he asks with boyish puzzlement,

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rathe say I play
The man I am. (III.ii.14-16)

Volumnia's sensible advice fits—up to a point—Chapman's and North's concept of "education":

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage. (III.ii.29-31)

Menenius comments, "Well said, noble woman!" But this is not Coriolanus' nobility; his is of the pure Homeric type, absolute and without compromise. "You are too absolute," Volumnia well says,

Though therein you can never be too noble
But when extremities speak. (III.ii.40-41)

But Volumnia does not altogether understand her son: it is exactly in "extremities" that the hero must be "too noble," that his nature clearly cries out. Coriolanus faces a dilemma similar to Antony's—how to be both noble and politic. Volumnia attempts to make him feel that the politic can be identified at one and the same time with nobility, with loyalty to the better part of the state and to the family, and most significantly, with loyalty to herself:

I am in this
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles.
(III.ii.64-65)

Her despairing

Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'st it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself. (III.ii.128-30)

only increases the sense of their likeness, of the physical bond between them: they are one flesh and one blood.

But the physical intensity of the appeal is persuasive for the moment, and for the first time in the scene, Coriolanus calls her "mother":

Mother, I am going to the marketplace. (III.ii.131)

What this curbing of his nature costs him has been suggested earlier in the same scene, when like Othello he says farewell to arms:

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turned,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch. (III.ii.111-14)

and when he suddenly reverses himself:

I will not do't;
Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness. (III.ii.120-23)

Though the words Coriolanus uses are very like Chapman's his actions have really turned the ideal upside down. While everyone is urging him to conquer his body's "angry part" by discipline of "spirit," he sees only a betrayal of spirit by flesh.

He will seek "a world elsewhere," outside state and family, out of the ordered nature he had known in Rome, and fight, now truly "alone,/Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen/Makes feared and talked of more than seen" (IV.i.29-31). With splendid irony he asserts that though outside society he will still be the same noble hero: "you shall/Hear . . . never of me aught/But what is like me formerly" (IV.i.51-53). In the flattering talk of the Volscians he seems to recover his old nobility, "as if he were son and heir to Mars," but this new-found independence is an illusion, as Aufidius' ominous hints make clear. Aufidius' explanation of why Coriolanus was "hated" and "banished"—though it neglects some reasons, and though it is not Shakespeare's "last word" on his hero—does offer one important hypothesis borne out by much of the play:

whether ['twas] *nature*,
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving
 From th' casque to th' cushion, but commanding peace
 Even with the same austerity and garb
 As he controlled the war. (IV.vii.41-45)

In this last phase of Coriolanus' career there is, as in Achilles' last battles, something much more frightening about his pride and his wrath. "He was," says Cominius

a kind of nothing, titleless,
 Till he had forged himself a name o' th' fire
 Of burning Rome. (V.i.13-15)

He harshly rejects his "old father," Menenius,

Away!

Wife, mother, child, I know not. (V.ii.79, 81)

The Second Watch gives one final impression of Coriolanus' dehumanization just before the women come to beg him to save the city: "He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken" (V.ii.110). What then will happen to the man who supposes he is "author of himself," the absolute hero detached from humanity?

As when Menenius pleads with him earlier, he will attempt to separate personal allegiance from allegiance to country. When the women approach, his eye moves quickly from his wife to his mother, who claims and receives his attention during most of the scene. He speaks to her first in the strange impersonal style that others have used of him: "the honored mold/Wherein this trunk was framed" (V.iii.22-23); but at once he is stressing the close physical bond of mother and son: "and in her hand/The grandchild to her blood." With a typical turn, he at once denies this and all similar bonds: "All bond and privilege of nature, break!" He will be deliberately unnatural; but when he sees those "doves' " eyes, he "melts"—and how wonderfully the imagery recalls the hard god-like self he has tried to be: "I melt, and am not/Of stronger earth"—he is not the metallic machine man of earlier scenes. When his "mother bows," it is indeed a "perturbation" in nature, and "great Nature" cries out against it (V.iii.33). He denies "instinct," innate impulse, and, with consummate irony, declares that he is "author of himself," as it were, self-born!

But soon he is yielding to nature in the sense of family affection, as he gives his wife "a kiss/Long as my exile," while still insisting that he is not yielding to nature in the sense of allegiance to his country. When he sees his mother kneeling, he comes out with great hyperbolic oaths in the best heroic vein:

Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
 Fillip the stars! Then let the mutinous winds
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun.
 (V.iii.58-60)

Like Othello and Lear, Coriolanus invokes the very disorder he fears, the disorder of which he is the unconscious instrument. Like Hector, he sees his son as the reincarnation of his own heroism, his words recalling his own

nobility and his lonely strength and inhumanity. He prays that the boy may prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' th' wars
 Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw. (V.iii.73-74)

But he is still trying to hold off the claims of wife and mother: "Tell me not," he shouts, "Wherein I seem unnatural."

Then come Volumnia's two great appeals in answer to his poignantly absurd assertion. The keynote of the first is struck in

thy sight, which should
 Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
 Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow,
 Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
 The son, the husband, and the father tearing
 His country's bowels out. (V.iii.98-103)

The body of the state, here realized with such physical vividness, is equated with mother, wife, and child, as if to say "tearing that body is tearing us." During the rest of the speech, Volumnia's language intensifies this identification until the climax,

thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country than to tread
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb
 That brought thee to this world. (V.iii.122-25)

This violent image is Plutarch's, and the identification of the mother with the body of the state is suggested by one of his comments; but the comment shows also the relative simplicity of his analysis, and his unawareness of the emotional confusion that Volumnia is exploiting so successfully:

yet he had no reason for the love of his mother to pardon his country, but rather he should in pardoning his country, have spared his mother, because his mother and wife were members of the body of his country and city, which he did besiege.

(Plutarch, "The Comparison of Alcibiades with
 Marcus Coriolanus")

Volumnia's second appeal falls into three distinct phases. First she urges him to reconcile the Romans and the Volscs, offering the same kind of sensible advice she had given earlier when begging him to be "mild" to the tribunes. Next she makes a masterly attack on the very nobility that stands in the way of compromise, pointing out that the only practical "benefit" of being so absolutely noble is to destroy his country and gain a "name . . . /To th' ensuing age abhorred." She enforces her argument with a satirical picture of the godlike role Coriolanus has aimed at, seeking "To imitate the graces of the gods" as if he were to "thunder" like Jove, and yet to "charge" his lightning with a "bolt" that would only split "an oak" (V.iii.140-53). Something, yes, but hardly a cosmic catastrophe. She keeps reminding him that she speaks for wife, son, and mother; and in her final stroke she reinforces all three claims:

This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioles, and his child
Like him by chance. (V.iii.178-80)

Again she identifies personal and social bonds, as she reads him out of family, Rome, and humanity. His reply is one of the great speaking silences in Shakespeare:

Holds her by the hand, silent.

O mother, mother!

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. (V.iii.182-85)

"Unnatural"—just when he is responding to all these most natural claims. For a moment he seems to see his dilemma more clearly, and to understand that in giving in to his mother he is responding to the demands of his native country and state. But he soon is talking as if all can be well: he can give in to his mother, be false to the Volscians, and "frame convenient peace."

The last scene of the play begins as an ironic repetition of the scene in which he had "mildly" given in to his mother's advice. At that time he had not been able to sustain the part; but now he "bows his nature" and comes "marching" in, *"the commoners being with him."* In contrast to the usual isolation of his figure from the plebeians, Coriolanus is seen *with* the people, and we catch another ironic reflection from the past: Menenius' easy companionship with the lower orders. Coriolanus seems for once to "belong," and he cries happily, "I am returned your soldier;/No more infected with my country's love" (V.vi.70-71). What was once his health is now disease, and loyalty to the enemies of Rome is his "cure." He is so terribly unaware of what he has been doing that he responds with dreamlike deafness to Aufidius' cry of "traitor"—the exact echo of the tribunes' earlier "H" as spoken like a traitor" (III.i.162).

When he finally takes in Aufidius' cruel caricature of how he had given in to his mother, he can hardly speak: "Hear'st thou, Mars?" His incoherent cry, reminding us of the godlike soldier he had been, is inadequate, but dramatically concentrated in the highest degree. Shakespeare was never more successful than in this brief dialogue in focusing the rich meanings of a whole play in the slightest verbal gestures. To Aufidius' slanderous "boy of tears," he cries:

Cut me to pieces, Volscies, men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. "Boy"! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dovecote, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioles.
Alone I did it. "Boy"? (V.vi.110-15)

"Alone" and "'Boy'?" carry the weight of his whole dramatic career. In "Alone" we recall his cult of independence, his integrity, his insistence on being "Coriolanus." But we hear also the opposite theme in a play in which wholeness of the state is the public ideal, in which metaphors of the body politic keep reminding us that the great natural order is realized in a whole of which the single man is only a part. This is his final denial of nature's bond, making only clearer his real dependence on Rome, his

mother, Menenius, and now on the Volscians. "'Boy'?" in its scornful tone is Coriolanus' way of saying "*man-hero*." But the hero cannot act in this setting; he can only utter frustrated cries. He *is* in part behaving like a boy, and he *had* responded to his mother. The single word recalls too a long history of boyish irresponsibility and lack of control.

But there is another view, as always in this play: "The man is noble," one of the Volscians says, "and his fame folds in/This orb o' th' earth" (V.vi.123-24). The "deeds of Coriolanus" cannot be forgotten any more than "the impatience" that North finds so dangerous in the "governor of a state." The closing processional speech, with which we began, marks the death of a hero: "Yet he shall have a noble memory."

If we now compare Coriolanus with the model of all Greek and Roman literary heroes, Achilles, and with the Renaissance counterpart in Chapman and North, and finally with the chief characters of other Shakespearean tragedies, we can define more clearly the character of the play—surely the most original of Shakespeare's heroic dramas, whatever we choose to call it. Throughout *Coriolanus* Shakespeare is continually recalling the ancient model in imagery associating his hero with divinities and "shunless destiny." Like Menenius, Shakespeare has "godded him indeed." Perhaps Coriolanus is most like Achilles in his passionate pride, in his "choler," in his shifting from "rage to sorrow," emotions that lie very close together, as Plutarch had noted. But he comes nearest to the essence of Homer's hero in his absoluteness, in his determination to imitate "the graces of the gods," in his will to push the heroic to the limit until he destroys his own society along with his enemy's. In reducing all virtues to *virtus*, he is the Greek hero Romanized, while in his assertion of his own nature in the face of "great Nature," he betrays the Senecan ancestry of the Elizabethan hero. Though many read him lessons in patience, he is incapable of true "learning."

But there is no moment when, like Achilles, he sees his anger and curses it, nothing to correspond to the scene with Priam, no vision of himself and a higher order within which his action and suffering are placed and made more comprehensible. His last gesture is like his first, to "use his lawful sword." He knows little of what Chapman calls the soul's "sovereignty in fit reflection," not to mention "subduing his earthly part for heaven." He is the most Roman, the least Christian, of Shakespeare's major heroes.

This Roman-ness is felt in the austerity of a style that lends itself so well to irony, and that is the best index to the quality of the play. In *Coriolanus*, Shakespeare seems to turn his back on the richness of language in *Antony and Cleopatra*, with the deliberate intention of creating a protagonist who will deny much that is common to his own and the Renaissance heroic ideal. And yet there are in Coriolanus the makings of a tragedy in Shakespeare's more typical manner: he is a man nobly conscious of his role, a "governor" like Lear or Macbeth on whom the health of society depends, a person like Lear and Othello of immense impatience in a situation calling for utmost patience, a man like Antony whose action is godlike and connected with dimly perceived supernatural forces. Both are instruments of the mighty Roman state, for Romans a prime symbol of the directing power of fate.

But there is of course an obvious defect that makes even Macbeth tragic in a sense of the word that does not fit Coriolanus: the lack of the troubled conscience that separates Macbeth from the tyrant he seems to be to his enemies. In the final scene with his mother, Coriolanus is barely conscious that he is betraying the Volscians, just as in his last entrance he does not realize that he has been "infected by his country's love." His whole career is based on an illusion of *aloneness*, the belief that a man, a general, a statesman, can act alone. Hence the bafflement and humiliation when he must bow to others—feelings he can express only in rotelike speeches. It is the spectator, not Coriolanus, who feels the poignancy of this betrayal of others and himself. Like a "dull actor," as he says, he performs dully, and when out of his part, he is completely "out."

For Coriolanus has only one way of meeting the world—assertion of simple soldierly nobility. In this he has much in common with Othello, who also lives by absolutes, whose world collapses at any suggestion that he is *not* a soldier. But there is no terrible recognition by the hero, as there is in the final scenes of *Othello*, that simple soldiery and simple justice have not been enough, that they have indeed brought chaos again. Damnation, which Othello calls on himself, and which presupposes a sense of sin, is incomprehensible to this noble Roman. He is equally incapable of "noble" Antony's "I am so lated in the world that I/Have lost my way for ever."

One last comparison with Achilles is to the point. In comparison with Shakespeare's "men," these two are great boys. Both are strangely allied with their mothers, both produce "confusion" by their overdeveloped sense of self and their disregard of the claims of society. The difference in the result depends on the difference noted earlier: Shakespeare sets his hero in a much more complex social world. The noble voice that calls to battle may no longer sound noble in the Capitol. Though it calls for order, it becomes indistinguishable from the voice of tyrant and traitor. The man who fears innovation, who has no gift for making compromises and dealing "mildly," may prove the most violent of innovators, worse than a mere mob. Shakespeare's picture of the people is not flattering, but not unintelligent: one cannot build an orderly society by following the whims of the many-headed monster. But fixity of principle in a prince can be as dangerous to the state as the fickleness of a mob.

Shakespeare's state is necessarily not that of the Roman Republic, since both society and cosmos have been translated in Elizabethan-Jacobean terms. His subject—apart from the peculiar character of Coriolanus—is implicit in the "degree" speech of *Troilus and Cressida* (I.iii.75 ff.). It should be remembered that Ulysses' speech was occasioned by Achilles' revolt and that Ulysses later tried to show Achilles the evils resulting from his loss of heroic nobility. Shakespeare returns in *Coriolanus* to the subject implied in these scenes of *Troilus and Cressida*, but with a new Achilles and a new certainty of aim, and with a resultant concentration lacking in the earlier play. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Achilles was an ambiguous creature, a lover and a gangster, and the drama of disunity in the state was crossed by a drama of disunity in love. The end, appropriately, is sound and fury, signifying nothing. But in *Coriolanus* Shakespeare limits the social subject more

severely, and though his picture of the social order is highly particularized, it does not lose a large clarity. As in *Antony and Cleopatra*, the "wide arch/Of the ranged" Roman state is never lost from view.

Against that ordered complexity the simple extremism of Coriolanus stands out in all its nobility and absurdity. The noble simplicity of the hero, the certainty with which issues are expressed and arguments are presented by Coriolanus and by his enemies, and the high decorum of the rather chill oratorical style take us in the direction of French classical drama. This is, after *Julius Caesar*, Shakespeare's most *Latin* play.

It was "all in Plutarch," we may be tempted to say. But when we read Plutarch we discover what Shakespeare was capable of learning—how wonderfully he selected and how skillfully he concentrated on his themes, embodying them in particular dramatic expressions. We can almost feel Shakespeare's excitement as he read; his recognition that here was a subject he had wanted to handle as early as when he was writing *Julius Caesar* and *Troilus and Cressida*. What a discovery—after reading late medieval versions of the ancient heroic in which the hero is reduced to a chivalric lover or worse, to find that the hero is a man who has never ceased loving his mother, a man for whom marriage is second to war, whose true love is his own heroic image. Hints of these and other traits of Shakespeare's hero—his nobility and heroic virtue, his obstinate pride and lack of self-control—can be found in the "Life of Coriolanus." Other basic features of Shakespeare's drama—the picture of the Roman state and society, the debate over the claims of nature, great and small—can also be traced to Plutarch's text. But though many separate elements of Shakespeare's grand design are Plutarchan, it is Shakespeare who has "put them together," and the "putting together" is a dramatic and poetic feat. The imagery of Volumnia's appeal, for example, is resonant with the sense of the state and society that Shakespeare had presented early in the play. In reporting Coriolanus' death, Plutarch merely says the conspirators "all fell upon him, and killed him in the marketplace, none of the people once offering to rescue him." There is no speech from Aufidius, and, more notable, none from Coriolanus, nothing to correspond to "Alone I did it. 'Boy'?" Those few words show that Shakespeare had combined perfectly an intense and rich understanding of the hero-boy, mother's son, and noble Roman with his sharply outlined picture of the social and political world, in a total vision that makes the cry so large in reference, so poignantly absurd, so tragic in a curiously ironic sense.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

The main source used by Shakespeare in writing *Coriolanus* is the "Life of Coriolanus" in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans* (first published in 1579). Comparison of the play with the "Life" will remind us that both "source" and "use" are misleading terms for describing what happens when a writer of the first rank makes a new work out of an old one. In writing *Coriolanus*, Shakespeare was not merely borrowing discrete items from Plutarch; he was

engaged in a total imaginative act, seeking to satisfy his inner measure of what was right for his own sensibility, for his sense of the hero's character, and for his complex "feel" of the dramatic world that was coming into being as he wrote. Our certainty that the play is one of Shakespeare's "most assured artistic successes," as T. S. Eliot has said, is strengthened when we discover what he accepted and what he rejected, and particularly when we see how he adapted his borrowings to his vision of Coriolanus and the tragedy as a whole.

Shakespeare's vision—though for all time—was not timeless in origin, but shaped in part by the social and literary culture in which he lived and by the audience for which he produced his plays. We have seen in the Introduction (pp. 1313–15) how the Greco-Roman heroic ideal in its Renaissance form had an effect on *Coriolanus* and on its meaning for contemporary and succeeding audiences. Shakespeare's treatment of civil disorders in Republican Rome was almost certainly affected also by popular protests and uprisings in England during the early 1600's, disturbances brought on by the enclosure of farm lands and by the lack of grain and the consequent "dearth." That Shakespeare takes the famine as the principal cause for the plebeians' complaints, rather than as in Plutarch "the sore oppression of usurers," is almost certainly traceable to the unrest in England, and, more especially, to the Midlands revolt of 1607. The extensive emphasis in the play—as compared with the "Life"—on the body-state metaphor is probably to be explained in part by the contemporary concern with the dangers of insurrection. Shakespeare also elaborated on Plutarch's brief tale of the body and its members by drawing on Sidney's *Apology for Poetry*, Livy's *Roman History*, both in the original and in the translation of Philemon Holland (1600), and William Camden's *Remains of a Greater Work Concerning Britain* (1605).

The main events of Shakespeare's play, including the important scenes of Coriolanus' attack on the tribuneship (III.i), his banishment and his joining Aufidius (IV.i, v), and the climactic scene with his mother (V.iii), are all based on Plutarch. The principal features that Shakespeare stresses in his portrayal of Coriolanus have their origin, at least in an elementary form, in the pages of the "Life." But Shakespeare has given even greater importance than Plutarch to Coriolanus' pride and uncontrollable temper and especially to the close emotional bond to his mother. Some critics have seen in the prominent role of Menenius, of which there is only the slightest hint in Plutarch, Shakespeare's intention of minimizing the social isolation that Plutarch ascribes to his hero, his unfitness for association with other men. But Menenius spends much of his time warning Coriolanus of these deficiencies, and of the likely consequences of his heroically simple and inept behavior. It should also be noted that in spite of his temperamental aloneness, Plutarch's hero, like Shakespeare's, has strong political supporters among the patricians. Where Shakespeare departs, and significantly, is in eliminating all references to political maneuvering by Coriolanus, of which there are fairly many instances in the "Life." Other critics have noted that Plutarch attributes a reputation for eloquence to Coriolanus, whereas Shakespeare seems to stress his lack of ability as a speaker and debater. But the point surely is that Shakespeare, as Menenius explains,

endows Coriolanus with the eloquence of a soldier—violent and powerful, though often tactless, utterance. He has but one style, and hence his calls for the defense of the state sound strangely like his calls to battle. (Compare III.i.149–57 and I.vi.67–75.)

A survey of the principal scenes that are wholly or largely invented by Shakespeare will give some idea of how thoroughly he adapted Plutarch's moral history to fit his peculiar dramatic subject of the Achillean hero exposed to the complexities and necessary compromises of the Roman-Jacobean political world. First, there are all the episodes in which Menenius figures prominently, with the exception of that part of the first scene in which he tells his fable. The occasion for this moral lesson, the retreat to the Sacred Mount, is passed over by Shakespeare, though Plutarch's narrative of it contains his sole mention of Menenius. (In Livy's *History*, Menenius dies soon after this event takes place.) All the other scenes in which Menenius does so much to defend Coriolanus against his enemies, or to enhance his noble exploits, or to temper his wrath, are entirely of Shakespeare's making. In II.i, there is the bitterly comic telling-off of the tribunes, followed by the joyous welcome of the returning hero; in II.iii, the dialogue with Coriolanus and with the tribunes during the election scene; and the further exchanges with the tribunes in III.i, after Coriolanus has been accused of being a traitor. Although in some of these earlier scenes Shakespeare is using Menenius to voice arguments advanced by the more politic patricians of the "Life," he had little basis in Plutarch for the prominent part taken by Menenius in a number of the scenes that follow Coriolanus' banishment. As often in this play, Shakespeare telescopes two or three Plutarchan scenes into one, centering the action on one of his more important characters. The scene in which Menenius begs Coriolanus to spare Rome is—like Cominius' report of his own attempt—a substitution for one of several embassies from Rome described in Plutarch's narrative.

Shakespeare has invented all the scenes in which Volumnia figures, with the exception of the women's embassy of V.iii. The scene that introduces Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria (I.iii), in which Volumnia shows that she had indeed made Coriolanus after her own image of "valiantness," grows from a single remark in the "Life" about the "joy his mother did take of him." The later scene in which she and Menenius urge Coriolanus to act "mildly" in answering the tribunes (III.ii) is a brilliant piece of dramatic foreshadowing, preparing for the final submission of son to mother in Act V. (One characteristic of the play is the number of scenes that have close parallels, in which Coriolanus goes through the same routines but under changed circumstances, which he alone seems not to notice. Hence the odd *déjà vu*, almost nightmarish quality of much of the action in the latter part of the play.) Shakespeare also introduces a number of other scenes or episodes in which Volumnia has an important part, such as her rejoicing over her son's return from war (II.i), her farewell at the gate and her railing afterward (IV.i, ii), and her triumphant return from the final embassy (V.v). The speeches and scenes in which Shakespeare builds up the ambiguous hate-love relationship between Aufidius and Coriolanus in anticipation of their meeting in IV.v grow from a single reference to their rivalry in the "Life."

No listing of inventions, or of parallels between *Coriolanus* and Plutarch's narrative, can give a true impression of how wonderfully Shakespeare has transformed the Plutarchan original, even when seeming to follow it closely. The most obvious example, Volumnia's great appeal (V.iii), offers the most telling proof of the art with which Shakespeare adapted North's language to suit the immediate context while keeping in view the larger dramatic and poetic design of the play. A few instances may suggest what can be learned by comparing the scene with the original in North's translation. Where Plutarch's Coriolanus is "overcome with natural affection" even before his mother speaks, Shakespeare's hero is caught in a violently shifting debate between the claims of nature, great and small, a conflict expressed in direct speech wholly invented by Shakespeare (lines 22-37). As we have seen in the Introduction (p. 1316), the debate is not limited to this speech but runs deeply through the play. In the play, in which the bond with the mother is so central to the hero's character, the son is the first to kneel, and in the wholly new passages between Coriolanus and his son, we are reminded of the parallel to Hector (in a domestic and "natural" moment Coriolanus becomes less Achillean); we are reminded too of the early scene in which the boy-killer of butterflies is Coriolanus in miniature. The image he invokes of "a great sea-mark" is rooted in the imagery of natural forces and "things" so characteristic of Shakespeare's awesome and nonhuman hero. An example of where the verbal parallels are closest will indicate the remarkable depth and consistency of Shakespeare's dramatic and poetic art:

VOLUMNIA thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb
That brought thee to this world. (V.iii.122-25)

thou shalt see, my son, and trust unto it, thou shalt no
sooner march forward to assault thy country, but thy
foot shall tread upon thy mother's womb that brought
thee first into this world.

(Plutarch, "Life of Coriolanus")

Shakespeare has closely imitated in his verse the climactic form of North's sentence, with its skillful suspension through well-placed pauses and the repeated "thou shalt"; but by building the whole speech to end at this point, he has exploited the emotional climax much more fully than North, who has Volumnia go straight on with "And I may not defer to see the day . . ." More important, Shakespeare anticipates the image earlier in the speech in a way to make inescapable the identification of the mother's physical self with "mother Rome." North has Volumnia say earlier, "making myself to see my son, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his native country." Shakespeare brings his triple allegiance home and focuses it in a metaphor of such violence that even Coriolanus must feel the unnaturalness of his behavior and recognize in advance the implication of the final image:

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. (V.iii.101-03)

The identity of "mothers," human and national, is quietly underlined a moment later in Volumnia's passing reference to "The country, our dear nurse." Compare with this North's relatively aloof and cold "the nurse of their native country." But the full impact of the appeal would be lost if we did not feel behind these physical mother-and-country images the recurring metaphors of the body politic and the large dramatic and philosophic premise they express. The personal and the patriotic appeals, which Shakespeare found in Plutarch, have been fused with a local intensity of feeling and with a far-reaching reference to Shakespeare's view, both of his individual characters and of the society in which they act. Dryden once spoke of Shakespeare as having "all the images of Nature . . . present to him" as he wrote. In comparing Volumnia's speech with its "source," we see Shakespeare writing *Coriolanus* with one eye on North, to be sure, but with all the images of the play and all their dramatic values present to his plastic imagination.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The text of *Coriolanus* has survived only in the First Folio (1623), on which the present edition is based. There are no records of performances earlier than 1623, but there is a mocking imitation of the curious phrase, "lurched all swords of the garland" (II.ii.101), in Ben Jonson's *Epicoene, or The Silent Woman* (1609). It is therefore almost certain that the play was written and performed not later than 1609. The use in Menenius' fable of the body and its members and of expressions from William Camden's *Remains* of 1605, and the probable allusion to the Midlands revolt of 1607, point to a date of 1607 or later. (See A Note on the Source.) There is also the possible reference to the Great Frost of 1607-08 in the phrase "the coal of fire upon the ice" (I.i.174). It seems safe to assume that *Coriolanus* was written after *Antony and Cleopatra*, somewhere between 1607 and 1609.

The Folio text of *Coriolanus* might be described, like that of *The Tempest*, as a distinguished one; it was prepared with great care and is especially remarkable for its elaborate stage directions. W. W. Greg's assertion that the text was printed from the author's manuscript is now widely accepted. The stage directions, presumably Shakespeare's own, are those of a man of the theater who has his eye on the stage and the actors. For example: "*Enter Marcius and Aufidius, at several doors*" (I.viii); "*They all bustle about Coriolanus*" (III.i.184); and the most telling gesture of the play, "*Holds her by the hand, silent*" (V.iii.182).

But though the text brings us so close to the practicing hand of the poet-playwright, it was edited and printed by mortal men. It has a fairly high number of errors, and emendations have been found necessary in at least twenty to twenty-five places. One line has been omitted (II.iii.245), and in two passages the style is so cryptic as to seem almost surely corrupt (III.ii.74-80; V.i.67-69). The most disturbing defect of the Folio text of *Coriolanus* is the widespread mislineation. There are many lines that are either too short or too long, as measured by the usual blank-verse norm, and it is often very hard to determine where the line division should occur. Most of these abnormalities,

it has been pointed out, come in short speeches, or at the end or beginning of speeches in rapid dialogue. There are a relatively few instances in which speeches are assigned to seemingly inappropriate speakers. There are also variations in the names of speakers, most of them of little significance, and usually in names of minor persons. The town that gives the hero his honorific title is usually called "Corioles," though "Coriolus" and "Corialus" also occur. There is considerable uncertainty as to how both "Corioles" and "Coriolanus" are to be accented. The common reader, like the learned editor, is free to follow his rhythmic sense in particular lines: "Coríoles" or "Corióles"? "Coriolánus" (the usual pronunciation) or "Coríolanus"?

The present edition follows the Folio text closely, but spelling and punctuation are modernized, abbreviations are amplified, names of speakers are regularized, and some stage directions are moved slightly. The act divisions (translated from Latin) are those of the Folio; no scenes, except the first, are indicated in the Folio text. All other scene divisions printed here (in brackets) are those of the Globe edition. The list of readings given below includes only those words in the Folio that have been omitted or emended. The reading adopted in this edition is printed in boldface type, followed by the original reading in roman.

I.i.7 **Marcus** Martius (throughout the play) **16 on** one **28 First Citizen** All **35 Second Citizen** All **57 First Citizen** 2 Cit. (throughout the rest of Scene i) **93 stale't** scale't **112 tauntingly** taintingly **216 Shouting** Shooting **220 unroofed** vnroo't **228 s.d. Junius** Annus **241 Lartius** Lucius
I.ii.s.d. Corioles Coriolus **4 on** one **30 They've** Th'haue
I.iii.36 that's that **43 sword, contemning.** Tell sword. Con-tenning, tell **82 Virgilia** Vlug, **84 yarn** yearne **85 Ithaca** Athica **98 whom** who
I.iv.s.d., 12 s.d. Corioles Corialus **31 herd of—boils** Heard of Byles **42 trenches. Follow's** Trenches followes **45 s.d. Enters the gates** Enter the Gati **56 Were** Weare **57 Cato's** Calues
I.vi.21 Who's Whose **22 flayed** Flead **53 Antiates** Antients **70 Lesser** Lessen
I.viii.7 Holloa hollow

I.ix.46 coverture Ouerture **50 shout** shoot **65 Caius** **Marcus** Caius (in this order throughout)
I.x.30 cypress Cyprus
II.i.24 how are ho ware **58 cannot** can **63 you you you** **65 bisson** beesome **170 Coriolanus** Martius Caius Coriolanus **182 wear** were **184 Coriolanus** Com. **190 You** yon **207 s.d. Brutus** Enter Brutus **216 flamens** Plamins **237 napless** Naples **258 touch** teach
II.ii.25 ascent assent **50 state's** states **81 one on's** on ones **91 chin** Shinne **92 bristled** brizled
II.iii.28 wedged wadg'd **43 all together** altogether **69 Ay, not I, but** **116 hire** higher **117 toge** tongue **245 And Censorinus that was so surnamed** [F omits; this line, invented by N. Delius in his edition of 1872, is indebted to Plutarch **256 Citizens** All
III.i.33 herd Heard **48 Coriolanus** Com. **91 good** God! **92 reckless** wreaklesse **126 Their** There **143 Where one** Where-on **185 All** [F has no speech prefix here, but gives "All" before line 187] **214 All** [Citizens] All Ple. **228 him!** him. Exeunt. **229 your** our **230 Coriolanus** Com. **236 Cominius** Corio. **237 Coriolanus** Mene. [speech assigned to Menenius through line 241] **239 Menenius** [see preceding note] **287 our** one **323 bring him** bring him in peace
III.ii.21 thwartings things **32 herd** heart **55 roted** roasted **115 lulls** lull
III.iii.32 for th' fourth **36 Throng** Through **55 accents** Actions **89 flaying** Fleaing **99 do** doth **110 for** from **136 s.d. The other Senators** Cumalijs
IV.i.24 thee the **34 Whither wilt** Whether will
IV.iii.33 will well
IV.iv.23 hate haue
IV.v.3 master M. **82 Whooped** Hoop'd **98 Thou'rt** Th'art **113 clip** cleep **183 lief** liue **236 sleepy** sleepe
IV.vi.4 do do we **34 lamentation** Lamention **90 wi' th'** with **138 one** oue
IV.vii.34 osprey Aspray **37 'twas** 'was **39 defect** detect **49 virtues** Vertue **55 founder** fouler
V.i.16 wracked fair wrack'd for
V.ii.s.d. on or **16 haply** happely **60 errand** arrant **63 but by my** but my **100 swoon** swoond
V.iii.48 prate pray **63 holp** hope **104 enmity's** enmities **141 war's** Warres **149 fine** fiue **152 charge** change **169 him with** him with him with **192 stead** steed
V.iv.49 s.d. all together altogether
V.v.4 Unshout Vnshoot
V.vi.114 Fluttered Flatter'd **129 s.d. the Conspirators** both the Conspirators



THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

[Dramatis Personae]

CAIUS MARCIUS *afterwards Caius Marcius
Coriolanus*
TITUS LARTIUS } *generals against the Volscians*
COMINIUS }
MENENIUS AGRIPPA *friend to Coriolanus*
SICINIUS VELUTUS } *tribunes of the people*
JUNIUS BRUTUS }
YOUNG MARCIUS *son to Coriolanus*
A ROMAN HERALD
A ROMAN *named Nicanor*
TULLUS AUFIDIUS *general of the Volscians*
LIEUTENANT *to Aufidius*
CONSPIRATORS *with Aufidius*

A VOLSCIAN *named Adrian*
A CITIZEN *of Antium*
TWO VOLSCIAN GUARDS
VOLUMNIA *mother to Coriolanus*
VIRGILIA *wife to Coriolanus*
VALERIA *friend to Virgilia*
GENTLEWOMAN *attending on Virgilia*
USHER *attending on Valeria*
ROMAN AND VOLSCIAN SENATORS
PATRICIANS AEDILES LICTORS
SOLDIERS CITIZENS MESSENGERS
SERVANTS *to Aufidius* OTHER
ATTENDANTS

Scene: Rome and the neighborhood; Corioli and the neighborhood; Antium]

A C T I

Scene I. [Rome. A street.]

*Enter a company of mutinous CITIZENS with staves, clubs,
and other weapons.*

FIRST CITIZEN Before we proceed any further, hear
me speak.

ALL Speak, speak.

FIRST CITIZEN You are all resolved rather to die
than to famish? 5

ALL Resolved, resolved.

FIRST CITIZEN First you know, Caius Marcius is
chief enemy to the people.

ALL We know't, we know't.

FIRST CITIZEN Let us kill him, and we'll have corn° 10
at our own price. Is't a verdict?

ALL No more talking on't; let it be done. Away,
away!

SECOND CITIZEN One word, good citizens.

FIRST CITIZEN We are accounted poor citizens, the 15
patricians good.° What authority surfeits on would
relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity
while it were wholesome, we might guess° they
relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear;°
the leanness that afflicts us, the object° of our misery, is 20
as an inventory to particularize their abundance;° our
sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with
our pikes° ere we become rakes.° For the gods know
I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for
revenge. 25

SECOND CITIZEN Would you proceed especially
against Caius Marcius?

16good well-off 18guessthink 19dear expensive 20object
sight 21 inventory . . . abundance list in which to read
a detailed account of their wealth as compared with our poverty
23 pikes pitchforks; rakes cf. lean as a rake

*The decorative border shown above appeared on the first page of
Coriolanus in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.*
I.i.10 corn grain (wheat, barley, etc., not Indian corn)

FIRST CITIZEN Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.^o

SECOND CITIZEN Consider you what services he 30 has done for his country?

FIRST CITIZEN Very well, and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

SECOND CITIZEN Nay, but speak not maliciously. 35

FIRST CITIZEN I say unto you, what he hath done famously he did it to that end; though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud,^o which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.^o 40

SECOND CITIZEN What he cannot help in his nature you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

FIRST CITIZEN If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations. He hath faults (with surplus) to tire in 45 repetition. (*Shouts within.*) What shouts are these? The other side o' th' city is risen. Why stay we prating here? To th' Capitol!^o

ALL Come, come.

FIRST CITIZEN Soft,^o who comes here? 50

Enter MENENIUS Agrippa.

SECOND CITIZEN Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath always loved the people.

FIRST CITIZEN He's one honest enough; would all the rest were so!

MENENIUS

What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you 55

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

FIRST CITIZEN Our business is not unknown to th' Senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall 60 know we have strong arms too.

MENENIUS

Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbors,

Will you undo yourselves?

FIRST CITIZEN We cannot, sir; we are undone already. 65

MENENIUS

I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth,^o you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them Against the Roman state, whose course will on 70 The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs^o Of more strong link asunder than can ever Appear in your impediment.^o For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it, and Your knees to them (not arms) must help. Alack, 75 You are transported^o by calamity

Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms^o o' th' state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

FIRST CITIZEN Care for us! True, indeed! They 80 ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. 85 If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

MENENIUS

Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you 90 A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it; But since it serves my purpose, I will venture To stale't^o a little more.

FIRST CITIZEN Well, I'll hear it, sir. Yet you must not think to fob off^o our disgrace^o with a tale. But, 95 and't^o please you, deliver.

MENENIUS

There was a time when all the body's members Rebelled against the belly; thus accused it: That only like a gulf^o it did remain I' th' midst o' th' body, idle and unactive, 100 Still cupboarding the viand,^o never bearing Like labor with the rest; where th' other instruments^o Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, And, mutually participate,^o did minister Unto the appetite and affection^o common 105 Of the whole body. The belly answered—

FIRST CITIZEN Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

MENENIUS

Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile, Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus— 110 For, look you, I may make the belly smile As well as speak—it tauntingly replied To th' discontented members, the mutinous parts That envied his receipt;^o even so most fitly As you malign our senators for that 115 They are not such as you.

FIRST CITIZEN Your belly's answer—What? The kingly crownèd head, the vigilant eye, The counselor heart, the arm our soldier, Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter, With other muniments^o and petty helps 120 In this our fabric, if that they—

MENENIUS

What then? 'Fore me,^o this fellow speaks! What then? What then?

FIRST CITIZEN

Should by the cormorant belly be restrained, Who is the sink^o o' th' body—

MENENIUS

Well, what then?

29 **commonalty** common people 39 **to be partly proud** in part from pride 40 **virtue** valor (Latin sense) 48 **Capitol** Capitoline Hill, on which the Temple of Jupiter stood (here and often, for the Senate House nearby) 50 **Soft** stop (an interjection) 68 **dearth** famine 71 **curbs** restraints 73 **in your impediment** in any hindrance you make 76 **transported** carried out of your minds

78 **helms** helmsmen 93 **stale't** make it stale 95 **fob off** set aside with a trick; **disgrace** misfortune 96 **and't** if it 99 **gulf** whirlpool 101 **viand** food 102 **instruments** organs 104 **mutually participate** taking part in common 105 **affection** inclination 114 **his receipt** what he received 120 **muniments** furnishings (fortifications) 122 **'Fore me** by my soul 124 **sink** sewer

FIRST CITIZEN

The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

MENENIUS

I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience awhile, you'st° hear the belly's answer.

FIRST CITIZEN

Y' are° long about it.

MENENIUS

Note me this, good friend

Your most grave belly° was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered:
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the storehouse and the shop°
Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to th' seat o' th' brain;
And, through the cranks° and offices° of man,
The strongest nerves° and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency°
Whereby they live; and though that all at once"—
You, my good friends, this says the belly, mark me—

FIRST CITIZEN

Ay, sir; well, well.

MENENIUS

"Though all at once cannot

See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran." What say you to't?

FIRST CITIZEN

It was an answer. How apply you this?

MENENIUS

The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members. For examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest° things rightly
Touching the weal o' th' common,° you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?

FIRST CITIZEN

I the great toe! Why the great toe?

MENENIUS

For that, being one o' th' lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost.
Thou rascal,° that are worst in blood° to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.°
But make you ready your stiff° bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.°

Enter Caius MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius!

MARCIUS

125 Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious rogues
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?°

FIRST CITIZEN

We have ever your good word.

MARCIUS

He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs, 170
That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese. You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice, 175
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offense subdues him°
And curse that justice did it.° Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections° are 180
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favors swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate, 185
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble Senate, who
(Under the gods) keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What's their seeking? 190

MENENIUS

For corn at their own rates, whereof they say
The city is well stored.

MARCIUS

Hang 'em! They say!

They'll sit by th' fire, and presume to know
What's done i' th' Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives and who declines; side factions° and give 195
out
Conjectural marriages, making parties strong,
And feebling° such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain
enough!
155 Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,°
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry° 200
With thousands of these quartered slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

MENENIUS

160 Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For thou abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing° cowardly. But, I beseech you, 205
What says the other troop?

MARCIUS

They are dissolved. Hang 'em!

They said they were an-hungry;° sighed forth prov-
erbs°—

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent
not

128 you'st you'll (for "you shalt") 129 Y' are you're 130 Your . . . belly this most grave belly we speak of 135 shop factory 139 cranks winding paths; offices parts of a house where household work is done, e.g., kitchen 140 nerves tendons 141 natural competency supply adequate to their nature 152 digest digest 153 weal . . . common welfare of the people 161 rascal a lean deer, or a hound; blood condition 162 vantage advantage 163 stiff stout 165 bale harm

168 Make yourselves scabs make scabs for yourselves (also, "make yourselves into loathsome fellows") 177 subdues him lays him low 178 that . . . it the justice that punished him 179 affections desires 195 side factions take sides (form parties) 197 feebling weakening (bringing down) 199 ruth compassion 200 quarry heap of dead (usually of game animals) 205 passing exceedingly 207 an-hungry hungry; sighed forth proverbs implying that they talk like rustics

Corn for the rich men only. With these shreds
 They vented their complainings, which being answered,
 And a petition granted them, a strange one,
 To break the heart of generosity°
 And make bold power look pale, they threw their caps
 As they would hang them on the horns o' th' moon, 215
 Shouting their emulation.°

MENENIUS What is granted them?

MARCIUS
 Five tribunes to defend their vulgar° wisdoms,
 Of their own choice. One's Junius Brutus—
 Sicinius Velutus, and—I know not. 'Sdeath!
 The rabble should have first unroofed the city,
 Ere so prevailed with me; it will in time
 Win upon power° and throw forth greater themes
 For insurrection's arguing.°

MENENIUS This is strange.

MARCIUS
 Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a MESSENGER, hastily.

MESSENGER
 Where's Caius Marcius?

MARCIUS Here: what's the matter? 225

MESSENGER
 The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

MARCIUS
 I am glad on't: then we shall ha' means to vent°
 Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

*Enter SICINIUS Velutus, Junius BRUTUS, COMINIUS,
 TITUS Lartius, with other SENATORS.*

FIRST SENATOR
 Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us;
 The Volsces are in arms.

MARCIUS They have a leader, 230
 Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.°
 I sin in envying his nobility;
 And were I anything but what I am,
 I would wish me only he.

COMINIUS You have fought together.

MARCIUS
 Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he 235
 Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
 Only my wars with him. He is a lion
 That I am proud to hunt.

FIRST SENATOR Then, worthy Marcius,
 Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

COMINIUS
 It is your former promise.

MARCIUS Sir, it is, 240
 And I am constant.° Titus Lartius, thou
 Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
 What, art thou stiff?° Stand'st out?°

TITUS No, Caius Marcius;

I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t' other
 Ere stay behind this business.

MENENIUS O, true-bred! 245

FIRST SENATOR
 Your company to th' Capitol; where I know
 Our greatest friends attend us.

TITUS [To COMINIUS.] Lead you on.

[To MARCIUS.]

Follow Cominius; we must follow you;
 Right worthy you priority.°

COMINIUS Noble Marcius!

FIRST SENATOR [To the CITIZENS.]

Hence to your homes; begone! 250

MARCIUS Nay, let them follow. 250

The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
 To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutineers,
 Your valor puts well forth.° Pray, follow. *Exeunt.*

CITIZENS *steal away. Manet*° SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

SICINIUS
 Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

BRUTUS
 He has no equal. 255

SICINIUS
 When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

BRUTUS
 Marked you his lip and eyes?

SICINIUS Nay, but his taunts.

BRUTUS
 Being moved, he will not spare to gird° the gods.

SICINIUS
 Bemock the modest moon.

BRUTUS
 The present wars devour him; he is grown 260
 Too proud to be so valiant.°

SICINIUS Such a nature,
 Tickled with good success,° disdains the shadow
 Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder
 His insolence can brook to be commanded
 Under Cominius.

BRUTUS Fame, at the which he aims, 265

In whom already he's well graced, cannot
 Better be held, nor more attained, than by
 A place below the first. For what miscarries
 Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
 To th' utmost of a man; and giddy censure 270
 Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he
 Had borne the business!"

SICINIUS Besides, if things go well,
 Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
 Of his demerits° rob Cominius.

BRUTUS Come: 275
 Half all Cominius' honors are to Marcius,
 Though Marcius earned them not; and all his faults
 To Marcius shall be honors, though indeed
 In aught he merit not.

SICINIUS Let's hence, and hear

249 Right . . . priority you well deserve first place 253 puts
 well forth gives fair promise (literally, buds) 253 s.d. Manet
 remains (Latin; although the subject is plural, this form, the
 third person singular, commonly appears in Elizabethan stage
 directions) 258 gird taunt 260–61 grown . . . valiant i.e.,
 such pride is not permissible in one so warlike (because danger-
 ous) 262 success outcome 274 demerits deserts

213 break . . . generosity give the deathblow to the nobility
 216 Shouting their emulation expressing envious joy 217
 vulgar common, plebeian 222 Win upon power get the
 better of authority 223 For insurrection's arguing for rebels
 to debate in action (abstract for concrete, as often in *Coriolanus*)
 227 vent get rid of 231 put you to't test you severely
 241 constant faithful 243 stiff obstinate, set (on not fighting);
 Stand'st out You're staying out of it?

How the dispatch^o is made; and in what fashion,
 More than his singularity,^o he goes
 Upon this present action.
 BRUTUS Let's along. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. Corioli. The Senate House.]

Enter Tullus AUFIDIUS, with SENATORS of Corioles.

FIRST SENATOR

So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
 That they of Rome are ent' red in^o our counsels,
 And know how we proceed.

AUFIDIUS

Is it not yours?

What^o ever have been thought on in this state
 That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
 Had circumvention?^o 'Tis not four days gone
 Since I heard thence—these are the words—I think
 I have the letter here. Yes, here it is:

"They have pressed a power,^o but it is not known
 Whether for east or west. The dearth is great;
 The people mutinous; and it is rumored,
 Cominius, Marcius your old enemy
 (Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),
 And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
 These three lead on this preparation^o
 Whither 'tis bent—most likely 'tis for you.
 Consider of it."

FIRST SENATOR Our army's in the field.

We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
 To answer us.

AUFIDIUS

Nor did you think it folly

To keep your great pretenses^o veiled till when
 They needs must show themselves; which in the
 hatching,

It seemed, appeared to Rome. By the discovery
 We shall be short'ned in our aim, which was
 To take in^o many towns ere almost Rome
 Should know we were afoot.

SECOND SENATOR

Noble Aufidius,

Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
 Let us alone to guard Corioles.

If they set down before's,^o for the remove^o
 Bring up your army; but I think you'll find
 They've not prepared for us.

AUFIDIUS

O, doubt not that;

I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
 Some parcels^o of their power are forth already,
 And only hitherward.^o I leave your honors.
 If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
 'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike
 Till one can do no more.

ALL

The gods assist you!

AUFIDIUS

280 And keep your honors safe!

FIRST SENATOR

Farewell.

SECOND SENATOR

Farewell.

ALL Farewell.

Exeunt omnes.^o

[Scene III. Rome. A room in Marcius' house.]

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA, mother and wife to Marcius. They set them down on two low stools, and sew.

VOLUMNIA I pray you, daughter, sing, or express
 yourself in a more comfortable^o sort. If my son were
 my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence
 wherein he won honor than in the embracements of
 his bed where he would show most love. When yet 5
 he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my
 womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze^o
 his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother
 should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,
 considering how honor would become such a person^o— 10
 that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th'
 wall, if renown made it not stir—was pleased to let
 him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a
 cruel war I sent him, from whence he returned, his
 brows bound with oak.^o I tell thee, daughter, I sprang 15
 not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child
 than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

VIRGILIA But had he died in the business, madam,
 how then?

VOLUMNIA Then his good report should have been 20
 my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me
 profess^o sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love
 alike, and none less dear than thine and my good
 Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their
 country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action. 25

Enter a GENTLEWOMAN.

GENTLEWOMAN

Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

VIRGILIA

Beseech^o you give me leave to retire myself.

VOLUMNIA

Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;

See him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair— 30

As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him.

Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:

"Come on, you cowards, you were got^o in fear,
 Though you were born in Rome." His bloody brow
 With his mailed hand then wiping, forth he goes, 35
 Like to a harvest-man that's tasked to mow
 Or^o all or lose his hire.

VIRGILIA

His bloody brow? O Jupiter, no blood!

VOLUMNIA

Away, you fool! It more becomes a man

38 s.d. omnes all (Latin)

I.iii.2 comfortable cheerful 7 plucked all gaze drew the
 eyes of all 10 person handsome figure 15 oak "garland"
 of honor for saving a fellow Roman in battle 22 profess
 declare 27 Beseech I beg 33 got begotten 37 Or either

279 dispatch execution of the business 280 More . . .
 singularity apart from his usual peculiarity of manner
 I.ii.2 ent' red in initiated into (familiar with) 4 What plural,
 i.e., "counsels," line 2 6 circumvention means to circum-
 vent 9 pressed a power collected troops 15 preparation
 force that has been prepared 20 great pretenses main inten-
 tions (cf. *grand design*) 24 take in capture 28 set down
 before's lay siege to us; remove raising of the siege 32
 parcels portions 33 hitherward i.e., to attack Rome

Than gilt his trophy.° The breasts of Hecuba,°
When she did suckle Hector, looked not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword, contemning.° Tell Valeria
We are fit° to bid her welcome.

Exit GENTLEWOMAN.

VIRGILIA

Heavens bless° my lord from fell° Aufidius! 40

VOLUMNIA

He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

*Enter VALERIA, with an USHER° and a
GENTLEWOMAN.*

VALERIA My ladies both, good day to you.

VOLUMNIA Sweet madam!

VIRGILIA I am glad to see your ladyship. 50

VALERIA How do you both? You are manifest
housekeepers.° What are you sewing here? A fine
spot,° in good faith. How does your little son?

VIRGILIA I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

VOLUMNIA He had rather see the swords and hear a 55
drum than look upon his schoolmaster.

VALERIA O' my word, the father's son! I'll swear 'tis
a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him
o' Wednesday half an hour together; has such a
confirmed° countenance! I saw him run after a gilded 60
butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again;
and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up
again; caught it again; or whether his fall enraged
him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it.
O, I warrant, how he mammocked° it! 65

VOLUMNIA One on's° father's moods.

VALERIA Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

VIRGILIA A crack,° madam.

VALERIA Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have
you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon. 70

VIRGILIA No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

VALERIA Not out of doors!

VOLUMNIA She shall, she shall.

VIRGILIA Indeed, no, by your patience;° I'll not over
the threshold till my lord return from the wars. 75

VALERIA Fie, you confine yourself most unreason-
ably; come, you must go visit the good lady that
lies in.

VIRGILIA I will wish her speedy strength, and visit
her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither. 80

VOLUMNIA Why I pray you?

VIRGILIA 'Tis not to save labor, nor that I want° love.

VALERIA You would be another Penelope;° yet, they
say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but
fill Ithaca° full of moths. Come; I would your cambric 85
were sensible° as your finger, that you might leave
pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

VIRGILIA No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I
will not forth.

VALERIA In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell you ex- 90
cellent news of your husband.

VIRGILIA O, good madam, there can be none yet.

VALERIA Verily, I do not jest with you; there came
news from him last night.

VIRGILIA Indeed, madam? 95

VALERIA In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak
it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth; against
whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of
our Roman power. Your lord and Titus Lartius are
set down before their city Corioles; they nothing 100
doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is
true, on mine honor; and so, I pray, go with us.

VIRGILIA Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey
you in everything hereafter.

VOLUMNIA Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will 105
but disease our better mirth.°

VALERIA In troth, I think she would. Fare you well,
then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn
thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

VIRGILIA No, at a word,° madam; indeed, I must not. 110
I wish you much mirth.

VALERIA Well then, farewell. *Exeunt LADIES.*

[Scene IV. Before Corioli.]

*Enter MARCIUS, Titus LARTIUS, with drum and colors,
with CAPTAINS and SOLDIERS, as before the city
Corioles. To them a MESSENGER.*

MARCIUS

Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.

LARTIUS

My horse to yours, no.

MARCIUS

'Tis done.

LARTIUS

Agreed.

MARCIUS

Say, has our general met the enemy?

MESSENGER

They lie in view, but have not spoke° as yet.

LARTIUS

So, the good horse is mine.

MARCIUS

I'll buy him of you. 5

LARTIUS

No, I'll nor sell nor give him; lend you him I will
For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

MARCIUS

How far off lie these armies?

MESSENGER

Within this mile and half.

MARCIUS

Then shall we hear their 'larum,° and they ours.

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work, 10

That we with smoking° swords may march from
hence

To help our fielded° friends! Come, blow thy blast.

106 disease . . . mirth spoil our fun, which would be better
(without her) 110 at a word to put it briefly

I.iv.4 spoke engaged 9 'larum alarum, call to arms 11
smoking reeking (with blood) 12 fielded in the field of
battle

40 trophy monument; Hecuba Queen of Troy and mother
of Hector, who defended the city from the Greeks 43
contemning in scorn 44 fit ready 45 bless guard; fell
savage 47 s.d. Usher servant accompanying a lady 51-52
manifest housekeepers clearly stay-at-homes 53 spot
pattern in embroidery 60 confirmed determined 65
mammocked tore to pieces 66 on's of his 68 crack rascal
74 patience leave 82 want am lacking in 83 Penelope
Ulysses' faithful wife, who by using her weaving as an excuse,
postponed her answer to offers of marriage 85 Ithaca Ulysses'
home city 86 sensible sensitive

They sound a parley. Enter two SENATORS, with others, on the walls of Corioles.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

FIRST SENATOR

No, nor a man that fears you less than he;
That's lesser than a little. (*Drum afar off.*) Hark, our
drums

Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls
Rather than they shall pound us up.° Our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinned with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. (*Alarum far off.*) Hark you,
far off!

There is Aufidius. List what work he makes
Amongst your cloven° army.

MARCIUS

O, they are at it!

LARTIUS

Their noise be our instruction.° Ladders, ho!

Enter the ARMY of the Volsces.

MARCIUS

They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof° than shields. Advance, brave
Titus.

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my
fellows.

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum. The ROMANS are beat back to their trenches.
Enter MARCIUS, cursing.

MARCIUS

All the contagion of the south° light on you,
You shames of Rome! You herd of—boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorred
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile!° You souls of geese
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued° fear! Mend° and charge
home,°

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe
And make my wars on you. Look to't. Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches. Follow's!°

Another alarum; and MARCIUS follows them° to [the] gates and is shut in.°

So, now the gates are ope. Now prove good seconds!°

17 **pound us up** shut us in (cf. *dog pound*) 21 **cloven** divided
22 **be our instruction** be a lesson to us 25 **proof** tested (and
so impenetrable) 30 **south** south wind (pestilential) 34
Against . . . mile i.e., the infection carrying a mile in the face
of a contrary wind 38 **agued** i.e., shaking as if from an ague-
fit ("ague" = malarial fever); **Mend** do better (with pun on
the hygienic sense); **home** i.e., into the heart of the enemy's
forces 42 **Follow's** follow us, i.e., follow me (the Folio gives
"trenches followes"; the adopted reading makes sense out of
the Folio reading, but it is ugly and anticlimactic; perhaps
"followes" is a misplaced stage direction) 42 **s.d. them** the
Volsces; **is shut in** i.e., at the end of this speech Marcius
enters the gates and is shut in 43 **seconds** helpers

'Tis for the followers° Fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers. Mark me, and do the like.

Enters the gates.

FIRST SOLDIER

Foolhardiness; not I.

SECOND SOLDIER Nor I.

FIRST SOLDIER

See, they have shut him in. *Alarum continues.*

ALL

To th' pot,° I warrant him.

Enter Titus LARTIUS.

LARTIUS

What is become of Marcius?

ALL

Slain, sir, doubtless.

FIRST SOLDIER

Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapped to their gates. He is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

LARTIUS

O noble fellow!

Who sensibly° outdares his senseless sword,
And when it bows stand'st up! Thou art left, Marcius!
A carbuncle° entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's° wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but with thy grim looks and
The thunderlike percussion of thy sounds
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

FIRST SOLDIER

Look, sir.

LARTIUS

O, 'tis Marcius!

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.°

They fight, and all enter the city.

[Scene V. Within Corioli.]

Enter certain ROMANS, with spoils.

FIRST ROMAN This will I carry to Rome.

SECOND ROMAN And I this.

THIRD ROMAN A murrain on't!° I took this for silver.

Exeunt.

Alarum continues still afar off.

Enter MARCIUS and Titus LARTIUS, with a TRUMPET.°

MARCIUS

See here these movers° that do prize their hours
At a cracked drachma!° Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit,° doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. Down with them!
And hark, what noise the general makes! To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,

44 **followers** pursuers 47 **To th' pot** to destruction (cf. *gone to pot*) 53 **sensibly** though subject to feeling 55 **carbuncle**
a red precious stone 57 **Cato** the Censor, stern upholder
of old Roman virtues 62 **make remain alike** stay like
him ("remain," a noun, means "a stay")
I.v.3 **murrain on't** plague on it 3 **s.d. Trumpet** trumpeter
4 **movers** active fellows (ironical) 5 **drachma** Greek coin
6 **of a doit** worth a doit (coin of little value)

Piercing our Romans. Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good° the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

LARTIUS Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course° of fight.

MARCIUS Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warmed me. Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical°
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

LARTIUS Now the fair goddess, Fortune, 20
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!°

MARCIUS Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So farewell.

LARTIUS
Thou worthiest Marcius! [Exit MARCIUS.] 25
Go, sound thy trumpet in the marketplace;
Call thither all the officers o' th' town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away! Exeunt.

[Scene VI. Near the camp of Cominius.]

Enter COMINIUS, as it were in retire, with SOLDIERS.

COMINIUS
Breathe° you, my friends; well fought; we are come
off°
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands
Nor cowardly in retire.° Believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts° we have heard 5
The charges of our friends. The Roman gods,
Lead their successes° as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts° encoun-
t'ring,
May give you thankful sacrifice!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Thy news?

MESSENGER
The citizens of Corioles have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle.
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

COMINIUS Though thou speakest truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

MESSENGER
Above an hour, my lord.

COMINIUS
'Tis not a mile; briefly° we heard their drums.
How couldst thou in a mile confound° an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

MESSENGER Spies of the Volsces

Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir, 20
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

15 COMINIUS Who's yonder
That does appear as he were flayed? O gods!
He has the stamp° of Marcius, and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

MARCIUS Come I too late?

COMINIUS The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor° 25
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

MARCIUS Come I too late?

COMINIUS
Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

MARCIUS O, let me clip° ye 30
In arms as sound as when I wooed; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burned to bedward!°

COMINIUS Flower of warriors!
How is't with Titus Lartius?

MARCIUS
As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death and some to exile; 35
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning th' other;
Holding Corioles in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip° at will.

COMINIUS Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches? 40
Where is he? Call him hither.

MARCIUS Let him alone;
He did inform° the truth. But for our gentlemen,°
The common file°—a plague! tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunned the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

COMINIUS But how prevailed you? 45

MARCIUS
Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' th' field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

10 COMINIUS Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought and did
Retire to win our purpose. 50

MARCIUS
How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have placed their men of trust?

COMINIUS As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' th' vaward° are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

MARCIUS I do beseech you, 55
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we have shed together, by th' vows

12 make good make sure of 16 course bout 18 physical
beneficial 23 page attendant

I.vi.1 Breathe rest; are come off leave the field 3 retire
retreat 5 By . . . gusts at intervals, by gusts of wind
carrying (the sound) 7 successes outcomes 8 fronts first
lines (also, "faces") 16 briefly a short time ago 17 con-
found waste

23 stamp characteristic features (metaphor from coining)
25 tabor small drum 29 clip embrace 32 burned to bed-
ward burned low, announcing the time for bed 39 let him
slip unleash him 42 inform report; gentlemen ironical
43 common file the plebeian soldiers 53 vaward vanguard,
advance troops

We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present,^o but,
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,
We prove^o this very hour.

COMINIUS Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking. Take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

MARCIUS Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smeared; if any fear
Lesser his person^o than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,^o
And follow Marcius.

*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their
arms, and cast up their caps.*

O me alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all. The rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obeyed.^o Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

COMINIUS March on, my fellows: 85
Make good this ostentation,^o and you shall
Divide in all with us. *Exeunt.*

[Scene VII. The gates of Corioli.]

*Titus LARTIUS, having set a guard upon Corioles, going
with drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and Caius
MARCIUS, enters with a LIEUTENANT, other SOLDIERS,
and a SCOUT.*

LARTIUS
So, let the ports^o be guarded; keep your duties
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries^o to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding. If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

LIEUTENANT Fear not our care, sir. 5
LARTIUS
Hence, and shut your gates upon's.
Our guider, come; to th' Roman camp conduct us.
Exit, [with the rest].

60 **delay the present** put off the present occasion 62 **prove**
make trial of 69–70 **fear** . . . **person** fear less for his
body 74 **disposition** inclination 83 **cause** . . . **obeyed**
occasion shall demand 86 **ostentation** display
I.vii.1 **ports** gates 3 **centuries** companies (smallest units of a
Roman legion)

[Scene VIII. A field of battle.]

60 *Alarum as in battle. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS, at
several doors.^o*

MARCIUS
I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

AUFIDIUS We hate alike:
65 Not Afric^o owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

MARCIUS
Let the first budger^o die the other's slave, 5
And the gods doom him after!

AUFIDIUS If I fly, Marcius,
70 Holloa^o me like a hare.

MARCIUS Within these hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioles walls,
And made what work I pleased. 'Tis not my blood
Wherein thou see'st me masked. For thy revenge 10
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

AUFIDIUS Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragged progeny,^o
Thou shouldst not scape me here.

*Here they fight, and certain VOLSCES come in the aid of
Aufidius. MARCIUS fights till they be driven in breathless.*
Officious, and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemnèd seconds.^o 15

[Scene IX. The Roman camp.]

*Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter at one
door, COMINIUS with the ROMANS; at another door,
MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf.*

COMINIUS
If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou't^o not believe thy deeds. But I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,^o
I' th' end admire; where ladies shall be frighted, 5
And, gladly quaked,^o hear more; where the dull
tribunes,
That with the fusty^o plebeians hate thine honors,
Shall say against their hearts, "We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier."
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,^o 10
Having fully dined before.

*Enter Titus [LARTIUS], with his POWER, from the
pursuit.*

LARTIUS O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison!^o
Hadst thou beheld—

MARCIUS Pray now, no more. My mother,
Who has a charter^o to extol her blood,

I.viii.s.d. at several doors from different entrances 3 **Afric**
Africa 5 **budger** one who moves 7 **Holloa** shout "halloo"
after (in hunting) 12 **whip** . . . **progeny** the whip used by
your boasted ancestors, the Trojans, against the Greeks 15 **In**
. . . **seconds** by your damnable help (cf. I.iv.43)
I.ix.2 Thou't thou wouldst 4 **shrug** i.e., in disbelief 6
quaked made to shake 7 **fusty** moldy 10 **cam'st** . . . **feast**
refers to Marcius' coming to support Cominius in the latter
part of the battle just ended 12 **caparison** the (mere) trap-
pings 14 **charter** privilege granted her

When she does praise me grieves me. I have done 15
As you have done, that's what I can; induced
As you have been, that's for my country.
He that has but effected his good will°
Hath overta'en° mine act.

COMINIUS You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know 20
The value of her own. 'Twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,°
To hide your doings; and to silence that
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouched,°
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you, 25
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our army hear me.

MARCIUS
I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves rememb'red.

COMINIUS Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst° ingratitude, 30
And tent themselves° with death.° Of all the horses—
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store°—of all
The treasure in this field achieved and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth
Before the common distribution at 35
Your only choice.

MARCIUS I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword. I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing. 40

A long flourish. They all cry, "Marcius! Marcius!" cast up their caps and lances. COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.

MARCIUS
May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' th' field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing!°
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk, 45
Let him° be made a coverture° for th' wars!
No more, I say! For that° I have not washed
My nose that bled, or foiled° some debile° wretch,
Which without note here's many else have done,
You shout me forth 50
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In° praises sauced with lies.

COMINIUS Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give° you truly. By your patience, 55
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper° harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius

Wears this war's garland: in token of the which, 60
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging;° and from this time,
For what he did before Corioles, call him,
With all th' applause and clamor of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus. 65
Bear th' addition° nobly ever!

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.

OMNES°

Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

CORIO LANUS

I will go wash:
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive 70
Whether I blush, or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
To undercrest your good addition°
To th' fairness° of my power.

COMINIUS So, to our tent;

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius, 75
Must to Corioles back; send us to Rome
The best,° with whom we may articulate°
For their own good and ours.

LARTIUS I shall, my lord.

CORIO LANUS

The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg 80
Of my lord general.

COMINIUS Take't; 'tis yours. What is't?

CORIO LANUS

I sometime lay here in Corioles
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly.
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But when Aufidius was within my view, 85
And wrath o'erwhelmed my pity. I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

COMINIUS O, well begged!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

LARTIUS

Marcus, his name?

CORIO LANUS By Jupiter, forgot! 90

I am weary; yea, my memory is tired.

Have we no wine here?

COMINIUS

Go we to our tent.

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time

It should be looked to. Come.

Exeunt.

[Scene X. The camp of the Volsces.]

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus AUFIDIUS, bloody, with two or three SOLDIERS.

AUFIDIUS

The town is ta'en!

18 good will firm intention 19 overta'en surpassed 22 traducement slander 24 to . . . vouched though attested in the highest terms of praise 30 'gainst against, in the face of 31 tent themselves be cleansed (refers to cleaning a wound with a linen roll, a "tent"); death the "tent" being "death," the wounds would prove fatal 32 good store plenty 44 soothing flattery 46 him it; coverture clothing 47 For that because 48 foiled defeated; debile weak 52-53 dieted In fed by 55 give report 57 proper own

62 his trim belonging the equipment that goes with it 66 addition title 67 Omnes all (Latin) 72 undercrest . . . addition support the fine title you give (a "crest" in heraldry is a figure above a shield; the suggested image is of a shield with a man on horseback [line 71], beneath a crest [the "addition"]) 73 To th' fairness to the exact measure 77 best chief men; articulate make terms

FIRST SOLDIER

'Twill be delivered back on good condition.°

AUFIDIUS

Condition!

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
 Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition!
 What good condition° can a treaty find
 I' th' part that is at mercy?° Five times, Marcius,
 I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
 And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
 As often as we eat. By th' elements,
 If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
 He's mine or I am his. Mine emulation
 Hath not that honor in't it had; for where
 I thought to crush him in an equal force,
 True sword to sword, I'll potch° at him some way,
 Or wrath or craft may get him.

FIRST SOLDIER

He's the devil.

AUFIDIUS

Bolder, though not so subtle. My valor's poisoned
 With only suff'ring stain° by him; for him
 Shall fly out of itself.° Nor sleep nor sanctuary,
 Being naked,° sick, nor fane° nor Capitol,
 The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
 Embarquements° all of fury, shall lift up
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
 My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
 At home, upon my brother's guard,° even there,
 Against the hospitable canon,° would I
 Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city;
 Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
 Be hostages for Rome.

FIRST SOLDIER

Will not you go?

AUFIDIUS

I am attended° at the cypress grove. I pray you—
 'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither
 How the world goes, that to the pace of it
 I may spur on my journey.

FIRST SOLDIER

I shall, sir.

[Exeunt.]

A C T I I

[Scene I. Rome. A public place.]

*Enter MENENIUS, with the two tribunes of the people,
 SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

MENENIUS The augurer° tells me we shall have news
 tonight.

BRUTUS Good or bad?

MENENIUS Not according to the prayer of the people,
 for they love not Marcius.

SICINIUS Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

I.x.2 condition terms 6 **condition** with pun on sense of
 "quality" 7 **I' . . . mercy** on the side that is vanquished (at
 the mercy of the victor) 15 **potch** poke (thrust, in fencing)
 18 **stain** darkening 19 **fly . . . itself** go out of its natural
 course 20 **naked** unarmed; **fane** shrine 22 **Embarquements**
 restraints 25 **upon . . . guard** with my brother on guard
 (over him) 26 **hospitable canon** law of hospitality 30
attended awaited

II.i.1 augurer more correctly "augur," Roman official who
 foretold the future

MENENIUS Pray you, who does the wolf love?

SICINIUS The lamb.

MENENIUS Ay, to devour him, as the hungry ple-
 beians would the noble Marcius.

BRUTUS He's a lamb indeed, that baas like a bear.

MENENIUS He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb.
 You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall
 ask you.

BOTH Well, sir.

MENENIUS In what enormity° is Marcius poor in,
 that you two have not in abundance?

BRUTUS He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

SICINIUS Especially in pride.

BRUTUS And topping all others in boasting.

MENENIUS This is strange now. Do you two know
 how you are censured° here in the city—I mean of us
 o' th' right-hand file?° Do you?

BOTH Why, how are we censured?

MENENIUS Because you talk of pride now—will you
 not be angry?

BOTH Well, well, sir, well.

MENENIUS Why 'tis no great matter; for a very little
 thief of occasion° will rob you of a great deal of
 patience. Give your dispositions the reins, and be
 angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a
 pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for
 being proud?

BRUTUS We do it not alone, sir.

MENENIUS I know you can do very little alone; for
 your helps are many, or else your actions would grow
 wondrous single:° your abilities are too infantlike for
 doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you
 could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks,
 and make but an interior survey of your good selves!
 O that you could!

BOTH What then, sir?

MENENIUS Why, then you should discover a brace
 of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy° magistrates (alias
 fools) as any in Rome.

SICINIUS Menenius, you are known well enough°
 too.

MENENIUS I am known to be a humorous° patrician,
 and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop
 of allaying° Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect
 in favoring the first complaint,° hasty and tinderlike
 upon too trivial motion;° one that converses° more
 with the buttock of the night than with the forehead
 of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my
 malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen° as
 you are—I cannot call you Lycurguses°—if the drink
 you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a
 crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have
 delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in com-
 pound with the major part of your syllables;° and

16 **enormity** fault 22 **how . . . censured** the opinion held
 of you 23 **o' . . . file** of the upper classes, patricians
 28–29 **very . . . occasion** i.e., a very little occasion is a thief
 who 37 **single** weak, slight 44 **testy** snappish 46 **known**
well enough i.e., notorious 48 **humorous** whimsical 50
allaying diluting 50–51 **something . . . complaint** some-
 what at fault in siding with the party who first puts his
 case 52 **motion** impulse; **converses** associates 55 **wealsmen**
 statesmen 56 **Lycurguses** Lycurgus was a Greek lawgiver
 59–60 **ass . . . syllables** pun on overuse of "as-es" in legal
 expressions, e.g., "whereas"

though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map° of my microcosm,° follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson con- 65 spectuities° glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

BRUTUS Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

MENENIUS You know neither me, yourselves, nor 70 anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs.° You wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause° between an orange-wife and a forset-seller,° and then rejourn° the controversy of threepence to a second day of audience. When you 75 are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers,° set up the bloody flag° against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your 80 hearing. All the peace you make in their cause is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

BRUTUS Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfect giber° for the table than a necessary bench 85 in the Capitol.°

MENENIUS Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards 90 deserve not so honorable a grave as to stuff a botcher's° cushion or to be entombed in an ass's packsaddle. Yet you must be saying Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion;° though peradventure some of the best of 95 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your worships. More of your conversation° would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

BRUTUS and SICINIUS [*step*] *aside*.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies—and the moon, 100 were she earthly, no nobler—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

VOLUMNIA Honorable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

MENENIUS Ha? Marcius coming home? 105

VOLUMNIA Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.°

MENENIUS Take my cap, Jupiter,° and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home!

TWO LADIES Nay, 'tis true. 110

VOLUMNIA Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

MENENIUS I will make my very house reel tonight. A letter for me? 115

VIRGILIA Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw't. MENENIUS A letter for me? It gives me an estate° of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip° at the physician. The most sovereign prescription in Galen° is but empiricute,° and, to this preservative, of 120 no better report° than a horse-drench.° Is he not wounded? He was wont to come home wounded.

VIRGILIA O, no, no, no.

VOLUMNIA O, he is wounded; I thank the gods for't.

MENENIUS So do I too, if it be not too much. Brings 125 'a° victory in his pocket? The wounds become him.

VOLUMNIA On's brows, Menenius. He comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

MENENIUS Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

VOLUMNIA Titus Lartius writes they fought together, 130 but Aufidius got off.

MENENIUS And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that. And° he had stayed by him, I would not have been so fidiused° for all the chests in Corioles, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate possessed° of 135 this?

VOLUMNIA Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes. The Senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of° the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly. 140

VALERIA In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

MENENIUS Wondrous! Ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.°

VIRGILIA The gods grant them true! 145

VOLUMNIA True? Pow waw!°

MENENIUS True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded?—[*To the TRIBUNES.*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home. He has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded? 150

VOLUMNIA I' th' shoulder and i' th' left arm. There will be large cicatrices° to show the people, when he shall stand for his place.° He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' th' body.

MENENIUS One i' th' neck, and two i' th' thigh— 155 there's nine that I know.

VOLUMNIA He had before this last expedition twenty-five wounds upon him.

MENENIUS Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. (*A shout and flourish.*) Hark! the 160 trumpets.

VOLUMNIA These are the ushers of Marcius. Before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears. Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy° arm doth lie, Which, being advanced, declines, and then men die. 165

64 **map** i.e., face; **microcosm** little world, i.e., body 65–66 **bisson conspectuities** blind visual powers 71–72 **caps and legs** salutes and bows 73 **cause** case 74 **forset-seller** seller of taps for wine kegs; **rejourn** adjourn 78 **mummers** Christmas masquers, who act impromptu plays; **bloody flag** war flag 85 **giber** joker 85–86 **necessary** . . . **Capitol** indispensable judge in the Senate (cf. *the bench for court*) 91 **botcher** mender of old clothes 95 **Deucalion** the Noah of Greek myth 97 **conversation** cf. line 52 106–07 **with** . . . **approbation** with signs of the greatest success 108 **Jupiter** god of the sky and upper air

117 **estate** state (fortune?) 118 **make a lip** make a face 120 **Galen** Greek physician; **empiricute** quackish 121 **report** reputation; **horse-drench** drink of horse-medicine 126 'a he 133 **And** if 134 **fidiused** "Aufidius-ed" (cf. line 129, "disciplined Aufidius soundly") 135 **possessed** duly informed 139 **name of** credit for 144 **true purchasing** really earning (the praise) 146 **Pow waw** a Volumnian "pooh-pooh" 152 **cicatrices** scars (Latin) 153 **place** the consulship 164 **nervy** sinewy

A sennet.° *Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS the general and Titus LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with CAPTAINS and SOLDIERS, and a HERALD.*

HERALD

Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioles gates, where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honor follows Coriolanus.

Welcome to Rome, renownèd Coriolanus!

Sound. Flourish.

ALL

Welcome to Rome, renownèd Coriolanus!

CORIOLANUS

No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

COMINIUS

Look, sir, your mother!

CORIOLANUS

You have, I know, petitioned all the gods
For my prosperity! *Kneels.*

VOLUMNIA

Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving° honor newly named—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!

CORIOLANUS

My gracious silence, hail!

Wouldst thou have laughed had I come confined home, 180
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioles wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

MENENIUS

Now, the gods crown thee!

CORIOLANUS

And live you yet? [*To VALERIA.*] O my sweet lady,
pardon.

VOLUMNIA

I know not where to turn. O, welcome home!
And welcome, general: and y' are welcome all.

MENENIUS

A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep,
And I could laugh, I am light and heavy.° Welcome!
A curse begin at very root on's heart
That is not glad to see thee! You are three 190
That Rome should dote on. Yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home that will
not

Be grafted° to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors.
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.

COMINIUS

Ever right.

CORIOLANUS

Menenius, ever, ever.

HERALD

Give way there, and go on.

CORIOLANUS [*To VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA.*]

Your hand, and yours!

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;

165 s.d. **sennet** set of notes for trumpet or cornet to herald an important person, differing from a "flourish" or "fanfare"; cf. s.d. line 160) 177 **deed-achieving** achieved by deeds (cf. "the deeds of Coriolanus," II.ii.82) 188 **light and heavy** both merry and sad 193 **grafted** i.e., improved

From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honors.°

200

VOLUMNIA

I have lived

To see inherited° my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy. Only
There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

CORIOLANUS

Know, good mother,

205

I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.

COMINIUS

On, to the Capitol!

Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.

BRUTUS and SICINIUS [*come forward*].

BRUTUS

All tongues speak of him, and the blearèd sights
Are spectaclèd to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture° lets her baby cry 210
While she chats° him; the kitchen malkin° pins
Her richest lockram° 'bout her reechy° neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him. Stalls, bulks,° win-
dows,

Are smothered up, leads° filled and ridges horsed°
With variable complexions,° all agreeing 215

In earnestness to see him. Seld-shown flamens°
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station.° Our veiled dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely gawded° cheeks to th' wanton spoil 220
Of Phoebus'° burning kisses. Such a pother,°
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

SICINIUS

On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

BRUTUS

Then our office may,

225

During his power, go sleep.

SICINIUS

He cannot temp'rately transport his honors
From where he should begin and end,° but will
Lose those he hath won.

BRUTUS

In that there's comfort.

SICINIUS

Doubt not

The commoners, for whom we stand, but they 230
Upon° their ancient malice will forget
With the least cause these his new honors; which°
That he will give them make I as little question
As° he is proud to do't.

BRUTUS

I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for consul, never would he 235
Appear i' th' marketplace, nor on him put
The napless° vesture of humility;

201 **change of honors** fresh honors 202 **inherited** in my possession 210 **rapture** fit 211 **chats** gossips about; **malkin** slut 212 **lockram** coarse linen; **reechy** dirty 213 **bulks** stalls (stands for goods to be sold) 214 **leads** leaded roofs; **horsed** "ridden" by viewers 215 **variable complexions** different physical types 216 **Seld-shown flamens** priests rarely seen in public (each flamen was in charge of the cult of a particular deity) 218 **vulgar station** place with the common people 220 **gawded** adorned 221 **Phoebus** sun god; **pother** commotion 228 **and end** i.e., to where he should end 231 **Upon** on account of 232 **which** i.e., "cause" 234 **As** as that 237 **napless** threadbare

Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

SICINIUS 'Tis right.

BRUTUS
It was his word. O, he would miss it rather
Than carry° it but by the suit of the gentry to him
And the desire of the nobles.

SICINIUS I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.

BRUTUS 'Tis most like he will.

SICINIUS
It shall be to him then as our good wills:°
A sure destruction.

BRUTUS So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,°
We must suggest° the people in what hatred
He still° hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders and
Disproportioned° their freedoms, holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in their war, who have their provand°
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

SICINIUS This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people—which time shall not want,°
If he be put upon't,° and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him forever.

Enter a MESSENGER.

BRUTUS What's the matter?

MESSENGER
You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be consul.
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and
The blind to hear him speak. Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
Upon him as he passed; the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts.
I never saw the like.

BRUTUS Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
But hearts for the event.°

SICINIUS Have with you.° *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. Rome. The Senate House.]

Enter two OFFICERS, to lay cushions,° as it were in the Capitol.

FIRST OFFICER Come, come, they are almost here.
How many stand for consulships?

241 carry win 245 as . . . wills as we strongly desire 247
For an end to force the issue (?) finally (?) 248 suggest
insinuate into the minds of 249 still ever 251 Disproportioned
dispossessed them of 254 provand provisions 258 want be
lacking 259 put upon't provoked to it 273 event outcome;
Have with you Coming with you!
II.ii.s.d. cushions seats for dignitaries

SECOND OFFICER Three, they say; but 'tis thought
of everyone Coriolanus will carry it.

FIRST OFFICER That's a brave fellow; but he's ven- 5
geance° proud, and loves not the common people.

240 SECOND OFFICER Faith, there hath been many great
men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved
them; and there be many that they have loved, they
know not wherefore; so that, if they love they know 10
not why, they hate upon no better a ground. There-
fore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love
or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in
their disposition,° and out of his noble carelessness lets
them plainly see't. 15

FIRST OFFICER If he did not care whether he had
their love or no, he waved° indifferently 'twixt doing
them neither good nor harm. But he seeks their hate
with greater devotion than they can render it him,
and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover° 20
him their opposite.° Now, to seem to affect° the
malice° and displeasure of the people is as bad as that
which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

SECOND OFFICER He hath deserved worthily of his
country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as 25
those who, having been supple and courteous to the
people, bonneted,° without any further deed to have
them at all into their estimation and report.° But he
hath so planted his honors in their eyes and his actions
in their hearts that for their tongues to be silent and 30
not confess so much were a kind of ingrateful injury;
to report otherwise were a malice° that, giving itself
the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every
ear that heard it.

FIRST OFFICER No more of him; he's a worthy 35
man. Make way, they are coming.

*A sennet. Enter the PATRICIANS and the TRIBUNES of
the people, LICTORS° before them; CORIOLANUS,
MENENIUS, COMINIUS the consul. SICINIUS and
BRUTUS take their places by themselves. CORIOLANUS
stands.* 265

MENENIUS
Having determined of° the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify° his noble service that 40
Hath thus stood for° his country. Therefore, please
you
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul and last° general
In our well-found° successes, to report
A little of that worthy work performed 45
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We met here both to thank and to remember°
With honors like himself.

5-6 vengeance frightfully (cf. with a vengeance) 13-14 in their
disposition of their mood 17 waved would waver 20
discover show 21 opposite opponent; affect aim at 22
malice ill will 27 bonneted took off their caps (in flattery)
27-28 to have . . . report to get themselves at all into (win
their way into), their esteem 32 malice act of ill will 36
s.d. Lictors attendants who preceded Roman officials to
announce their approach 37 determined of decided con-
cerning 40 gratify reward 41 stood for defended 43
last late 44 well-found fortunately met with 47 remember
distinguish

FIRST SENATOR Speak, good Cominius:
 Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
 Rather our state's defective for requital 50
 Than we to stretch it out.° [To the TRIBUNES.] Masters
 o' th' people,
 We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
 Your loving motion toward the common body,°
 To yield° what passes here.

SICINIUS We are convented°
 Upon a pleasing treaty,° and have hearts 55
 Inclunable to honor and advance
 The theme of our assembly.

BRUTUS Which the rather°
 We shall be blessed° to do, if he remember
 A kinder value° of the people than
 He hath hereto prized them at.

MENENIUS That's off,° that's off; 60
 I would you rather had been silent. Please you
 To hear Cominius speak?

BRUTUS Most willingly.
 But yet my caution was more pertinent
 Than the rebuke you give it.

MENENIUS He loves your people;
 But tie him not to be their bedfellow. 65
 Worthy Cominius, speak.

CORIOLANUS rises and offers to go away.

Nay, keep your place.

FIRST SENATOR
 Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
 What you have nobly done.

CORIOLANUS Your honors' pardon:
 I had rather have my wounds to heal again
 Than hear say how I got them.

BRUTUS Sir, I hope 70
 My words disbenched° you not.

CORIOLANUS No, sir. Yet oft,
 When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
 You soothed° not, therefore hurt not; but your people,
 I love them as they weigh—

MENENIUS Pray now, sit down.

CORIOLANUS
 I had rather have one scratch my head i' th' sun 75
 When the alarum were struck than idly sit
 To hear my nothings monstered.° Exit CORIOLANUS.

MENENIUS Masters of the people,
 Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
 That's thousand to one good one—when you now see
 He had rather venture all his limbs for honor 80
 Than one on's ears° to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.

COMINIUS
 I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
 Should not be uttered feebly. It is held
 That valor is the chiefest virtue° and

Most dignifies the haver. If it be, 85
 The man I speak of cannot in the world
 Be singly counterpoised.° At sixteen years,
 When Tarquin° made a head for° Rome, he fought
 Beyond the mark of others. Our then dictator,
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight, 90
 When with his Amazonian° chin he drove
 The bristled lips before him. He bestrid
 An o'erpressed Roman, and i' th' consul's view
 Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his knee.° In that day's feats, 95
 When he might act the woman in the scene,°
 He proved best man i' th' field, and for his meed°
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age°
 Man-ent'red° thus, he waxed like a sea;
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since, 100
 He lurched° all swords of the garland. For this last,
 Before and in Corioles, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home.° He stopped the fliers,
 And by his rare example made the coward
 Turn terror into sport; as weeds before 105
 A vessel under sail, so men obeyed
 And fell below his stem.° His sword, death's stamp,°
 Where it did mark, it took;° from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was timed with dying cries. Alone he ent'red 110
 The mortal gate of th' city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny;° aidless came off,
 And with a sudden reinforcement struck
 Corioles like a planet.° Now, all's his,
 When by and by the din of war 'gan° pierce 115
 His ready° sense, then straight his doubled° spirit
 Requick'ned what in flesh was fatigate,°
 And to the battle came he; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil;° and till we called 120
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

MENENIUS Worthy man!

FIRST SENATOR
 He cannot but with measure fit° the honors
 Which we devise him.

COMINIUS Our spoils he kicked at,
 And looked upon things precious as they were 125
 The common muck of the world. He covets less
 Than misery° itself would give, rewards
 His deeds with doing them, and is content

50-51 our . . . out our government (the Senate) is lacking in the resources for reward rather than we in our effort to extend it 53 motion . . . body influence with the common people 54 yield approve; convented convened 55 treaty proposal for discussion 57 rather sooner 58 blessed happy 59 value estimate 60 off not to the point 71 disbenched unseated 73 soothed flattered 77 monstered turned into marvels 81 Than . . . ears than venture one of his ears 84 virtue cf. Latin *virtus*, manly strength; on this speech, see Introduction pp. 1312-13

87 singly counterpoised matched in value (literally, in weight) by one man 88 Tarquin early king of Rome, expelled from the city; made . . . for raised a force against 91 Amazonian i.e., beardless 95 on his knee to his knees 96 in the scene on that stage 97 meed reward 98 His pupil age the years when he was learning (the art of war) 99 Man-ent'red having been initiated into manhood 101 lurched robbed 103 speak him home find words to match his merit 107 stem bow; stamp a die for stamping a coin or medal 108 took made its mark; killed (perhaps also, "infected fatally"; cf. "struck," line 113) 111-12 painted . . . destiny smeared with blood of dying men, who could not shun their fate 113-14 struck . . . planet planets supposedly had power to "strike," infect with disease 115 'gan began to 116 ready responsive; doubled renewed 117 fatigate fatigued 120 spoil slaughter 123 with measure fit measure up to; or, "bear with self-control" (?) 127 misery poverty

To spend the time to end it.^o

MENENIUS He's right noble.

Let him be called for.

FIRST SENATOR Call Coriolanus.

OFFICER

He doth appear.

Enter CORIOLANUS.

MENENIUS

The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.

CORIOLANUS I do owe them still^o

My life and services.

MENENIUS It then remains

That you do speak to the people.

CORIOLANUS I do beseech you 135

Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot

Put on the gown,^o stand naked,^o and entreat them,

For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage. Please you

That I may pass^o this doing.

SICINIUS Sir, the people

Must have their voices;^o neither will they bate^o

One jot of ceremony.

MENENIUS Put them not to't.^o

Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and

Take to you, as your predecessors have,

Your honor with your form.^o

CORIOLANUS It is a part

That I shall blush in acting, and might well

Be taken from the people.

BRUTUS [*To SICINIUS.*] Mark you that.

CORIOLANUS

To brag unto them, "Thus I did, and thus!"

Show them th' unaching scars which I should hide,

As if I had received them for the hire

Of their breath only!

MENENIUS Do not stand upon't.^o 150

We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,

Our purpose^o to them; and to our noble consul

Wish we all joy and honor.

SENATORS

To Coriolanus come all joy and honor!

Flourish cornets. Then exeunt. Manet

SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

BRUTUS

You see how he intends to use the people. 155

SICINIUS

May they perceive's intent! He will require^o them,

As if he did condemn what he requested

Should be in them to give.

BRUTUS Come, we'll inform them

Of our proceedings here. On th' marketplace.

I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*] 160

[Scene III. Rome. The Forum.]

Enter seven or eight CITIZENS.

FIRST CITIZEN Once if he^o do require our voices,
we ought not to deny him.

SECOND CITIZEN We may, sir, if we will.

THIRD CITIZEN We have power in ourselves to do
it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for 5
if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are
to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for
them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell
him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is
monstrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, 10
were to make a monster of the multitude; of the
which we being members, should bring ourselves to
be monstrous members.

FIRST CITIZEN And to make us no better thought of,
a little help will serve; for once we stood up^o about 15
the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-
headed multitude.

THIRD CITIZEN We have been called so of many;
not that our heads are some brown, some black, some
abram,^o some bald, but that our wits are so diversely 20
colored. And truly I think, if all our wits were to
issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north,
south, and their consent of^o one direct way should be
at once to all the points o' th' compass.

SECOND CITIZEN Think you so? Which way do 25
you judge my wit would fly?

THIRD CITIZEN Nay, your wit will not so soon out
as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a
blockhead; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, 30
southward.

SECOND CITIZEN Why that way?

THIRD CITIZEN To lose itself in a fog; where being
three parts melted away with rotten^o dews, the fourth
would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a
wife.^o 35

SECOND CITIZEN You are never without your tricks.
You may, you may.^o

THIRD CITIZEN Are you all resolved to give your
voices? But that's no matter, the greater part^o carries it.
I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never 40
a worthier man.

*Enter CORIOLANUS in a gown of humility, with
MENENIUS.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility. Mark his
behavior. We are not to stay all together, but to come
by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by
threes. He's to make his requests by particulars;^o 45
wherein every one of us has a single honor, in giving
him our own voices with our own tongues. Therefore
follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

ALL Content, content. [*Exeunt CITIZENS.*]

129 To spend . . . it to kill it in action ("to live it up in action") 133 still always 137 gown "vesture of humility" (cf. II.i.237); naked i.e., "without any coat underneath" (North) 139 pass pass over 140 voices votes; bate deduct 141 Put . . . to't Don't test them (by omitting any part of the ceremony) 144 Your honor . . . form the honor with the ceremony it imposes on you 150 stand upon't make an issue of it 152 purpose proposal 156 require ask

II.iii.I Once if he if he once 15 once . . . up when we took a stand 20 abram auburn 23 consent of agreement on 33 rotten unhealthy 34-35 for . . . wife i.e., because of the bastards he had fathered (?) 37 You may, you may "O.K., O.K." 39 greater part majority 45 by particulars to each in turn

MENENIUS

O sir, you are not right. Have you not known
The worthiest men have done't? 50

CORIOLANUS

What must I say?—

"I pray, sir"—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. "Look, sir, my wounds!
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roared and ran 55
From th' noise of our own drums."

MENENIUS

O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that. You must desire them
To think upon° you.

CORIOLANUS

Think upon me! Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.°

MENENIUS

You'll mar all. 60

I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome° manner. *Exit.*

Enter three of the CITIZENS.

CORIOLANUS

Bid them wash their faces,

And keep their teeth clean. So, here comes a brace.°

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

THIRD CITIZEN We do, sir; tell us what hath 65
brought you to't.

CORIOLANUS Mine own desert.

SECOND CITIZEN Your own desert?

CORIOLANUS Ay, not mine own desire.

THIRD CITIZEN How not your own desire? 70

CORIOLANUS No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to
trouble the poor with begging.

THIRD CITIZEN You must think, if we give you
anything, we hope to gain by you.

CORIOLANUS Well then, I pray, your price o' th' 75
consulship?

FIRST CITIZEN The price is, to ask it kindly.

CORIOLANUS Kindly sir, I pray let me ha't. I have
wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.

Your good voice, sir; what say you? 80

SECOND CITIZEN You shall ha't, worthy sir.

CORIOLANUS A match,° sir. There's in all two worthy
voices begged. I have your alms. Adieu.

THIRD CITIZEN But this is something° odd.

SECOND CITIZEN And 'twere to give again—but 85
'tis no matter. *Exeunt.*

Enter two other CITIZENS.

CORIOLANUS Pray you now, if it may stand° with
the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have
here the customary gown.

FIRST CITIZEN You have deserved nobly of your 90
country, and you have not deserved nobly.

CORIOLANUS Your enigma?

FIRST CITIZEN You have been a scourge to her
enemies, you have been a rod to her friends. You have
not indeed loved the common people. 95

CORIOLANUS You should account me the more
virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I
will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn

a dearer estimation of° them; 'tis a condition° they
account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice 100
is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practice
the insinuating nod, and be off° to them most counter-
feitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of
some popular man,° and give it bountiful to the
desirers. Therefore, beseech you I may be consul. 105

SECOND CITIZEN We hope to find you our friend;
and therefore give you our voices heartily.

FIRST CITIZEN You have received many wounds for
your country.

CORIOLANUS I will not seal° your knowledge with 110
showing them. I will make much of your voices and
so trouble you no farther.

BOTH The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*]

CORIOLANUS

Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to starve, 115

Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Why in this woolvish toge° should I stand here,

To beg of Hob° and Dick that does appear°

Their needless vouches?° Custom calls me to't.

What custom wills, in all things should we do't, 120

The dust on antique time would like unswept,

And mountainous error be too highly heaped

For truth to o'erpeer.° Rather than fool it so,

Let the high office and the honor go

To one that would do thus. I am half through: 125

The one part suffered, the other will I do.

Enter three CITIZENS more.

Here come moe° voices.

Your voices! For your voices I have fought;

Watched° for your voices; for your voices bear

Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six 130

I have seen, and heard of; for your voices have

Done many things, some less, some more. Your voices!

Indeed, I would be consul.

FIRST CITIZEN He has done nobly, and cannot go
without any honest man's voice. 135

SECOND CITIZEN Therefore let him be consul. The
gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the
people!

ALL Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt CITIZENS.*]

CORIOLANUS Worthy voices! 140

Enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

MENENIUS

You have stood your limitation;° and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice. Remains

That in th' official marks° invested you

Anon do meet the Senate.

CORIOLANUS Is this done?

99 dearer estimation of higher valuation from; condition
quality 102 be off take my hat off 104 popular man
"friend the of people" 110 seal make authentic (legal sense)
117 in . . . toge i.e., disguising myself (a backhand reference
to "wolf in sheep's clothing"; note that Coriolanus "lives
like a lamb," according to II.i.12) 118 Hob nickname of
"Robert"; a country fellow; that does appear i.e., as they
come, one by one 119 vouches confirmations 123 o'erpeer
rise above 127 moe more 129 Watched kept watch 141
limitation time set for requesting votes 143 marks insignia

58 think upon think well of 60 lose by 'em waste on them
in preaching ("pearls before swine") 62 wholesome reason-
able 63 brace pair (of dogs) 82 A match agreed 84
something somewhat 87 stand agree

SICINIUS

The custom of request you have discharged:
The people do admit you, and are summoned
To meet anon upon your approbation.°

CORIOLANUS

Where? At the Senate House?

SICINIUS

There, Coriolanus.

CORIOLANUS

May I change these garments?

SICINIUS

You may, sir.

CORIOLANUS

That I'll straight do, and, knowing myself again,
Repair° to th' Senate House.

MENENIUS

I'll keep you company. Will you along?°

BRUTUS

We stay here for the people.

SICINIUS

Fare you well.

Exeunt CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

He has it° now; and, by his looks, methinks
'Tis warm at's° heart.

BRUTUS

With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Enter the PLEBEIANS.

SICINIUS

How now, my masters,° have you chose this man?

FIRST CITIZEN

He has our voices, sir.

BRUTUS

We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

SECOND CITIZEN

Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mocked us when he begged our voices.

THIRD CITIZEN

Certainly;

He flouted us downright.

FIRST CITIZEN

No, 'tis his kind of speech—he did not mock us.

SECOND CITIZEN

Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully. He should have showed us
His marks of merit, wounds received for's country.

SICINIUS

Why, so he did, I am sure.

ALL

No, no; no man saw 'em.

THIRD CITIZEN

He said he had wounds which he could show in
private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

"I would be consul," says he. "Agèd custom,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore." When we granted that,

Here was, "I thank you for your voices. Thank you,

Your most sweet voices. Now you have left your
voices,

I have no further° with you." Was not this mockery? 175

SICINIUS

Why either were you ignorant° to see't,

147 anon . . . approbation at once to confirm your appoint-

ment (as consul) 151 Repair return 152 along come too

154 it the emotion that "warms his heart," either the satisfac-

tion of success, or the irritation of offended pride; cf. "his fire,"

II.i.260 155 at's at his 157 my masters gentlemen 175 no

further no more to do 176 ignorant too dull

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield° your voices?

145

BRUTUS

Could you not have told him

As you were lessoned:° when he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state,

180

He was your enemy, ever spake against

Your liberties and the charters° that you bear

I' th' body of the weal;° and now, arriving

A place° of potency and sway o' th' state,°

If he should still malignantly remain

185

Fast foe to th' plebeii,° your voices might

Be curses to yourselves? You should have said

That as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than what he stood for,° so his gracious nature

Would think upon you° for your voices, and

190

Translate° his malice towards you into love,

Standing your friendly lord.

SICINIUS

Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advised, had touched° his spirit

And tried his inclination; from him plucked

Either his gracious promise, which you might,

195

As cause had called you up,° have held him to;

Or else it would have galled his surly nature,

Which easily endures not article°

Tying him to aught. So, putting him to rage,

You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,°

200

And passed him unelected.

BRUTUS

Did you perceive

He did solicit you in free° contempt

When he did need your loves; and do you think

That his contempt shall not be bruising to you

When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies 205

No heart° among you? Or had you tongues to cry°

Against the rectorship° of judgment?

SICINIUS

Have you

Ere now denied the asker, and now again,

Of° him that did not ask but mock, bestow

Your sued-for tongues?

210

THIRD CITIZEN

He's not confirmed; we may deny him yet.

SECOND CITIZEN

And will deny him.

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

FIRST CITIZEN

I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.°

BRUTUS

Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends

215

They have chose a consul that will from them take

Their liberties, make them of no more voice

Than dogs that are as often beat for barking

As therefor° kept to do so.

SICINIUS

Let them assemble;

And, on a safer° judgment, all revoke

220

178 yield give 179 lessoned instructed 182 charters privi-
leges 183 weal commonwealth 184 A place direct object of
"arriving," i.e., "reaching"; potency . . . state power in
managing the state 186 plebeii Latin for "plebeians" 189
what . . . for the office he ran for 190 think upon you
think well of you 191 Translate transform 193 touched
tested 196 As . . . up as an occasion (emergency) would
have roused you 198 article condition 200 choler anger
202 free open 206 heart spirit; cry give your voices 207
rectorship rule 209 Of on 214 piece 'em add to them
(cf. piece out) 219 therefor for that reason 220 safer sounder

A C T I I I

[Scene I. Rome. A street.]

Your ignorant election.^o Enforce^o his pride
And his old hate unto you; besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his suit he scorned you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
Th' apprehension^o of his present portance,^o
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

BRUTUS Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes, that we labored,
No impediment between,^o but that you must
Cast your election on him.

SICINIUS Say you chose him
More after^o our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections;^o and that your minds,
Preoccupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul.^o Lay the fault on us.

BRUTUS
Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' th' Marcians, from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's^o daughter's son,
Who after great Hostilius here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
[And Censorinus that was so surnamed]^o
And nobly namèd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

SICINIUS One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling^o his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixèd enemy, and revoke
Your sudden^o approbation.

BRUTUS Say you ne'er had done't
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on;^o
And presently, when you have drawn your number,^o
Repair to th' Capitol.

CITIZENS We will so. Almost all
Repent in their election. *Exeunt PLEBEIANS.*

BRUTUS Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard^o
Than stay, past doubt, for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.^o

SICINIUS To th' Capitol, come.
We will be there before the stream o' th' people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. *Exeunt.* 265

221 ignorant election choice made in ignorance; Enforce urge, insist on 226 apprehension perception; portance bearing 230 No impediment between putting no obstacle in your way (i.e., we have made the way free for you to choose him) 232 after following 233 affections desires 236 voice him consul make him consul by your votes 241 Numa second king of Rome 245 And . . . surnamed see A Note on the Text, p. 1323 251 Scaling weighing 253 sudden hasty 254 putting on urging 255 drawn your number gathered your crowd (of supporters) 258 This . . . hazard it would be better to run the risk of this minor disorder 261-62 answer . . . anger take advantage of the opportunity his anger affords

225 Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, all the GENTRY, COMINIUS, Titus LARTIUS, and other SENATORS.

CORIOLANUS
Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?^o

LARTIUS
He had, my lord; and that it was which caused
Our swifter composition.^o

CORIOLANUS
So then the Volscies stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon's^o again. 5

COMINIUS They are worn,^o lord consul, so
That we shall hardly in our ages^o see
Their banners wave again.

CORIOLANUS Saw you Aufidius?

LARTIUS
On safeguard^o he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volscies, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town. He is retired to Antium. 10

CORIOLANUS
Spoke he of me?

LARTIUS He did, my lord.

245 CORIOLANUS How? What?

LARTIUS
How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution,^o so he might
Be called your vanquisher. 15

CORIOLANUS At Antium lives he?

LARTIUS
At Antium.

CORIOLANUS
I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home. 20
Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' th' common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them^o in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.^o

SICINIUS Pass no further.

260 CORIOLANUS
Ha? What is that? 25

BRUTUS
It will be dangerous to go on—no further.

CORIOLANUS
What makes this change?

MENENIUS
The matter?

COMINIUS
Hath he not passed the noble and the common?^o

III.i.1 made new head raised a new force 3 swifter composition coming to terms sooner 5-6 make road Upon's invade us 6 worn worn out 7 ages lifetime 9 On safeguard under safe-conduct 16 To hopeless restitution without hope of their being redeemed 23 prank them dress themselves up 24 Against . . . sufferance so that no noble can endure it 29 noble . . . common the patricians and the plebeians

BRUTUS

Cominius, no.

CORIOLANUS Have I had children's voices?

FIRST SENATOR

Tribunes, give way; he shall to th' marketplace.

BRUTUS

The people are incensed against him.

SICINIUS

Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.^o

CORIOLANUS

Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,^oAnd straight disclaim^o their tongues? What are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

MENENIUS

Be calm, be calm.

CORIOLANUS

It is a purposed thing,^o and grows by plot,

To curb the will of the nobility.

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,

Nor ever will be ruled.

BRUTUS

Call't not a plot.

The people cry you mocked them; and of late,

When corn was given them gratis, you repined,^oScandaled^o the suppliants for the people, called them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

CORIOLANUS

Why, this was known before.

BRUTUS

Not to them all.

CORIOLANUS

Have you informed^o them sithence?^o

BRUTUS

How! I inform them!

CORIOLANUS

You are like to do such business.

BRUTUS

Not unlike

Each way to better yours.^o

CORIOLANUS

Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me

Your fellow tribune.

SICINIUS

You show too much of that

For which the people stir.^o If you will pass

To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,

Which you are out of,^o with a gentler spirit,

Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for^o tribune.

MENENIUS

Let's be calm.

COMINIUS

The people are abused;^o set on.^o This palt'ring^o

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus

Deserved this so dishonored rub,^o laid falsely^o

I' th' plain way of his merit.

CORIOLANUS

Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again—

MENENIUS

Not now, not now.

FIRST SENATOR Not in this heat, sir, now.

CORIOLANUS

Now, as I live, I will.

My nobler friends, I crave their pardons.

For the mutable, rank-scented meiny,^o let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves. I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate

The cockle^o of rebellion, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have ploughed for, sowed, and scattered,

By mingling them with us, the honored number,

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

MENENIUS

Well, no more.

FIRST SENATOR

No more words, we beseech you.

CORIOLANUS

How! No more!

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words till their decay^o against those measles,^oWhich we disdain should tetter^o us, yet sought

The very way to catch them.

BRUTUS

You speak o' th' people

As if you were a god, to punish, not

A man of their infirmity.^o

SICINIUS

'Twere well

We let the people know't.

MENENIUS

What, what? His choler?

CORIOLANUS

Choler?

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

By Jove, 'twould be my mind!

SICINIUS

It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any further.

CORIOLANUS

Shall remain!

Hear you this Triton^o of the minnows? Mark you

His absolute "shall"?

COMINIUS

'Twas from the canon.^o

CORIOLANUS

"Shall"! 90

O good but most unwise patricians! Why,

You grave but reckless senators, have you thus

Given Hydra here^o to choose an officer,

That with his peremptory "shall," being but

The horn and noise o' th' monster's, wants not spirit 95

To say he'll turn your current in^o a ditch,

And make your channel his? If he have power,

Then vail your ignorance;^o if none, awakeYour dangerous lenity. If you are learned,^o

Be not as common fools; if you are not,

Let them have cushions^o by you. You are plebeians,If they be senators; and they are no less,^o

When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste

66 meiny crowd 70 cockle weed 78 decay death; measles the disease; and "foul wretches," from *mesel* = leper 79 tetter infect with leprous eruption 82 of their infirmity having the same weaknesses as they 89 Triton sea god, trumpeter of Neptune (cf. "horn," line 95) 90 from the canon against the law 93 Given Hydra here permitted this many-headed beast 96 in (aside) into 98 vail your ignorance let your ignorance (that gave the power) bow (to him) 99 learned wise 101 cushions symbol of senatorial rank; cf. II.ii.s.d. 102 no less i.e., no less than senators

33 in broil into a riot 34 now at one time 35 disclaim disown 38 purposed thing premeditated affair 43 repined regretted it 44 Scandaled slandered 47 informed instructed; sithence since 48-49 Not . . . yours likely in every way to do your business better 53 stir are rebelling 55 are out of are straying from 57 for as 58 abused deceived; set on incited; palt'ring cheating 60 rub hindrance (in bowling on the green, any roughness of ground); falsely treacherously

Most palates theirs.^o They choose their magistrate;
 And such a one as he, who puts his "shall," 105
 His popular "shall," against a graver bench^o
 Than ever frowned in Greece. By Jove himself,
 It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches
 To know, when two authorities are up,^o
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion^o 110
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
 The one by th' other.^o

COMINIUS Well, on to th' marketplace.

CORIO LANUS

Whoever gave that counsel to give forth
 The corn o' th' storehouse gratis, as 'twas used
 Sometime in Greece—

MENENIUS Well, well, no more of that. 115

CORIO LANUS

Though there the people had more absolute pow'r,
 I say they nourished disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.

BRUTUS Why shall the people give
 One that speaks thus their voice?

CORIO LANUS I'll give my reasons,
 More worthier than their voices. They know the corn 120
 Was not our recompense,^o resting well assured
 They ne'er did service for't. Being pressed to^o th' war,
 Even when the navel^o of the state was touched,
 They would not thread^o the gates; this kind of service
 Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' th' war, 125
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they showed
 Most valor, spoke not for them. Th' accusation
 Which they have often made against the Senate,
 All cause unborn,^o could never be the native^o
 Of our so frank^o donation. Well, what then? 130
 How shall this bosom multiplied^o digest^o
 The Senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
 What's like to be their words: "We did request it;
 We are the greater poll,^o and in true fear
 They gave us our demands." Thus we debase 135
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
 Call our cares^o fears; which will in time
 Break ope the locks o' th' Senate and bring in
 The crows to peck the eagles.

MENENIUS Come, enough.

BRUTUS

Enough, with over measure.

CORIO LANUS No, take more. 140

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
 Seal what I end withal!^o This double worship,
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
 Insult without^o all reason; where gentry,^o title,
 wisdom,

Cannot conclude^o but by the yea and no 145
 Of general ignorance—it must omit^o
 Real necessities, and give way the while
 To unstable slightness.^o Purpose so barred,^o it follows
 Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you—
 You that will be less fearful than discreet;^o 150

That love the fundamental part of state^o
 More than you doubt^o the change on't; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To jump^o a body with a dangerous physic^o
 That's sure of death without it—at once pluck out 155
 The multitudinous tongue;^o let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonor
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
 Of that integrity^o which should become't;
 Not having the power to do the good it would, 160
 For th' ill which doth control't.^o

BRUTUS H' as said enough.

SICINIUS

H' as spoken like a traitor and shall answer^o
 As traitors do.

CORIO LANUS Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!
 What should the people do with these bald^o tribunes,
 On whom depending, their obedience fails 165
 To th' greater bench?^o In a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen; in a better hour
 Let what is meet be said it must be meet,^o
 And throw their power i' th' dust. 170

BRUTUS

Manifest treason!

SICINIUS This a consul! No.

BRUTUS 130

The aediles,^o ho!

Enter an AEDILE.

Let him be apprehended.

SICINIUS

Go, call the people, [*exit AEDILE*] in whose name
 myself
 Attach^o thee as a traitorous innovator,
 A foe to th' public weal. Obey, I charge thee, 175
 And follow to thine answer.^o

CORIO LANUS

Hence, old goat!^o

ALL [PATRICIANS]

We'll surety^o him.

COMINIUS

Aged sir, hands off.

CORIO LANUS

Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
 Out of thy garments.

SICINIUS

Help, ye citizens!

103-04 **great'st** . . . **theirs** the dominant flavor tastes most of them (i.e., they have the most votes) 106 **bench** court 109 **up** active 110 **confusion** violent disorder (in a revolution) 111-12 **take** . . . **other** seize and overthrow one by means of the other 121 **recompense** reward for past services 122 **pressed to** conscripted for 123 **navel** center (cf. Menenius' fable, I.i) 124 **thread** pass through 129 **All cause unborn** with no cause in existence; **native** original, parent (i.e., their accusation not the origin of our gift) 130 **frank** unsolicited 131 **bosom** multiplied many-bosomed beast ("Hydra," line 93); **digest** (1) digest (2) understand ("bosom" can mean both "cavity of the stomach" and "heart," i.e., "mind") 134 **poll** number 137 **cares** concern for the state 142 **withal** with 144 **without** beyond; **gentry** gentle birth

145 **conclude** decide 146 **omit** overlook 148 **unstable** slightness unsteady trifling; **Purpose so barred** when the intention (of charting a policy in advance) is so thwarted 150 **less** . . . **discreet** more prudent than fearful (on lines 150-61, see Introduction, p. 1316) 151 **fundamental** . . . **state** basic constitution of the government 152 **doubt** fear 154 **jump** risk harming; **physic** medicine, treatment 156 **multitudinous tongue** the voice of the "Hydra," the tribuneship 159 **integrity** wholeness 161 **control't** overpower it 162 **answer** i.e., in court, be brought to trial; cf. lines 176, 324 164 **bald** trivial (pun) 166 **th' greater bench** the Senate 169 **it** . . . **meet** that it *must* be fitting 172 **aediles** officers attached to the tribunes 174 **Attach** arrest 176 **answer** legal term for "meeting a charge"; **goat** evidently the tribunes are bearded; cf. II.i.90 177 **surety** stand surety for

Enter a rabble of PLEBEIANS, with the AEDILES.

MENENIUS

On both sides more respect.

SICINIUS

Here's he that would take from you all your power.

BRUTUS

Seize him, aediles!

ALL [CITIZENS]

Down with him, down with him!

SECOND SENATOR

Weapons, weapons, weapons!

They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.

[ALL]

Tribunes!—Patricians!—Citizens!—What, ho!—

Sicinius!—Brutus!—Coriolanus!—Citizens!—

Peace, peace, peace!—Stay! Hold! Peace!

MENENIUS

What is about to be? I am out of breath.

Confusion's^o near. I cannot speak. You, tribunes

To th' people! Coriolanus, patience!

Speak, good Sicinius.

SICINIUS

Hear me, people; peace!

ALL [CITIZENS]

Let's hear our tribune. Peace!—Speak, speak, speak.

SICINIUS

You are at point to lose^o your liberties:

Marcus would have all from you; Marcus,

Whom late you have named for consul.

MENENIUS

Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

FIRST SENATOR

To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

SICINIUS

What is the city but the people?

ALL [CITIZENS]

True,

The people are the city.

BRUTUS

By the consent of all, we were established

The people's magistrates.

ALL [CITIZENS]

You so remain.

MENENIUS

And so are like to do.

COMINIUS

That is the way to lay the city flat,

To bring the roof to the foundation,

And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,^o

In heaps and piles of ruin.

SICINIUS

This deserves death.

BRUTUS

Or^o let us stand to^o our authority,

Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,

Upon the part o' th' people, in^o whose power

We were elected theirs,^o Marcus is worthy

Of present death.

SICINIUS

Therefore lay hold of him;

Bear him to th' rock Tarpeian,^o and from thence

Into destruction cast him.

BRUTUS

Aediles, seize him!

180

ALL [CITIZENS]

Yield, Marcus, yield!

MENENIUS

Hear me one word;

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

215

AEDILES Peace, peace!

MENENIUS [To BRUTUS.]

Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,

And temp'rately proceed to what you would

Thus violently redress.

BRUTUS

Sir, those cold ways,

That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous

220

Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,

And bear him to the rock.

185

CORIOLANUS *draws his sword.*

CORIOLANUS

No, I'll die here.

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;

Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

190

MENENIUS

Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw awhile.

225

BRUTUS

Lay hands upon him.

MENENIUS

Help Marcus, help,

You that be noble; help him, young and old!

ALL [CITIZENS]

Down with him, down with him!

In this mutiny,^o the TRIBUNES, the AEDILES, and the PEOPLE are beat in.

195

MENENIUS

Go, get you to your house; begone, away!

All will be naught^o else.

SECOND SENATOR

Get you gone.

CORIOLANUS

Stand fast;

230

We have as many friends as enemies.

MENENIUS

Shall it be put to that?^o

200

FIRST SENATOR

The gods forbid!

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;

Leave us to cure this cause.^o

MENENIUS

For 'tis a sore upon us

You cannot tent^o yourself. Begone, beseech you.

235

COMINIUS

Come, sir, along with us.

205

CORIOLANUS

I would they were barbarians, as they are,

Though in Rome littered; not Romans, as they are not,

Though calved i' th' porch o' th' Capitol.^o

MENENIUS

Begone.

Put not your worthy^o rage into your tongue:

240

One time will owe another.^o

210

CORIOLANUS

On fair ground

I could beat forty of them.

MENENIUS

I could myself

228 s.d. mutiny riot 230 naught ruined 232 put to that driven to that extremity 234 cause dispute 235 tent treat (cf. l.ix.31) 239 porch . . . Capitol portico of the temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill 240 worthy justifiable (?) noble (?) 241 One . . . another one time (the present, when the people are in revolt) will be compensated by another (when the people are checked)

189 Confusion ruin (resulting from civil disorder; cf. line 110) 193 at . . . lose on point of losing 205 distinctly ranges extends in separate orderly rows (of buildings) 207 Or either; stand to stand by 209 in by 210 theirs i.e., their representatives 212 rock Tarpeian from which criminals were thrown

Take up a brace° o' th' best of them; yea, the two tribunes.

COMINIUS

But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;°
And manhood is called foolery when it stands
Against a falling fabric.° Will you hence
Before the tag° return? Whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear°
What they are used to bear.

MENENIUS

Pray you, begone.

I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little. This must be patched
With cloth of any color.

COMINIUS

Nay, come away.

Exeunt CORIOLANUS and COMINIUS.

PATRICIAN

This man has marred his fortune.

MENENIUS

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

A noise within.

Here's goodly work!

PATRICIAN

I would they were abed!

MENENIUS

I would they were in Tiber! What the vengeance!°
Could he not speak 'em fair?°

Enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the RABBLE again.

SICINIUS

Where is this viper

That would depopulate the city and
Be every man himself?

MENENIUS

You worthy tribunes—

SICINIUS

He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands. He hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,°
Which he so sets at nought.

FIRST CITIZEN

He shall well know

The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

ALL [CITIZENS]

He shall, sure on't.

MENENIUS

Sir, sir—

SICINIUS Peace!

MENENIUS

Do not cry havoc,° where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.°

SICINIUS

Sir, how comes't that you

Have holp° to make this rescue?

MENENIUS

Hear me speak:

243 Take . . . brace take on a couple 244 beyond
arithmetic beyond number 246 fabric building 247 tag
riffraff ("tag and rag") 248 o'erbear overcome 261
What the vengeance an emphatic "What!"; cf. *What the
devil!* 262 speak 'em fair talk civilly to them (and so flatter)
268 the public power the power derived from the people
274 cry havoc call for general slaughter 275 With modest
warrant with moderate justification 276 holp helped

As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults.

SICINIUS

Consul! What consul?

MENENIUS

The consul Coriolanus.

BRUTUS

He consul!

ALL [CITIZENS]

No, no, no, no, no.

MENENIUS

If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

SICINIUS

Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory° to dispatch
This viperous traitor. To eject him hence
Were but our danger,° and to keep him here
Our certain death. Therefore it is decreed
He dies tonight.

MENENIUS

Now the good gods forbid

That our renownèd Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deservèd° children is enrolled
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

SICINIUS

He's a disease that must be cut away.

MENENIUS

O, he's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal,° to cut it off; to cure it, easy.

What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost
Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath
By many an ounce—he dropped it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country
Were to us all that do't and suffer it
A brand° to th' end o' th' world.

SICINIUS

This is clean kam.°

BRUTUS

Merely° awry. When he did love his country,
It honored him.

MENENIUS

The service of the foot

Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was.

BRUTUS

We'll hear no more.

Pursue him to his house and pluck° him thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

MENENIUS

One word more, one word!

This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscanned° swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds° to's° heels. Proceed by process;°
Lest parties (as he is beloved) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

BRUTUS

If it were so—

SICINIUS

What° do ye talk?

285 peremptory resolved 287 but our danger only the risk
we now run 291 deservèd deserving 296 Mortal deadly
303 brand mark of disgrace; clean kam completely wrong
(literally, "kam" = crooked) 304 Merely absolutely 308
pluck take 312 unscanned thoughtless 313 pounds pound-
weights; to's to its; process due process of law 316 What
why

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our aediles smote? Ourselves resisted? Come!

MENENIUS

Consider this: he has been bred i' th' wars
Since 'a could draw a sword, and is ill schooled
In bolted^o language; meal and brain together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,^o
In peace, to his utmost peril.^o

FIRST SENATOR

Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way. The other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

SICINIUS

Noble Menenius,

Be thou then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.

BRUTUS

Go not home.

SICINIUS

Meet on the marketplace. We'll attend you there,
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

MENENIUS

I'll bring him to you.

[To the SENATORS.]

Let me desire your company. He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

SENATORS

Pray you, let's to him.

Exeunt omnes.

[Scene II. Rome. The house of Coriolanus.]

Enter CORIOLANUS, with NOBLES.

CORIOLANUS

Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel^o or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation^o might down stretch
Below the beam of sight;^o yet will I still
Be thus to them.

A NOBLE

You do the nobler.

CORIOLANUS

I muse^o my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woolen vassals,^o things created
To buy and sell with groats;^o to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance^o stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you:

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me

False to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am.

15

VOLUMNIA O, sir, sir, sir,

320

I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

CORIOLANUS

Let go.^o

VOLUMNIA

You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions,^o if

20

325

You had not showed them how ye were disposed
Ere they lacked power to cross you.

CORIOLANUS

Let them hang.

VOLUMNIA

Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, with the SENATORS.

330

MENENIUS

Come, come, you have been too rough, something^o
too rough;

25

You must return and mend it.

SENATOR

There's no remedy,

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst^o and perish.

VOLUMNIA

Pray be counseled;

I have a heart as little apt^o as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

30

MENENIUS

Well said, noble woman!

Before he should thus stoop to th' herd, but that
The violent fit o' th' time craves it as physic^o
For the whole state, I would put mine armor on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

CORIOLANUS

What must I do?

35

MENENIUS

Return to th' tribunes.

CORIOLANUS

Well, what then? What then?

MENENIUS

Repent what you have spoke.

5

CORIOLANUS

For them! I cannot do it to the gods,
Must I then do't to them?

VOLUMNIA

You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble
But when extremities speak.^o I have heard you say,
Honor and policy, like unsevered^o friends,
I' th' war do grow together. Grant that, and tell me
In peace what each of them by th' other lose
That they combine not there.

40

CORIOLANUS

Tush, tush!

MENENIUS

A good demand.

45

VOLUMNIA

If it be honor in your wars to seem
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You adopt^o your policy, how is it less or worse
That it^o shall hold companionship in peace

321 bolted refined (literally, "sifted") 324 answer . . .
form meet the charges according to the forms of law 325 to
. . . peril at the risk of the severest penalty

III.ii.2 the wheel by being bound to a wheel and beaten to
death; an Elizabethan, not Roman, penalty 4 precipitation
steepness 5 Below . . . sight beyond the range of sight
("beam" = a ray passing from the object to the eye) 7 muse
wonder 9 woolen vassals i.e., rough-dressed members of
the lowest class 10 groats four-penny coins 12 ordinance
rank

18 Let go enough of that 21 dispositions inclinations 25
something somewhat 26-28 There's . . . midst there's no
help for it (you must compromise); else, because of your failure
to do so, our good city may be split in two 29 apt compliant
33 physic medical treatment 41 when extremities speak
when the most critical situations demand (see Introduction,
p. 1317) 42 unsevered inseparable 48 adopt adopt as
49 it pretense, "to seem/The same you are not"

With honor as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?°

CORIO LANUS

Why force° you this?

VOLUMNIA

Because that now it lies you on° to speak
To th' people, not by your own instruction,
Nor by th' matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but rote° in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.°
Now, this no more dishonors you at all
Than to take in° a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune° and
The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required
I should do so in honor.° I am in this°
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general° louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em
For the inheritance° of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want° might ruin.

MENENIUS

Noble lady!

Come, go with us; speak fair; you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

VOLUMNIA

I prithee now, my son,

Go to them with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretched it (here be with
them),

Thy knee bussing° the stones (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears), waving° thy head,
Which° often thus correcting thy stout° heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling; or° say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth,° hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

MENENIUS

This but done,

Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being asked, as free°
As words to little purpose.

VOLUMNIA

Prithee now,

Go, and be ruled; although I know thou hadst 90
rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf°

51 stands . . . request is equally in demand; force urge
52 it . . . on it is your duty 55 rote° learned by rote 56-57
but . . . truth only false expressions wholly unacceptable to
your heart's understanding 59 take in capture 60 put . . .
fortune force you to take your chances (in war) 64 in
honor in honor bound (not Coriolanus' understanding of
"honor"); I . . . this I speak in this for (implying also, "I
stand in place of") 66 general common 68 inheritance
possession 69 that want i.e., of their loves 74-80 the text
may be corrupt 75 bussing kissing (touching) 77 waving
bowing up and down 78 Which subject of "correcting" in a
nominative absolute; the sentence is urgent; the syntax,
sketchy; stout proud 80 or marks the turn from "action" to
"eloquence," line 76 85 forsooth in truth 88 free liberal
(to grant) 91 in . . . gulf into an abyss of flame

50 Than flatter him in a bower.°

Enter COMINIUS.

Here is Cominius.

COMINIUS

I have been i' th' marketplace;° and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party,° or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence. All's in anger. 95

MENENIUS

Only fair speech.

COMINIUS

I think 'twill serve, if he

Can thereto frame his spirit.

VOLUMNIA

He must, and will.

Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

CORIO LANUS

Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce?° Must I
With my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do't.
Yet, were there but this single plot° to lose,
This mold° of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind. To th' marketplace!
You have put me now to such a part° which never
I shall discharge° to th' life. 105

COMINIUS

Come, come, we'll prompt you.

VOLUMNIA

I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

CORIO LANUS

Well, I must do't. 110

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's° spirit! My throat of war be turned,
Which quired° with my drum, into a pipe°
Small as an eunuch or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up°
The glasses of my sight!° A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my armed knees,
Who bowed but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms! I will not do't;
Lest I surcease° to honor mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent° baseness. 120

VOLUMNIA

At thy choice then

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonor
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin! Let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness,° for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.°
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'st it from me,
But owe° thy pride thyself. 125

CORIO LANUS

Pray, be content:

Mother, I am going to the marketplace; 130

92 bower ladies' chamber 93 marketplace Forum of ancient
Rome 94 make strong party maintain your side strongly 99
unbarbed sconce unarmed head ("sconce" often used in comic
contexts) 102 plot of earth 103 mold both "frame" and
"earth"; cf. V.iii.22 105 part in a play 106 discharge perform
112 harlot rascal (used of both sexes) 113 quired sang har-
moniously; pipe i.e., voice 116 take up possess 117 glasses
. . . sight my eyeballs 121 surcease cease 123 inherent
firmly settled 126-27 feel . . . stoutness suffer the effects of
thy pride, but not fear the danger of it ("stoutness" = obstinacy,
as in North, nearly equal to "pride"; cf. line 78) 128 thou
list you please 130 owe own, have

Chide me no more. I'll mountebank° their loves,
 Cog° their hearts from them, and come home beloved
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do
 I' th' way of flattery further.

VOLUMNIA

Do your will.

Exit VOLUMNIA.

COMINIUS

Away, the tribunes do attend you. Arm yourself
 To answer mildly; for they are prepared
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong
 Than are upon you yet.

CORIOLANUS

The word° is "mildly." Pray you, let us go.
 Let them accuse me by invention,° I
 Will answer in° mine honor.

MENENIUS

Ay, but mildly.

CORIOLANUS

Well, mildly be it then—mildly.

Exeunt. 145

[Scene III. Rome. The Forum.]

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

BRUTUS

In this point charge him home,° that he affects°
 Tyrannical power. If he evade us there,
 Enforce him° with his envy° to the people,
 And that the spoil got on° the Antiates
 Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an AEDILE.

What, will he come?

5

AEDILE

He's coming.

BRUTUS

How accompanied?

AEDILE

With old Menenius and those senators
 That always favored him.

SICINIUS

Have you a catalog

Of all the voices that we have procured,
 Set down by th' poll?°

AEDILE

I have; 'tis ready.

10

SICINIUS

Have you collected them by tribes?

AEDILE

I have.

SICINIUS

Assemble presently° the people hither:
 And when they hear me say, "It shall be so
 I' th' right and strength o' th' commons," be it either
 For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
 If I say "Fine," cry "Fine!"—if "Death," cry "Death!"

15

Insisting on the old prerogative
 And power i' th' truth o' th' cause.°

AEDILE

I shall inform them.

BRUTUS

And when such time° they have begun to cry,
 Let them not cease, but with a din confused
 Enforce° the present execution
 Of what we chance to sentence.

20

AEDILE

Very well.

SICINIUS

Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,°
 When we shall hap to give't them.

140

BRUTUS

Go about it. [*Exit AEDILE.*]

Put him to° choler straight. He hath been used
 Ever to conquer and to have his worth°
 Of contradiction. Being once chafed, he cannot
 Be reined again to temperance; then he speaks
 What's in his heart, and that is there which looks
 With us° to break his neck:

25

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, and COMINIUS,
 with others.*

SICINIUS

Well, here he comes.

30

MENENIUS

Calmly, I do beseech you.

CORIOLANUS

Ay, as an ostler, that for th' poorest piece°
 Will bear the knave by th' volume.° Th' honored gods
 Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
 Supplied with worthy men! Plant love among's!
 Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
 And not our streets with war!

35

FIRST SENATOR

Amen, amen.

MENENIUS

A noble wish.

Enter the AEDILE, with the PLEBEIANS.

SICINIUS

Draw near, ye people.

AEDILE

List to your tribunes. Audience!° peace, I say!

40

CORIOLANUS

First, hear me speak.

BOTH TRIBUNES

Well, say. Peace, ho!

CORIOLANUS

Shall I be charged no further than this present?°
 Must all determine° here?

SICINIUS

I do demand,°

If you submit you to the people's voices,
 Allow° their officers, and are content
 To suffer lawful censure for such faults
 As shall be proved upon you.

45

CORIOLANUS

I am content.

MENENIUS

Lo, citizens, he says he is content.

132 mountebank win their loves by tricky actions (cf. a mountebank, a quack doctor, who puts on an act to sell his wares) 133 Cog cheat 142 word password 143 accuse . . . invention invent accusations against me 144 in in a way consistent with

III.iii.1 charge him home press your accusations against him to the limit; affects aims at 3 Enforce him press him hard; envy ill will 4 got on won from 10 by th' poll by counting heads 12 presently at once (cf. line 21)

18 i' . . . cause resting in the justice of the case 19 when such time at such time when 21 Enforce press for 23 hint opportunity 25 Put him to drive him to 26 his worth his pennyworth, i.e., his fill 29–30 looks With us promises in harmony with our intent 32 piece coin 33 bear . . . volume endure being called knave enough times to fill a book 40 Audience Give ear! 42 this present this immediate occasion 43 determine reach a conclusion; demand ask 45 Allow acknowledge

The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' th' holy churchyard.

CORIO LANUS Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.

MENENIUS Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier.^o Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds, 55
But, as I say, such as become a soldier
Rather than envy^o you.

COMINIUS Well, well, no more.

CORIO LANUS
What is the matter
That, being passed for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonored that the very hour 60
You take it off again?

SICINIUS Answer to us.

CORIO LANUS
Say, then. 'Tis true, I ought so.

SICINIUS
We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all seasoned^o office, and to wind
Yourself into^o a power tyrannical, 65
For which you are a traitor to the people.

CORIO LANUS

How! Traitor!

MENENIUS Nay, temperately! Your promise.

CORIO LANUS
The fires i' th' lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor, thou injurious^o tribune!
Within^o thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths, 70
In thy hands clutched as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
"Thou liest" unto thee with a voice as free^o
As I do pray the gods.

SICINIUS Mark you this, people?

ALL [CITIZENS]
To th' rock, to th' rock with him!

SICINIUS Peace! 75
We need not put new matter to his charge.
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him—even this, 80
So criminal and in such capital^o kind,
Deserves th' extremest death.

BRUTUS But since he hath
Served well for Rome—

CORIO LANUS What do you prate of service?

BRUTUS
I talk of that that know it.

CORIO LANUS You! 85

MENENIUS
Is this the promise that you made your mother?

COMINIUS
Know, I pray you—

CORIO LANUS I'll know no further.

54 like a soldier see Introduction, p. 1312 57 envy express malice towards 64 seasoned established (or "moderate," "well moderated") 64-65 wind Yourself into make your way by indirect and crooked means 69 injurious insulting 70 Within if within 73 free unrestrained 81 capital defined by line 82

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,^o
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent^o to linger 90
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage^o for what they can give,
To have't with saying "Good morrow."

SICINIUS For that he has
(As much as in him lies^o) from time to time
Envied against^o the people, seeking means 95
To pluck away their power, as now^o at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not^o in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it—in the name o' th' people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we, 100
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I' th' people's name,
I say it shall be so. 105

ALL [CITIZENS]
It shall be so, it shall be so! Let him away!
He's banished, and it shall be so.

COMINIUS
Hear me, my masters and my common friends— 65

SICINIUS
He's sentenced; no more hearing.

COMINIUS Let me speak.
I have been consul, and can show for Rome 110
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate,^o her womb's increase
And treasure of my loins; then if I would 115
Speak that—

SICINIUS We know your drift. Speak what?

BRUTUS
There's no more to be said, but he is banished
As enemy to the people and his country.
It shall be so.

ALL [CITIZENS]
It shall be so, it shall be so. 120

CORIO LANUS
You common cry^o of curs, whose breath I hate
As reek^o o' th' rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you.
And here remain with your uncertainty! 125
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels,^o 130
Making but reservation of yourselves,^o
Still^o your own foes) deliver you as most
Abated^o captives to some nation

88 steep Tarpeian death cf. line 103 89 pent i.e., "Let them pronounce" the sentence of being "pent," imprisoned 92 courage spirit 94 as . . . lies as lies in his power 95 Envied against shown malice towards 96 as now with respect to this occasion (or "now," "as" being redundant) 97 not not only 114 estimate worth 121 cry pack 122 reek mist 130 finds . . . feels does not understand until it suffers the consequences 131 Making . . . yourselves saving only yourselves 132 Still ever 133 Abated beaten down

That won you without blows! Despising
For you the city, thus I turn my back. 135
There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, [MENENIUS,
with the other SENATORS.

AEDILE

The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

ALL [CITIZENS]

Our enemy is banished, he is gone! Hoo—oo!

They all shout, and throw up their caps.

SICINIUS

Go see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath followed you, with all despite;
Give him deserved vexation.^o Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

ALL [CITIZENS]

Come, come, let's see him out at gates; come!
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV

[Scene I. Rome. Before a gate of the city.]

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENE-
NIUS, COMINIUS, with the young NOBILITY of Rome.

CORIOLANUS

Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell. The beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? You were used
To say extremities was^o the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear; 5
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Showed mastership in floating; fortune's blows^o
When most struck home, being gentle wounded
craves
A noble cunning.^o You were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible 10
The heart that conned^o them.

VIRGILIA

O heavens! O heavens!

CORIOLANUS Nay, I prithee, woman—

VOLUMNIA

Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

CORIOLANUS What, what, what!

I shall be loved when I am lacked. Nay, mother, 15
Resume that spirit when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife to Hercules,
Six of his labors you'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother. 20
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,

140 despite contempt 141 Give . . . vexation torment him as he deserves

IV.i.4 extremities was plural subject permissible in Elizabethan usage 7 fortune's blows supply introductory "that" 7-9 fortune's . . . cunning when fortune's blows strike hardest, to act the gentleman though wounded demands a noble use of intelligence 11 conned studied

And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime^o general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women 25
'Tis fond^o to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot^o well
My hazards still have been your solace,^o and
Believe't not lightly—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen 30
Makes feared and talked of more than seen—your son
Will or exceed the common^o or be caught
With cautelous^o baits and practice.^o

VOLUMNIA

My first son,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius 35
With thee awhile. Determine on some course
More than a wild exposure^o to each chance
That starts i' th' way before thee.

CORIOLANUS

O the gods!

COMINIUS

I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us
And we of thee. So, if the time thrust forth 40
A cause for thy repeal,^o we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage,^o which doth ever cool
I' th' absence of the needier.^o

CORIOLANUS

Fare ye well!

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full 45
Of the wars' surfeits to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised. Bring^o me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch;^o when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come. 50
While I remain above the ground you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

MENENIUS

That's worthily

As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep. 55
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd^o with thee every foot.

CORIOLANUS

Give me thy hand.

Come.

Exeunt.

[Scene II. Rome. Near the gate.]

*Enter the two tribunes, SICINIUS and BRUTUS, with the
AEDILE.*

SICINIUS

Bid them all^o home; he's gone, and we'll no further.
The nobility are vexed, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

BRUTUS

Now we have shown our power,

Let us seem humbler after it is done

Than when it was a-doing.

SICINIUS

Bid them home. 5

23 sometime former 26 fond foolish 27 wot know 28
solace interest 32 or . . . common either surpass the usual
achievements of men 33 cautelous crafty; practice treachery
36 exposure exposure 41 repeal recall 43 advantage the
opportune moment 44 needier i.e., of "advantage" 47 Bring
conduct 49 noble touch tested nobility (cf. touchstone) 57
I'd I would (go)

IV.ii.1 them all the plebeians

Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.
BRUTUS Dismiss them home. [*Exit AEDILE.*]
Here comes his mother.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

SICINIUS Let's not meet her.
BRUTUS Why?

SICINIUS They say she's mad.

BRUTUS They have ta'en note of us. Keep on your way. 10

VOLUMNIA O, y' are well met. Th' hoarded^o plague o' th' gods
Requite your love!

MENENIUS Peace, peace, be not so loud.

VOLUMNIA If that I could for weeping, you should hear—
Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To BRUTUS.*] Will
you be gone?

VIRGILIA [*To SICINIUS.*]
You shall stay too. I would I had the power 15
To say so to my husband.

SICINIUS Are you mankind?^o

VOLUMNIA Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this, fool.
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship^o
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?

SICINIUS O blessed heavens! 20

VOLUMNIA Moe^o noble blows than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what—yet go!
Nay, but thou shalt stay too. I would my son
Were in Arabia,^o and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

SICINIUS What then?

VIRGILIA What then! 25
He'd make an end of thy posterity.

VOLUMNIA Bastards and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

MENENIUS Come, come, peace.

SICINIUS I would he had continued to his country 30
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.^o

BRUTUS I would he had.

VOLUMNIA "I would he had"! 'Twas you incensed the rabble;
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven 35
Will not have earth to know.

BRUTUS Pray, let's go.

VOLUMNIA Now, pray, sir, get you gone;

II hoarded stored up (for punishment) **16 mankind** mad, of manlike violence (Sicinius' meaning; but Volumnia takes it in the sense of "human") **18 foxship** cunning **21 Moe** more **24 Arabia** a desert (outside Roman law and order) **32 noble** . . . **made** bond to Rome made by his heroic deeds.

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son— 40
This lady's husband here, this, do you see?
Whom you have banished—does exceed you all.

BRUTUS

Well, well, we'll leave you.

SICINIUS Why stay we to be baited
With^o one that wants her wits? *Exit TRIBUNES.*

VOLUMNIA Take my prayers with you.
I would the gods had nothing else to do 45
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

MENENIUS You have told them home,^o
And by my troth you have cause. You'll sup with me?

VOLUMNIA Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself, 50
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's go.
Leave this faint puling,^o and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Exeunt [VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA].
MENENIUS Fie, fie, fie! *Exit.*

[Scene III. Between Rome and Antium.]

Enter a ROMAN and a VOLSC.

ROMAN I know you well, sir, and you know me: your
name, I think, is Adrian.

VOLSC It is so, sir. Truly, I have forgot you.

ROMAN I am a Roman; and my services are, as you
are, against 'em.^o Know you me yet? 5

VOLSC Nicanor? No!

ROMAN The same, sir.

VOLSC You had more beard when I last saw you;
but your favor^o is well appeared^o by your tongue. 10
What's the news in Rome? I have a note^o from the
Volscian state to find you out there. You have well
saved me a day's journey.

ROMAN There hath been in Rome strange insurrec-
tions; the people against the senators, patricians, and
nobles. 15

VOLSC Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks
not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and
hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

ROMAN The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing
would make it flame again; for the nobles receive^o so 20
to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus,
that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from
the people and to pluck from them their tribunes
forever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost
mature for the violent breaking out. 25

VOLSC Coriolanus banished!

ROMAN Banished, sir.

VOLSC You will be welcome with this intelligence,
Nicanor.

ROMAN The day serves well for them^o now. I have 30

44 With by **48 told them home** "hit them where it hurts"
52 puling whining
IV.iii.5 'em the Romans **9 favor** face; **appeared** made to
appear **10 a note** intructions **20 receive** take **30 them** the
Volscians

heard it said the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fall'n out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of^o his country. 35

VOLSCE He cannot choose.^o I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

ROMAN I shall, between this^o and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you? 40

VOLSCE A most royal one; the centurions^o and their charges,^o distinctly billeted,^o already in th' entertainment,^o and to be on foot at an hour's warning. 45

ROMAN I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

VOLSCE You take my part from me, sir. I have the most cause to be glad of yours. 50

ROMAN Well, let us go together. *Exeunt.*

[Scene IV. Antium. Before Aufidius' house.]

Enter CORIOLANUS in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

CORIOLANUS

A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars^o
Have I heard groan and drop. Then know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with stones 5
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a CITIZEN.

Save you,^o sir.

CITIZEN

And you.

CORIOLANUS Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies.^o Is he in Antium?

CITIZEN

He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

CORIOLANUS Which is his house, beseech you? 10

CITIZEN

This here before you.

CORIOLANUS Thank you, sir: farewell.

Exit CITIZEN.

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seems^o to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love 15

34-35 in . . . of in no demand by 36 cannot choose but "appear well" 39 this this time 43 centurions commanders of smallest unit (century) of a Roman legion 44 charges men under them; distinctly billeted separately enrolled 44-45 in th' entertainment in service (maintained by the army)

IV.iv.3 'fore my wars before my attacks. 6 Save you God save you 8 lies lives 13 seems perhaps an old plural in -s

Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit,^o break out
To bitterest enmity. So fellest^o foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance, 20
Some trick^o not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues.^o So with me:
My birthplace hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. I'll enter. If he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way, 25
I'll do his country service. *Exit.*

[Scene V. Antium. A hall in Aufidius' house.]

Music plays. Enter a SERVINGMAN.

FIRST SERVINGMAN Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. *[Exit.]*

Enter another SERVINGMAN.

SECOND SERVINGMAN Where's Cotus? My master calls for him. Cotus! *Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

CORIOLANUS

A goodly house. The feast smells well, but I
Appear not like a guest. 5

Enter the FIRST SERVINGMAN.

FIRST SERVINGMAN What would you have, friend?
Whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray go to the door!^o *Exit.*

CORIOLANUS

I have deserved no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus. 10

Enter SECOND SERVINGMAN.

SECOND SERVINGMAN Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head that he gives entrance to such companions?^o Pray get you out.

CORIOLANUS Away! 15

SECOND SERVINGMAN "Away!" Get you away.

CORIOLANUS Now thou'rt troublesome.

SECOND SERVINGMAN Are you so brave?^o I'll have you talked with anon.^o

Enter THIRD SERVINGMAN; the FIRST [SERVINGMAN] meets him.

THIRD SERVINGMAN What fellow's this? 20

FIRST SERVINGMAN A strange one as ever I looked on! I cannot get him out o' th' house. Prithee call my master to him.

THIRD SERVINGMAN What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you avoid^o the house. 25

CORIOLANUS Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

THIRD SERVINGMAN What are you?

CORIOLANUS A gentleman.

THIRD SERVINGMAN A marv'lous^o poor one. 30

17 of a doit worth a doit (coin of little value; cf. I.v.6) 18 fellest fiercest 21 trick trifle 22 interjoin their issues (1) let their children intermarry (2) become close partners in action ("issues" in sense of "deeds"?)

CORIANUS True, so I am.

THIRD SERVINGMAN Pray you, poor gentleman,
take up some other station; here's no place for you.
Pray you avoid. Come.

CORIANUS Follow your function,° go and batten° 35
on cold bits.

Pushes him away from him.

THIRD SERVINGMAN What, you will not? Prithee,
tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

SECOND SERVINGMAN And I shall.

Exit SECOND SERVINGMAN.

THIRD SERVINGMAN Where dwell'st thou? 40

CORIANUS Under the canopy.°

THIRD SERVINGMAN Under the canopy!

CORIANUS Ay.

THIRD SERVINGMAN Where's that?

CORIANUS I' th' city of kites and crows. 45

THIRD SERVINGMAN I' th' city of kites and crows!
What an ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with daws° too?

CORIANUS No, I serve not thy master.

THIRD SERVINGMAN How, sir! Do you meddle with
my master? 50

CORIANUS Ay; 'tis an honest service than to
meddle with thy mistress. Thou prat'st, and prat'st;
serve with thy trencher.° Hence! *Beats him away.*

Enter AUFIDIUS with the [SECOND] SERVINGMAN.

AUFIDIUS Where is this fellow?

SECOND SERVINGMAN Here, sir. I'd have beaten 55
him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

AUFIDIUS

Whence com'st thou? What wouldst thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man. What's thy name?

CORIANUS [Unmuffling.] If, Tullus,
Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me° for the man I am, necessity 60
Commands me name myself.

AUFIDIUS What is thy name?

CORIANUS

A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

AUFIDIUS Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command° in't. Though thy tackle's torn, 65
Thou show'st° a noble vessel. What's thy name?

CORIANUS

Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

AUFIDIUS

I know thee not. Thy name!

CORIANUS

My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscs, 70
Great hurt and mischief;° thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful° service,

The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname—a good memory° 75
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me. Only that name
remains.

The cruelty and envy° of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest; 80
And suffered me by th' voice of slaves to be
Whooped out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope
(Mistake me not) to save my life; for if
I had feared death, of all the men i' th' world 85
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of° those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak° in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs and stop those maims 90
Of shame° seen through thy country, speed thee
straight

And make my misery serve thy turn. So use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my cank' red° country with the spleen° 95
Of all the under fiends.° But if so be
Thou dar'st not this and that to prove more fortunes°
Thou'rt tired, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice; 100
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
Drawn tuns° of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

AUFIDIUS O Marcius, Marcius! 105
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my
heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say, "'Tis true," I'd not believe them more 110
Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grainèd ash° an hundred times hath broke
And scarred the moon with splinters. Here I clip°
The anvil of my sword, and do contest 115
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sighed truer breath. But that° I see thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt° heart 120
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I tell thee,
We have a power on foot,° and I had purpose

IV.v.9 to the door out of doors 14 companions fellows (in
bad sense) 18 brave impudent 19 anon soon 25 avoid
leave 30 marv'lous strangely 35 Follow your function
do your regular work; batten grow fat 41 canopy sky
(cf. canopy over a throne) 47 daws foolish birds 53 trencher
wooden plate 60 Think me take me 65 a command a look
of authority 66 show'st appear'st 71 mischief serious harm
72 painful laborious

75 memory memorial 78 envy ill will 87 full quit of fully
revenged on 89 heart of wreak vengeful heart 90-91
mains Of shame shameful wounds (e.g., the Roman occupa-
tion of Corioli) 95 cank' red corrupted (by ingratitude and
envy); spleen rage 96 under fiends devils in hell 97 prove
more fortunes try the chances of fortune further 103 tuns
casks 112 grainèd ash spear of ash, the grain showing 113
clip embrace 119 that because 120 rapt enraptured 123
power on foot force in the field

Once more to hew thy target^o from thy brawn,^o
Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me out^o 125
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me.
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And waked^o half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius, 130
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome but that
Thou art thence banished, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'erbeat.^o O, come, go in, 135
And take our friendly senators by th' hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me
Who am prepared against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

CORIOLANUS You bless me, gods!

Therefore, most absolute^o sir, if thou wilt have 140
The leading of thine own revenges, take
Th' one half of my commission,^o and set down^o—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own
ways,
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome, 145
Or rudely visit them in parts remote
To fright them ere destroy. But come in.
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy; 150
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most
welcome!
Exeunt.

Enter° two of the SERVINGMEN.

SECOND SERVINGMAN By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me^o his clothes made a false report of him. 155

FIRST SERVINGMAN What an arm ¹ he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

SECOND SERVINGMAN Nay, I knew by his face
that there was something in him; he had, sir, a kind of 160
face, methought—I cannot tell how to term it.

FIRST SERVINGMAN He had so, looking as it were—would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

SECOND SERVINGMAN So did I, I'll be sworn. He is 165
simply the rarest man i' th' world.

FIRST SERVINGMAN I think he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot^o one.

SECOND SERVINGMAN Who, my master?

FIRST SERVINGMAN Nay, it's no matter for that. 170

SECOND SERVINGMAN Worth six on him.

FIRST SERVINGMAN Nay, not so neither. But I take him to be the greater soldier.

124 target shield; **brawn** brawny arm **125 out** completely
130 waked (I have) awakened **135 o'erbeat** surge over (the
land) **140 absolute** perfect **142 my commission** the forces
under me; **set down** determine **151 s.d. Enter** perhaps they
come forward from backstage, since neither has been assigned
an "Exit" **154-55 my mind gave me** I had an idea **167-76**
the First Servingman is cautiously and cunningly vague in his
references to the "greater soldier" **168 wot** know

SECOND SERVINGMAN Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that. For the defense of a town our general is excellent. 175

FIRST SERVINGMAN Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter the THIRD SERVINGMAN.

THIRD SERVINGMAN O slaves, I can tell you news—
news, you rascals!

BOTH [FIRST AND SECOND SERVINGMEN] What, 180
what, what? Let's partake.

THIRD SERVINGMAN I would not be a Roman, of
all nations; I had as lief^o be a condemned man.

BOTH Wherefore? Wherefore?

THIRD SERVINGMAN Why here's he that was wont
to thwack our general—Caius Marcius.

FIRST SERVINGMAN Why do you say "thwack our general"?

THIRD SERVINGMAN I do not say "thwack our general," but he was always good enough for him. 190

SECOND SERVINGMAN Come, we are fellows° and friends. He was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

FIRST SERVINGMAN He was too hard for him
directly,^o to say the troth on't. Before Corioles he 195
scotched^o him and notched him like a carbonado.^o

SECOND SERVINGMAN And he had been cannibally given, he might have boiled and eaten him too.

FIRST SERVINGMAN But more of thy news?

THIRD SERVINGMAN Why, he is so made on^o here 200
within as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at
upper end o' th' table; no question asked him by any
of the senators but they stand bald^o before him. Our
general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies
himself with's hand,^o and turns up the white o' th' eye^o 205
to his discourse. But the bottom^o of the news is, our
general is cut i' th' middle and but one half of what he
was yesterday, for the other has half by the entreaty
and grant of the whole table.^o He'll go, he says, and
sowl^o the porter of Rome gates by th' ears. He will 210
mow all down before him, and leave his passage
polled.^o

SECOND SERVINGMAN And he's as like to do't as
any man I can imagine.

THIRD SERVINGMAN Do't! He will do't; for look 215
you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which
friends, sir, as it were, durst not (look you, sir) show
themselves (as we term it) his friends whilst he's in
directitude.°

FIRST SERVINGMAN Directitude! What's that? 220

THIRD SERVICEMAN But when they shall see, sir,
his crest up^o again and the man in blood,^o they will
out of their burrows (like conies^o after rain) and revel
all with him.

183 lief willingly 191 fellows comrades 195 directly plainly
196 scotched slashed; carbonado meat scored with knife,
for broiling 200 so made on made so much of 203 bald
bareheaded 205 sanctifies . . . hand touches his hand as if it
were a holy relic 205 turns . . . eye in pious wonder
206 bottom last (jokingly for “the climax”) 208–09 has
. . . table has half because all at the table beg him to take it,
and give it to him 210 sowl drag 212 polled cleared (used
of cutting hair) 219 directitude comic mistake for *discredit* (?)
222 crest up like an animal aroused; in blood in top condition
223 conies rabbits

183 *her* willingly 191 *ten*ows comrades 193 *un*deedly plain
196 *scot*ched, *clashed*: *carbonado* meat scored with knife

190 scotched slashed, cardboard meat scored with knife,
for broiling. 200 so made on made so much of 203 bald

for broming 200 so made on made so much of 203 said
 horse-headed 205 sanctifies hand touches his hand as if it

bareheaded 205 sanctities . . . hand touches his hand as if it
were a holy relic 205 turns eye in pious wonder

were a holy relic 205 turns . . . eye in pious wonder
206 but the . . . (indicates for "the climax") 208 or has

[illegible]

... **table** has halt because all at the table beg him to take it,
 ... **table** has halt because all at the table beg him to take it,

and give it to him 210 sowl drag 212 polled cleared (used

of cutting hair) **219** **directitude** comic mistake for *discredit* (?)

222 crest up like an animal aroused; **in blood** in top condition

223 conies rabbits

FIRST SERVINGMAN But when goes this forward? 225
 THIRD SERVINGMAN Tomorrow, today, presently.^o
 You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon. 'Tis
 as it were a parcel^o of their feast, and to be executed
 ere they wipe their lips.
 SECOND SERVINGMAN Why, then we shall have a 230
 stirring world again. This peace is nothing but to rust
 iron, increase tailors, and breed balladmakers.
 FIRST SERVINGMAN Let me have war, say I; it
 exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's sprightly
 walking, audible,^o and full of vent.^o Peace is a very 235
 apoplexy, lethargy; mulled,^o deaf, sleepy, insensible;
 a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer
 of men.
 SECOND SERVINGMAN 'Tis so; and as wars in some
 sort may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied 240
 but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.
 FIRST SERVINGMAN Ay, and it makes men hate one
 another.
 THIRD SERVINGMAN Reason: because they then less
 need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to 245
 see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising,^o
 they are rising.
 BOTH [FIRST AND SECOND SERVINGMEN] In, in,
 in! in, Exeunt.

[Scene VI. Rome. A public place.]

Enter the two tribunes, SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

SICINIUS
 We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
 His remedies are tame.^o The present peace
 And quietness of the people, which before
 Were in wild hurry,^o here do make his friends
 Blush that the world goes well; who rather had, 5
 Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
 Dissentious numbers pest'ring^o streets than see
 Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
 About their functions friendly.
 BRUTUS
 We stood to't^o in good time.
 Enter MENENIUS.
 Is this Menenius? 10
 SICINIUS
 'Tis he, 'tis he. O, he is grown most kind
 Of late. Hail, sir!
 MENENIUS Hail to you both!
 SICINIUS
 Your Coriolanus is not much missed
 But with his friends. The commonwealth doth stand,
 And so would do, were he more angry at it. 15
 MENENIUS
 All's well; and might have been much better, if
 He could have temporized.
 SICINIUS Where is he, hear you?

MENENIUS
 Nay, I hear nothing. His mother and his wife
 Hear nothing from him.
 Enter three or four CITIZENS.
 ALL [CITIZENS]
 The gods preserve you both!
 SICINIUS Good-e'en,^o our neighbors. 20
 BRUTUS
 Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.
 FIRST CITIZEN
 Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
 Are bound to pray for you both.
 SICINIUS Live, and thrive!
 BRUTUS
 Farewell, kind neighbors. We wished Coriolanus
 Had loved you as we did.
 ALL [CITIZENS] Now the gods keep you! 25
 BOTH TRIBUNES
 Farewell, farewell. Exeunt CITIZENS.
 SICINIUS
 This is a happier and more comely^o time
 Than when these fellows ran about the streets
 Crying confusion.^o
 BRUTUS Caius Marcius was
 A worthy officer i' th' war, but insolent, 30
 O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
 Self-loving—
 SICINIUS And affecting^o one sole throne,
 Without assistance.^o
 MENENIUS I think not so.
 SICINIUS
 We should by this, to all our lamentation,
 If he had gone forth consul, found^o it so. 35
 BRUTUS
 The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
 Sits safe and still without him.
 Enter an AEDILE.
 AEDILE Worthy tribunes,
 There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
 Reports the Volscs with two several powers^o
 Are ent'red in the Roman territories, 40
 And with the deepest malice of the war
 Destroy what lies before 'em.
 MENENIUS 'Tis Aufidius,
 Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
 Thrusts forth his horns^o again into the world,
 Which were inshelled when Marcius stood for Rome, 45
 And durst not once peep out.
 SICINIUS Come, what talk you
 Of Marcius?
 BRUTUS
 Go see this rumor whipped. It cannot be
 The Volscs dare break with us.
 MENENIUS Cannot be!
 We have record that very well it can; 50
 And three examples of the like hath been
 Within my age. But reason with^o the fellow,

226 presently now 228 parcel part 235 audible of good
 hearing; full of vent with plenty of outlets for energy (?;
 cf. I.i.227) 236 mulled dulled (like wine sweetened and heated)
 246 rising getting up from table
 IV.vi.2 His . . . tame His attempts to "cure" the state are
 (now) harmless (cf. "dangerous physic," III.i.154) 4 hurry
 commotion 7 pest'ring filling with disturbance 10 stood
 to't made an issue of it

20 Good-e'en good evening 27 comely respectable 29
 Crying confusion calling for disorder 32 affecting aiming
 at 33 Without assistance not sharing his powers with others
 35 found have found 39 several powers separate forces
 44 horns like a snail 52 reason with talk with

Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

SICINIUS Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

BRUTUS Not possible.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER
The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate House. Some news is coming
That turns^o their countenances.

SICINIUS 'Tis this slave—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes—his raising,^o
Nothing but his report.

MESSENGER Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded;^o and more,
More fearful, is delivered.

SICINIUS What more fearful?

MESSENGER
It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that Marcius,
Joined with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.^o

SICINIUS This is most likely!

BRUTUS
Raised only that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

SICINIUS The very trick on't.

MENENIUS
This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone^o
Than violent'st contrariety.

Enter [a SECOND] MESSENGER.

SECOND MESSENGER
You are sent for to the Senate.
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories, and have already
O'erborne their way,^o consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

COMINIUS O, you have made good work! 80

MENENIUS
What news? What news?

COMINIUS
You have help to ravish your own daughters and
To melt the city leads^o upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonored to^o your noses—

MENENIUS
What's the news? What's the news? 85

COMINIUS
Your temples burnèd in their cement, and

Your franchises, whereon you stood,^o confined
Into an auger's bore.

55 MENENIUS Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your
news?—

If Marcius should be joined wi' th' Volscians—

COMINIUS If! 90

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than Nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him
Against us brats with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies. 95

60 MENENIUS You have made good work,
You and your apron-men;^o you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation^o and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

COMINIUS He'll shake
Your Rome about your ears.

MENENIUS As Hercules 100
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair
work!

65 BRUTUS
But is this true, sir?

COMINIUS Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resists
Are mocked for valiant ignorance, 105
And perish constant^o fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

MENENIUS
We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

COMINIUS Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people 110
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds. For his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charged^o him
even

75 As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein showed^o like enemies.

MENENIUS 'Tis true: 115
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease." You have made fair
hands,^o

You and your crafts! You have crafted fair!^o
COMINIUS You have brought 120
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
S' incapable^o of help.

TRIBUNES Say not we brought it.

MENENIUS
How! Was't we? We loved him, but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,^o
Who did hoot him out o' th' city. 85

COMINIUS But I fear

60 turns changes 61 his raising his starting (i.e., the rumor;
note comma and the following explanatory phrase) 63
seconded confirmed (by further reports) 68–69 as spacious
. . . thing covering the span between youngest and oldest,
i.e., the whole population 73 atone be reconciled 79 O'er-
borne their way (like a stream) overflowed everything in
their way 83 leads roofs 84 to before

87 franchises . . . stood rights, on which you insisted 97
apron-men artisans 98 occupation manual workers 106
constant loyal 113 charged would attack, urge (both
senses relevant) 115 showed would show 118 made fair
hands handled matter finely 119 crafted fair plied your
trade (of cunning) beautifully 121 S' incapable so unsuscep-
tible 123 clusters crowds

They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men,^o obeys his points^o
As if he were his officer. Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defense,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of CITIZENS.

MENENIUS Here come the clusters.
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip. As many coxcombs^o
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices.^o 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,^o
We have deserved it.

OMNES

Faith, we hear fearful news.

FIRST CITIZEN For mine own part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity.

SECOND CITIZEN And so did I.

THIRD CITIZEN And so did I; and, to say the truth,
so did very many of us. That we did, we did for the
best; and though we willingly consented to his banish-
ment, yet it was against our will.

COMINIUS

Y' are goodly things, you voices!

MENENIUS You have made
Good work, you and your cry!^o Shall's^o to the
Capitol?

COMINIUS

O, ay, what else? *Exeunt both.*

SICINIUS

Go masters, get you home; be not dismayed;
These are a side^o that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

FIRST CITIZEN The gods be good to us! Come,
masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' th' wrong
when we banished him.

SECOND CITIZEN So did we all. But come, let's
home. *Exit CITIZENS.*

BRUTUS

I do not like this news.

SICINIUS Nor I.

BRUTUS

Let's to the Capitol. Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

SICINIUS Pray, let's go.

Exeunt TRIBUNES.

[Scene VII. A camp not far from Rome.]

Enter AUFIDIUS, with his LIEUTENANT.

AUFIDIUS

Do they still fly to th' Roman?

126 second . . . men second in renown (to Coriolanus);
points directions (?) 135 coxcombs fools' heads (cf. costume
of a fool) 137 voices votes 138 coal piece of burned fuel
148 cry pack; Shall's shall us (we) 151 side faction

125 LIEUTENANT

I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table and their thanks at end;
And you are dark'ned^o in this action sir,
Even by your own.^o

AUFIDIUS I cannot help it now,
Unless by using means^o I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him; yet his nature
In that's no changeling,^o and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

135 LIEUTENANT Yet I wish, sir—
I mean for your particular^o—you had not
Joined in commission^o with him, but either
Have borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

AUFIDIUS

I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry^o for the Volscian state,
Fights dragonlike, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword. Yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

LIEUTENANT

Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

AUFIDIUS

All places yields to him ere he sits down,^o
And the nobility of Rome are his;
The senators and patricians love him too.
The tribunes are no soldiers, and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey^o to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature.^o First he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honors even.^o Whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints^o
The happy^o man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From th' casque^o to th' cushion,^o but commanding
peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controlled the war; but one of these—
As he hath spices^o of them all—not all,
For I dare so far free him—made him feared,

IV.vii.5 dark'ned put in the shade 6 your own your own
men 7 using means taking steps 11 no changeling i.e., he
is the selfsame man 13 your particular your own sake 14
Joined in commission shared the command 22 husbandry
management 28 sits down lays siege 34 osprey fish hawk
35 By . . . nature refers to the osprey's supposed power of
subduing its prey before touching it 37 even and keep his
balance 38 daily . . . taints success coming day after day
always infects 39 happy lucky 43 casque helmet, i.e.,
military life; cushion i.e., position of authority in civil life;
cf. III.i.101 46 spices flavors, i.e., traces

So hated, and so banished. But he has a merit
 To choke it in the utt'rance.^o So our virtues
 Lie in th' interpretation of the time;^o 50
 And power, unto itself most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair^o
 T' extol what it hath done.
 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
 Rights by rights founder, strengths by strengths do
 fail.^o 55
 Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
 Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

Exeunt.

A C T V

[Scene I. Rome. A public place.]

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, [and]
 BRUTUS, the two tribunes, with others.*

MENENIUS

No, I'll not go. You hear what he hath said
 Which was sometime^o his general, who loved him
 In a most dear particular.^o He called me father;
 But what o' that? Go you that banished him,
 A mile before his tent fall down, and knee 5
 The way^o into his mercy. Nay, if he coyed^o
 To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

COMINIUS

He would not seem to know me.

MENENIUS

Do you hear?

COMINIUS

Yet one time he did call me by my name.
 I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops 10
 That we have bled together. Coriolanus
 He would not answer to; forbade all names;
 He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
 Till he had forged himself a name o' th' fire
 Of burning Rome.

MENENIUS Why, so! You have made good work! 15

A pair of tribunes that have wracked^o fair Rome
 To make coals^o cheap! A noble memory!

COMINIUS

I minded^o him how royal 'twas to pardon
 When it was less expected; he replied,
 It was a bare^o petition of a state 20
 To one whom they had punished.

MENENIUS

Very well.

Could he say less?

COMINIUS

I offered^o to awaken his regard

48-49 a merit . . . utt'rance a merit that is nullified in the very act of being expressed (because of faults inseparable from the particular virtues being praised) **50 the time** the age (our contemporaries) **52 chair** of the speaker who praises the achievements made possible by "power," line 51; probably with reference to the Roman rostrum, or speakers' platform **54-55 One fire . . . fail** examples of the self-destructive process described in lines 48-53

V.i.2 sometime formerly **3 most dear particular** most precious intimacy **5-6 knee** **The way** make your way on your knees **6 coyed** showed reluctance **16 wracked** ruined **17 coals** charcoal **18 minded** reminded **20 bare** mere **23 offered** tried

For's private friends. His answer to me was,
 He could not stay to pick them in a pile 25
 Of noisome musty chaff. He said 'twas folly,
 For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt
 And still to nose th' offense.^o

MENENIUS

For one poor grain or two!

I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
 And this brave fellow too, we are the grains; 30
 You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
 Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

SICINIUS

Nay, pray, be patient; if you refuse your aid
 In this so never-needed^o help, yet do not
 Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you 35
 Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
 More than the instant army we can make,^o
 Might stop our countryman.

MENENIUS

No, I'll not meddle.

SICINIUS

Pray you, go to him.

MENENIUS

What should I do?

BRUTUS

Only make trial what your love can do 40
 For Rome, towards^o Marcius.

MENENIUS

Well, and say that Marcius

Return me, as Cominius is returned,

Unheard—what then?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot^o

With his unkindness? Say't be so?

SICINIUS

Yet your good will 45

Must have that thanks from Rome after the measure
 As you intended well.^o

MENENIUS

I'll undertake't:

I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip
 And hum at good Cominius much unhearts^o me. 50

He was not taken well;^o he had not dined.

The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then

We pout upon the morning, are unapt

To give or to forgive; but when we have stuffed

These pipes and these conveyances^o of our blood

With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls 55

Than in our priestlike fasts. Therefore I'll watch him

Till he be dieted to^o my request,

And then I'll set upon him.

BRUTUS

You know the very road into his kindness,

And cannot lose your way.

MENENIUS

Good faith, I'll prove^o him, 60

Speed^o how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge

Of my success.

Exit.

COMINIUS

He'll never hear him.

SICINIUS

Not?

COMINIUS

I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye

Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury^o

28 nose th' offense smell the offensive stuff **34 so never-needed** never so needed (as now) **37 instant . . . make** the army we can raise at this time **41 towards** in relation to **44 grief-shot** struck by grief **46-47 after . . . well** in proportion to your good intentions **49 unhearts** discourages **50 taken well** approached at a good time **54 conveyances** channels **57 dieted to** prepared for by feeding **60 prove** make trial of **61 Speed** turn out **64 injury** sense of the wrong done to him

The jailer to his pity. I kneeled before him;
 'Twas very faintly he said, "Rise"; dismissed me
 Thus with his speechless hand. What he would do
 He sent in writing after me, what he would not,
 Bound with an oath to yield^o to his conditions;
 So that all hope is vain,^o
 Unless^o his noble mother and his wife,
 Who (as I hear) mean to solicit him
 For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. Entrance of the Volscian camp before Rome.]

Enter MENENIUS to the WATCH on guard.

FIRST WATCH

Stay. Whence are you?

SECOND WATCH Stand, and go back.

MENENIUS

You guard like men, 'tis well; but, by your leave,
 I am an officer of state, and come
 To speak with Coriolanus.

FIRST WATCH

From whence?

MENENIUS

From Rome.

FIRST WATCH

You may not pass, you must return: our general
 Will no more hear from thence.

SECOND WATCH

You'll see your Rome embraced with fire, before
 You'll speak with Coriolanus.

MENENIUS

Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome
 And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks^o
 My name hath touched your ears: it is Menenius.

FIRST WATCH

Be it so; go back. The virtue of your name
 Is not here passable.^o

MENENIUS

I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover. I have been
 The book of his good acts whence men have read
 His fame unparalleled—haply amplified;
 For I have ever verified^o my friends
 (Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
 Would without lapsing^o suffer. Nay, sometimes,
 Like a bowl upon a subtle^o ground,
 I have tumbled past the throw,^o and in his praise
 Have almost stamped^o the leasing.^o Therefore, fellow,
 I must have leave to pass.

FIRST WATCH

Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies
 in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, 25
 you should not pass here; no, though it were as
 virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore go back.

67–69 What . . . yield He sent a written message saying what he would do and what he would not, and bound us with an oath that we should yield (text probably corrupt) **70 vain** because the conditions are ruinous **71 Unless** except for (or perhaps "solicit him," line 72, is to be understood: "unless his noble mother and his wife solicit him")

V.ii.10 lots to blanks more than an even chance; "lots" refers to tickets in a lottery taking prizes; "blanks," to those not taking prizes **13 passable** current (of money, but with a pun on *password*) **17 verified** testified to the merit of **19 lapsing** slipping (into error) **20 subtle** deceptive **21 tumbled . . . throw** rolled beyond the proper distance **22 stamped** given currency to (cf. *stamp* a coin); **leasing** falsehood

65

MENENIUS Prithee, fellow, remember my name is
 Menenius, always factionary^o on the party of your
 general. 30

SECOND WATCH Howsoever you have been his liar,
 as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under
 him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

70

MENENIUS Has he dined, canst thou tell? For I would
 not speak with him till after dinner. 35

FIRST WATCH You are a Roman, are you?

MENENIUS I am, as thy general is.

FIRST WATCH Then you should hate Rome, as he
 does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates
 the very defender of them, and in a violent popular 40
 ignorance given your enemy your shield, think to
 front^o his revenges with the easy groans of old women,
 the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the
 palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant^o as you
 seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended 45
 fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak
 breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back
 to Rome, and prepare for your execution. You are
 condemned; our general has sworn you out of
 reprieve and pardon. 50

MENENIUS Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he
 would use me with estimation.^o

FIRST WATCH Come, my captain knows you not.

MENENIUS I mean, thy general.

FIRST WATCH My general cares not for you. Back, I 55
 say; go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood. Back—
 that's the utmost of your having.^o Back.

MENENIUS Nay, but, fellow, fellow—

Enter CORIOLANUS, with AUFIDIUS.

CORIOLANUS What's the matter?

MENENIUS Now, you companion,^o I'll say an errand^o 60
 for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation;
 you shall perceive that a Jack guardant^o cannot office
 me^o from my son Coriolanus. Guess but by my enter-
 tainment^o with him if thou stand'st not i' th' state of
 hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship 65
 and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and
 swoon for what's to come upon thee. [*To CORIO-*
LANUS.] The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about
 thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than
 thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! 70
 Thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water
 to quench it. I was hardly^o moved to come to thee; but
 being assured none but myself could move thee, I have
 been blown out of your^o gates with sighs; and conjure
 thee to pardon Rome and thy petitionary^o country- 75
 men. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the
 dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a
 block,^o hath denied my access to thee.

CORIOLANUS Away!

MENENIUS How! Away! 80

CORIOLANUS

Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

29 factionary an active worker **42 front** face **44 dotant**
 dotard **52 estimation** esteem **57 of your having** you can
 get **60 companion** fellow; **say an errand** give a message
62 Jack guardant wretch of a sentry **63 office** me use his
 office to keep me **63–64 entertainment** reception **72 hardly**
 with difficulty **74 your** of Rome **75 petitionary** who are
 asking for mercy **78 block** blockhead

Are servanted° to others. Though I owe
 My revenge properly,° my remission° lies
 In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,°
 Ingrate forgetfulness° shall poison rather 85
 Than pity note how much.° Therefore be gone.
 Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
 Your gates against my force. Yet, for° I loved thee,
 Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
 And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, 90
 I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,
 Was my beloved in Rome; yet thou behold'st.

AUFIDIUS

You keep a constant° temper.

Exeunt [CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS].

Manet the GUARD and MENENIUS.

FIRST WATCH Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

SECOND WATCH 'Tis a spell, you see, of much 95
 power. You know the way home again.

FIRST WATCH Do you hear how we are shent° for
 keeping your greatness back?

SECOND WATCH What cause, do you think, I have
 to swoon! 100

MENENIUS I neither care for th' world nor your
 general. For such things as you, I can scarce think
 there's any, y' are so slight. He that hath a will to die
 by himself° fears it not from another. Let your general
 do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your 105
 misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was
 said to, "Away!" *Exit.*

FIRST WATCH A noble fellow, I warrant him.

SECOND WATCH The worthy fellow is our general.
 He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. 110

Exit WATCH.

[Scene III. *The tent of Coriolanus.*]

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS, [with others].

CORIOLANUS

We will before the walls of Rome tomorrow
 Set down° our host. My partner in this action,
 You must report to th' Volscian lords how plainly°
 I have borne° this business.

AUFIDIUS

Only their ends

You have respected; stopped your ears against 5
 The general suit of Rome; never admitted
 A private whisper—no, not with such friends
 That thought them sure of you.

CORIOLANUS

This last old man,

Whom with a cracked heart I have sent to Rome,
 Loved me above the measure of a father, 10
 Nay, godded me° indeed. Their latest refuge°
 Was to send him; for whose old love I have
 (Though I showed° sourly to him) once more offered
 The first conditions, which they did refuse

And cannot now accept; to grace° him only 15
 That thought he could do more, a very little
 I have yielded to. Fresh embassies and suits,
 Nor° from the state nor private friends, hereafter
 Will I lend ear to. (*Shout within.*) Ha! What shout is
 this?

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow 20
 In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, VALERIA, young
 MARCIUS, with ATTENDANTS.

My wife comes foremost; then the honored mold°
 Wherein this trunk° was framed, and in her hand
 The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
 All bond and privilege of nature, break! 25
 Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.

What is that curtsy worth? Or those doves' eyes,
 Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
 Of stronger earth° than others. My mother bows,
 As if Olympus° to a molehill should 30
 In supplication nod; and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession which
 Great Nature cries, "Deny not." Let the Volscies
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy! I'll never
 Be such a gosling to° obey instinct, but stand 35
 As if a man were author of himself
 And knew no other kin.

VIRGILIA

My lord and husband!

CORIOLANUS

These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

VIRGILIA

The sorrow that delivers° us thus changed
 Makes you think so.

CORIOLANUS

Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part and I am out,° 40
 Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny;° but do not say,
 For that, "Forgive our Romans." O, a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge! 45
 Now, by the jealous queen of heaven,° that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
 Hath virgined it e'er since. You gods! I prate,°
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' th' earth; 50
Kneels.

Of thy deep duty° more impression° show
 Than that of common sons.

VOLUMNIA

O, stand up blest!

Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint
 I kneel before thee, and improperly° 55
 Show duty, as mistaken all this while
 Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*]

CORIOLANUS

What's this?

82 **servanted** subject (servantlike) 82–83 I . . . **properly** my revenge belongs to me alone 83 **remission** power to pardon 84 **That** . . . **familiar** our intimacy in the past 85 **Ingrate forgetfulness** my ungrateful forgetfulness 86 **how much** how much "we have been familiar," how great the intimacy was 88 **for** because 93 **constant** loyal, true 97 **shent** scolded 104 **by himself** by his own hand V.iii.2 **Set down** i.e., in a siege 3 **plainly** openly 4 **borne** conducted 11 **godded me** made me a god; **latest refuge** last resource 13 **showed** appeared

15 **grace** honor 18 **Nor** neither 22–37 see Introduction, p. 1318 22 **mold** form (also "earth") 23 **trunk** body 28–29 **not** . . . **earth** cf. *our common clay* 30 **Olympus** a mountain, home of the Greek gods 35 **to** as to 39 **delivers** presents 41 **out** speechless ("stuck") 43 **tyranny** cruelty 46 **queen of heaven** Juno, guardian of marriage 48 **prate** babble 51 **duty** reverence; **impression** i.e., "i' th' earth" 54 **unproperly** defined by lines 55–56: in a way that does not belong to me, as though I had always misunderstood the relation between child and parent

Your knees to me? To your corrected^o son?
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry^o beach
 Fillip^o the stars! Then let the mutinous winds
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make
 What cannot be, slight work.

VOLUMNIA Thou art my warrior;
 I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

CORIOLANUS
 The noble sister of Publicola,
 The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle
 That's curdied^o by the frost from purest snow
 And hangs on Dian's temple—dear Valeria!

VOLUMNIA
 This is a poor epitome^o of yours,^o
 Which by th' interpretation of full time^o
 May show^o like all yourself.

CORIOLANUS The god of soldiers,^o
 With the consent of supreme Jove, inform^o
 Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
 To shame invulnerable, and stick^o i' th' wars
 Like a great sea-mark,^o standing every flaw,^o
 And saving those that eye thee!

VOLUMNIA Your knee, sirrah.^o

CORIOLANUS
 That's my brave boy!

VOLUMNIA
 Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself
 Are suitors to you.

CORIOLANUS I beseech you, peace!
 Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:
 The thing I have forsworn^o to grant may never
 Be held by you denials.^o Do not bid me
 Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate^o
 Again with Rome's mechanics.^o Tell me not
 Wherein I seem unnatural. Desire not
 T' allay my rages and revenges with
 Your colder reasons.

VOLUMNIA O, no more, no more!
 You have said you will not grant us anything;
 For we have nothing else to ask but that
 Which you deny already. Yet we will ask,
 That, if you fail in^o our request, the blame
 May hang upon your hardness. Therefore hear us.

CORIOLANUS
 Aufidius, and you Volscas, mark; for we'll
 Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?

VOLUMNIA
 Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
 And state of bodies would bewray^o what life
 We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself

How more unfortunate than all living women
 Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
 Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
 comforts,

Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow,
 Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
 The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we^o
 Thine enmity's most capital:^o thou barr'st us
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort

That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
 Alas, how can we for our country pray,
 Where to we are bound, together with thy victory,
 Where to we are bound? Alack, or^o we must lose
 The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
 Our comfort in the country. We must find

An evident^o calamity, though we had
 Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
 Must as a foreign recreant^o be led

With manacles through our streets, or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
 And bear the palm for having bravely shed
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,

I purpose not to wait on fortune till
 These wars determine.^o If I cannot persuade thee
 Rather to show a noble grace^o to both parts^o
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country than to tread
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb
 That brought thee to this world.

VIRGILIA Ay, and mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.^o

BOY 'A^o shall not tread on me;
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

CORIOLANUS
 Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
 I have sat too long.

VOLUMNIA Nay, go not from us thus.

[Rises.]
 If it were so that our request did tend
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volscas whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honor. No, our suit
 Is that you reconcile them; while the Volscas
 May say, "This mercy we have showed," the Romans,
 "This we received"; and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry," Be blest
 For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
 Whose repetition will be dogged with curses,
 Whose chronicle thus writ,^o "The man was noble,
 But with his last attempt^o he wiped it^o out,

57 corrected who is corrected (by your kneeling) 58 hungry barren 59 Fillip strike 66 curdied congealed 68 epitome brief but comprehensive version of a larger work; of yours belonging to you, of you 69 time "time" is compared to a commentator on a text 70 show appear; god of soldiers Mars (Coriolanus' special divinity) 71 inform imbue (give an inner form or character to) 73 stick stand out 74 a great sea-mark some prominent object that guides mariners (cf. landmark, the common modern term); flaw gust of wind 75 sirrah sir (affectionately) 80 forsworn sworn not to 81 denials i.e., refusals to all of you (therefore, plural) 82 capitulate arrange terms 83 mechanics manual laborers 90 fail in fail to grant 95 bewray reveal

103 we for "us" 104 capital deadly 109 or either 112 evident certain 114 recreant traitor 120 determine come to an end 121 grace consideration, favor; parts sides (parties) 126-27 keep . . . time perpetuate your name (keep it living as long as time lasts) 127 'A he 145 writ will be written 146 attempt undertaking; it his nobility

Destroyed his country, and his name remains
 To th' ensuing age abhorred." Speak to me, son.
 Thou hast affected the fine strains° of honor,
 To imitate the graces of the gods,°
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,
 And yet to charge° thy sulphur° with a bolt
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
 Think'st thou it honorable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:
 He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
 Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
 More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate
 Like one i' th' stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
 Showed thy dear mother any courtesy,
 When she (poor hen) fond of° no second brood,
 Has clocked° thee to the wars, and safely home
 Loaden° with honor. Say my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back. But if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest,° and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
 To a mother's part belongs. He turns away.
 Down, ladies! Let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
 Than pity to our prayers. Down! An end;
 This is the last. So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbors. Nay, behold's!°
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
 Does reason° our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go.
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
 His wife is in Corioles, and his child
 Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch.°
 I am hushed until our city be a-fire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

CORIO LANUS *Holds her by the hand, silent.*

O mother, mother!

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
 You have won a happy victory to Rome;
 But, for your son—believe it, O, believe it!—
 Most dangerously you have with him prevailed,
 If not most mortal to° him. But let it come.
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient° peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, would you have heard
 A mother less? Or granted less, Aufidius?

AUFIDIUS

I was moved withal.°

CORIO LANUS I dare be sworn you were!

And, sir, it is no little thing to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me. For my part,

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you
 Stand to° me in this cause. O mother! Wife!

AUFIDIUS [*Aside.*]

I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honor
 At difference in thee. Out of that I'll work
 Myself a former fortune.°

CORIO LANUS [*To VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA.*]

Ay, by and by;

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
 A better witness back than words, which° we
 On like conditions will have countersealed.
 Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
 To have a temple° built you. All the swords
 In Italy, and her confederate arms,°
 Could not have made this peace.

Exeunt.

[Scene IV. Rome. A public place.]

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

MENENIUS See you yond coign° o' th' Capitol, yond
 cornerstone?

SICINIUS Why, what of that?

MENENIUS If it be possible for you to displace it with
 your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of
 Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.
 But I say there is no hope in't; our throats are sen-
 tenced, and stay upon° execution.

SICINIUS Is't possible that so short a time can alter the
 condition of a man?

MENENIUS There is differency between a grub and a
 butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius
 is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's
 more than a creeping thing.

SICINIUS He loved his mother dearly.

MENENIUS So did he me; and he no more remembers
 his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The
 tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks,
 he moves like an engine° and the ground shrinks before
 his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet° with his eye,
 talks like a knell, and his hum° is a battery.° He sits in
 his state° as a thing made for Alexander.° What he bids
 be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing
 of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

SICINIUS Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

MENENIUS I paint him in the character. Mark what
 mercy his mother shall bring from him. There is no
 more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger;
 that shall our poor city find. And all this is 'long of°
 you.

SICINIUS The gods be good unto us!

MENENIUS No, in such a case the gods will not be
 good unto us. When we banished him, we respected
 not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they
 respect not us.

149 affected . . . strains aimed at the refinements 150
 graces . . . gods qualities that give the gods splendor and
 power; illustrated with irony, lines 151-53 152 charge load
 (make heavy, or "load," as of a gun); sulphur lightning (see
 Introduction, p. 1318) 162 fond of eager for 163 clocked
 clucked 164 Loaden laden 166 honest honorable 173
 behold's behold us 176 reason plead for 180 dispatch
 dismissal 189 mortal to with deadly results for 191 con-
 venient fitting 194 withal by it (thereby)

199 Stand to stand by 201-02 work . . . fortune regain
 my former position and power 204 which i.e., the written
 document 207 temple of the Fortune of Women; so in
 Plutarch 208 confederate arms allied powers
 V.iv.1 coign corner 8 stay upon wait for 19 engine
 machine of war 20 corslet body armor 21 his hum i.e.,
 his saying "Hum!"; battery beating of drums for an attack
 22 state chair of state; thing . . . Alexander image of
 Alexander the Great 29 'long of along of, because of

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house.
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale° him up and down; all swearing if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another MESSENGER.

SICINIUS

What's the news? 40

SECOND MESSENGER

Good news, good news! The ladies have prevailed,
The Volscians are dislodged,° and Marcius gone.
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not th' expulsion of the Tarquins.

SICINIUS

Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? Is't most certain? 45

SECOND MESSENGER

As certain as I know the sun is fire.
Where have you lurked,° that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown° tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you!

Trumpets, hautboys;° drums beat; all together.

The trumpets, sackbuts,° psalteries,° and fifes,
Tabors° and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! (*A shout within.*)

MENENIUS

This is good news.

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes such as you,
A sea and land full. You have prayed well today.
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

Sound still with the shouts.

SICINIUS

First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.

SECOND MESSENGER Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

SICINIUS

They are near the city!

SECOND MESSENGER

Almost at point to enter.

SICINIUS

We'll meet them,

And help the joy.

Exeunt.

[Scene V. Rome. Near the gate.]

Enter two SENATORS, with LADIES, passing over the stage, with other LORDS.

FIRST SENATOR

Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them.
Unshout the noise that banished Marcius,

Repeal° him with the welcome of his mother.

Cry, "Welcome, ladies, welcome!"

ALL

Welcome, ladies,

Welcome!

A flourish with drums and trumpets.

[Scene VI. Corioli. A public place.]

Enter Tullus AUFIDIUS, with ATTENDANTS.

AUFIDIUS

Go tell the lords o' th' city I am here.
Deliver them this paper. Having read it,
Bid them repair to th' marketplace, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him° I accuse
The city ports° by this hath entered, and
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt ATTENDANTS.*]

Enter three or four CONSPIRATORS of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

FIRST CONSPIRATOR

How is it with our general?

AUFIDIUS

Even so

As with a man by his own alms empoisoned,°
And with° his charity slain.

SECOND CONSPIRATOR Most noble sir,

If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wished us parties,° we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

AUFIDIUS

Sir, I cannot tell;

We must proceed as we do find the people.

THIRD CONSPIRATOR

The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

AUFIDIUS

I know it,

And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawned°
Mine honor for his truth;° who being so heightened,
He watered his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bowed his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

THIRD CONSPIRATOR

Sir, his stoutness°

When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping—

AUFIDIUS

That I would have spoke of.

Being banished for't, he came unto my hearth,
Presented to my knife his throat. I took him,
Made him joint-servant with me;° gave him way°
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files,° his projects to accomplish,

V.v.5 Repeal recall

V.vi.5 Him he whom 6 ports gates 10 empoisoned
destroyed 11 with by 13 parties partisans 20 pawned
staked 21 truth loyalty 26 stoutness proud obstinacy 31
joint-servant with me sharer of my service (to the state);
gave him way humored him 33 files ranks

38 hale haul 42 are dislodged have broken up camp 47
lurked been hiding 48 blown swollen (by wind) 49 s.d.
hautboy original of the modern oboe 50 sackbuts trom-
bones; psalteries harplike stringed instruments 51 Tabors
small drums

My best and freshest men; served his designments°
 In mine own person; help to reap the fame 35
 Which he did end° all his; and took some pride
 To do myself this wrong; till at the last
 I seemed his follower, not partner; and
 He waged me with his countenance,° as if
 I had been mercenary.°

FIRST CONSPIRATOR So he did, my lord. 40
 The army marveled at it; and, in the last,°
 When he had carried° Rome and that we looked
 For no less spoil than glory—

AUFIDIUS There was it;°
 For which my sinews° shall be stretched upon° him.
 At° a few drops of women's rheum,° which are 45
 As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labor
 Of our great action. Therefore shall he die,
 And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark!

Drums and trumpets sounds, with great shouts of the people.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR
 Your native town you entered like a post,°
 And had no welcomes home; but he returns, 50
 Splitting the air with noise.

SECOND CONSPIRATOR And patient fools,
 Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
 With giving him glory.

THIRD CONSPIRATOR Therefore, at your vantage,°
 Ere he express himself or move the people
 With what he would say, let him feel your sword, 55
 Which we will second.° When he lies along,°
 After your way his tale pronounced° shall bury
 His reasons with his body.

AUFIDIUS Say no more:
 Here come the lords.

Enter the LORDS of the city.

ALL LORDS
 You are most welcome home.

AUFIDIUS I have not deserved it. 60
 But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
 What I have written to you?

ALL [LORDS] We have.

FIRST LORD And grieve to hear't.
 What faults he made before the last, I think
 Might have found easy fines;° but there to end
 Where he was to begin, and give away 65
 The benefit of our levies,° answering us
 With our own charge,° making a treaty where
 There was a yielding—this admits no excuse.

AUFIDIUS
 He approaches. You shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, marching with drum and colors,
 the COMMONERS being with him.*

34 **designments** designs 36 **end** get in (of crops) 39 **waged**
 . . . **his countenance** for wages gave me patronizing looks
 40 **mercenary** serving for pay 41 **in the last** in the last place,
 finally 42 **carried** won 43 **There was it** That was the
 crucial thing 44 **sinews** i.e., strength; **upon** against 45 **At**
 at the price of; **rheum** tears 49 **post** messenger 53 **at your**
vantage at a moment opportune for you 56 **second** support
 (with our swords); **along** stretched at full length 57 **After**
 . . . **pronounced** his story told in your version 64 **fines**
 penalties 66 **our levies** the armies we raised 66–67 **answer-**
ing . . . **charge** paying us (only) with our own expenditure

CORIOLANUS

Hail, lords! I am returned your soldier; 70
 No more infected° with my country's love
 Than when I parted° hence, but still subsisting°
 Under your great command. You are to know
 That prosperously I have attempted, and

With bloody passage° led your wars even to 75
 The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
 Doth more than counterpoise a full third part
 The charges° of the action. We have made peace
 With no less honor to the Antiates
 Than shame to th' Romans; and we here deliver, 80
 Subscribed° by th' consuls and patricians,
 Together with the seal o' th' Senate, what
 We have compounded° on.

AUFIDIUS Read it not, noble lords;
 But tell the traitor in the highest degree
 He hath abused your powers. 85

CORIOLANUS

Traitor! How now!

AUFIDIUS Ay, traitor, Marcius!
 CORIOLANUS Marcius!

AUFIDIUS
 Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius! Dost thou think
 I'll grace° thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
 Coriolanus, in Corioles?
 You lords and heads o' th' state, perfidiously 90
 He has betrayed your business and given up,
 For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
 I say "your city," to his wife and mother;
 Breaking his oath and resolution, like
 A twist° of rotten silk; never admitting 95
 Counsel o' th' war; but at his nurse's tears
 He whined and roared away your victory;
 That° pages blushed at him, and men of heart°
 Looked wond'ring each at others.

CORIOLANUS Hear'st thou, Mars?

AUFIDIUS Name not the god, thou boy of tears!
 CORIOLANUS Ha!
 AUFIDIUS No more. 100

CORIOLANUS
 Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
 Too great for what contains it. "Boy"! O slave!
 Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
 I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords, 105
 Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion°—
 Who wears my stripes impressed upon him, that
 Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
 To thrust the lie unto him.

FIRST LORD
 Peace, both, and hear me speak.

CORIOLANUS
 Cut me to pieces, Volscres, men and lads, 110
 Stain all your edges on me. "Boy"! False hound!
 If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,°

71 **infected** (see Introduction, p. 1319) 72 **parted** departed;
subsisting remaining 75 **passage** action 77–78 **more** . . .
charges exceed the costs by a whole third (cf. line 67) 81
Subscribed signed 83 **compounded** agreed 88 **grace** honor
 95 **twist** thread (made of more than one strand) 98 **That** so
 that; **of heart** of spirit 105 **notion** understanding 112
there (written) there

That, like an eagle in a dovecote, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioles.
Alone I did it. "Boy"?

AUFIDIUS Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,^o
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

ALL CONSPIRATORS Let him die for't.

ALL PEOPLE Tear him to pieces!—Do it presently!^o—
He killed my son!—My daughter!—He killed my
cousin Marcius!—He killed my father!

SECOND LORD

Peace, ho! no outrage, peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds in^o
This orb o' th' earth. His last offenses to us
Shall have judicious^o hearing. Stand,^o Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

CORIOLANUS O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses or more—his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

AUFIDIUS Insolent villain!

ALL CONSPIRATORS
Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

Draw the CONSPIRATORS and kills MARCIUS, who falls. AUFIDIUS stands on him.

LORDS Hold, hold, hold, hold!

AUFIDIUS

My noble masters, hear me speak.

FIRST LORD O Tullus! 130

SECOND LORD

Thou hast done a deed whereat valor will weep.

THIRD LORD

Tread not upon him. Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

AUFIDIUS

My lords, when you shall know—as in this rage
Provoked by him, you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you,^o you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honors
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver^o
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.^o

FIRST LORD

Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most noble corse^o that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

SECOND LORD

His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

AUFIDIUS

My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up.
Help, three o' th' chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully;
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.^o

Assist.

*Exeunt bearing the body of Marcius.
A dead march sounded.*

116 blind fortune mere good luck (Fortune is a blind goddess)
119 presently at once 123 folds in embraces 125 judicious
judicial; Stand stop

136 did owe you held in payment for you 138 deliver
prove 140 censure sentence 142 corse corpse 152 memory
memorial

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

EDITED BY MAURICE CHARNEY

Introduction

There is general agreement that *Timon of Athens* is an unfinished play. In an influential article in the *Review of English Studies* (1942), Una Ellis-Fermor described *Timon* as "a play such as a great artist might leave behind him, roughed out, worked over in part and then abandoned; full of inconsistencies in form and presentation, with fragments (some of them considerable) bearing the unmistakable stamp of his workmanship scattered throughout." The roughnesses of the play are obvious to any conscientious reader of Shakespeare. The blank verse is often extremely irregular, with many lines that do not fit into the iambic pentameter pattern. There are strange eruptions of prose in verse passages, and there are many inept repetitions of words and phrases from one line to the next. Characters appear, such as the Fool and Page (II.ii), who are not properly integrated into the action; there are two conflicting epitaphs for Timon in Act V; and the Poet and Painter announced at IV.iii.350 do not arrive until almost two hundred lines later. The subplot of Alcibiades and his revenge on Athens is so loosely related to the main action which it is intended to parallel that some have suspected a lost scene. We know that the murderer for whom Alcibiades is pleading in III.v cannot be Timon, but he is not anyone else in the play, and it is more than an idle curiosity which seeks to know his name.

One detail in the play is the subject of a fascinating study. In "Shakespeare Learns the Value of Money," Terence Spencer discusses the inconsistency in the references to talents. A talent was an ancient coin frequently mentioned in Plutarch and the Bible, and generally taken to be worth half a hundredweight of silver, or well over \$1000 in its modern equivalent. The sum of 1000 talents that Timon seeks from the Senators (II.ii) is an absurdly large one (more than \$1,000,000), and it is possible that Shakespeare really did not know how much a talent was worth. At some point he learned its true value and corrected the references at the beginning of the play, but left others uncorrected. The request for "fifty five hundred talents" in III.ii seems to mean either fifty or five hundred, depending on how much a talent is worth, and the references to "so many talents" in the same scene should be replaced by actual sums.

This example of the talents is a very neat one for demonstrating that many details in *Timon* need to be revised and corrected and that the play lacks the sort of polishing and tidying up that one would expect from a final draft. The circumstances surrounding the printing of *Timon* (discussed in the Note on the Text) lend further support to this idea. There can be no doubt that the play as it appears in Shakespeare's First Folio of 1623 is unfinished. But Miss Ellis-Fermor's thesis has done great harm to the appreciation of *Timon* because it suggests that the play is not only unfinished (in the sense of lacking any final revision), but that it is a mere collection of jottings and rough sketches without any integral coherence. I would strongly disagree with this point of view. It seems to me that *Timon* is completely finished in conception: its structure makes good sense as a whole, its characters are well adapted to the overall plan, and its style, tone, imagery, and dramatic handling all contribute to a unified imaginative vision.

Because *Timon* is an unusual play, it would be more profitable to try to understand its uniqueness than to compare it unfavorably with the great tragedies that preceded it. The structure of the play is that of a dramatic fable, divided into two sharply contrasted parts. By dramatic fable I mean what other critics have called a morality play or an allegory—that is, a structure that does not proceed rationally and causatively from point to point, but rather one that progresses by a series of unmotivated leaps from one imaginative state to another. We are not meant to examine the credibility of Timon's financial extravagance, or his total unawareness of his bankruptcy, or his sudden discovery of an inexhaustible supply of gold. We accept these improbabilities as part of our willing suspension of disbelief. The testing of the three false friends in Act III moves as in a folk tale to its inevitable conclusion, and the faithful servant who remains true while all others are false is a familiar fairy-tale figure. The exact cause of Timon's death is left poetically obscure, and no attempt at all is made to give his sudden change from philanthropy to misanthropy a psychological basis. The structure of the play is schematic, and the dramatic action separates itself into a series of well-defined episodes related to each other analogically rather than causally. One scene is not the

source or cause or motive for another, but is, rather, a parallel to it and serves as a comment on it. I should like to look more closely at the structure of *Timon* in order to show that the play is complete and fully imagined within the meaning of a dramatic fable. For this purpose, I will survey the action scene by scene and offer an account of "what happens in *Timon*."

The first sequence of ninety-four lines before Timon appears is of crucial importance for establishing the tone and mood of the play as well as announcing its major themes. We have a Poet and Painter, a Jeweler and Merchant, who have come to peddle their wares to Timon, as patron of the arts and general connoisseur. None of these characters is named, and they represent, as in an allegory, the type functions of their names. Behind the elaborate compliment and self-deprecation of this scene lies a blatant hucksterism that well expresses the rottenness of Athens. The meretriciousness of the Poet and Painter is particularly disturbing, since we expect them to aim higher than merely "to propagate their states." Shakespeare seems nowhere else to have put artists in such an unfavorable light.

The controlling element in the scene is the Poet's allegory of Fortune, which serves as a central fable for the play. The goddess Fortune and her capricious ways much occupied the minds of men in the Middle Ages and Renaissance, and great efforts were made to reconcile the Roman myth with Christian morality. Wealth and all material benefits are the fortuitous and insubstantial gifts of Fortune, the blindfolded goddess who is forever turning the wheel on which her worshipers are placed (the wheel in a gambling casino derives from this one). Timon's alliance with Fortune early in the play clearly foreshadows his ruin, "When Fortune in her shift and change of mood/Spurns down her late beloved."

Thus, when Timon enters at line 94 with great ceremony, "*addressing himself courteously to every suitor*," we are already prepared not to accept his munificence at its face value. The pack of suppliants is itself so mixed in degrees of worth that we cannot help agreeing with Dr. Johnson, who said that the play is a "warning against that ostentatious liberality which scatters bounty but confers no benefits, and buys flattery but no friendship." Timon is at his height in this scene, reveling in his philanthropic role. There is, of course, something dreamlike about this early scene, with its mixture of charity, prodigality, and enormous public display. The entrance of Apemantus at line 175 restores some measure of reality, since he at least speaks the truth, however churlish and snarling he may be in his personal manner. He warns Timon of his waste and extravagance, but Apemantus is so unsympathetic in his role of satiric, malcontent railer that he is almost never believed; this is another disturbing element in the play. The young military hero, Alcibiades, also appears in I.i, but aside from his elaborate military costume, he is a colorless figure and, with the single exception of III.v, remains so throughout.

In I.ii, Timon is still high and godlike as he presides over an elaborate banquet for his friends. There is a strong visual emphasis on the fact that Timon's bounty shows itself in hedonism and high living more than in old-fashioned benevolence. His ideal of friendship is inseparable from the clubby atmosphere of good food and drink and the *Gemütlichkeit* of mutual compliment. As Apemantus had

said earlier, "He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' th' flatterer." The Masque of Amazons in this scene is an element of spectacle common in Shakespeare's later plays and not very closely related to the action. Incidentally, the only women in the play are those Amazons and the prostitutes, Phrynia and Timandra; the world of Athens is distinctly a man's world.

It is in I.ii that Flavius, the always loyal steward of Timon, tells us that his master is bankrupt, everything is mortgaged, and utter ruin is imminent. Flavius resembles Apemantus in speaking the truth, but he has a fund of compassion for Timon—"I bleed inwardly for my lord"—while Apemantus cynically delights in misfortune.

The first scene of Act II takes us back to the opening of the play, and once again we are plunged into the icy reality of Athens, in which all values are on a strictly cash basis. A Senator who is not named is counting up Timon's debts and is impatiently dispatching his servant to dun him for the money. He loves and honors Timon, of course, "But must not break my back to heal his finger." The most shocking aspect of this scene is the contempt in which the Senator holds Timon for his generosity:

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
And give it Timon—why the dog coins gold. (II.i.5-6)

The Senator is only elaborating on Timon's own formula: "there's none/Can truly say he gives, if he receives." But Timon's rejection of reciprocity in giving leaves him terribly vulnerable.

The next scene (II.ii) marks a new stage in the action, for Timon is now finally aware of his bankruptcy. In an effort to avoid the overwhelming truth, Timon will test his friends by seeking to borrow money from them. This process is accomplished in three satiric scenes in Act III, written in vivid colloquial style. They are all brief vignettes, very different from each other, and designed to show the varieties of evasive ingenuity. The scene with Lucullus (III.i) is so masterfully done that we are almost convinced that "this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security." In the next scene (III.ii), three Strangers are introduced to serve as choral commentators on what is happening and to arouse our sympathies for Timon. These Strangers are merely non-Athenians without any further specification (although one of them is called Hostilius); they are in no way connected with the plot and appear only to vindicate Timon.

In III.iv, the creditors' servants are again assembled at the house of Timon as they were in II.ii. When Timon enters "*in a rage*," we have a new development in the action, since Timon now has been stripped of his illusions. His misanthropy proper begins at this point, and he speaks in the highly emotional, freely associative style reserved for those distracted. Timon seems to be on the road to that bitter self-knowledge demanded by tragic recognition, yet he never progresses any further, and the tragedy, at least from the point of view of Aristotle's *Poetics*, remains truncated and fragmentary. In his hysterical, martyrlike sufferings, Timon does not turn inward as do so many of Shakespeare's tragic protagonists; instead, he begins to gloat over the possibility of being brilliantly and histrionically revenged in a mock-banquet.

III.v is the first and only full scene of the subplot. It is

well written and fully written, with a carefully developed oration by Alcibiades for a friend and fellow soldier who has killed a man to defend his honor. This speech is, by the way, in the direct tradition of the "mercy" speeches of Portia in *The Merchant of Venice* and Isabella in *Measure for Measure*. Although the scene has no plot links with what precedes, it does have a strong thematic connection with it. The Athenian Senators show the same ingratitude to a benefactor of their state as they did to Timon. This scene plays an important part in developing the tone and mood of Athens, so that when Timon's mock-banquet and revenge follow in the next scene, we are glad to see the tables turned on the greedy, usurious Senators. Alcibiades' banishment in this scene foreshadows the self-exile of Timon at the end of the next scene.

The final scene of Act III is carefully written up to provide an effective climax for the first part of the play: "Uncover, dogs, and lap." This is a memorable line, and the dramatic skill with which the discovery and reversal are managed shows Shakespeare at his best. It is a great moment for Timon, who has once again recovered his former stature. One interesting structural element is that Timon in this scene is beginning to take over the role of Apemantus: his grace echoes Apemantus' bitter benediction in I.ii, and in Acts IV and V the verbal echoes become more marked. Another striking feature is the reaction of the guests to Timon's revenge. Here we have an excellent example of the use of sharp contrast to establish an effect. The friends are as untouched by Timon's towering pronouncements as the dunning servants were in III.iv. After having their souls seared by Timon's revelations of their inner corruption, they respond with utter banality: "Push, did you see my cap?," "I have lost my gown," "He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat. Did you see my jewel?" This farcical anticlimax of high comedy concludes when the lost items have been recovered.

Timon's soliloquy outside the walls of Athens in the next scene (IV.i) has none of the meditative, soul-searching qualities of the soliloquies in *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*; it is purely an oration by one with no onstage audience. Timon's vision of chaos in this scene is so radical that it fails to be convincing. It is perhaps not more extreme than Lear's speeches on the heath, but it has no psychological terror and passion to support the violent rhetoric, and the intensity of the language seems to be separated from any occasion which might have caused it. This leads to some odd side effects, even to an irreverent feeling of sick humor in some of the most hysterical imprecations:

Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains. (IV.i.13-15)

One of the drawbacks in a dramatic fable is that we cannot have the psychological thickness needed to support statements like the above. The fourth and fifth acts of *Timon* are unsuccessful partly because the impassioned rhetoric cannot sustain itself without an impassioned action.

The brief second scene of Act IV shows us Timon's servants, "All broken implements of a ruined house," still faithful to him in adversity. They are the counterparts of the false friends, and they modify our possible contempt

for Timon. Along with the three Strangers of III.ii, they prevent the play from becoming out-and-out satire.

IV.iii, a long and miscellaneous scene, consists chiefly of a series of encounters with Timon. It is worth noting that Timon's cave in the woods seems to be as easily accessible as a good midtown office. These encounters all meet with predictable failure, as we might expect in a dramatic fable, so that their main function seems to be to exhibit Timon's misanthropy in a number of different guises. One new movement, however, is the sense of world-weariness that comes over Timon, accompanied by a desire to die. It begins at line 380 and culminates in the moving speech:

My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. (V.i.186-88)

At the beginning of IV.iii, Timon's parable of the "Twinned brothers of one womb" shows us that he now believes in the Poet's vision of Fortune in the first scene of the play. "All's obliquy," everything is crooked and perverse, and the law of nature no longer rules man. Timon's hate would not be so disturbing if it did not include a petulant self-hate by which he forfeits all neutral ground. He is not the one just man bearing witness against corruption, but as worthless and corrupt as the rest. His primitivism, then, is a mere sham, and there is ironic justification for his finding gold rather than roots. He will use it to fulfill his evil vision and make "Destruction fang mankind."

The appearance of Alcibiades with a brace of whores undercuts his heroic pretensions, and the slangy directness of the whores makes them more interesting than their noble captain. Like other realists in the play, Phrynia and Timandra humor Timon in the hope of gain: "More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon." In their plainspeaking refusal to flatter, they make explicit a theme from the earlier part of the play: "Believe't that we'll do anything for gold."

The word-slinging wit-combat with Apemantus has some of the best and some of the worst speeches in the play. The absolute low point, it seems to me, is the series of insults they hurl at each other. There is not enough inventiveness in either calumniator to go beyond Timon's "Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon"—my entry for the worst line in the play, which gains an added point from Timon's insufferable snobbishness. But the mutual judgments that Timon and Apemantus make of each other are excellently done, and they show an old-fashioned character analysis rare in this play. Apemantus' case against Timon is made so explicitly that we cannot possibly mistake Timon for Shakespeare's mouthpiece. Timon is a naturally disdainful man, who feigns misanthropy out of pique with Fortune; he is an absolutist who cannot make any compromises with the human condition. As Apemantus says, "The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends." This hits home, but Timon's account of Apemantus' meanness and envy and essentially servile nature also strikes its mark and draws blood.

The meeting with the anonymous Banditti is full of improbability, and their sententiousness and lack of ferocity are disappointing. The encounter with Flavius that closes the scene shows Timon again at his worst, since he is grudgingly forced to admit that there is one honest man.

Shadwell got around this difficulty in his version of the play (1678) by introducing an honest woman, Evandra, who is able to regenerate Timon. At this point in the structure of Shakespeare's play, it is clear that Timon must soon die, if only to satisfy the exacerbation of the audience. He has reached such an extreme position that he can go no further in negation. Being a static and flat character, he has already involved himself in tedious repetition.

V.i continues the previous scene, with the Poet and Painter forming another exhibit of why Timon took to the woods; we are pleased to see them laboring so hard for rewards they will not receive. The mission from Athens at the end of the scene suggests that some changes have occurred in the city since Timon's departure, although the elaborate, unnecessarily complicated rhetoric of the Senators hints that these changes could not have been very profound. The "heaps and sums" and "figures of their love" inevitably imply that the Senators are ready to offer Timon a handsome bribe. After the announcement of Timon's death and the discovery of his epitaph, the play ends conventionally with a sense of the purgation of evil and the possibility of a new and better life in the once corrupted city.

At the risk of reviewing the plot, I have gone into some detail about the structure of *Timon* in order to show that it is a coherent whole with carefully developed analogies between its parts, and not a mere hodgepodge of first thoughts, jottings, roughings-out, or fragments. Although it has many flaws, it does seem to me a completed play, and one that can satisfactorily be acted in its present form (as it has been in recent years by the Old Vic—twice—the Stratford Festival Company of Canada, and many others). There is no doubt that *Timon* could be improved, but it does make good sense dramatically as it now stands. I would not try to push the argument further than that. A dramatic fable by its very nature has many weaknesses in psychological characterization and tragic development, but it can produce some striking effects of simplicity, symmetry, and dramatic intensity. These excellences of *Timon* have perhaps been best appreciated by William Hazlitt, who in *The Characters of Shakespear's Plays* said that the play

always appeared to us to be written with as intense a feeling of his subject as any one play of Shakespeare. It is one of the few in which he seems to be in earnest throughout, never to trifle nor go out of his way. He does not relax in his efforts, nor lose sight of the unity of his design.

The imagery of *Timon* has an inner consistency that reflects the completeness of the play as a work of the imagination. Images of disease, especially venereal disease, pervade the action, evoking the sort of disgust one finds in *Hamlet* and *Troilus and Cressida*. Man's nature is infected and the soul of the world is sick. Timon's misanthropy itself rages as virulently as any disease. Animal imagery and predatory images of food and eating combine with those of disease to strengthen its negative aspect. In Timon's tirades, especially, all mankind is reduced to Hobbes's fearful state of nature, where the law of the jungle once more prevails. There is much elaborate play on the dog image, since Apemantus was himself a Cynic philosopher, a school derived from the Greek word for dog and thought to

have currish properties. William Empson has discussed some of the overtones of this image in the play, and Caroline Spurgeon has pointed to the typical fawning image-cluster of dogs licking candy. The imagery of gold is too obvious to dwell on, but one should remember its double sense of evil and blessing. There are also traditional themes of winter and summer, cold and hot, constriction and flow, which follow the movement of the dramatic action.

Shakespeare seems to be completely in control of the style of *Timon*, which, if it has rough places that need to be revised, has also some extraordinary felicities. The play is not lyric in intent, so that some of the most vivid lyric effects are used negatively to support Timon's cruel imagination. The best passage of this sort is Timon's advice to Alcibiades to wage total war and spare none, for all are hypocritical dissemblers:

Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword: for those milk paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors. (IV.iii.115-19)

"Window-bars" has sometimes been interpreted to mean the open-work squares on the bodice of a woman's frock, but its literal reference to the bars outside a window seems more natural. We have the image of a young virgin mewled up in her chamber, whose disturbing sexuality as she stands at her window transfixes men and pierces them through. One must struggle against one's natural instincts to overcome these charms, and the lyric expression is used for derogatory purposes. Another more shocking example of twisted lyricism is Timon's advice to Flavius:

Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famished flesh slide from the bone
Ere thou relieve the beggar. (IV.iii.530-32)

The physical force of the image is not buried in faded metaphor. Its cruelty is stark and unadorned.

One other stylistic excellence in *Timon* is its epigrammatic conciseness, the ability to pack a complex meaning into a brief phrase. There are many examples of this, some of them, as "feast-won, fast-lost," founded on proverbs. Flavius' defense of Timon also suggests a proverb, although it is not a recorded one: "Never mind/Was to be so unwise to be so kind." The effect of compression probably depends upon the multiple connotations of "kind" and "unwise"; a paraphrase would demand a good deal of amplification. The most numerous examples of this kind of writing are, I think, in III.v. Here the conciseness is part of the dramatic plan, and the Senators' brusque questions are ominous in their brevity: "Now, captain?" "What's that?" "How?" "What?" and then the explicit, "Do you dare our anger?" which precedes Alcibiades' banishment. In the carefully articulated rhetoric of Alcibiades' oration, there are many of these pregnant phrases. When the First Senator states as his guiding principle, "He forfeits his own blood that spills another," Alcibiades simply cannot believe what he has heard: "Must it be so? It must not be." The repetition gives special point to the line, as it also does in Alcibiades' final soliloquy:

I'm worse than mad. I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those, for this? (III.v.106-09)

The ironic echoing of "large" prepares us for the antithesis of the final question. The deliberate ambiguity of "this" suggests a wide range of meanings: this banishment, this debasement, this travesty of justice, this perversion of honor and merit—in sum, this evil, corrupt, tyrannical city governed by cynically usurious Senators.

Timon has many of the qualities of satire and high comedy. In the attempt to depict the sophisticated, morally corrupt, and completely money-oriented life of Athens, Shakespeare uses a sharp realism of style expressed in easy colloquial speech. The scenes with the false friends in Act III (i, ii, iii) are the best sustained examples of this style. Lucullus' reply to Flaminius' request for money shows an unabashed ironic scorn: "La, la, la, la! 'Nothing doubting,' says he? Alas, good lord, a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house." Lucullus is completely at his ease, and his use of contracted speech forms throughout this scene indicates an assumed and contemptuous familiarity. Another example of Shakespeare's mastery of the colloquial style is Flavius' report of how the Senators reacted to his request for a loan:

They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would, are sorry; you are honorable,
But yet they could have wished—they know not;
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence. (II.ii.211-20)

"These hard fractions" show Shakespeare's skill at imitating, by syntax and phrase, the halting dishonesty of the Senators. The fragments are those of actual speech, and their disconnectedness is intended to soften the blow on Timon. Even such a glorious spender as Timon "May catch a wrench" and go broke, and, as Lucullus says, "this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security."

Another approach to the integrity of *Timon* is to consider the play in the context of Shakespeare's other works. *Timon* has most often been compared with *King Lear*. Coleridge called it an "after vibration" of *King Lear*, and A. C. Bradley compared the two plays extensively in his study of Shakespearean tragedy. Both deal with the theme of ingratitude and its overpowering effects on Lear and Timon, who both react with a fierce indictment of man and society. But in *King Lear* this indictment touches the protagonist, too, and leads him to a bitter self-awareness which is not present in *Timon*. There is no inward-turning in the latter play, no soul-searching of any sort, which gives it the effect of satire rather than tragedy. Both Lear and Timon are first shown in an atmosphere of false flattery and public adoration. They are soon reduced to primitive nature, but in Lear's case this stripping-down has a necessity lacking in Timon's, who chooses self-exile in

the woods and perversely persists in it even after he has found gold. One may also compare Kent and Flavius, the unshakably loyal servants who minister to their masters in adversity, but Kent is individualized as a character by a keen, blunt-speaking wit, whereas Flavius only fulfills a type function. In both plays, the frequent contrast of "nothing" and "all" identifies the extreme nature of the tragic action, which eschews any happy mean between prosperity and adversity.

Timon is especially close to those dark, satirical plays that put a strong emphasis on sexual corruption: *Measure for Measure*, *Hamlet*, and *Troilus and Cressida*. While *Timon* conveys the strongest sense of sexual disease, it shares a disillusioned view of human nature and an overpowering sense of deceit and hypocrisy with these other plays. It has been suggested that all these plays (except *Hamlet*) were written for the more fastidious audiences of the Inns of Court or the private theaters. That would help to explain the difficult, closely reasoned, and abstract character of many of their speeches.

There is a specific connection between *Timon* and *Troilus and Cressida* in the characters of Apemantus and Thersites. Both are scurrilous, churlish, and thoroughly unattractive truth-speakers, who, like professional fools, prick the illusions in their plays. Their own reality is never intended to be any alternative to the pretensions they attack, since they are both base and mean-spirited. Perhaps Apemantus, by his profession of Cynic philosophy, is a somewhat more attractive figure than the completely servile Thersites.

The relation of *Timon* to *Coriolanus* is so close that it deserves particular attention. Both plays are based on North's Plutarch for their essential details, and the exile of Alcibiades with his return to conquer his native city is very like the career of Coriolanus. The two are, in fact, parallel lives in Plutarch. The banishment of Alcibiades and Coriolanus is manipulated by a politically and morally corrupt group, whose mediocrity is disturbed by the presence of military heroes. The subsequent plea of the Senators to spare their city is also similar in the two plays. In structure both plays are divided into two distinct parts, one showing the wrong or evil, the other the revenge for it. The opening fable of Fortune's hill in *Timon* parallels the fable of the belly and the members in *Coriolanus*; both provide a convenient set of ideas by which to interpret the action, and both foreshadow what will eventually occur.

One could enumerate many similarities in detail between the two plays, but the larger similarities in conception are more important. *Timon* and *Coriolanus* are both tragedies that cannot be judged by the standards of Aristotle's *Poetics*: in neither play does the tragic protagonist have much awareness of what is happening to him, and there is no tragic recognition at all. Neither Timon nor Coriolanus has any sense of the middle state of man, the mean, the human condition. They are both absolutists, extremists, harsh individualists who wish to be either god or beast, but nothing in between. They are equally insensitive to human failings and weaknesses—even Timon's philanthropy is always public, never personal. Both plays put strong emphasis on public display and have many large scenes of crowded activity. There are very few personal or domestic scenes, and almost no attention at all is devoted to romantic heroines. The soliloquies in both plays are never

used for purposes of self-analysis or self-exploration. Stylistically, both plays seem very objective and impersonal, and there are excellent examples in both of a condensed and telegraphic dramatic speech without lyric amplification. Both plays also have a good deal of satire, which draws on an extensive imagery of disease, animals, and food.

In the absence of any external evidence, I agree with E. K. Chambers in placing *Timon* after *Coriolanus* as the last of Shakespeare's tragedies, written sometime around 1608. However, Chambers' dating of *Timon* (in *William Shakespeare*, Vol. I), is based on assumptions about Shakespeare's psychological and physical condition at the time of composition that are difficult to accept:

Both *King Lear* and *Timon of Athens* seem to show symptoms of mental disturbance. But mental disturbance may come in waves. It may very likely only be a whimsy of my own that during the attempt at *Timon of Athens* a wave broke, then an illness followed, and that when it passed, the breach between the tragic and the romantic period was complete.

Timon has always been a favorite candidate for the "mythical sorrows of Shakespeare," and Chambers only echoes more than a century of romantic speculation on the dark corners of Shakespeare's soul. Georg Brandes in his *William Shakespeare* said much the same thing in a more rapturous and unrestrained form:

all that, in these years, Shakespeare has endured and experienced, thought and suffered, is concentrated into the one great despairing figure of Timon of Athens, "misanthropos," whose savage rhetoric is like a dark secretion of clotted blood and gall, drawn off to assuage pain.

Recently, a number of medical critics have stated that Timon is suffering from the classic symptoms of syphilis, which reach the stage of paresis by Act IV. Perhaps we must then postulate that Shakespeare himself was suffering from the French malady in order to be able to write about it. This is the same order of fallacy as attributing Shakespeare's bird lore and flower lore to his close observation of the Warwickshire countryside, despite the fact that they have figured in literary traditions at least as old as the ancient Greeks.

Shakespeare surely tried to protect himself from being taken for a Timonist by making Timon so unattractive and unsympathetic. "Yond despised and ruinous man" is a lost soul, self-exiled and self-damned by his own evil vision of reality. We cannot have become so uncritically enamored of the power of blackness as not to see the truth of Apemantus' judgment:

Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself:

A madman so long, now a fool. (IV.iii.221-22)

We would not want to accept this, however, as a final appraisal of Timon, whose fierce energy and passion redeem him from the pettiness and rancor of his accusers. "Friendship's full of dregs," but to escape the humdrum complications of the common fate by trying to be either god or beast can be a more agonizing experience. Both Shakespeare's and Molière's misanthrope fascinate us and

repel us because their attempt is so heroic, so unpromising, and so inhuman.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

The ultimate source for Shakespeare's play is probably Lucian's satiric dialogue, *Timon*, written in Greek in the second century A.D. It is unlikely that Shakespeare read Lucian in Greek, but the earliest English translation, by Thomas Heywood, was not published until 1637. There may, of course, have been an earlier English translation that has not survived, but a more likely possibility is that Shakespeare used the French translation by Filbert Bretin in 1582 (as Honigmann argues). A number of Italian versions were also available, as well as a Latin translation by Erasmus. The verbal parallels between Shakespeare and Lucian are few, but there is a striking similarity in style and tone. Common sense insists that Lucian must be Shakespeare's ultimate source, even though the exact stages of transmission are not clear to us.

The most direct and commonly agreed-on source for *Timon* is Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, *The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*, first published in 1579 (although Shakespeare probably used the 1595 edition). There is a brief digression in the "Life of Marcus Antonius" that recounts how Antony, despondent after his defeat at the battle of Actium, living apart from men in a house by the sea called Timoneon. Plutarch follows Strabo's version of the story, which represents Antony as deliberately imitating the example of Timon. Timon was apparently an actual person who lived in Athens in the fifth century B.C., and about whose misanthropy many legends arose. He was a favorite butt of the Greek comic dramatists. There are a few further references to Timon in Plutarch's "Life of Alcibiades," which was the Greek life paired with that of the Roman Coriolanus. If *Timon* was written around the time of *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*, it is not surprising that all three plays should draw on North's Plutarch. It is likely that Shakespeare used Plutarch more extensively than the source passages would indicate. Six names in *Timon*, for example, come from the "Life of Marcus Antonius," and the "Life of Lucullus" provides us with an excellent background for the character in Shakespeare's play.

The account of Timon in William Painter's *The Palace of Pleasure*, first published in 1566 (but Shakespeare probably used the 1575 edition), draws on Plutarch for its facts, but orders them with an eye to making a good story. There is perhaps one bit of evidence of Shakespeare's literal use of Painter. Timon's epitaphs in the play are taken over verbatim from North's Plutarch except for one change: Shakespeare uses Painter's phrase, "wicked caitiffs," in place of North's "wicked wretches." Since Shakespeare probably drew on Painter for *All's Well That Ends Well*, and possibly for *Romeo and Juliet*, it is reasonable to suppose that he also read the brief account of Timon. The version of the Timon story given in Sir Richard Barckley, *A Discourse of the Felicity of Man* (1598), is derived almost entirely from Painter.

The most controversial and puzzling source that has been claimed for Shakespeare's play is the anonymous *Timon*, which the Reverend Alexander Dyce in 1842 first published from a manuscript for the Shakespeare Society

(now Dyce MS 52.25F in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London). This is an academic play, full of self-consciously learned allusions and quotations. It is based on Lucian, although on at least three occasions it introduces material not in Lucian and also used, in somewhat different form, by Shakespeare: (1) a mock-banquet scene in which Timon serves stones painted to look like artichokes; (2) the faithful Steward Laches, who follows his master in adversity; (3) the burial by Timon of his newly discovered gold. None of these is so distinctive that it can be accounted for only by direct borrowing, but the combination suggests that Shakespeare may have seen a performance of the play, read the manuscript, or heard about the play from someone who had seen or read it. Just how this could have occurred is entirely a matter of speculation.

The date of the "old" *Timon* play (as it is usually called) is very uncertain. It has generally been assigned to the last quarter of the sixteenth century, but recently some scholars have argued that it may just as easily follow Shakespeare's *Timon* as precede it. Bradbrook thinks that it is a burlesque of Shakespeare's play presented by the law students of the Inner Temple at their Christmas revels (see *Renaissance Drama*, IX [1966], 83-103). A late date for the "old" *Timon* play accounts for the similarities with Shakespeare that do not derive from Lucian, but it is difficult to reconstruct how the academic author could have known a Shakespearean play that was presumably never completely finished, never acted, and not published until 1623. The records may, of course, be incomplete, but then the argument has to be founded on a series of negative probabilities. Proponents of a late date for the "old" *Timon* play have heard echoes in it of *King Lear* and *The Merchant of Venice*, but these are questionable. One other explanation for the similarity of *Timon of Athens* to the "old" *Timon* play is that they both drew on a common source now lost. This is a convenient postulate, but not very helpful in the present case, since nothing further is known about this common source.

Two other sources for which claims have been offered have generally been rejected by scholars: Boiardo's *Timone* (1494) and Lyly's *Campaspe* (1584). In the latter play, Diogenes is rather close to Shakespeare's Apemantus, but the malcontent railer was a familiar type, and Shakespeare had already created Jaques in *As You Like It* and Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*.

There are many allusions to Timon in Renaissance English literature. He was a stock figure for the misanthrope, whose life was often described in animal analogies. Shakespeare refers to Timon in *Love's Labor's Lost*, when Berowne hypocritically berates his companions for being in love:

O me, with what strict patience have I sat
To see a king transformèd to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys! (IV.iii.162-67)

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

Our sole authority for the text of *Timon of Athens* is the First Folio of Shakespeare, published in 1623. It may only be the result of a lucky accident that the play was printed

at all, since *Troilus and Cressida* was intended to follow *Romeo and Juliet* in the section of Tragedies, and three pages of *Troilus and Cressida* were actually set up and printed. But difficulties over the copyright of *Troilus and Cressida* probably forced Jaggard to stop work on it. He allowed a sufficient number of blank pages for it, and then went on to set up and print *Julius Caesar*. Contrary to Jaggard's expectations, the difficulties with *Troilus and Cressida* were not quickly resolved. Something had to fill the space left for *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Timon* was decided on. It is a relatively short play, so that it only partially fills the allotted pages. Signature ii is omitted and there is an awkward gap between pages 98 and 109 (beginning of *Julius Caesar*), despite the blown-up and elaborately decorated list of actors' names that has a page to itself at the end of *Timon*.

Whether *Timon* would have been printed at all if the difficulties with *Troilus and Cressida* had not occurred is a teasing question, but the condition of its text strongly confirms its role as an afterthought or stopgap. *Timon* is full of the kind of inconsistencies and roughnesses that suggest a play that has not received any final revision (see the Introduction). There is no record of a performance of the play during Shakespeare's lifetime, and the possibility seems unlikely. It is obviously not the sort of play that a business-minded publisher would be eager to include in an expensive and speculative venture like the Shakespeare Folio. The text of *Timon* was set up either directly from Shakespeare's "foul papers" (rough draft), or from a transcript of them made by a scribe.

The state of the text has an important bearing on the editing of the play. If *Timon* is indeed a play that has not received that final revision and polishing necessary to put it into actable (or printable) form, it is not the job of a modern editor to undertake this task for Shakespeare. It is not up to a modern editor, for example, to make the lines scan by piecing them out differently (a formidable task here), or to distribute specific roles to the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Lords, or to make other changes of an essentially "improving" nature. I assume that the present-day reader would like to have the play in a modernized form, but as close as possible to the way Shakespeare left it. I have therefore made very few changes in the Folio text, even at the expense of leaving loose ends or inconsistencies. (It would be wonderfully satisfying to know whom Alcibiades is pleading for in III.v.)

Two matters of special interest are related to the nature of the text: lineation and stage directions. In the text of *Timon* there is either serious mislineation (the printing of blank verse lines in some other form, either broken in two or run together as prose), or a failure in a number of places to write regular, five-beat, iambic lines. That is, either the compositor took wide liberties with the metrics, or the author himself made errors or allowed himself a great deal of freedom. Considering the unrevised state of the text, one is forced to conclude that the printed version is probably an accurate rendering of the copy. "Mislineation" is, therefore, a misleading term. I have generally followed the lineation of the Folio, except where lines are obviously broken into two to fill up the "cast off" space (that is, the amount of space estimated to be needed for a certain quantity of copy), or run together as prose where not enough space was allowed. The Folio lineation usually

makes for good speech rhythm, with important pauses at the ends of lines. To run these lines through the blank verse meat grinder would distort their quality as dramatic speech.

How one treats the Folio stage directions of *Timon* also depends upon one's attitude to the text. The indications of action in this play are of the permissive and literary sort characteristic of an author's manuscript. For example, the final part of the stage direction that opens I.ii reads: "*Then comes dropping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly, like himself.*" This is a descriptive stage direction, which would have been put into a more practical form in a promptbook prepared by the stage manager. To change this direction to "*Then enter Apemantus, alone and at a distance*" (as Sisson does in his fine text) is to throw away a significant Shakespearean line for the sake of some imagined modern production. In an unrevised play such as *Timon* there is a special sanction for retaining the obviously authorial stage directions of the Folio, which bring us closer to the original manuscript of the play than do the colorless, clarified directions of a modern editor. I have also avoided one other type of correction in the stage directions. When it is not clear who is being addressed, I have not seen fit to supply a name. In V.i, for example, Timon is upbraiding Poet and Painter in turn, but the text never specifies which one. I have simply indicated "*To one*" and "*To the other*," although in a production it would obviously have to be either to Poet or Painter. Perhaps these two characters are meant to have a Rosencrantz and Guildenstern interchangeability.

In the present text, spelling has been modernized, except that certain older forms have been retained when they are essentially different from their modern counterparts, for example, "vild" (for "vile"), "huswife" (for "housewife"), "a th'" (for "o' th'"). The punctuation has been modernized within limits, but I have generally been wary of introducing changes where the Folio pointing makes good sense. Even editors scrupulous about the language of the Folio seem not to feel bound by the punctuation. Capitalization has been modernized, and contractions not affecting pronunciation have been eliminated (especially in the verb forms). For stylistic reasons, I have omitted

many traditional exclamation marks. The speech prefixes have been expanded and somewhat clarified. The list of actors' names is taken from the Folio, where it is printed (with one name given twice, and with the names in a slightly different order) at the end of the play.

Typographical errors have been corrected, and some stage directions have been slightly moved. Many traditional stage directions, not in the Folio, have been supplied in brackets. The traditional act and scene divisions and scene locations have been indicated for convenience, but the reader should recall that the action of the play was continuous and the scenes often unlocalized. The Folio indicates only "Actus Primus, Scoena Prima."

Other departures from the Folio are listed below. The reading of the present text is given first, in boldface type, and then the reading of the Folio (F) in roman.

I.i.s.d. Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweler, Merchant [F adds "and Mercer"] **21 gum, which oozes** Gowne, which vses **87 hands** hand; **slip** sit **166 satiety** society **215 cost** cast **282 Come** Comes **291 I'll keep you company** [in F part of speech of Second Lord]

I.ii.29 ever verie **114 s.d. Sound tucket** [F follows this with another s.d., "Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with Lutes in their hands, dauncing and playing," incorrectly anticipating the entry at line 130; the necessary part of this s.d. is therefore added to that of line 130] **125 Th' ear** There **130 First Lord** First Lord Luc. **152 First Lady** I Lord

II.ii.4 resumes resume **43 of broken** of debt, broken **78 mistress'** Masters **107 mistress'** Masters **135 proposed** propose **192 Flaminus** Flavius **192 s.d. Enter Flaminus, Servilius, and Third Servant** Enter three Seruants

III.i.s.d. with with a

III.iii.21 and I and

III.iv.s.d. two Servants man **50 ate** eate **87 Hortensius** 1. Var. **III Sempronius**—all Sempronius Vllorxa

III.v.17 An And 68 'em him

III.vi.92 with your you with **116-17** [speech prefixes reversed]

IV.i.13 Son Some 21 let yet

IV.iii.12 pasture Pastour **13 lean** leaue **88 tub-fast** fubfast

117 window-bars window Barne **122 thy** the **157 scolds**

scold'st **255 drudges** drugges **256 command** command'st

272 rogue ragge **284 my** thy **397 them** then **495 mild** wilde

512 A usuring kindness, as If not a Vsuring kindnesse, and as

V.i.5-6 Phrynia and Timandra Phrinica and Timandylo **71**

men man **115 s.d. Beats** . . . cave Exeunt **126 chance**

chanc'd **133 cauterizing** Cantherizing **147 sense** since **182**

reverend'st reuerends

V.iv.55 Descend Defend **64 s.d. Soldier** Messenger



THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

[The Actors' Names

TIMON of Athens
LUCIUS and } two flattering lords
LUCULLUS }
SEMPRONIUS another flattering lord
VENTIDIUS one of Timon's false friends
APEMANTUS a churlish philosopher
ALCIBIADES an Athenian captain
POET
PAINTER
JEWELER
MERCHANT
[FLAVIUS steward to Timon]
FLAMINIUS one of Timon's servants
SERVILIUS another
[LUCILIUS another]

CAPHIS
PHILOTUS
TITUS
HORTENSIUS
[SERVANT to] Varro
[SERVANT to] Lucius
[SERVANT to Isidore] } several servants to
[AN OLD ATHENIAN] } usurers
[THREE STRANGERS]
[A PAGE]
[A FOOL]
[PHRYNIA } mistresses to Alcibiades]
[TIMANDRA]
Certain MASKERS [as] Cupid [and Amazons]
Certain SENATORS, certain THIEVES, with divers
other SERVANTS and ATTENDANTS, [LORDS,
OFFICERS, SOLDIERS]

Scene: Athens and the neighboring woods]

A C T I

Scene I. [Athens. Timon's house.]

Enter POET, PAINTER, JEWELER, MERCHANT at
several° doors.

POET
Good day, sir.
PAINTER I am glad y' are well.
POET
I have not seen you long; how goes the world?

The decorative border shown above appeared on the first page of
Timon of Athens in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's
plays, 1623.
I.i.s.d. several separate (the Poet and Painter enter at one door,
the Jeweler and Merchant at another)

PAINTER
It wears,° sir, as it grows.
POET Ay that's well known.
But what particular rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record° not matches? See, 5
Magic of bounty,° all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.
PAINTER
I know them both; th' other's a jeweler.
MERCHANT
O 'tis a worthy lord.
JEWELER Nay that's most fixed.°
MERCHANT
A most incomparable man, breathed,° as it were, 10
3 wears wears out 5 manifold record many and varied
records, history ("record" accented on second syllable) 6
bounty generosity 9 fixed certain 10 breathed exercised,
trained

To an untirable and continue^o goodness.

He passes.^o

JEWELER I have a jewel here—

MERCHANT

O pray let's see't. For the Lord Timon, sir?

JEWELER

If he will touch the estimate.^o But for that—

POET [*Aside to PAINTER.*]

When we for recompense have praised the vild,^o

It stains the glory in that happy^o verse

Which aptly sings the good.

MERCHANT [*Looking at the jewel.*] 'Tis a good form.

JEWELER

And rich. Here is a water,^o look ye.

PAINTER

You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

POET A thing slipped idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes

From whence 'tis nourished. The fire i' th' flint

Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame

Provokes itself,^o and like the current flies

Each bound it chases.^o What have you there?

PAINTER

A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

POET

Upon the heels of my presentment,^o sir.

Let's see your piece.

PAINTER

'Tis a good piece.

POET

So 'tis; this comes off well and excellent.

PAINTER

Indifferent.^o

POET Admirable. How this grace

Speaks his own standing!^o What a mental power

This eye shoots forth! How big^o imagination

Moves in this lip! To th' dumbness^o of the gesture

One might interpret.^o

PAINTER

It is a pretty mocking^o of the life.

Here is a touch—is't good?

POET

I will say of it,

It tutors nature; artificial strife^o

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain SENATORS, [who pass over the stage and exeunt].

PAINTER

How this lord is followed!

POET

The Senators of Athens, happy men!

PAINTER

Look, moe!^o

POET

You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors:

I have in this rough work shaped out a man

Whom this beneath world^o doth embrace and hug

With amplest entertainment. My free drift

Halts not particularly,^o but moves itself

In a wide sea of wax;^o no leveled^o malice

Infects one comma in the course I hold,

But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,

Leaving no tract^o behind.

PAINTER

How shall I understand you?

POET

I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions,^o how all minds,

As well of glib and slipp'ry creatures as

Of grave and austere quality, tender down^o

Their services to Lord Timon. His large fortune,

Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,

Subdues and properties^o to his love and tendance^o

All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced^o flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better

Than to abhor himself—even he drops down

The knee before him, and returns in peace

Most rich in Timon's nod.

PAINTER

I saw them speak together.

POET

Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill

Feigned^o Fortune to be throned. The base o' th' mount

Is ranked with all deserts,^o all kind of natures

That labor on the bosom of this sphere

To propagate their states.^o Amongst them all,

Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fixed,

One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,^o

Whom Fortune with her ivory hand^o wafts to her,

Whose present^o grace^o to present slaves and servants

Translates^o his rivals.

PAINTER

'Tis conceived to scope.^o

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,

With one man beckoned from the rest below,

Bowing his head against the steepy mount

To climb his happiness, would be well expressed

In our condition.

POET

Nay, sir, but hear me on.

All those which were his fellows but of late,

Some better than his value, on the moment

Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,

Rain sacrificial whisperings^o in his ear,

44 **beneath world** sublunary world (Timon as the moon)

46 **particularly** at individuals 47 **sea of wax** either a sea of

inspiration as easily molded as wax—not limited to a mere

writing tablet of wax—or perhaps a waxing sea swelling

with inspiration; **leveled** aimed (at one person) 50 **tract**

either "trace" or "track" 52 **conditions** (1) social classes

(2) temperaments 54 **tender down** offer (as one offers

money) 57 **properties** appropriates; **tendance** attendance

58 **glass-faced** mirror-faced 64 **Feigned** imagined 65

deserts degrees of worth 67 **propagate their states** increase

their possessions 69 **frame** (1) disposition (2) physical stature

70 **ivory hand** hand white and smooth as ivory (this is the right

hand of Fortune, with which she distributes her favors; with

the left, or dark, hand she takes them away) 71 **present** (1)

existing now (2) immediate; **grace** graciousness, generosity

72 **Translates** transforms; **to scope** to the purpose, just right

81 **sacrificial whisperings** lines 81–83 suggest the hieratic

atmosphere surrounding Timon, now high in Fortune's favor

11 **continue** uninterrupted 12 **passes** surpasses 14 **touch**
the estimate offer the expected price 15 **vild** vile 16 **happy**
fortunate 18 **water** luster (of a jewel) 23–24 **our . . . itself**
the inspiration of poets is spontaneous, not externally provoked
like the "fire i' th' flint" 25 **Each . . . chases** i.e., the stream
flows towards the shore but rebounds upon contact 27
presentment presentation (to Timon) 30 **Indifferent** neither
good nor bad 31 **standing** dignity, social status 32 **big**
adverb 33 **dumbness** silence (as in a dumb show) 34
interpret supply words 35 **mocking** imitation 37 **artificial**
strife the striving of art to outdo nature 41 **moe** more

Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink° the free air.

PAINTER Ay marry,° what of these?

POET

When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants 85
Which labored after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

PAINTER

'Tis common.

A thousand moral paintings° I can show 90
That shall demonstrate° these quick° blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean° eyes have seen
The foot above the head.°

*Trumpets sound. Enter Lord TIMON, addressing himself
courteously to every suitor; [a MESSENGER from Ventidius
talking with him; LUCILIUS and other SERVANTS
following].*

TIMON Imprisoned is he, say you?

MESSENGER

Ay, my good lord; five talents° is his debt, 95
His means most short, his creditors most strait.°
Your honorable letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing,
Periods° his comfort.

TIMON Noble Ventidius—well.

I am not of that feather° to shake off 100
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt and free him.

MESSENGER

Your lordship ever binds° him.

TIMON

Commend me to him; I will send his ransom, 105
And being enfranchised bid him come to me.
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

MESSENGER

All happiness to your honor. *Exit.*

Enter an OLD ATHENIAN.

OLD ATHENIAN

Lord Timon, hear me speak.

TIMON Freely, good father. 110

OLD ATHENIAN

Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

TIMON

I have so. What of him?

OLD ATHENIAN

Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

TIMON

Attends he here or no? Lucilius!

LUCILIUS

Here at your lordship's service. 115

OLD ATHENIAN

This fellow° here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,°
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.°

TIMON

Well; what further? 120

OLD ATHENIAN

One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got.
The maid is fair, a° th' youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine 125
Attempts her love. I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;°
Myself have spoke in vain.

TIMON

The man is honest.

OLD ATHENIAN

Therefore he will be,° Timon.
His honesty rewards him in itself; 130
It must not bear° my daughter.

TIMON

Does she love him?

OLD ATHENIAN

She is young and apt.
Our own precedent° passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

TIMON

Love you the maid?

LUCILIUS

Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it. 135

OLD ATHENIAN

If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.°

TIMON

How shall she be endowed,

If she be mated with an equal° husband? 140

OLD ATHENIAN

Three talents on the present;° in future, all.

TIMON

This gentleman of mine hath served me long.
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond° in men. Give him thy daughter;
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,° 145
And make him weigh with her.

OLD ATHENIAN

Most noble lord,

Pawn me to this your honor, she is his.

TIMON

My hand to thee, mine honor on my promise.

LUCILIUS

Humbly I thank your lordship; never may

83 **Drink** breathe; **marry** indeed (originally "By the Virgin Mary") 90 **moral paintings** allegorical pictures (especially wall hangings) 91 **demonstrate** accented on second syllable; **quick** (1) swift (2) full of life 93 **mean** lowly 94 **foot** . . . **head** in the quick changes that Fortune brings, the foot of the lowliest may suddenly appear above the head of the highest 95 **five talents** see Introduction, p. 1367 96 **strait** strict 99 **Periods** puts an end to 100 **feather** character 104 **binds** attaches by ties of gratitude (with play on "free" in line 103)

116 **fellow**, **creature** terms of contempt 120 **trencher** wooden plate or shallow dish on which meat is served (a servant who waits on tables would hold a trencher) 123 **a** a worn-down form for "of" 127 **her resort** resort or access to her 129 **Therefore** . . . **be** since Lucilius is honest (or honorable), he will therefore show his honesty by not pursuing the Old Athenian's daughter 131 **bear** carry away 133 **precedent** former (accented on second syllable) 139 **all** completely 140 **equal** either socially or financially 141 **on the present** at once 144 **bond** obligation 145 **counterpoise** counterbalance

That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed° to you.

Exit [LUCILIUS, with OLD ATHENIAN].

POET

Vouchsafe° my labor, and long live your lordship.

TIMON

I thank you; you shall hear from me anon.
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

PAINTER

A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

TIMON

Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonor traffics° with man's nature,
He is but outside.° These penciled° figures are
Even such as they give out.° I like your work,
And you shall find I like it. Wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

PAINTER

The gods preserve ye.

TIMON

Well fare you, gentleman. Give me your hand;
We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffered under praise.°

JEWELER

What, my lord, dispraise? 165

TIMON

A mere° satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extolled,
It would unclaw° me quite.

JEWELER

My lord, 'tis rated

As those which sell would give.° But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters.° Believe't, dear lord,
You mend° the jewel by the wearing it.

TIMON Well mocked.°

MERCHANT

No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue°
Which all men speak with him.

Enter APEMANTUS.

TIMON

Look who comes here; will you be chid?

JEWELER

We'll bear with your lordship.

MERCHANT

He'll spare none.

TIMON

Good morrow to thee, gentle° Apemantus.

APEMANTUS

Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow—
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest. 180

150 TIMON

Why dost thou call them knaves, thou know'st them
not?

APEMANTUS Are they not Athenians?

TIMON Yes.

APEMANTUS Then I repent not.

JEWELER You know me, Apemantus? 185

APEMANTUS Thou know'st I do, I called thee by thy
name.

TIMON Thou art proud, Apemantus.

155

APEMANTUS Of nothing so much as that I am not like
Timon. 190

TIMON Whither art going?

APEMANTUS To knock out an honest Athenian's
brains.

TIMON That's a deed thou't die for.

160

APEMANTUS Right, if doing nothing be death by th'
law. 195

TIMON How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS The best, for the innocence.°

TIMON Wrought he not well that painted it?

APEMANTUS He wrought better that made the
painter, and yet he's but a filthy° piece of work. 200

PAINTER Y' are a dog.°

APEMANTUS Thy mother's of my generation.° What's
she, if I be a dog?

TIMON Wilt dine with me, Apemantus? 205

APEMANTUS No. I eat not lords.

TIMON And° thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

APEMANTUS O they eat lords; so they come by great
bellies.°

170

TIMON That's a lascivious apprehension. 210

APEMANTUS So, thou apprehend'st it, take it for thy
labor.

TIMON How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Not so well as plain-dealing, which will
not cost a man a doit.° 215

175

TIMON What dost thou think 'tis worth?

APEMANTUS Not worth my thinking. How now,
poet?

POET How now, philosopher?

APEMANTUS Thou liest. 220

POET Art not one?

APEMANTUS Yes.

POET Then I lie not.

APEMANTUS Art not a poet?

POET Yes. 225

APEMANTUS Then thou liest.° Look in thy last work,
where thou hast feigned him° a worthy fellow.

POET That's not feigned, he is so.

APEMANTUS Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay
thee for thy labor. He that loves to be flattered is
worthy o' th' flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord! 230

TIMON What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

151 owed (1) acknowledged to you as the cause of it (2) due to you as a debt 152 Vouchsafe deign to accept 158 traffics deals (pejorative sense) 159 but outside merely external, a false semblance; penciled painted 160 Even . . . out i.e., painting, in contrast with human nature, is honest; it make no pretense to be something other than what it appears to be 165 under praise in being praised, since the jewel is beyond praise (but the Jeweler takes it in the sense of "dispraise") 166 mere absolute 168 unclaw undo 169 As . . . give i.e., at the wholesale price 171 Are . . . masters are valued according to the social status of their owners 172 mend improve 173 mocked simulated (i.e., I know your flattery is only part of your sales talk) 174 speaks . . . tongue says what everyone is saying 178 gentle (1) well-born (a conventional complimentary epithet) (2) mild

198 innocence (1) harmlessness (2) foolishness 201 filthy contemptible 202 dog Apemantus is a Cynic philosopher; "cynic" is derived from the Greek word for dog 203 generation (1) breed (2) persons born at about the same time 207 And if 208-09 come . . . bellies become pregnant 215 doit a small Dutch coin worth less than a farthing (used as a type expression for any very small sum) 226 liest a play on the old idea that poetry is a mimesis, imitation, mocking, or feigning of reality and therefore a lie 227 him Timon

APEMANTUS E'en as Apemantus does now: hate a lord with my heart.

TIMON What, thyself?

APEMANTUS Ay.

TIMON Wherefore?

APEMANTUS That I had no angry wit to be a lord.^o Art not thou a merchant?

MERCHANT Ay, Apemantus.

APEMANTUS Traffic^o confound thee, if the gods will not.

MERCHANT If traffic do it, the gods do it.

APEMANTUS Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee.

Trumpet sounds. Enter a MESSENGER.

TIMON

What trumpet's that?

MESSENGER

'Tis Alcibiades and some twenty horse,^o

All of companionship.^o

TIMON

Pray entertain them, give them guide to us.

[Exeunt some ATTENDANTS.]

You must needs dine with me. Go not you hence

Till I have thanked you. When dinner's done

Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.^o

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir.

APEMANTUS So, so.

Their^o aches^o contract and starve^o your supple joints! That there should be small love amongst these sweet knaves,

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out Into baboon and monkey.

ALCIBIADES

Sir, you have saved^o my longing, and I feed

Most hungerly on your sight.

TIMON Right welcome, sir.

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time

In different pleasures. Pray you let us in.

Exeunt [all but APEMANTUS].

Enter two LORDS.

FIRST LORD What time a day is't, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Time to be honest.

FIRST LORD That time serves still.^o

APEMANTUS The most accursèd thou that still omit'st^o it.

SECOND LORD Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

APEMANTUS Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools.

SECOND LORD Fare thee well, fare thee well.

APEMANTUS Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

238 no . . . lord no more wit in my anger than to wish to be a lord (?) 241 Traffic trade, business 247 horse horsemen 248 All of companionship all of the same party 252 of your sights at the sight of you 254 Their of Alcibiades and his soldiers; aches the reference is probably to venereal disease—"aches" is dissyllabic, pronounced "aitches"; starve destroy 258 saved anticipated and so prevented 264 still always 266 omit'st neglects

SECOND LORD Why, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

FIRST LORD Hang thyself!

APEMANTUS No, I will do nothing at thy bidding. Make thy requests to thy friend.

SECOND LORD Away, unpeaceable^o dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

APEMANTUS I will fly like a dog the heels a th' ass.

[Exit.]

FIRST LORD

He's opposite to^o humanity. Come, shall we in

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? He outgoes

The very heart of kindness.

SECOND LORD

He pours it out. Plutus, the god of gold,

Is but his steward; no meed^o but he repays

Sevenfold above itself. No gift to him

But breeds the giver a return exceeding

All use of quittance.^o

FIRST LORD The noblest mind he carries^o

That ever governed man.

SECOND LORD Long may he live

In fortunes. Shall we in?

FIRST LORD I'll keep you company. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. Timon's house.]

Hautboys^o playing loud music. A great banquet served in; and then enter Lord TIMON, the STATES,^o the Athenian LORDS, VENTIDIUS (which Timon redeemed from prison), [and ALCIBIADES. STEWARD and others attending.] Then comes dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.

VENTIDIUS

Most honored Timon,

It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age, And call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich.

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free^o heart, I do return those talents

Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help I derived liberty.

TIMON O by no means,

Honest Ventidius. You mistake my love;

I gave it freely ever, and there's none

Can truly say he gives, if he receives.

If our betters^o play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.^o

VENTIDIUS

A noble spirit.

TIMON

Nay, my lords, ceremony^o was but devised at first

279 unpeaceable quarrelsome 282 opposite to (1) hostile to (2) the reverse of 286 meed (1) merit, desert (2) gift (?) 289 All . . . quittance all the customary returns made in repayment of debts (one meaning of "use" is "interest"); carries bears

I.ii.s.d. Hautboys oboes; the States persons of state, the senators 6 free generous 12 our betters those of higher rank 13 faults . . . fair the faults of rich persons are made to seem attractive because of their wealth 15 ceremony ceremonious attitudes

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown.
 But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
 Pray sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
 Than my fortunes to me.

20

FIRST LORD

My lord, we always have confessed it.

APEMANTUS

Ho, ho, confessed it? Hanged it,° have you not?

TIMON

O Apemantus, you are welcome.

APEMANTUS

No, you shall not make me welcome.

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

25

TIMON

Fie, th' art a churl, y' have got a humor° there

Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.

They say, my lords, *Ira furor brevis est*,° but yond
 man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by himself,
 for he does neither affect° company, nor is he fit for't 30
 indeed.

APEMANTUS Let me stay at thine apperil,° Timon. I
 come to observe, I give thee warning on't.

TIMON I take no heed of thee. Th' art an Athenian,
 therefore welcome. I myself would have no power;° 35
 prithee let my meat make thee silent.

APEMANTUS I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me,
 for I should ne'er flatter thee.° O you gods! What a
 number of men eats Timon, and he sees 'em not! It
 grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's 40
 blood, and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.
 I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.

Methinks they should invite them without knives:°

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow that sits next 45
 him, now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of
 him in a divided draught,° is the readiest man to kill
 him. 'T'as been proved. If I were a huge° man, I
 should fear to drink at meals,

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes;° 50
 Great men should drink with harness° on their throats.

TIMON

My lord, in heart;° and let the health go round.

SECOND LORD

Let it flow this way, my good lord.

APEMANTUS Flow this way? A brave° fellow. He
 keeps his tides° well. Those healths will make thee and 55
 thy state° look ill, Timon.

Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner,

Honest water, which ne'er left man i' th' mire.

22 **confessed** . . . it an allusion to the proverb "Confess and be hanged" 26 **humor** temperamental quirk (in the old physiological sense of the four humors) 28 **Ira** . . . **est** anger is a brief fury or madness (Horace, *Epistles*, I.ii.62) 30 **affect** (1) like (2) seek out 32 **apperil** peril 35 **no power** i.e., to force you to be silent 37-38 **'twould** . . . **thee** Apemantus would prefer to choke on Timon's meat than to flatter him 43 **knives** dinner guests customarily brought their own knives 47 **a divided draught** a drink from a cup that is passed around the table 48 **huge** important 50 **Lest** . . . **notes** lest men should cut my throat when my head is tilted backward (with additional allusion to the windpipe as a musical instrument, like a bagpipe) 51 **harness** armor 52 **My** . . . **heart** a toast 54 **brave** excellent 55 **tides** times (with play on the usual sense, linked to "flow") 56 **state** estate, fortune

This and my food are equals, there's no odds;
 Feasts° are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

60

Apemantus' Grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;°

I pray for no man but myself.

Grant I may never prove so fond°

To trust man on his oath or bond,

Or a harlot for her weeping,

65

Or a dog that seems a-sleeping,

Or a keeper° with my freedom,

Or my friends if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall to't:

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

70

[*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich° thy good heart, Apemantus.

TIMON Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field
 now.

ALCIBIADES My heart is ever at your service, my
 lord.

75

TIMON You had rather be at a breakfast of° enemies
 than a dinner of friends.

ALCIBIADES So° they were bleeding new, my lord,
 there's no meat like 'em; I could wish my best friend
 at such a feast.

80

APEMANTUS Would all those flatterers were thine
 enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em—and
 bid° me to 'em.

FIRST LORD Might we but have that happiness, my
 lord, that you would once use our hearts,° whereby 85
 we might express some part of our zeals, we should
 think ourselves for ever perfect.°

TIMON O no doubt, my good friends, but the gods
 themselves have provided that I shall have much help
 from you: how had you been my friends else? Why 90
 have you that charitable° title from° thousands, did
 not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more
 of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in
 your own behalf; and thus far I confirm° you. O you
 gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we 95
 should ne'er have need of 'em? They were the most
 needless creatures living should we ne'er have use for
 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung
 up in cases, that keeps their sounds to themselves. Why
 I have often wished myself poorer that I might come 100
 nearer° to you. We are born to do benefits; and what
 better or properer can we call our own than the riches
 of our friends? O what a precious comfort 'tis to have
 so many like brothers commanding one another's
 fortunes. O joy's e'en made away ere't can be born.° 105
 Mine eyes cannot hold out water,° methinks. To for-
 get their faults,° I drink to you.

60 **Feasts** i.e., those who give feasts 61 **pelf** possessions 63 **fond** foolish 67 **keeper** jailer 71 **dich** may it do (?) 76 **of** consisting of (but later in the sentence it means "with") 78 **So** provided that 83 **bid** invite 85 **use our hearts** i.e., make trial of the feelings in our hearts 87 **perfect** i.e., in our happiness in demonstrating our love for Timon 91 **charitable** loving, kindly; **from** from among 94 **confirm** sanction, corroborate (your claims as friends) 101 **nearer** (1) closer to your hearts (2) closer to your financial status 105 **e'en** . . . **born** our weeping for joy seems to destroy joy before it properly exists 106 **hold out water** keep out tears 107 **faults** defects

APEMANTUS Thou weep'st to make them drink,^o
Timon.

SECOND LORD

Joy had the like conception^o in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.^o 110

APEMANTUS

Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

THIRD LORD

I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

APEMANTUS Much.

Sound tucket.^o

TIMON

What means that trump?

Enter SERVANT.

How now?

SERVANT Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies
most desirous of admittance. 115

TIMON Ladies? What are their wills?

SERVANT There comes with them a forerunner, my
lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.^o 120

TIMON I pray let them be admitted.

[Enter CUPID.]

CUPID

Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all
That of his bounties taste. The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate^o thy plenteous bosom. Th' ear,
Taste, touch, all, pleased from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.^o 125

TIMON

They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance.
Music^o make their welcome. *[Exit CUPID.]*

FIRST LORD

You see, my lord, how ample y' are beloved. 130

*[Music.] Enter CUPID, with the masque^o of LADIES [as]
Amazons,^o with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

APEMANTUS

Hoy-day!^o

What a sweep^o of vanity comes this way.

They dance? They are madwomen.

Like^o madness is the glory^o of this life,

As this pomp shows to^o a little oil and root.

We make ourselves fools to disport^o ourselves,

And spend our flatteries to drink^o those men 135

Upon whose age we void^o it up again

With poisonous spite and envy.^o

Who lives that's not depravèd or depraves?^o 140

Who dies that bears not one spurn^o to their graves

Of their friends' gift?^o

I should fear those that dance before me now

Would one day stamp upon me. 'T'as been done.

Men shut their doors against a setting sun. 145

*The LORDS rise from table, with much adoring of^o TIMON,
and to show their loves, each single out an Amazon, and all
dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys,
and cease.*

TIMON

You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on^o our entertainment,

Which was not half so beautiful and kind.^o 115

You have added worth unto't and luster,

And entertained me with mine own device.^o 150

I am to thank you for't.

FIRST LADY

My lord, you take us even at the best.^o

APEMANTUS Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would
not hold taking,^o I doubt me.^o

TIMON

Ladies, there is an idle banquet^o attends you, 155

Please you to dispose yourselves.^o

ALL LADIES

Most thankfully, my lord.

Exeunt [CUPID and LADIES].

125 TIMON Flavius.

FLAVIUS

My lord.

TIMON The little casket bring me hither.

FLAVIUS

Yes, my lord. *[Aside.]* More jewels yet? 160

There is no crossing him in's humor,^o

Else I should tell him well, i' faith I should,

When all's spent, he'd be crossed^o then, and^o he could.

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.^o 165

Exit.

FIRST LORD

Where be our men?

SERVANT

Here, my lord, in readiness.

135 SECOND LORD

Our horses.

Enter FLAVIUS [with the casket].

138 void vomit 139 envy malice 140 depravèd or
depraves slandered or a slanderer 141 spurn insult 142
gift giving 145 s.d. adoring of paying homage to 147
Set . . . on given a pleasant semblance to 148 kind gracious
150 mine own device suggests that Timon designed the
masque or at least had the idea for it 152 take . . . best
judge us in the most favorable and complimentary way
153-54 would . . . taking sexual "taking" is not possible
because of rottenness caused by venereal disease 154 doubt
me fear, suspect (reflexive) 155 idle banquet trifling dessert
or light collation 156 Please . . . yourselves if you please
to take your places 161 no . . . humor no thwarting him
in his capricious disposition 163 crossed (1) thwarted (2)
have his debts canceled ("crossed" off a list) (3) be given
money (have his palm "crossed"); and if 165 for his
mind for his generous inclinations

108 to . . . drink (1) to provide drink for them (they drink
up your tears, and you and your estate, too) (2) to furnish a
pretext for their carousing 110 the like conception a similar
birth (i.e., accompanied with tears) 111 like . . . up i.e.,
the sight of Timon's joy immediately caused the birth of a like
joy in the eyes of his friends 114 s.d. tucket a flourish
on a trumpet 120 pleasures wishes 125 gratulate (1) greet
(2) gratify, please 127 but . . . eyes only to appeal to
the sense of sight, whereas at Timon's banquet all the senses
were gratified 129 Music let music 130 s.d. masque an
elaborate allegorical show or entertainment with emphasis
on spectacle, music, and dance; Amazons legendary female
warriors 131 Hoy-day exclamation of surprise 132
sweep in reference to the sweeping motion of the dancers
134 Like similar; glory vainglory 135 to compared to 136
disport amuse 137 drink drink the health of

TIMON

O my friends,
I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good
lord,
I must entreat you honor me so much
As to advance° this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

FIRST LORD

I am so far already in your gifts—

ALL

So are we all.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT My lord, there are certain nobles of the
Senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

TIMON They are fairly° welcome.

FLAVIUS I beseech your honor, vouchsafe me a word;
it does concern you near.

TIMON Near? Why then another time I'll hear thee.
I prithee let's be provided to show them entertainment.

FLAVIUS [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

Enter another SERVANT.

SECOND SERVANT

May it please your honor, Lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapped in silver.°

TIMON

I shall accept them fairly. Let the presents
Be worthily entertained.°

Enter a THIRD SERVANT.

How now? What news?

THIRD SERVANT Please you, my lord, that honor-
able gentleman Lord Lucullus entreats your company 190
tomorrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honor
two brace° of greyhounds.

TIMON

I'll hunt with him, and let them be received
Not without fair reward.

FLAVIUS [*Aside.*] What will this come to?

He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer;
Nor will he know his purse, or yield° me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises fly so beyond his state°
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes for ev'ry
word.

He is so kind that he now pays interest for't;
His land's put to their books.° Well, would I were
Gently put out of office before I were forced out.
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.°
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

Exit.

TIMON

You do yourselves much wrong,

172 **advance** enhance in value (by your wearing it) 178
fairly courteously 186 **trapped in silver** with harness
coverings adorned in silver 188 **worthily entertained**
appropriately received 192 **two brace** two pairs 197 **yield**
grant 200 **state** estate, possessions 203 **put . . . books**
mortgaged (entered on creditors' account books) 206 **Than**
. . . **exceed** (1) than such a number that surpasses the
number of one's enemies (2) than such sort of friends whose
demands go beyond those of one's enemies

You bate° too much of your own merits.

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

210

SECOND LORD

With more than common thanks I will receive it.

THIRD LORD

O he's the very soul of bounty.

TIMON And now I remember, my lord, you gave
good words the other day of a bay courser° I rode on.
'Tis yours because you liked it.

215

FIRST LORD

O I beseech you pardon me, my lord, in that.°

TIMON You may take my word, my lord, I know no
man can justly praise but what he does affect.° I weigh°
my friend's affection with° mine own. I'll tell you true,
I'll call to you.°

220

ALL LORDS

O none so welcome.

TIMON

I take all and your several° visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give.°
Methinks I could deal° kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It° comes in charity to thee, for all thy living°
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitched field.°

225

ALCIBIADES

Ay, defiled° land, my lord.

230

FIRST LORD

We are so virtuously bound—

TIMON

And so am I to you.

SECOND LORD

So infinitely endeared°—

TIMON

All to you.° Lights, more lights!

FIRST LORD

The best of happiness, honor, and fortunes
Keep with you, Lord Timon.

235

TIMON

Ready for his friends.

Exeunt LORDS.

APEMANTUS

What a coil's° here,
Serving of becks° and jutting out of bums!°
I doubt whether their legs° be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs;
Methinks false hearts should never have sound legs.°
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on curtsies.°

240

209 **bate** abate, undervalue 214 **bay courser** reddish-brown
stallion 216 **in that** in accepting your gift (because I
seemed to solicit it) 218 **affect** like, desire to possess;
weigh consider 219 **with equal** with 219–20 **I'll tell . . . you**
I assure you I will call on you 222 **all . . . several** the sum
total (an intensive form) 223 **'tis . . . give** mere gifts, no
matter how great, cannot truly express the feeling in my heart
224 **deal** distribute 227 **It** what you receive, a gift; **living**
(1) existence (2) property (3) livelihood 229 **pitched field**
field prepared for a battle 230 **defiled land** a quibble on the
proverb, "He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled," *Ecclesiasticus*
13:1 233 **endeared** indebted 234 **All to you** I am all these
things to you rather than vice versa 237 **coil** fuss, bustle,
confusion 238 **Serving of becks** offering of nods or
curtsies; **bums** posteriors 239 **legs** (1) bows (cf. "to make
a leg") (2) the limbs themselves 241 **sound legs** legs healthy
enough to make obeisances 242 **curtsies** (1) bows (2)
courtesies (a different spelling of the same word)

TIMON

Now Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

APEMANTUS No, I'll nothing; for if I should be
bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon° thee,
and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so
long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in
paper° shortly. What needs these feasts, pomps, and
vainglories? 245

TIMON Nay, and you begin to rail on society once, I
am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell, and
come with better music. *Exit.*

APEMANTUS So. Thou wilt not hear me now, thou
shalt not then.° 255
I'll lock thy heaven° from thee.
O that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery. *Exit.*

[A C T I I]

[Scene I. A senator's house.]

Enter a SENATOR.

SENATOR

And late° five thousand. To Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still° in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold,° it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog 5
And give it Timon—why the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse and buy twenty moe
Better than he—why give my horse to Timon;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight,°
And able horses. No porter° at his gate, 10
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can sound his state in safety.° Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

CAPHIS Here, sir, what is your pleasure?

SENATOR

Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased 15
With slight denial; nor then silenced when
“Commend me to your master” and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus°—but tell him,
My uses° cry to me; I must serve my turn 20
Out of mine own;° his days and times° are past,

And my reliances on his fracted° dates
Have smit my credit. I love and honor him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief 25
Must not be tossed and turned to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone;
Put on a most importunate aspect,°
A visage of demand; for I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,° 30
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,°
Which flashes now a phoenix.° Get you gone.

CAPHIS

I go, sir.

SENATOR

Ay, go sir! Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in.° Come!

CAPHIS

I will, sir.

SENATOR

Go! *Exeunt.* 35

[Scene II. Timon's house.]

Enter [FLAVIUS, the] steward, with many bills in his hand.

FLAVIUS

No care, no stop, so senseless of expense
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot.° Takes no accompt
How things go from him, nor resumes no care°
Of what is to continue. Never mind 5
Was to be so unwise to be so kind.°
What shall be done he will not hear, till feel.
I must be round° with him, now he comes from
hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

*Enter CAPHIS, [with the SERVANTS of] Isidore and
Varro.* 10

CAPHIS

Good even, Varro. What, you come for money? 10

VARRO'S SERVANT

Is't not your business too?

CAPHIS

It is; and yours too, Isidore?

ISIDORE'S SERVANT It is so.

CAPHIS

Would we were all discharged.°

VARRO'S SERVANT I fear it.° 15

CAPHIS

Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON and his TRAIN, [and ALCIBIADES]. 20

TIMON

So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,

246 rail upon revile 248–49 in paper in promissory notes
and other paper records of debts 254–55 thou . . . then
you will not be able to listen to me later, when you are bank-
rupt 256 thy heaven i.e., the advice by which I might have
saved you from ruin

II.i.1 late lately 3 Still always 4 hold last 9 straight
immediately 10 No porter because a porter's function is to
keep out undesirable persons 12–13 no . . . safety because
Timon is insolvent, no reasonable person can safely fathom or
test his estate (“sound” in its nautical sense) 18–19 “Commend
. . . thus examples of anticipated ceremonious delays by
Timon 20 uses financial needs 21 mine own my own
money; days and times due dates of his debts

22 fracted broken 28 aspect accented on second syllable
30 sticks . . . wing is returned to the bird to which it belongs
(i.e., when Timon's debts, and the security he has given for
them, are settled) 31 gull (1) unfledged bird (2) credulous dupe
32 phoenix a rare legendary bird which immolated itself and
was reborn from its own ashes; a unique or matchless person
35 have . . . in put in the exact dates when the bonds fall due
II.ii.3 riot extravagance, irresponsible reveling 4 resumes
no care has no concern 6 to . . . kind (1) as to be so generous
(2) in order to be so generous 8 round blunt 14 discharged
paid (of a debt) 15 I fear it I doubt it

My Alcibiades. [To CAPHIS.] With me, what is your will?

CAPHIS

My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

TIMON

Dues? Whence are you?

CAPHIS Of Athens here, my lord. 20

TIMON

Go to my steward.

CAPHIS

Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days° this month.

My master is awaked by great occasion

To call upon his own, and humbly prays you 25

That with your other noble parts you'll suit°

In giving him his right.

TIMON

Mine honest friend,

I prithee but repair° to me next morning.

CAPHIS

Nay, good my lord—

TIMON

Contain thyself, good friend.

VARRO'S SERVANT

One Varro's servant, my good lord— 30

ISIDORE'S SERVANT From Isidore; he humbly prays
your speedy payment.

CAPHIS If you did know, my lord, my master's
wants—

VARRO'S SERVANT 'Twas due on° forfeiture, my 35
lord, six weeks and past.

ISIDORE'S SERVANT Your steward puts me off, my
lord, and I am sent expressly to your lordship.

TIMON

Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;° 40

I'll wait upon you instantly.

[Exeunt ALCIBIADES and LORDS.]

[To FLAVIUS.] Come hither. Pray you,

How goes the world,° that I am thus encount'ed

With clamorous demands of broken bonds,

And the detention° of long since due debts

Against my honor?

FLAVIUS

Please you, gentlemen, 45

The time is unagreeable to this business.

Your importunacy° cease till after dinner,

That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid.

TIMON

Do so, my friends. See them well entertained. Exit. 50

FLAVIUS

Pray draw near. [Exit.]

Enter APEMANTUS and FOOL.

CAPHIS

Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus.

Let's ha' some sport with 'em.

VARRO'S SERVANT Hang him, he'll abuse us.

ISIDORE'S SERVANT A plague upon him, dog! 55

VARRO'S SERVANT How dost, fool?

APEMANTUS Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

VARRO'S SERVANT I speak not to thee.

APEMANTUS No, 'tis to thyself. [To the FOOL.] Come
away. 60

ISIDORE'S SERVANT [To VARRO'S SERVANT.]

There's the fool hangs on your back already.

APEMANTUS No, thou stand'st single,° th' art not on
him yet.

CAPHIS Where's the fool now?

APEMANTUS He last asked the question. Poor rogues 65
and usurers' men, bawds between gold and want.

ALL SERVANTS What are we, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Asses.

ALL SERVANTS Why?

APEMANTUS That you ask me what you are, and do 70
not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

FOOL How do you, gentlemen?

ALL SERVANTS Gramercies,° good fool. How does
your mistress?

FOOL She's e'en setting on water to scald° such chick- 75
ens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.°

APEMANTUS Good, gramercy.

Enter PAGE.

FOOL Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

PAGE [To the FOOL.] Why, how now, captain? What
do you in this wise company? How dost thou, 80
Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Would I had a rod° in my mouth, that
I might answer thee profitably.°

PAGE Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscrip-
tion° of these letters. I know not which is which. 85

APEMANTUS Canst not read?

PAGE No.

APEMANTUS There will little learning die then that
day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon, this to
Alcibiades. Go, thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt 90
die a bawd.

PAGE Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt
famish a dog's death.° Answer not, I am gone. Exit.

APEMANTUS E'en so thou outrun'st grace.° Fool, I
will go with you to Lord Timon's. 95

FOOL Will you leave me there?

APEMANTUS If Timon stay at home. You three serve
three usurers?

ALL SERVANTS Ay; would they served us.

APEMANTUS So would I—as good a trick as ever 100
hangman served thjef.

FOOL Are you three usurers' men?

ALL SERVANTS Ay, fool.

FOOL I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant.

My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men 105
come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly,°

62 single alone 73 Gramercies thanks 75 scald a method
of removing feathers from chickens (with suggestions of
loss of hair in venereal disease, and of sweating in a heated
tub, which was one of the treatments of venereal disease) 76
Corinth ancient city noted for licentiousness (hence a cant
term for brothel or red-light district) 82 rod stick to beat
you with 83 profitably for your profit or improvement
84-85 superscription address 93 famish . . . death die
by famishing, a mean death appropriate for a dog 94
E'en . . . grace By leaving now and not listening to my pro-
fitable answer, you will never receive grace 106 sadly gravely

23 To . . . days from one day to the next 26 That . . . suit
that you will act in accordance with your other noble qualities
28 repair return 35 on on penalty of 40 keep on go ahead
42 How . . . world what is going on 44 detention with-
holding payment 47 importunacy urgent solicitation

and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

VARRO'S SERVANT I could render one.

APEMANTUS Do it then, that we may account thee a 110
whoremaster and a knave, which notwithstanding,
thou shalt be no less esteemed.

VARRO'S SERVANT What is a whoremaster, fool?

FOOL A fool in good clothes, and something like
thee. 'Tis a spirit; sometime't appears like a lord, 115
sometime like a lawyer, sometime like a philosopher,
with two stones° moe than's artificial one.° He is very
often like a knight; and generally, in all shapes that
man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen,
this spirit walks in. 120

VARRO'S SERVANT Thou are not altogether a fool.

FOOL Nor thou altogether a wise man. As much fool-
ery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

APEMANTUS That answer might have become Ape-
mantus. 125

Enter TIMON and [FLAVIUS, the] steward.

ALL SERVANTS Aside, aside, here comes Lord Timon.

APEMANTUS Come with me, fool, come.

FOOL I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and
woman;° sometime the philosopher.

FLAVIUS

Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.° 130

Exeunt [APEMANTUS, FOOL, and SERVANTS].

TIMON

You make me marvel wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laid my state° before me,
That I might so have rated° my expense
As I had leave of means.°

FLAVIUS

You would not hear me.

At many leasures° I proposed—

TIMON

Go to.° 135

Perchance some single vantages° you took
When my indisposition° put you back,
And that unaptness° made your minister°
Thus to excuse yourself.

FLAVIUS

O my good lord,

At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine honesty.

When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;

Yea 'gainst th' authority of manners,° prayed you
To hold your hand more close. I did endure

Not seldom, nor so slight checks,° when I have
Prompted° you in the ebb of your estate

And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,

Though you hear now, too late, yet now's a time: 150

117 stones testicles; artificial one philosopher's stone (a highly refined substance which could turn base metals into gold)
128-29 lover . . . woman persons who might be expected to be generous 130 anon soon 132 state financial situation
133 rated regulated 134 As . . . means as my means would allow 135 At many leasures when you were at leisure;
Go to nonsense (an exclamation of impatience) 136 vantages opportunities 137 indisposition disinclination 138 unapt-
ness unreadiness to listen; minister ministration, prompting
145 authority of manners the dictates of good manners 147
checks rebukes 148 Prompted in its theatrical sense

The greatest of your having° lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

TIMON

Let all my land be sold.

FLAVIUS

'Tis all engaged,° some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues. The future comes apace.° 155
What shall defend the interim? And at length
How goes our reck'ning?

TIMON

To Lacedaemon did my land extend.

FLAVIUS

O my good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours to give it in a breath, 160
How quickly were it gone!

TIMON

You tell me true.

FLAVIUS

If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,°
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on° the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices° have been oppressed° 165
With riotous feeders,° when our vaults° have wept
With drunken spilth° of wine, when every room
Hath blazed with lights and brayed with minstrelsy,
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,°
And set mine eyes at flow.°

TIMON

Prithee no more. 170

FLAVIUS

Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits° have slaves and peasants
This night englutted!° Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord
Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon! 175

Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made.
Feast-won, fast-lost;° one cloud of winter show'rs,
These flies are couched.°

TIMON

Come, sermon me no further.

No villainous bounty° yet hath passed my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience° lack
To think I shall lack friends? Secure° thy heart.

If I would broach the vessels° of my love,

And try the argument° of hearts by borrowing, 185
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly° use
As I can bid thee speak.

FLAVIUS

Assurance° bless your thoughts.

151 greatest . . . having your worth estimated at the highest possible figure 153 engaged mortgaged 155 apace swiftly
162 suspect . . . falsehood suspect me of false husbandry or dishonest management 164 on to 165 offices service rooms of a household; oppressed crowded 166 feeders servants; vaults wine cellars 167 spilth spilling 169 wasteful cock spigot (of a wine cask) that has not been shut off 170 And . . . flow following the example of the "wasteful cock," I have added my tears to the general riot and superfluity 172 prodigal bits wasteful morsels 173 englutted gulped down 178 Feast-won, fast-lost The friendship that is won by giving feasts is quickly lost (with pun on fast as noun and adverb) 179 couched lying hidden 180 villainous bounty generosity for evil purposes 182 conscience reasonableness 183 Secure make free from care or apprehension 184 broach the vessels tap the casks 185 try the argument test the theme or contents 186 frankly freely 187 Assurance may assurance

TIMON

And in some sort these wants of mine are crowned,^o
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you 190
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter [FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and THIRD SERVANT].

SERVANTS My lord, my lord.

TIMON I will dispatch you severally.^o [To SERVILIUS.]
You to Lord Lucius, [to FLAMINIUS] to Lord Lucullus 195
you; I hunted with his honor today. [To THIRD
SERVANT.] You to Sempronius. Commend me to
their loves; and I am proud, say, that my occasions^o
have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money.
Let the request be fifty talents. 200

FLAMINIUS As you have said, my lord.

[Exeunt SERVANTS.]

FLAVIUS [Aside.] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? Humh!

TIMON

Go you, sir, to the senators,
Of whom, even to the state's best health,^o I have
Deserved this hearing. Bid 'em send o' th' instant 205
A thousand talents to me.

FLAVIUS I have been bold,
For that I knew it the most general^o way,
To them to use your signet^o and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

TIMON Is't true? Can't be?

FLAVIUS

They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall,^o want treasure, cannot
Do what they would, are sorry; you are honorable,
But yet they could have wished—they know not;
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature 215
May catch a wrench^o—would all were well—'tis
pity—

And so, intending^o other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,^o
With certain half-caps^o and cold-moving^o nods,
They froze me into silence.

TIMON You gods reward them! 220

Prithee man look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary.
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly^o warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,^o 225
Is fashioned for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to Ventidius. Prithee be not sad;
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously^o I speak,
No blame belongs to thee. Ventidius lately

188 crowned given a royal dignity 194 severally separately
198 occasions needs 204 even . . . health i.e., Timon,
because of his own generosity to the state in the past, now
deserves a loan from them to the very outermost limit they
can pay (?) 207 general usual 208 signet signet ring (as
sign of authority to act) 212 at fall at ebb tide 216
catch a wrench accidentally be twisted from its natural
bent 217 intending pretending 218 hard fractions harsh
fragments of speech (conveyed in the broken syntax) 219
half-caps half-courteous salutations; cold-moving producing
cold, frigid 224 kindly (1) natural (2) generous 225 grows
. . . earth approaches death and the grave 228 ingeniously
ingenuously, candidly

Buried his father, by whose death he's stepped 230
Into a great estate. When he was poor,
Imprisoned, and in scarcity of friends,
I cleared him with five talents. Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose some good necessity^o
Touches his friend, which craves to be rememb' red 235
With those five talents. That had, give't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant^o due. Nev'r speak or think
That Timon's fortunes 'mong^o his friends can sink.

FLAVIUS

I would I could not think it; that thought is bounty's
foe.
Being free^o itself, it thinks all others so. Exeunt. 240

[A C T I I I]

[Scene I. Lucullus' house.]

FLAMINIUS waiting to speak with Lord [LUCULLUS]
from his master, enters a SERVANT to him.

SERVANT I have told my lord of you; he is coming
down to you.

FLAMINIUS I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

SERVANT Here's my lord.

LUCULLUS [Aside.] One of Lord Timon's men? A 5
gift I warrant. Why this hits right; I dreamt of a silver
basin and ewer tonight.^o—Flaminius, honest Flaminius,
you are very respectfully^o welcome, sir. Fill me some
wine. [Exit SERVANT.] And how does that honorable,
complete,^o free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very 10
bountiful good lord and master?

FLAMINIUS His health is well, sir.

LUCULLUS I am right glad that his health is well, sir.
And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty^o
Flaminius? 15

FLAMINIUS Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir,
which in my lord's behalf I come to entreat your
honor to supply;^o who, having great and instant
occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship
to furnish him, nothing doubting your present^o 20
assistance therein.

LUCULLUS La, la, la, la! "Nothing doubting," says
he? Alas, good lord, a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would
not keep so good a house.^o Many a time and often I ha'
dined with him, and told him on't, and come again to 25
supper to him of purpose to have him spend less, and
yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by
my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty^o is
his. I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him
from't. 30

Enter SERVANT with wine.

234 good necessity valid need 237 instant instantly, im-
mediately 238 'mong in the midst of 240 free bounteous
III.i.7 tonight last night 8 respectfully respectfully 10
complete fully equipped or endowed, perfect 14 pretty
vague epithet of praise 18 supply fill 20 present immediate
24 so . . . house such lavish hospitality 28 honesty
generosity

SERVANT Please your lordship, here is the wine.

LUCULLUS Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise.
Here's to thee.

FLAMINIUS Your lordship speaks your pleasure.°

LUCULLUS I have observed thee always for a towardly 35
prompt spirit,° give thee thy due, and one that knows
what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if
the time use thee well.° Good parts° in thee. [To
SERVANT.] Get you gone, sirrah. [Exit SERVANT.]
Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful 40
gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou know'st well
enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no
time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship
without security. Here's three solidares° for thee. Good
boy, wink° at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare 45
thee well.

FLAMINIUS

Is't possible the world should so much differ,°
And we alive that lived?° Fly, damnèd baseness,
To him that worships thee.

[Throws back the money.]

LUCULLUS Ha? Now I see thou art a fool, and fit for 50
thy master. Exit.

FLAMINIUS

May these° add to the number that may scald° thee.
Let molten coin be thy damnation,°
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself.
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart 55
It turns° in less than two nights? O you gods!
I feel my master's passion.° This slave
Unto his honor° has my lord's meat° in him;
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment
When he is turned to poison? 60
O may diseases only work upon't,
And when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature°
Which my lord paid for be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour.° Exit.

[Scene II. A public place.]

Enter LUCIUS, with three STRANGERS.°

LUCIUS Who, the Lord Timon? He is my very good
friend and an honorable gentleman.

FIRST STRANGER We know him for no less, though
we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one

34 speaks your pleasure is pleased to say so 35-36 to-
wardly prompt spirit well-disposed and well-inclined person
37-38 if . . . well if you strike good fortune 38 parts qualities
44 solidares perhaps Shakespeare was referring to the Roman
"solidus," which was used in England for a shilling 45 wink
shut your eyes 47 differ change 48 And . . . lived i.e., the
world changes so swiftly, it is hard to believe that the same
people are still alive 52 these the rejected coins; scald i.e., in
hell 53 thy damnation the torment you will suffer in hell
(perhaps a reference to the pouring of molten gold down the
throat of Marcus Crassus by the Parthians, thought of as a
punishment in hell for avarice) 56 turns curdles 57 passion
anger, suffering (trisyllabic) 57-58 slave . . . honor ironical:
"this man who claims to be so devoted to honor" 58 meat
food (in general, in contradistinction to "drink") 62 that
. . . nature that part of his body nourished by Timon's food
64 but . . . hour may he have a lingering death
III.ii.s.d. Strangers foreigners, non-Athenians

thing, my lord, and which I hear from common 5
rumors: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done
and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

LUCIUS Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for
money.

SECOND STRANGER But believe you this, my lord, 10
that not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord
Lucullus to borrow so many talents,° nay urged
extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged
to't, and yet was denied.

LUCIUS How? 15

SECOND STRANGER I tell you, denied, my lord.

LUCIUS What a strange case was that! Now before
the gods I am ashamed on't. Denied that honorable
man? There was very little honor showed in't. For
my own part, I must needs confess, I have received 20
some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate,°
jewels, and suchlike trifles, nothing comparing to his;°
yet had he mistook him° and sent to me, I should ne'er
have denied his occasion° so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

SERVILIUS See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I 25
have sweat to see his honor. My honored lord.

LUCIUS Servilius? You are kindly met, sir. Fare thee
well; commend me to thy honorable virtuous lord,
my very exquisite friend.

SERVILIUS May it please your honor, my lord hath 30
sent—

LUCIUS Ha? What has he sent? I am so much en-
deared° to that lord; he's ever sending. How shall I
thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

SERVILIUS Has only sent his present occasion now, 35
my lord, requesting your lordship to supply his instant
use with so many talents.

LUCIUS

I know his lordship is but merry with me,
He cannot want° fifty five hundred talents.°

SERVILIUS

But in the meantime he wants less, my lord. 40
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

LUCIUS

Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

SERVILIUS

Upon my soul 'tis true, sir.

LUCIUS What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish my- 45
self against° such a good time, when I might ha'
shown myself honorable! How unluckily it happ'ned
that I should purchase the day before for a little part,°
and undo a great deal of honor!° Servilius, now before
the gods I am not able to do—the more beast, I say! I 50
was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentle-
men can witness; but I would not for the wealth of

12 so many talents an indefinite number probably intended
to be replaced, in revision, by a definite number 21 plate
utensils for domestic use, especially of gold or silver 22 his
Lucullus' 23 mistook him made a mistake 24 occasion need
32-33 endeared indebted 39 want (1) be without, lack (2)
need, desire; fifty five hundred talents a huge sum (see
Introduction, p. 1367) 45-46 disfurnish myself against to
allow myself to be unprovided for 48 for . . . part for a
little business transaction (deliberately vague) 49 undo . . .
honor lose the anticipated honor of lending to Timon

Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship, and I hope his honor will conceive the fairest° of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honorable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

SERVILIUS Yes, sir, I shall.

LUCIUS

I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

Exit SERVILIUS.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed,
And he that's once denied will hardly speed.° *Exit.*

FIRST STRANGER

Do you observe this, Hostilius?

SECOND STRANGER

Ay, too well.

FIRST STRANGER

Why this is the world's soul, and just of the same piece° 65
Is every flatterer's sport.° Who can call him his friend
That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing
Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his° credit with his° purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money 70
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks
But Timon's silver treads° upon his lip,
And yet—O see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape°—
He does deny him, in respect of his,°
What charitable men afford to beggars.

THIRD STRANGER

Religion groans at it.

FIRST STRANGER

For mine own part,
I never tasted° Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me
To mark me for his friend. Yet I protest, 80
For his right° noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honorable carriage,°
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,°
And the best half should have returned° to him, 85
So much I love his heart. But I perceive
Men must learn now with pity to dispense,
For policy° sits above conscience. *Exeunt.*

And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeemed from prison. All these
Owes their estates unto him.

THIRD SERVANT

My lord,

They have all been touched° and found base metal,
For they have all denied him.

SEMPRONIUS

How? Have they denied him?

Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him,

And does he send to me? Three? Humh!

It shows but little love or judgment in him.

Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over.° Must I take th' cure upon me?

Has much disgraced me in't; I'm angry at him

That might have known my place.° I see no sense for't,

But his occasions° might have wooed me first;

For, in my conscience, I was the first man

That e'er received gift from him.

And does he think so backwardly° of me now

That I'll requite it last? No.

So it may prove an argument° of laughter

To th' rest, and I 'mongst lords be thought a fool.

I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,

Had° sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;°

I'd such a courage° to do him good. But now return,

And with their faint reply this answer join:

Who bates° mine honor shall not know my coin.

Exit.

THIRD SERVANT Excellent. Your lordship's a goodly
villain. The devil knew not what he did when he

made man politic;° he crossed himself by't:° and I
cannot think but in the end the villainies of man will

set him clear.° How fairly° this lord strives to appear
foul!° Takes virtuous copies to be wicked.° Like those°

that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on
fire, of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled

Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead,

Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their wards°

Many a bounteous year, must be employed

Now to guard sure° their master.

And this is all a liberal° course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.°

Exit.

[Scene III. Sempronius' house.]

Enter a THIRD SERVANT [of Timon], with SEMPRONIUS, another of Timon's friends.

SEMPRONIUS

Must he needs trouble me in't—humh!—'bove all
others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus,

54–55 conceive the fairest think the best 63 speed be successful, prosper 65 piece sort, kind 66 sport mockery, diversion (as Lucius has just made sport of Timon) 69 kept his sustained Lucius'; his Timon's 72 treads presses 74 shape form 75 in . . . his in relation to what Lucius is worth 78 tasted experienced the qualities of 81 right very 82 carriage moral conduct 84 put . . . donation treated my fortune as a gift from Timon 85 returned been given back 88 policy cunning

III.iii.6 touched tested (by being rubbed on a touchstone; unlike base metals, gold and silver produced the proper colored streak) 12 Thrive . . . over prosper on his money while they are giving him up for dead(?) 14 my place i.e., before Lucullus, Lucius, and Ventidius 15 occasions needs 18 backwardly (1) poorly (2) near the end, late 20 argument occasion, subject 23 Had he had (perhaps "H'ad"?); but . . . sake if only to express my good will toward him 24 courage desire 26 bates abates, undervalues 29 politic cunning; he . . . by't the devil thwarted his own purposes by making man his rival in shrewdness and guile 30–31 will . . . clear will make the devil appear innocent (when compared with the "villainies of man") 31 How fairly with what a beautiful appearance 32 foul ugly; Takes . . . wicked models himself on exemplars of virtue to serve as disguise for his wickedness; those religious fanatics (perhaps "zeal" suggests an allusion to Puritans) 37 wards locks 39 sure securely 40 liberal generous 41 keep his house remain at home (for fear of being arrested for debt)

[Scene IV. *Timon's house.*]

Enter Varro's [two SERVANTS], meeting others. All [the SERVANTS of] Timon's creditors to wait for his coming out. Then enter [the SERVANT of] Lucius; [then TITUS] and HORTENSIUS.

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT

Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

TITUS

The like to you, kind Varro.

HORTENSIUS

Lucius!

What, do we meet together?

LUCIUS' SERVANT

Ay, and I think

One business does command us all;

For mine is money.

TITUS

So is theirs and ours.

5

Enter PHILOTUS.

LUCIUS' SERVANT

And, sir, Philotus' too!

PHILOTUS

Good day at once.°

LUCIUS' SERVANT

Welcome, good brother. What do you think the hour?

PHILOTUS

Laboring for nine.

LUCIUS' SERVANT

So much?

PHILOTUS Is not my lord seen yet?

LUCIUS' SERVANT

Not yet.

PHILOTUS

I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

10

LUCIUS' SERVANT

Ay, but the days are waxed° shorter with him.

You must consider that a prodigal course

Is like the sun's,

But not like his recoverable,° I fear.

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;

15

That is, one may reach deep enough and yet

Find little.

PHILOTUS I am of your fear for that.

TITUS

I'll show you how t' observe° a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money?

HORTENSIUS

Most true, he does.

TITUS

And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,

20

For which I wait for money.

HORTENSIUS

It is against my heart.°

LUCIUS' SERVANT Mark how strange it shows,

Timon in this should pay more than he owes;°

And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels

And send for money for 'em.

25

HORTENSIUS

I'm weary of this charge,° the gods can witness.

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,

And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.°

III.iv.6 at once to you all 11 waxed grown 12-14 prodigal . . . recoverable the prodigal, like the sun, declines, but cannot renew himself every day 18 observe observe and interpret 22 against my heart contrary to my natural feeling 23 should . . . owes he has given the gifts, and now he is also asked for the money for them 26 charge task 28 stealth stealing

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT

Yes, mine's three thousand crowns. What's yours?

LUCIUS' SERVANT

Five thousand mine.

30

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT

'Tis much deep, and it should seem by th' sum

Your master's confidence° was above mine,°

Else surely his had equaled.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

TITUS One of Lord Timon's men.

LUCIUS' SERVANT Flaminius? Sir, a word. Pray is 35

my lord ready to come forth?

FLAMINIUS No, indeed he is not.

TITUS We attend his lordship; pray signify so much.

FLAMINIUS I need not tell him that; he knows you

are too diligent.

[Exit.] 40

Enter [FLAVIUS, the] steward, in a cloak, muffled.°

LUCIUS' SERVANT

Ha! Is not that his steward muffled so?

He goes away in a cloud.° Call him, call him.

TITUS Do you hear, sir?

VARRO'S SECOND SERVANT By your leave, sir.

FLAVIUS

What do ye ask of me, my friend?

45

TITUS

We wait for certain money here, sir.

FLAVIUS

Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,

'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferred° you not your sums and bills

50

When your false masters ate of my lord's meat?

Then they could smile, and fawn upon° his debts,

And take down th' int'rest° into their glutt'nous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly.

15

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;

55

I have no more to reckon,° he to spend.

LUCIUS' SERVANT

Ay, but this answer will not serve.

FLAVIUS

If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you,

For you serve knaves.

[Exit.]

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT How? What does his 60

cashiered° worship mutter?

VARRO'S SECOND SERVANT No matter what; he's

poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak

broadr° than he that has no house to put his head in?

Such may rail against great buildings.

65

Enter SERVILIUS.

TITUS O here's Servilius. Now we shall know some answer.

25

SERVILIUS If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair° some other hour, I should derive much from't.

32 confidence trust; mine my master's 40 s.d. muffled wrapped up, especially about the face 42 in a cloud (1) in a state of gloominess and concern (2) covered with a cloud because he is muffled 49 preferred proffered, presented 51 fawn upon seek favor by servility (used especially of dogs) 52 th' int'rest i.e., what they ate was equivalent to the interest due on the money owed them by Timon 56 reckon keep account of 61 cashiered dismissed from employment 64 broader more critically 68-69 repair come

For take't of my soul,° my lord leans wondrously to 70
discontent. His comfortable° temper has forsook him,
he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

LUCIUS' SERVANT

Many do keep their chambers are not sick;
And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts, 75
And make a clear° way to the gods.

SERVILIUS

Good gods!

TITUS

We cannot take this for answer, sir.

FLAMINIUS (*Within.*)

Servilius, help! My lord, my lord!

Enter TIMON in a rage.

TIMON

What, are my doors opposed against my passage?
Have I been ever free,° and must my house 80
Be my retentive° enemy? My jail?
The place which I have feasted,° does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

LUCIUS' SERVANT Put in° now, Titus.

TITUS My lord, here is my bill. 85

LUCIUS' SERVANT Here's mine.

HORTENSIUS And mine, my lord.

BOTH VARRO'S SERVANTS And ours, my lord.

PHILOTUS All our bills.

TIMON

Knock me down with 'em, cleave me to the girdle.° 90

LUCIUS' SERVANT Alas, my lord—

TIMON Cut my heart in sums.°

TITUS Mine, fifty talents.

TIMON Tell out° my blood.

LUCIUS' SERVANT Five thousand crowns, my lord. 95

TIMON

Five thousand drops pays that. What yours? And
yours?

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT My lord—

VARRO'S SECOND SERVANT My lord—

TIMON Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you.

Exit TIMON.

HORTENSIUS Faith, I perceive our masters may throw 100
their caps at their money;° these debts may well be
called desperate° ones, for a madman owes 'em.

Exeunt.

Enter TIMON [and FLAVIUS].

TIMON

They have e'en put my breath from me,° the slaves.
Creditors? Devils!

70 take't . . . soul from my heart (i.e., sincerely) 71 com-
fortable cheerful 76 clear (1) free from debt (2) innocent,
unstained (because he has paid his debts) (3) untrammelled,
without the obstacle of debts 80 free (1) generous (2) unre-
strained 81 retentive confining 82 place . . . feasted the
house itself in which I have given feasts 84 Put in i.e., put
in your claim for money 90 Knock . . . girdle Timon
chooses to understand "bills" not as "accounts of money due,"
but as "weapons"—a bill had a long wooden handle with a
blade or ax-shaped head at one end, and it was capable of
cutting a man through to the belt 92 in sums into sums of
money 94 Tell out count out 100-01 may throw . . .
money may give up their money for lost 102 desperate
beyond hope of recovery (cf. "sperate," recoverable) 103
put . . . me put me out of breath

FLAVIUS My dear lord— 105

TIMON What if it should be so?

FLAVIUS My lord—

TIMON I'll have it so. My steward!

FLAVIUS Here, my lord.

TIMON

So fitly?° Go, bid° all my friends again, 110
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius—all.
I'll once more feast the rascals.

FLAVIUS

O my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul;
There's not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.

TIMON

Be it not in thy care.° 115

Go, I charge thee, invite them all, let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

Exeunt.

[Scene V. *The Senate House.*]

*Enter three SENATORS at one door, ALCIBIADES meeting
them with ATTENDANTS.*

FIRST SENATOR

My lord, you have my voice° to't. The fault's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die.
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

SECOND SENATOR

Most true; the law shall bruise 'em.°

ALCIBIADES

Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate. 5

FIRST SENATOR

Now, captain?

ALCIBIADES

I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue° of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly. 10
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stepped into the law;° which is past depth°
To those that, without heed, do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fate° aside, 15
Of comely virtues;
Nor did he soil the fact° with cowardice
(An honor in him which buys out° his fault),
But with a noble fury and fair° spirit,
Seeing his reputation touched to death,
He did oppose his foe; 20
And with such sober and unnoted° passion
He did behove° his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.°

FIRST SENATOR

You undergo too strict a paradox,°

110 fitly conveniently; bid invite 115 Be . . . care Let the
feast be my concern

III.v.1 voice vote 4 bruise 'em crush them (possibly
sinners or wrongdoers in general?) 8 virtue characteristic
excellence 12 stepped . . . law done something to bring
him within the jurisdiction of the law; past depth beyond any
measurable depth 14 his fate this one fateful action of his
16 soil the fact sully the deed 17 buys out redeems 18
fair excellent 21 unnoted not notable, i.e., calm 22
behave control 23 argument i.e., a point d'honneur rather
than a personal passion 24 undergo . . . paradox attempt
to argue a position that is excessively paradoxical

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair.
 Your words have took such pains as if they labored
 To bring manslaughter into form,^o and set
 Quarreling upon the head of valor, which indeed
 Is valor misbegot, and came into the world
 When sects and factions^o were newly born.
 He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe,^o
 And make his wrongs his outsides,^o
 To wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
 And ne'er prefer^o his injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger.
 If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill.

ALCIBIADES My lord—

FIRST SENATOR

You cannot make gross sins look clear.^o
 To revenge is no valor, but to bear.^o

ALCIBIADES

My lords, then, under favor,^o pardon me,
 If I speak like a captain.
 Why do fond^o men expose themselves to battle,
 And not endure all threats? Sleep upon't,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats
 Without repugnancy?^o If there be
 Such valor in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad?^o Why then, women are more valiant
 That stay at home, if bearing^o carry it,^o
 And the ass more captain than the lion, the fellow
 Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
 If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good.^o
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust,^o
 But in defense, by mercy,^o 'tis most just.
 To be in anger is impiety;
 But who is man that is not angry?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

SECOND SENATOR

You breathe in vain.

ALCIBIADES In vain? His service done

At Lacedaemon and Byzantium
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

FIRST SENATOR

What's that?

ALCIBIADES Why say,^o my lords, h'as done fair service,
 And slain in fight many of your enemies.
 How full of valor did he bear himself
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

SECOND SENATOR

He has made too much plenty with 'em.
 He's a sworn rioter;^o he has a sin^o that often
 Drowns him and takes his valor prisoner.

25 If there were no foes, that were enough
 To overcome him. In that beastly fury
 He has been known to commit outrages,
 And cherish factions.^o 'Tis inferred^o to us
 His days are foul and his drink dangerous. 75

30 FIRST SENATOR

He dies.

ALCIBIADES Hard fate. He might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts^o in him—
 Though his right arm might purchase his own time,^o
 And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,
 Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both. 80
 And for I know your reverend ages love
 Security,^o I'll pawn my victories, all
 My honor to you, upon his good returns.^o
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,
 Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore, 85
 For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

FIRST SENATOR

We are for law. He dies. Urge it no more,
 On height of our displeasure. Friend or brother,
 He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

45 ALCIBIADES

Must it be so? It must not be. 90
 My lords, I do beseech you know me.

SECOND SENATOR

How?

ALCIBIADES

50 Call me to your remembrances.

THIRD SENATOR

What?

ALCIBIADES

I cannot think but your age^o has forgot me;
 It could not else be I should prove so base
 To sue^o and be denied such common grace. 95
 My wounds ache at you.

FIRST SENATOR

Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
 We banish thee for ever.

60

ALCIBIADES

Banish me?

Banish your dotage, vanish usury,

That makes the Senate ugly. 100

FIRST SENATOR

If after two days' shine Athens contain thee,
 Attend our weightier judgment.^o And, not to swell
 our spirit,^o
 He shall be executed presently.^o *Exeunt* [SENATORS].

ALCIBIADES

Now the gods keep you old enough, that you may live
 Only in bone,^o that none may look on you. 105
 I'm worse than mad. I have kept back their foes,
 While they have told^o their money, and let out
 Their coin upon large interest, I myself
 Rich only in large hurts. All those, for this?
 Is this the balsam^o that the usuring Senate 110
 Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!

27 **form** i.e., a legal and acceptable form 30 **factions** trisyllabic
 32 **breathe** utter 33 **outsides** mere externals 35 **prefer** present
 40 **clear** innocent 41 **bear** tolerate (our wrongs) 42 **under**
favor by your leave (a formula of politeness) 44 **fond** foolish
 47 **repugnancy** resistance, fighting back 49 **Abroad** away
 from home, at battle 50 **bearing** (1) enduring of wrongs (2)
 childbearing (3) bearing of men in sexual intercourse; **carry** it
 win the day 54 **be pitifully good** be good in showing pity
 56 **gust** (1) taste, relish (2) strong wind or storm 57 **by mercy**
 in a merciful interpretation 64 **say** let us say, let us admit 69
rioter debauchee; **sin** i.e., drunkenness

74 **cherish factions** foster dissension; **inferred** reported 77
parts good qualities 78 **his own time** i.e., his proper time to
 die 82 **Security** (1) safety, freedom from care or apprehen-
 sion (2) collateral for a debt 83 **good returns** profit on an
 investment 93 **your age** i.e., you, because of your age 95
To sue to beg 102 **Attend . . . judgment** expect a more
 severe sentence from us; **not . . . spirit** not to allow our
 anger any further scope 103 **presently** at once 105 **Only in**
bone i.e., be mere hideous skeletons 107 **told** counted 110
balsam balm

It comes not ill. I hate not to be banished;
It is a cause worthy my spleen° and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops and lay for hearts.°
'Tis honor with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook° as little wrongs as gods. *Exit.*

[Scene VI. A banqueting hall in Timon's house.]

[*Music. Tables set out, SERVANTS attending.*] Enter
divers FRIENDS [of Timon] at several doors.

FIRST LORD The good time of day to you, sir.

SECOND LORD I also wish it to you. I think this
honorable lord did but try us this other day.

FIRST LORD Upon that were my thoughts tiring°
when we encount'ed. I hope it is not so low with him 5
as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

SECOND LORD It should not be, by the persuasion°
of his new feasting.

FIRST LORD I should think so. He hath sent me an
earnest inviting, which many my near occasions° did 10
urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond
them, and I must needs appear.

SECOND LORD In like manner was I in debt to my
importunate business, but he would not hear my
excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, 15
that my provision° was out.

FIRST LORD I am sick of that grief too, as I under-
stand how all things go.°

SECOND LORD Every man here's so. What would he
have borrowed of you? 20

FIRST LORD A thousand pieces.°

SECOND LORD A thousand pieces?

FIRST LORD What of you?

SECOND LORD He sent to me, sir—

Enter TIMON and ATTENDANTS.

Here he comes.

TIMON With all my heart, gentlemen both; and how 25
fare you?

FIRST LORD Ever at the best, hearing well of your
lordship.

SECOND LORD The swallow° follows not summer
more willing than we your lordship. 30

TIMON [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter,
such summer birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner
will not recompense this long stay. Feast your ears
with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly°
o' th' trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.° 35

FIRST LORD I hope it remains not unkindly with
your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger.

113 **spleen** malice, passionate hatred 115 **lay for hearts** i.e.,
try to win their hearts to my cause (or, possibly, try to win
the hearts of new followers) 117 **brook** endure

III.vi.4 **tiring** feeding (especially, to tear flesh in feeding as
does a bird of prey) 7 **by the persuasion** on the evidence
10 **many . . . occasions** my many pressing social obligations
16 **provision** supply (of money) 17–18 **as . . . go** i.e., on
the evidence of his "new feasting," things seem to be picking
up again with Timon 21 **pieces** gold coins worth about a
pound (but probably used vaguely) 29 **swallow** cf. the pro-
verb, "Swallows, like false friends, fly away upon the approach
of winter" 34 **fare so harshly** feed on such rough food
35 **we . . . presently** we shall sit down to eat immediately

TIMON O sir, let it not trouble you.

SECOND LORD My noble lord—

TIMON Ah my good friend, what cheer? 40

115 SECOND LORD My most honorable lord, I am e'en
sick of shame that when your lordship this other day
sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

TIMON Think not on't, sir.

SECOND LORD If you had sent but two hours 45
before—

TIMON Let it not cumber your better remembrance.°

The banquet brought in.

Come, bring in all together.

SECOND LORD All covered dishes.°

FIRST LORD Royal cheer,° I warrant you. 50

THIRD LORD Doubt not that, if money and the
season can yield it.

FIRST LORD How do you? What's the news?

THIRD LORD Alcibiades is banished. Hear you of it?

FIRST AND SECOND LORDS Alcibiades banished? 55

THIRD LORD 'Tis so, be sure of it.

FIRST LORD How? How?

SECOND LORD I pray you upon what?°

TIMON My worthy friends, will you draw near?

THIRD LORD I'll tell you more anon.° Here's a noble 60
feast toward.°

SECOND LORD This is the old man still.°

THIRD LORD Will't hold?° Will't hold?

SECOND LORD It does; but time will°—and so—

THIRD LORD I do conceive.° 65

TIMON Each man to his stool, with that spur° as he
would to the lip of his mistress. Your diet° shall be in
all places alike.° Make not a city feast° of it, to let the
meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit.
The gods require our thanks. 70

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with
thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves
praised. But reserve° still to give, lest your deities be
despised. Lend to each man enough that one need not
lend to another; for were your godheads to borrow of 75
men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be
beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no
assembly of twenty be without a score of villains. If
there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of
them be as they are. The rest of your fees,° O gods— 80
the senators of Athens, together with the common
leg° of people—what is amiss in them, you gods,
make suitable for destruction. For these my present
friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless
them, and to nothing are they welcome. 85
Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of water.*]

47 **cumber** . . . **remembrance** burden your good memory
49 **covered dishes** signifies food of high quality 50 **Royal**
cheer food fit for a king 58 **upon what** for what cause 60
anon soon 61 **toward** forthcoming 62 **still** ever, without
change 63 **Will't hold** Will it last? 64 **time will** presumably
a platitude such as "Time will alter all things" 65 **conceive**
understand 66 **spur** spurring, speed 67 **diet** food 67–68 **in**
. . . **alike** the same at all places of the table (i.e., no need for
seating according to rank) 68 **city feast** a formal London
banquet (London is the "City") 73 **reserve** keep something
in reserve 80 **fees** property, possessions 82 **leg** limb (as a
literal part of the body politic)

SOME SPEAK What does his lordship mean?

SOME OTHER I know not.

TIMON

May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends.° Smoke° and lukewarm
water 90

Is your perfection.° This is Timon's last,
Who, stuck and spangled° with your flatteries,
Washes it off and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking° villainy. [*Throws the water in their faces.*]
Live loathed and long,
Most smiling, smooth,° detested parasites, 95
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks.°
Of man and beast the infinite° malady
Crust you quite o'er. What, dost thou go? 100
Soft, take thy physic° first; thou too, and thou.
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow° none.

[*Drives them out.*]

What? All in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn house, sink Athens, henceforth hated be 105
Of° Timon man and all humanity. *Exit.*

Enter the SENATORS, with other LORDS.

FIRST LORD How now, my lords?

SECOND LORD Know you the quality of Lord
Timon's fury?

THIRD LORD Push,° did you see my cap? 110

FOURTH LORD I have lost my gown.

FIRST LORD He's but a mad lord, and naught but
humors° sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day,
and now he has beat it out of my hat. Did you see my
jewel? 115

THIRD LORD Did you see my cap?

SECOND LORD Here 'tis.

FOURTH LORD Here lies my gown.

FIRST LORD Let's make no stay.

SECOND LORD

Lord Timon's mad.

THIRD LORD I feel't upon my bones. 120

FOURTH LORD

One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

Exeunt the SENATORS [and others].

90 **knot of mouth-friends** pack of (1) friends merely in speech (2) friends won through feeding, "trencher-friends"; **Smoke** (1) insubstantiality (2) mere talk 91 **perfection** highest excellence (?) perfect likeness of you (?) 92 **stuck and spangled** bespattered and tricked out (as if with spangles) 94 **reeking** giving off smoke or fumes, stinking 95 **smooth** flattering 97-98 **You . . . minute-jacks** you dupes of fortune, friends won by feeding, insects that appear only in fair weather, servile slaves always kneeling or removing caps in deference, insubstantial creatures, and figures who strike the bell of a clock (i.e., opportunistic persons) 99 **infinite** unlimited 101 **physic** medicine 102 **borrow** i.e., borrow none from others (?) I will borrow none (?) 106 **Of by** 110 **Push** an effeminate expression of impatience 113 **humors** whims, caprices

[A C T I V]

[Scene I. Outside the walls of Athens.]

Enter TIMON.

TIMON

Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall
That girdles in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens. Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children. Slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench, 5
And minister° in their steads. To general filths°
Convert o' th' instant green° virginity;
Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather than render back;° out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats. Bound° servants, steal; 10
Large-handed° robbers your grave masters are,
And pill° by law. Maid, to thy master's bed,
Thy mistress is o' th' brothel. Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined° crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains. Piety, and fear, 15
Religion to° the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe,° night-rest, and neighborhood,°
Instruction, manners, mysteries,° and trades,
Degrees,° observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,° 20
And let confusion° live. Plagues incident to° men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt°
As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty° 25
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot. Itches, blains,°
Sow all th' Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy. Breath infect breath, 30
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely° poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou detestable° town;
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans.°
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find 35
Th' unkindest beast more kinder° than mankind.
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—
Th' Athenians both within and out that wall.
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low. 40
Amen. *Exit.*

IV.i.6 **minister** govern; **filths** harlots (or, more generally, immoral acts or corruption) 7 **green** young, inexperienced 9 **render back** repay debts 10 **Bound** under obligation to serve for a stated period 11 **Large-handed** rapacious (usually means "generous") 12 **pill** steal 14 **lined** padded 16 **Religion to** religious concern for 17 **Domestic awe** the respect appropriate to domestic relations (to parents, home, etc.); **neighborhood** neighborliness 18 **mysteries** crafts, callings 19 **Degrees** social classes 20 **confounding contraries** opposites that destroy each other and so bring on general chaos 21 **confusion** ruin; **incident to** natural to 24 **halt** limp 25 **liberty** licentiousness 28 **blains** blisters 32 **merely** utterly 33 **detestable** primary accent on first syllable 34 **multiplying bans** ever-increasing curses (?) multiple curses (?) 36 **more kinder** (1) more generous, gracious (2) more natural, closer to the moral law of nature

[Scene II. Athens. Timon's house.]

Enter [FLAVIUS, the] steward, with two or three
SERVANTS.

FIRST SERVANT

Hear you, master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

FLAVIUS

Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded° by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

FIRST SERVANT Such a house broke?

So noble a master fall'n, all gone, and not
One friend to take his fortune° by the arm,
And go along with him?

SECOND SERVANT As we do turn our backs

From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes°
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses picked; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,°
With his disease of all-shunned poverty,
Walks like contempt alone.

Enter other SERVANTS.

More of our fellows.

FLAVIUS

All broken implements of a ruined house.

THIRD SERVANT

Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows° still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leaked is our bark,
And we poor mates stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat. We must all part
Into this sea of air.°

FLAVIUS

Good fellows all,
The latest° of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows. Let's shake our heads and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take some.

[Gives money.]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more;
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

Embrace, and part several ways.

O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to° misery and contempt?
Who would be so mocked with glory, or to live°
But in a dream of friendship,
To have his pomp and all what state compounds°
But only painted,° like his varnished° friends?

IV.ii.4 Let . . . recorded let it be recorded of me 7 his fortune i.e., Timon in his ill fortune 10 his familiars . . . fortunes those who were the familiar friends of his now-buried fortunes (also suggests "familiar spirit," a personal servant from the spirit world) 13 dedicated . . . air a beggar vowed or doomed to wander about in the open air 18 fellows fellow servants 22 this . . . air the open air, which is as comfortless to us as is the sea to sailors on a sinking ship 23 latest last 32 point to lead to 33 to live i.e., who would wish to live 35 all . . . compounds all that worldly splendor is composed of 36 painted illusory; varnished fair-seeming

Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual blood,°
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good.
Who then dares to be half so kind° again?
For bounty, that makes gods, do still mar men.
My dearest lord, blessed to be° most accursed,
Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord,
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat°
Of monstrous friends;
Nor has he with him to supply his life,°
Of that° which can command it.
I'll follow and inquire him out.
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

40

45

50

Exit.

[Scene III. Before Timon's cave.]

Enter TIMON in the woods.

TIMON

O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity;° below thy sister's orb°
Infect the air. Twinned brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant°—touch° them with several° for-
tunes,
The greater scorns the lesser. Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.°
Raise me this beggar, and deny't° that lord,
The senators shall bear contempt hereditary,°
The beggar native° honor.
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean.° Who dares? Who
dares
In purity of manhood stand upright
And say, this man's a flatterer? If one be,
So are they all, for every grise° of fortune
Is smoothed° by that below. The learned pate°
Ducks to the golden fool.° All's obliquy;°
There's nothing level in our cursèd natures
But direct villainy. Therefore be abhorred
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men.
His semblable,° yea himself, Timon disdains;
Destruction fang° mankind. Earth, yield me roots.

5

10

15

20

38 blood disposition 40 half so kind i.e., as Timon was, who came to grief because of it 42 blessed to be blessed with wealth only to be 45 seat residence 47 to . . . life i.e., he has no food and drink 48 that money IV.iii.2 Rotten humidity humidity that causes things to rot; below . . . orb beneath the moon (i.e., in the middle air between earth and moon) 5 dividant divisible, separable; touch test; several different 6-8 Not . . . nature Human nature, which is subjected to all sorts of miseries, when it encounters good fortune rejects its own natural affection and despises mankind 9 deny't deny to raise 10 hereditary as if they were born that way and not simply victims of fortune's caprices 11 native as if he were born with it 12-13 It . . . lean i.e., the "twinned brothers" (line 3) are distinguished by their gifts of fortune; the rich pasture, and not any intrinsic worth, makes one brother fat and the other lean 16 grise step 17 smoothed flattered, facilitated by flattery; pate head 18 Ducks . . . fool inclines in deference to the rich fool; obliquy obliquity, moral crookedness 22 semblable anything like himself 23 fang (1) seize, as with fangs (2) provide with fangs

[Digs.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce° his palate
 With thy most operant° poison. What is here? 25
 Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious gold?
 No, gods, I am no idle votarist.°
 Roots, you clear° heavens! Thus much of this will
 make
 Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
 Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant. 30
 Ha, you gods! Why this? What this, you gods? Why
 this
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.°
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions, bless th' accursed, 35
 Make the hoar° leprosy adored, place° thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation
 With senators on the bench. This is it
 That makes the wappened° widow wed again;
 She, whom the spital-house° and ulcerous sores°
 Would cast the gorge° at, this embalms and spices 40
 To th' April day° again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that puts odds
 Among the rout of nations,° I will make thee
 Do thy right nature.° *March afar off.*
 Ha? A drum? Th' art quick,° 45
 But yet I'll bury thee. Thou't go,° strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest.°

[Keeps some gold.]

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in warlike
 manner; and PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.*

ALCIBIADES

What art thou there? Speak.

TIMON

A beast as thou art. The canker° gnaw thy heart 50
 For showing me again the eyes of man.

ALCIBIADES

What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee
 That art thyself a man?

TIMON

I am Misanthropos° and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog, 55
 That I might love thee something.°

ALCIBIADES

I know thee well,
 But in thy fortunes am unlearned and strange.°

24 **sauce** season 25 **operant** potent 27 **no idle votarist**
 i.e., I have not sworn my vow in an idle or trifling way
 28 **clear** pure 33 **Pluck . . . heads** i.e., kill even strong
 men by sudden suffocation 36 **hoar** white; **place** elevate
 to a place or office of dignity 39 **wappened** sexually
 exhausted 40 **spital-house** hospital (especially for the
 lower classes and sufferers from loathsome diseases);
ulcerous sores i.e., those afflicted with ulcerous sores 41
cast the gorge vomit 41-42 **embalms . . . day** i.e.,
 preserves, perfumes, and generally revivifies to a springlike and
 youthful amorousness 43-44 **puts . . . nations** sets the dis-
 orderly mob of nations at strife with one another 45 **Do . . .**
nature i.e., cause strife and dissension; **quick** (1) alive (2)
 speedily had and lost 46 **go** walk, move 48 **for earnest** as an
 installment 50 **canker** (1) ulcerous sore (2) canker-worm
 54 **Misanthropos** the man-hater 56 **something** somewhat
 57 **strange** ignorant

TIMON

I know thee too, and more than that I know thee
 I not desire to know. Follow thy drum,
 With man's blood paint the ground gules,° gules. 60
 Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
 Then what should war be? This fell° whore of thine
 Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
 For all her cherubin look.

PHRYNIA

Thy lips rot off.

TIMON

I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns° 65
 To thine own lips again.

ALCIBIADES

How came the noble Timon to this change?

TIMON

As the moon does, by wanting° light to give.
 But then renew° I could not like the moon;
 There were no suns to borrow of. 70

ALCIBIADES

Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?

TIMON

None, but to maintain my opinion.°

ALCIBIADES

What is it, Timon?

TIMON

Promise me friendship, but perform none.
 If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, 75
 For thou art a man. If thou dost perform,
 Confound thee, for thou art a man.

ALCIBIADES

I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

TIMON

Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

ALCIBIADES

I see them now; then was a blessed time. 80

TIMON

As thine is now, held with a brace° of harlots.

TIMANDRA

Is this th' Athenian minion,° whom the world
 Voiced so regardfully?°

TIMON

Art thou Timandra?

TIMANDRA

Yes.

TIMON

Be a whore still; they love thee not that use thee.
 Give them diseases, leaving° with thee their lust. 85
 Make use of thy salt° hours. Season° the slaves
 For tubs and baths;° bring down rose-cheeked youth
 To the tub-fast and the diet.°

TIMANDRA

Hang thee, monster!

ALCIBIADES

Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
 Are drowned and lost in his calamities. 90
 I have but little gold of late, brave° Timon,

60 **gules** red (the heraldic term) 62 **fell** destructive 65 **the
 rot returns** based on a prevalent belief that by transmitting a
 venereal infection to another, one loses it himself 68 **wanting**
 lacking 69 **renew** (1) to become new (2) to extend a loan (as
 in the next line) 72 **maintain my opinion** i.e., be a misan-
 thropist, too 81 **brace** usually used for a pair of dogs on a
 leash 82 **minion** favorite, darling 83 **Voiced so regard-
 fully** spoke of with so much regard 85 **leaving** while they
 leave 86 **salt** lustful, salacious; **Season** spice 87 **tubs and
 baths** sweating-tubs and hot baths (used to treat venereal
 disease) 88 **tub-fast . . . diet** fasting and special diet were
 treatments for venereal disease 91 **brave** excellent

The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious^o band. I have heard, and grieved,
How cursèd Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbor states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod^o upon them—

TIMON

I prithee beat thy drum^o and get thee gone.

ALCIBIADES

I am thy friend and pity thee, dear Timon.

TIMON

How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

ALCIBIADES

Why fare thee well.

100

Here is some gold for thee.

TIMON

Keep it, I cannot eat it.

ALCIBIADES

When I have laid proud Athens on a heap—

TIMON

War'st thou 'gainst Athens?

ALCIBIADES

Ay, Timon, and have cause.

TIMON

The gods confound them all in thy conquest,^o
And thee after when thou hast conquerèd.

105

ALCIBIADES

Why me, Timon?

TIMON

That by killing of villains

Thou wast born to conquer my country.

Put up^o thy gold. Go on, here's gold, go on.

Be as a planetary plague,^o when Jove

Will o'er some high-vised city hang his poison

110

In the sick air. Let not thy sword skip one.

Pity not honored age for his white beard:

He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron:

It is her habit^o only that is honest,^o

Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek

115

Make soft thy trenchant^o sword: for those milk paps,

That through the window-bars^o bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,^o

But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust^o their mercy: 120

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully^o pronounced thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse.^o Swear against objects.^o

Put armor on thine ears and on thine eyes,

Whose proof^o nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes, 125

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers.

Make large confusion;^o and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself. Speak not, begone.

ALCIBIADES

Hast^o thou gold yet, I'll take the gold thou givest me, 130
Not all thy counsel.

93 **penurious** needy 96 **trod** would have trodden 97 **beat thy drum** i.e., let thy drummer give the signal for departure 104 **in thy conquest** in your victory over them 108 **Put up** put away 109 **planetary plague** plague caused by the planets 114 **habit** dress; **honest** chaste 116 **trenchant** cutting 117 **window-bars** lattice work of a window (?) open-work squares of the bodice of a woman's frock (?) 118 **within** . . . **writ** written down on the page with the names of those who are to be pitied and spared 120 **exhaust** draw out, elicit 122 **doubtfully** ambiguously 123 **mince** . . . **remorse** cut it up without pity; **objects** objections, accusations of cruelty 125 **proof** high quality (of armor), impenetrability 128 **confusion** destruction 130 **Hast** if you have

TIMON

Dost thou or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee.

PHRYNIA AND TIMANDRA

Give us some gold, good Timon; hast thou more?

TIMON

Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

And to make whores, a bawd.^o Hold up, you sluts, 135

Your aprons mountant.^o You are not oathable,^o

Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear

Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues

Th' immortal gods that hear you. Spare your oaths;

I'll trust to your conditions.^o Be whores still,^o 140

And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,

Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,^o

And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains six months

Be quite contrary.^o And thatch

145

Your poor thin roofs with burdens of the dead—^o

Some that were hanged, no matter.

Wear them, betray with them; whore still;

Paint till a horse may mire^o upon your face.

A pox of wrinkles!^o

PHRYNIA AND TIMANDRA

Well, more gold. What then?

150

Believe't that we'll do anything for gold.

TIMON

Consumptions^o sow

In hollow^o bones of man; strike their sharp^o shins,

And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,

That he may never more false title plead, 155

Nor sound his quilllets^o shrilly. Hoar the flamen,^o

That scolds against the quality of flesh^o

And not believes himself. Down with the nose,^o

Down with it flat, take the bridge quite away

Of him, that his particular to foresee, 160

Smells from the general weal.^o Make curled-pate
ruffians bald,

And let the unscarred braggarts of the war

Derive some pain from you. Plague all,

That your activity may defeat and quell

The source of all erection.^o There's more gold. 165

135 **And** . . . **bawd** i.e., and enough to make a bawd give up her trade of making whores (or, perhaps, enough to make a whore set herself up as a bawd, making whores instead of being one) 136 **aprons mountant** rising aprons (a mock-heraldic phrase with sexual overtones); **oathable** capable of being placed under oath 140 **conditions** dispositions; **still** always 143 **Let** . . . **smoke** Let the hidden fire of your sexuality or disease dominate over the smoke of idle words of he who "seeks to convert you" 144-45 **Yet** . . . **contrary** May you spend six months of the year in being whores and the other six in repairing the physical damage occasioned by your debaucheries (?) 145-46 **And** . . . **dead** Wear wigs (or possibly false pubes) made from loads of hair taken from the dead (venereal disease was thought to cause loss of hair) 149 **mire** sink into the mire or mud (because of the thickness of cosmetics) 150 **pox of wrinkles** a pox on wrinkles, away with wrinkles (since they can be covered with cosmetics) 152 **Consumptions** wasting diseases (here venereal disease) 153 **hollow** . . . **sharp** i.e., the disease will make the bones hollow and the shins painful 156 **quilllets** subtle verbal distinctions; **Hoar the flamen** whiten the priest with disease, or cause his hair to turn white (possible pun on *whore*) 157 **quality of flesh** the nature of the flesh, sexual pleasure 158 **Down** . . . **nose** an effect of syphilis 160-61 **his particular** . . . **weal** to provide for his private advantage or profit, he abandons the proper scent that contributes to the public good or welfare 165 **source** . . . **erection** sexuality itself

Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave° you all.

PHRYNIA AND TIMANDRA

More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

TIMON

More whore, more mischief first; I have given you
earnest.°

ALCIBIADES

Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon. 170
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

TIMON

If I hope well,° I'll never see thee more.

ALCIBIADES

I never did thee harm.

TIMON

Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

ALCIBIADES

Call'st thou that harm?

TIMON

Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take 175
Thy beagles with thee.

ALCIBIADES

We but offend him. Strike!

[*Drum beats.*] *Exeunt* [ALCIBIADES,
PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA].

TIMON

That nature, being sick of° man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,
[*Digging*]

Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems° and feeds all; whose selfsame mettle,° 180
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,°
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venomèd worm,
With all th' abhorrèd births below crisp° heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quick'ning fire° doth shine; 185
Yield him, who all the human sons do hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root.
Ensear° thy fertile and conception° womb;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.
Go great° with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears, 190
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above°
Never presented. O, a root, dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows,° vines and plough-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts 195
And morsels unctious,° greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration° slips—

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague, plague!

APEMANTUS

I was directed hither. Men report

Thou dost affect° my manners, and dost use them. 200

167 **grave** be a grave for, bury 169 **earnest** a partial payment to seal a bargain 172 **If . . . well** if my hopes are realized 177 **of** as a result of 180 **Teems** brings forth; **mettle** (1) substance (2) vigorous spirit 181 **puffed** puffed up with pride 184 **crisp** with curled clouds (?) shining, clear (?) 185 **Hyperion's quick'ning fire** the sun was thought to have the power of generating some of the lower forms of insect life 188 **Ensear** dry up; **conception** conceiving, prolific 190 **great** pregnant 192 **above** in heaven 194 **marrows** the type of a rich food, not a necessity of life, produced by the "vines" and "leas" 196 **unctious** an obsolete variant form of *unctuous* 197 **consideration** ability to consider 200 **affect** imitate

TIMON

'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption° catch thee.

APEMANTUS

This is in thee a nature but infected,°
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of future.° Why this spade? This place? 205
This slavelike habit° and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseased perfumes,° and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.° 210
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
Blow off thy cap;° praise his most vicious strain°
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus.° 215
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters° that bade wel-
come,
To knaves and all approachers. 'Tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

TIMON

Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself. 220

APEMANTUS

Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself:
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,°
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist° trees, 225
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels
And skip when thou point'st out?° Will the cold
brook,
Candied° with ice, caudle° thy morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit?° Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful° heaven, whose bare unhousèd trunks, 230
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere nature.° Bid them flatter thee.
O thou shalt find—

TIMON

A fool of thee. Depart.

APEMANTUS

I love thee better now than e'er I did.

TIMON

I hate thee worse.

APEMANTUS

Why?

TIMON

Thou flatter'st misery. 235

202 **Consumption** any wasting disease 203 **infected** (1) affected, factitious (2) caught like an infection from your changed circumstances 205 **change of future** change in your material prospects 206 **habit** dress, garb 208 **diseased perfumes** diseased and perfumed mistresses 210 **By . . . carper** by pretending to the profession of a cynic or railer (which any fool can do) 213–14 **let . . . cap** kneel so obsequiously close to the person you are paying court to that his breath may blow off your cap 214 **strain** quality 215 **Thou . . . thus** in your prosperity others spoke to you in this manner 216 **tapsters** tavern-keepers or bartenders are proverbial for their indiscriminate hospitality 223 **chamberlain** one who waits on a king or lord in his bedchamber 224 **moist** damp 226 **point'st out** indicate your desires 227 **Candied** congealed, encrusted; **caudle** offer a caudle (a warm, spiced, mildly alcoholic drink given to the sick) 228 **o'er-night's surfeit** previous night's indulgence in drink 230 **wreakful** vengeful 232 **Answer mere nature** correspond to or reflect nature in its barest and most rigorous form

APEMANTUS

I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.^o

TIMON

Why dost thou seek me out?

APEMANTUS

To vex thee.

TIMON

Always a villain's office^o or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

APEMANTUS

Ay.

TIMON

What, a knave too?

APEMANTUS

If thou didst put this sour cold habit^o on
 To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
 Dost it enforcedly.^o Thou'dst courtier be again
 Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery^o
 Outlives incertain pomp, is crowned before.^o
 The one is filling still,^o never complete;
 The other, at high wish.^o Best state, contentless,
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
 Worse than the worst, content.^o
 Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

TIMON

Not by his breath^o that is more miserable.
 Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
 With favor never clasped, but bred a dog.
 Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath^o proceeded
 The sweet degrees^o that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drudges^o of it
 Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
 In general riot,^o melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust, and never learned
 The icy precepts of respect,^o but followed
 The sug'red game^o before thee. But myself—
 Who had the world as my confectionary,^o
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment;^o
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush^o
 Fell^o from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows—I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden.
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance,^o time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate
 men?
 They never flattered thee. What hast thou given?

236 **caitiff** wretch 238 **office** duty 240 **habit** (1) garment
 (2) outward manner, bearing 242 **enforcedly** as if you were
 being forced to do it 243 **Willing misery** voluntary poverty
 244 **is crowned before** comes earlier to the fulfillment of its
 desires and wishes 245 **The one . . . still** pomp, like a leaky
 vessel, can never be filled (or fulfilled) 246 **The other . . .**
wish "willing misery," because it wishes little, can easily
 arrive at the height of its wishes 246–48 **Best . . . content**
 A man in even the best material condition, if he is without
 content or happiness, is confused and wretched, worse than a
 man in the poorest condition who is contented 250 **breath**
 voice 253 **swath** swaddling clothes 253–54 **proceeded . . .**
degrees advanced from one stage to the next above it (in
 sense of academic "degrees") 255 **passive drudges** sub-
 missive menial servants 257 **riot** debauchery 259 **icy . . .**
respect the chilling rules of reason that constitute proper social
 conduct 260 **sug'red game** outwardly sweet quarry (prob-
 ably whores) 261 **confectionary** a place where sweetmeats
 are made 263 **frame employment** invent work for 265
winter's brush brush of a wintry wind 266 **Fell** fallen 269
sufferance suffering

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rogue,
 Must be thy subject; who in spite put stuff
 To^o some she-beggar and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, begone.
 If thou hadst not been born the worst^o of men,
 Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

275

APEMANTUS

Art thou proud yet?

TIMON

Ay, that I am not thee.

APEMANTUS

I, that I was

No prodigal.

240

TIMON

I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
 That^o the whole life of Athens were in this!
 Thus would I eat it. [*Eats a root.*]

280

245

APEMANTUS

Here, I will mend^o thy feast.[*Offers him food.*]

TIMON

First mend my company, take away thyself.

APEMANTUS

250

So I shall mend mine own, by th' lack of thine.

285

TIMON

'Tis not well mended so, it is but botched;^o
 If not, I would it were.

APEMANTUS

255

What wouldst thou have to^o Athens?

TIMON

Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
 Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

290

APEMANTUS

260

Here is no use for gold.

TIMON

The best and truest;

For here it sleeps and does no hired harm.

APEMANTUS

Where liest a nights, Timon?

265

TIMON

Under that's above me.^o

Where feed'st thou a days, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

Where my stomach finds meat, or rather where I eat it.

295

TIMON

Would poison were obedient and knew my mind!

270

APEMANTUS

Where wouldst thou send it?

TIMON

To sauce thy dishes.

APEMANTUS

The middle of humanity thou never
 knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou
 wast in thy guilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee
 for too much curiosity;^o in thy rags thou know'st
 none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a
 medlar^o for thee; eat it.

300

TIMON On what I hate I feed not.

305

APEMANTUS

Dost hate^o a medlar?

273–74 **put stuff** To made pregnant (contemptuous) 276
worst i.e., in social and financial position 282 **That** would that
 283 **mend** improve 286 **botched** clumsily repaired (because
 Apemantus is still present—with himself) 288 **to** in 293
that's above me that which is above me, the sky 302 **curio-**
sity carefulness, fastidiousness 304 **medlar** a fruit like a small
 brown-skinned apple, not ready to be eaten until in the early
 stages of decay 306 **hate** "eat" and "hate" were pronounced
 alike in Elizabethan English

TIMON Ay, though it look like thee.

APEMANTUS And° th' hadst hated meddlers° sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift° that was beloved 310 after° his means?

TIMON Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

APEMANTUS Myself.

TIMON I understand thee; thou hadst some means to 315 keep a dog.°

APEMANTUS What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

TIMON Women nearest, but men—men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, 320 Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

APEMANTUS Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

TIMON Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men,° and remain a beast with the beasts?

APEMANTUS Ay, Timon. 325

TIMON A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile° thee. If thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee. If thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure° thou wert accused by the ass. If 330 thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee, and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn,° pride and wrath would 335 confound° thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse. Wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard. Wert thou a leopard, thou wert german° to the lion, and the spots° of thy kindred 340 were jurors° on thy life. All thy safety were remotion,° and thy defense absence. What beast couldst thou be that were not subject to a beast? And what a beast art thou already, that see'st not thy loss in transformation!°

APEMANTUS If thou couldst please me with speaking 345 to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here. The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

TIMON How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

APEMANTUS Yonder comes a poet and a painter.° 350 The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way.° When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

TIMON When there is nothing living but thee, thou

shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than 355 Apemantus.

APEMANTUS

Thou art the cap° of all the fools alive.

TIMON

Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

APEMANTUS

A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

TIMON

All villains that do stand by thee° are pure. 360

APEMANTUS

There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

TIMON

If I name thee.

I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

APEMANTUS

I would my tongue could rot them off.

TIMON

Away, thou issue of a mangy dog. 365

Choler° does kill me that thou art alive;

I swoond° to see thee.

APEMANTUS Would thou wouldst burst.

TIMON Away, thou tedious rogue, I am sorry I shall 370 lose a stone by thee.

[Throws a stone at him.]

APEMANTUS Beast!

TIMON Slave!

APEMANTUS Toad!

TIMON

Rogue, rogue, rogue!

I am sick of this false world, and will love naught 375

But even the mere necessities upon't.°

Then, Timon, presently° prepare thy grave.

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy gravestone daily. Make thine epitaph,

That death in me° at others' lives may laugh. 380

[To the gold.]

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

'Twixt natural° son and sire, thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's° purest bed, thou valiant Mars,

Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush° doth thaw the consecrated snow 385

That lies on Dian's° lap. Thou visible god,

That sold'rest close impossibilities°

And mak'st them kiss; that speak'st with every tongue

To every purpose. O thou touch° of hearts,

Think thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue 390

Set them into confounding odds,° that beasts

May have the world in empire.

APEMANTUS

Would 'twere so,

308 And if; **meddlers** (1) the fruit (2) busybodies, intriguers (3) those who overindulge in sexual intercourse
310 **unthrift** prodigal, spendthrift 311 **after** in accordance with (i.e., the true love for an "unthrift" is not in proportion with his bounty) 316 **a dog** i.e., you had just enough to keep a dog so that something might love you
323–24 **confusion of men** the original fall in the Garden of Eden 328 **beguile** trick 330 **peradventure** perchance
335 **unicorn** an untamable beast, who, in his fury to attack the treed lion, runs his horn into the tree and puts himself at the mercy of the lion 336 **confound** destroy 340 **german** akin; **spots** (1) markings (2) moral stains, vices 341 **jurors** witnesses (especially false ones); **remotion** removal of yourself (to a distance), remoteness 344 **in transformation** in seeking to be transformed into a beast 350 **poet** . . . **painter** they do not actually enter until the beginning of Act V 352 **give way** retire

357 **cap** chief, summit 360 **that** . . . **thee** compared to you
366 **Choler** anger 367 **swoond** swoon 376 **But** . . . **upon't** except the bare necessities of life 377 **presently** immediately
380 **in me** by my example 382 **natural** son by birth (does not mean "illegitimate") 383 **Hymen** Greek god of marriage
385 **blush** glow 386 **Dian** Diana, the virgin huntress, Greek goddess of chastity 387 **sold'rest close impossibilities** joins closely together things thought to be irreconcilable 389 **touch** touchstone 391 **into confounding odds** at ruinous strife

But not till I am dead. I'll say th' hast gold.

Thou wilt be thronged to shortly.

TIMON Thronged to?

APEMANTUS Ay.

TIMON

Thy back, I prithee.

APEMANTUS Live, and love thy misery. 395

TIMON

Long live so, and so die. I am quit.^o

Enter the BANDITTI.

APEMANTUS

Moe things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Exit APEMANTUS.

FIRST BANDIT Where should he have his gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort^o of his remainder. The mere^o want of gold, and the falling-from^o 400 of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

SECOND BANDIT It is noised^o he hath a mass of treasure.

THIRD BANDIT Let us make the assay^o upon him. If he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covet- 405 ously reserve it, how shall's get it?

SECOND BANDIT True, for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

FIRST BANDIT Is not this he?

ALL Where? 410

SECOND BANDIT 'Tis his description.

THIRD BANDIT He? I know him.

ALL Save thee,^o Timon.

TIMON Now, thieves?

ALL

Soldiers, not thieves.

TIMON Both too, and women's sons. 415

ALL

We are not thieves, but men that much do want.^o

TIMON

Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.^o

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;

The oaks bear mast,^o the briers scarlet hips;^o 420

The bounteous huswife^o Nature on each bush

Lays her full mess^o before you. Want? Why want?

FIRST BANDIT

We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,

As beasts and birds and fishes.

TIMON

Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes; 425

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con^o

That you are thieves professed, that you work not

In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft

In limited^o professions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle^o blood o' th' grape, 430

Till the high fever^o seethe your blood to froth,

396 quit rid (of Apemantus) 399 ort leftover bit 400 mere sheer; falling-from falling-off 402 noised rumored 404 make the assay put it to the test 413 Save thee God save thee (a conventional salutation) 416 want need, lack 417 you . . . meat you desire (or lack) a good deal of food (i.e., if you didn't eat so much your wants would be smaller) 420 mast acorns (generally fed to swine); hips fruit of the rose 421 huswife housewife 422 mess meal 426 con offer 429 limited limited in numbers, restricted (as a guild) 430 subtle treacherous 431 high fever i.e., of drunkenness

And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays

Moe^o than you rob. Take wealth and lives together,

Do, villain, do, since you protest^o to do't. 435

Like workmen, I'll example you with thievery:^o

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction^o

Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves 440

The moon into salt tears.^o The earth's a thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composture^o stol'n

From gen'ral excrement. Each thing's a thief.

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power

Has unchecked theft. Love not yourselves; away, 445

Rob one another. There's more gold; cut throats,

All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go,

Break open shops; nothing can you steal

But thieves do lose it. Steal less for this I give you,^o

And gold confound you howsoe'er.^o Amen. 450

THIRD BANDIT Has almost charmed me from my profession by persuading me to it.

FIRST BANDIT 'Tis in the malice of mankind^o that he thus advises us, not to have us thrive in our mystery.^o 455

SECOND BANDIT I'll believe him as an enemy,^o and give over^o my trade.

FIRST BANDIT Let us first see peace in Athens; there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.^o

Exit THIEVES.

Enter [FLAVIUS,] the steward to Timon.

FLAVIUS

O you gods! 460

Is yond despised and ruinous^o man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument

And wonder^o of good deeds evilly bestowed!

What an alteration of honor^o has desp'rate want made!

What vilder^o thing upon the earth than friends, 465

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,^o

When man was wished^o to love his enemies!

Grant I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me than those that do.^o 470

Has caught me in his eye; I will present

434 Moe more 435 protest profess 436 Like . . . thievery As one instructs workmen by practical example, so I will give you some precedents for your line of work, thievery 437 attraction drawing power 440-41 whose . . . tears the idea is that the sea's tides are stolen from the moon's precipitation 442 composture compost, manure 449 Steal . . . you even if you steal less because of the gold I am giving you 450 howsoe'er nevertheless 453 in . . . mankind because of the malice Timon bears to all mankind 455 mystery trade, profession 456 I'll . . . enemy Since he is an enemy, I'll do the opposite of what he advises 457 give over give up 458-59 there . . . true You can become an honest man any time you choose (therefore, why do it now?) 461 ruinous ruined 462-63 monument And wonder wonderful monument (memorial or tombstone) 464 alteration of honor change (for the worse) in honor 465 vilder viler 467 How . . . guise How excellently does Timon's example fit in with the moral tone of these times (spoken ironically) 468 wished desired (by God) 470 Those . . . do I will love those enemies who are direct and open in their desire to harm me better than those who harm me under the guise of friendship

My honest grief unto him, and as my lord
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master.

TIMON

Away! What art thou?

FLAVIUS

Have you forgot me, sir?

TIMON

Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men.

475

Then, if thou grunt'st° th' art a man,

I have forgot thee.

FLAVIUS

An honest poor servant of yours.

TIMON

Then I know thee not.

I never had honest man about me, I; all

480

I kept were knaves,° to serve in meat to villains.

FLAVIUS

The gods are witness,

Nev'r did poor steward wear a truer grief

For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

TIMON

What, dost thou weep? Come nearer. Then I love thee 485

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st

Flinty° mankind, whose eyes do never give°

But thorough° lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping.

Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping!

FLAVIUS

I beg of you to know me, good my lord,

490

T' accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,

To entertain° me as your steward still.

TIMON

Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable?°

It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.

495

Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man

Was born of woman.

Forgive my general and exceptless° rashness,

You perpetual-sober gods. I do proclaim

One honest man. Mistake me not, but one.

500

No more I pray—and he's a steward.

How fain would I have hated all mankind,

And thou redeem'st thyself. But all save thee

I fell° with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;

505

For, by oppressing° and betraying me,

Thou might'st have sooner got another service.°

For many so arrive at second masters

Upon their first lord's neck.° But tell me true—

510

For I must ever doubt,° though ne'er so sure—

Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,

A usuring kindness, as rich men deal° gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

FLAVIUS

No, my most worthy master, in whose breast

Doubt and suspect,° alas, are placed too late.

515

You should have feared false times when you did feast.

Suspect still° comes where an estate is least.

That which I show, heaven knows, is merely° love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,

Care of your food and living; and believe it,

520

My most honored lord,

For any benefit that points° to me,

Either in hope or present, I'd exchange

For this one wish, that you had power and wealth

To requite me by making rich yourself.

525

TIMON

Look thee, 'tis so. Thou singly° honest man,

Here, take. The gods out of my misery

Has sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy,

But thus conditioned:° thou shalt build from° men;

Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,

530

But let the famished flesh slide from the bone

Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs

What thou deniest to men. Let prisons swallow 'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing; be men like blasted°

woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods.

535

And so farewell, and thrive.

FLAVIUS

O let me stay and comfort you, my master.

TIMON

If thou hat'st curses

Stay not; fly, whilst thou art blessed and free.

Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

540

Exit [FLAVIUS; and exit TIMON into his cave].

[A C T V]

[Scene I. Before Timon's cave.]

Enter POET and PAINTER; [TIMON listens from his cave, unseen].

PAINTER As I took note of the place, it cannot be far
where he abides.

POET What's to be thought of him? Does the rumor
hold for true that he's so full of gold?

505

PAINTER Certain. Alcibiades reports it. Phrynia and
Timandra had gold of him. He likewise enriched poor
straggling soldiers° with great quantity. 'Tis said he
gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

5

510

POET Then this breaking° of his has been but a try°
for his friends?

10

PAINTER Nothing else. You shall see him a palm° in
Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore
'tis not amiss we tender° our loves to him in this
supposed distress of his. It will show honestly° in us,
and is very likely to load our purposes with what they

15

476 grunt'st i.e., even your claim to be a man is delivered
in an animal grunt (since all men are bestial) 481 knaves (1)
servants (2) villains 487 Flinty hardhearted; give weep 488
But thorough except through 492 entertain receive into
service 494 comfortable comforting 498 exceptless making
no exceptions 504 fell cause to fall, strike down 506
oppressing distressing 507 service position as a servant
509 Upon . . . neck by treading down their first master and
mounting on his neck (or shoulders) 510 doubt suspect, fear
512 deal distribute

515 suspect suspicion 517 still always 518 merely entirely
522 points might accrue 526 singly (1) uniquely (2) truly
529 But thus conditioned with this condition; from away
from 534 blasted blighted
V.i.7 soldiers the banditti, who claimed to be soldiers 9
breaking going bankrupt; try test 11 palm cf. Psalm 92:11,
"The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree" 13 tender
offer 14 honestly honorably

travail° for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.°

POET What have you now to present unto him?

PAINTER Nothing at this time but my visitation; only I will promise him an excellent piece. 20

POET I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

PAINTER Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' th' time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act,° and but in the 25 plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying° is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it. 30

Enter TIMON from his cave.

TIMON [*Aside.*] Excellent workman, thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

POET I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself;° a satire against the softness° of prosperity, with a discovery° 35 of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

TIMON [*Aside.*] Must thou needs stand for° a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

POET Nay, let's seek him. 40

Then do we sin against our own estate,°
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

PAINTER True.

When the day serves, before black-cornered night,°
Find what thou want'st by free and offered light. 45
Come.

TIMON [*Aside.*]

I'll meet you at the turn.°
What a god's gold, that he is worshiped
In a baser temple° than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rig'st the bark and plough'st the foam, 50
Settlest admirèd reverence° in a slave.
To thee be worshiped and thy saints for aye;°
Be° crowned with plagues that thee alone obey.
Fit I meet them.

[*Comes forward.*]

POET

Hail, worthy Timon.

PAINTER Our late noble master. 55

TIMON

Have I once° lived to see two honest men?

POET

Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,

16 travail (1) labor (2) travel 17 having wealth 25 his act its act, its having been put into action 26 deed of saying the doing of what a person says he will do 34 personating of himself representation of Timon and his situation 35 softness weakness, flabbiness; discovery revelation (a theatrical term) 37 stand for serve as a model for 41 estate fortune, material possessions 44 black-cornered night night which creates dark corners and is obscure like them 47 I'll . . . turn I will match your tricks with better ones of my own 49 baser temple the human body 51 Settlest admirèd reverence establishes a wondering awe (of his master) 52 for aye forever 53 Be may they be 56 once indeed (an intensive)

Hearing you were retired,° your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures, O abhorred spirits, 60
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What, to you,

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence°
To their whole being! I am rapt,° and cannot cover 65
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size° of words.

TIMON Let it go;

Naked, men may see't the better.

You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them° best seen and known.

PAINTER He and myself 70
Have traveled in the great show'r of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

TIMON Ay, you are honest men.

PAINTER

We are hither come to offer you our service.

TIMON

Most honest men. Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots and drink cold water? No?

BOTH

What we can do, we'll do to do you service. 75

TIMON

Y' are honest men. Y' have heard that I have gold,
I am sure you have. Speak truth, y' are honest men.

PAINTER

So it is said, my noble lord, but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

TIMON

Good honest men. Thou draw'st a counterfeit° 80
Best in all Athens. Th' art indeed the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.°

PAINTER

So-so, my lord.

TIMON

E'en so, sir, as I say. And for thy fiction,°
Why thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth° 85
That thou art even natural in thine art.°
But for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault;
Marry,° 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

BOTH

Beseech your honor

To make it known to us.

TIMON

You'll take it ill. 90

BOTH

Most thankfully, my lord.

TIMON

Will you indeed?

BOTH

Doubt it not, worthy lord.

TIMON

There's never a one of you but trusts a knave
That mightily deceives you.

BOTH

Do we, my lord?

59 retired withdrawn 63 influence i.e., astrological influence
64 rapt° carried away with emotion 66 size (1) magnitude
(2) starchlike glue used on cloth, especially before painting
on it 69 them the thankless natures of his fair-weather friends
80 counterfeit (1) representation, picture (2) false representa-
tion 82 most lively in a most lifelike manner 83 fiction
imaginative feigning 84 smooth polished (with implication
of flattery) 85 thou . . . art (1) your writings represent a
triumph of nature over art; your art conceals itself (2) you
show your evil natural self in your artful dissimulation 88
Marry indeed

TIMON

Ay, and you hear him cog,^o see him dissemble,
 Know his gross patchery,^o love him, feed him,
 Keep^o in your bosom, yet remain assured
 That he's a made-up^o villain.

PAINTER

I know none such, my lord.

POET

Nor I.

TIMON

Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold:
 Rid me these villains from your companies.
 Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,^o
 Confound^o them by some course, and come to me,
 I'll give you gold enough.

BOTH

Name them, my lord, let's know them.

TIMON

You that way, and you this; but two in company.^o
 Each man apart, all single and alone,
 Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

[To one.]

If where thou art, two villains shall not be,
 Come not near him. [To the other.] If thou wouldst
 not reside

But^o where one villain is, then him abandon.

Hence, pack,^o there's gold; you came for gold, ye
 slaves.

[To one.]

You have work for me, there's payment. Hence!

[To the other.]

You are an alchemist, make gold of that.

Out, rascal dogs!

[Beats them out, then retires into his cave.]

Enter [FLAVIUS, the] steward, and two SENATORS.

FLAVIUS

It is vain that you would speak with Timon,
 For he is set so only to himself^o
 That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
 Is friendly with him.

FIRST SENATOR Bring us to his cave.

It is our part and promise^o to th' Athenians
 To speak with Timon.

SECOND SENATOR At all times alike

Men are not still the same; 'twas time and griefs
 That framed him thus. Time with his fairer hand
 Offering the fortunes of his former days,
 The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
 And chance it^o as it may.

FLAVIUS

Here is his cave.

Peace and content be here. Lord Timon! Timon!

Look out, and speak to friends. Th' Athenians

By two of their most reverend Senate greet thee.

Speak to them, noble Timon.

95 cog cheat 96 patchery roguery 97 Keep let him dwell
 98 made-up complete 102 draught privy, sink 103 Con-
 found destroy 106 but . . . company i.e., wherever either
 of them is, there is both a poet (or painter) and a villain III
 But except 112 pack be off 117 is . . . himself is so com-
 pletely preoccupied with himself 120 our . . . promise the
 role we promised to play 126 chance it may it turn out

Enter TIMON out of his cave.

TIMON

Thou sun that comforts, burn! Speak and be hanged.
 For each true word a blister,^o and each false
 Be as a cauterizing to the root o' th' tongue,
 Consuming it with speaking.

FIRST SENATOR

Worthy Timon—

TIMON

Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

FIRST SENATOR

The Senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

TIMON

I thank them, and would send them back the plague,
 Could I but catch it for them.

FIRST SENATOR

O forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.^o

The Senators, with one consent of love,^o

Entreat thee back to Athens, who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.^o

SECOND SENATOR

They confess

Toward thee forgetfulness too general^o gross;

Which now the public body,^o which doth seldom

Play the recanter, feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal^o

Of it own fall,^o restraining^o aid to Timon;

And send forth us to make their sorrowed render,^o

Together with a recompense more fruitful^o

Than their offense can weigh down by the dram^o—

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,

And write in thee the figures^o of their love,

Ever to read them^o thine.

TIMON

You witch^o me in it;

Surprise me to the very brink of tears.

Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,

And I'll bewep these comforts,^o worthy Senators.

FIRST SENATOR

Therefore so please thee to return with us,

And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take

The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allowed^o with absolute power, and thy good name

Live with authority. So soon we shall drive back

Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild,

Who like a boar too savage doth root up

His country's peace.

SECOND SENATOR And shakes his threat'ning sword

Against the walls of Athens.

FIRST SENATOR

Therefore, Timon—

132 For . . . blister an ironic reversal of the proverbial
 belief that a lie causes a blister on the tongue 139 in
 thee in the wrongs we have caused you 140 consent of
 love harmonious voice of affection 143 For . . . wearing
 only you are suited to fill these dignities with the proper dis-
 tinction 144 general universally 145 the public body the
 Senate as representative of the body politic 147 withal at the
 same time 148 it own fall its own fall from grace; restrain-
 ing keeping back 149 sorrowed render sorrowful rendering
 of an account 150 fruitful abundant 151 weigh . . . dram
 balance in weight even if measured to the last tiny unit 154
 figures (1) written characters (2) numerals (as in counting
 money) (3) images, representations 155 them the Athenians
 as represented in the "figures of their love"; witch bewitch
 158 comforts pleasures 162 Allowed endowed

TIMON

Well, sir, I will; therefore I will, sir, thus:
 If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
 Let Alcibiades know this of Timon, 170
 That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
 And take our goodly agèd men by th' beards,
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain
 Of contumelious,° beastly, mad-brained war,
 Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it, 175
 In pity of our agèd and our youth,
 I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
 And let him take't at worst.° For their knives care not
 While you have throats to answer.° For myself,
 There's not a whittle° in th' unruly camp° 180
 But I do prize it at my love° before
 The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
 To the protection of the prosperous° gods,
 As thieves to keepers.°

FLAVIUS Stay not, all's in vain.

TIMON

Why I was writing of my epitaph;
 It will be seen tomorrow. My long sickness
 Of health and living now begins to mend,
 And nothing° brings me all things. Go, live still;
 Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
 And last° so long enough. 185

FIRST SENATOR We speak in vain. 190

TIMON

But yet I love my country, and am not
 One that rejoices in the common wrack,°
 As common bruit° doth put it.

FIRST SENATOR That's well spoke.

TIMON

Commend me to my loving countrymen.

FIRST SENATOR

These words become° your lips as they pass thorough
 them. 195

SECOND SENATOR

And enter in our ears like great triumphers°
 In their applauding gates.°

TIMON Commend me to them,

And tell them that to ease them of their griefs,
 Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches,° losses,
 Their pangs of love, with other incident throes° 200
 That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
 In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
 them;
 I'll teach them to prevent° wild Alcibiades' wrath.

FIRST SENATOR

I like this well; he will return again.

174 **contumelious** insolent 178 **take't at worst** put the worst interpretation he wishes on it 179 **throats to answer** throats to be cut by the knives of Alcibiades' soldiers (and voices to protest for yourselves) 180 **whittle** small knife; **th' unruly camp** (1) the party of those revolting against Athens (2) the disorderly, turbulent army (of Alcibiades) 181 **prize** . . . love value it in my esteem 183 **prosperous** propitious 184 **As** . . . **keepers** as I would leave thieves to the protection of their jailers 188 **nothing** nothingness, oblivion 190 **last** endure 192 **wrack** destruction 193 **bruit** rumor 195 **become** befit 196 **triumphers** triumphant marchers 197 **applauding gates** city gates thronged with those applauding the triumph 199 **aches** two syllables, pronounced "aitches" 200 **incident throes** agonies likely to occur 203 **prevent** anticipate (but First Senator interprets "to keep from occurring")

TIMON

I have a tree which grows here in my close,° 205
 That mine own use invites me to cut down,
 And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,
 Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,°
 From high to low throughout, that whoso please
 To stop affliction, let him take his haste; 210
 Come hither ere my tree hath felt the ax,
 And hang himself. I pray you do my greeting.

FLAVIUS

Trouble him no further; thus you still° shall find him.

TIMON

Come not to me again, but say to Athens,
 Timon hath made his everlasting mansion 215
 Upon the beachèd verge of the salt flood,°
 Who° once a day with his embossèd° froth
 The turbulent surge shall cover. Thither come,
 And let my gravestone be your oracle.°
 Lips, let four words go by and language end.° 220
 What is amiss, plague and infection mend.
 Graves only be men's works and death their gain.
 Sun, hide thy beams; Timon hath done his reign.

Exit TIMON.

FIRST SENATOR

His discontents are unremovably
 Coupled to nature.° 225

SECOND SENATOR

Our hope in him is dead. Let us return,
 And strain° what other means is left unto us
 In our dear° peril.

FIRST SENATOR It requires swift foot. *Exeunt.*

[Scene II. Before the walls of Athens.]

Enter two other SENATORS, with a MESSENGER.

THIRD SENATOR

Thou hast painfully discovered.° Are his files°
 As full as thy report?

MESSENGER I have spoke the least.°
 Besides, his expedition° promises
 Present° approach.

FOURTH SENATOR

We stand much hazard if they bring not Timon. 5

MESSENGER

I met a courier, one mine ancient° friend,
 Whom though in general part° we were opposed,
 Yet our old love made a particular° force,

205 **close** enclosure 208 **sequence of degree** proper order of the social hierarchy 213 **still** always 216 **beachèd** . . . flood edge of the sea that forms a beach 217 **Who** "the beachèd verge"; **embossèd** covered with foam (usually from the mouth of a hunted animal) 219 **be your oracle** be consulted by you as if it were an oracle (a place where divine pronouncements are made, or the god making such pronouncements) 220 **let** . . . **end** speak only a few more words ("four" is used indefinitely) and then not speak any further 225 **Coupled to nature** a part of his nature 227 **strain** exert to the utmost 228 **dear** grievous, dire
V.ii.1 Thou . . . **discovered** (1) Your revelation was painful to us (2) You have made your revelation in painstaking detail; **files** ranks 2 **spoke the least** reported the minimum 3 **expedition** speed 4 **Present** immediate 6 **ancient** former 7 **in general part** in matters of general or public interest 8 **particular** personal

And made us speak like friends. This man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave 10
With letters of entreaty, which imported°
His fellowship i' th' cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.°

Enter the other SENATORS [from Timon].

THIRD SENATOR Here come our brothers.

FIRST SENATOR

No talk° of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemy's drum is heard, and fearful scouring° 15
Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare.
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.° *Exeunt.*

[Scene III. Before Timon's cave.]

Enter a SOLDIER in the woods, seeking Timon.

SOLDIER

By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? Speak, ho! No answer? What is this?°
"Timon is dead, who hath outstretched his span.°"
Some beast read this; there does not live a man."°
Dead, sure, and this his grave. What's on this tomb 5
I cannot read. The character I'll take with wax;°
Our captain hath in every figure° skill,
An aged° interpreter, though young in days
Before proud Athens he's set down° by this,
Whose fall the mark° of his ambition is. *Exit.* 10

[Scene IV. Before the walls of Athens.]

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, with his POWERS, before Athens.

ALCIBIADES

Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible° approach.

Sounds a parley.° The SENATORS appear upon the walls.°

Till now you have gone on, and filled the time
With all licentious measure,° making your wills
The scope° of justice. Till now, myself and such 5
As slept° within the shadow of your power,

Have wandered with our traversed° arms and breathed
Our sufferance vainly.° Now the time is flush,°
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong°
Cries, of itself, "No more." Now breathless wrong° 10
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,°
And pursy° insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid° flight.

FIRST SENATOR

Noble and young,
When thy first griefs° were but a mere conceit,°
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear, 15
We sent to thee to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their° quantity.

SECOND SENATOR

So did we woo
Transformèd Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promised means.° 20
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

FIRST SENATOR

These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your grief; nor are they such
That these great tow'rs, trophies, and schools° should 25
fall
For private faults in them.

SECOND SENATOR

Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out.°
Shame that they wanted, cunning in excess
Hath broke their hearts.° March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread. 30
By decimation and a tithèd death,°
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes, take thou the destined tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die,°
Let die the spotted.°

FIRST SENATOR

All have not offended. 35
For those that were, it is not square° to take
On those that are, revenge. Crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without° thy rage.
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin 40
Which in the bluster° of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended. Like a shepherd,
Approach the fold° and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

SECOND SENATOR

What thou wilt,

11 imported bore as their message (with additional suggestion of "importuned" or urged) **13 moved** instigated **14 No talk** let us not talk **15 scouring** scurrying about (in preparation for battle) **17 our . . . snare** our foes are the snare or trap that will cause the downfall of Athens

V.iii.2 What is this presumably the Soldier finds an inscription or trial epitaph composed by Timon in English, which the Soldier can read, whereas the epitaph on Timon's tomb is in Latin, which the Soldier cannot read **3 outstretched his span** lived beyond his allotted or desired life span **4 there . . . man** all men left alive are merely beasts **6 character . . . wax** I will take a wax impression of the letters **7 figure** written character **8 aged** experienced **9 set down** i.e., in a siege **10 mark** goal

V.iv.2 terrible terrifying **2 s.d. Sounds a parley** i.e., by a special signal on drum or trumpet, Alcibiades calls for a conference with the enemy to try to make peace; **upon the walls** i.e., upon the upper stage **4 With . . . measure** with all kinds of unbridled conduct **5 scope** extent **6 slept** (1) were asleep, inactive (2) lived

7 traversed folded across (in resignation) **7-8 breathed . . . vainly** spoke in vain about our sufferings **8 flush** ripe **9 When . . . strong** when the resolute man's courage is aroused **10 breathless wrong** wrongdoers breathless through fear **11 great . . . ease** comfortably upholstered chairs of state **12 pursy** short-winded **13 horrid** horrible **14 griefs** grievances; **conceit** idea **18 their** the antecedent is either "griefs" or "rages" or both **20 means** conditions of peace (or possibly "riches") **25 trophies, and schools** monuments, and public buildings **27 motives . . . out** instigators or movers of your original banishment **28-29 Shame . . . hearts** i.e., their hearts were broken with remorse for two common moral failings: lack of a sense of disgrace for their wrongdoing and excess of crafty deceit **31 decimation . . . death** the killing of one person in ten **34 by . . . die** by chance, as in dice ("die" is the singular of "dice") **35 spotted** (1) guilty (2) those selected by the "spots" on the dice **36 square** honest **39 without** outside **41 bluster** tempest **43 fold** enclosure for sheep or the flock itself

Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to't° with thy sword.

FIRST SENATOR Set but thy foot
Against our rampired° gates, and they shall ope,
So° thou wilt send thy gentle heart before
To say thou't enter friendly.

SECOND SENATOR Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honor else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion.° All thy powers°
Shall make their harbor° in our town till we
Have sealed° thy full desire.

ALCIBIADES Then there's my glove.
Descend and open your unchargèd ports.°
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,°
Fall, and no more. And to atone° your fears
With my more noble meaning,° not a man
Shall pass his quarter,° or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied° to your public laws
At heaviest answer.°

BOTH SENATORS 'Tis most nobly spoken.

ALCIBIADES
Descend, and keep your words.

[*The SENATORS descend, and open the gates.*]

Enter a SOLDIER.

SOLDIER

My noble general, Timon is dead,

46 **hew to't** cut thy way to it 47 **rampired** fortified 48 **So**
provided that 52 **confusion** destruction; **powers** armed
forces 53 **make their harbor** be billeted 54 **sealed** solemnly
ratified (by fulfilling) 55 **unchargèd ports** unassailed gates
57 **reproof** shame 58 **atone** appease 59 **meaning** intention
60 **quarter** billet (?) area of duty (?) 62 **remedied** turned
over for remedy 63 **At heaviest answer** for the maximum
punishment

45 Entombed upon the very hem° o' th' sea,
And on his gravestone this insculpture° which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets° for my poor ignorance.

ALCIBIADES *reads the epitaph.*°

ALCIBIADES
50 "Here lies a wretched corse,° of wretched soul bereft. 70
Seek not my name. A plague consume you, wicked
caitiffs° left.
Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate.
Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass, and stay not here
thy gait."
55 These well express in thee thy latter° spirits.
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs, 75
Scorn'dst our brains' flow,° and those our droplets
which
60 From niggard° nature fall; yet rich conceit°
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye°
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon, of whose memory 80
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword,°
Make war breed peace, make peace stint° war, make
each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.°
Let our drums strike. *Exeunt.* 85

65 66 **hem** edge (the "beachèd verge" of V.i.216) 67 **insculpture**
inscription 69 **Interprets** acts as an interpreter 69 **s.d.**
epitaph there are two epitaphs here, both from North's *Plutarch*,
and it seems very likely that one of them—probably the first—
was intended to be omitted 70 **corse** corpse 71 **caitiffs**
wretches 74 **latter** later, more recent 76 **brains' flow** tears
77 **niggard** stingy; **rich conceit** fanciful imagination 78 **for**
aye forever 82 **use . . . sword** combine the olive branch of
peace with the sword of war, show mercy even though I enter
your city as a conqueror 83 **stint** cause to stop 84 **leech**
physician

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

EDITED BY ERNEST SCHANZER

Introduction

Pericles presents several unique problems. Most critics agree that, while Acts III, IV, and V are substantially Shakespeare's, Acts I and II are not. The questions to be asked, therefore, are: Who is the author of Acts I and II? And, further, how did the non-Shakespearean first two acts come to be joined to the Shakespearean last three acts? As to this there are two main possibilities: (1) that Shakespeare collaborated with another playwright, as he did a few years later with John Fletcher in *Henry VIII*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and the lost *Cardenio*; (2) that Shakespeare came across a complete play on the subject of *Pericles* and began to rewrite it at the point where the subject matter caught his imagination, the point at which Pericles, during a storm at sea, is suddenly confronted with the death of his wife and the birth of his daughter. According to this hypothesis, Shakespeare, being an extremely busy man, did not bother to rewrite the first two acts, except, perhaps, to add a few touches here and there.

Of these two possibilities the latter seems to me by far the more likely. That Shakespeare should have collaborated with the author of the first two acts seems very improbable. To collaborate with John Fletcher is one thing; to collaborate with the exceedingly mediocre talent that could produce Acts I and II of *Pericles*, quite another. It is true that these first two acts must have been a good deal better than they are in the text in which they have come down to us. For the quarto text—and this adds greatly to the intricate problems presented by the play—is very corrupt, not only in Acts I and II, but in the Shakespearean part as well. Whole lines are missing, others are garbled, verse is frequently set out as prose, and occasionally prose as verse. It is, most scholars agree, a text based on a report made from visits to the theater, and bears the usual marks of such a reported text—above all, a large number of auditory errors and mislineation of Shakespeare's blank verse.

The quarto of *Pericles*, then, is, in many ways, very imperfect. But where for other Shakespeare plays with bad quarto texts we also have a good text, for *Pericles* we have only the one text, published for the first time in 1609, in what was, no doubt, a pirated edition (that is, it was printed without the permission of Shakespeare and his company). The problem of the authorship of the first two

acts is therefore made much more difficult by the absence of any good text of the play, and scholars have not been able to agree on the probable identity of the author, though various candidates, such as Thomas Heywood, George Wilkins, and, most recently, John Day, have been put forward.

The whole matter is further complicated by the publication in 1608 of a prose narrative by George Wilkins, entitled *The Painfull Aduentures of Pericles Prince of Tyre*, "being," we are assured on the title page, "the true History of the Play of *Pericles*, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet *Iohn Gower*." And in *The Argument of the whole Historie* the reader is entreated "to receiue this Historie in the same maner as it was vnder the habite of ancient *Gower* the famous English Poet, by the Kings Maiesties Players [that is, Shakespeare's company] excellently presented." There is every indication that Wilkins' claim is trustworthy: that he had witnessed one or more performances of Shakespeare's play and had based his novel on this, while also drawing freely (and without acknowledgment) on Laurence Twine's prose version of the same story, *The Patterne of Painefull Aduentures*, which had been reprinted in 1607, and is one of the two chief sources of *Pericles*. In publishing his novel in 1608 Wilkins, no doubt, attempted to exploit the great popularity which the play, according to all indications, enjoyed from the outset.

Wilkins' novel is of great interest and value since, next to the quarto text, it provides the only clue that we possess about the nature of the play as performed by Shakespeare's company. Not only can editors of *Pericles* draw on it in devising their stage directions (as has been done in this edition, for instance, at II.ii.16, where the s.d. "*As each Knight passes, his page, who goes before him, presents his shield to Princess Thaisa*" is based on Wilkins' "their Pages before them bearing their Deuices on their shields . . . which being by the knights Page deliuered to the Lady"), but they can find support in it for emendations of corrupt readings in the quarto text. For example, the change of the quarto's certainly corrupt "untimely" to "uncomely" at I.i.129 is strongly supported by Wilkins' "hee was become both father, sonne, and husband by his vncomely and abhorred actions with his owne child." At one point in the

text of this edition (III.ii.84–87) even a whole sentence, which in the quarto is manifestly corrupt, Cerimon's

I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recoverèd,

has been replaced by the corresponding sentence in Wilkins' narrative, which, with the words in parentheses omitted, sounds very much like Shakespeare's verse and thus may well reproduce what he had written: "I haue read of some Egyptians, who after foure houres death (if man may call it so) haue raised impouerished bodies, like to this, vnto their former health."

Lastly, there is one scene where the quarto text is undoubtedly deficient, and where Wilkins' novel, even if we cannot draw on it for emendations, affords us glimpses of what the main outline of the Shakespearean original appears to have been. It is the scene between Marina and Lysimachus in the brothel (IV.vi.69–121). In Wilkins' novel, as in the play, Lysimachus is depicted as an old client of the bawd, led to the brothel by lust. But in the novel, as the result of Marina's passionate pleas and reproaches, he undergoes a reformation, declaring: "I hither came with thoughtes intemperate, foule and deformed, the which your paines so well hath laued, that they are now white." It is here that the novel diverges most sharply from the play, where, at the corresponding point, Lysimachus is made to declare:

For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savor vilely. (IV.vi.113–15)

This stands, of course, in complete contradiction to what we have been shown in the first part of the scene, where Lysimachus is presented as an old and favorite client. This contradiction has led some scholars to suggest that Lysimachus' later claims reflect a change of mind on Shakespeare's part, a belated attempt to make him a more acceptable husband for Marina. But it seems incredible that Shakespeare should not have bothered to bring the earlier part of the scene into line with this new conception. Furthermore, the writing, which is for the most part Shakespearean up to line 109, ceases to be so at precisely the point at which Lysimachus protests his innocence, and we get such wretched un-Shakespearean stuff as his "For me, be you thoughten. . . ." I believe, then, that lines 109–21 represent the reporter's attempt to reconstruct an only dimly remembered passage, which, for some reason, was missing in his report, and that in doing so he turned Lysimachus from a character somewhat like that of Bertram in *All's Well That Ends Well* into one closer to the duke in *Measure for Measure*. The great value of Wilkins' account of this scene is not only that he preserved for us what I believe to be Shakespeare's version of it, which had been distorted by the reporter, but that he incidentally seems to have kept a good many of Shakespeare's lines which are missing in the quarto text, as the following extract from the dialogue between Marina and Lysimachus will show. The lines which seem to me Shakespearean have been italicized and the blank verse line division has been indicated.

If you take from mee mine honour, *you are like him, / that makes a gappe into forbidden ground*, after whome too many enter, and you are guiltie of all their euilles: my life is yet vnspotted, my chastitie vnstained in thought. *Then if your violence deface this building, / the workemanship of heauen, made vp for good*, and not to be the exercise of sinnes intemperaunce, you do kill your owne honour, abuse your owne iustice, and impouerish me. Why quoth *Lysimachus*, *this house wherein thou liuest, / is euen the receptacle of all mens sinnes, / and nurse of wickednesse*, and how canst thou then be otherwise then naught, that liuest in it? It is not good, answered *Marina*, when you that are the Gouvernour, who should liue well, *the better to be bolde to punish euill*, doe knowe that there is such a rooffe, and yet come vnder it. Is there a necessitie (my yet good Lord) if there be fire before me, that I must strait then thither flie and burne my selfe? Or if suppose this house, (*which too too many feelee such houses are*) / *should be the Doctors patrimony, and Surgeons feeding*; folowes it therefore, that I must needs infect my self to giue them maintenance? O my good Lord, kill me, but not deflower me, punish me how you please, so you spare my chastitie, and since it is all the dowry that both the Gods haue giuen, and men haue left to me, do not you take it from me; make me your seruant, I will willingly obey you; make mee your bondwoman, *I will accompt it freedome; let me be / the worst that is called vile, so I may still / liue honest, I am content*: or if you thinke it is too blessed a happinesse to haue me so, *let me euen now, now in this minute die*, and Ile accompt my death more happy than my birth. With which wordes (being spoken vpon her knees) while her eyes were the glasses that carried the water of her mishap, the good Gentlewoman being mooued, hee lift her vp with his hands, and euen then imbraced her in his hart, saying aside: *Now surely this is Vertues image, / or rather, Vertues selfe, sent downe, from heauen, / a while to raigne on earth*, to teach vs what we should be. So in steede of willing her to drie her eyes, he wiped the wet himselfe off, and could haue found in his heart, with modest thoughts to haue kissed her, but that hee feared the offer would offend her. This onely hee sayde, Lady, for such your vertues are, *a farre more worthy stile your beuty challenges*, and no way lesse your beauty can promise me that you are, *I hither came / with thoughtes intemperate, foule and deformed*, the which your paines so well hath laued, that they are now white, continue still to all so, and for my parte, *who hither came but to haue payd the price, / a peece of golde for your virginittie*, now giue you twenty to releue your honesty. *It shall become you still / to be euen as you are, a peece of goodnesse, / the best wrought vppe, that euer Nature made*, and if that any shall inforce you ill, if you but send to me, I am your friend. With which promise, leauing her presence, she most humbly thanked the Gods for the preseruatiō of of her chastitie, and the reformation of his mind.

I should mention at this point a hypothesis that attempts to account for the stylistic differences between the first two and the last three acts of the play in a radically different way from those mentioned so far. In an important article (*Shakespeare Survey* 5, pp. 25–49) Professor Philip Edwards has suggested that Shakespeare may have been responsible for the entire play, and that the difference in style between the two parts may be due to the different methods adopted

by two reporters: the one reporting Acts I and II, the other Acts III–V. The former

welds into mediocre verse the words, phrases and general sense of the original so far as he can remember them. He is at his best in prose, where remodeling is not attempted. The second reporter, perhaps giving the original very much more faithfully than his predecessor, makes no attempt at rewriting, and after the first scene does not make more than desultory attempts to write down the verse in lines.

This hypothesis is in many ways attractive. For instance, it accounts better than any other for the intermittent occurrence in the first two acts of lines that are manifestly Shakespearean. But there are several grave objections to it, which make it in my view untenable: (1) It seems hard to believe that two men should be willing to adopt such utterly different methods of reporting in order to achieve a composite text. (2) If the first two acts were really by Shakespeare, then those lines in the quarto text that are identical with passages in Wilkins' novel ought to be acceptable Shakespearean verse. But this is clearly not so. For example:

A gentleman of Tyre; my name Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore. (II.iii.83–87)

agrees almost word for word with the corresponding passage in Wilkins' narrative, but is plainly not Shakespearean. (3) If the report of the last three acts of the play is so much more faithful than that of the first two acts, we ought to find more verbal echoes of the quarto in the part of Wilkins' narrative corresponding to the last three acts than in that corresponding to the first two. In fact, rather the reverse is the case.

The likeliest hypothesis seems to me, then, that late in 1607 or early in 1608, at about the time he was writing *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakespeare came across a manuscript play on the subject of *Pericles* (which may or may not have been performed on the stage), written by some very minor playwright; that he rewrote entirely the last three acts, and had it performed by his company at the Globe Theatre in the spring of 1608.¹ But it seems that Shakespeare rewrote not only the last three acts, but also occasional lines in the first two acts and, I believe, one whole scene, II.i.

As we read through the wooden, jog-trot, largely end-stopped verse of the first two acts, we come across lines that are late-Shakespearean in diction and movement. The most notable example of this occurs in the play's opening scene, in Pericles' speech to King Antiochus after he has solved the riddle. It begins with the mediocre verse typical of the author of the first two acts:

¹ The latest date of composition of the Shakespearean part of *Pericles*, May 1608, seems provided by the play's entry in the Stationers' Register in that month. Its earliest date seems determined chiefly by the style of the verse, which cannot be much earlier than 1607.

Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown;
For vice repeated is like the wand'ring wind
Blows dust in others' eyes to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear:
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. (I.i.92–101)

Then come a few lines that are unmistakably Shakespearean:

The blind mole casts
Copped hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is thronged
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't. (I.i.101–03)

And then the former verse continues on its jog-trot way.

As for the opening scene of Act II, consisting of a mixture of verse and prose, few commentators have been bold enough to assign it to Shakespeare. But if it is not his work, it is remarkably like it, in both its verse and prose; and it certainly cannot be by the author of the remainder of the first two acts, for it is utterly different in style and manner. If we make allowance for the corruption of the text, there is nothing in the scene that one needs deny to Shakespeare. Pericles' opening speech is quite Shakespearean, though it deteriorates toward the end:

Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you. (II.i.1–3)

There enter three Fishermen, and the ways in which they are made instantly real and vivid with the greatest economy of means, and in which they dispense their worldly wisdom and witticisms, bear the mark of Shakespeare. The Fishermen's prose is counterpointed by Pericles' verse, and some of this is undoubtedly Shakespearean, for example,

What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am want teaches me to think on:
A man thronged up with cold. (II.i.75–77)

and two lines toward the end of the scene, which no one but Shakespeare could have written:

And spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his building on my arm. (II.i.161–62)

There remains still the problem of the authorship of the choruses. This is made much more difficult by the fact that they are written in a purposely archaic idiom, to suit their speaker, the poet Gower, a contemporary of Chaucer, whose version of the story in his *Confessio Amantis* served as the play's main source (see A Note on the Sources). Most of the choruses are clearly written in imitation of the octosyllabic couplets in which Gower had told his story. And their archaic idiom also suits the old tale that is the play's subject matter. Ben Jonson referred to *Pericles* contemptuously as a "moldy tale," but the appearance of

the mold of antiquity is clearly just what its authors wished to achieve. This is vividly brought home to us by the opening lines of Gower's first chorus (lines 1-10). From the first, the story's antiquity is emphasized as one of its chief virtues.

Which of the choruses are by Shakespeare, and which by the author of Acts I and II? All the indications are that the Shakespearean choruses start precisely where we would expect—at the beginning of Act III. Shakespeare tries to maintain a certain continuity with the earlier choruses in the play by using archaic diction and octosyllabic couplets (though he abandons these for decasyllables after the opening chorus of Act IV). But though written purposely in a naive and simple idiom, the Shakespearean choruses are quite devoid of the clumsy, empty, elliptic diction and lame rhythm of the earlier choruses. The juxtaposition of a few lines from each will make the difference manifest. Here are the opening lines of the chorus at the beginning of Act II:

Here have you seen a mighty king
His child iwis to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath passed necessity.
I'll show you those in trouble's reign
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious.
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

And here, by contrast, are the opening lines of the chorus at the beginning of Act III:

Now sleep y-slackèd hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'erfed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth
All the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where by the loss of maidenhead
A babe is molded. Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche.
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

We still have archaisms ("y-slackèd," "eyne"), but the verse is incomparably more vivid, vigorous, and accomplished. Moreover, into these Shakespearean choruses enters an element not found in those of Acts I and II, but familiar to us from the choruses in *Henry V*: the audience is repeatedly asked to use its imagination to eke out what is being presented on the stage (for example, "And time that is so briefly spent/With your fine fancies quaintly eche";

"In your supposing once more put your sight:/Of heavy Pericles think this his bark").

The story of Pericles, or Apollonius of Tyre, as he was called prior to Shakespeare's play, had been one of the most popular tales in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Probably it goes back to Hellenistic times, having its origin in some lost Greek romance. Not only the story's names and settings point to this (Pentapolis is located in the play as somewhere in Greece, while Tyre, Ephesus, Antioch, Tharsus, and Mytilene, where the rest of the action takes place, are all on or near the coast of Asia Minor), but the outline of the story is typical of the Greek romances. These are tales of marvelous adventures, marked by an abundance of shipwrecks; hairbreadth escapes from wild beasts, bandits, or pirates; innocent maidens, who preserve their virtue in spite of all assaults; and ending in miraculous reunions of parents and children, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, long believed dead. The main emotion that the Greek romances set out to arouse in the reader is a sense of wonder at the strange incidents that they describe. And a sense of wonder is also one of the main emotions aroused by Shakespeare's Last Plays; "rare," "strange," "wonderful," "like an old tale," are expressions that characters in these plays use again and again to voice their response to the events they witness, and this response is also shared by the audience.

In the English drama written before Shakespeare there is one type of play which sets out to evoke this response, and which is linked with the Greek romances: the miracle play or dramatized saint's legend, a form of drama highly popular beginning with the twelfth century, and still performed in Shakespeare's youth. Unfortunately, few of these plays have survived, but from these and extant French miracle plays one can infer their nature. Like the Greek romances, they are tales of strange adventures, separations, wanderings across seas and lands, rescues miraculously effected, dangers overcome and trials passed, until the final triumph of reunion with loved relatives or the triumph of martyrdom. It has been claimed—justly, I think—that these miracle plays had a much more profound influence on the development of English Renaissance drama than had the medieval mystery plays. And the editor of the New Arden *Pericles* has suggested that it was from such miracle plays that the broad structural features of the play may be derived.

In its structure *Pericles* is unlike any of Shakespeare's earlier comedies. This can be seen most readily if we compare the handling of time. In the comedies before *Pericles* Shakespeare either observed the most rigorous unity of time, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, or he contained the action within a few days, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, or at most within a few months, as in *All's Well That Ends Well*. But nowhere had he used a time scheme similar to that of *Pericles*, where between Acts III and IV there is a time gap of fourteen years. This time scheme is used once more in *The Winter's Tale*, where between Acts III and IV there is an interval of sixteen years. And in both plays, while in the first three acts our attention centers on the royal father (Pericles, Leontes), in the fourth act his place is taken by his daughter (Marina, Perdita), while the fifth act is given over to the reunion of father and daughter, followed by the reunion of husband and wife. In consequence we have in these two plays a kind of double focus, upon father and

daughter, which is quite unlike anything found in Shakespeare's other plays.² In the earlier comedies our attention is sometimes divided between different pairs of lovers, as in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labor's Lost*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*; or between different groups of characters, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. But nowhere else do we have this shift of focus from father to daughter, and the great gap of time in the middle of the play.

In *The Winter's Tale* this structure is all-important as a vehicle of the play's significances by contrasting the images of wintry barrenness and desolation centering on Leontes with images of spring and fertility centering on Perdita. In *Pericles* the function of the double focus is less immediately obvious. The parallels between the misfortunes that befall father and daughter—in both cases their afflictions begin with a plot to murder them, which they escape, only to be overtaken by further calamities—have a similar effect to the parallels between main plot and subplot in *King Lear* and *Timon of Athens*. The sudden and violent blows of fortune that strike Marina, as they had struck her father, deepen and widen the play's image of the world as a lasting storm, whirring us from our friends (IV.i.19–20). But to this parallel Shakespeare adds a contrast, found in the way in which father and daughter respond to these afflictions.

A number of critics in recent years have claimed that Pericles, as Shakespeare depicts him, is an embodiment of patience in adversity, a kind of male Griselda-figure, and that the play presents an *exemplum* of this virtue of patience that leads to restoration and happiness. Now it is true that, compared to his prototypes in the sources, Pericles behaves under the earlier blows of fortune with much moderation and restraint. For instance, in his reception of the news of his wife's death, where in Gower and Twine he indulges in the most frantic display of grief, in Shakespeare's scene he expresses it much less vehemently. Yet nothing suggests to me here that he is meant to be seen as an embodiment of patience in adversity. The nurse, Lychorida, repeatedly calls upon him to be patient: "Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm" (assist, that is, by his loud cries of grief); "Patience, good sir,/Even for this charge" (III.i.19, 26–27). It would be odd to be preaching patience to a figure embodying that virtue. His reception of the news of Marina's death, as described in dumb show and chorus, suggests even less that Shakespeare thought of Pericles as pre-eminently a patient man. "Cleon shows Pericles the tomb," we are told, "whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs." And Gower comments:

And Pericles, in sorrow all devoured,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'ershowered,
Leaves Tharsus and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs.
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. (IV.iv.25–31)

² This double focus is well brought out by the quarto's title page: "The late, And much admired Play, Called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole Historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince: As also, The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter Mariana."

The "tempest, which his mortal vessel tears" is, of course, the storm of his "mighty passion" that ravages his mortal body. He does not die ("And yet he rides it out"). But he shuts himself away from all human society, and when Marina visits him, he has not spoken to a living soul for three months. Can Shakespeare really have thought that this is the way in which exemplars of patience accept the blows of fortune? Wilkins certainly thought otherwise, and makes clear his view of Pericles' action of shutting himself away from his fellow men by making Lysimachus declare that "though his misfortunes haue beene great, and by which he hath great cause for this sorrow, it is great pitty he should continue thus peruerse and obstinate, or so noble a gentleman come to so dishonorable a death," and having Marina tell her father that "hee was borne a Prince, whose dignity being to gouerne others, it was most foule in him to misgouerne himselfe."

Neither can I believe in the suggestion made by one of the proponents of this view (J. M. S. Tompkins in *Review of English Studies* [1952], 315 ff.)—a suggestion that has been widely accepted—that Shakespeare called his hero "Pericles" after the Athenian statesman, whose life he could have read in Plutarch, who stresses the patience of his hero at the beginning and end of the "Life." I can perceive no resemblance between the two, apart from the fact that they are both excellent fellows. Previously it had been held—and, I think, rightly—that the name was derived from the *Arcadia*, Sir Philip Sidney's great prose romance, which is full of incidents like those described in *Pericles*. One of its two heroes, called Pyrocles, is depicted as a pattern of all princely virtues. That Shakespeare had Sidney's hero in mind while writing his play seems proved by the fact that Marina's description of her father's behavior during the storm at sea in which she was born closely follows Sidney's account of Pyrocles' behavior during the storm at sea that precedes his shipwreck.³ Like Sidney's hero, Pericles is depicted as an exemplar not of patience but of all princely excellences. The episodes in the first two acts—often claimed, I believe unjustly, to be insufficiently integrated with the rest of the play—serve not only to present instances of the many blows of fortune that strike Pericles, but also to exhibit his various excellences: his perspicacity in solving Antiochus' riddle (even if it does not seem to *us* a particularly hard one); his loving care of his subjects, which makes him grieve over the danger to which he has unwittingly exposed them; his

³ That the author of the first two acts had Pyrocles in mind when writing of his hero's adventures seems indicated by II.i. and II.ii. As J. C. Maxwell has pointed out, there is nothing in previous versions of the story about the fishing up of the rusty armor, or about the hero's participation and victory in a tournament. In Gower he takes part and excels in athletic games held in the presence of the king; in Twine he gains the king's favor by his expertise in playing tennis with him and washing him in his bath. The idea of Pericles entering the lists anonymously, in an old, rusty armor inherited from his father, with a pair of bases made from a fisherman's cloak, and proving victorious over all rivals, would seem to have been suggested by Sidney's description of how Pyrocles, in mean attire, entered the lists and defeated the champion at a tournament at the court of King Basilius: "For he had neither picture, nor device; his armor of as old a fashion (besides the rusty poorness) that it might better seem a monument of his grandfather's courage; about his middle he had, instead of bases, a long cloak of silk, which, as unhandsomely as it needs must, became the wearer . . ." (*Arcadia*, I.17.5).

surpassing excellence in the tournament; his accomplishment in ballroom dancing in full armor (in the *Arcadia* it is the other hero, Musidorus, who dances featly in armor); his supreme skill as a musician; and his modesty, courtesy, and graceful bearing throughout these scenes. Only in his response to the blows of fortune does he fall short of the princely ideal, most signally in his self-seclusion from all human society after being falsely persuaded of the death of Marina. In this he again resembles Pyrocles, whose only discernible fault is a lack of patience in adversity, which culminates in the episode in which he attempts to brain himself by running his head against the wall, after being falsely persuaded of the death of his beloved Philoclea. (The parallel is increased by the resemblance between Dionyza and Sidney's Cecropia, which has been noted by commentators.)

Just as Pericles is depicted as the pattern of all princely excellences, so Marina is shown to be the pattern of all excellences becoming to a princess. This is made manifest both in the action and in Gower's commentary upon it, above all in his opening choruses in Acts IV and V. If we are looking for a figure in the play exemplifying patience in adversity, it is here that it is to be found. This is emphasized in the great recognition scene, when Pericles exclaims:

Tell thy story.
If thine, considered, prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffered like a girl; yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. (V.i.138-43)

Her endurance has, in fact, proved much greater than his. Instead of shutting herself up in her grief, after suffering a series of afflictions that more than equal his, this fourteen-year-old girl becomes the admired teacher of many skills to pupils of noble race. She then endures Pericles' initial rough reception of her, yet continues to look "Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling/Extremity out of act."

We have seen, then, that the play's double focus on father and daughter serves to bring out a contrast as well as a parallel between them, both of which are important to the play's full effect. Elsewhere, too, in *Pericles* such basic parallels and contrasts are to be found. In the non-Shakespearean part there is above all the extended parallel and contrast between the main action of Act I and Act II. Having presented in Act I the wicked king with his wicked daughter, whose hand Pericles tries to gain by solving a riddle, the playwright presents in Act II the good king with his good daughter, whose hand Pericles tries to gain by winning a tournament. Just as he was successful in solving the riddle, he is successful in winning the tournament. And where the wicked king, Antiochus, pretended friendship toward him, while actually planning his death, the good king, Simonides, pretends enmity toward him, while actually planning to make him his son-in-law.

In the Shakespearean part there is the extended parallel between Pericles' mistaken belief in the death of his wife and his mistaken belief in the death of his daughter, and his final reunion with each. Less obvious is the contrast between the monstrous incest of father and daughter in Act I, brought out in such lines of the riddle as

He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child. (I.i.69-70)

and the blessed "incest" of father and daughter in Act V, suggested by Pericles' words to Marina, "Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget" (V.i.199).

It is such parallels and contrasts—which are typical both of Sidney's *Arcadia* and of Shakespeare's previous plays—that help to give shape and coherence to the episodic and formless romance material on which *Pericles* is based.

I have taken issue with the view that Pericles is an exemplar of the virtue of patience in adversity. I find even more misleading the common assertion that Shakespeare presents the main events of the play, both the misfortunes and the reunions, as the work of divine Providence. The whole pattern of Pericles' painful adventures, as these critics see it, is a pattern imposed by the gods. But the notion of a divine Providence that persecutes wholly virtuous characters so cruelly and for so long is repugnant, and so several of these critics are driven to discover some offense in the protagonists for which they are punished. Such an attempt to find a pattern of sin, punishment, expiation, and restoration in the play seems to me to violate and distort its whole spirit. It is to assimilate *Pericles* to *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*, where sin and expiation do play an important part. In *Pericles*, as in the miracle plays, we are confronted with the *undeserved* sufferings of the wholly innocent and entirely virtuous—of Pericles, Thaisa, and Marina. And both their misfortunes and their restorations are shown to be mainly due to accident, to chance. The goddess who presides over the play is not Diana but Fortuna. It is by accident that the waves throw up the coffin containing Thaisa at Ephesus near the house of Cerimon, just the person who possesses the rare medical knowledge and skill needed to restore her to life. It is accident that brings Pericles' ship Mytilene and Marina on board this ship, thus enabling father and daughter to be reunited. To see in all this the hand of Providence is indeed to take away from our sense of wonder. Only once in the play is there any clear evidence of supernatural intervention: in V.i., where the goddess Diana appears to Pericles in a vision. Without this vision the final reunion of Thaisa with her husband and daughter would have been difficult to bring about. In both Shakespeare's sources this vision is found, though only in Shakespeare is it the goddess Diana that appears to Pericles. Gower speaks of a vision sent by "the high god," while in Twine's version an angel appears to Pericles in his sleep. But I can find no suggestion in the play that Diana had any other part in its events.

It is true that, like all Shakespeare's virtuous and noble characters, Pericles sees the hand of heaven behind all the accidents that befall him. At the news of Thaisa's death he cries out,

O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? (III.i.22-24)

And at the reunion with Thaisa he exclaims:

You gods, your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports. (V.iii.39-40)

But, as with Shakespeare's great tragedies, this view is not imposed by the play upon the audience. It is above all contradicted by the choruses (except for the final moralistic one, of doubtful authorship), for Gower insists repeatedly upon Fortune's responsibility for the events. It is Fortune, he tells us, at the beginning of Act II, that threw Pericles ashore near Pentapolis. It is "Fortune's mood," he remarks at the beginning of Act III, that conjures up the storm during which Marina is born.

Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be orderèd
By Lady Fortune; (IV.iv.46-48)

he comments in Act IV. But Lady Fortune is merely the personification of the power of accident in human affairs.

I have spoken of the sense of wonder and amazement that Shakespeare's Last Plays seek to evoke in both characters and audience. It vents itself in a language that is characteristic of these plays, and that has appeared only fitfully before, chiefly in Shakespeare's late tragedies. It is a simple, translucent language, melodious in sound, slow in pace, remote and dreamlike in its effect. Certain images tend to recur, above all images of precious objects: pearls, jewels, silver, and gold. Here are two examples of it from *Pericles*:

She is alive! Behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold; the diamonds
Of a most praised water doth appear
To make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be. (III.ii.99-106)

I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wandlike straight;
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry
The more she gives them speech. (V.i.109-16)

Apart from the more powerful evocation of a sense of wonder, and the style in which it expresses itself, what is it that chiefly marks off *Pericles* from Shakespeare's preceding comedies, and that points forward to the other Last Plays?

Closely related to this increased sense of wonder is a greater predominance of fairy-tale motifs and fairy-tale atmosphere. *Pericles* is full of such motifs, from the opening scene, in which the young prince has to solve a riddle in order to gain the hand of the beautiful princess, to the play's Epilogue, which announces, in the manner of fairy tales, the reward of the virtuous and the cruel punishment of the wicked. This fairy-tale atmosphere makes it easier to accept the improbabilities in the play's action: Pericles' failure to visit his daughter for fourteen years after leaving her with Cleon and Dionyza; Thaisa's decision to lead the life of a vestal because, unaccountably, she will never see her husband again. (This could easily have been motivated, as it is in Gower and Wilkins, by her mistaken belief that

her husband was drowned during the storm at sea. Perhaps some lines to this effect have dropped out of the text).

Allied to the increased predominance of the fairy-tale atmosphere is the intrusion of the supernatural, which does not enter into the earlier comedies, with the single exception of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In *Pericles* Diana appears to the hero in a vision; in *Cymbeline* Jupiter descends on his eagle and prophesies; in *The Winter's Tale* we have the oracle of Apollo, and in *The Tempest* Ariel and his fellow spirits.

I have already spoken of the difference of structure that marks off *Pericles* and *The Winter's Tale* from all Shakespeare's other plays. Next, there is the difference in the young heroine. It is partly a difference in age: Marina is fourteen years old, Miranda fifteen, Perdita sixteen, while the young heroines of the preceding comedies, such as Beatrice, Portia, Rosalind, and Viola, seem a good deal older. For a heroine in a previous play who is of Marina's age we have to turn not to a comedy but to an early tragedy. Juliet, too, is fourteen years old. In personality also Marina is more like Juliet, or like Cordelia, than she is like Portia, or Beatrice, or Rosalind, who dazzle us above all by their wit. And unlike all the heroines of the preceding comedies, Marina exists primarily not in relation to a lover but to her father. She is given a husband at the end, but in a most perfunctory way, and we are never even told whether she loves him. Shakespeare is clearly not at all interested in the Marina-Lysimachus relationship. In the other Last Plays there is no parallel to this. While the relation of father and daughter is also of some importance in them, it is the relation of the daughter to her lover, of Perdita to Florizel, of Miranda to Ferdinand, of Imogen to Posthumus, that mainly concerns us.

Finally, these Last Plays differ from the preceding comedies in the weight and scope given to the scenes depicting the reunion of loved relatives long separated and believed dead. This motif is dominant in *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Winter's Tale*—much less so in *The Tempest*. It had also occurred in some of Shakespeare's earlier comedies. In *Twelfth Night* and *Measure for Measure* a loved brother, firmly believed dead, suddenly appears alive before his sister. In *Much Ado About Nothing* and *All's Well That Ends Well* a bride believed dead appears alive before her bridegroom or husband. In the final scene of *The Comedy of Errors* Shakespeare staged the biggest reunion of them all: not only two pairs of twin brothers, who had been separated since babyhood, are reunited, but the parents of the one pair with each other as well as with their sons, all after some thirty-three years of separation. It is the perfunctory manner in which these reunions are dramatized, the absence of any expression of their emotional experience, that makes these scenes in the earlier comedies (with the exception of *Twelfth Night*) so different in impact from the reunion scenes especially of *Pericles* and *The Winter's Tale*.

Until the closing of the theaters in 1642 *Pericles* seems to have been one of Shakespeare's greatest stage successes. The fact that the quarto text was reprinted five times between 1609 and 1635 alone bears witness to its popularity. At the Restoration it was the first of Shakespeare's plays to be revived, with Betterton in the title role. But in the two hundred and fifty years from then until the beginning of this century the play fell into disrepute, receiving only a handful of performances, and even these

giving the play in a radically altered or mutilated form. Only in the last few decades has it begun again to receive the attention it deserves from producers and critics, who have come to see that, as well as being full of highly effective scenes for the stage, it contains some of Shakespeare's loveliest and most haunting verse.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

The chief literary influence discernible in *Pericles* is Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*. It extends not only to structure, action, treatment of character, themes, and atmosphere (see Introduction, pp. 1411 ff.), but also to a number of verbal echoes in both parts of the play. In the non-Shakespearean part we find such echoes at I.i.11-12 ("The senate house of the planets was at no time so set, for the decreeing of perfection in a man"), and I.i.63-64 ("asking no advise of no thought, but of faithfulness and courage"); in the Shakespearean part the echoes at III.ii.100-04 ("Her faire liddes then hiding her fairer eyes, seemed unto him sweete boxes of mother of pearle, riche in themselves, but contaning in them farre richer Jewells") and at IV.Cho.23-25 ("the cloth loking with many eies upon her, & lovingly embracing the wounds she gave it") are less close but still manifest. The most extensive detailed parallel also belongs to Shakespeare's part: Marina's description of her father's behavior during the storm at sea in which she was born,

My father, as nurse says, did never fear,
But cried, "Good seamen!" to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands haling ropes (IV.i.52-54)

was closely influenced by the great storm scene in the *Arcadia* (which also seems to have left its mark on the opening scene of *The Tempest*), where we are told of the princes that they "did in their countenances accuse no point of feare, but encouraging them [the sailors] to doo what might be done (putting their handes to everie most painefull office). . . ." While Shakespeare, as was his wont, has made the description far more vivid and dramatic, he retains the order in which the three ingredients—fearlessness, encouragement, painful office—are mentioned in Sidney's account.

The play has two main sources: Book VIII of John Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, written toward the end of the fourteenth century and printed in 1532 and 1554; and Laurence Twine's prose narrative *The Patterne of Painefull Aduentures*, registered in 1576, and extant in an undated edition and a reprint in 1607. Though both sources were drawn upon throughout the play, the influence of Gower greatly predominates, so that his spirit is fitly chosen to act as the play's presenter. Not only does it usually follow Gower rather than Twine at points in the plot where the two diverge, but it is also much more under the verbal influence of Gower than of Twine. I have been able to find only one clear verbal echo of Twine (at I.Cho.18), while there are many such echoes of Gower; at III.ii.107 the whole line is taken over from Gower (lines 1206-07, "Ha, wher am I?/Where is my Lord, what world is this?"), and other verbal echoes are found, for instance, at I.i.156; V.Cho.14; and V.i.88.

The names, too, are mainly derived from Gower: Dionyza (*Dionise* in Gower, *Dionisiades* in Twine); Lychorida (*Lichorida* in Gower, *Ligozides* in Twine); Thaisa (derived from *Thaise*, Gower's name for Pericles' daughter, called Tharsia in Twine; Pericles' wife is there called *Lucina* and left nameless in Gower); Leonine (in Gower the name of the pander); Helicanus (from a Tyrian messenger called *Hellican* in Gower's text, but *Helicanus* in one of the Latin glosses; *Elinatus* in Twine); Philoten (*Philomacia* in Twine); Thaliard (*Taliart* in Gower, *Taliarchus* in Twine). Cerimon's name is found in both Gower and Twine. The names Pericles, Marina, Simonides, Lysimachus, Cleon, Escanes, and Boulton are not found in any of the sources. They may have been Shakespeare's inventions, or may have been taken over by him from the old play.

The only exception to the predominance of Gower as a source is found in three scenes in Act IV, where Twine is principally drawn on. In IV.i Marina's mourning for her dead nurse, and her intended visit to her grave, are entirely based on Twine, there being no mention of this in Gower; the intervention of the pirates is also much closer to Twine. IV.iii is entirely based on Twine. There is nothing in Gower to suggest that Cleon in any way disapproves of the murder. In IV.vi the play follows Twine in making Lysimachus visit the brothel as a client, whereas in Gower he is free from any stain, never visits the brothel, and encounters Marina for the first time on board her father's ship.

Readers wishing to study Gower's and Twine's share in each scene of the play should consult the headnotes in J. C. Maxwell's edition. Whether Shakespeare went directly to these sources or depended entirely on the old play which he rewrote—if this is, in fact, what happened—is a moot point. But his use of sources elsewhere suggests that he would not have shunned the labor of reading Gower, Twine, and whatever other version of the story came his way; and it seems probable that the verbal echoes of Gower were derived at first hand. The only indication that any other version of the story has been made use of is the word "bitumed" at III.i.72 and III.ii.57. This word, which is found in neither Gower nor Twine—nor anywhere else in Shakespeare—occurs in its Latin form (*cum bitumine liniri*), in the same context, in the story as told in the *Gesta Romanorum*, the Latin collection of tales, probably compiled around the turn of the thirteenth century, from which Twine's novel, by way of a French translation, is derived.

The Shakespearean part of *Pericles* follows the narrative outline of the sources with a fidelity not found elsewhere in the poet's dramatization of romance material, and this may be taken as a further indication that the scenario is not of his devising. Oddly, the non-Shakespearean part of the play adds more that is not in Gower and Twine than the Shakespearean part. No suggestion in any of the sources is provided for the figure of Helicanus, and his scene with Pericles (I.ii) and with the Tyrian Lords (II.iv); nor for the tournament scene (II.ii; see Introduction, p. 1411, note 3), or for Simonides' faked anger with Pericles (II.v). As G. A. Barker has pointed out in an important article in *English Studies*, XLIV (1963), the main concern of the author of the first two acts seems to have been with political ideas—with what constitutes the good

ruler. But this theme is of little importance in Shakespeare's part of the play. And neither he nor the author of the first two acts betrays much concern with what was Gower's avowed purpose in telling the Apollonius story: to make men see that unlawful love, like Antiochus', leads to disaster, whereas lawful, honorable love, like Apollonius', leads eventually to happiness (lines 1993–2019). Much closer to the heart of Shakespeare's presentation seems Twine's view of the story's events; it is well expressed by the title page of his novel, "The Patterne of painefull Aduentures: Containing the most excellent, pleasant and variable Historie of the strange accidents that befell vnto Prince Apollonius, the Lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter. Wherein the vncertaintie of this world, and the fickle state of mans life are liuely described." To this Shakespeare adds a concern with the way in which men endure the blows of fortune, expressed by means of the parallels and contrasts discussed in the Introduction (pp. 1411 ff.).

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The booke of *Pericles Prynce of Tyre* (i.e., presumably, the promptbook) was entered, together with *Antony and Cleopatra*, in the Stationers' Register on May 20, 1608. Both plays were entered to Edward Blount, and, as neither of them was published by him, it has been supposed that these were "blocking entries," designed to prevent piracy. If so, this proved unsuccessful in the case of *Pericles*, for what is certainly a pirated version of the play was brought out in 1609 by another publisher, Henry Gosson. It proved so popular that a second quarto edition of the play was published by him in the same year, a third appeared in 1611, a fourth in 1619, a fifth in 1630, and a sixth in 1635 (Q2–Q6). As all of these are merely reprints of one another, they have no independent textual authority. *Pericles* was not included in the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, the First Folio of 1623, and was not added to any collected edition until the second impression of the Third Folio, in 1664, where it was reprinted from Q6. Varying explanations of the reason for the play's exclusion from the First Folio have been put forward: copyright difficulties; the absence of a good text available to the editors; the fact that the play is only partly Shakespeare's. The last would seem the most probable reason, and is weakened only by the inclusion in the Folio of *Henry VIII*.

The only authoritative text of *Pericles* is therefore that of the first quarto of 1609 (Q). It is unfortunately a very poor text, as the list below of some hundred and eighty corrupt readings makes immediately apparent. At least some twenty of these would seem to be auditory errors, due to a mishearing by the reporter of the words spoken on the stage (apparent instances of this are found at I.i.114; I.ii.86; II.ii.30; IV.Cho.26; IV.iv.24; V.i.229). Most scholars agree that the text derives from a report of the play as performed by Shakespeare's company. It is the degree of badness of the report about which they are divided. Some would group it with the "bad" quartos, such as those of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet*; others insist that, in spite of numerous corruptions, many of them due to the compositors, the text is basically a good one. My own

view is that the quarto of *Pericles* stands somewhere between the good and the bad quartos: too faithful to its original to be classed as a "bad" quarto; too full of errors (both graphic and auditory), of omissions, and additions, to be accounted a good one.

Next to the errors due to mishearing, the reporter seems responsible for a variety of other deficiencies in the text: (1) In the Shakespearean part, after—for the most part impeccably—setting out the verse of III.i, he apparently found the task too demanding, and wrote out the remaining blank verse as prose; and that is how most of it was set by the compositors. (2) He occasionally seems to have added words, or even whole lines, that can scarcely have been in the Shakespearean original (for example, V.i.241–42). (3) There are two scenes in the play in which an evident gap in the report is to be found: in I.ii, where some dialogue between Pericles and Helicanus is evidently missing (before line 38; see the gloss on line 37); and in IV.vi, where some dialogue between Marina and Lysimachus appears to have been lost (after line 108). In the first case the reporter seems to have made little attempt to fill the gap; in the second case he apparently tried to fill it by reconstructing the missing lines from memory—a memory that must have been exceedingly dim (see Introduction, pp. 1408).

But apart from this instance, there is no indication in the text that—as in all the "bad" quartos proper—the report was a memorial reconstruction. On the contrary—at least in the Shakespearean part—the report must have been made at the theater, probably during repeated visits to performances of the play. Long scenes such as III.i and V.i, in which the text has every appearance of adhering faithfully to the Shakespearean original, cannot have been reported from memory.⁴ In the non-Shakespearean part it is much more difficult to be sure of this, and there are some grounds for supposing that its fidelity to the original text is not as great (notably in II.i).

The majority of the corrupt readings in Q seem, in fact, to have been introduced not by the reporter but by the compositors (Philip Edwards has shown them to have been three in number), who were uniformly slovenly and careless at their task (except in II.v, which seems to be free from compositorial errors). They misread words, misassigned speeches, occasionally omitted speech prefixes, sometimes set prose as verse, and made only sporadic—and then quite inept—attempts to reestablish Shakespeare's blank verse division. The occasional omission of words within a line (as at I.iv.13), or of a whole line (as, apparently, after line 14 in IV.iii and probably after line 122 in I.ii), would also seem to be attributable to them rather than to the reporter.

The text of this edition diverges on a number of points from preceding ones:

(1) Where the quarto text is manifestly corrupt and we are left with nonsense, I have not hesitated to emend, even when we cannot be sure that the chosen emendation is necessarily the right one and when previous modern editors have retained the original reading. Instances of this

⁴ I do not share Philip Edwards' pessimistic view that "we have in these later acts only the *dissecta membra* of once powerful verse," that "we lose sight, presumably forever, of the genuine version of the last three acts, from the opening of III.ii" (*Shakespeare Survey* 5 [1952], 38).

are found at I.iv.13; III.ii.84–87; IV.i.11; and V.i.210. On the other hand, Q readings have, on a very few occasions, been retained where previous editors have emended, for example at III.i.68, where editors have unnecessarily emended Q's "coffin" to "coffer," since the two words were used interchangeably in Shakespeare's day.

(2) Like other editors, I have for the most part followed Malone's relineation of Shakespeare's blank verse in the passages where it was set as prose. But occasionally, where better and more Shakespearean verse seemed to result, I have introduced line divisions not found in previous editions, for example, at III.iii.9–15; IV.i.27–30; V.i.21–22.

(3) Sometimes I have departed from the punctuation adopted by previous editors, and thereby imposed a different meaning on the text. An example of this is found at I.i.7–12:

Bring in our daughter, clothèd like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reigned,
Nature this dowry gave to glad her presence.
The senate house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

The last four lines are a major crux in the play, and have been much emended and discussed. Most editors put a colon in line 10, either after "gave" or after "presence" (Q puts a semicolon after "gave" and a comma after "presence"), thus making the planetary influence itself Nature's dowry. But this does not make astrological sense, as (a) beauty was considered the gift of Nature, not of the planets; (b) planetary influence would be thought of as exerted at birth, not between conception and birth; (c) such planetary influence would not be believed to be in the gift of Nature. By punctuating as above, I have separated Nature's gift from that of the planets, interpreting: "between conception and birth Nature gave her her beauty as dowry ('this dowry': the beauty you are about to behold); then, at her birth, the planets bestowed upon her other, nonphysical, perfections over which they have control." The change in punctuation thus restores sense to the passage, and to Nature and the stars what is the due of each.

(4) Not infrequently the explanations given in the glosses differ from those of previous editors. For example, at I.Cho.42 the word "justify," instead of having its modern meaning is, I believe, one of a series of legal metaphors, and has the archaic meaning of "acquit, absolve" (*Oxford English Dictionary* 4); while at V.i.221 I believe it has another archaic meaning, that of "affirm" (*Oxford English Dictionary* 5b).

(5) I have parted company from previous editors over several stage directions, which they have taken over from Malone's edition, and which seem quite unjustified. There are two chief instances of this. At the opening of III.ii Q's direction reads, "*Enter Lord Cerymon with a servant.*" Malone, followed by most subsequent editors, added to this "*and some Persons who have been shipwrecked,*" because of Cerimon's line, "Get fire and meat for these poor men" (line 3). But to march several characters onto the stage, only to march them off again a few lines later (line 10) without their having uttered a word, would be a most un-Shakespearean piece of dramaturgy. I have, therefore,

adhered to Q's direction, and emended "these" in line 3 to "those," so that Pericles is speaking of some poor men—there is not the slightest indication that they are shipwrecked—who are never brought on stage, but are merely mentioned in order to display Cerimon in his role of benefactor. The other instance occurs at the opening of V.i. We are on board Pericles' ship, having just been told by Gower:

In your supposing once more put your sight:
Of heavy Pericles think this his bark. (V.Cho.21–22)

Malone, with evidently little faith in the audience's capacity for supposing, has added to the required direction ("*On board Pericles' Ship,*" etc.), "*A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.*" At line 10 he introduced the direction, "*The Gentlemen and the Two Sailors descend, and go on board the Barge. Enter, from thence, Lysimachus and Lords*"; at line 52, "*Exit Lord, in the Barge of Lysimachus*"; and at line 65, "*Enter, from the Barge, Lord, Marina, and a young Lady.*" And all these directions have been taken over by subsequent editors. It is not clear how Malone envisaged the staging of this, but he evidently imagined the barge—by means of some piece of stage machinery—departing, and returning a few minutes later with Marina, all in full view of the audience. There is neither need nor warrant for all this, and in the present edition Malone's barge has been silently dropped.

In the quartos of *Pericles* the text is not divided into acts and scenes. The act division was introduced by the Third Folio, and the scene division by Malone. In the present text spelling and punctuation have been modernized, and speech prefixes expanded and regularized. All additions to Q's stage directions are indicated by brackets. Purely typographical errors have been silently corrected. All other departures from the quarto text are listed below, with the adopted reading given first in boldface type, followed by Q's reading in roman.

I.Cho.39 a of

I.i.8 For the embracements For embracements **18 razed** racte
57 Antiochus [Q omits] **112 our** your **114 cancel** counsell
121 s.d. Exeunt . . . Pericles Manet Pericles solus **128 you're**
you **129 uncomely** vntimeley **170 Antiochus** [Q omits]

I.ii.s.d. Enter Pericles Enter Pericles with his Lords **4 Be my**
By me **21 honor him** honour **26 th' ostent** the stint **31 am**
once **42 blast** sparke **45 a peace** peace **66 you** you yourselte
83 Bethought me Bethought **84 fears** feare **86 doubt** doo't
100 grieve them griue for them **122 we'll** will

I.iii.1 Thaliard [Q omits] **27 ears** it seas **28 seas** Sea **30**
Helicanus [Q omits] **34 betook** betake

I.iv.13 sorrows cease not sorrowes **17 helps** helpers **36 they**
thy **39 two summers** too sauers **58 thou** thee **67 Hath** That
74 him's himnes **76–77 will, what need we fear?**/On ground's
the lowest, will, and what they can,/What need wee leaue our
grounds the lowest?

II.Cho.11 Tharsus Tharstill **19 for he strives** for though he
striue **22 Sends word** Sau'd one **24 hid intent to murder** hid
in Tent to muredred [changed in some copies of Q to "had intent to
murder"]

II.i.6 me breath my breath **12 What ho, Pilch!** What, to
pelch? **18 fetch thee** fetch'th **34 devours** deuowre **42 Third**
Fisherman. I. 57 scratch it Search **82 quoth-a** ke-tha **86**
holidays all day; **moreo'er** more; or **94 your** you **103–04 is**
called Pentapolis I cald Pantapoles **126 thy crosses** crosses
134 thee from!—may't thee, Fame may **161 rapture** rupture
164 delightful delight **171 equal** a Goale

II.ii.4 daughter daughter heere 27 Più per dolcezza che per forza Pue Per doleera kee per forsa 28 what's with 29 chivalry Chiually 30 pompae Pompey 56 for by
 II.iii.3 To I 13 yours your 26 Envied Enuies 29 but not 38 Yon You 39 tells me tels 44 son's sonne like 51 stored stur'd 52 you do do you 114 Simonides [Q omits]
 II.iv.10 their those 33 gives giue's 34 leaves leaue 35 death's indeed death in deed 36 this: kingdoms this Kingdome is 42 For Try 57 endeavor it endeaour
 III.Cho.2 the house about about the house 6 'fore from 7 crickets Cricket 8 All Are 17 coigns Crignes 29 t' appease t'opprese 35 Y-ravishèd Iranyshe 46 Fortune's mood fortune mou'd 60 sea-tossed seas tost
 III.i.7 Thou stormest then storme 11 midwife my wife 26 Vie Vse 52 custom easterne 53-54 for . . . straight [In Q this is printed after "meet" in the next line] 61 in the ooze in oare 63 And The 66 paper Taper
 III.ii.3 those these 26 held hold 37 And I can and can 38 gives doth giue 41 treasure pleasure 48 never raze neuer 57 bitumed bottomed 77 even euer 84-87 I have read/Of some Egyptians, who after four hours' death/Have raised impoverished bodies, like to this,/Unto their former health I heard of an Egiptian that had 9. howers lien dead,/Who was by good applyaunce recouered 89 still rough 95 Breathes breath
 III.iii.5 shafts shakes 6 hurt hant 7 woundingly wondringly 29-30 honor all,/Unscissored honour,/All vnsisterd 31 ill will
 III.iv.5 eaning learning
 IV.Cho.10 her hie; heart art 14 Seeks Seeke 17 ripe right; rite sight 21 she they 26 night-bird night bed 32 With dove of Paphos might the crow The Doue of Paphos might with the crow 47 carry carried
 IV.i.5-6 or flaming love thy bosom/Enslave in flaming, thy loue bosome, enflame 11 weeping her old nurse's weeping for her onely Mistresse 19 is as a is a 24-25 favor/Is fauours 27 On the sea margent ere the sea marre it 62 stem sterne 92 s.d. They . . . Marina Exit 95 she'll shee will

IV.ii.4 much much much 21 they're too ther's two 51 It I 67 me to me, for to 75 was like to was to 107 i' the ethe 114 crowns of crownes in 128 Bawd. Mari.
 IV.iii.1 are ere 6 A O 12 fact face 17 pious impious 27 prime prince 28 sources courses 31 distain disdaine 33 Marina's Marianas
 IV.iv.7 scene sceanes 8 i' th' gaps with gappes 10 the thy 12 life's liues 16 Tyre time 18 his this 19 go on grone 24 true-owed true olde 29 puts put 48 scene Steare
 IV.vi.s.d. Enter . . . Boulte Enter Bawdes 3 40 dignifies dignities 41 punk number 72 name't name 92 aloof aloft 134 ways way 140 She He 157 ways way 189 I will will 198 women woman
 V.Cho.8 silk, twin Silke Twine 13 lost left 14 Whence Where 16 city's hived Citie striu'de
 V.i.11 Mytilenian Sailor. Hell. [changed in some copies of Q to "I. Say."] 16 you, sir, to you to 35-37 Lysimachus. Yet . . . wish./Helicanus. Behold . . . Till yet . . . wish./Lys. Behold . . . person./Hell. Till 37 night wight 47 ports parts 50 And with her fellow maid is now and her fellow maides, now 67 presence present 71 I'd I do; rarely wed rarely to wed 72 Fair one, all Faire on all; bounty beautie 74 feat fate 82 s.d. They . . . sings The Song 83 Marked Marke 105 country-woman Countrey women 106 shores? . . . shores shewes? . . . shewes 110 such sucha one 127 make my senses make senses 130 say stay 144 thou them? Thy thou thy 158 Motion as well? Motion well 166-67 be: My daughter's buried. be my daughter, buried 184 Pericles Hell. 210-11 perfect, and thou art/The perfit, the 211 life like 217 thou art th' art 229 doubt doat 236 Pericles. I hear most heavenly music Lys. I heare./Per. Most heauenly Musicke 249-50 life./Perform like, or performe 264 suit sleight
 V.iii.6 who whom 8 whom who 15 nun mum 22 one in 49 Pericles. Hell. 68 I bless blesse 69 Nightly night 83 [Q has "FINIS" after this line, as well as after line 101] 88 preserved preferd 99 punish them punish



PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

[Dramatis Personae]

GOWER *as Chorus*
ANTIOCHUS *King of Antioch*
PERICLES *Prince of Tyre*
HELICANUS } *two lords of Tyre*
ESCANES }
SIMONIDES *King of Pentapolis*
CLEON *Governor of Tharsus*
LYSIMACHUS *Governor of Mytilene*
CERIMON *a lord of Ephesus*
THALIARD *a lord of Antioch*
PHILEMON *servant to Cerimon*
LEONINE *servant to Dionyza*

MARSHAL
A PANDER
BOULT *his servant*
THE DAUGHTER OF ANTIOCHUS
DIONYZA *wife to Cleon*
THAISA *daughter to Simonides*
MARINA *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa*
LYCHORIDA *nurse to Marina*
A BAWD
DIANA
LORDS LADIES KNIGHTS GENTLEMEN
SAILORS PIRATES FISHERMEN
MESSENGERS

Scene: dispersedly in various Mediterranean countries]

[A C T I]

[*Before the king's palace at Antioch, with heads displayed upon its walls.*]

Enter GOWER° [*as Chorus*].

GOWER
To sing a song that old° was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,°
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves° and holidays,
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives.

The decorative border shown above appeared on the title page of the first quarto edition of Pericles, 1609.

I.Cho.s.d. Gower John Gower, fourteenth-century poet **1** old of old **3** Assuming man's infirmities putting on man's infirm body **6** ember-eves evenings before the fasts known as "ember days"

The purchase° is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius eo melius.°
If you, born in those latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.
This Antioch,° then; Antiochus the great
Built up this city for his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria—
I tell you what mine authors say.
This king unto him took a peer,°
Who died, and left a female heir,
So buxom,° blithe, and full of face,°
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,

10

15

20

25

9 purchase gain **10** Et . . . melius and the more ancient a good thing is the better it is (Latin) **17** This Antioch this is Antioch **21** peer companion, consort **23** buxom gay, lively; full of face beautiful (?) with a round face (?)

And her to incest did provoke.
 Bad child, worse father, to entice his own
 To evil should° be done by none.
 But custom° what they did begin
 Was with long use accounted no sin. 30
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,°
 To seek her as a bedfellow,
 In marriage pleasures playfellow;
 Which to prevent he made a law,
 To keep her still, and men in awe:° 35
 That whoso asked her for his wife,
 His riddle told° not, lost his life.
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify. 40

[Points to the heads.]

What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
 I give my cause, who best can justify.° *Exit.*

[Scene I. Before the palace of Antioch.]

Enter ANTIOCHUS, Prince PERICLES, and followers.

ANTIOCHUS

Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large received°
 The danger of the task you undertake.

PERICLES

I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
 Embold'ned with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard in this enterprise. 5

ANTIOCHUS

Music!

[Music sounds.]

Bring in our daughter, clothèd like a bride,
 For the embracements even of Jove himself;
 At whose conception, till Lucina reigned,°
 Nature this dowry° gave to glad her presence.° 10
 The senate house of planets all did sit,
 To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus' DAUGHTER.

PERICLES

See where she comes, appareled like the spring,
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
 Of every virtue gives° renown to men!
 Her face the book of praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious° pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever razed,° and testy wrath
 Could never be her mild companion.°
 You gods that made me man, and sway in love;° 20

28 **should** which should 29 **custom** through custom 32 **frame** direct their course 36 **To . . . awe** to keep her always to himself, and to keep others from demanding her in marriage 38 **told** expounded 41-42 **What . . . justify** In what now ensues I submit my case to the judgment of your eye, as you are best able to acquit me (of the charge of having told an incredible tale)

I.i.1 **at large received** learned fully 9 **till Lucina reigned** i.e., before her birth (Lucina is the goddess of childbirth) 10 **this dowry** i.e., her beauty; **to . . . presence** to make her presence delightful (?) 15 **gives** which gives 17 **curious** exquisite 18 **razed** erased 19 **her mild companion** the companion of her mildness 20 **sway in love** who govern in love

That have enflamed desire in my breast
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
 Or die in th' adventure, be my helps,
 As° I am son and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness! 25

ANTIOCHUS

Prince Pericles—

PERICLES

That would be son to great Antiochus.

35 ANTIOCHUS

Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,°
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touched;
 For deathlike dragons here affright thee hard. 30
 Her face like heaven enticeth thee to view
 Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
 And which without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all the whole heap° must die.
 Yon sometimes° famous princes, like thyself, 35
 Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
 Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
 That without covering, save yon field of stars,
 Here they stand martyrs slain in Cupid's wars;
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist 40
 For° going on death's net, whom none resist.

PERICLES

Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
 My frail mortality to know itself,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare
 This body, like to them, to what I must; 45
 For death remembered should be like a mirror,
 Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.
 I'll make my will, then; and, as sick men do,
 Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,
 Gripe° not at earthly joys as erst they did, 50
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you
 And all good men, as every prince should do;
 My riches to the earth from whence they came;

[To the PRINCESS.]

But my unspotted fire of love to you.
 Thus, ready for the way of life or death, 55
 I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

ANTIOCHUS

Scorning advice, read the conclusion° then:

15

[He throws down the riddle.]

Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
 As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

DAUGHTER

Of all 'sayed yet,° mayst thou prove prosperous! 60
 Of all 'sayed yet, I wish thee happiness.

PERICLES

Like a bold champion I assume the lists,°
 Nor ask advice of any other thought
 But faithfulness and courage.

24 **As** as surely as 28 **Hesperides** the daughters of Hesperus, the evening star (but here, by confusion, the garden containing the golden apples, which, with the aid of a dragon, they were appointed to watch) 34 **the whole heap** the whole body 35 **sometimes** once 41 **For** for fear of 50 **gripe** grasp 57 **conclusion** riddle 60 **'sayed yet** who have yet assayed 62 **assume the lists** undertake the contest

[He reads] the riddle.

I am no viper,° yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labor
I found that kindness° in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,°
As you will live, resolve it you.

[Aside.]

Sharp physic is the last.° But O, you powers,
That gives° heaven countless eyes to view men's acts:
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light,° I loved you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill.
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You are a fair viol, and your sense° the strings;
Who, fingered to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to
hearken;
But being played upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth,° I care not for you.

[He turns towards the PRINCESS.]

ANTIOCHUS

Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law
As dangerous° as the rest. Your time's expired.
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

PERICLES

Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid° yourself too near° for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown;
For vice repeated° is like the wand'ring wind
Blows° dust in others' eyes to spread° itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear:
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copped° hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is
thronged°
By man's oppression; and the poor worm° doth die
for't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.

65 I . . . viper vipers were believed to be born by eating their way out of the mother's body 68 kindness (1) kinship (2) affection 71 How . . . two how these things may be, and yet all be found in two persons 73 Sharp . . . last The last condition of the riddle is an unpleasant medicine 74 gives give (the third person plural in -s is not unusual) 77 glass of light i.e., one who reflects light, as does a mirror, but does not contain it 82 sense senses (?) 87 Good sooth truly 90 dangerous rigorous 94 braid upbraid; too near touching you too closely 97 repeated talked about 98 Blows which blows; to spread in spreading 102 Copped peaked; thronged crushed 103 worm creature

All love the womb that their first being bred;
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

ANTIOCHUS [Aside.]

Heaven, that I had thy head! He has found the mean-
ing.

But I will gloze° with him. [Aloud.] Young Prince of
Tyre,

Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of° your days,
Yet hope, succeeding° from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,°
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son.
And until then your entertain° shall be
As doth befit our honor and your worth.

[Exeunt all but PERICLES.]

PERICLES

How courtesy would seem° to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!°
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son
By your uncomely° claspings with your child,
Which pleasures fits a husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh
By the defiling of her parents' bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell, for wisdom sees, those men
Blush° not in actions blacker than the night,
Will 'schew° no course to keep them from the
light.

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets,° to put off° the shame.
Then, lest my life be cropped to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. *Exit.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS.

ANTIOCHUS

He hath found the meaning,
For which we mean to have his head. He must
Not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathèd manner.
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honor must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

THALIARD

Doth your highness call?

111 gloze talk speciously 114 cancel of the canceling of 115 succeeding resulting 118 secret be undone riddle be solved 120 entertain entertainment, reception 122 seem make a specious appearance 124 sight outward appearance 129 uncomely improper (see Introduction, p. 1407) 136 Blush who blush 137 'schew eschew, avoid 141 targets shields; put off avert

ANTIOCHUS

Thaliard,

You are of our chamber,^o Thaliard, and our mind
partakes^o

Her private actions to your secrecy;

And for your faithfulness we will advance you. 155

Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold!

We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him.

It fits thee not to ask the reason why.

Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

THALIARD

My lord, 'tis done.

ANTIOCHUS

Enough. 160

Enter a MESSENGER.

Let your breath cool yourself telling your haste.

MESSENGER

My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. *[Exit.]*ANTIOCHUS As thou wilt live, fly after; and like an
arrow shot from a well-experienced archer hits the
mark his eye doth level^o at, so thou never return 165
unless thou say Prince Pericles is dead.THALIARD My lord, if I can get him within my pistol's
length, I'll make him sure^o enough. So farewell to
your highness.

ANTIOCHUS

Thaliard, adieu! *[Exit THALIARD.]* Till Pericles be
dead 170My heart can lend no succor to my head. *[Exit.]**[Scene II. Tyre. A room in the palace.]**Enter PERICLES.*PERICLES *[To SERVANTS without.]*

Let none disturb us.

Why should this change of thoughts,

The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,

Be my so used^o a guest as not an hour

In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night, 5

The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me
quiet?Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
them,

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,

Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;

Yet neither pleasure's art can joy^o my spirits, 10

Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.

Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,

That have their first conception by misdread,^o

Have after-nourishment and life by care;

And what was first but fear what might be done, 15

Grows elder now and cares^o it be not done.

And so with me: the great Antiochus,

'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,

Since he's so great can^o make his will his act,

Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence; 20

Nor boots it me^o to say I honor him,

If he suspect I may dishonor him.

And what may make him blush in being known^o

He'll stop the course by which it might be known.

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land, 25

And with th' ostent^o of war will look so huge,Amazement^o shall drive courage from the state,

Our men be vanquished ere they do resist,

And subjects punished that ne'er thought offense;

Which care of them, not pity of myself, 30

Who am no more but as the tops of trees

Which fence^o the roots they grow by and defend
them,

Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,

And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter [HELICANUS and] all the LORDS to PERICLES.

FIRST LORD

Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast! 35

SECOND LORD

And keep your mind, till you return to us,

Peaceful and comfortable!^o

HELICANUS

Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.^oThey do abuse^o the king that flatter him,For flattery is the bellows blows up^o sin; 40

The thing the which is flattered but a spark

To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,

Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.

When Signor Sooth^o here does proclaim a peace 45

He flatters you, makes war upon your life.

Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;

I cannot be much lower than my knees.

[He kneels.]

PERICLES

All leave us else!^o But let your cares o'er-look^oWhat shipping and what lading's^o in our haven, 50And then return to us. *[Exeunt LORDS.]* Helicanus,

Thou hast moved us. What see'st thou in our looks?

HELICANUS

An angry brow, dread lord:

PERICLES

If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,

How durst thy tongue move anger to our face? 55

HELICANUS

How dares the plants look up to heaven, from whence

They have their nourishment?

PERICLES

Thou knowest I have power

To take thy life from thee.

21 boots it me does it avail me 23 in being known if
it were known 26 th' ostent the display 27 Amaze-
ment consternation 32 fence protect 36-37 And keep
. . . comfortable these lines must be either corrupt or
misplaced, as Pericles' decision to leave Tyre is not taken till the
end of the scene 37 comfortable cheerful (a passage in which
Helicanus reproves Pericles for wasting "his body there with
pining sorrow, upon whose safety depended the lives and
prosperity of a whole kingdom" [Wilkins] and is sternly rebuked
by him for his presumption, must have preceded the next
speech, but is missing from the text) 38 give experience
tongue allow experience to speak 39 abuse ill-use 40
blows up which fans into flame 45 Signor Sooth Sir Flattery
49 All . . . else Everybody else leave us; o'erlook look into
50 lading's cargo's

153 of our chamber our chamberlain; partakes imparts
165 level aim 168 sure unable to do harm

I.ii.4 used customary 10 joy give joy to 13 misdread
dread of evil 16 cares is anxious that 19 can that he can

HELICANUS I have ground the ax myself;
Do but you strike the blow.

PERICLES Rise, prithee, rise.

[*He raises him.*]

Sit down. Thou art no flatterer. 60
I thank thee for't; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!^o
Fit counselor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makes a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

HELICANUS To bear with patience 65
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

PERICLES

Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That ministers a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend^o me then: I went to Antioch, 70
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death
I sought the purchase^o of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate
Are arms^o to princes and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder; 75
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seemed^o not to strike, but smooth;^o but thou know'st
this:

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seems to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled, 80
Under the covering of a careful^o night,
Who seemed my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years; 85
And should he doubt, as no doubt he doth,^o
That I should open^o to the list'ning air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,^o
To lop that doubt,^o he'll fill this land with arms, 90
And make pretense of wrong that I have done him;
When all for mine, if I may call, offense
Must feel war's blow, who^o spares not innocence;
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now^o reprov'dst me for't—

HELICANUS Alas, sir! 95

PERICLES

Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.^o 100

HELICANUS

Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to
speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly, too, I think, you fear the tyrant

Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life. 105

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct^o to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful^o than I'll be. 110

PERICLES

I do not doubt thy faith.
But should he wrong my liberties^o in my absence?

HELICANUS

We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

PERICLES

Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus 115
Intend^o my travel, where I'll hear from thee,
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.^o
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath: 120
Who shuns not to break one^o will crack both.
But in our orbs we'll live so round^o and safe,^o
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince:^o
Thou showed'st a subject's shine, I a true prince.^o
Exit, [with HELICANUS].

[Scene III. *The palace at Tyre.*]

Enter THALIARD solus,^o

THALIARD So this is Tyre, and this the court. Here
must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure
to be hanged at home. 'Tis dangerous. Well, I perceive
he was a wise fellow and had good discretion that, 5
being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he
might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had
some reason for't: for if a king bid a man be a villain,
he's bound by the indenture^o of his oath to be one.
Husht, here comes the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, with other LORDS.

HELICANUS

You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, 10
Further to question me of your king's departure.
His sealed commission left in trust with me
Does speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

THALIARD [*Aside.*] How? The king gone?

HELICANUS

If further yet you will be satisfied 15
Why, as it were, unlicensed of your loves^o
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

THALIARD [*Aside.*] What from Antioch?

62 hear . . . hid i.e., hear the flattery that hides their faults
70 Attend listen to 72 purchase acquisition 74 Are arms
which are arms 78 Seemed pretended; smooth flatter 81
careful taking good care 86 And . . . doth the first "doubt,"
meaning "fear," is pronounced as a disyllable 87 open reveal
89 unlaid ope undisclosed 90 doubt dread, fear 93 who
which 95 now just now 100 grieve them grieve for them

109 direct assign 110 Day . . . faithful day is not served
by light more faithfully 112 liberties prerogatives 116
Intend direct 117 dispose myself direct my actions 121
one pronounced as a disyllable 122 we'll . . . round
(1) we'll live so honestly (2) we'll move in such a perfect circle;
safe trustworthily 123 of . . . convince shall never confute
this truth regarding both of us 124 Thou . . . prince You
showed a subject's luster, I showed myself a true prince
I.iii.s.d. solus alone (Latin) 8 indenture contract binding
servant to master 16 unlicensed . . . loves without your
loving assent

HELICANUS

Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so;
And doubting lest° he had erred or sinned,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct° himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

THALIARD [*Aside.*]

Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged now
Although I would.
But since he's gone, the king's ears it must please
He scaped the land, to perish at the seas.
I'll present myself. [*Aloud.*] Peace to the lords of Tyre!

HELICANUS

Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

THALIARD

From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles.
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels.
Now message must return from whence it came.

HELICANUS

We have no reason to desire it,
Commended° to our master, not to us.
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire:
As friends to Antioch we may feast in Tyre.
Exit, [with the rest].

[Scene IV. Tharsus.]

*Enter CLEON, the Governor of Tharsus, with his wife
[DIONYZA] and others.*

CLEON

My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

DIONYZA

That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs° hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they are but felt and seen with mischief's° eyes,
But like to groves, being topped, they higher rise.

CLEON

O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows cease not to sound deep
Our woes into the air, our eyes to weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them
louder,
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me° with tears.

DIONYZA

I'll do my best, sir.

CLEON

This Tharsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on° whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strewed herself° even in her streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kissed the
clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wond'ered at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorned,
Like one another's glass to trim them by;
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorned, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

DIONYZA

O, 'tis too true!

CLEON

But see what heaven can do by this our change:
These mouths who but of late earth, sea, and air
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise;
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions° to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nuzzle up° their babes,
Thought nought too curious,° are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

DIONYZA

Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

CLEON

O, let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots,° hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a LORD.

LORD

Where's the Lord Governor?

CLEON

Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

LORD

We have descried, upon our neighboring shore,
A portly sail° of ships make hitherward.

CLEON

I thought as much.

21 **doubting lest** fearing that ("doubting" is here tri-syllabic) 22 **he'd correct** he wanted to punish 37 **Commended** since it is commended

I.iv.5 **digs** digs down 8 **mischief's** misfortune's 13-14 **Our tongues . . . weep** let our sorrowful tongues (hendiadys) not cease to . . ., let our eyes not cease to weep 19 **help me** do you help me

22 **on over** 23 **riches strewed herself** "riches" is a feminine singular 26 **jetted and adorned** strutted and dressed themselves up 27 **glass . . . by** pattern according to which to array themselves 31 **repeat** mention 40 **inventions** ingenious novelties 42 **nuzzle up** bring up 43 **curious** exquisite 54 **superfluous riots** inordinate revels 61 **portly sail** stately fleet

[A C T I I]

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighboring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuffed the hollow vessels with their power,^o
To beat us down, the which are down already,
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas^o no glory's got to overcome.

LORD

That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags displayed, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favorers, not as foes.^o

CLEON

Thou speak'st like him's untutored to repeat:^o
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, what need we fear?
On ground's the lowest,^o and we are halfway there.
Go tell their general we attend^o him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.^o

LORD

I go, my lord.

[Exit.]

CLEON

Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;^o
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with ATTENDANTS.

PERICLES

Lord Governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired t' amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets;
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships you happily may think^o
Are like the Trojan horse was^o stuffed within
With bloody veins expecting overthrow,^o
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,^o
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

ALL

The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you. [*They kneel.*]

PERICLES

Arise, I pray you, rise;

We do not look for reverence but for love,
And harborage for ourself, our ships, and men.

CLEON

The which when any shall not gratify,^o
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

PERICLES

Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. *Exeunt.*

67 power armed force 70 Whereas where 74 him's . . .
repeat him who has never been taught to recite 77 On . . .
lowest he who lies upon the ground can fall no lower 78
attend await 80 craves desires 82 on peace consist
stands on peace 91 you . . . think you may perhaps think
92 was which was 93 With . . . overthrow with blood-
thirsty warriors waiting for the overthrow (of Troy) 94
your needy bread bread for your needy citizens 100
gratify show gratitude for

65 *Enter GOWER.*

GOWER

Here have you seen a mighty king
His child iwis^o to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord
That will prove awful^o both in deed and word.
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath passed necessity.^o
I'll show you those in trouble's reign^o
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,^o
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can;^o
And, to remember^o what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious.
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb Show.

Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON; all the TRAIN with them. Enter at another door a GENTLEMAN with a letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON. PERICLES gives the MESSENGER a reward and knights him. Exit PERICLES at one door, and CLEON at another.

85 Good Helicane, that stayed at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labors, for he strives
To killen bad, keep good alive,
And to fulfill his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with^o sin
And hid intent^o to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so,^o put forth to seas,
Where when men been there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below
Makes such unquiet that the ship
Should^o house him safe is wracked and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tossed.
All perishen of man, of pelf,^o
Ne aught escapend^o but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad.^o
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower—this 'longs^o the text. [Exit.]

II.Cho.2. iwis assuredly 4 awful commanding profound
respect 6 passed necessity experienced extreme hardship
7 those . . . reign those who under the dominion of trouble
9 conversation conduct, way of life 12 all . . . can all his
words are holy writ 13 remember commemorate 23 bent
with intent upon 24 And hid intent and with hidden
intent 27 doing so acting as advised 32 Should which
should 35 pelf possessions 36 escapend escaping 38 glad
gladness 40 'longs belongs to

[Scene I. *Pentapolis, at the seashore.*]

Enter PERICLES, *wet.*

PERICLES

Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the seas hath cast me on the rocks, 5
Washed me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death.
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave, 10
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three FISHERMEN.

FIRST FISHERMAN What ho, Pilch!

SECOND FISHERMAN Ha, come and bring away° the
nets!

FIRST FISHERMAN What, Patchbreech, I say! 15

THIRD FISHERMAN What say you, master?

FIRST FISHERMAN Look how thou stirr'st now!
Come away,° or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.°

THIRD FISHERMAN Faith, master, I am thinking of
the poor men that were cast away before us even now. 20

FIRST FISHERMAN Alas, poor souls, it grieved my
heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help
them, when, well-a-day,° we could scarce help our-
selves.

THIRD FISHERMAN Nay, master, said not I as much 25
when I saw the porpoise how he bounced and tum-
bled? They say they're half fish, half flesh. A plague
on them! They ne'er come but I look to be washed.
Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

FIRST FISHERMAN Why, as men do a-land: the great 30
ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich
misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a° plays and
tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last
devours them all at a mouthful: Such whales have I
heard on a' th' land,° who never leave gaping till they 35
swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells,
and all.

PERICLES [*Aside.*] A pretty moral.°

THIRD FISHERMAN But, master, if I had been the
sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry. 40

SECOND FISHERMAN Why, man?

THIRD FISHERMAN Because he should have swal-
lowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I
would have kept such a jangling of the bells that he
should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, 45
and parish up again. But if the good King Simonides
were of my mind—

PERICLES [*Aside.*] Simonides!

THIRD FISHERMAN We would purge the land of
these drones that rob the bee of her honey. 50

II.i.12 Pilch a coarse outer garment made of leather or skin,
here used, like "Patchbreech," jestingly as a name **13 bring**
away bring here without delay **17 how . . . now** what a
stock you are! **18 Come away** come here right away;
with a wanion with a vengeance **23 well-a-day** alas **32 'a**
he **35 heard . . . land** heard of on land **38 moral** tale
conveying a moral lesson

PERICLES [*Aside.*]

How from the finny subject° of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their wat'ry empire recollect°
All that may men approve° or men detect!°

[*Aloud.*]

Peace be at your labor, honest fishermen! 55

SECOND FISHERMAN Honest good fellow, what's
that? If it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calen-
dar, and nobody look after it.°

PERICLES

May° see the sea hath cast upon your coast—

SECOND FISHERMAN What a drunken knave was 60
the sea to cast° thee in our way!

PERICLES

A man whom both the waters and the wind
In that vast tennis court hath made the ball
For them to play upon entreats you pity him.
He asks of you that never used to beg. 65

FIRST FISHERMAN No, friend, cannot you beg?
Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with
begging than we can do with working.

SECOND FISHERMAN Canst thou catch any fishes,
then? 70

PERICLES I never practiced it.

SECOND FISHERMAN Nay, then, thou wilt starve,
sure; for here's nothing to be got nowadays unless thou
canst fish for't.

PERICLES

What I have been I have forgot to know; 75
But what I am want teaches me to think on:
A man thronged up° with cold. My veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, 80
For that° I am a man, pray you see me buried.

FIRST FISHERMAN Die, quoth-a?° Now gods for-
bid't! And I have a gown here! Come, put it on; keep
thee warm. Now, afore me,° a handsome fellow!
Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for 85
holidays, fish for fasting days, and morco'er puddings
and flapjacks,° and thou shalt be welcome.

PERICLES I thank you, sir.

SECOND FISHERMAN Hark you, my friend: you said
you could not beg. 90

PERICLES I did but crave.

SECOND FISHERMAN But crave? Then I'll turn craver
too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.°

PERICLES Why, are your beggars whipped, then?

SECOND FISHERMAN O, not all, my friend, not all! 95
For if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish

51 subject subjects, citizens **53 recollect** gather up **54**
approve commend; **detect** expose (in wrongdoing) **56–58**
Honest . . . after it a lost line in which Pericles wishes
the fishermen a good day appears to have preceded this passage;
the fisherman rudely replies that if the day fitted Pericles'
wretched appearance it ought to be removed from the calendar
59 May you may **61 cast** (1) cast up, vomit (2) throw **77**
thronged up overwhelmed **81 For that** because **82 quoth-**
a did he say **84 afore me** upon my word **87 flapjacks**
pancakes **92–93 Then . . . whipping** i.e., through not
calling himself a beggar (whipping, administered by the beadle,
was the regular punishment of beggars in Shakespeare's day)

no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [Exit, with THIRD FISHERMAN.]

PERICLES [Aside.]

How well this honest mirth becomes^o their labor!

FIRST FISHERMAN Hark you, sir, do you know 100 where ye are?

PERICLES Not well.

FIRST FISHERMAN Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

PERICLES The good Simonides do you call him? 105

FIRST FISHERMAN Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called, for his peaceable reign and good government.

PERICLES He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore? 110

FIRST FISHERMAN Marry,^o sir, half a day's journey. And I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and tomorrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to joust and tourney for her love. 115

PERICLES Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

FIRST FISHERMAN O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get he may lawfully deal for his wife's soul.^o 120

Enter the two FISHERMEN, drawing up a net.

SECOND FISHERMAN Help, master, help! Here's a fish hangs in the net like a poor man's right^o in the law: 'twill hardly come out. Ha, bots on't,^o 'tis come at last; and 'tis turned to a rusty armor.

PERICLES

An armor, friends! I pray you, let me see it. 125 Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses Thou givest me somewhat to repair^o myself; And though it was mine own, part of my heritage Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, even as he left his life: 130 "Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield "Twixt me and death"—and pointed to this brace^o—" "For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity— The which the gods protect thee from!—may't defend thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it; 135 Till the rough seas, that spares not any man, Took it in rage, though calmed have given't again. I thank thee for't. My shipwreck now's no ill, Since I have here my father gave^o in his will.

FIRST FISHERMAN What mean you, sir? 140

PERICLES

To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth, 145 For it was sometime target^o to a king; I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly, And for his sake I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court, Where with it I may appear a gentleman.

And if that ever my low fortune's better, I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

FIRST FISHERMAN Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady? 150

PERICLES

I'll show the virtue^o I have borne in arms.

FIRST FISHERMAN Why, d' ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

SECOND FISHERMAN Ay, but hark you, my friend: 'twas we that made up this garment through the 155 rough seams of the waters. There are certain condolences,^o certain vails.^o I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had them.^o

PERICLES

Believe't, I will!

By your furtherance I am clothed in steel; 160 And spite of all the rapture^o of the sea, This jewel holds his building^o on my arm. Unto thy value^o I will mount myself Upon a courser, whose delightful steps Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread. 165 Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided Of a pair of bases.^o

SECOND FISHERMAN We'll sure provide. Thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself. 170

PERICLES

Then honor be but equal to my will, This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.]

[Scene II. Pentapolis. The court of Simonides. A public way leading to the lists. A pavilion near it.]

Enter SIMONIDES, with [LORDS,] ATTENDANTS, and THAISA.

SIMONIDES

Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?^o

FIRST LORD

They are, my liege, And stay your coming to present themselves.

SIMONIDES

Return^o them we are ready; and our daughter, 135 In honor of whose birth these triumphs are, Sits here like Beauty's child, whom Nature gat^o For men to see and seeing wonder at. [Exit a LORD.] 5

THAISA

It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express My commendations great, whose merit's less.

SIMONIDES

It's fit it should be so; for princes are 10 A model^o which heaven makes like to itself: As jewels lose their glory if neglected, So princes their renowns if not respected.

99 becomes suits with 111 Marry why (a mild oath, from "By the Virgin Mary") 119-20 he . . . soul no sense can be made of the text as it stands, nor has it been plausibly emended 122 right just claim 123 bots on't a plague upon it 127 repair renew, restore 132 brace armor covering the arms 139 my father gave that which my father gave 142 target literally, light shield, hence protection

151 virtue valor 156-57 condolences probably a malapropism through confusion with *dole*, meaning "distribution of gifts" 157 vails perquisites, tips 158 them the armor 161 rapture act of plunder, seizure 162 building fixed place 163 Unto thy value to as high a value (as the jewel will fetch) 167 bases pleated skirt, worn by knights on horseback

II.ii.1 triumph festivity, here tournament 4 Return tell by way of answer 6 gat begat 11 model likeness in little

'Tis now your honor,° daughter, to entertain°
The labor of each knight in his device.°

THAISA

Which, to preserve mine honor, I'll perform.

[SIMONIDES and THAISA take seats in the pavilion.]
The FIRST KNIGHT passes by. [As each knight passes, his
page, who goes before him, presents his shield to Princess
THAISA.]

SIMONIDES

Who is the first that doth prefer° himself?

THAISA

A knight of Sparta, my renownèd father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiop reaching at the sun.
The word,° Lux tua vita mihi.°

SIMONIDES

He loves you well that holds his life of you.

The SECOND KNIGHT [passes].

Who is the second that presents himself?

THAISA

A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an armed knight that's conquered by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, Più per dolcezza che per
forza.°

[The] THIRD KNIGHT [passes].

SIMONIDES

And what's the third?

THAISA

The third of Antioch;
And his device a wreath of chivalry.°
The word, Me pompae provexit apex.°

[The] FOURTH KNIGHT [passes].

SIMONIDES

What is the fourth?

THAISA

A burning torch that's turnèd upside down.
The word, Qui me alit me extinguit.°

SIMONIDES

Which shows that beauty hath his° power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[The] FIFTH KNIGHT [passes].

THAISA

The fifth, an hand environèd with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried.
The motto thus, Sic spectanda fides.°

[The] sixth knight, [PERICLES, passes, without page].

14 honor honorable duty; entertain receive 15 device emblematic figure, accompanied by a motto, inscribed on the shield 17 prefer present 21 word motto; Lux . . . mihi Thy light is life to me (Latin) 27 Più . . . forza More by gentleness than by force (Italian) 29 wreath of chivalry the twisted band by which, in heraldry, the crest is joined to the knight's helmet 30 Me . . . apex The crown of the triumph has led me on (Latin) 33 Qui . . . extinguit Who feeds me puts me out (Latin) 34 his its 38 Sic spectanda fides Thus is faithfulness to be tried (Latin)

SIMONIDES

15 And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy delivered?°

40

THAISA

He seems to be a stranger; but his present° is
A withered branch that's only green at top;
The motto, In hac spe vivo.°

SIMONIDES

A pretty moral.

From the dejected state wherein he is,

45

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

FIRST LORD

He had need mean better than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend;°

20

For by his rusty outside he appears

To have practiced more the whipstock° than the lance. 50

SECOND LORD

He well may be a stranger, for he comes

To an honored triumph strangely furnishèd.

THIRD LORD

And on set purpose let his armor rust

Until this day to scour it in the dust.

SIMONIDES

25

Opinion's° but a fool that makes us scan°

55

The outward habit for the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming!

We will withdraw into the gallery.

[Exeunt.]

Great shouts [within], and all cry, "The mean° knight!"

[Scene III. Pentapolis. A hall of state.]

30

Enter the king [SIMONIDES, THAISA, MARSHAL, LORDS, LADIES,] and KNIGHTS from tilting, [and ATTENDANTS].

SIMONIDES

Knights,

To say you're welcome were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title page, your worth in arms,°

Were more than you expect, or more than's fit, 5

Since every worth in show commends itself.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast.

You are princes and my guests.

THAISA

But you my knight and guest;

To whom this wreath of victory I give, 10

And crown you king of this day's happiness.

PERICLES

'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

SIMONIDES

Call it by what you will, the day is yours;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

40 delivered presented 41 present object presented 43 In hac spe vivo In this hope I live (Latin) 48 commend commendation 50 To . . . whipstock to have wielded more the handle of a whip, i.e., worked as a carter 55 Opinion public opinion; scan scrutinize, examine 58 s.d. mean shabby II.iii.4 As . . . arms title pages of early printed books often proclaimed the excellence of their contents

- In framing° an artist, art hath thus decreed:
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you are her labored scholar.° Come, queen o' th'
feast—
For, daughter, so you are—here take your place.
Marshal, the rest as they deserve their grace.°
- KNIGHTS
We are honored much by good Simonides.
- SIMONIDES
Your presence glads our days. Honor we love;
For who hates honor hates the gods above.
- MARSHAL
Sir, yonder is your place.
- PERICLES Some other is more fit.
- FIRST KNIGHT
Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
Have° neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envied the great, nor shall the low despise.
- PERICLES
You are right courteous knights.
- SIMONIDES Sit, sir, sit.
[*Aside.*]
- By Jove I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates° resist me, he but thought upon.°
- THAISA [*Aside.*]
By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat
Do seem unsavory, wishing him my meat.
[*To SIMONIDES.*]
- Sure he's a gallant gentleman.
- SIMONIDES
He's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.
- THAISA [*Aside.*]
To me he seems like diamond to glass.
- PERICLES [*Aside.*]
Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit like stars about his throne,
And he the sun for them to reverence;
None that beheld him but, like lesser lights,
Did vail° their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son's a glowworm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light.
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men;
He's both their parent and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
- SIMONIDES
What, are you merry, knights?
- KNIGHTS
Who can be other in this royal presence?
- SIMONIDES
Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim—
As you do love, fill to° your mistress' lips—
We drink this health to you.
- KNIGHTS We thank your grace.
- 15 SIMONIDES
Yet pause awhile.
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail° his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?
- THAISA
What is't to me, my father?
- 20 SIMONIDES
O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to everyone that come
To honor them.
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but killed are wond' red at.° 65
Therefore, to make his entrance° more sweet,
25 Here, say we drink this standing-bowl° of wine to him.
- THAISA
Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offense,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence. 70
- SIMONIDES
How?
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else!
- THAISA [*Aside.*]
30 Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
- SIMONIDES
And furthermore tell him we desire to know of him 75
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.
- THAISA
The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.
- PERICLES
I thank him.
- 35 THAISA
Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
- PERICLES
I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely. 80
- THAISA
And further he desires to know of you
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
- 40 PERICLES
A gentleman of Tyre; my name Pericles;
My education been° in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world, 85
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwrack driven upon this shore.
- 45 THAISA
He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas, 90
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.
- SIMONIDES
Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which looks for other revels. 95
Even in your armors, as you are addressed,°

15 **framing** molding 17 **her labored scholar** the scholar over whom art took special pains 19 **grace** favor 25 **Have** that have 29 **cates** delicacies; **resist** . . . **upon** repel me (?) when I but think of him 43 **vail** lower 52 **to** in honor of

57 **countervail** be equal to 65 **but** . . . **at** i.e., when they are found to be such small animals, after making so great a noise 66 **entrance** trisyllabic 67 **standing-bowl** bowl resting on a foot 84 **been** has been 96 **addressed** accoutered

Will well° become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse with saying this:
Loud music° is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms° as well as beds. 100
They dance.°

So, this was well asked, 'twas so well performed.
Come, sir, here's a lady that wants breathing° too;
And I have heard you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,°
And that their measures° are as excellent. 105

PERICLES

In those that practice them they are, my lord.

SIMONIDES

O, that's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy.° *They dance.* Unclasp, unclasp!
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,

[*To PERICLES.*]

But you the best. Pages and lights, to conduct 110
These knights unto their several lodgings! Yours, sir,
We have given order be next our own.

PERICLES

I am at your grace's pleasure.

SIMONIDES

Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level° at. 115
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
Tomorrow all for speeding° do their best. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Scene IV. Tyre.*]

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

HELICANUS

No, Escanes, know this of me:
Antiochus from incest lived not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding° longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offense, 5
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and
His daughter with him, a fire from heaven came,
And shriveled up their bodies, even to loathing. 10
For they so stunk
That all those eyes adored° them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

ESCANES

'Twas very strange.

97 **Will well** two such words as "your steps" must have originally preceded this 99 **Loud music** i.e., the loud noise made by the clashing of their armor (?) 100 **arms** a pun is presumably intended 100 **s.d.** **They dance** most editors assume that the first dance is performed by the Knights alone, the second by the Knights and Ladies. The text, especially line 102, suggests rather that both dances are mixed. In the first dance Thaisa and, perhaps, Pericles do not participate; in the second they dance together 102 **breathing** exercise 104 **trip** dance a light dance (with a double entendre) 105 **measures** dances 107–08 **denied** . . . **courtesy** refused permission to show your courtesy (by dancing with Thaisa) (?) 115 **level** aim 117 **speeding** success
II.iv.3 **mind**ing being inclined 12 **adored** that adored

HELICANUS

And yet but justice; for though this king were great, 15
His greatness was no guard to bar heaven's shaft,
But sin had his° reward.

ESCANES

'Tis very true.

Enter two or three LORDS.

FIRST LORD

See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.

SECOND LORD

It shall no longer grieve° without reproof. 20

THIRD LORD

And cursed be he that will not second it.

FIRST LORD

Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a word.

HELICANUS

With me? And welcome. Happy day, my lords!

FIRST LORD

Know that our griefs° are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks. 25

HELICANUS

Your griefs, for what? Wrong not your prince you
love.

FIRST LORD

Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath. 30
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolved° he lives to govern us,
Or, dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

SECOND LORD

Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure.° 35
And knowing this: kingdoms without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin, your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto—our sovereign. 40

ALL

Live, noble Helicane!

HELICANUS

For honor's cause, forbear your suffrages.
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear. 10
Take I° your wish, I leap into the seas
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease. 45
A twelvemonth longer let me entreat you
To forbear° the absence of your king;
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,° 50
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

FIRST LORD

To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield; 55

17 **his** its 20 **grieve** be a grievance 24 **griefs** grievances
32 **resolved** satisfied 35 **strongest** . . . **censure** the more
likely supposition in our judgment 44 **Take I** if I should
accept 47 **forbear** tolerate, endure 50 **love** act of kindness

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavor it.

HELICANUS

Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

[Scene V. *Pentapolis. A room in the palace.*]

Enter the king [SIMONIDES] *reading of a letter at one door; the KNIGHTS meet him.*

FIRST KNIGHT

Good morrow to the good Simonides.

SIMONIDES

Knights, from my daughter this I let you know:
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from her by no means° can I get.

SECOND KNIGHT

May we not get access to her, my lord?

SIMONIDES

Faith, by no means. She hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber that 'tis impossible.
One twelve moons° more she'll wear Diana's livery.° 10
This by the eye of Cynthia° hath she vowed,
And on her virgin honor will not break it.

THIRD KNIGHT

Loath° to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

[*Exeunt KNIGHTS.*]

SIMONIDES

So, they are well dispatched.
Now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine.
I like that well! Nay, how absolute° she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice,
And will no longer have it be delayed.
Soft,° here he comes! I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

PERICLES

All fortune to the good Simonides!

SIMONIDES

To you as much. Sir, I am beholding° to you
For your sweet music this last night. I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

PERICLES

It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

SIMONIDES Sir, you are music's master.

PERICLES

The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

SIMONIDES

Let me ask you one thing: What do you think of
My daughter, sir?

PERICLES

A most virtuous princess.

SIMONIDES

And she is fair, too, is she not?

PERICLES

As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.

SIMONIDES

Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

PERICLES

I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

SIMONIDES

She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.°

PERICLES [*Aside.*]

What's here?

A letter that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtlety to have my life.

[*Kneels.*]

O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aimed so high to° love your daughter,
But bent all offices° to honor her.

SIMONIDES

Thou hast bewitched my daughter, and thou art
A villain!

PERICLES By the gods, I have not.

Never did thought of mine levy° offense;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might° gain her love or your displeasure.

SIMONIDES

Traitor, thou liest!

PERICLES

Traitor?

SIMONIDES

Ay, traitor!

PERICLES

Even in his throat—unless it be the king—
That calls me traitor I return the lie.

SIMONIDES [*Aside.*]

Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

PERICLES

My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relished of° a base descent.
I came unto your court for honor's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;°
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honor's enemy.

SIMONIDES

No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

PERICLES

Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve° your angry father if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

II.v.6 means here pronounced as a disyllable 10 One twelve moons one year; wear Diana's livery i.e., remain a virgin 11 Cynthia the moon 13 Loath here pronounced as a disyllable 19 absolute positive, decided 23 Soft hold (an interjection) 25 beholding indebted

40 else if you do not believe it 46 to as to 47 bent all offices turned all my services 50 levy apparently misused for level, i.e., aim 52 might that might 58 relished of had a trace of 60 her state honor's domain 66 Resolve inform

THAISA

Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offense at that would° make me glad? 70

SIMONIDES

Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory°

(*Aside.*)

I am glad on't with all my heart.—
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection!
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections 75
Upon a stranger?—(*aside*) who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself—
Therefore hear you, mistress: either frame
Your will to mine—and you, sir, hear you: 80
Either be ruled by me, or I'll make you—
Man and wife.
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too!
And being joined, I'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for further grief—God give you joy! 85
What, are you both pleased?

THAISA

Yes, if you love me, sir.

PERICLES

Even as my life my blood° that fosters it.

SIMONIDES

What, are you both agreed?

BOTH

Yes, if't please your majesty.

SIMONIDES

It pleaseth me so well that I will see you wed; 90
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

Exeunt.

[A C T I I I]

Enter GOWER.

GOWER

Now sleep y-slackèd° hath the rout;°
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'erfed breast
Of this most pompous° marriage feast.
The cat, with eyne° of burning coal, 5
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth
All the blither for their drouth.°
Hymen° hath brought the bride to bed,
Where by the loss of maidenhead 10
A babe is molded. Be attent,°
And time that is so briefly° spent
With your fine fancies° quaintly° eche.°
What's dumb in show I'll plain° with speech.

70 would which would 71 peremptory determined 87 my blood i.e., loves my blood

III. Cho. I y-slackèd reduced to inactivity; rout company of revelers 4 pompous magnificent 5 eyne eyes (archaic plural) 8 drouth dryness 9 Hymen the god of marriage 11 attent attentive 12 briefly quickly 13 fancies imaginings; quaintly skillfully; eche augment (old spelling of eke) 14 plain explain

[*Dumb Show.*]

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with ATTENDANTS; a MESSENGER meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter; PERICLES shows it SIMONIDES; the LORDS kneel to him. Then enter THAISA with child, with LYCHORIDA, a nurse; the king [SIMONIDES] shows her the letter; she rejoices; she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart [with LYCHORIDA and their ATTENDANTS. Then exeunt SIMONIDES and the rest].

By many a dern° and painful° perch° 15
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coigns°
Which the world together joins
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense 20
Can stead° the quest. At last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange inquire,°
To th' court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor these:
85 Antiochus and his daughter dead, 25
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none.
The mutiny he there hastes t' appease;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles 30
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,°
Will take the crown. The sum° of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravishèd° the regions round, 35
And everyone with claps can° sound,°
“Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dreamt, who thought of such a thing?”
Brief,° he must hence depart to Tyre.
His queen with child makes her desire— 40
Which who shall cross?—along to go.
Omit we all their dole° and woe.
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood 45
Hath their keel cut;° but Fortune's mood
Varies again: the grisled° north
Disgorges such a tempest forth
That, as a duck for life that dives,
50 So up and down the poor ship drives. 50
The lady shrieks and, well-a-near,°
Does fall in travail with her fear;
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
10 I nill° relate, action° may 55
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.

15 dern wild, drear; painful toilsome; perch measure of land 17 opposing coigns opposite corners 21 stead be of use to 22 Fame . . . inquire Rumor having responded to inquiries in the most distant regions (?) 32 dooms judgments 33 sum gist 35 Y-ravishèd enraptured 36 can began (a Middle English variant of *gan*); sound proclaim, declare 39 Brief in short 42 dole grief 45–46 half . . . cut i.e., half the voyage has been completed 47 grisled horrible; grisly 51 well-a-near alas 55 nill will not (Middle English); action here pronounced as a trisyllable

In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tossed Pericles appears to speak. [Exit.] 60

[Scene I.]

Enter PERICLES, a-shipboard.

PERICLES

The god of this great vast^o rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having called them from the deep! O, still
Thy deaf'ning dreadful thunders; gently quench 5
Thy nimble^o sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina,^o O
Divinest patroness and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails! Now, Lychorida!

Enter LYCHORIDA, [with an INFANT].

LYCHORIDA

Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit,^o would die, as I
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

PERICLES How? How, Lychorida?

LYCHORIDA

Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen—
A little daughter. For the sake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.

PERICLES

O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honor with you.^o

LYCHORIDA

Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.^o

PERICLES

Now, mild may be thy life!

For a more blusterous birth had never babe;
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! For
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb. Even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,^o
With all thou canst find here. Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two SAILORS.

FIRST SAILOR What courage, sir? God save you!

PERICLES

Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw:^o
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love 40
Of this poor infant, this fresh,^o new seafarer,
I would it would be quiet.

FIRST SAILOR Slack the bolins^o there! Thou wilt not,
wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself!

SECOND SAILOR But sea-room, and^o the brine and 45
cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

FIRST SAILOR Sir, your queen must overboard; the
sea works^o high, the wind is loud, and will not lie^o till
the ship be cleared of the dead.

PERICLES That's your superstition. 50

FIRST SAILOR Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath
been still^o observed; and we are strong in custom.^o
Therefore briefly^o yield her; for she must overboard
straight.

10 PERICLES

As you think meet. Most wretched queen! 55

LYCHORIDA Here she lies, sir.

PERICLES

A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire. Th' unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight 60
Must cast thee, scarcely coffined, in the ooze;
Where, for^o a monument upon thy bones,
And e'er-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida, 65
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffin.^o Lay the babe
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her. Suddenly,^o woman! 70

[Exit LYCHORIDA.]

SECOND SAILOR Sir, we have a chest beneath the
hatches, Caulked and bitumèd^o ready.

PERICLES

I thank thee. Mariner, say, what coast is this?

25

SECOND SAILOR

We are near Tharsus.

PERICLES

Thither, gentle mariner,

Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it? 75

SECOND SAILOR

By break of day, if the wind cease.

30

PERICLES

O make for Tharsus!
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus. There I'll leave it
At careful^o nursing. Go thy ways,^o good mariner. 80
I'll bring the body presently.^o Exit, [with SAILORS].

35

III.i.1 vast boundless expanse 6 nimble swift 10 Lucina
goddess of childbirth 16 conceit capacity to understand 26
Vie . . . you compete with you in respect of honor 27
Even . . . charge for the sake of the babe left in your care
35 than . . . quit than your cargo (i.e., all that you are going
to possess in the course of the voyage of life) can compensate
for (?)

39 flaw gust of wind 41 fresh raw, inexperienced 43
bolins ropes from weather-side of square sail to bow 45
and if 48 works rages; lie subside 52 still always; strong
in custom steadfast in observing customs 53 briefly quickly
62 for instead of 68 coffin case, box 70 Suddenly at once
72 bitumèd made watertight with bitumen 80 careful full
of good care; Go thy ways come along 81 presently
immediately

[Scene II. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.*]

Enter Lord CERIMON with a SERVANT.

CERIMON
Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

PHILEMON
Doth my lord call?

CERIMON
Get fire and meat for those poor men:
'T'as been a turbulent and stormy night.
[*Exit PHILEMON.*]

SERVANT
I have been in many; but such a night as this
Till now I ne'er endured.

CERIMON
Your master will be dead ere you return.
There's nothing can be minist'ed to nature
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works.° [Exit SERVANT.]

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Good morrow. 10

SECOND GENTLEMAN
Good morrow to your lordship.

CERIMON Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?

FIRST GENTLEMAN
Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals° did seem to rend
And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

SECOND GENTLEMAN
That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.°

CERIMON O, you say well. 20

FIRST GENTLEMAN
But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire° about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,°
Being thereto not compelled.

CERIMON I held it ever
Virtue and cunning° were endowments greater
Than nobleness° and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend,
But immortality attends° the former, 25
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid° the blest infusions 30

That dwells in vegetives,° in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which gives me
A more° content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honor, 40
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the Fool and Death.°

SECOND GENTLEMAN
Your honor has through Ephesus poured forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored; 45
And not° your knowledge, your personal pain,° but
even
Your purse, still° open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never raze.

Enter two or three [SERVANTS] with a chest.

FIRST SERVANT
So; lift there!

CERIMON What's that?

FIRST SERVANT Sir, even now 50
Did the sea toss up upon our shore this chest.
'Tis of some wrack.

CERIMON Set't down, let's look upon't.

SECOND GENTLEMAN
'Tis like a coffin, sir.

CERIMON Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight.°
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune 55
It belches upon us.°

SECOND GENTLEMAN 'Tis so, my lord.

CERIMON How close 'tis caulked and bitumed!
Did the sea cast it up?

FIRST SERVANT
I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As tossed it upon shore.

CERIMON Wrench it open: soft! It smells 60
Most sweetly in my sense.

SECOND GENTLEMAN A delicate odor.

CERIMON As ever hit my nostril. So; up with it!
O you most potent gods! What's here, a corse!

SECOND GENTLEMAN
Most strange! 25
CERIMON Shrouded in cloth of state;°
Balmed,° and entreated with full bags of spices! 65
A passport too! Apollo, perfect me°
In the characters!°

[*Reads from a scroll.*]

Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drives a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost 70
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.°

III.ii.9-10 Give . . . works this prescription must be intended for someone other than the Servant's master 16 principals chief rafters of a house 20 husbandry zeal for work 22 tire belongings 25 pain trouble, labor 27 cunning skill 28 nobleness nobility (i.e., social rank) 30 attends awaits 35 my aid my assistant (?)

36 vegetives vegetables, herbs 39 more greater 42 Fool and Death probably an allusion to the Dance of Death, in which these two figures often appeared as companions 46 not not only; pain trouble 47 still always 53 straight immediately 56 It . . . us that it belches this chest upon us 64 cloth of state magnificent fabric 65 Balmed anointed with fragrant oil 66 perfect me instruct me fully 67 characters writing (the stress falls here on the second syllable) 71 mundane cost wordly riches

Who finds her, give her burying;
 She was the daughter of a king.
 Besides this treasure for a fee,
 The gods requite his charity!
 If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
 That even cracks for woe! This chanced tonight.°

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Most likely, sir.

CERIMON Nay, certainly tonight;
 For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
 That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within.
 Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

[Exit SERVANT.]

Death may usurp on nature° many hours,
 And yet the fire of life kindle again
 The o'erpressed spirits. [I have read
 Of some Egyptians, who after four hours' death
 Have raised impoverished° bodies, like to this,
 Unto their former health.]°

Enter one [SERVANT] with napkins and fire.

Well said,° well said;

The fire and cloths.°
 The still and woeful music that we have,
 Cause it to sound, beseech you.

[Music.]

The viol once more! How thou stirr'st,° thou block!
 The music there! [Music.] I pray you, give her air.
 Gentlemen,
 This queen will live: nature° awakes; a warmth
 Breathes out of her. She hath not been entranced°
 Above five hours. See how she 'gins to blow°
 Into life's flower again!

FIRST GENTLEMAN The heavens
 Through you increase our wonder, and sets up
 Your fame forever.

CERIMON She is alive! Behold,
 Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
 Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
 Their fringes of bright gold; the diamonds
 Of a most praised water° doth appear
 To make the world twice rich. Live,
 And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
 Rare as you seem to be. *She moves.*

THAISA O dear Diana,
 Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

SECOND GENTLEMAN
 Is not this strange?

FIRST GENTLEMAN Most rare!

CERIMON Hush, my gentle neighbors!
 Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
 Get linen. Now this matter must be looked to,
 For her relapse is mortal.° Come, come;
 And Aesculapius° guide us!

They carry her away. Exeunt omnes.°

77 tonight last night 82 nature man's physical constitution
 84-87 see Introduction, p. 1408 86 impoverished deprived
 of their native strength 87 Well said well done 88 cloths
 napkins 91 How thou stirr'st how quick you are! (used
 ironically) 94 nature the vital powers 95 entranced in a
 swoon 96 blow bloom 103 water luster III is mortal
 would be fatal 112 Aesculapius Greek god of medicine
 112 s.d. omnes all (Latin)

[Scene III. Tharsus.]

Enter PERICLES at Tharsus with CLEON and DIONYZA,
 [and LYCHORIDA with MARINA in her arms].

PERICLES

Most honored Cleon, I must needs be gone:
 My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
 In a litigious° peace. You and your lady,
 Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
 Make up the rest upon you!

CLEON

Your shafts of fortune,
 Though they hurt you mortally, yet glance
 Full° woundingly on us.

DIONYZA

O your sweet queen!
 That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her
 hither
 To have blest mine eyes with her!

PERICLES

We cannot but
 Obey the powers above us. Could I rage
 And roar as doth the sea she lies in, yet
 The end must be as 'tis. My gentle babe,
 Marina, whom, for° she was born at sea,
 I have named so, here I charge
 Your charity withal,° leaving her
 The infant of your care; beseeching you
 To give her princely training, that she may
 Be mannered as she is born.

CLEON

Fear not, my lord, but think
 Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
 For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
 Must in your child be thought on. If neglectio°
 Should therein make me vile, the common body,°
 By you relieved, would force me to my duty.
 But if to that my nature need a spur,
 The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
 To the end of generation!°

PERICLES

I believe you.
 Your honor and your goodness teach me to't,
 Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
 By bright Diana, whom we honor all,
 Unscissored shall this hair of mine remain,
 Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave.
 Good madam, make me blessed in your care
 In bringing up my child.

DIONYZA

I have one myself,
 Who shall not be more dear to my respect°
 Than yours, my lord.

PERICLES

Madam, my thanks and prayers.

CLEON

We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' th' shore,
 Then give you up to the masked° Neptune and
 The gentlest winds of heaven.

PERICLES

I will embrace
 Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
 Lychorida, no tears!
 Look to your little mistress, on whose grace°
 You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord. [Exeunt.]

III.iii.3 litigious productive of contention 7 full very 13
 for because 15 withal with 21 neglectio neglect 22
 common body common people 26 To . . . generation
 until the human race ceases to procreate (?) 34 respect care
 37 masked deceptively calm (?) 41 grace favor

[Scene IV. *Ephesus.*]*Enter CERIMON and THAISA.*

CERIMON

Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer; which are
At your command. Know you the character?°

THAISA

It is my lord's. That I was shipped at sea
I well remember, even on my eaning time;°
But whether there delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,°
And never more have joy.

CERIMON

Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date° expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

THAISA

My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
Exit, [with CERIMON].

[A C T I V]

Enter GOWER.

GOWER

Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there's° a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon trained
In music's letters;° who hath gained
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place°
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster, Envy, oft the wrack°
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's° knife.
And in this kind:° Our Cleon hath
One daughter, and a full grown wench,
Even ripe for marriage rite. This maid
Hight° Philoten; and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be.
Be't when she weaved the sleided° silk
With fingers long, small,° white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle° wound

III.iv.3 **character** handwriting 5 **eaning time** time of childbirth 9 **vestal** . . . to i.e., I will live the life of a vestal virgin 13 **date** term of life

IV.Cho.4 **there's** there as 8 **music's letters** the study of music 10 **place** dwelling 12 **wrack** ruin 14 **treason's** treachery's 15 **in this kind** in the following way 18 **Hight** is named 21 **sleided** a variant of *sleaved*, i.e., divided into filaments 22 **small** slender 23 **needle** here pronounced as a monosyllable

The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to th' lute 25
She sung, and made the night-bird° mute,
That still records with moan;° or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail° to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill 30
With absolute° Marina: so
With dove of Paphos° might the crow
Vie° feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks° 35
In Philoten all graceful marks
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present° murderer does prepare°
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter. 40
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,°
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
And cursèd Dionyza hath
The pregnant° instrument of wrath
Prest° for this blow. The unborn event° 45
I do commend to your content;°
Only I carry wingèd time
Post° on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey
Unless your thoughts went on my way. 50
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. *Exit.*

[Scene I. *Tharsus, near the seashore.*]*Enter DIONYZA, with LEONINE.*

DIONYZA

Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't.
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, or flaming love thy bosom 5
Enslave too nicely;° nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to° thy purpose.

LEONINE

I will do't. But yet she is a goodly creature!

DIONYZA

The fitter then the gods should have her. 10
Here she comes weeping° her old nurse's death!
Thou art resolved?

LEONINE

I am resolved.

Enter MARINA with a basket of flowers.

MARINA

No, I will rob Tellus° of her weed°

26 **night-bird** nightingale 27 **still** . . . **moan** ever sings dolefully 29 **Vail** do homage 31 **absolute** free from imperfection 32 **dove of Paphos** Venus' dove 33 **Vie** compete in respect of 35 **darks** darkens, puts in the shade 38 **present** speedy; **prepare** provide 41 **stead** aid 44 **pregnant** disposed, inclined 45 **Prest** ready; **event** outcome 46 **commend** . . . **content** commend to you, hoping that it will please you 48 **Post** post-haste
IV.i.6 **nicely** scrupulously 8 **A soldier to** wholly devoted to 11 **weeping** lamenting 13 **Tellus** the earth; **weed** garment (of flowers)

- To strew thy green° with flowers; the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet° hang upon thy grave,
While summer days doth last. Ay me, poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is as a lasting storm,
Whirring° me from my friends.°
- DIONYZA
How now, Marina, why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Do not consume your blood with sorrowing.°
Have you a nurse of me! Lord, how your favor°
Is changed with this unprofitable woe!
Come, give me your flowers.
On the sea margent walk with Leonine.
The air is quick° there and it pierces, and
Sharpens the stomach. Come, Leonine, take
Her by the arm, walk with her.
- MARINA No, I pray you.
I'll not bereave you of your servant.
- DIONYZA Come, come!
I love the king your father and yourself
With more than foreign° heart. We every day
Expect him here. When he shall come, and find
Our paragon to° all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth° of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses.° Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve°
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.
- MARINA Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.
- DIONYZA Come, come,
I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least.
Remember what I have said.
- LEONINE I warrant° you, madam.
- DIONYZA I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.
Pray, walk softly,° do not heat your blood. What!
I must have care of you.
- MARINA My thanks, sweet madam.
[Exit DIONYZA.]
- Is this wind westerly that blows?
- LEONINE Southwest.
- MARINA When I was born the wind was north.
- LEONINE Was't so?
- MARINA My father, as nurse says, did never fear,
But cried, "Good seamen!" to the sailors, galling°
His kingly hands haling ropes;
And, clasping° to the mast, endured a sea
- That almost burst the deck.
- LEONINE When was this?
- MARINA When I was born.
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber.° "Ha!" says one, "wolt° out?"
And with a dropping° industry they skip
From stem to stern; the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls and trebles their confusion.
- LEONINE Come, say your prayers!
- MARINA What mean you?
- LEONINE If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. Pray; but be not tedious, for
The gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.
- MARINA Why will you kill me?
- LEONINE To satisfy my lady.
- MARINA Why would she have me killed?
Now, as° I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life.
I never spake bad word nor did ill turn
To any living creature. Believe me, la,°
I never killed a mouse, nor hurt a fly;
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for't. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?
- LEONINE My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do't.
- MARINA You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favored,° and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought.
Good sooth,° it showed well in you. Do so now.
Your lady seeks my life: come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker!
- LEONINE I am sworn,
And will dispatch. [Seizes her.]
- Enter PIRATES.
- FIRST PIRATE Hold, villain! [LEONINE runs away.]
- SECOND PIRATE A prize! A prize!
- THIRD PIRATE Half-part,° mates, half-part! Come,
let's have her aboard suddenly.°
[They carry off MARINA.]
- Enter LEONINE.
- LEONINE These roguing° thieves serve the great pirate Valdes,
And they have seized Marina. Let her go;
There's no hope° she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,

14 green i.e., the green turf of Lychorida's grave 16 carpet piece of tapestry 20 Whirring whirling, hurrying along; friends relations 23 Do . . . sorrowing alluding to the ancient notion that each sigh takes a drop of blood from the heart 24 favor face, looks 28 quick sharp 33 foreign not of one's family 35 to according to 36 breadth extent 38 to . . . courses to what was best for you 39 reserve pre-serve, guard 46 warrant promise 48 softly slowly 53 galling making sore by chafing 55 clasping clinging

60 canvas-climber sailor climbing aloft to trim sails; wolt wilt 61 dropping dripping wet 72 as as far as 75 la exclamation to emphasize a statement 84 well-favored good-looking 87 good sooth truly 91 Half-part go shares 92 suddenly at once 93 roguing vagrant 95 hope i.e., fear

And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravished must by me be slain. *Exit.*

[Scene II. Mytilene. In front of a brothel.]

Enter the three Bawds [i.e., a PANDER, his servant BOULT, and a BAWD].

PANDER Boul't!

BOULT Sir?

PANDER Search the market narrowly! Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart° by being too wenchless.

BAWD We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

PANDER Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

BAWD Thou say'st true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven—

BOULT Ay, to eleven;° and brought them down again.° But shall I search the market?

BAWD What else, man? The stuff° we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.°

PANDER Thou sayest true; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience.° The poor Transylvanian is dead that lay with the little baggage.

BOULT Ay, she quickly pooped° him; she made him roast meat for worms. But I'll go search the market.

Exit.

PANDER Three or four thousand chequins° were as pretty a proportion° to live quietly, and so give over.°

BAWD Why to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get° when we are old?

PANDER O, our credit° comes not in like the commodity,° nor the commodity wages not° with the danger. Therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched.° Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving o'er.

BAWD Come, other sorts° offend as well as we.

PANDER As well as we? Ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade;° it's no calling. But here comes Boul't.

Enter BOULT, with the PIRATES and MARINA.

BOULT Come your ways,° my masters! You say she's a virgin?

IV.ii.4 mart market-time 16 to eleven up to the age of eleven 16–17 brought . . . again i.e., by prostituting them 18 stuff goods for sale 20 sodden grown rotten by soaking (referring to the treatment of venereal disease by means of the sweating tub) 22 o' conscience on my conscience 24 pooped foundered (?) 26 chequins sequins, Italian gold coins 27 proportion portion, share; give over give up, retire 29 get acquire money 30 credit reputation 30–31 commodity profit 31 wages not is not commensurate 34 hatched with the hatch (the lower half of a divided door) shut 36 sorts classes of people 38 trade recognized business 40 Come your ways come along

FIRST PIRATE O, sir, we doubt it not.

BOULT Master, I have gone through° for this piece° you see. If you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.°

BAWD Boul't, has she any qualities?°

BOULT She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes. There's no farther necessity of qualities can° make her be refused.

BAWD What's her price, Boul't?

BOULT It cannot be bated° one doit° of a thousand pieces.

PANDER Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently.° Wife, take her in. Instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw° in her entertainment.°

[*Exeunt PANDER and PIRATES.*]

BAWD Boul't, take you the marks of her, the color of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, "He that will give most shall have her first!" Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

BOULT Performance shall follow.

Exit.

MARINA

Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard

Thrown me to seek my mother!

BAWD Why lament you, pretty one?

MARINA That I am pretty.

BAWD Come, the gods have done their part in you.

MARINA I accuse them not.

BAWD You are light° into my hands, where you are like to live.

MARINA

The more my fault

To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

BAWD Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

MARINA No.

BAWD Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well: you shall have the difference° of all complexions.° What° do you stop your ears?

MARINA Are you a woman?

BAWD What would you have me be, and° I be not a woman?

MARINA An honest° woman, or not a woman.

BAWD Marry,° whip thee, gosling!° I think I shall have something to do with you.° Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

MARINA The gods defend me!

BAWD If it please the gods to defend you by men,

43 gone through completed the process of bargaining (?); piece girl 45 earnest money given as a deposit 46 qualities accomplishments 49 can that can 51 bated reduced; doit smallest coin, worth half a farthing 54 presently immediately 56 raw inexperienced; entertainment manner of reception 72 are light have fallen 80 difference variety; complexions colors of skin, i.e., men of every race; What why 83 and if 85 honest chaste 86 Marry interjection expressing indignation; whip thee, gosling hang thee, greenhorn 87 have . . . you have trouble with you

then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you up.^o Boul't's returned.

[Enter BOULT.]

Now, sir, hast thou cried^o her through the market?

BOULT I have cried her almost to the number of her 95 hairs;^o I have drawn her picture with my voice.

BAWD And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

BOULT Faith, they listened to me as they would have 100 hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth wat' red and^o he went to bed to her very description.

BAWD We shall have him here tomorrow with his best ruff on. 105

BOULT Tonight, tonight. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

BAWD Who, Monsieur Veroles?^o

BOULT Ay, he: he offered^o to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore 110 he would see her tomorrow.

BAWD Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither. Here he does but repair^o it. I know he will come in our shadow,^o to scatter his crowns of the sun.^o

BOULT Well, if we had of every nation a traveler, we 115 should lodge them with this sign.^o

BAWD [To MARINA.] Pray you, come hither awhile.

You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; despise profit where you have most gain. 120 To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere^o profit.

MARINA I understand you not.

BOULT O, take her home,^o mistress, take her home! 125 These blushes of hers must be quenched with some present^o practice.

BAWD Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must. For your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.^o 130

BOULT Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint—

BAWD Thou mayest cut a morsel off the spit.

BOULT I may so?

BAWD Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like 135 the manner of your garments well.

BOULT Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

BAWD Boul't, spend thou that in the town. Report what a sojourner we have: you'll lose nothing by 140 custom.^o When nature framed^o this piece, she meant thee a good turn. Therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

BOULT I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels^o as my giving out her beauty 145 stirs up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some tonight.

BAWD Come your ways! Follow me.

MARINA

If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. 150

Diana aid my purpose!

BAWD What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? *Exit, [with the rest].*

[Scene III. Tharsus.]

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

DIONYZA

Why are you foolish? Can it be undone?

CLEON

O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter

The sun and moon ne'er looked upon!

DIONYZA

I think you'll turn a child again.

CLEON

Were I chief lord of all this spacious world, 5

I'd give it to undo the deed. A lady

Much less in blood than virtue,^o yet a princess

To equal any single crown o' th' earth

I' th' justice of compare!^o O villain Leonine!

Whom thou hast pois'ned too. 10

If thou hadst drunk to him,^o 't had been a kindness^o

Becoming^o well thy fact.^o What canst thou say

When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

DIONYZA

That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates^o

To foster it, not ever to preserve. 15

She died at night. I'll say so. Who can cross^o it?

Unless you play the pious innocent,

And for an honest attribute^o cry out,

"She died by foul play."

CLEON

O; go to.^o Well, well.

Of all the faults beneath the heavens the gods 20

Do like this worst.

DIONYZA

Be one of those that thinks

The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence

And open this to Pericles.^o I do shame

To think of what a noble strain you are,

And of how coward a spirit.

CLEON

To such proceeding 25

Whoever but his approbation added,

Though not his prime^o consent, he did not flow^o

From honorable sources.

144-45 **thunder** . . . **eels** thunder was supposed to rouse eels from the mud

IV.iii.7 **Much** . . . **virtue** even more so in point of virtue than of descent 9 **I'** . . . **compare** in a just comparison 11

If . . . **him** i.e., if thou hadst poisoned thyself in pledging him; 12

a kindness (1) a kind action (2) an appropriate action 13

Becoming befitting; **fact** deed 14 **fates** a line seems to have

dropped out here, to the effect that the nurse's power over human life is merely "To foster it . . ." 16 **cross** contradict

18 **an honest attribute** the reputation of honesty 19 **go to** an

expression of disapproval 22-23 **The** . . . **Pericles** an

allusion to the popular belief in the revelation of hidden

murders by a telltale bird 27 **prime** initial; **flow** issue

93 **stir you up** excite you 94 **cried** (1) advertised by loud cries (2) extolled 95-96 **almost** . . . **hairs** any number of times 102 **and** as if 108 **Veroles** from French *vérole* = pox 109 **offered** attempted 113 **repair** renew 114 **shadow** shelter; **crowns** . . . **sun** French gold coins 116 **this sign** i.e., Marina's charms 123 **mere** downright 125 **take her home** tell her your mind (?) 127 **present** immediate 129-30 **which** . . . **warrant** to which she is entitled to go 140-41 **by custom** i.e., by our getting customers 141 **framed** shaped

DIONYZA Be it so, then.
 Yet none does know but you how she came dead,
 Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. 30
 She did distain° my child, and stood between
 Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
 But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
 Whilst ours was blurted at,° and held a malkin,°
 Not worth the time of day.° It pierced me thorough; 35
 And though you call my course unnatural,
 You not your child well loving, yet I find
 It greets me° as an enterprise of kindness°
 Performed to your sole daughter.

CLEON Heavens forgive it!

DIONYZA
 And as for Pericles, what should he say? 40
 We wept after her hearse, and yet we mourn.
 Her monument°
 Is almost finished, and her epitaphs
 In glitt'ring golden characters° express
 A general praise to her, and care in us 45
 At whose expense 'tis done.

CLEON Thou art like the harpy,
 Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
 Seize with thine eagle's talents.°

DIONYZA
 Ye're like one that superstitiously
 Do swear to th' gods that winter kills the flies.° 50
 But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.]

[Scene IV. Before Marina's monument at Tharsus.]

[Enter GOWER.]

GOWER
 Thus time we waste,° and long leagues make short;
 Sail seas in cockles,° have and wish but for't;°
 Making,° to take° our imagination,
 From bourn to bourn,° region to region. 5
 By you being pardoned, we commit no crime
 To use one language in each several clime
 Where our scene° seems to live. I do beseech you
 To learn of me, who stand i' th' gaps to teach you
 The stages of our story. Pericles
 Is now again thwarting° the wayward seas, 10
 Attended on by many a lord and knight,
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
 Old Helicanus goes along. Behind
 Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late° 15
 Advanced in Tyre to great and high estate.

31 **distain** cast a slur on 34 **blurted at** treated with scorn;
malkin slut 35 **time of day** a greeting 38 **greets me**
 presents itself to me; **kindness** love 42 **monument** probably
 a few words, such as "which stands i' the marketplace," have
 here dropped out 44 **characters** letters 47-48 **dost** . . .
talents i.e., dost, while smiling at thy victim with thine
 angel's face, seize it with thine eagle's talents (a common
 variant of *talons*) 49-50 **Ye're** . . . **flies** You are so much
 afraid of divine vengeance that you even swear to the gods
 that it is not you but winter which is guilty of the death of flies
 IV.iv.I **waste** annihilate 2 **cockles** cockleshells; **have** . . .
for't have by merely wishing for it 3 **Making** making our
 way; **take** captivate, delight 4 **born** frontier 7 **scene**
 dramatic performance 10 **thwarting** crossing 15 **late**
 recently

Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
 This king to Tharsus—think his pilot thought;°
 So with his steerage° shall your thoughts go on—
 To fetch his daughter home, who first° is gone. 20
 Like motes and shadows see them move awhile.
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

[Dumb Show.]

Enter PERICLES at one door, with all his TRAIN; CLEON
 and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the
 tomb; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sack-
 cloth, and in a mighty passion departs. [Then CLEON,
 DIONYZA, and the rest go also.]

See how belief may suffer by foul show!°
 This borrowed passion° stands for true-owed° woe. 25
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devoured,
 With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'ershow-
 ered,
 Leaves Tharsus and again embarks. He swears
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs.
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel° tears, 30
 And yet he rides it out.° Now please you wit°
 The epitaph is° for Marina writ
 By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.]

"The fairest, sweetest, and best lies here,
 Who withered in her spring of year. 35
 She was of Tyrus the King's daughter,°
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.
 Marina was she called; and at her birth
 Thetis,° being proud, swallowed some part o' th' earth.
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflowed, 40
 Hath Thetis' birth-child° on the heavens bestowed;
 Wherefore she° does—and swears she'll never stint—
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint."
 No visor° does become black villainy
 So well as soft and tender flattery. 45
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courses to be orderèd°
 By Lady Fortune; while our scene° must play
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day°
 In her unholy service. Patience, then, 50
 And think you now are all in Mytilen. Exit.

[Scene V. Mytilene. A street before the brothel.]

Enter, [from the brothel,] two GENTLEMEN.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Did you ever hear the like?

SECOND GENTLEMAN No, nor never shall do in
 such a place as this, she being once gone.

18 **think** . . . **thought** think that his pilot is thought 19 **with**
his steerage with the course held by Pericles 20 **first** before
 him 23 **suffer** . . . **show** be abused by hypocrisy 24 **borrowed**
passion counterfeit grief; **true-owed** sincerely owned 30
vessel i.e., his body 31 **he** . . . **out** i.e., he survives it;
wit know 32 **is** that is 36 **of** . . . **daughter** daughter of
 the King of Tyrus 39 **Thetis** a sea nymph (here, as commonly
 in Elizabethan literature, confused with Tethys, wife of
 Oceanus, hence the sea personified) 41 **birth-child** person
 born in a particular place 42 **she** the sea 44 **visor** mask,
 disguise 47 **bear** . . . **orderèd** suffer his actions to be regu-
 lated 48 **scene** performance 49 **well-a-day** grief

FIRST GENTLEMAN But to have divinity preached there! Did you ever dream of such a thing? 5
 SECOND GENTLEMAN No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy houses. Shall's go hear the vestals° sing?
 FIRST GENTLEMAN I'll do anything now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting° forever.
Exit, [with the other].

[Scene VI. Mytilene. A room in the brothel.]

Enter PANDER, BAWD, and BOULT.]

PANDER Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.
 BAWD Fie, fie upon her! She's able to freeze the god Priapus,° and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished or be rid of her. When she 5 should do for clients her fitment° and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me° her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen° a kiss of her. 10
 BOULT Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish° us of all our cavalleria° and make our swearers priests.
 PANDER Now, the pox upon her green-sickness° for me!°
 BAWD Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the 15 way to the pox.° Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.
 BOULT We should have both lord and lown,° if the peevisish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

LYSIMACHUS How now! How° a dozen of virgini- 20 ties?
 BAWD Now, the gods to-bless° your honor!
 BOULT I am glad to see your honor in good health.
 LYSIMACHUS You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, 25 wholesome° iniquity, have you that° a man may deal withal° and defy the surgeon?
 BAWD We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mytilene.
 LYSIMACHUS If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou 30 wouldst say.
 BAWD Your honor knows what 'tis to say° well enough.
 LYSIMACHUS Well, call forth, call forth.
 BOULT For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you 35 shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—
 LYSIMACHUS What, prithee?
 BOULT O, sir, I can be modest.

IV.v.7 vestals virgin priestesses 9 rutting fornication

IV.vi.4 Priapus the classical god of fertility 6 fitment duty 6-7 do me . . . has me the "ethical dative," frequently used in narrative by Shakespeare 10 cheapen bargain for 11 disfurnish deprive 12 cavalleria body of gentlemen (Italian) 13 green-sickness squeamishness 13-14 for me say I 16 pox syphilis 18 lown loon, lowborn fellow 20 How at what price 22 to-bless bless entirely ("to" is an intensive prefix) 26 wholesome health-giving (used ironically); that that which 26-27 deal withal have sexual relations with 32 what . . . say how to express my meaning

LYSIMACHUS That dignifies the renown of a bawd 40 no less than it gives a good report to a punk to be chaste.°
[Exit BOULT.]
 BAWD Here comes that which grows to° the stalk—never plucked yet, I can assure you.

[Enter BOULT, with MARINA.]

Is she not a fair creature? 45
 LYSIMACHUS Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you. Leave us.
 BAWD I beseech your honor, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.°
 LYSIMACHUS I beseech you, do. 50
 BAWD *[To MARINA.]* First, I would have you note, this is an honorable man.
 MARINA I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note° him.
 BAWD Next, he's the governor of this country, and 55 a man whom I am bound to.
 MARINA If he govern the country, you are bound° to him indeed; but how honorable he is in that I know not.
 BAWD Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, 60 will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.
 MARINA What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.
 LYSIMACHUS Ha' you done? 65
 BAWD My lord, she's not paced° yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage.° Come, we will leave his honor and her together. Go thy ways.°
[Exeunt BAWD, PANDER, and BOULT.]
 LYSIMACHUS Now, pretty one, how long have you 70 been at this trade?
 MARINA What trade, sir?
 LYSIMACHUS Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.
 MARINA I cannot be offended with my trade. Please 75 you to name it.
 LYSIMACHUS How long have you been of this profession?
 MARINA E'er since I can remember.
 LYSIMACHUS Did you go to't° so young? Were you a 80 gamester° at five or at seven?
 MARINA Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.
 LYSIMACHUS Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.
 MARINA Do you know this house to be a place of 85 such resort, and will come into't? I hear say you're of honorable parts and are the governor of this place.
 LYSIMACHUS Why, hath your principal° made known unto you who I am?
 MARINA Who is my principal?
 LYSIMACHUS Why, your herb-woman; she that sets 90 seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have

41-42 it . . . chaste to be chaste gives a good reputation to a prostitute (the whole speech is ironic) 43 grows to is an integral part of 49 presently at once 54 note respect 57 bound subject (another example of Marina's "quirks" of which the bawd complained) 66 paced taught her paces 67 manage action and paces to which a horse is trained 68 Go thy ways Come along 79 go to't copulate 80 gamester one addicted to amorous sport 87 principal employer

heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. 95
Come, come.

MARINA

If you were born to honor, show it now;
If put upon you,^o make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

LYSIMACHUS

How's this? How's this? Some more; be sage.

MARINA

For me, 100

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic—
That the gods
Would set me free from this unhallowed place, 105
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' th' purer air!

LYSIMACHUS

I did not think

Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dreamt thou
couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had altered it. Hold, here's gold for thee: 110
Persever in that clear^o way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

MARINA

The good gods preserve you!

LYSIMACHUS

For me, be you thoughten^o
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savor^o vilely. 115
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost 120
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

[Enter BOULT.]

BOULT I beseech your honor, one piece for me.

LYSIMACHUS

Avaunt,^o thou damned doorkeeper!^o
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [Exit.] 125

BOULT How's this? We must take another course
with you. If your peevish^o chastity, which is not worth
a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope,^o
shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a
spaniel. Come your ways. 130

MARINA Whither would you have me?

BOULT I must have your maidenhead taken off, or
the common hangman shall execute it.^o Come your
ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away.
Come your ways, I say. 135

Enter BAWD.

BAWD How now! What's the matter?

BOULT Worse and worse, mistress: she has here
spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

BAWD O abominable!

BOULT She makes our profession as it were to stink 140
afore the face of the gods.

BAWD Marry, hang her up forever!

BOULT The nobleman would have dealt with her like
a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-
ball; saying his prayers too. 145

BAWD Boul't, take her away! Use her at thy pleasure.
Crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest
malleable.

BOULT And if^o she were a thornier piece of ground
than she is, she shall be ploughed. 150

MARINA Hark, hark, you gods!

BAWD She conjures!^o Away with her! Would she
had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you!
She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of
womenkind? Marry come up,^o my dish of chastity 155
with rosemary and bays!^o [Exit.]

BOULT Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

MARINA Whither wilt thou have me?

BOULT To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

MARINA Prithee, tell me one thing first. 160

BOULT Come now, your one thing.

MARINA

What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

BOULT Why, I could wish him to be my master, or,
rather, my mistress.

MARINA

Neither of these are so bad as thou art, 165

Since they do better thee in their command.^o

Thou hold'st a place for which the pained'st^o fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change.

Thou art the damnèd doorkeeper to every

Coistrel^o that comes inquiring for his Tib;^o 170

To the choleric fisting^o of every rogue

Thy ear is liable; thy food is such

As hath been belched on by infected lungs.

BOULT What would you have me do? Go to the wars,
would you? Where a man may serve seven years for 175
the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the
end to buy him a wooden one?

MARINA

Do any thing but this thou doest.^o Empty

Old receptacles,^o or common shores,^o of filth;

Serve by indenture^o to the common hangman. 180

Any of these ways are yet better than this.

For what thou professest^o a baboon, could he speak,

Would own a name too dear.^o That the gods

149 And if even if 152 conjures invokes supernatural aid (with the suggestion of black magic) 155 Marry come up an expression of contempt akin to our "hoity-toity" 155-56 dish . . . bays a gibe at Marina's ostentatious virtue; dishes at Christmas were thus garnished 166 do . . . command are superior to you through their position of authority 167 pained'st most tormented 170 Coistrel base fellow; Tib strumpet 171 fisting punching 178 doest pronounced as a disyllable 179 receptacles the stress here falls on the first syllable; common shores i.e., the no-man's-land by the sea, where filth was allowed to be deposited for the tide to wash away 180 by indenture i.e., as apprentice 182 thou professest you have as an occupation 183 Would . . . dear would claim to possess too high a reputation

98 If . . . you if honor was bestowed upon you 111 clear free from blame 113 For . . . thoughten this line, like much else in this scene, is undoubtedly corrupt, but the true reading seems irrecoverable; see Introduction, p. 1408 115 savor smell 123 Avaunt be off; doorkeeper pander 127 peevish refractory 128 cope sky 132-33 or . . . execute it with a play on the "head" of "maidenhead"

Would safely deliver me from this place!
 Here, here's gold for thee.
 If that thy master would gain by me,
 Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
 With other virtues° which I'll keep from boast;
 And I will undertake all these to teach.
 I doubt not but this populous city will
 Yield many scholars.

BOULT But can you teach all this you speak of?

MARINA

Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
 And prostitute me to the basest groom°
 That doth frequent your house.

BOULT Well, I will see what I can do for thee. If I
 can place thee, I will.

MARINA But amongst honest women?

BOULT Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
 them. But since my master and mistress hath bought 200
 you, there's no going but by their consent. Therefore
 I will make them acquainted with your purpose,° and
 I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough.
 Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.

Exeunt.

[A C T V]

Enter GOWER.

GOWER

Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
 Into an honest house, our story says.
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances
 As goddesslike to her admired lays;
 Deep clerks° she dumbs, and with her neele° composes 5
 Nature's own shape of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
 That even her art sisters° the natural roses;
 Her inkle,° silk, twin with the rubied cherry;
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain 10
 She gives the cursèd bawd. Here we her place;
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him on the sea. We there him lost;
 Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
 Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast 15
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city's hived°
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trimmed with rich expense;
 And to him° in his barge with fervor hies. 20
 In your supposing° once more put your sight:
 Of heavy° Pericles think this his bark;
 Where what is done in action, more, if might,°
 Shall be discovered.° Please you, sit and hark. *Exit.*

188 virtues accomplishments 194 groom menial 202 purpose proposition

V.Cho.5 Deep clerks men of profound learning; neele needle 7 sisters is exactly like 8 inkle linen thread 16 The city's hived i.e., the citizens are gathered like bees in a hive 19-20 His . . . him its . . . it 21 In your supposing under the guidance of your imagination 22 heavy sorrowful 23 more, if might and more if it were possible 24 discovered disclosed

[Scene I. On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; PERICLES within, unkempt and clad in sackcloth, reclining on a couch.]

Enter HELICANUS, to him two SAILORS [one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other of Mytilene].

190 TYRIAN SAILOR

Where is Lord Helicanus?

He can resolve° you. O, here he is.

Sir, there is a barge put off from Mytilene,

And in it is Lysimachus, the governor,

Who craves to come aboard. What is your will? 5

195 HELICANUS

That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

TYRIAN SAILOR Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three GENTLEMEN.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Doth your lordship call?

HELICANUS

Gentlemen, there is some° of worth would come aboard.

I pray, greet him fairly.° [*Exeunt the GENTLEMEN.*] 10

Enter LYSIMACHUS [and LORDS, with the GENTLEMEN].

MYTILENIAN SAILOR [*To LYSIMACHUS.*]

Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,

Resolve you.

LYSIMACHUS Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you! 15

HELICANUS

And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,

And die as I would do.

LYSIMACHUS You wish me well.

Being on shore, honoring of Neptune's triumphs,°

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,

I made to it, to know of whence you are. 20

HELICANUS

First, what is your place?°

LYSIMACHUS I am the governor of

This place you lie before.

HELICANUS

Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;

A man who for this three months hath not spoken 25

To anyone, nor taken sustenance

But to prorogue° his grief.

LYSIMACHUS

Upon what ground is his distemperature?°

HELICANUS

'Twould be too tedious to repeat;

But the main grief springs from the loss

Of a belovèd daughter and a wife. 30

LYSIMACHUS

May we not see him?

HELICANUS

You may;

V.i.2 resolve free from uncertainty 9 some someone 10 fairly courteously 18 triumphs festivities 21 place official position 27 prorogue prolong 28 distemperature mental disturbance

But bootless° is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

LYSIMACHUS Yet let me obtain my wish. 35

HELICANUS [*Draws back the curtain.*]
Behold him. This was a goodly person
Till the disaster that, one mortal° night,
Drove him to this.

LYSIMACHUS
Sir king, all hail! The gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir! 40

HELICANUS
It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

LORD
Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

LYSIMACHUS 'Tis well bethought. 45
She questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other chosen° attractions, would allure,
And make a batt'ry through his deafened ports,°
Which now are midway stopped.
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow maid is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*He whispers to a LORD, who leaves.*]

HELICANUS
Sure, all° effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But since your kindness
We have stretched thus far, let us beseech you 55
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

LYSIMACHUS O sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff° would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict° our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large° the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

HELICANUS
Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
But see, I am prevented.° 60

[*Enter LORD, with MARINA and another GIRL.*]

LYSIMACHUS
O, here's the lady that I sent for.
Welcome, fair one! Is't not a goodly presence?°

HELICANUS
She's a gallant° lady.

LYSIMACHUS
She's such a one that, were I well assured
Came° of a gentle kind° and noble stock, 70
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely° wed.
[*To MARINA.*]
Fair one, all goodness that consists in° bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient.

34 bootless unavailing 37 mortal fatal 46 chosen choice
47 ports inlets 53 all entirely 60 graff graft, grafted plant
61 inflict afflict 62 at large in full 65 prevented forestalled
67 presence person 68 gallant excellent 70 Came she
came; kind family 71 rarely splendidly 72 goodness . . .
in good things that inhere in

If that thy prosperous° and artificial° feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught, 75
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

MARINA Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided
That none but I and my companion maid 80
Be suffered to come near him.

LYSIMACHUS Come, let us leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous!
[*They withdraw. MARINA sings.*]

LYSIMACHUS
Marked he your music?

MARINA No, nor looked on us.

LYSIMACHUS See, she will speak to him.

MARINA 85
Hail, sir! My lord, lend ear.

PERICLES Hum, ha!
[*He pushes her back.*]

MARINA 50
I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,°
But have been gazed on like a comet. She speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief 90
Might equal yours, if both were justly weighed.
Though wayward fortune did malign° my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage, 95
And to the world and awkward casualties°
Bound me in servitude. [*Aside.*] I will desist.
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."

PERICLES 60
My fortunes—parentage—good parentage— 100
To equal mine—was it not thus? What say you?

MARINA
I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

PERICLES 65 I do think so.
Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You're like something that—what countrywoman?° 105
Here of these shores?

MARINA No, nor of any shores.
Yet I was mortally° brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

PERICLES
I am great° with woe, and shall deliver° weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such 110
My daughter might have been: my queen's square
brows;°
Her stature to an inch; as wandlike straight;
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like
And cased° as richly; in pace° another Juno;

74 prosperous successful; artificial skillful 88 invited eyes
i.e., invited anyone to look at her 92 malign treat malignantly
96 awkward casualties adverse chances 105 what country-
woman of what county? 107 mortally humanly 109 great
pregnant; deliver give birth to 111 square brows high
forehead 114 cased encased; pace gait

- Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry 115
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?
- MARINA
Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
- PERICLES Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?° 120
- MARINA
If I
Should tell my history, it would seem like lies
Disdained in the reporting.°
- PERICLES Prithee, speak.
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou lookest
Modest as Justice, and thou seemest a palace 125
For the crowned Truth to dwell in. I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou lookest
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?°
Didst thou not say when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou cam'st
From good descending?°
- MARINA So indeed I did.
- PERICLES
Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been tossed from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine, 135
If both were opened.°
- MARINA Some such thing I said,
And said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.
- PERICLES Tell thy story.
If thine, considered, prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance,° thou art a man, and I 140
Have suffered like a girl; yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act.° What were thy friends?°
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me. 145
- MARINA
My name is Marina.
- PERICLES O, I am mocked,
And thou by some incensèd god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.
- MARINA Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.
- PERICLES Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me
To call thyself Marina. 150
- MARINA The name
Was given me by one that had some power:
My father, and a king.
- PERICLES How, a king's daughter?
And called Marina?
- MARINA You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace, 155
I will end here.
- PERICLES But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse, and are no fairy?
Motion° as well? Speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore called Marina?
- MARINA Called Marina
For I was born at sea.
- PERICLES At sea! What mother? 160
- MARINA
My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Delivered° weeping.
- PERICLES O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dulled sleep 165
Did mock sad fools withal.° This cannot be:
My daughter's buried. Well, where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to th' bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
- MARINA
You scorn. Believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er. 170
- PERICLES
I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? Where were you bred?
- MARINA
The king my father did in Tharsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife, 175
Did seek to murder me;
And having wooed a villain to attempt it,
Who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mytilene.° But, good sir, 180
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It
may be
You think me an impostor: no, good faith!
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.°
- PERICLES Ho, Helicanus!
- HELICANUS Calls my lord? 185
- PERICLES
Thou art a grave and noble counselor,
Most wise in general. Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like° to be,
That thus hath made me weep?
- HELICANUS I know not;
But here's the regent, sir, of Mytilene 190
Speaks° nobly of her.
- LYSIMACHUS She never would tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still° and weep.
- PERICLES
O Helicanus, strike me, honored sir!
Give me a gash, put me to present pain; 195
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear° the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st° him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus, 200

120 to owe by owning them 123 in the reporting in the
very act of utterance 129 friends relations 132 descending
lineage 136 opened disclosed 140 my endurance what
I have endured 143 Extremity . . . act extreme calamity
out of striking (?) extreme despair out of committing
suicide (?); friends relations

158 Motion i.e., the movement of the blood and spirits
through the body 164 Delivered reported 166 withal with
180 Mytilene the final syllable is here sounded 184 be i.e., be
alive 188 like likely 191 Speaks that speaks 193 still always
197 O'erbear overwhelm 199 beget'st i.e., gives new life to

And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees; thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina!
What was thy mother's name? Tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirmed enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

MARINA First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

PERICLES
I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drowned queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect, and thou art^o
The heir of kingdoms and another life
To Pericles, thy father.

MARINA [*Kneels.*]
Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

PERICLES
Now blessing on thee! Rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. [*To MARINA.*] Mine own!
Helicanus,
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been^o
By^o savage Cleon. She shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge^o
She is thy very princess. Who is this?

HELICANUS
Sir, 'tis the Governor of Mytilene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

PERICLES I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.^o
O heavens bless my girl! [*Music.*] But hark, what
music?

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But what music?

HELICANUS
My lord, I hear none.

PERICLES
None?
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.

LYSIMACHUS
It is not good to cross him; give him way.

PERICLES
Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

LYSIMACHUS Music, my lord?

PERICLES
I hear most heavenly music.
It nips me unto^o list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes. Let me rest.

[*He sleeps.*]

LYSIMACHUS
A pillow for his head. So leave him all.
Well, my companion friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.^o [*Exeunt all but PERICLES.*]

DIANA [*appears to PERICLES in a vision*].

205 DIANA

My temple stands in Ephesus, Hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,

Reveal now thou at sea didst lose thy wife.

210 To mourn thy crosses,^o with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.^o

Perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;
Do't, and happy,^o by my silver bow!

Awake, and tell thy dream. [*She vanishes.*]

PERICLES

215 Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,^o
I will obey thee. Helicanus!

[*Enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, and MARINA.*]

HELICANUS

Sir?

PERICLES

My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am

220 For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown^o sails; eftsoons^o I'll tell thee why.

[*To LYSIMACHUS.*]

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision as
Our intents^o will need?

260

LYSIMACHUS

Sir,
With all my heart; and when you come ashore
I have another suit.

PERICLES

You shall prevail,

Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems

230 You have been noble towards her.

265

LYSIMACHUS

Sir, lend me your arm.

PERICLES

Come, my Marina.

Exeunt.

[*Scene II. The temple of Diana at Ephesus; THAISA and several MAIDENS standing near the altar, all appareled as priestesses; CERIMON and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*]

[*Enter GOWER.*]

GOWER

Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.

This, my last boon, give me—

For such kindness must relieve me—

That you aptly^o will suppose

5

240

241-42 If . . . you i.e., if Marina is really a princess (and therefore a fit match for me) I shall well reward you (?) (lines 240-42 read like the reporter's addition and ought, probably, to be omitted) 248 crosses misfortunes 249 repetition . . . life lifelike recital 251 happy i.e., thou livest happy 253 argentine silvery 258 blown inflated by the wind; eftsoons afterward, shortly 261 intents purposes

V.ii.5 aptly readily

210 and thou art these words are missing in the text 219 should have been was said to be 220 By at the hands of 221 justify in knowledge affirm in recognition of her claim 226 beholding appearance, looks (?) 237 nips me unto compels me to

What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
 What minstrelsy and pretty° din,
 The regent made in Mytilin
 To greet the king. So he thrived
 That he is promised to be wived
 To fair Marina; but in no wise
 Till he° had done his sacrifice,
 As Dian bade: whereto being bound,°
 The interim, pray you, all confound.°
 In feathered briefness° sails are filled,
 And wishes fall out as they're willed.
 At Ephesus the temple° see
 Our king and all his company.
 That he can hither come so soon
 Is by your fancies' thankful doom.°

[Exit.] 20

[Scene III. The temple of Diana. Enter PERICLES,
 with LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.]

PERICLES

Hail, Dian! To perform thy just command,
 I here confess myself the King of Tyre;
 Who, frightened from my country, did wed
 At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
 A maid-child called Marina; who, O goddess,
 Wears yet thy silver livery.° She at Tharsus
 Was nursed with Cleon;° whom at fourteen years
 He sought to murder; but her better stars
 Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore
 Riding,° her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
 Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
 Made known herself my daughter.

THAISA Voice and favor!°
 You are, you are—O royal Pericles!
 [Swoons.]

PERICLES

What means the nun? She dies! Help, gentlemen!

15

CERIMON

Noble sir,
 If you have told Diana's altar true,°
 This is your wife.

PERICLES Reverend appearer,° no.

I threw her overboard with these very arms.

CERIMON

Upon this coast, I warrant you.

PERICLES 'Tis most certain. 20

CERIMON

Look to the lady. O, she's but overjoyed.
 Early one blustering morn this lady
 Was thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
 Found there rich jewels; recovered her,° and placed her
 Here in Diana's temple.

PERICLES May we see them? 25

7 pretty pleasing 12 he Pericles, whereas in lines 9–10
 Lysimachus is referred to 13 bound on his way 14 all
 confound entirely consume 15 In feathered briefness with
 winged speed 17 Ephesus the temple the temple of Ephesus
 20 your . . . doom the thanks-deserving verdict of your
 imaginations

V.iii.7 Wears . . . livery i.e., is still a virgin 8 with Cleon
 in Cleon's family 11 Riding as we rode at anchor 13 favor
 looks, face 17 true the truth 18 appearer one who appears
 24 recovered her restored her to consciousness

CERIMON

Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
 Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
 Recovered.

10 THAISA O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
 Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,°
 But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
 Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
 Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,
 A birth and death?

15

PERICLES The voice of dead Thaisa!

THAISA

That Thaisa am I, supposed dead and drowned.

35

PERICLES

Immortal Dian!

THAISA Now I know you better.

When we with tears parted° Pentapolis,
 The king my father gave you such a ring.

[Points to his ring.]

PERICLES

This, this! No more.° You gods, your present kindness
 Makes my past miseries sports. You shall do well
 That° on the touching of her lips I may
 Melt and no more be seen. O come, be buried
 A second time within these arms.

5

MARINA

My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

10

[Kneels to THAISA.]

PERICLES

Look who kneels here: flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
 Thy burden at the sea, and called Marina,
 For she was yielded° there.

45

THAISA

Blest, and mine own!

HELICANUS

Hail, madam, and my queen!

15

THAISA

I know you not.

PERICLES

You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre
 I left behind an ancient substitute.
 Can you remember what I called the man?
 I have named him oft.

50

THAISA

'Twas Helicanus then.

PERICLES

Still confirmation.

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;
 How possibly preserved; and who to thank,
 Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

55

THAISA

Lord Cerimon, my lord: this man,
 Through whom the gods have shown their power;
 that can

From first to last resolve you.°

PERICLES

Reverend sir,

60

29–30 If . . . ear If he is not my husband, my holiness will not
 listen licentiously to my desire 37 parted departed from
 39 No more i.e., no more confirmation is needed that you are
 Thaisa (alternatively one could punctuate "No more, you
 gods!") and interpret: give me no greater happiness, you gods!)
 40–41 You . . . That you would do well if 47 yielded
 brought forth 60 resolve you free you from doubt

The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver°
How this dead queen re-lives?

CERIMON I will, my lord.
Beseech you first, go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her; 65
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

PERICLES Pure Dian,
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
Nightly oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair betrothèd of your daughter, 70
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament
Makes° me look dismal will I clip to form;°
And what this fourteen years no razor touched,
To grace thy marriage-day I'll beautify. 75

THAISA
Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,° sir,
My father's dead.

PERICLES
Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days. 80
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay°

To hear the rest untold.° Sir, lead's the way. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter*] GOWER.

[GOWER]
In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward. 85
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assailed with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,°
Led on by heaven, and crowned with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry 90
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty.
In reverent Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learnèd charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame°
Had spread his cursèd deed, the honored name 95
Of Pericles to rage the city turn,°
That him and his° they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemèd so content
To punish them, although not done but meant.°
So, on your patience evermore attending, 100
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.
[*Exit.*]

83 **untold** i.e., that is yet untold 88 **blast** blowing up (?)
stroke of lightning (?) blight (?) 94 **fame** report 94-96
when fame . . . city turn i.e., holding Pericles' name in
such honor, the citizens are enraged by the report of the
murder of his child 97 **his** i.e., his family 99 **although . . .**
meant although the murder was not carried out but merely
intended

62 **deliver** relate 73 **Makes** which makes; **form** proper shape
76 **credit** trustworthiness 82 **stay** delay

CYMBELINE

EDITED BY RICHARD HOSLEY

Introduction

In *Cymbeline* Shakespeare combines three stories which originate at three different points in space (so to speak) and gradually converge toward the end of the play. The first story is of a wife who is separated from and eventually reunited with her husband: Imogen and Posthumus. This constitutes the primary action of the play. It fills the first two acts to the exclusion of all else, and, though subordinated to a secondary and a tertiary action in Acts III and IV, it dominates the last act. Thus it is the major structural entity of the play, giving shape to the whole from beginning to end. The second story is of two sons who have been separated from their father in infancy and who eventually are reunited with him: Guiderius and Arviragus. This constitutes the secondary action of the play. It does not begin, however, in the first act and run in parallel with the primary action, as do the secondary actions of *Twelfth Night*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *King Lear*. Rather, it begins in the middle of the play (III.iii), is partly joined to the primary action through the sojourn of Imogen with the sons in her assumed identity of Fidele (III.vi–IV.ii), and is fully joined to the primary action in the long last scene of the play (V.v). In this respect it bears a general resemblance to the secondary actions of *Pericles* and *The Winter's Tale* (where the subject is again the reunion of child with parent), the chief difference being that in those plays Shakespeare, having chosen to present the early story of the mother and father together with the story of the loss of the infant child, employed a mid-play lapse of many years during which the child might grow to marriageable age. The third story is of a king who successfully defends his country against invasion: Cymbeline. This, despite the emphasis given it by the play's title and by Cymbeline's presence in the primary action from the start in his role as Imogen's father, constitutes a tertiary action, beginning, like the secondary action, not in the first act but in the middle of the play, when the Roman ambassador Lucius demands tribute of Cymbeline. Gradually the tertiary action approaches the other actions of the play, joining first the primary action when Lucius accepts Fidele as his page, then the secondary when Guiderius and Arviragus decide to take up arms against the Romans. In the last scene the three actions are fused in a brilliant dénouement

in which no fewer than twenty-five plot complications are untied.

Each of the three stories of which *Cymbeline* is composed is itself a combination of various literary elements. The Imogen-Posthumus story is by all odds the most complex of the three. The basic source of this story is the ninth novella of the Second Day of Boccaccio's *Decameron*. (Shakespeare also made some use of a German variant of the Boccaccio novella which had been translated into English under the title of *Frederick of Jennen* early in the sixteenth century.) In the first half of his story Shakespeare is generally faithful to the first half of Boccaccio's story. Like Boccaccio, he presents the husband's wager on the wife's chastity, the villain's stratagem of the trunk, the consequent winning of the wager, and the servant's failure to carry out the husband's order to kill the wife. A significant variation in this part of the story is that Shakespeare's villain actually attempts the seduction of the wife; Boccaccio's villain becomes by common report so convinced of the wife's chastity that he gives up all thought of winning the wager without guile and proceeds immediately to the stratagem of the trunk. Another significant variation is Shakespeare's providing a father for the heroine—and, in fact, a father who is a king. Accordingly the heroine is raised in rank from merchant's wife to princess, the initial separation on which the whole story turns being due not to the husband's casual absence on commerce but to his political exile. Thus a subsequent connection with the political story of *Cymbeline* is provided for.

For the first half of the Imogen-Posthumus story (and for the second as well) Shakespeare also used as source an anonymous dramatic romance entitled *The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune* (acted 1582). (In *Cymbeline* the two sources may be thought of as superimposed one upon the other.) In *Love and Fortune* a princess named Fidelity (compare Imogen's pseudonym, Fidele) is in love with a supposed orphan who, like Posthumus, has been brought up as the king's ward. Fidelity's brother secures the banishment of the lover, who thereupon sends word to Fidelity to run away from court and meet him at a cave. (The plan miscarries and Fidelity, like Imogen, wanders about until she meets an old man who, like Belarius, had been a

courtier until unjustly banished by the king and who now lives as a hermit in a cave.) To the basic situation of *Love and Fortune* Shakespeare added the folk-tale motif of the Wicked Stepmother, a significant difference from the usual situation being that Shakespeare's stepmother wishes not to substitute her own child for the father's child but to advance her son by marrying him to the father's daughter, who, in the absence of surviving male issue, is heir to the kingdom. (The queen's motivation becomes more conventional at III.v.64.) Thus a political motive for the banishment of Posthumus is provided. The Physician is an added character required by the plot device of the potion, which Shakespeare made use of later in the play.

In the second half of the Imogen-Posthumus story Shakespeare departed more widely from Boccaccio's story, but he retained its essential framework. In Boccaccio, the wife adopts male disguise, takes service with a merchant, travels with him to Alexandria, passes into the service of the sultan (whose especial favor she comes to enjoy), meets the villain in a shop, and succeeds in bringing him to judgment before the sultan and her husband. The villain is forced to confess, the husband repents of his error, husband and wife are reunited, and the villain is executed. In Shakespeare, the wife adopts male disguise, travels to Wales (where she lives for a time with rustic outlaws), takes service with the general of an invading army, is captured along with the invaders by the king (whose especial favor she comes to enjoy), recognizes the villain among the captives, and succeeds in bringing him to judgment before the king and her husband. The villain repents and confesses, the husband repents of his error, husband and wife are reunited, and the villain is forgiven.

Two variations in this part of the Imogen-Posthumus story have the effect of unifying divergent strands of the triple-action plot. The disguised wife's sojourn with rustic outlaws in the mountains of Wales (apparently suggested by Fidelia's experience in *Love and Fortune*, but perhaps also reflective of Erminia's pastoral sojourn in Book VII of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*) connects the primary action with the secondary action involving Cymbeline's lost sons; and Imogen's acceptance of service with the Roman general Lucius (which is essentially present in Boccaccio) connects the primary action with the tertiary action of the invasion of Britain. Two further variations are of interest. The first, a structural matter, involves the point at which the author begins his story. Boccaccio begins his story at the point of the wager, Shakespeare his at a point shortly after the marriage that will make the wager possible. It is as though *Cymbeline* were the second part of an Elizabethan two-part play of which the first part, a comedy, has ended, as by convention a comedy should, with the marriage of lovers who have succeeded in overcoming all obstacles (parental opposition among them) to their union. In *Othello* Shakespeare had already used this particular starting point for a story of jealousy in marriage, beginning the action with a confrontation of angry father and successful wooer in the presence of the newly married daughter. In *Cymbeline* there is the same initial confrontation, the chief difference being that the father (unlike Brabantio) does not suggest to the husband the possibility of the daughter's infidelity. Another variation from Boccaccio is the strong emphasis Shakespeare gives to the reciprocal themes of repentance and forgiveness. Posthumus, long

before he learns he has been deceived by Iachimo, sincerely repents of, and wishes to die in expiation for, the crime that he supposes he has committed against Imogen; and, as he freely repents, so Imogen freely forgives him. Again, Iachimo, when his plot is exposed, undergoes a "conversion" that may be compared with the conversion of Edmund in *King Lear* ("some good I mean to do,/Despite of mine own nature") and contrasted with the defiant persistence in evil of Iago in *Othello* ("Demand me nothing. What you know, you know"). The sincerity of Iachimo's conversion is proved by his willingness to accept the punishment of death; and, as he freely repents, so Posthumus freely forgives him. Here, as in *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*, Shakespeare echoes themes he had treated more fully in *The Merchant of Venice* and *Measure for Measure*.

In addition to these variations, Shakespeare made four important additions to the latter half of Boccaccio's story: the killing of Cloten, the supposed death of Imogen, Imogen's mistaking Cloten's body for that of Posthumus, and the Vision of Posthumus.

Since there is no character in Boccaccio corresponding to Cloten, his essential character may well have been suggested by Fidelia's villainous brother in *Love and Fortune*. The killing of Cloten by Guiderius is closely connected with Cloten's intention to rape Imogen. This intention makes Cloten an example of lust and villainy to be compared with the example afforded by Iachimo: the one lecherous villain is stupid and boorish, the other subtle and Italianate. The intention also "justifies" the killing of Cloten, for in effect Guiderius, even though unaware of Cloten's intention and Fidele's true identity, acts to protect his sister from rape. The manner of the killing—decapitation, with the severed head being thrown into a stream that will carry it to the sea—appears to echo a folk ritual of some sort. There is a patent allusion to the death of Orpheus, whose severed head was thrown into the river Hebrus, down which it was carried to the sea and eventually to Lesbos; and there was an analogous ritual connected with the worship of Adonis at Alexandria, where "a Head, of papyrus, representing the god, was, with every show of mourning, committed to the waves, and borne within seven days by a current . . . to Byblos . . ." (Jessie L. Weston, *From Ritual to Romance* [1957], p. 47). (These allusions, mock-epic or mock-mythic in relation to Cloten himself, may carry serious meaning in relation to Cloten as a surrogate for Posthumus.) The killing of Cloten may be compared also with the killing of Antigonus in *The Winter's Tale*: in each case a vicious or a flawed character is punished for attempted violence against the heroine, and in each case there seems to be operative a tradition of tragicomedy that goes back ultimately to what Aristotle called "tragedy with a double issue"—that is, a play threatening death which provides a happy ending for "good" characters but the reward of death for "bad." This tradition is involved also in the death of the queen at the end of the play.

The general plot device of the supposed death of a beloved woman (a staple of Greek romance) was one that Shakespeare had already used in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *Pericles*, and that he was to use again in *The Winter's Tale*; and he had used the particular device of the potion that brings about the supposed death

in *Romeo and Juliet*. In *Cymbeline* (IV.ii) the supposed death of Imogen symbolizes the death that Posthumus had commanded, separates Imogen from the rustic outlaws, and emphasizes the operation of Providence in the accident of the malevolent queen's having requested poison of a physician who, because of his wisdom and benevolence, supplied her instead with a harmless sleeping potion.

The killing of Cloten and the supposed death of Imogen lead to the Elizabethan-Gothic grotesquerie of Imogen's mistaking the headless body of Cloten for that of Posthumus. Through this theatrically sensational mistake (so embarrassing to modern audiences) Shakespeare makes the interesting point that Imogen, like Posthumus, can be victimized by circumstance and deceived by appearance—and in a situation outwardly suggestive of sexual compromise, for unwittingly the paragon of virtue lies beside and lovingly embraces the body of a man who is not her husband but her would-have-been rapist. (Even so she has earlier unwittingly spent the night with her would-be seducer, Iachimo.) A possible source of this episode exists in an anonymous dramatic romance entitled *Clyomon and Clamydes*, dating from the 1580's. Here the heroine, Neronis, who has left the court in the disguise of a boy and taken service with a shepherd, comes upon a coffin containing the body of the King of Norway, earlier slain in combat by Neronis's lover Clyomon. Since Clyomon has left his emblazoned shield beside the coffin, Neronis mistakes the body of the King of Norway for that of Clyomon, grieves, despairs, and is on the point of committing suicide. At this moment the personification of Providence descends from heaven, gives Neronis a paper informing her that Clyomon is alive, and returns to heaven. Another possible source of this episode is afforded by the *Ethiopica* of Heliodorus, in which Theagenes embraces the body of a dead woman which he mistakes for that of his beloved, Charicleia.

The Vision of Posthumus (V.iv), in which Jupiter descends from heaven, may have been suggested by the descent of Providence in *Clyomon and Clamydes*. In any case, the Vision involves a literary tradition deriving ultimately from the appearance-of-a-god-in-a-dream of classical epic. Shakespeare had used such a dream theophany in *Pericles*, where the goddess Diana appears to the protagonist in a dream; and he had used the closely allied convention of the appearance-of-a-ghost-in-a-dream in *Richard III*, where the ghosts of Richard's victims appear successively to the dreaming Richard and Richmond. A native stage tradition may also be influential, for the great fifteenth-century scriptural cycles frequently employ the appearance-of-an-angel-in-a-dream. An Elizabethan stage convention is certainly operative, the god who descends from stage cover to stage by means of suspension-gear: Juno in *The Tempest*, Venus in Greene's *Alphonsus King of Aragon*, Providence in the anonymous *Clyomon and Clamydes*, perhaps Diana in *Pericles*. In *Cymbeline*, as Bertrand Evans has pointed out, Jupiter is not a *deus ex machina* in the sense that he resolves a complication of the plot; rather, the theophany focuses our growing awareness that God's providence is indeed at work, even though for a time (during the long and frightening absence of Iachimo, the only person who, by confessing his slander against Imogen, can resolve the major complication of the plot) we may have seen little visible evidence of it. It should be

added that the authenticity of the Vision, frequently called in question by critics of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, is now (together with the authenticity of the rest of the play) generally accepted, perhaps largely because of the cogent demonstration by G. Wilson Knight in *The Crown of Life* (1947).

At least one other influence on the Imogen-Posthumus story can be discerned: that of Greek romance. The influence was already present in Boccaccio's story, for Greek romance characteristically involves a separation of lover from beloved (or of husband from wife), consequent wanderings over great distances and for long periods of time, and an eventual reunion of the lovers. *Apollonius of Tyre*, which Shakespeare had dramatized in *Pericles*, is a good example of the type, but an example of specific relevance to *Cymbeline* is afforded by the *Ethiopica* of Heliodorus, of which an Elizabethan translation (the first of three) appeared in 1567. From the *Ethiopica* (to which he had alluded in *Twelfth Night*, V.i.117) Shakespeare apparently took a suggestion for the striking of the disguised Imogen by Posthumus (V.v). Charicleia, who has been separated from her lover, Theagenes, comes to Memphis and recognizes him. Since she is disguised as a beggar, however, Theagenes does not recognize her.

Frantically, as if sight of him had stung her, she ran to him, clasped him close, hung upon his neck, and caressed him with inarticulate sighs and tears. When he saw her face, begrimed and purposely discolored, and her torn and tattered garments, he took her for a shameless beggar. He pulled her off and thrust her away, and when she would not let go he struck her for troubling him and blocking his view of Calasiris and his sons. She said to him softly, "Pythias, have you forgotten the lamp?" The words struck Theagenes like a bolt. He remembered that the lamp was a token they had agreed upon and gazed into Charicleia's eyes, whose brilliance broke upon him like the sun's rays through a cloud. He threw his arms about her and embraced her. (translation by Moses Hadas)

The striking of Imogen by Posthumus may also reflect a device of the romantic epics, the individual combat between two knights in which the lover, ignorant of his opponent's sex and true identity, fights with and sometimes kills his beloved in male disguise. Romantic-epic examples include the combat between Tancred and Clorinda in Book XII of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* and that between Arthegal and Britomart in Book III of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*; and dramatic examples in the same tradition include the combat between the title characters of Kyd's *Soliman and Perseda* and between Amintor and Aspatia in *The Maid's Tragedy* by Beaumont and Fletcher.

The secondary action of the play—consisting of the story of Guiderius and Arviragus—begins in III.iii, although we are warned early to expect it by a reference to *Cymbeline's* lost sons at I.i.57. The Guiderius-Arviragus story employs that standard device of romance tradition, the "lost child." This is Shakespeare's most important innovation in the "historical" materials available to him. Usually—because of the characteristic concern of romance with love—the lost child is a girl, apparently of low degree, who is enabled to marry her lover of high degree when it is revealed that she also is of gentle birth. This is the

situation of the heroine in many of the comedies of Plautus and Terence, and it is a common situation in pastoral romance. (Examples are afforded by Glycerium in the *Andria* of Terence, Pastorella in Book VI of *The Faerie Queene*, and Perdita in *The Winter's Tale*.) Sometimes the lost child is a boy, but in such cases the story does not usually involve a love situation, presumably because the mobility required of the wanderer who comes to the environment of the lost child is unsuited to the decorum of a girl. (Compare the convenience, if not the necessity, of Imogen's male disguise.) Sometimes the lost male child is involved ultimately in a situation in which he unwittingly takes or threatens the life of his father (for example, the *Oedipus* of Sophocles) or in which the father unwittingly takes or threatens the life of his son (for example, *The Captives* of Plautus). Cymbeline's threat to execute the confessed homicide Guiderius, who is actually his own son, seems to echo the oedipal situation of *The Captives*, in which the father, Hegio, threatens to execute the supposed slave, Tyndarus, who is actually his own son.

The Guiderius-Arviragus story includes the corollary story of Belarius: as they are lost children, so he is their supposed father. Belarius is primarily the "rusticated courtier" of pastoral romance: the educated and civilized gentleman or nobleman who lives in isolation or among shepherds and with whom the protagonist passes some time during his wanderings. Sometimes the rusticated courtier's exile is voluntary, the result of an unhappy love affair or some other disillusionment. An example is Philisides in Sidney's *Arcadia*. More frequently the rusticated courtier's exile is enforced, the result of banishment for political reasons. An example is Duke Senior in *As You Like It*. Belarius, an example of the latter type, has an apparent source in Bomelio, the unjustly exiled courtier of *Love and Fortune* who lives in a cave and whom Fidelity meets after running away from court.

Belarius, however, is not only the rusticated courtier, he is also the "shepherd father" of pastoral romance. Usually the shepherd father is only a foster father and the lost child that he rears as his own is a girl. Examples are Melibee, supposed father of Pastorella in Book VI of *The Faerie Queene*, and the Shepherd, supposed father of Perdita in *The Winter's Tale*. Shakespeare makes Belarius not a shepherd but a hunter, because Guiderius and Arviragus must have had the sort of training with weapons that will fit them to fight effectively in defense of their country; and he makes Belarius a mountaineer in order to emphasize the danger of his position as a political outlaw. (Thus Shakespeare, through discarding sheep and shepherds, emphasizes the primitivism that is at the core of most pastoralism.) Nevertheless, it is convenient briefly to regard Belarius as a "shepherd" father in order to understand his relation to tradition. Since the rusticated courtier is rarely a father, Shakespeare seems, in Belarius, to have combined the pastoral character-types of the courtier rusticated for political reasons and the shepherd father. He was to make the same significant combination in amplified and most original form in *The Tempest*, where the only essential departure from the combined traditions (aside from the omission of sheep and shepherds) is that Prospero is not the foster father but the true father of Miranda.

The Guiderius-Arviragus story is amplified and linked to the tertiary action of the play by Shakespeare's use of

material from Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (1587): specifically the Scottish victory over Danish invaders at the Battle of Luncarty (near Perth) in 976, which was achieved through the stalwart fighting of the husbandman Hay and his two sons. This joining of the Guiderius-Arviragus story to the Cymbeline story leads to its further joining, in the final scene of the play, to the Imogen-Posthumus story.

The tertiary action of the play—consisting of the Cymbeline story—begins in III.i with the appearance of the Roman ambassador Lucius, although we are warned to expect this action by a reference to Lucius at II.iii.56 and by another to the payment of Roman tribute at II.iv.13. The basic source is *The History of England* in Holinshed's *Chronicles*, but particular details have been traced to other sources. Since Holinshed attributes the denial of tribute to Cymbeline's son Guiderius, Shakespeare may well have followed Spenser in attributing the denial to Cymbeline. Moreover, a number of Shakespearean details appear to derive from Thomas Blenerhasset's "Guidericus" in the 1578 edition of the Second Part of *The Mirror for Magistrates* and from John Higgins' "Guiderius" in the 1587 edition of *The Mirror*. Perhaps the most interesting are the disguising of Posthumus as a British soldier and his fighting against the Romans. These details were apparently suggested by Higgins' account of the Roman captain Hamonius, who disguises himself as a British soldier and pretends to fight against the Romans in order to gain the opportunity of killing Guiderius. One other influence on the Cymbeline story is Shakespeare's own tradition of depicting the invasion of Britain or England, as in *King Lear*, *Richard III*, *3 Henry VI*, and *King John*. In each of these cases, as in *Cymbeline*, the invasion is represented as partly or entirely beneficial to the island kingdom.

The foregoing account stresses the abundance of sources and traditions that Shakespeare characteristically blended into an organic whole in writing *Cymbeline*. The play is extremely complex in its relation to tradition. It is also complex in other respects, posing a number of problems both real and imaginary. The critics have reacted very differently to *Cymbeline*. At one extreme are the Rationalists, chief among them Dr. Johnson (1765):

To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection and too gross for aggravation.

At the other extreme are the Imogenolaters, of whom perhaps the best example is Swinburne (1880):

The very crown and flower of all her father's daughters—I do not speak here of her human father but her divine—woman above all Shakespeare's women is Imogen. As in Cleopatra we found the incarnate sex, the woman everlasting, so in Imogen we find half-glorified already the immortal godhead of womanhood.

Neither critic need now be taken seriously, although it may be observed that Johnson's aversion to the violent yoking together of Roman Britain and Renaissance

Rome reveals a characteristic blindness to the essence of romance.

Many other problems once posed by *Cymbeline* have been solved by recent criticism and scholarship. One such problem has already been mentioned: doubt of the authenticity of certain parts of the play, in particular the Vision of Posthumus. No one now denies that the play is entirely the work of Shakespeare. Another problem has been posed by the suggestion of a lost source-play. The theory, however, is both unnecessary and unsupported by evidence, and it seems to be at variance with what we know of Shakespeare's originality in the handling of multiple sources in such plays as *King Lear*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*. Another problem has been posed by A. H. Thorndike's suggestion that *Cymbeline* reveals the influence of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*. This theory has now been effectively disposed of by the late Harold S. Wilson in his English Institute lecture of 1951. Another problem has been posed by the complexity of the plot, which, entailing as it does some two dozen separate dénouements, prompted Shaw, in *Cymbeline Refinished*, to rewrite the last act at half the length of the original for a production of 1937. Here Shakespeare's technical virtuosity and its relation to themes of the play have been well expounded by Bertrand Evans. Still another problem has been posed by the character of Posthumus and particularly his motivation in accepting Iachimo's wager. Here W. W. Lawrence has enlightened us by setting Posthumus' action in an appropriate context of Renaissance conceptions of a wife's chastity and her husband's honor. And yet another difficulty is posed by the play's characteristic style, which is heavily metaphorical, often perverse in syntax, and sometimes so elliptical as to raise the question whether we are dealing with a metaphysical toughness of thought and angularity of expression comparable to Donne's, or simply with a corrupt text. In the great majority of cases, surely, the former interpretation is to be preferred, for the style of *Cymbeline* can be paralleled in such near-contemporary plays as *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, and *The Winter's Tale*.

One teasing problem remains. Modern editors classify *Cymbeline* as a comedy. Why then was the play classified as a tragedy in the Shakespeare Folio of 1623? The classification could be simply an error, Heminges and Condell having forgotten that the play does not end with the death of the title character. Or, as has been suggested, the classification could be due to late receipt of copy in the printing-house, after the comedies (the first of the three genres of the Folio) had been printed off. Neither explanation is very satisfactory. On balance it seems more reasonable to assume that the classification resulted from a deliberate decision on the part of Heminges and Condell. The problem can perhaps be solved by considering two other Folio plays now classified as comedies: *The Winter's Tale* and *Troilus and Cressida*. (All three plays are tragicomedies, the first two of traditional type, the third of nontraditional.) What is the difference between, on the one hand, *The Winter's Tale* (classified as a comedy in the Folio) and, on the other, *Cymbeline* and *Troilus and Cressida* (classified as tragedies in the Folio)? Simply that the first play does not include war in its action, whereas the two latter plays do. In this respect *The Winter's Tale* is like the thirteen other "comedies" of the Folio classification, and *Cymbeline* and

Troilus and Cressida are like the ten other "tragedies" of the Folio classification. (The distinction does not, to be sure, hold exactly in the case of *All's Well That Ends Well* and *Romeo and Juliet*: in the former play, however, war is not a political matter but a device to expose the braggart soldier Parolles; and in the latter play war is represented by the feud between the rival houses of Capulet and Montague.) Having denied themselves the convenient classification of tragicomedy, Heminges and Condell seem to have made the best of an imperfect bargain by associating *The Winter's Tale* with that Shakespearean genre (comedy) which usually excludes war from the action, *Cymbeline* and *Troilus and Cressida* with that Shakespearean genre (tragedy) which (like history) usually includes war in the action. Some uncertainty about their decision may be reflected in the fact that in the Folio *The Winter's Tale* stands as the very last of the comedies, *Cymbeline* as the very last of the tragedies. *Troilus and Cressida*, for reasons connected with the printing of the Folio, stands by itself between the histories and the tragedies.

Cymbeline is generally dated during the theatrical season of 1609-10. It was seen by Simon Forman, presumably at the Globe, sometime before September 12, 1611, when Forman died. (Unfortunately his account of the play merely names the characters and summarizes the plot.) *Cymbeline* may have been designed for original production by the King's Men at their indoor theater, the Blackfriars, or at their outdoor theater, the Globe. The issue is relatively unimportant, however, since the same plays were frequently performed at both kinds of playhouse, public and private. On January 1, 1634, *Cymbeline* was acted "at Court by the King's Players," being "well-liked by the King." Probably the theater was the Cockpit-in-Court at Whitehall, though it may have been the Great Hall of Whitehall Palace. In original production *Cymbeline* was presumably performed on a stage generally similar to the one that appears in the well-known De Witt drawing of the Swan Playhouse—that is to say, without benefit of an "inner stage." The present text has been annotated in accordance with this assumption.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

The sources of *Cymbeline* are discussed in the Introduction. The ninth novella of the Second Day of Boccaccio's *Decameron* is reprinted (in the anonymous translation of 1620), in the individual-volume Signet edition of *Cymbeline*. *Frederick of Jennen* is reprinted in an appendix to the New Arden edition of *Cymbeline* (1955). *The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune* is edited by W. W. Greg in the Malone Society Reprints (1931), *Clyomon and Clamydes* by Betty Littleton (1968). The *Ethiopica* of Heliodorus has been translated by Moses Hadas: *Heliodorus: An Ethiopian Romance* (1957). Relevant parts of the *History of England* and the *History of Scotland* in Holinshed's *Chronicles* (1587) are reprinted in the Signet paperback edition of *Cymbeline*. Blenerhasset's "Guidericus" and Higgins's "Guiderius" have been edited by Lily B. Campbell, in *Parts Added to the Mirror for Magistrates* (1946).

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

There is only one "substantive" edition of *Cymbeline*, the Shakespeare Folio of 1623. Because of incomplete notation of properties and music in the stage directions of F, it seems clear that the printer's copy for F was not a promptbook nor the faithful transcript of one; and several directions are phrased in the "fictive" language characteristic of an author writing his own stage directions. Probably therefore the copy for F consisted of an authorial manuscript or the faithful transcript of one: either (1) "foul papers" (the author's last working draft of the play before preparation of a promptbook) in unusually clean condition (like the copy for *Antony and Cleopatra*); (2) authorial "fair copy" (the author's faithful transcript of his own foul papers); or (3) a faithful scribal transcript of foul papers or authorial fair copy. The type for F was set by a single compositor, Jaggard's Compositor B. (See Charlton Hinman, *The Printing and Proof-Reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare* [1963].) F provides, in general, a good text, correctly lined and with relatively few corruptions. In the present edition "accidental" errors in F have been emended silently; "substantive" errors requiring emendation are listed at the end of this note.

F is divided into acts and scenes. Division into acts presumably derives from original production of the play with four intervals for nondramatic music. (Compare Wilfred T. Jewkes, *Act Division in Elizabethan and Jacobean Plays*, 1958.) Division into scenes presumably derives from annotation of the printer's copy by a Folio editor wishing to give the text a semblance of neoclassical style. The present edition follows the act divisions of F and, for convenience of reference, the scene divisions of the Globe edition, although at three points these vary (both correctly and incorrectly) from those of F. Globe I.i combines F I.i and ii, incorrectly since the stage (despite notice by players going off of those coming on) is technically clear at I.i.69 (the "overlap" of players is paralleled at I.ii.117 of *Measure for Measure*). Globe II.iv and v divide F II.iv, correctly since the stage is clear at II.iv.152. And Globe III.vi combines F III.vi and vii, incorrectly since the stage is clear at III.vi.27. Both Globe and F fail to mark a new scene at IV.ii.100, incorrectly since the stage is clear at that point.

F contains no place headings, for the reason that the play was originally produced without changeable scenery. (Compare Richard Southern, *Changeable Scenery: Its Origin and Development in the British Theatre* [1952].) Place headings have been added here in accordance with a general requirement of the present edition, but such headings designate only the three general locales of the action, Britain, Rome, and Wales. A more specific designation is impossible in at least three instances (I.ii,

II.i, II.v); and in any case specific designations are misleading since they suggest a change of scenery for each scene with a particular locale different from that of the preceding scene.

In the following list of substantive emendations the reading of the present edition is given in boldface type, that of F in roman type.

- I.i.4 First Gentleman** 1 [so throughout balance of scene] 10
Second Gentleman 2 [so throughout balance of scene] 158
Exeunt Exit
I.ii.1 First Lord 1 [so throughout balance of scene and in II.i and II.iii] 7 **Second Lord** 2 [so throughout balance of scene and in II.i and II.iii]
I.iii.9 this his
I.iv.48 not [not in F] 75 **Britain** Britanie 77 **but believe** beleue 87-88 **purchase** purchases 132 **thousand** thousands
I.v.3 s.d. Exeunt Exit 75 **s.d.** [occurs after line 74 in F] 85 **s.d. Exeunt** Exit
I.vi.7 desire desires 28 **takes** take 104 **Fixing** Fiering 109
illustrious illustrious 168 **men's** men 169 **descended** defended
II.i.27 your you 34 **tonight** night 52 **s.d. Exeunt** Exit 62
husband, than Husband. Then 63 **make. The** make the 66
s.d. Exit Exeunt
II.ii.49 bare beare 51 **s.d. Exeunt** Exit
II.iii.7 Cloten [not in F] 29 **Cloten** [not in F] 30 **vice** voyce
44 **out** on't 48 **solicits** solicity 138 **garment** Garments 155
you your
II.iv.6 hopes hope 18 **legions** Legion 24 **mingled** wing-led
47 **not** note 100-01 **that. She** that She 135 **the** her
II.v.16 German Iarmen 27 **have a** [not in F]
III.i.19 ribbèd . . . palèd ribb'd . . . pal'd 20 **rocks** Oakes
53 **be. We do say** be, we do. Say
III.ii.67 score store 78 **here, nor** heere, not
III.iii.2 Stoop Sleepe 23 **bribe** Babe 28 **know** knowes 83
wherein they whereon the
III.iv.79 afore't a-foot 90 **make** makes 102 **out** [not in F]
124 **courtesan** Curtezan? 148 **haply** happily
III.v.17 s.d. Exeunt Exit 32 **looks** looke 40 **strokes** stroke
41 **s.d. Messenger** a Messenger 55 **s.d.** [occurs after "days" in F]
140 **insultment** insultment
III.vi.70 I'd I
III.vii.9 commends commands
IV.i.18 her thy 19 **haply** happily
IV.ii.49 [speech heading Arui. precedes "He" in F] 58 **patience**
patient 122 **thank** thanks 132 **humor** Honor 186 **ingenious**
ingenuous 205 **crayer** care 206 **Might** Might'st 290 **is** are
332 **s.d.-333 Enter Lucius and Captains; a Soothsayer to them.**
Captain. The legions Enter Lucius, Capitaines, and a Soothsayer.
Cap. To them, the Legions 336 **are in** are heere in
IV.iv.2 find we we finde 8 **us v. 17 the** their 27 **hard** heard
V.i.1 wished am wisht
V.iii.24 harts hearts 42 **stooped** stopt 43 **they** the 84 **First**
Captain 1 [so throughout balance of scene] 86 **Second Captain** 2
[so throughout balance of scene]
V.iv.s.d. Jailers Gaoler 1 **First Jailer** Gao 51 **come** came
57 **look** looke, looke 129 **are as often** are often 139 **sir** Sis
154 **on** one 176 **s.d. Exit** Exeunt
V.v.62 Ladies La 64 **heard** heare 126 **saw** see 134 **On** One
205 **it** [not in F] 297 **sorry** sorrow 334 **mere** neere 378 **ye** we
386 **brothers** Brother 392 **inter'gatories** Interrogatories 405
so no 435 **Soothsayer** [not in F] 445 **Leo-natus** Leonatus
449 **thy** this 469 **this** yet yet this



CYMBELINE

[Dramatic Personae]

CYMBELINE *King of Britain*

IMOGEN *daughter to Cymbeline by a former wife,
later disguised under the name of Fidele*

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS *a gentleman, husband to
Imogen*

GUIDERIUS { *sons to Cymbeline, disguised under*
ARVIRAGUS { *the names of Polydore and Cadwal,*
supposed sons to Morgan

BELARIUS *a banished lord, disguised under the name
of Morgan*

QUEEN *wife to Cymbeline*

CLOTEN *son to the queen by a former husband*

CORNELIUS *a physician employed by the queen*

PISANIO *servant to Posthumus*

LORDS *attending on Cymbeline*

LADIES *attending on the queen*

HELEN *a lady attending on Imogen*

TWO LORDS *friends to Cloten*

TWO GENTLEMEN *of Cymbeline's court*

TWO BRITON CAPTAINS

MUSICIANS *employed by Cloten*

MESSENGERS

TWO JAILERS

CAIUS LUCIUS *Roman ambassador, later general
of the Roman forces*

TWO ROMAN SENATORS

ROMAN TRIBUNES

ROMAN CAPTAINS

A SOOTHSAYER *named Philharmonus*

PHILARIO *an Italian friend to Posthumus*

IACHIMO *an Italian friend to Philario*

A FRENCHMAN *friend to Philario*

JUPITER

GHOST *of Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus*

GHOST *of the mother to Posthumus*

GHOSTS *of the two young brothers to Posthumus,
called Leonati*

BRITON SOLDIERS ROMAN SOLDIERS

ATTENDANTS A DUTCHMAN *and*

A SPANIARD *(friends to Philario)*

Scene: Britain, Rome, Wales]

A C T I

Scene I. [*Britain.*]*Enter two GENTLEMEN.*

FIRST GENTLEMAN

You do not meet a man but frowns. Our bloods°
 No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
 Still seem as does the king's.°

SECOND GENTLEMAN But what's the matter?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom
 He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow
 That late he married—hath referred° herself
 Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded,
 Her husband banished, she imprisoned. All
 Is outward sorrow, though I think the king
 Be touched at very heart.

SECOND GENTLEMAN None but the king?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

He that hath lost her too. So is the queen,
 That most desired the match. But not a courtier,
 Although they wear their faces to the bent°
 Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
 Glad at the thing they scowl at.

SECOND GENTLEMAN And why so?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

He that hath missed the princess is a thing
 Too bad for bad report, and he that hath her—
 I mean, that married her, alack good man,
 And therefore banished—is a creature such
 As, to seek through the regions of the earth
 For one his like, there would be something failing
 In him that should compare. I do not think
 So fair an outward and such stuff within
 Endows a man but he.

SECOND GENTLEMAN You speak him far.°

FIRST GENTLEMAN

I do extend him, sir, within himself,°
 Crush him together rather than unfold
 His measure duly.

SECOND GENTLEMAN What's his name and birth?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

I cannot delve him to the root. His father
 Was called Sicilius, who did join his honor°
 Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
 But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
 He served with glory and admired° success,
 So gained the sur-addition° Leonatus;
 And had, besides this gentleman in question,
 Two other sons, who in the wars o' th' time
 Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
 Then old and fond of issue,° took such sorrow
 That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
 Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased

The decorative border shown on page 1454 appeared on the first page of Cymbeline in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.

I.i.i bloods moods **3 seem** . . . **king's** wear expressions like the king's **6 referred** given **13 bent** inclination **24 speak him far** praise him much **25 do** . . . **himself** i.e., do not exaggerate his real merit **29 honor** reputation (as a soldier) **32 admired** wondered at **33 sur-addition** additional title **37 fond of issue** doting on children

As he was born. The king he takes the babe
 To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
 Breeds him and makes him of his bedchamber,°
 Puts to him° all the learnings that his time°
 Could make him the receiver of, which he took
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minist'ed,
 And in's spring became a harvest, lived in court—
 Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved,
 A sample to the youngest, to th' more mature
 A glass that feated them,° and to the graver
 A child that guided dotards. To his mistress,
 For whom he now is banished—her own price°
 Proclaims how she esteemed him and his virtue.
 By her election° may be truly read
 What kind of man he is.

SECOND GENTLEMAN I honor him
 Even out of° your report. But pray you tell me,
 Is she sole child to th' king?

FIRST GENTLEMAN His only child.
 He had two sons—if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it—the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' th' swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
 Which way they went.

SECOND GENTLEMAN How long is this ago?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Some twenty years.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

That a king's children should be so conveyed,°
 So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
 That could not trace them!

FIRST GENTLEMAN Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
 Or that the negligence may well be laughed at,
 Yet is it true, sir.

SECOND GENTLEMAN I do well believe you.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

We must forbear.° Here comes° the gentleman,
 The queen, and princess. *Exeunt.*

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

QUEEN

No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter,
 After the slander° of most stepmothers,
 Evil-eyed unto you. You're my prisoner, but
 Your jailer shall deliver you the keys
 That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
 So soon as I can win th' offended king,
 I will be known your advocate. Marry,° yet
 The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
 You leaned unto° his sentence with what patience
 Your wisdom may inform you.

POSTHUMUS Please your highness,
 I will from hence today.

QUEEN You know the peril. 80

42 of his bedchamber i.e., a chamberlain **43 Puts to him** sets him to work at; **time** age **49 glass** . . . **them** mirror that reflected their features **51 price** what she is willing to undergo for his sake **53 election** choice **55 out of** beyond **63 conveyed** stolen **68 forbear** withdraw; **Here comes** this entrance-announcement shows that, though the stage is technically "clear" at line 69 (at which point F marks a new scene), the oncoming players enter before the offgoing ones have completed their exit **71 slander** ill repute **76 Marry** indeed (from "By the Virgin Mary") **78 leaned unto** deferred to

I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barred affections, though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together. *Exit.*

IMOGEN O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle° where she wounds! My dearest husband, 85
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing—
Always reserved° my holy duty°—what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live 90
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

POSTHUMUS My queen, my mistress.
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain 95
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth;
My residence, in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter. Thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send, 100
Though ink be made of gall.

Enter QUEEN.

QUEEN Be brief, I pray you.
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside.*] Yet I'll move him
To walk this way. I never do him wrong
But he does buy° my injuries, to be friends; 105
Pays dear for my offenses. [*Exit.*]

POSTHUMUS Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu.

IMOGEN
Nay, stay a little.
Were you but riding forth to air yourself, 110
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's. [*Giving a ring.*] Take
it, heart,
But° keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

POSTHUMUS How, how? Another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have, 115
And cere up° my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles 120
I still win of you. For my sake wear this.

[*Giving a bracelet.*]

It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

IMOGEN O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and LORDS.

POSTHUMUS Alack, the king!

CYMBELINE
Thou basest thing, avoid° hence, from my sight! 125

85 tickle (pretend to) please 87 reserved excepting; duty
of child to parent 105 buy gladly accept 113 But only
116 cere up shroud 125 avoid go

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

POSTHUMUS The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of° the court.
I am gone. *Exit.*

IMOGEN There cannot be a pinch in death 130
More sharp than this is.

CYMBELINE O disloyal thing
That shouldst repair° my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me. 90

IMOGEN I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation.
I am senseless of° your wrath; a touch more rare° 135
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

CYMBELINE Past grace? obedience?

IMOGEN Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

CYMBELINE That mightst have had the sole son of my queen.

IMOGEN O blessed that I might not! I chose an eagle
And did avoid a puttock.° 140

CYMBELINE
Thou took'st a beggar, wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

IMOGEN No, I rather added
A luster to it.

CYMBELINE O thou vile one!

IMOGEN Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus.
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is 145
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.°

CYMBELINE What, art thou mad?

IMOGEN 110
Almost, sir. Heaven restore me! Would I were
A neatherd's° daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbor shepherd's son.

Enter QUEEN.

CYMBELINE Thou foolish thing! 150

[*To QUEEN.*]

They were again together. You have done
Not after our command. Away with her
And pen her up.

QUEEN Beseech° your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort 155
Out of your best advice.°

CYMBELINE Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day and, being aged,
Die of this folly. *Exeunt [CYMBELINE and LORDS].*

Enter PISANIO.

QUEEN Fie, you must give way.—
Here is your servant. How now, sir? What news?

126 fraught freight, burden 129 remainders of those who
remain at 132 repair renew 135 am senseless of do not
feel; touch more rare finer anxiety 140 puttock kite (bird
of prey) 146–47 overbuys . . . pays he exceeds me in worth
by almost the price which he is now called upon to pay, i.e.,
banishment (J. M. Nosworthy) 149 neatherd's cowherd's
153 Beseech I beseech 156 advice consideration

PISANIO
My lord your son drew on my master.
QUEEN Ha! 160
No harm, I trust, is done?
PISANIO There might have been
But that my master rather played than fought
And had no help of anger. They were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
QUEEN I am very glad on't.
IMOGEN
Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part° 165
To draw upon an exile. O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a needle° that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?
PISANIO
On his command. He would not suffer me 170
To bring him to the haven, left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to
When't pleased you to employ me.
QUEEN This hath been
Your faithful servant. I dare lay° mine honor
He will remain so.
PISANIO I humbly thank your highness. 175
QUEEN
Pray walk awhile. [Exit QUEEN.]
IMOGEN
About some half-hour hence, pray you speak with me.
You shall at least go see my lord aboard.
For this time leave me. Exeunt [severally°].

Scene II. [Britain.]

Enter CLOTEN° and two LORDS.

FIRST LORD Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek° as a sacri-
fice. Where air comes out, air comes in; there's none
abroad so wholesome as that you vent°.
CLOTEN If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. 5
Have I hurt him?
SECOND LORD [Aside.] No, faith, not so much as his
patience.
FIRST LORD Hurt him? His body's a passable°
carcass if he be not hurt. It is a throughfare for steel if 10
it be not hurt.
SECOND LORD [Aside.] His steel was in debt. It went
o' th' backside the town°.
CLOTEN The villain would not stand° me.
SECOND LORD [Aside.] No, but he fled forward still, 15
toward your face.
FIRST LORD Stand you? You have land enough of
your own, but he added to your having, gave you
some ground.

165 takes his part plays his usual role 168 needle pronounced
"neel" 174 lay stake 179 s.d. severally by different tiring-
house doors (Imogen follows the queen offstage while Pisanio
exits by the other door)

I.ii.s.d. Cloten rhymes with rotten; cf. "Cloten's clotpoll,"
IV.ii.184 2 reek give off vapors 4 vent give off 9 passable
affording passage (quibble on the sense of "tolerable") 12-13
It . . . town like a debtor avoiding a creditor by taking a
back street (i.e., his rapier missed) 14 stand confront

SECOND LORD [Aside.] As many inches as you have 20
oceans. Puppies!
CLOTEN I would they had not come between us.
SECOND LORD [Aside.] So would I, till you had
measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.
CLOTEN And that she should love this fellow and 25
refuse me!
SECOND LORD [Aside.] If it be a sin to make a true
election,° she is damned.
FIRST LORD Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and
her brain go not together. She's° a good sign,° but I 30
have seen small reflection of her wit.
SECOND LORD [Aside.] She shines not upon fools,
lest the reflection should hurt her.
CLOTEN Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had
been some hurt done! 35
SECOND LORD [Aside.] I wish not so—unless it had
been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.
CLOTEN You'll go with us?
FIRST LORD I'll attend your lordship.
CLOTEN Nay, come, let's go together. 40
SECOND LORD Well, my lord. Exeunt.

Scene III. [Britain.]

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

IMOGEN
I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' th' haven
And questioned'st every sail. If he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offered mercy is.° What was the last
That he spake to thee?
PISANIO It was his queen, his queen. 5
IMOGEN
Then waved his handkerchief?
PISANIO And kissed it, madam.
IMOGEN
Senseless° linen, happier therein than I!
And that was all?
PISANIO No, madam. For so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep 10
The deck, with glove or hat or handkerchief
Still waving, as° the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sailed on,
How swift his ship.
IMOGEN Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow or less, ere left 15
To after-eye° him.
PISANIO Madam, so I did.
IMOGEN
I would have broke mine eyestrings, cracked them but
To look upon him till the diminution
Of space° had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him till he had melted from 20
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then

28 election choice 30 She's she has; sign appearance
I.iii.3-4 'twere . . . is a letter gone astray would be as great
a loss as mercy that fails to reach its object 7 Senseless without
feeling 12 as as if 15-16 ere . . . after-eye before you
stopped looking after 19 space i.e., distance

Have turned mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

PISANIO Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.^o

IMOGEN
I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say. Ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honor; or have charged him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons,^o for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming^o words—comes in my father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a LADY.^o

LADY The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

IMOGEN
Those things I bid you do, get them dispatched.
I will attend the queen.

PISANIO Madam, I shall. *Exeunt.* 40

Scene IV. [Rome.]

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO,^o a FRENCHMAN, a
DUTCHMAN, and a SPANIARD.*

IACHIMO Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain.
He was then of a crescent note,^o expected to prove so
worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of.
But I could then have looked on him without the
help of admiration,^o though the catalogue of his en-
dowments had been tabled^o by his side and I to peruse
him by items.

PHILARIO You speak of him when he was less fur-
nished than now he is with that which makes^o him
both without and within.

FRENCHMAN I have seen him in France. We had very
many there could behold the sun^o with as firm eyes as
he.

IACHIMO This matter of marrying his king's daugh-
ter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value
than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal
from the matter.^o

FRENCHMAN And then his banishment.

IACHIMO Ay, and the approbation of those that weep
this lamentable divorce under her colors^o are wonder-
fully to extend him^o be it but to fortify her judgment,

24 **vantage** opportunity 32 **T' encounter** . . . orisons
join me in prayers 35 **charming** protecting from evil 37
s.d. the Lady's message has the theatrical function of motivat-
ing Imogen's exit

I.iv.s.d. **Iachimo** probably pronounced "Yákimo"; cf. "yel-
low Iachimo," II.v.14; but possibly pronounced "Jáckimo"
since the name is a variant of the Italian *Giacomo* 2 **crescent**
note growing reputation 5 **admiration** wonder 6 **tabled**
tabulated 9 **makes** is the making of 12 **behold the sun** as
the eagle—noblest of birds—was thought to do 16–17
words . . . **matter** makes him out better than he truly is
20 **colors** banner 21 **extend him** enlarge his reputation

which else an easy battery might lay flat for taking a
beggar without less^o quality.^o But how comes it he is
to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

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

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained^o
amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your know-
ing, to a stranger^o of his quality.^o I beseech you all
be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend
to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is
I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him
in his own hearing.

FRENCHMAN Sir, we have known together^o in
Orleans.

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

FRENCHMAN Sir, you o'errate my poor kindness. I
was glad I did atone^o my countryman and you. It had
been pity you should have been put together^o with so
mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance^o
of so slight and trivial a nature.

POSTHUMUS By your pardon, sir, I was then a young
traveler; rather shunned to go even^o with what I
heard than in my every action to be guided by others'
experiences. But upon my mended judgment, if I
offend not to say it is mended, my quarrel was not
altogether slight.

FRENCHMAN Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrament
of swords, and by such two that would by all likeli-
hood have confounded^o one the other or have fall'n
both.

IACHIMO Can we with manners ask what was the
difference?

FRENCHMAN Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in
public, which may without contradiction^o suffer the
report. It was much like an argument that fell out last
night, where each of us fell in praise of our country^o
mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and
upon warrant of bloody affirmation^o—his to be more
fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified,^o and
less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in
France.

IACHIMO That lady is not now living, or this gentle-
man's opinion, by this,^o worn out.

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

IACHIMO You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of
Italy.

POSTHUMUS Being so far provoked as I was in
France, I would abate^o her nothing, though I profess
myself her adorer, not her friend.^o

23 **without less** i.e., with less (double negative); **quality**
inherent worth 27 **entertained** welcomed 29 **stranger**
foreigner; **quality** rank 34 **known together** been acquainted
40 **atone** reconcile 41 **put together** i.e., in a duel 42
importance a matter 45 **shunned** . . . **even** refused to agree
52 **confounded** destroyed 57 **contradiction** objection
59 **country** i.e., of our own countries (with bawdy quibble)
61 **warrant** . . . **affirmation** pledge to support by shedding
blood (R. B. Heilman) 62 **qualified** endowed with good
qualities 66 **by this** by this time 71 **abate** depreciate 72
friend paramour

IACHIMO As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand^o comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before^o 75 others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlusters many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

POSTHUMUS I praised her as I rated her. So do I my 80 stone.

IACHIMO What do you esteem it at?

POSTHUMUS More than the world enjoys.^o

IACHIMO Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized^o by a trifle. 85

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

IACHIMO Which the gods have given you? 90

POSTHUMUS Which by their graces I will keep.

IACHIMO You may wear her in title yours, but you know strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds. Your ring may be stol'n too. So your brace of unprizable estimations,^o the one is but frail and the other 95 casual.^o A cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

POSTHUMUS Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honor^o of my 100 mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

PHILARIO Let us leave^o here, gentlemen.

POSTHUMUS Sir, with all my heart. This worthy 105 signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.^o

IACHIMO With five times so much conversation I should get ground of^o your fair mistress, make her go back even to the yielding, had I admittance, and 110 opportunity to^o friend.

POSTHUMUS No, no.

IACHIMO I dare thereupon pawn the moiety^o of my estate to your ring, which in my opinion o'ervalues it something. But I make my wager rather against 115 your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offense herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

POSTHUMUS You are a great deal abused^o in too bold a persuasion,^o and I doubt not you sustain what y' are 120 worthy of by your attempt.

IACHIMO What's that?

POSTHUMUS A repulse—though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more: a punishment too.

PHILARIO Gentlemen, enough of this. It came in too 125 suddenly; let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

IACHIMO Would I had put my estate and my neighbor's on th' approbation^o of what I have spoke!

POSTHUMUS What lady would you choose to assail? 130

IACHIMO Yours, whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence 135 that honor of hers which you imagine so reserved.

POSTHUMUS I will wage^o against your gold, gold to it. My ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

IACHIMO You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot 140 preserve it from tainting. But I see you have some religion in you, that^o you fear.

POSTHUMUS This^o is but a custom in your tongue. You bear a graver purpose, I hope.

IACHIMO I am the master of my speeches, and would 145 undergo^o what's spoken, I swear.

POSTHUMUS Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants^o drawn between's. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: 150 here's my ring.

PHILARIO I will have it no lay.^o

IACHIMO By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest 155 bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off and leave her in such honor as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours—provided I have your commendation^o for my more 160 free entertainment.^o

POSTHUMUS I embrace these conditions. Let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly^o to understand you have prevailed, I am no 165 further your enemy; she is not worth our debate. If she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and th' assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

IACHIMO Your hand; a covenant. We will have these 170 things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away^o for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve.^o I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded.

POSTHUMUS Agreed. 175

[*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.*]

FRENCHMAN Will this hold, think you?

PHILARIO Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray let us follow 'em. *Exeunt.*

Scene V. [*Britain.*]

Enter QUEEN, LADIES, and CORNELIUS.

73–74 **hand-in-hand** claiming equality 75 **went before** excelled 83 **enjoys** possesses 85 **outprized** exceeded in value 87 **or** either 94–95 **unprizable estimations** inestimable values 96 **casual** liable to accident 100 **convince the honor** conquer the chastity 104 **leave** leave off 107 **at first** from the first 109 **get ground of** gain an advantage over (a dueling metaphor followed by bawdy quibbles on “go back” and “yielding”) 111 **to** as a 113 **moiety** half 119 **abused** deceived 120 **persuasion** opinion

129 **approbation** proof 137 **wage** wager 142 **that** since 143 **This** i.e., what you say 146 **undergo** undertake 148 **covenants** a legal agreement 152 **lay** wager 159 **commendation** introduction to her 160 **entertainment** welcome 164 **directly** plainly 171 **straight away** immediately I shall leave 173 **starve** die

QUEEN

Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers.
Make haste. Who has the note° of them?

LADY

I, madam.

QUEEN

Dispatch.° *Exeunt LADIES.*

Now, Master Doctor, have you brought those drugs?

CORNELIUS

Pleaseth your highness, ay. Here they are, madam. 5

[*Presenting a box.*]

But I beseech your grace, without offense—
My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,°
Which are the movers of a languishing death,
But, though slow, deadly.

QUEEN

I wonder, doctor, 10

Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learned° me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections?° Having thus far proceeded— 15
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment° in
Other conclusions?° I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging—but none human— 20
To try the vigor of them and apply
Allayments to their act,° and by them° gather
Their° several virtues and effects.

CORNELIUS

Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart. 25
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

QUEEN

O, content thee.

Enter PISANIO.

[*Aside.*]

Here comes a flattering rascal. Upon him
Will I first work. He's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended; 30
Take your own way.

CORNELIUS [*Aside.*] I do suspect you, madam,

But you shall do no harm.

QUEEN [*To PISANIO.*] Hark thee, a word.CORNELIUS [*Aside.*]

I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange ling'ring poisons. I do know her spirit
And will not trust one of her malice with 35
A drug of such damned nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile,
Which first perchance she'll prove° on cats and dogs,
Then afterwards up higher; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes, 40
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fooled

With a most false effect, and I the truer
So to be false with her.

QUEEN

No further service, doctor,

Until I send for thee.

CORNELIUS

I humbly take my leave. *Exit.* 45

QUEEN

Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench° and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work.
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then 50

As great as is thy master; greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot nor
Continue where he is. To shift his being°
Is to exchange one misery with another, 55

And every day that comes comes to decay°
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends
So much as but to prop him? [*Dropping the box;*
PISANIO *picks it up.*] Thou tak'st up 60

Thou know'st not what, but take it for thy labor.
It is a thing I made which hath the king
Five times redeemed from death. I do not know
What is more cordial.° Nay, I prithee take it.
It is an earnest° of a farther good 65

That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on,° but think
Thou hast thy mistress still—to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king 70
To any shape of thy preferment° such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert,° am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women.
Think on my words. *Exit PISANIO.* A sly and constant
knave, 75

Not to be shaken; the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer° of her to hold
The handfast° to her lord. I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers° for her sweet,° and which she after, 80
Except she bend her humor,° shall be assured
To haste it too.

Enter PISANIO and LADIES.

So, so. Well done, well done.
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses
Bear to my closet.° Fare thee well, Pisanio.
Think on my words. *Exeunt QUEEN and LADIES.*

PISANIO And shall do. 85

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself. There's all I'll do for you. *Exit.*

I.v.2 note list 3 Dispatch make haste 8 compounds drugs
12 learned taught 15 confections drugs 17 judgment
knowledge 18 conclusions experiments 22 Allayments
. . . act antidotes to their action; them the experiments 23
Their of the compounds 38 prove test

47 quench cool down 54 being location 56 decay destroy
64 cordial restorative 65 earnest pledge 68 chance . . .
on i.e., opportunity you have to change service (?) 71
preferment advancement 73 desert action meriting reward
77 remembrancer person employed to remind someone
(legal term) 78 handfast marriage contract 80 liegers
ambassadors; sweet lover 81 bend her humor change her
mind 84 closet private room

Scene VI. [*Britain.*]*Enter IMOGEN alone.*

IMOGEN

A father cruel and a stepdame false,
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady
 That hath her husband banished. O, that husband,
 My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated°
 Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
 As my two brothers, happy; but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious.° Blessed be those,
 How mean° soe'er, that have their honest wills,°
 Which seasons° comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

PISANIO

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

IACHIMO

Change you,° madam:

The worthy Leonatus is in safety
 And greets your highness dearly. [*Presenting a letter.*]

IMOGEN

Thanks, good sir.

You're kindly welcome.

IACHIMO [*Aside.*]

All of her that is out of door° most rich!
 If she be furnished with a mind so rare,
 She is alone th' Arabian bird,° and I
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot,
 Or like the Parthian° I shall flying fight—
 Rather, directly fly.

IMOGEN (*Reads.*) "He is one of the noblest note,° to
 whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect°
 upon him accordingly, as you value your trust—

Leonatus." 25

So far I read aloud.

But even the very middle of my heart
 Is warmed by th' rest and takes it thankfully.
 You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
 Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
 In all that I can do.

IACHIMO

Thanks, fairest lady.

What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
 To see this vaulted arch and the rich crop°
 Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
 The fiery orbs above and the twinned° stones
 Upon the numbered° beach, and can we not
 Partition° make with spectacles so precious°
 'Twixt fair and foul?

IMOGEN

What makes your admiration?°

IACHIMO

It cannot be i' th' eye, for apes and monkeys,

'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way° and 40
 Contemn with mows° the other; nor i' th' judgment,
 For idiots, in this case of favor,° would
 Be wisely definite;° nor i' th' appetite°—
 Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
 Should make desire vomit emptiness,° 45
 Not so allured to feed.

IMOGEN

What is the matter, trow?°

IACHIMO

The cloyed will°—

That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
 Both filled and running—ravening first the lamb,
 Longs after for the garbage.

IMOGEN

What, dear sir,

Thus raps° you? Are you well?

IACHIMO

Thanks, madam, well.

[*To PISANIO.*]

Beseech you, sir, desire
 My man's abode° where I did leave him.
 He's strange and peevish.°

PISANIO

I was going, sir,

To give him welcome.

Exit. 55

IMOGEN

Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

IACHIMO

Well, madam.

IMOGEN

Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

IACHIMO

Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger° there
 So merry and so gamesome. He is called
 The Briton reveler.

IMOGEN

When he was here

He did incline to sadness,° and oftentimes
 Not knowing why.

IACHIMO

I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one
 An eminent monsieur that, it seems, much loves 65
 A Gallian° girl at home. He furnaces°
 The thick° sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton—
 Your lord, I mean—laughs from's free lungs, cries, "O,
 Can my sides hold to think that man who knows
 By history, report, or his own proof° 70
 What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
 But must be, will's free hours languish° for
 Assured bondage?"

IMOGEN

Will my lord say so?

IACHIMO

Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.

It is a recreation to be by

And hear him mock the Frenchman. But heavens know
 Some men are much to blame.

IMOGEN

Not he, I hope.

I.vi.4 repeated (already) enumerated **7 desire that's glorious**
 i.e., unfulfilled longing that aspires to great things (Nosworthy)
8 mean low-ranking; **honest wills** plain desires **9 seasons**
 give relish to **11 Comes** who comes; **you** i.e., your expres-
 sion **15 out of door** external, visible **17 Arabian bird**
 phoenix (of which species only one example existed at a time)
20 Parthian mounted archer who shot arrows behind him
 while in flight (Iachimo will resort to indirect methods) **22**
note reputation **23 Reflect** bestow attention **33 crop**
 harvest **35 twinned** exactly alike **36 numbered** abound-
 ing (in stones) **37 Partition** distinction; **spectacles so**
precious i.e., eyesight **38 admiration** wonder

40 this way toward Imogen **41 mows** grimaces **42 case of**
favor question of beauty **43 definite** decisive; **appetite**
 physical desire **45 make . . . emptiness** i.e., destroy
 desire **47 What . . . trow** What are you talking about,
 I wonder; **will** sexual desire **51 raps** transports **52-53**
desire . . . abode request that my servant remain **54**
strange and peevish a foreigner and skittish **59 none a**
stranger there is no foreigner **62 sadness** seriousness **66**
Gallian French; **furnaces** exhales like a furnace **67 thick**
 frequent **70 proof** experience **72 languish** pass in languishing

IACHIMO

Not he—but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself 'tis° much;
In you, which I account his, beyond all talents.°
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

IMOGEN What do you pity, sir?

IACHIMO

Two creatures heartily.

IMOGEN Am I one, sir?

You look on me. What wrack° discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

IACHIMO Lamentable! What,

To hide me from the radiant sun and solace°
I' th' dungeon by a snuff!°

IMOGEN I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

IACHIMO

That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—but
It is an office° of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

IMOGEN You do seem to know

Something of me or what concerns me. Pray you,
Since doubting° things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do—for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,°
The remedy then born—discover° to me
What° both you spur and stop.

IACHIMO Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damned then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes° with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labor); then bye-peeping° in an eye
Base and illustrious° as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow—it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter° such revolt.°

IMOGEN My lord, I fear,

Has forgot Britain.

IACHIMO And himself. Not I

Inclined to this intelligence pronounce°
The beggary° of his change, but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience° to my tongue
Charms this report out.

IMOGEN .Let me hear no more.

IACHIMO

O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity that doth make me sick. A lady

So fair, and fastened to an empery°

Would° make the great'st king double, to be partnered
With tomboys° hired with that self exhibition°
Which your own coffers yield; with diseased ventures°
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature; such boiled stuff°
As well might poison poison! Be revenged,
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil° from your great stock.

IMOGEN Revenged?

How should I be revenged? If this be true—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

IACHIMO Should he make me

Live like Diana's priest betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,°
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate° to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close° as sure.

IMOGEN What ho, Pisanio!

IACHIMO

Let me my service tender on your lips.

IMOGEN

Away, I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee.° If thou wert honorable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honor, and
Solicits here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault. If he shall think it fit
A saucy stranger in his court to mart°
As in a Romish stew° and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio!

IMOGEN

O happy Leonatus! I may say
The credit° that thy lady hath of° thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit. Blessèd live you long,
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country called his,° and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this to know if your affiance°
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
That which he is, new o'er; and he is one°
The truest mannered,° such a holy witch°

120 empery empire 121 Would which would 122
tomboys whores; self exhibition selfsame allowance 123
ventures whores 125 boiled stuff i.e., women who have
been "sweated" for venereal disease 128 Recoil decline
134 variable ramps fickle whores 137 runagate traitor
139 close secret 142 attended thee listened to you (in anger
Imogen shifts from formal "you" to familiar "thee," thus
treating Iachimo as an inferior; at line 168 she reverts to
"you") 151 to mart should do business 152 Romish stew
Roman bawdyhouse 157 credit trust; of in 161 his its own
163 affiance faith 165 one above all 166 truest mannered
most honestly behaved; witch charmer

79 'tis i.e., heaven's bounty is 80 beyond all talents beyond
all natural endowments, i.e., inestimable 84 wrack disaster
86 solace find pleasure 87 snuff candle-end 92 office duty
95 doubting fearing 97 timely knowing if one knows in
time 98 discover reveal 99 What why 106 gripes grips
108 bye-peeping peeping sidelong 109 illustrious lackluster
112 Encounter confront; revolt inconstancy 113-14 Not
. . . pronounce I, though disinclined to bring this news,
report 115 beggary meanness 116 conscience knowledge

That he enchants societies into° him.
Half all men's hearts are his.

IMOGEN You make amends.

IACHIMO

He sits 'mongst men like a descended god.
He hath a kind of honor sets him off
More than a mortal seeming.° Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking° of a false report, which hath
Honored with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which° you know cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan° you thus, but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray your pardon.

IMOGEN

All's well, sir. Take my pow'r i' th' court for yours.

IACHIMO

My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
T' entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord, myself, and other noble friends
Are° partners in the business.

IMOGEN

Pray what is't?

IACHIMO

Some dozen Romans of us and your lord—
The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor° for the rest, have done
In France. 'Tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great,
And I am something curious,° being strange,°
To have them in safe stowage. May it please you
To take them in protection?

IMOGEN

Willingly;

And pawn mine honor for their safety. Since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

IACHIMO

They are in a trunk

Attended by my men. I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night.
I must aboard tomorrow.

IMOGEN

O, no, no.

IACHIMO

Yes, I beseech, or I shall short° my word
By length'ning my return. From Gallia°
I crossed the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

IMOGEN

I thank you for your pains.

But not away tomorrow!

IACHIMO

O, I must, madam.

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't tonight.
I have outstood my time, which is material
To th' tender° of our present.

IMOGEN

I will write.

Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

Exeunt [severally].

A C T I I

Scene I. [*Britain.*]

Enter CLOTEN and the two LORDS.

170 CLOTEN Was there ever man had such luck? When I
kissed the jack,° upon an upcast° to be hit away! I had
a hundred pound on't. And then a whoreson jacka-
napes must take me up° for swearing, as if I borrowed
mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my 5
pleasure.

175 FIRST LORD What got he by that? You have broke
his pate with your bowl.

SECOND LORD [*Aside.*] If his wit had been like him
that broke it, it would have run all out. 10

CLOTEN When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is
not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

180 SECOND LORD No, my lord—[*Aside.*] Nor crop the
ears of them.

CLOTEN Whoreson dog, I gave him satisfaction! 15
Would he had been one of my rank.°

SECOND LORD [*Aside.*] To have smelled like a fool.

CLOTEN I am not vexed more at anything in th'
earth. A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am. 20
They dare not fight with me because of the queen
my mother. Every jack-slave° hath his bellyful of
fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that
nobody can match.

190 SECOND LORD [*Aside.*] You are cock and capon too,
and° you crow, cock, with your comb on. 25

CLOTEN Sayest thou?

SECOND LORD It is not fit your lordship should
undertake° every companion° that you give offense to.

CLOTEN No, I know that, but it is fit I should commit
offense° to my inferiors. 30

195 SECOND LORD Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

CLOTEN Why, so I say.

FIRST LORD Did you hear of a stranger° that's come
to court tonight?

CLOTEN A stranger, and I not know on't? 35

SECOND LORD [*Aside.*] He's a strange fellow himself,
and knows it not.

200 FIRST LORD There's an Italian come, and, 'tis thought,
one of Leonatus' friends.

CLOTEN Leonatus? A banished rascal, and he's 40
another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this
stranger?

FIRST LORD One of your lordship's pages.

CLOTEN Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no
derogation° in't? 45

205 SECOND LORD You cannot derogate,° my lord.

CLOTEN Not easily, I think.

SECOND LORD [*Aside.*] You are a fool, granted;
therefore your issues,° being foolish, do not derogate.

210 **II.i.2** kissed the jack came close to the target ball (in the game
of bowls); **upcast** chance **4** take me up rebuke me **16** of
my rank i.e., so I might have challenged him to a duel (the
Second Lord quibbles) **21** jack-slave lout **25** and if **28**
undertake take on; **companion** low fellow **29–30** commit
offense offer battle **33** stranger foreigner **45** derogation
loss of dignity **46** cannot derogate do anything derogatory
to your rank (with quibble on the sense of "have no dignity
to lose") **49** issues deeds

167 into to **171** mortal seeming human appearance **173**
try your taking test your reception **176** Which who **177**
fan winnow **184** Are i.e., who are **188** factor agent **191**
curious anxious; **strange** a foreigner **200** short fall short of
201 Gallia France **208** tender giving

CLOTEN Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have so
lost today at bowls I'll win tonight of him. Come, go.
SECOND LORD I'll attend your lordship.

Exeunt [CLOTEN and FIRST LORD].

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! A woman that
Bears all down° with her brain, and this her son 55
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,°
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy stepdame governed,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer 60
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make. The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honor, keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand, 65
T' enjoy thy banished lord and this great land! *Exit.*

Scene II. [Britain.]

Enter IMOGEN in her bed,° and a LADY.

IMOGEN

Who's there? My woman Helen?

LADY

Please you, madam.

IMOGEN

What hour is it?

LADY

Almost midnight, madam.

IMOGEN

I have read three hours then. Mine eyes are weak.
Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed.
Take not away the taper, leave it burning; 5
And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,
I prithee call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.

[*Exit* LADY.]

To your protection I commend me, gods.
From fairies° and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye!

Sleeps. IACHIMO [*comes*] from the trunk.

IACHIMO

The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabored sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin° thus
Did softly press the rushes° ere he wakened
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,°
How bravely° thou becom'st thy bed, fresh lily,° 15
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss, one kiss! Rubies unparagoned,
How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' th' taper
Bows toward her and would underpeep her lids 20
To see th' enclosed lights, now canopied

55 Bears all down overcomes everything 56 for his heart to save his life

II.ii.s.d. Enter . . . bed in Elizabethan open-stage production the bed is "thrust out" upon the stage by attendants and the trunk is carried on; in modern proscenium-arch production the bed and trunk are usually "discovered" by raising the front curtain 9 fairies i.e., malignant fairies 12 Tarquin who raped Lucrece 13 rushes Elizabethan floor-covering 14 Cytherea Venus 15 bravely magnificently; lily emblem of chastity

Under these windows,° white and azure-laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design:
To note the chamber. I will write all down:
Such and such pictures; there the window; such 25
Th' adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o' th' story.°
Ah, but some natural notes° about her body
Above ten thousand meaner movables°
Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory. 30
O sleep, thou ape° of death, lie dull° upon her.
And be her sense but as a monument,°
Thus in a chapel lying. Come off, come off—
[*Removing her bracelet.*]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly, 35
As strongly as the conscience° does within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted,° like the crimson drops
I' th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher°
Stronger than ever law could make. This secret 40
Will force him think I have picked the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honor. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down that's riveted,
Screwed to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus.° Here the leaf's turned down 45
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough.
To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye.° I lodge in fear.
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. 50
Clock strikes.

One, two, three. Time, time! [*Goes into the trunk.*]
Exeunt.°

Scene III. [Britain.]

Enter CLOTEN and LORDS.

FIRST LORD Your lordship is the most patient man in
loss, the most coldest° that ever turned up ace.°

CLOTEN It would make any man cold° to lose.

FIRST LORD But not every man patient after the
noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and 5
furious when you win.

CLOTEN Winning will put any man into courage. If I
could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold
enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

FIRST LORD Day, my lord. 10

CLOTEN I would this music would come. I am advised
to give her music a-mornings; they say it will pene-
trate.°

22 windows shutters, i.e., eyelids 27 th' story the story depicted on the arras (cf. II.iv.69) 28 notes marks 29 meaner movables lesser furnishings 31 ape mimic; dull heavy 32 monument recumbent effigy on a tomb 36 conscience knowledge 38 cinque-spotted having five spots 39 voucher guarantee 45 Tereus who raped Philomela; apparently the book is Ovid's *Metamorphoses* 49 bare . . . eye the raven supposedly being an early bird 51 s.d. Exeunt the bed and trunk are carried offstage or concealed by dropping the front curtain

II.iii.2 coldest calmest; ace one, the lowest throw at dice (pun on ass) 3 cold gloomy 12-14 penetrate affect emotionally (with bawdy quibble)

Enter MUSICIANS.

Come on, tune. If you can penetrate° her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too. If none will do, let her remain, but I'll never give o'er.° First, a very excellent good-conceited° thing; after, a wonderful sweet air with admirable rich words to it—and then let her consider.

Song.

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings, 20
And Phoebus 'gins° arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds° begin
To ope their golden eyes. 25
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise!

CLOTEN So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider° your music the better; if it do not, it is a vice° in her ears which horsehairs° and calves' guts,° nor the voice of unpaved° eunuch to boot, can never amend.
[*Exeunt MUSICIANS.*]

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

SECOND LORD Here comes the king.

CLOTEN I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early. He cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly. Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

CYMBELINE Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

CLOTEN I have assailed her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

CYMBELINE

The exile of her minion° is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him. Some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

QUEEN You are most bound to th' king, 45
Who lets go by no vantages° that may
Prefer° you to his daughter. Frame° yourself
To order solicits,° and be friended
With aptness of the season. Make denials
Increase your services. So seem as if 50
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission° tends,
And therein you are senseless.°

CLOTEN Senseless? Not so.

[*Enter a MESSENGER.*]

MESSENGER

So like you,° sir, ambassadors from Rome. 55
The one is Caius Lucius.

CYMBELINE A worthy fellow,

16 give o'er give up 17 good-conceited well-devised
21 Phoebus 'gins Apollo (the sun) begins to 24 winking
Mary-buds closed marigold buds 29–30 consider reward
30 vice flaw 31 horsehairs bowstrings; calves' guts
fiddle-strings 32 unpaved unstoned (i.e., castrated) 42
minion darling 46 vantages opportunities 47 Prefer
recommend; Frame prepare 48 solicits solicitations 53
dismission rejection 54 senseless insensible 55 So like you
if you please

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now.

But that's no fault of his. We must receive him

According to the honor of his sender,

And towards himself, his goodness forespent° on us, 60

We must extend our notice. Our dear son,

When you have given good morning to your mistress,

Attend the queen and us. We shall have need

T'employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen.

Exeunt [all but CLOTEN].

CLOTEN

If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not, 65
Let her lie still and dream. By your leave, ho!

[*Knocks.*]

I know her women are about her. What
If I do line° one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance—oft it doth—yea, and makes
Diana's rangers° false° themselves, yield up 70
Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer;° and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man killed and saves the thief,
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man. What
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to° me, for 75
I yet not understand° the case myself.
By your leave.

Knocks. Enter a LADY.

LADY

Who's there that knocks?

CLOTEN

A gentleman.

LADY

No more?

CLOTEN

Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

LADY

That's more

Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours 80
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

CLOTEN

Your lady's person. Is she ready?°

LADY

Ay,

To keep her chamber.

CLOTEN

There is gold for you.

Sell me your good report.

LADY

How? My good name? Or to report of you 85
What I shall think is good? The princess!

Enter IMOGEN. [Exit LADY.]

CLOTEN

Good morrow, fairest sister. Your sweet hand.

IMOGEN

Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble. The thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks 90
And scarce can spare them.

CLOTEN

Still I swear I love you.

IMOGEN

If you but said so, 'twere as deep° with me.

60 forespent having earlier been spent 68 line i.e., with money 70 rangers gamekeepers; false betray 71 stand . . . stealer standing-place of the hunter (quibble on the sense of "erection of the phallus") 75 lawyer to quibble on lower to, i.e., lie down for 76 understand quibble on stand under, i.e., penetrate 82 ready dressed 92 deep effective

If you swear still,^o your recompense is still
That I regard it not.
CLOTEN This is no answer.
IMOGEN
But^o that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you spare me. Faith,
I shall unfold^o equal discourtesy^o
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing^o
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
CLOTEN
To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin.
I will not.
IMOGEN
Fools are not mad folks.
CLOTEN Do you call me fool?
IMOGEN
As I am mad, I do.
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being so verbal;^o and learn now for all
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity
To accuse myself I hate^o you—which I had rather
You felt than make't my boast.
CLOTEN You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend^o with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and fostered with cold dishes,
With scraps o' th' court—it is no contract, none.
And though it be allowed in meaner^o parties—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls,
On whom there is no more dependency^o
But brats and beggary, in self-figured^o knot;
Yet you are curbed from that enlargement^o by
The consequence^o o' th' crown, and must not foil^o
The precious note^o of it with a base slave,
A hilding for^o a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler^o—not so eminent.
IMOGEN Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom. Thou wert dignified^o enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom,^o and hated
For being preferred^o so well.
CLOTEN The south fog^o rot him!
IMOGEN
He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment

93 still continually 95 But so 97 unfold display; equal
discourtesy i.e., discourtesy equal 98 knowing knowledge
107 verbal talkative 111 To . . . hate that I accuse myself
of hating 113–14 For . . . pretend as for the marriage
contract you claim 117 meaner lower-ranking 119 de-
pendency retinue 120 self-figured shaped by one's self
121 enlargement freedom 122 consequence importance;
foil defile 123 note eminence, importance 124 hilding for
good-for-nothing fit only for 125 pantler pantry-servant
128 dignified given honor 129–31 if . . . kingdom if,
according to the virtue of each of you, you were made under-
hangman and he king (Heilman) 132 preferred advanced;
south fog the damp, supposedly unhealthy, south wind

That ever hath but clipped^o his body is dearer 135
In my respect^o than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

95 CLOTEN
"His garment"? Now the devil—
IMOGEN
To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently.^o
CLOTEN
100 "His garment"?
IMOGEN I am sprited^o with a fool, 140
Frighted, and angered worse. Go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm. It was thy master's. Shrew^o me
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think 145
I saw't this morning; confident I am
105 Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kissed it.
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.
PISANIO 'Twill not be lost.
IMOGEN
110 I hope so.^o Go and search. [Exit PISANIO.]
CLOTEN You have abused me. 150
"His meanest garment"?
IMOGEN Ay, I said so, sir.
If you will make't an action,^o call witness to't.
CLOTEN
115 I will inform your father.
IMOGEN Your mother too.
She's my good lady and will conceive,^o I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir, 155
To th' worst of discontent. Exit.
120 CLOTEN I'll be revenged.
"His meanest garment"? Well. Exit.^o

Scene IV. [Rome.]

125 POSTHUMUS
Fear it not, sir. I would I were so sure
To win the king as I am bold^o her honor
Will remain hers.
PHILARIO What means^o do you make to him?
130 POSTHUMUS
Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish 5
That warmer days would come. In these feared^o hopes
I barely gratify^o your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
PHILARIO
Your very goodness and your company
O'er pays all I can do. By this,^o your king 10
Hath heard of great Augustus; Caius Lucius
Will do's commission throughly. And I think
He'll grant the tribute, send th' arrearages,

135 clipped embraced 136 respect regard 139 presently
immediately 140 sprited haunted 143 Shrew curse 150
so i.e., not 152 action lawsuit 154 conceive come to
believe 157 s.d. Exit by the other door
II.iv.2 bold confident 3 means overtures 6 feared fear-
laden 7 gratify repay 10 this this time

Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

POSTHUMUS I do believe, 15
Statist° though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen 20
Are men more ordered than when Julius Caesar
Smiled at their lack of skill but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers° they are people such 25
That mend upon° the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

PHILARIO See, Iachimo!

POSTHUMUS
The swiftest harts have posted° you by land,
And winds of all the corners° kissed your sails
To make your vessel nimble.

PHILARIO Welcome, sir.

POSTHUMUS
I hope the briefness of your answer° made 30
The speediness of your return.

IACHIMO Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have looked upon.

POSTHUMUS
And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts
And be false with them.

IACHIMO Here are letters° for you. 35

POSTHUMUS
Their tenor good, I trust.

IACHIMO 'Tis very like.

POSTHUMUS
Was Caius Lucius in the Briton court
When you were there?

IACHIMO He was expected then,
But not approached.

POSTHUMUS All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is't not 40
Too dull for your good wearing?

IACHIMO If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain—for the ring is won. 45

POSTHUMUS
The stone's too hard to come by.

IACHIMO Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

POSTHUMUS Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport. I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

IACHIMO Good sir, we must, 50
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge° of your mistress home, I grant

We were to question° farther, but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honor,
Together with your ring, and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but 55
By both your wills.

POSTHUMUS If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honor gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leave° both 60
To who shall find them.

IACHIMO Sir, my circumstances,°
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to spare° when you shall find 65
You need it not.

POSTHUMUS Proceed.

IACHIMO First, her bedchamber—
Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching°—it was hanged
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman° 70
And Cydnus swelled above the banks, or° for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely° done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value;° which I wondered
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought, 75
Since the true life on't was—

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

IACHIMO More particulars
Must justify° my knowledge.

POSTHUMUS So they must,
Or do your honor injury.

IACHIMO The chimney° 80
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece°
Chaste Dian bathing. Never saw I figures
So likely to report° themselves. The cutter°
Was as another Nature, dumb;° outwent° her,
Motion and breath left out.

POSTHUMUS This is a thing 85
Which you might from relation° likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

IACHIMO The roof o' th' chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted.° Her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking° Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely 90
Depending on their brands.°

POSTHUMUS This is her honor!
Let it be granted you have seen all this—and praise

16 Statist politician 25 approvers testers 26 That mend upon whose reputation grows with 27 have posted must have sped 28 corners i.e., of the earth 30 your answer the answer you received 35 are letters is a letter 51 knowledge carnal knowledge

52 question dispute (as in a duel) 60 leave let it leave 61 circumstances details 65 spare omit 68 watching remaining awake for 70 Roman Antony 71 or either 73 bravely finely 73-74 it . . . value it was doubtful whether the workmanship or the intrinsic value was greater 79 justify prove 80 chimney fireplace 81 chimney-piece sculpture placed over the fireplace 83 likely to report apt to identify; cutter sculptor 84 as . . . dumb like Nature in creative power although unable to make the sculpture speak; outwent surpassed 86 relation report 88 fretted carved 89 winking with closed eyes, i.e., blind 91 Depending . . . brands leaning on their torches

Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

IACHIMO Then, if you can

[*Showing the bracelet.*]

Be pale,° I beg but leave to air this jewel. See!
And now 'tis up° again. It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

POSTHUMUS Jove!

Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her?

IACHIMO Sir, I thank her, that.

She stripped it from her arm; I see her yet.
Her pretty action did outsell° her gift,
And yet enriched it too. She gave it me and said
She prized it once.

POSTHUMUS May be she plucked it off
To send it me.

IACHIMO She writes so to you, doth she?

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

[*Giving the ring.*]

It is a basilisk° unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't. Let there be no honor
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.°
O, above measure false!

PHILARIO Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won.
It may be probable° she lost it, or
Who knows if one° her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?

POSTHUMUS Very true,
And so I hope he came by't. Back my ring;
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident° than this, for this was stol'n.

IACHIMO By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

POSTHUMUS Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true—nay, keep the ring—'tis true. I am sure
She would not lose it. Her attendants are
All sworn° and honorable. They induced to steal it?
And by a stranger? No, he hath enjoyed her.
The cognizance° of her incontinency
Is this.° She hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.

There, take thy hire,° and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

PHILARIO Sir, be patient.

This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded° well of.

POSTHUMUS Never talk on't.
She hath been colted° by him.

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

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

IACHIMO Will you hear more?

POSTHUMUS Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns.
Once, and a million!

IACHIMO I'll be sworn.

POSTHUMUS No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie,
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

IACHIMO I'll deny nothing.

POSTHUMUS O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do't i' th' court, before
Her father. I'll do something. *Exit.*

PHILARIO Quite besides
The government° of patience! You have won.
Let's follow him and pervert° the present wrath
He hath against himself.

IACHIMO With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

[*Scene V. Rome.*]

Enter POSTHUMUS.

POSTHUMUS Is there no way for men to be,° but women
Must be half-workers?° We are all bastards,
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father was I know not where
When I was stamped.° Some coiner° with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seemed
The Dian° of that time. So doth my wife
The nonpareil° of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained
And prayed me oft forbearance—did it with
A pudency° so rosy, the sweet view on't°
Might well have warmed old Saturn°—that I thought
her
As chaste as unsunned snow. O, all the devils!
This yellow° Iachimo in an hour, was't not?
Or less? At first?° Perchance he spoke not, but,

96 Be pale remain unflushed, i.e., calm 97 up put up, pocketed 102 outsell exceed in value 107 basilisk monster supposedly capable of killing by look 110–12 The vows . . . nothing Let the vows of women be no more binding to the recipients of them than women are bound to their own virtues—which is not at all (Nosworthy) 115 probable provable 116 one one of 120 evident conclusive 125 sworn i.e., to loyalty 127 cognizance badge 128 this the bracelet 129 hire reward

132 persuaded that we are persuaded to think 133 colted possessed sexually 137 present immediate 139 stain mark 140 stain corruption 147 limb-meal limb from limb 150 government control 151 pervert divert II.v.1 be exist 2 half-workers i.e., in begetting 5 stamped minted; coiner counterfeiter 7 Dian Diana (goddess of chastity) 8 nonpareil one without equal 11 pudency modesty; on't of it 12 Saturn considered to be cold and gloomy 14 yellow i.e., of complexion 15 At first immediately

Like a full-acorned° boar, a German one,
 Cried "O!" and mounted; found no opposition
 But what he looked for should oppose and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me! For there's no motion° 20
 That tends to vice in man but I affirm
 It is the woman's part. Be it lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank° thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides,° disdain, 25
 Nice° longing, slanders, mutability,°
 All faults that have a name, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part or all, but rather all.
 For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still 30
 One vice but of a minute old for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them. Yet 'tis greater skill°
 In a true hate to pray they have their will;
 The very devils cannot plague them better. *Exit.* 35

A C T I I I

Scene I. [*Britain.*]

Enter in state CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and LORDS at one door and, at another, Caius LUCIUS and ATTENDANTS.

CYMBELINE

Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?

LUCIUS

When Julius Caesar, whose remembrance yet
 Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
 Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
 And conquered it, Cassibelan thine uncle, 5
 Famous in Caesar's praises no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it, for him
 And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately
 Is left untendered.

QUEEN And, to kill the marvel,° 10
 Shall be so ever.

CLOTEN There be many Caesars
 Ere such another Julius. Britain's a world
 By itself, and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.

QUEEN That opportunity 15
 Which then they had to take from's, to resume
 We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
 The kings your ancestors, together with
 The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
 As Neptune's park, ribbèd° and palèd° in
 With rocks unscalable and roaring waters, 20
 With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats
 But suck them up to th' topmast. A kind of conquest

16 full-acorned fed full with acorns 20 motion impulse
 24 rank lascivious 25 change of prides varying extrava-
 gances 26 Nice wanton; mutability inconstancy 33 skill
 reason

III.i.10 kill the marvel end the astonishment (caused by
 nonpayment) 19 ribbèd enclosed; palèd fenced

Caesar made here, but made not here his brag
 Of "Came and saw and overcame." With shame,
 The first that ever touched him, he was carried 25
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
 Poor ignorant° baubles on our terrible seas,
 Like eggshells moved upon their surges, cracked
 As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof
 The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point°— 30
 O giglot° Fortune!—to master° Caesar's sword,
 Made Lud's Town° with rejoicing fires bright
 And Britons strut with courage.

CLOTEN Come, there's no more tribute to be paid.
 Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time, and, 35
 as I said, there is no moe° such Caesars. Other of them
 may have crooked° noses, but to owe° such straight
 arms, none.

CYMBELINE

Son, let your mother end.

CLOTEN We have yet many among us can gripe° as 40
 hard as Cassibelan. I do not say I am one, but I have a
 hand. Why tribute? Why should we pay tribute? If
 Caesar can hide the sun from us with a blanket or put
 the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for
 light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now. 45

CYMBELINE

You must know,
 Till the injurious° Romans did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free. Caesar's ambition,
 Which swelled so much that it did almost stretch
 The sides o' th' world, against all color° here 50
 Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be. We do say then to Caesar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
 Ordained our laws, whose use the sword of Caesar 55
 Hath too much mangled, whose repair and franchise°
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made
 our laws,
 Who was the first of Britain which did put
 His brows within a golden crown and called 60
 Himself a king.

LUCIUS I am sorry, Cymbeline,
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar—
 Caesar, that hath moe kings his° servants than
 Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy. 65
 Receive it from me then: war and confusion°
 In Caesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee. Look
 For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
 I thank thee for myself.

CYMBELINE Thou art welcome, Caius.
 Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him; of him I gathered honor, 70
 Which he to seek° of me again, perforce,
 Behooves me keep at utterance.° I am perfect°

27 ignorant inexperienced 30 at point at the point 31
 giglot wanton; to master of mastering 32 Lud's Town
 London 36 moe more 37 crooked i.e., Roman; owe own
 40 gripe grasp 47 injurious insulting 50 against all color
 without any right 56 franchise free exercise 63 his as
 his 65 confusion destruction 71 he to seek his seeking 72
 keep at utterance defend to the last ditch; perfect well
 aware

That the Pannonians and Dalmatians° for
 Their liberties are now in arms, a precedent
 Which not to read would show the Britons cold.° 75
 So Caesar shall not find them.

LUCIUS Let proof° speak.

CLOTEN His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
 with us a day or two, or longer. If you seek us after-
 wards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-
 water girdle; if you beat us out of it, it is yours. If you 80
 fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better
 for you, and there's an end.

LUCIUS So, sir.

CYMBELINE

I know your master's pleasure, and he mine.
 All the remain° is, welcome. Exeunt. 85

Scene II. [Britain.]

Enter PISANIO, reading of a letter.

PISANIO

How? of adultery? Wherefore write you not
 What monsters her accuse? Leonatus,
 Of master, what a strange° infection
 Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
 As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevailed 5
 On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No.
 She's punished for her truth° and undergoes,°
 More goddesslike than wifelike, such assaults
 As would take in° some virtue. O my master,
 Thy mind to° her is now as low as were 10
 Thy fortunes. How? That I should murder her,
 Upon the love and truth and vows which I
 Have made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I 15
 That I should seem to lack humanity
 So much as this fact° comes to? [Reading.] "Do't! The
 letter
 That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity." O damned paper,
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless° bauble, 20
 Art thou a fedary for° this act, and look'st
 So virginlike without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in° what I am commanded.

IMOGEN

How now, Pisanio?

PISANIO

Madam, here is a letter from my lord. 25

IMOGEN

Who, thy lord? That is my lord Leonatus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer°

That knew the stars as I his characters;°

73 Pannonians and Dalmatians inhabitants of present-day
 Hungary and Yugoslavia 75 cold deficient in spirit 76
 proof experience 85 the remain that remains
 III.ii.3 strange foreign 7 truth fidelity; undergoes endures
 9 take in conquer 10 to compared with 17 fact crime 20
 Senseless inanimate 21 fedary for accomplice in 23 am
 ignorant in will pretend ignorance of 27 astronomer
 astrologer 28 characters handwriting

He'd lay the future open. You good gods,
 Let what is here contained relish of love, 30
 Of my lord's health, of his content—yet not°
 That we two are asunder; let that grieve him.
 Some griefs are med'cinable;° that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love°—of his content
 All but in that. Good wax, thy leave. Blest be 35
 You bees that make these locks of counsel.° Lovers
 And men in dangerous bonds° pray not alike;
 Though forfeiters° you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables.° Good news, gods!

[Reading.]

"Justice and your father's wrath, should he take me in 40
 his dominion, could not be so cruel to me as° you, O
 the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with
 your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria° at
 Milford Haven. What your own love will out of this
 advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, 45
 that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in
 love. Leonatus Posthumus."

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
 He is at Milford Haven. Read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs° 50
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,
 Who long'st like me to see thy lord, who long'st—
 O, let me bate°—but not like me, yet long'st,
 But in a fainter kind—O, not like me! 55
 For mine's beyond beyond: say, and speak thick°—
 Love's counselor should fill the bores of hearing,°
 To th' smothering of the sense—how far it is
 To this same blessed Milford. And by th' way°
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy as 60
 T' inherit such a haven. But first of all,
 How we may steal from hence, and for the gap
 That we shall make in time from our hence-going
 And our return, to excuse. But first, how get hence?
 Why should excuse be born or ere begot?° 65
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee speak,
 How many score of miles may we well rid°
 'Twixt hour and hour?

PISANIO One score 'twixt sun and sun,
 Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

IMOGEN

Why, one that rode to's execution, man, 70
 Could never go so slow. I have heard of riding wagers
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i' th' clock's behalf.° But this is fool'ry.
 Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say
 She'll home to her father; and provide me presently° 75
 A riding suit, no costlier than would fit

31 not not content 33 med'cinable curative 34 physic love
 keep love healthy 36 locks of counsel waxen seals 37 in
 dangerous bonds under contracts imposing penalties 38
 forfeiters contract-violators 39 tables notebooks 41 as but
 that 43 Cambria Wales 50 mean affairs ordinary business
 54 bate abate, modify (the statement) 56 thick profusely
 57 bores of hearing ears 59 by th' way on the way 65 or
 ere begot i.e., before conception (of the deed that makes
 excuse necessary) 67 rid cover 73 i' . . . behalf in place
 of a clock 75 presently immediately

A franklin's° housewife.°

ISANIO Madam, you're best consider.

IMOGEN

I see before me,° man. Nor here, nor here,°
Nor what ensues,° but have a fog in them
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee; 80
Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say.
Accessible is none but Milford way. *Exeunt [severally].*

Scene III. [*Wales.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

BELARIUS

A goodly day not to keep house with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys. This gate°
Instructs you how t'adore the heavens and bows you°
To a morning's holy office. The gates of monarchs
Are arched so high that giants may jet° through 5
And keep their impious turbans on without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly°
As prouder livers do.

GUIDERIUS Hail, heaven!

ARVIRAGUS Hail, heaven!

BELARIUS

Now for our mountain sport. Up to yond hill; 10
Your legs are young. I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place° which lessens and sets off,°
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war. 15
This° service is not service, so being done,
But being so allowed.° To apprehend thus
Draws us a profit from all things we see,
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded° beetle in a safer hold° 20
Than is the full-winged eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,°
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap° of him that makes him fine° 25
Yet keeps his book uncrossed.° No life to ours.

GUIDERIUS

Out of your proof° you speak. We poor unfledged
Have never winged from view o' th' nest, nor know
not
What air's from home. Haply this life is best
If quiet life be best, sweeter to you 30
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, traveling abed,°

77 franklin small landowner; **housewife** pronounced "huzzif"
78 before me i.e., what is immediately ahead; **Nor here,**
nor here neither to this side nor that **79 what ensues** the
eventual outcome

III.iii.2 This gate one of the tiring-house doors (representing
the "cave") **3 bows you** makes you bow **5 jet** strut **8**
hardly badly **13 place** position; **sets off** displays to advantage
16 This any particular **17 allowed** approved **20 sharded**
provided with wing-cases; **hold** stronghold **22 attending**
. . . **check** doing service at court only to receive a rebuke
25 gain the cap win approval; **makes him fine** dresses
elegantly **26 keeps** . . . **uncrossed** does not cancel the debts
in his account book **27 proof** experience **33 abed** i.e., in
imagination

A prison, or a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.°

ARVIRAGUS What should we speak of 35
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching° cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing.
We are beastly:° subtle as the fox for prey, 40
Like° warlike as the wolf for what we eat.
Our valor is to chase what flies. Our cage
We make a choir, as doth the prisoned bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

BELARIUS

How you speak!

Did you but know the city's usuries 45
And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' court,
As hard to leave as keep,° whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' th' war,
A pain° that only seems to seek out danger 50
I' th' name of fame and honor, which dies i' th' search
And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times
Doth ill deserve° by doing well; what's worse,
Must curtsy at the censure. O boys, this story 55
The world may read in me. My body's marked
With Roman swords, and my report° was once
First with the best of note.° Cymbeline loved me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off. Then was I as a tree 60
Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings,° nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

GUIDERIUS Uncertain favor!

BELARIUS

My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft, 65
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevailed
Before my perfect honor, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans. So
Followed my banishment, and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world, 70
Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end° of my time. But up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters' language. He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' th' feast; 75
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison, which attends°
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

Exeunt [GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS].

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to th' king, 80
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine, and though trained up thus
meanly
I' th' cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much 85

35 stride a limit step over a boundary **38 pinching** distress-
ingly cold **40 beastly** beastlike **41 Like** as **47 keep** remain
at **50 pain** labor **54 deserve** earn **57 report** reputation
58 note reputation **63 hangings** fruit **73 fore-end** early
part **77 attends** is present

Beyond the trick° of others. This Polydore,
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
 The king his father called Guiderius—Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out 90
 Into my story; say, “Thus mine enemy fell,
 And thus I set my foot on’s neck,” even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves,° and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother Cadwal, 95
 Once Arviragus, in as like a figure°
 Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
 [Horn.]

His own conceiving.° Hark, the game is roused!
 O Cymbeline, heaven and my conscience knows
 Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon, 100
 At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
 Thinking to bar thee of succession as
 Thou refts° me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honor to her grave. 105
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan called,
 They take for natural father. The game is up.° Exit.

Scene IV. [Wales.]

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

IMOGEN

Thou told’st me, when we came from horse, the place
 Was near at hand. Ne’er longed my mother so
 To see me first as I have° now. Pisanio, man,
 Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh 5
 From th’ inward of thee? One but painted thus
 Would be interpreted a thing perplexed°
 Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
 Into a havior° of less fear, ere wildness°
 Vanquish my staid senses. What’s the matter?° 10
 Why tender’st thou that paper to me with
 A look untender? If’t be summer news,
 Smile to’t before; if winterly, thou need’st
 But keep that count’nance still. My husband’s hand?
 That drug-damned Italy hath outcraftied° him, 15
 And he’s at some hard point.° Speak, man! Thy tongue
 May take off some extremity,° which to read
 Would be even mortal to me.

PISANIO

Please you read,
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdained of fortune. 20

IMOGEN (Reads.) “Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played
 the strumpet in my bed, the testimonies whereof lies
 bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but
 from proof as strong as my grief and as certain as I
 expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act 25

for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of
 hers. Let thine own hands take away her life. I shall
 give thee opportunity at Milford Haven—she hath my
 letter for the purpose—where, if thou fear to strike
 and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander 30
 to her dishonor and equally to me disloyal.”

PISANIO

What shall I need to draw my sword? The paper
 Hath cut her throat already. No, ’tis slander,
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms° of Nile, whose breath 35
 Rides on the posting° winds and doth belie°
 All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and states,°
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

IMOGEN

False to his bed? What is it to be false? 40
 To lie in watch° there and to think on him?
 To weep ’twixt clock and clock?° If sleep charge°
 nature,
 To break it with a fearful° dream of him
 And cry myself awake? That’s false to’s bed, is it?

PISANIO

Alas, good lady! 45

IMOGEN

I false? Thy° conscience witness! Iachimo,
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency.
 Thou then looked’st like a villain; now, methinks,
 Thy favor’s° good enough. Some jay° of Italy,
 Whose mother was her painting,° hath betrayed him. 50
 Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion,
 And, for I am richer than to hang by th’ walls,°
 I must be ripped. To pieces with me! O,
 Men’s vows are women’s traitors! All good seeming,°
 By thy revolt,° O husband, shall be thought 55
 Put on for villainy, not born where’t grows,°
 But worn a bait for ladies.

PISANIO

Good madam, hear me.

IMOGEN

True honest men, being heard° like false Aeneas,° 60
 Were in his time thought false, and Sinon’s° weeping
 Did scandal° many a holy tear, took pity
 From most true wretchedness. So thou, Posthumus,
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;°
 Goodly° and gallant shall be false and perjured
 From thy great fail.° Come, fellow, be thou honest;
 Do thou thy master’s bidding. When thou see’st him, 65
 A little witness my obedience. Look,
 I draw the sword myself. Take it, and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
 Fear not, ’tis empty of all things but grief.
 Thy master is not there, who was indeed 70

86 **trick** capacity 94 **nerves** sinews 96 **in . . . figure**
 playing his part equally well 98 **conceiving** interpretation
 103 **refts** robbed 107 **up** roused

III.iv.3 **have** i.e., have longing (to see Posthumus) 7 **perplexed**
 troubled 9 **havior** appearance; **wildness** panic 10 **matter**
 business 15 **outcraftied** outwitted 16 **at . . . point** in some
 difficult situation 17 **take . . . extremity** lessen the shock

35 **worms** serpents 36 **posting** speeding; **belie** fill with lies
 37 **states** lords 41 **in watch** awake 42 **’twixt . . . clock**
 from hour to hour; **charge** burden 43 **fearful** frightening
 46 **Thy** Posthumus’ 49 **favor** appearance; **jay** whore 50
Whose . . . painting i.e., dependent on make-up 52 **for . . .**
walls i.e., since I am too valuable to be set aside 54 **seeming**
 appearance 55 **revolt** turning away 56 **not . . . grows**
 i.e., transplanted (hence assumed) 58 **heard** heard to speak;
Aeneas who jilted Dido 59 **Sinon** who persuaded Troy to
 admit the Trojan horse 60 **scandal** make disreputable 62
lay . . . men cause all honorable men to be thought corrupt
 63 **Goodly** handsome 64 **fail** failure

The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike!
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

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

IMOGEN Why, I must die,
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art 75
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens° my weak hand. Come, here's my heart—
Something's° afore't; soft,° soft, we'll no defense—
Obedient° as the scabbard. What is here? 80
The scriptures° of the loyal Leonatus
All turned to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! You shall no more
Be stomachers° to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers. Though those that are betrayed 85
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father
And make me put into contempt the suits 90
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness;° and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged° by her
That now thou tirest° on, how thy memory 95
Will then be panged° by me. Prithee dispatch,
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding
When I desire it too.

PISANIO O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business 100
I have not slept one wink.

IMOGEN Do't, and to bed then.

PISANIO I'll wake mine eyeballs out° first.

IMOGEN Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretense? This place?
Mine action and thine own? Our horses' labor? 105
The time inviting thee? The perturbed court
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent° when thou hast ta'en thy stand,°
Th' elected° deer before thee?

PISANIO But to win time 110
To lose so bad employment, in the which
I have considered of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

IMOGEN Talk thy tongue weary, speak.
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound, 115

78 **cravens** makes cowardly 79 **Something** Posthumus' letter; **soft** wait 80 **Obedient** i.e., as ready to receive the sword 81 **scriptures** writings 84 **stomachers** ornamental cloth worn under lacing of the bodice (she has been holding the letter against her breast) 92–93 **It** . . . **rareness** i.e., my choice of you was not an everyday matter but resulted from rare qualities 94 **be disedged** have lost the edge (of appetite) 95 **tirest** feedest ravenously (hawking term) 96 **panged** tormented 102 **wake** . . . **out** remain awake till my eyes drop out 109 **unbent** with bow unbent, unprepared; **stand** hunting station 110 **elected** chosen

Nor tent to bottom that.° But speak.

PISANIO Then, madam,
I thought you would not back° again.

IMOGEN Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

PISANIO Not so, neither.
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be 120
But that my master is abused.° Some villain,
Ay, and singular° in his art, hath done you both
This cursèd injury.

IMOGEN Some Roman courtesan.°

PISANIO No, on my life:
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him 125
Some bloody sign of it,° for 'tis commanded
I should do so. You shall be missed at court,
And that will well confirm it.

IMOGEN Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort when I am 130
Dead to my husband?

PISANIO If you'll back to th' court—

IMOGEN No court, no father, nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

PISANIO If not at court, 135
Then not in Britain must you bide.

IMOGEN Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but° in Britain? I' th' world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't;° 140
In a great pool a swan's nest. Prithee think
There's livers out of Britain.

PISANIO I am most glad
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford Haven
Tomorrow. Now if you could wear a mind
Dark° as your fortune is, and but disguise 145
That° which, t' appear itself,° must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view;° yea, haply,° near
The residence of Posthumus, so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet 150
Report should render° him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

IMOGEN O, for such means,
Though peril to my modesty,° not death on't,
I would adventure.

PISANIO Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change 155
Command° into obedience, fear and niceness°—
The handmaids of all women, or more truly

116 **tent** . . . that probe reaching to bottom of the wound
117 **back** go back 121 **abused** deceived 122 **singular**
unique 124 **courtesan** courtier 126 **it** your death 138 **not**
but only 139 **of** . . . **in't** i.e., part of the world yet separated
from it 145 **Dark** inscrutable 146 **That** her sex; **itself** as
itself 148 **full of view** with good prospects; **haply** perhaps
151 **render** describe 153 **modesty** chastity 156 **Command**
habit of commanding (as a person of rank); **niceness**
fastidiousness

CYMBELINE Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answered?^o

MESSENGER Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all locked, and there's no answer
That will be given to th' loud of noise we make.

QUEEN
My lord, when last I went to visit her, 45
She prayed me to excuse her keeping close;^o
Whereto constrained by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer. This
She wished me to make known, but our great court^o 50
Made me to blame in memory.^o

CYMBELINE Her doors locked?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! *Exit.*

QUEEN Son, I say, follow the king.

CLOTEN
That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

QUEEN Go, look after. 55
Exit [CLOTEN].

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for^o Posthumus—
He hath a drug of mine. I pray his absence
Proceed^o by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply despair hath seized her, 60
Or, winged with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus. Gone she is
To death or to dishonor, and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown. 65

Enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

CLOTEN 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king. He rages; none
Dare come about him.

QUEEN [*Aside.*] All the better. May
This night forestall^o him of the coming day!
Exit QUEEN.

CLOTEN
I love and hate her, for^o she's fair and royal, 70
And that^o she hath all courtly parts^o more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman. From every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells^o them all. I love her therefore, but
Disdaining me and throwing favors on 75
The low Posthumus slanders^o so her judgment
That what's else rare is choked; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For, when fools
Shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What, are you packing,^o sirrah?^o 80
Come hither. Ah, you precious pander! Villain,

42 answered accounted for **46** close to herself **50** our great court i.e., state affairs **51** to . . . **memory** fail to remember **56** stand'st so for so much supportest **58** Proceed by result from **69** forestall deprive **70** for because **71** that because; parts qualities **74** Outsells outvalues **76** slanders denigrates **80** packing plotting; **sirrah** term of address to an inferior

Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

PISANIO O good my lord!

CLOTEN
Where is thy lady? Or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close° villain, 85
I'll have this secret from thy heart or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

PISANIO Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she missed? 90
He is in Rome.

CLOTEN Where is she, sir? Come nearer.°
No farther halting. Satisfy me home°
What is become of her.

PISANIO
O my all-worthy lord!

CLOTEN All-worthy villain!
Discover° where thy mistress is at once, 95
At the next word. No more of "worthy lord"!
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

PISANIO Then, sir,
This paper° is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

CLOTEN Let's see't. I will pursue her 100
Even to Augustus' throne.

PISANIO [*Aside.*] Or° this, or perish.
She's far enough, and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

CLOTEN Hum!

PISANIO [*Aside.*]
I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again! 105

CLOTEN Sirrah, is this letter true?

PISANIO Sir, as I think.

CLOTEN It is Posthumus' hand, I know't. Sirrah, if
thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service,
undergo° those employments wherein I should have 110
cause to use thee with a serious industry—that is, what
villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and
truly—I would think thee an honest man. Thou
shouldst neither want my means for thy relief nor my
voice for thy preferment.° 115

PISANIO Well, my good lord.

CLOTEN Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that
beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of
gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt 120
thou serve me?

PISANIO Sir, I will.

CLOTEN Give me thy hand. Here's my purse. Hast any
of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

PISANIO I have, my lord, at my lodging the same suit 125
he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

CLOTEN The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit
hither. Let it be thy first service. Go.

PISANIO I shall, my lord. *Exit.*

85 Close secretive **91** nearer to the point **92** home thoroughly **95** Discover reveal **99** This paper cf. line 130 and V.v.279 **101** Or either **110** undergo undertake **115** preferment advancement

CLOTEN Meet thee at Milford Haven! I forgot to ask 130
him one thing; I'll remember't anon. Even there, thou
villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these gar-
ments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness
of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very
garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble 135
and natural person, together with the adornment of
my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I
ravish her; first kill him, and in her eyes. There shall
she see my valor, which will then be a torment to her
contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment° 140
ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined
—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the
clothes that she so praised—to the court I'll knock her
back,° foot° her home again. She hath despised me
rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge. 145

Enter PISANIO [with the clothes].

Be those the garments?

PISANIO Ay, my noble lord.

CLOTEN How long is't since she went to Milford
Haven?

PISANIO She can scarce be there yet. 150

CLOTEN Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the
second thing that I have commanded thee. The third
is that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design.
Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself
to thee. My revenge is now at Milford. Would I had 155
wings to follow it! Come, and be true. *Exit.*

PISANIO

Thou bid'st me to my loss,° for true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him° that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow, 160
You heavenly blessings, on her. This fool's speed
Be crossed° with slowness; labor be his meed.° *Exit.*

Scene VI. [Wales.]

Enter IMOGEN alone [in boy's clothes].

IMOGEN

I see a man's life is a tedious one.
I have tired myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio showed thee, 5
Thou wast within a ken.° O Jove, I think
Foundations° fly the wretched—such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis 10
A punishment or trial? Yes. No wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness°
Is sorer° than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord,
Thou art one o' th' false ones. Now I think on thee 15
My hunger's gone, but even° before, I was

140 **insultment** scornful triumph 143–44 **knock her back**
beat her home 144 **foot** kick 157 **loss** i.e., of honor 159
him Posthumus 162 **crossed** thwarted; **meed** reward
III.vi.6 a **ken** view 7 **Foundations** security (quibble on the
sense of "hospitals") 12 **lapse in fulness** i.e., lie when
prosperous 13 **sorer** worse 16 even just

At point° to sink for° food. But what is this?
Here is a path to't. 'Tis some savage hold.°
I were best not call; I dare not call. Yet famine,
Ere clean° it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. 20
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness° ever
Of hardness is mother. Ho! Who's here?
If anything that's civil,° speak; if savage,
Take or lend.° Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword, and if mine enemy 25
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe,° good heavens! *Exit.*°

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

BELARIUS

You, Polydore, have proved best woodman° and
Are master of the feast. Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match.° 30
The sweat of industry would dry and die
But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
Will make what's homely° savory. Weariness
Can snore upon the flint when resty° sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here, 35
Poor house, that keep'st thyself.

GUIDERIUS

I am thoroughly weary.

ARVIRAGUS

I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

GUIDERIUS

There is cold meat i' th' cave. We'll browse on that
Whilst what we have killed be cooked.

BELARIUS [Looking through door.] Stay, come not in.

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy. 40

GUIDERIUS

What's the matter,° sir?

BELARIUS

By Jupiter, an angel; or, if not,
An earthly paragon. Behold divineness
No elder than a boy.

Enter IMOGEN.

IMOGEN

Good masters, harm me not. 45
Before I entered here, I called and thought
To have begged or bought what I have took. Good
troth,°
I have stol'n naught, nor would not, though I had
found
Gold strewed i' th' floor. Here's money for my meat.
I would have left it on the board so soon 50
As I had made my meal, and parted
With pray'rs for the provider.

GUIDERIUS

Money, youth?

ARVIRAGUS

All gold and silver rather turn to dirt,
As 'tis no better reckoned but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

IMOGEN

I see you're angry. 55

17 **At point** about; **for** for lack of 18 **hold** stronghold 20
clean completely 21 **hardness** hardship 23 **civil** civilized
24 **Take or lend** take (what I have) or give (what you will)
27 **Such a foe** i.e., may I have (if any) such a foe 27 **s.d.** *Exit*
at this point, since the stage is cleared, F marks a new scene
28 **woodman** hunter 30 **match** agreement 33 **homely**
plain 34 **resty** lazy 41 **matter** subject (of your remark) 47
Good troth in truth

be off, thy mistress enforced,^o thy garments cut to pieces before her face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of^o his 20 testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe. Out, sword, and to a sore^o purpose! Fortune put them into my hand. This is the very description of their meeting place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. *Exit.* 25

Scene II. [*Wales.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN *from the cave.*

BELARIUS

You are not well. Remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.

ARVIRAGUS

Brother, stay here.

Are we not brothers?

IMOGEN

So man and man should be,
But clay and clay^o differs in dignity,^o
Whose dust^o is both alike. I am very sick. 5

GUIDERIUS

Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

IMOGEN

So sick I am not, yet I am not well,
But not so citizen^o a wanton^o as
To seem to die ere sick. So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal^o course; the breach of custom 10
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend^o me; society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here—
I'll rob none but myself—and let me die, 15
Stealing so poorly.^o

GUIDERIUS

I love thee—I have spoke it—
How much^o the quantity, the weight as much
As I do love my father.

BELARIUS

What? How, how?

ARVIRAGUS

If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault. I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say
Love's reason's without reason. The bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
"My father, not this youth."

BELARIUS

[*Aside.*] O noble strain!^o

O worthiness of nature, breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base;
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.^o—
'Tis the ninth hour o' th' morn. 25

ARVIRAGUS

Brother, farewell. 30

IMOGEN

I wish ye sport.

ARVIRAGUS

You health.—So please you,^o sir.

IMOGEN [*Aside.*]

These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court.

Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!

Th' imperious^o seas breeds monsters; for the dish 35

Poor tributary rivers as^o sweet fish.

I am sick still, heartsick. Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug.

GUIDERIUS

I could not stir him.^o

He said he was gentle,^o but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40

ARVIRAGUS

Thus did he answer me, yet said hereafter

I might know more.

BELARIUS

To th' field, to th' field.—

We'll leave you for this time; go in and rest.

ARVIRAGUS

We'll not be long away.

BELARIUS

Pray be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

IMOGEN

Well or ill, 45

I am bound^o to you. *Exit.*

BELARIUS

And shalt be ever.

This youth, howe'er distressed, appears^o he hath had
Good ancestors.

ARVIRAGUS

How angel-like he sings!

GUIDERIUS

But his neat^o cookery! He cut our roots in characters,^o
And sauced our broths as Juno had been sick 50
And he her dieter.

ARVIRAGUS

Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh

Was that^o it was for not being such a smile;

The smile mocking the sigh that it would fly

From so divine a temple to commix 55

With winds that sailors rail at.

GUIDERIUS

I do note

That grief and patience, rooted in them both,

Mingle their spurs^o together.

ARVIRAGUS

Grow patience,

And let the stinking elder,^o grief, untwine

His perishing^o root with^o the increasing vine. 60

BELARIUS

It is great morning.^o Come away.—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

CLOTEN

I cannot find those runagates.^o That villain

Hath mocked me. I am faint.

BELARIUS

"Those runagates"?

Means he not us? I partly know him. 'Tis

Cloten, the son o' th' queen. I fear some ambush. 65

17 enforced raped 20 power of control over 22 sore causing suffering (quibble on the sense of "wound," i.e., vagina)
IV.ii.4 clay and clay one person and another; dignity rank
5 dust remains after death 8 citizen city-bred, bourgeois;
wanton spoiled child 10 journal daily 12 amend cure
16 poorly i.e., from myself only 17 How much as much
24 strain heredity 28–29 who . . . me that this person,
whoever he is, should be loved more than I is miraculous

31 So please you at your service 35 imperious imperial
36 as just as 38 stir him move him (to tell his story)
39 gentle wellborn 46 bound indebted (Belarius quibbles on
the sense of "tied by affection") 47 appears appears as though
49 neat elegant; characters designs 53 that what 58 spurs
chief roots 59 elder elder tree 60 perishing destructive;
with from 61 great morning broad daylight 62 runagates
runaways

I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws. Hence!

GUIDERIUS

He is but one. You and my brother search
What companies° are near. Pray you, away.
Let me alone with him.°

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]

CLOTEN Soft,° what are you 70
That fly me thus? Some villain° mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

GUIDERIUS A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A "slave" without a knock.

CLOTEN Thou art a robber,
A lawbreaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief. 75

GUIDERIUS
To who? To thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? A heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee.

CLOTEN Thou villain base, 80
Know'st me° not by my clothes?

GUIDERIUS No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather. He made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

CLOTEN Thou precious varlet,°
My tailor made them not.

GUIDERIUS Hence then, and thank 85
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

CLOTEN Thou injurious° thief,
Hear but my name and tremble.

GUIDERIUS What's thy name?

CLOTEN
Cloten, thou villain.

GUIDERIUS
Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it. Were it Toad, or Adder, Spider, 90
'Twould move me sooner.

CLOTEN To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere° confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to th' queen.

GUIDERIUS I am sorry for't; not seeming°
So worthy as thy birth.

CLOTEN Art not afeard?

GUIDERIUS
Those that I reverence, those I fear—the wise; 95
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

CLOTEN Die the death!
When I have slain thee with my proper° hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence
And on the gates of Lud's Town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer. *Fight and exeunt.* 100

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

BELARIUS

No company's abroad?°

ARVIRAGUS

None in the world. You did mistake him sure.

BELARIUS

I cannot tell. Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurred those lines of favor°
Which then he wore. The snatches° in his voice, 105
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute°
'Twas very Cloten.°

ARVIRAGUS In this place we left them.
I wish my brother make good time° with him,
You say he is so fell.°

BELARIUS Being scarce made up,°
I mean to man, he had not apprehension 110
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear.°

Enter GUIDERIUS [*with Cloten's head*].

But see, thy brother.

GUIDERIUS
This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in't. Not Hercules
Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none. 115
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

BELARIUS What hast thou done?

GUIDERIUS
I am perfect° what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who called me traitor, mountaineer, and swore 120
With his own single hand he'd take us in,°
Displace our heads where—thank the gods—they
grow,
And set them on Lud's Town.

BELARIUS We are all undone.

GUIDERIUS
Why, worthy father, what have we to lose
But that° he swore to take, our lives? The law 125
Protects not us. Then why should we be tender
To° let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For° we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

BELARIUS No single soul 130
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humor°
Was nothing but mutation—ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse—not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved 135
To bring him here alone. Although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make° some stronger head;° the which he
hearing—
As it is like him—might break out, and swear 140
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable

104 lines of favor contours of his face 105 snatches hesitations 106 absolute certain 107 very Cloten Cloten himself 108 make good time have good fortune 109 fell fierce; made up grown 111-12 for . . . fear sense unclear and frequently emended; Belarius seems to be saying that Cloten lacked the intelligence to be frightened 118 perfect well aware 121 take us in overcome us 125 that what 126-27 tender To so considerate as to 129 For because 132 humor chief characteristic 139 make make up; head force

69 companies companions 70 Let . . . him Leave him to me; Soft wait 71 villain lowborn 81 me i.e., my rank 83 precious varlet egregious knave 86 injurious insulting 92 mere utter 93 not seeming since you do not seem 97 proper own 101 abroad about

To come° alone, either he so undertaking,
 Or they so suffering.° Then on good ground we fear,
 If we do fear this body hath a tail°
 More perilous than the head.

ARVIRAGUS Let ordinance° 145
 Come as the gods foresay° it. Howsoe'er,
 My brother hath done well.

BELARIUS I had no mind
 To hunt this day. The boy Fidele's sickness
 Did make my way long forth.°

GUIDERIUS With his own sword,
 Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en 150
 His head from him. I'll throw't into the creek
 Behind our rock, and let it to the sea
 And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten.
 That's all I reckon.° *Exit.*

BELARIUS I fear 'twill be revenged.
 Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't, though valor 155
 Becomes thee well enough.

ARVIRAGUS Would I had done't,
 So° the revenge alone pursued° me. Polydore,
 I love thee brotherly, but envy much
 Thou hast robbed me of this deed. I would revenges
 That possible° strength might meet would seek us 160
 through°
 And put us to our answer.

BELARIUS Well, 'tis done.
 We'll hunt no more today, nor seek for danger
 Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
 You and Fidele play the cooks. I'll stay
 Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him 165
 To dinner presently.

ARVIRAGUS Poor sick Fidele,
 I'll willingly to him. To gain° his color
 I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood°
 And praise myself for charity. *Exit.*

BELARIUS O thou goddess,
 Thou divine Nature, thou thyself thou blazon'st° 170
 In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
 As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchafed,° as the rud'st wind
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine
 And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonder
 That an invisible instinct should frame° them
 To royalty° unlearned, honor untaught,
 Civility° not seen from other, valor
 That wildly grows° in them but yields a crop 180
 As if it had been sowed. Yet still it's strange
 What Cloten's being here to us portends,
 Or what his death will bring us.

Enter GUIDERIUS.

GUIDERIUS Where's my brother?

142 To come for him to come 143 suffering allowing
 144 tail i.e., followers 145 ordinance whatever is ordained
 146 foresay foretell, determine 149 way long forth i.e.,
 way forth seem long 154 reckon care 157 So so that; pursued
 would have pursued 160 possible our available; seek us
 through search thoroughly for us 167 gain restore 168 let
 . . . blood kill a parish-full of Clotens 170 blazon'st pro-
 claimest 174 enchafed heated 177 frame dispose 178
 royalty regal conduct 179 Civility civilized behavior 180
 wildly grows grows wild

I have sent Cloten's clotpoll° down the stream
 In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage 185
 For his return. *Solemn music.*

BELARIUS My ingenious° instrument!
 Hark, Polydore, it sounds. But what occasion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

GUIDERIUS
 Is he at home?

BELARIUS He went hence even now.

GUIDERIUS
 What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st mother 190
 It did not speak before. All solemn things
 Should answer° solemn accidents.° The matter?
 Triumphs° for nothing and lamenting toys°
 Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
 Is Cadwal mad?

*Enter ARVIRAGUS with IMOGEN, dead, bearing her in
 his arms.*

BELARIUS Look, here he comes, 195
 And brings the dire occasion in his arms
 Of what we blame him for.

ARVIRAGUS The bird is dead
 That we have made so much on.° I had rather
 Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty,
 To have turned my leaping time into a crutch, 200
 Than have seen this.

GUIDERIUS O sweetest, fairest lily!
 My brother wears thee not the one half so well
 As when thou grew'st thyself.

BELARIUS O Melancholy,
 Who ever yet could sound thy bottom, find
 The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crayer° 205
 Might eas'liest harbor in? Thou blessed thing,
 Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,°
 Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
 How found you him?

ARVIRAGUS Stark,° as you see,
 Thus smiling, as° some fly had tickled slumber, 210
 Not as Death's dart being laughed at;° his right cheek
 Reposing on a cushion.

GUIDERIUS Where?

ARVIRAGUS O' th' floor;
 His arms thus leagued.° I thought he slept, and put
 My clouted brogues° from off my feet, whose rude-
 ness°
 Answered my steps too loud.

GUIDERIUS Why, he but sleeps. 215
 If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
 With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
 And worms will not come to thee.

ARVIRAGUS With fairest flowers,
 Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack 220
 The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor

184 clotpoll blockhead 186 ingenious skillfully constructed
 192 answer correspond to; accidents events 193 Triumphs
 public festivities; lamenting toys lamenting over trifles
 198 on of 205 crayer small trading vessel 207 I i.e., what I
 know is 209 Stark stiff (as in death) 210 as as if 211 as
 . . . at as if laughing at Death's arrow 213 leagued folded
 214 clouted brogues heavy, nail-studded shoes; rudeness
 roughness

The azured harebell,^o like thy veins; no, nor
 The leaf of eglantine,^o whom not to slander,
 Outsweet'ned not thy breath. The ruddock^o would
 With charitable bill—O bill sore shaming
 Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
 Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
 Yea, and furred moss besides, when flow'rs are none,
 To winter-ground^o thy corse—

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

ARVIRAGUS Say, where shall's^o lay him?

GUIDERIUS By good Euriphile, our mother.

ARVIRAGUS Be't so.
 And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
 Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground,
 As once to our mother; use like note and words,
 Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

GUIDERIUS Cadwal,
 I cannot sing. I'll weep, and word^o it with thee,
 For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
 Than priests and fanes^o that lie.

ARVIRAGUS We'll speak it then.

BELARIUS Great griefs, I see, med'cine^o the less, for Cloten
 Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys,
 And though he came our enemy, remember
 He was paid^o for that. Though mean and mighty,
 rotting
 Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
 That angel of the world, doth make distinction
 Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely,
 And though you took his life as being^o our foe,
 Yet bury him as^o a prince.

GUIDERIUS Pray you fetch him hither.
 Thersites'^o body is as good as Ajax'^o
 When neither are alive.

ARVIRAGUS If you'll go fetch him,
 We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.
 [Exit BELARIUS.]

GUIDERIUS Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' east;^o
 My father hath a reason for't.

ARVIRAGUS 'Tis true.

GUIDERIUS Come on then and remove him.

ARVIRAGUS So. Begin.

Song.
 GUIDERIUS Fear no more the heat o' th' sun
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy wordly task hast done,
 Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.

222 azured harebell sky-blue wild hyacinth 223 eglantine
 sweetbriar 224 ruddock robin 229 winter-ground protect
 in winter (?) 233 shall's shall us (we) 240 word speak
 242 fanes temples 243 med'cine cure 246 paid punished
 250 as being because he was 251 as as being, because he was
 252 Thersites' the vituperative Greek warrior of the Trojan
 War; Ajax' one of the Greek heroes at Troy 255 to th' east
 the reverse of Christian practice

Golden lads and girls all must,
 As^o chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

ARVIRAGUS Fear no more the frown o' th' great;
 Thou are past the tyrant's stroke.
 Care no more to clothe and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak.
 The scepter, learning, physic,^o must
 All follow this and come to dust.

GUIDERIUS Fear no more the lightning flash,
 ARVIRAGUS Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 GUIDERIUS Fear not slander, censure rash;
 ARVIRAGUS Thou hast finished joy and moan.
 BOTH All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to^o thee and come to dust.

GUIDERIUS No exorciser^o harm thee,
 ARVIRAGUS Nor no witchcraft charm thee.
 GUIDERIUS Ghost unlaid forbear thee;^o
 ARVIRAGUS Nothing ill come near thee.
 BOTH Quiet consummation^o have,
 And renowned be thy grave.

Enter BELARIUS with the body of Cloten.

GUIDERIUS We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

BELARIUS Here's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight, more.
 The herbs that have on them cold dew o' th' night
 Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.^o
 You were as flow'rs, now withered; even so
 These herblets shall^o which we upon you strew.
 Come on, away; apart upon our knees.
 The ground that gave them first has them again.
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

Exeunt [BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS].
 IMOGEN (*Awakes.*)

Yes, sir, to Milford Haven. Which is the way?
 I thank you. By yond bush? Pray, how far thither?
 'Ods pittikins,^o can it be six mile yet?
 I have gone^o all night. Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

[*Seeing Cloten.*]

But, soft, no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses!
 These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
 This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream,
 For so^o I thought I was a cave-keeper
 And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so;
 'Twas but a bolt^o of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes.^o Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
 I tremble still with fear, but if there be
 Yet left in Heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, feared gods, a part^o of it!
 The dream's here still. Even when I wake it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.

263 As like 268 scepter, learning, physic i.e., kings, scholars,
 physicians 275 Consign to co-sign with (i.e., meet the same
 fate) 276 exorciser spirit-raiser 278 forbear thee let thee
 alone 280 consummation fulfillment, end 285 faces fronts
 287 shall shall be 293 'Ods pittikins God's little pity, God
 have mercy 294 gone walked 298 so i.e., while dreaming
 300 bolt arrow 301 fumes bodily vapors thought to rise to
 the brain and cause dreams 305 a part i.e., grant me a part

A headless man? The garments of Posthumus?
I know the shape of's leg; this is his hand,
His foot Mercurial,^o his Martial^o thigh,
The brawns^o of Hercules; but his Jovial^o face—
Murder in heaven? How? 'Tis gone. Pisanio,
All curses maddened^o Hecuba^o gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspired^o with that irregular^o devil Cloten,
Hath here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous! Damned Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters—damned Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the maintop. O Posthumus, alas,
Where is thy head? Where's that? Ay me, where's
that?

Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he and Cloten. Malice and lucre^o in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant,^o pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial^o to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to th' senses? That confirms it home.^o
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten.^o O,
Give color to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which^o chance to find us. O my lord, my lord!

[Falling on the body.]

Enter LUCIUS and CAPTAINS; a SOOTHSAYER to them.^o

CAPTAIN

The legions garrisoned in Gallia
After^o your will have crossed the sea, attending^o
You here at Milford Haven with your ships.
They are in readiness.

LUCIUS

But what from Rome?

CAPTAIN

The Senate hath stirred up the confiners^o
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits
That promise noble service, and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Siena's^o brother.

LUCIUS

When expect you them?

CAPTAIN

With the next benefit o' th' wind.

LUCIUS

This forwardness^o

Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be mustered; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dreamed of late of this war's purpose?

SOOTHSAYER

Last night the very gods showed me a vision—
I fast^o and prayed for their intelligence^o—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, winged

310 **Mercurial** quick (like Mercury's); **Martial** powerful (like Mars') 311 **brawns** muscles; **Jovial** majestic (like Jove's) 313 **maddened** maddened; **Hecuba** wife of Priam, king of Troy 315 **Conspired** having conspired; **irregular** lawless 324 **lucre** greed 325 **pregnant** evident 327 **cordial** restorative 328 **home** thoroughly 329 **Cloten** i.e., Cloten's 332 **Which** who 332 **s.d. to them** presumably the Soothsayer enters, a moment later, at another door 334 **After** according to; **attending** waiting for 337 **confiners** inhabitants 341 **Siena's** i.e., the Duke of Siena's 342 **forwardness** promptness 347 **fast** fasted; **intelligence** communication

From the spongy^o south to this part of the west,
There vanished in the sunbeams; which portends,
Unless my sins abuse^o my divination,
Success to th' Roman host.

LUCIUS

Dream often so,

And never false.^o Soft, ho, what trunk is here?
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime^o
It was a worthy building. How, a page?
Or^o dead or sleeping on him? But dead rather,
For nature doth abhor^o to make his bed
With the defunct or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

CAPTAIN

He's alive, my lord.

LUCIUS

He'll, then, instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,^o
Hath altered that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wrack?^o How came't? Who is't? What art
thou?

IMOGEN

I am nothing, or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas,
There is no more such masters. I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

LUCIUS

'Lack, good youth,

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

IMOGEN

Richard du Champ. [Aside.] If I do lie and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

LUCIUS

Thy name?

IMOGEN Fidele, sir.

LUCIUS

Thou dost approve^o thyself the very same;
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well mastered, but be sure
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters
Sent by a consul to me should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer^o thee. Go with me.

IMOGEN

I'll follow, sir. But first, and't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes^o can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strewed his
grave

And on it said a century of^o prayers,
Such as I can,^o twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,

349 **spongy** damp 351 **abuse** render inaccurate 353 **false** falsely 354 **sometime** once 356 **Or** either 357 **nature** doth **abhor** man naturally abhors (Heilman) 364 **did** i.e., painted (J. C. Maxwell) 366 **wrack** ruin of a man 380 **approve** prove 386 **prefer** recommend 389 **pickaxes** i.e., fingers 391 **century** of hundred 392 **can** know

That they will waste their time upon our note,^o 20
 To know from whence we are.
 BELARIUS O, I am known
 Of many in the army. Many years,
 Though Cloten then^o but young, you see, not wore
 him
 From my remembrance. And besides, the king
 Hath not deserved my service nor your loves, 25
 Who find in my exile the want of breeding,^o
 The certainty^o of this hard life; aye hopeless
 To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
 But to be still hot summer's tanlings^o and
 The shrinking slaves of winter.
 GUIDERIUS Than be so 30
 Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to th' army.
 I and my brother are not known; yourself
 So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,^o
 Cannot be questioned.
 ARVIRAGUS By this sun that shines,
 I'll thither. What thing is't that I never 35
 Did see man die, scarce ever looked on blood
 But that of coward hares, hot^o goats, and venison!
 Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
 A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel^o
 Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed 40
 To look upon the holy sun, to have
 The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
 So long a poor unknown.
 GUIDERIUS By heavens, I'll go.
 If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
 I'll take the better care, but if you will not, 45
 The hazard therefore due^o fall on me by
 The hands of Romans!
 ARVIRAGUS So say I. Amen.
 BELARIUS
 No reason I, since of your lives you set
 So slight a valuation, should reserve
 My cracked^o one to more care. Have with you, boys! so
 If in your country^o wars you chance to die,
 That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie.
 Lead, lead. [*Aside.*] The time seems long; their blood
 thinks scorn
 Till it fly out and show them princes born. *Exeunt.*

A C T V

Scene I. [*Britain.*]

Enter POSTHUMUS alone [with a bloody handkerchief].

POSTHUMUS
 Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wished
 Thou shouldst be colored thus. You married ones,^o
 If each of you should take this course, how many
 Must murder wives much better than themselves

20 upon our note on noticing us 23 then i.e., was then
 26 Who . . . breeding you who through sharing my exile
 experience a lack of education 27 certainty inescapability
 29 tanlings tanned persons 33 o'ergrown replaced in their
 thoughts 37 hot lecherous 39 rowel the wheel on a spur
 46 hazard therefore due risk attendant upon being unblessed
 50 cracked i.e., since old 51 country country's
 V.i.2 You married ones he addresses the audience

For wrying^o but a little! O Pisanio, 5
 Every good servant does not all commands;
 No bond but^o to do just ones. Gods, if you
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
 Had lived to put on this;^o so had you saved 10
 The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
 Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But alack,
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
 To have them fall^o no more; you some permit
 To second^o ills with ills, each elder^o worse, 15
 And make them^o dread it,^o to the doers' thrift.^o
 But Imogen is your own. Do your best wills,
 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
 Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight 30
 Against my lady's kingdom. 'Tis enough
 That, Britain, I have killed thy mistress; peace,
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant. So I'll fight 35
 Against the part^o I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown,
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 40 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valor in me than my habits^o show. 30
 Gods, put the strength o' th' Leonati in me.
 To shame the guise^o o' th' world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without and more within. *Exit.*

Scene II. [*Britain.*]

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the ROMAN ARMY at one door, and the BRITON ARMY at another, Leonatus POSTHUMUS following like a poor soldier. They march over and go out.^o Then enter again in skirmish IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS. He vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO and then leaves him.

IACHIMO
 The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off^o my manhood. I have belied^o a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't^o
 Revengingly enfeebles me; or^o could this carl,^o
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me 5
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honors, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before^o
 This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. *Exit.* 10

The battle continues. The BRITONS fly; CYMBELINE is taken. Then enter to his rescue BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

5 wrying deviating, going wrong 7 No bond but i.e., he is bound only 9 put on this instigate this crime 13 fall i.e., from virtue 14 second follow up; elder i.e., later 15 them the doers; dread it repent the evil course; thrift profit 25 part side 30 habits clothes 32 guise custom
 V.ii.s.d. They . . . out each group marches about the stage and exits by the other door 2 Takes off destroys; belied slandered 3 on't of it 4 or otherwise; carl churl 8 go before excel

BELARIUS

Stand, stand! We have th' advantage of the ground.
The lane is guarded. Nothing routs us but
The villainy of our fears.

GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS Stand, stand, and fight!

*Enter POSTHUMUS and seconds the BRITONS. They
rescue CYMBELINE and exeunt. Then enter LUCIUS,
IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.*

LUCIUS

Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself,
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such 15
As War were hoodwinked.°

IACHIMO 'Tis their fresh supplies.

LUCIUS

It is a day turned strangely; or betimes°
Let's reinforce or fly. *Exeunt.*

Scene III. [Britain.]

Enter POSTHUMUS and a Briton LORD.

LORD

Can'st thou from where they made the stand?

POSTHUMUS I did;

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

LORD I did.

POSTHUMUS

No blame be to you, sir, for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought. The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken, 5
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait° lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touched,° some falling 10
Merely through fear, that the strait pass was dammed
With dead men hurt behind,° and cowards living
To die with lengthened shame.

LORD Where was this lane?

POSTHUMUS

Close by the battle, ditched, and walled with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, 15
An honest one I warrant, who deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country. Athwart the lane
He with two striplings—lads more like to run
The country base° than to commit such slaughter; 20
With faces fit for masks,° or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased or shame°—
Made good the passage, cried to those that fled,
“Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men.
To darkness fleet° souls that fly backwards. Stand, 25
Or we are Romans° and will give you that

Like beasts which you shun beastly,° and may save
But to look back in frown.° Stand, stand!” These
three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many—
For three performers are the file° when all 30

The rest do nothing—with this word “Stand, stand,”
Accommodated by the place, more charming°

With their own nobleness, which could have turned
A distaff to a lance, gilded° pale looks,

Part° shame, part spirit renewed; that some, turned
coward 35

But by example°—O, a sin in war,
Damned in the first beginners!—'gan to look

The way that they° did and to grin° like lions
Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began

A stop i' th' chaser,° a retire; anon° 40

A rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stooped° eagles; slaves,

The strides they victors made; and now our cowards,
Like fragments° in hard voyages, became

The life o' th' need.° Having found the back door open 45

Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before,° some dying, some° their friends

O'erborne i' th' former wave, ten chased by one
Are now each one the slaughterman of twenty.

Those that would die or ere° resist are grown 50

The mortal bugs° o' th' field.°

LORD This was strange chance:

A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

POSTHUMUS

Nay, do not wonder at it. You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear

Than to work any.° Will you rhyme upon't 55

And vent it° for a mock'ry? Here is one:

“Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.”

LORD

Nay, be not angry, sir.

POSTHUMUS 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand° his foe, I'll be his friend; 60

For if he'll do as he is made° to do,

I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

You have put° me into rhyme.

LORD Farewell. You're angry. *Exit.*

POSTHUMUS

Still going?° This is a lord! O noble misery,°

To be i' th' field, and ask “What news?” of me! 65

Today how many would have given their honors

To have saved their carcasses, took heel to do't,

And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charmed,°

16 hoodwinked blindfolded 17 or betimes either quickly
V.iii.7 strait narrow; full-hearted full of courage 10
touched wounded 12 behind i.e., while running away 17
So . . . to to live (renowned) as long after this day as he had
lived before in growing his beard 19–20 run . . . base play
the game of prisoner's base 21 masks for protection from
sunburn (so used by ladies) 22 for . . . shame covered for
protection or modesty 25 fleet are wafted 26 are Romans
i.e., will behave like Romans

27 beastly like cowards 27–28 save . . . frown prevent
only by looking back defiantly 30 file whole force 32
more charming i.e., winning over others 34 gilded
brought color to 35 Part some 36 by example by imitating
others 38 they the three men; grin bare the teeth 40 stop
. . . chaser sudden check (as of a horse) on the part of the
pursuer; anon soon 42 stooped swooped (hawking term)
44 fragments scraps (of food) 45 life . . . need a source of
life in time of need 47 slain before i.e., who had feigned
death; some some of 50 or ere before 51 mortal bugs
deadly terrors; field battle 55 work any perform any such
deeds 56 vent it make it known 60 stand withstand 61
made naturally inclined 63 put forced 64 going running
away; noble misery wretchedness of false nobility 68
charmed preserved as by a charm

Could not find Death where I did hear him groan
 Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly monster, 70
 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words, or hath moe ministers than we
 That draw his knives i' th' war. Well, I will find him,
 For being now a favorer to° the Briton,
 No more a Briton.° I have resumed again 75
 The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind° that shall
 Once touch my shoulder.° Great the slaughter is
 Here made by th' Roman; great the answer° be
 Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death. 80
 On either side I come to spend my breath,°
 Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two [Briton] CAPTAINS and SOLDIERS.

FIRST CAPTAIN

Great Jupiter be praised, Lucius is taken.
 'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels. 85

SECOND CAPTAIN

There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,°
 That gave th' affront° with them.

FIRST CAPTAIN

So 'tis reported,

But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

POSTHUMUS

A Roman,
 Who had not now been drooping here if seconds° 90
 Had answered him.°

SECOND CAPTAIN Lay hands on him. A dog,

A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have pecked them here. He brags his
 service

As if he were of note.° Bring him to th' king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIR-
 AGUS, PISANIO, and Roman CAPTIVES [guarded]. The
 CAPTAINS present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who
 delivers him over to a JAILER. [Exeunt.]*

Scene IV. [Britain.]

Enter° POSTHUMUS and [two] JAILERS.

FIRST JAILER

You shall not now be stol'n; you have locks upon you.
 So graze as you find pasture.

SECOND JAILER

Ay, or a stomach.°

[Exeunt JAILERS.]

POSTHUMUS

Most welcome, bondage, for thou art a way,
 I think, to liberty. Yet am I better
 Than one that's sick o' th' gout, since he had rather 5

74 **being** . . . **to** since he now favors 75 **No** . . . **Briton**
 i.e., I will seek Death among the Romans 77 **hind** peasant
 78 **touch my shoulder** as in a formal arrest 79 **answer**
 retaliation 81 **spend my breath** give up my life 86 **a silly**
habit lowly clothing 87 **affront** attack 90 **seconds**
 supporters 91 **answered him** acted as he did 94 **note**
 reputation

V.iv.s.d. *Enter* the action may be continuous from V.iii,
 Posthumus and the Jailers remaining on stage after the exit of
 Cymbeline at the end of that scene; in any case at the beginning
 of V.iv the locale of the action changes from open country to a
 prison 2 **stomach** appetite (for grazing)

Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
 By th' sure physician, Death, who is the key
 T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fettered
 More than my shanks and wrists. You good gods, give
 me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,° 10
 Then free° for ever. Is't enough I am sorry?
 So children temporal fathers do appease;
 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
 I cannot do it better than in gyves,°
 Desired more than constrained.° To satisfy,° 15
 If of my freedom 'tis the main part,° take
 No stricter render° of me than my all.°
 I know you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again 20
 On their abatement.° That's not my desire.
 For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear,° yet 'tis a life; you coined it.
 'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;°
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's° sake; 25
 You rather mine, being yours.° And so, great pow'rs,
 If you will take this audit,° take this life
 And cancel these cold bonds.° O Imogen,
 I'll speak to thee in silence.

[Sleeps.]

*Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS
 Leonatus, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man attired like
 a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient MATRON, his
 wife and mother to POSTHUMUS with MUSIC° before
 them. Then, after other MUSIC, follows the two young
 LEONATI, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they
 died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round as he
 lies sleeping.*

SICILIUS

No more, thou Thunder-master,° show thy spite on
 mortal flies. 30
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide, that thy adulteries
 Rates° and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well, whose face I
 never saw?
 I died whilst in the womb he stayed attending°
 Nature's law;
 Whose father then, as men report thou orphans' father
 art, 35
 Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him from this
 earth-vexing smart.°

10 **penitent** . . . **bolt** tool of repentance which will unfetter
 my conscience 11 **free** i.e., in death 14 **gyves** fetters 15
constrained forced upon me; **satisfy** make atonement 16
If . . . **part** i.e., if atonement is essential to my freedom of
 conscience 17 **stricter render** sterner repayment; **all** i.e., life
 21 **abatement** reduced amount 23 **dear** valuable 24 **stamp**
 coin 25 **figure** the ruler's image stamped on the "piece"
 (coin) 26 **You** . . . **yours** i.e., you should take my life the
 sooner since (though light coin) it is at least stamped in your
 image 27 **take this audit** accept this account 28 **cancel**
 . . . **bonds** i.e., remove (through letting me die) these iron
 shackles (quibble on the sense of "void these worthless con-
 tracts") 29 **s.d.** **Music** musicians 30 **Thunder-master**
 Jupiter 32 **Rates** scolds 34 **Attending** awaiting 36 **earth-**
vexing smart suffering which plagues the life of man

MOTHER

Lucina° lent not me her aid, but took me in my throes,
That from me was Posthumus ripped, came crying
'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity.

SICILIUS

Great Nature like his ancestry moulded the stuff° so
fair 40
That he deserved the praise o' th' world, as great
Sicilius' heir.

FIRST BROTHER

When once he was mature for man,° in Britain where
was he
That could stand up his parallel, or fruitful° object be
In eye of Imogen, that best could deem his dignity?°

MOTHER

With marriage wherefore was he mocked, to be exiled
and thrown 45
From Leonati seat and cast from her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

SICILIUS

Why did you° suffer Iachimo, slight° thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain with needless
jealousy,
And to become the geck° and scorn o' th' other's
villainy? 50

SECOND BROTHER

For this from stiller seats° we come, our parents and
us twain,
That striking in our country's cause fell bravely and
were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius'° right with honor to main-
tain.

FIRST BROTHER

Like hardiment° Posthumus hath to Cymbeline per-
formed.
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods, why hast thou thus
adjourned° 55
The graces for his merits due, being all to dolours
turned?

SICILIUS

Thy crystal window ope; look out. No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh and potent injuries.

MOTHER

Since, Jupiter, our son is good, take off his miseries.

SICILIUS

Peep through thy marble mansion. Help, or we poor
ghosts will cry 60
To th' shining synod of the rest° against thy deity.

BROTHERS

Help, Jupiter, or we appeal and from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends° in thunder and lightning, sitting upon
an eagle. He throws a thunderbolt. The GHOSTS fall on
their knees.*

JUPITER

No more, you petty spirits of region low,°
Offend our hearing. Hush! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the Thunderer, whose bolt, you know, 65
Sky-planted,° batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flow'rs.
Be not with mortal accidents° opprest.
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours. 70
Whom best I love I cross;° to make my gift,
The more delayed, delighted. Be content.
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.°
Our Jovial star° reigned at his birth, and in 75
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
He shall be lord of Lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine.° 80
And so, away; no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. *Ascends.*

SICILIUS

He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle 85
Stooped, as to foot us.° His ascension is
More sweet° than our blest fields;° his royal bird
Prunes° the immortal wing and cloys° his beak,
As when his god is pleased.

ALL

Thanks, Jupiter.

SICILIUS

The marble pavement closes;° he is entered 90
His radiant roof. Away, and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.
[The GHOSTS] vanish.°

POSTHUMUS [*Waking.*]

Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire and begot
A father to me, and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers; but, O scorn,° 95
Gone! They went hence so soon as they were born.
Am so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favor, dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve.°
Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 100
And yet are steeped in favors. So am I,
That have this golden chance and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled° world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects 105
So follow to° be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

Reads.

"Whenas° a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,

37 **Lucina** Juno Lucina (goddess of childbirth) 40 **stuff** substance 42 **mature for man** fully matured 43 **fruitful** ripe, mature 44 **deem his dignity** judge his worth 48 **you** Jupiter; **slight** worthless 50 **geck** dupe 51 **stiller seats** quieter abodes (in the Elysian Fields) 53 **Tenantius'** Sicilius' 54 **hardiment** bold exploits 55 **adjourned** deferred 61 **the rest** the other gods 62 **s.d. descends** Jupiter is lowered by suspension-gear from stage cover to stage

63 **region low** Hades 66 **Sky-planted** based in the sky 69 **accidents** occurrences 71 **cross** thwart 74 **spent** ended 75 **Jovial star** the planet Jupiter 80 **confine** i.e., state precisely 86 **Stooped** . . . **us** swooped (hawking term) as if to seize us in his talons 87 **More sweet** in contrast to his angry, sulphurous descent; **our blest fields** the Elysian Fields 88 **Prunes** preens; **cloys** claws 90 **closes** apparently an allusion to the trap door in the underside of the stage cover through which Jupiter has ascended 92 **s.d. vanish** i.e., exit rapidly 95 **scorn** mockery 99 **swerve** err 104 **fangled** addicted to finery 106 **to** as to 108 **Whenas** when

without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty."

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen Tongue,° and brain° not; either, both, or nothing; Or senseless° speaking, or a speaking such As sense° cannot untie. Be what it is, The action of my life is like it,° which I'll keep, if but for sympathy.°

Enter JAILER.

JAILER Come, sir, are you ready for death?

POSTHUMUS Overroasted rather; ready long ago.

JAILER Hanging° is the word, sir. If you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

POSTHUMUS So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.°

JAILER A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are as often the sadness of parting as the procuring of mirth. You come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much;° purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn° of heaviness. O, of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! It sums up thousands in a trice. You have no true debtor and creditor° but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge.° Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters;° so the acquittance° follows.

POSTHUMUS I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

JAILER Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache; but a man that were° to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer;° for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

POSTHUMUS Yes indeed do I, fellow.

JAILER Your death has eyes in's head° then. I have not seen him so pictured.° You must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump° the after-inquiry on your own peril. And how you shall speed in° your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell on.°

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

116 Tongue speak; brain understand 117 Or senseless either irrational 118 sense the power of reason 119 like it i.e., without meaning or incapable of understanding 120 sympathy the resemblance 123 Hanging the Jailer, picking up the metaphor in "Overroasted," quibbles on the sense of "hanging of meat" 126 dish . . . shot the excellence of the food justifies its cost 133 are . . . much have been subdued by too much liquor 135 drawn emptied 138 debtor and creditor account book 139 discharge payment 140 counters used for reckoning; acquittance receipt 143 a man that were i.e., if a man were destined 145 officer executioner 148 Your . . . head i.e., you seem to be informed about what will happen to you after death 149 pictured in the traditional skull or death's head 152 jump gamble on 153 speed in fare at 154 on of 157 wink close

JAILER What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking. 160

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

POSTHUMUS Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.°

JAILER I'll be hanged then.

POSTHUMUS Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer. No bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt POSTHUMUS and MESSENGER.]

JAILER Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.° Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all° he be a Roman; and there be some of them° too that die against their wills. So should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good. O, there were desolation of jailers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment° int'. Exit.

Scene V. [Britain.]

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and LORDS.

CYMBELINE

Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart That the poor soldier that so richly fought, Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepped before targes of proof,° cannot be found. He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

BELARIUS I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing, Such precious deeds in one that promised naught But beggary and poor looks.

CYMBELINE No tidings of him?

PISANIO

He hath been searched among the dead and living, But no trace of him.

CYMBELINE To my grief, I am The heir of his reward, which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain° of Britain, By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time To ask of whence you are. Report it.

BELARIUS Sir, In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen. Further to boast were neither true nor modest, Unless I add we are honest.

CYMBELINE Bow your knees.

Arise my knights o' th' battle;° I create you Companions to our person and will fit° you With dignities becoming your estates.°

164 made free i.e., by death 169 prone eager 171 for all even though; them Romans 176 preferment promotion (for myself)

V.v.5 targes of proof shields of proven strength 14 liver . . . brain the vital parts—Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus 20 knights . . . battle knights created on the battlefield 21 fit equip 22 estates ranks

- That place them on the truth^o of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplexed?
- CYMBELINE What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more. Think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?
Speak. 110
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? Thy friend?
- IMOGEN
He is a Roman, no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
- CYMBELINE Wherefore ey'st him so?
- IMOGEN
I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please 115
To give me hearing.
- CYMBELINE Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?
- IMOGEN
Fidele, sir.
- CYMBELINE Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master. Walk with me; speak freely.
- BELARIUS
Is not this boy revived from death?
- ARVIRAGUS One sand another 120
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?
- GUIDERIUS
The same dead thing alive.
- BELARIUS
Peace, peace, see further. He eyes us not; forbear.
Creatures may be alike. Were't he, I am sure 125
He would have spoke to us.
- GUIDERIUS But we saw him dead.
- BELARIUS
Be silent, let's see further.
- PISANIO [*Aside.*] It is my mistress.
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.
- CYMBELINE Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth, 130
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honor, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.
- IMOGEN
My boon is that this gentleman may render^o 135
Of whom he had this ring.
- POSTHUMUS [*Aside.*] What's that to him?
- CYMBELINE
That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours.
- IACHIMO
Thou'lt torture me to leave^o unspoken that
Which to be spoke would torture thee.
- CYMBELINE How? Me? 140
- IACHIMO
I am glad to be constrained to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring. 'Twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish, and—which more may
grieve thee,
- As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er lived 145
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
- CYMBELINE
All that belongs to this.
- IACHIMO That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood and^o my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave, I faint.
- CYMBELINE
My daughter? What of her? Renew thy strength. 150
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will^o
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.
- IACHIMO
Upon a time—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome—accursed
The mansion where!—'twas at a feast—O, would 155
Our viands had been poisoned, or at least
Those which I heaved to head!^o—the good Posthu-
mus—
What should I say? He was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones—sitting sadly, 160
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swelled boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature,^o laming
The shrine^o of Venus or straight-pight^o Minerva,
Postures^o beyond brief nature;^o for condition,^o 165
A shop^o of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides that hook^o of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye—
- CYMBELINE I stand on fire.
Come to the matter.^o
- IACHIMO All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus, 170
Most like a noble lord in love and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint,^o
And not dispraising whom we praised—therein
He was as calm as virtue—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made, 175
And then a mind put in't,^o either our brags
Were cracked^o of kitchen trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.^o
- CYMBELINE Nay, nay, to th' purpose.
- IACHIMO
Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her as^o Dian had hot dreams 180
And she alone were cold;^o whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of^o his praise and wagered with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honored finger, to attain
In suit^o the place of's bed and win this ring 185
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honor confident
- 148 and and whom 151 while nature will the rest of
your natural life 157 heaved to head lifted to mouth
163 feature shapeliness 163–64 laming The shrine making
deformed (by comparison) the image 164 straight-pight
tall, erect 165 Postures forms; beyond brief nature i.e.,
more richly endowed than mortal beings; condition character
166 shop repository 167 hook fishhook 169 matter point
172 hint opportunity 176 And . . . in't i.e., added to which
was a good mind 177 cracked boasted 178 unspeaking
sots inarticulate fools 180 as as if 181 cold chaste 182
Made scruple of expressed doubt about, disputed 185 suit
amorous solicitation (Maxwell)
- 107 truth loyalty 135 render state 139 to leave for leaving

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle°
 Of Phoebus' wheel,° and might so safely had it 190
 Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain
 Post I in this design. Well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of° your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous° and villainous. Being thus quenched 195
 Of hope, not longing,° mine Italian brain
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate
 Most vilely; for my vantage,° excellent.
 And, to be brief, my practice° so prevailed
 That I returned with simular° proof enough 200
 To make the noble Leonatus mad
 By wounding his belief in her renown°
 With tokens thus and thus; averring° notes
 Of chamber hanging, pictures, this her bracelet—
 O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite cracked,
 I having ta'en the forfeit.° Whereupon—
 Methinks I see him now—

POSTHUMUS [*Advancing.*] Ay, so thou dost,
 Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, anything
 That's due° to all the villains past, in being,
 To come! O, give me cord or knife or poison,
 Some upright justicer!° Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious. It is I
 That all th' abhorrèd things o' th' earth amend°
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That killed thy daughter—villainlike, I lie—
 That caused a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
 Of Virtue was she; yea, and she herself.°
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o' th' street to bay me; every villain
 Be called Posthumus Leonatus, and
 Be villainy less° than 'twas! O Imogen!
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

IMOGEN Peace, my lord. Hear, hear—

POSTHUMUS

Shall's° have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
 There lie thy part.° [*Striking her; she falls.*]

PISANIO

O gentlemen, help!

Mine and your mistress! O my lord Posthumus,
 You ne'er killed Imogen till now. Help, help!
 Mine honored lady!

CYMBELINE Does the world go round?

POSTHUMUS

How comes these staggers° on me?

PISANIO

Wake, my mistress!

189 carbuncle red precious stone 190 Of Phoebus' wheel
 decorating the sun god's chariot 194 Of by 195 amorous
 i.e., faithful 195-96 Being . . . longing the fire of hope
 (though not of desire) being thus put out 198 vantage profit
 199 practice plot 200 simular simulated, specious 202
 renown good name 203 averring avouching 208 for-
 feit that which was forfeited for breach of contract
 211-21 anything That's due any word that's appropriate
 214 justicer judge 216 amend make better (by contrast)
 221 she herself Virtue herself 225 less i.e., by comparison
 with my villainy 228 Shall's shall us (we) 229 There . . .
 part play your role lying there 233 staggers dizziness

CYMBELINE

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

PISANIO

How fares my mistress? 235

IMOGEN

O, get thee from my sight;
 Thou gav'st me poison. Dangerous fellow, hence;
 Breathe not where princes are.

CYMBELINE

The tune° of Imogen!

PISANIO

Lady,
 The gods throw stones of sulphur° on me if 240
 That box I gave you was not thought by me
 A precious° thing; I had it from the queen.

CYMBELINE

New matter still.

IMOGEN

It poisoned me.

205

CORNELIUS

O gods!

I left out one thing which the queen confessed,
 Which must approve° thee honest. "If Pisanio 245
 Have," said she, "given his mistress that confection°
 Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
 As I would serve a rat."

210

CYMBELINE

What's this, Cornelius?

CORNELIUS

The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
 To temper° poisons for her, still pretending° 250
 The satisfaction of her knowledge only
 In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
 Of no esteem.° I, dreading that her purpose
 Was of more danger, did compound for her
 A certain stuff which, being ta'en, would cease° 255
 The present pow'r of life, but in short time
 All offices of nature° should again
 Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

215

IMOGEN

Most like° I did, for I was dead.°

BELARIUS

My boys,

225

There was our error.

GUIDERIUS

This is sure Fidele.

260

IMOGEN

Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
 Think that you are upon a rock,° and now
 Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

POSTHUMUS

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

230

CYMBELINE

How now, my flesh, my child?

What, mak'st thou me a dullard° in this act?° 265
 Wilt thou not speak to me?

IMOGEN

[*Kneeling.*] Your blessing, sir.

BELARIUS

Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
 You had a motive° for't.

CYMBELINE

My tears that fall

235 mortal deadly, fatal 238 tune voice 240 stones of
 sulphur thunderbolts 242 precious i.e., beneficial 245
 approve prove 246 confection drug 250 temper mix;
 still pretending always alleging as her purpose 253 esteem
 value 255 cease suspend 257 offices of nature bodily parts
 259 like probably; dead as if dead 262 upon a rock sense
 unclear; "rock" is sometimes emended to "lock," a hold in
 wrestling 265 mak'st . . . dullard treat me like a fool (by
 ignoring me); act action, scene 268 motive cause

Prove holy water on thee. Imogen,
Thy mother's^o dead.

IMOGEN I am sorry for't, my lord.

CYMBELINE
O, she was naught,^o and long of^o her it was
That we meet here so strangely; but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

PISANIO My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth.^o Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn, foamed at the mouth, and
swore,
If I discovered^o not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident
I had a feignèd letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate
My lady's honor. What became of him
I further know not.

GUIDERIUS Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

CYMBELINE Marry,^o the gods forfend!^o
I would not thy good deeds^o should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence. Prithee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.^o

GUIDERIUS I have spoke it, and I did it.

CYMBELINE
He was a prince.

GUIDERIUS
A most incivil^o one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing princelike, for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

CYMBELINE I am sorry for thee.
By thine own tongue thou art condemned and must
Endure our law. Thou'rt dead.

IMOGEN That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

CYMBELINE Bind the offender
And take him from our presence.

BELARIUS Stay, sir king.
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.^o—Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.

CYMBELINE Why, old soldier:
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for^o
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

ARVIRAGUS In that he spake too far.

270 mother's stepmother's 271 naught wicked; long of
because of 274 troth truth 277 discovered revealed 287
Marry indeed (from "By the Virgin Mary"); forfend forbid
288 thy good deeds i.e., in view of the good deeds (in
battle) that thou 290 Deny't again speak again and deny
what you have said (Nosworthy) 292 incivil unmannerly
305 Had . . . for ever earned by wounds 307 worth . . .
for thy not yet rewarded esteem (?)

CYMBELINE
And thou^o shalt die for't.

270 BELARIUS We will die all three 310
But I will prove^o that two on's^o are as good
As I have given out him. My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.

ARVIRAGUS Your danger's ours.

GUIDERIUS
And our good his.

BELARIUS Have at it then. By leave,^o 315
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was called Belarius.

CYMBELINE What of him? He is
A banished traitor.

280 BELARIUS He it is that hath
Assumed^o this age; indeed a banished man,
I know not how a traitor.

CYMBELINE Take him hence. 320
The whole world shall not save him.

285 BELARIUS Not too hot.^o
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons,
And let it^o be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

CYMBELINE Nursing of my sons?

BELARIUS
I am too blunt and saucy; here's my knee. 325
Ere I arise I will prefer^o my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen that call me father
And think they are my sons are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege, 330
And blood of your begetting.

CYMBELINE How? My issue?

BELARIUS
So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime^o banished.
Your pleasure was my mere^o offense, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffered 335
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I trained up; those arts^o they have as I
Could put into them. My breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile, 340
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment. I moved^o her to't,
Having received the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten^o for loyalty
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss, 345
The more of^o you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto^o my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again, and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens 350
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

CYMBELINE Thou weep'st and speak'st.

310 thou Belarius 311 But . . . prove if I do not prove
(Maxwell); on's of us 315 By leave by your permission
319 Assumed attained to 321 hot fast 323 it the payment
326 prefer promote (in rank) 333 sometime once 334
mere entire 338 arts accomplishments 342 moved incited
344 Beaten my having been beaten 346 of by 346-47
shaped Unto served

The service° that you three have done is more
Unlike° than this thou tell'st. I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

BELARIUS Be pleased awhile.
This gentleman whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius;
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son. He, sir, was lapped°
In a most curious° mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation°
I can with ease produce.

CYMBELINE Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine° star;
It was a mark of wonder.

BELARIUS This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.
It was wise Nature's end° in the donation
To be his evidence now.

CYMBELINE O, what am I?
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs°,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

IMOGEN No, my lord,
I have got two worlds by't. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker. You called me brother
When I was but your sister, I you brothers
When ye were so indeed.

CYMBELINE Did you e'er meet?

ARVIRAGUS Ay, my good lord.

GUIDERIUS And at first meeting loved,
Continued so until we thought he died.

CORNELIUS By the queen's dram she swallowed.

CYMBELINE O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce° abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial° branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.° Where, how lived you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? How first met them?
Why fled you from the court? And whither? These,
And your three motives° to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,
And all the other bye-dependences°
From chance° to chance; but nor° the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,
And she like harmless lightning throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange°

Is severally in all.° Let's quit this ground
And smoke° the temple with our sacrifices.
Thou° art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

IMOGEN

You° are my father too, and did relieve° me
To see this gracious season.°

CYMBELINE

All o'erjoyed
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.°

IMOGEN

My good master,
I will yet do you service.

LUCIUS

Happy be you!

CYMBELINE

The forlorn° soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomeed this place and graced
The thankings of a king.

POSTHUMUS

I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching;° 'twas a fitment° for
The purpose I then followed. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo. I had you down and might
Have made you finish.°

IACHIMO

[Kneeling.] I am down again,
But now my heavy conscience sinks° my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often° owe; but your ring first,
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

POSTHUMUS

Kneel not to me.
The pow'r that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

CYMBELINE

Nobly doomed!°
We'll learn our freeness° of a son-in-law:
Pardon's the word to all.

ARVIRAGUS

You help us, sir,
As° you did mean indeed to be our brother.
Joyed are we that you are.

POSTHUMUS

Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle backed°,
Appeared to me, with other spritely° shows
Of mine own kindred. When I waked, I found
This label° on my bosom, whose containing°
Is so from° sense in hardness that I can
Make no collection of° it. Let him show
His skill in the construction.°

LUCIUS

Philharmonus!

SOOTHSAYER

Here, my good lord.

LUCIUS

Read, and declare the meaning.
SOOTHSAYER (Reads.) "Whenas a lion's whelp shall,

353 service i.e., in battle 354 Unlike improbable 360 lapped wrapped 361 curious elaborately wrought 362 probation proof 364 sanguine blood-red 367 end purpose 371 orbs spheres, orbits (of planets) 382 fierce drastic 383 circumstantial detailed 383-84 which . . . in which deserves to be elaborately discriminated (Maxwell) 388 your three motives the motives of you three 390 bye-dependences connected circumstances 391 chance event; nor neither 396 counterchange exchange

397 severally in all in each and in all 398 smoke fill with smoke 399 Thou Belarius 400 You Belarius; relieve aid 401 gracious season joyful occasion 403 taste our comfort share in our joy 405 forlorn lost, missing 409 beseeching appearance, clothing; fitment suitable device 412 finish die 413 sinks lowers 415 often many times over 420 doomed judged 421 freeness generosity 423 As as if 427 upon . . . backed upon the back of his eagle 428 spritely ghostly 430 label piece of paper; containing contents 431 from remote from 432 collection of conclusion about 433 construction interpretation

to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be
embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a
stately cedar shall be lopped branches which, being
dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the
old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end 440
his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace
and plenty."

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus,° doth import so much.— 445
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call mollis aer,° and mollis aer
We term it mulier.°—Which mulier I divine
Is thy most constant wife, who° even now
Answering the letter of the oracle, 450
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipped° about
With this most tender air.

CYMBELINE This hath some seeming.°

SOOTHSAYER

The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates° thee, and thy lopped branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n, 455
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the majestic cedar joined, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

CYMBELINE

Well,

My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,

445 Leonatus lion-born 447 mollis aer tender air 448
mulier woman (thought to derive from mollis = soft) 449
who thou who (Posthumus) 451 clipped embraced 452
seeming plausibility 454 Personates represents

Although the victor, we submit to Caesar 460
And to the Roman empire, promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen,
Whom° heavens in justice, both on her and hers,°
Have laid most heavy hand. 465

SOOTHSAYER

The fingers of the pow'rs above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplished; for the Roman eagle, 470
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessened herself and in the beams o' th' sun
So vanished; which foreshowed our princely eagle,
Th' imperial Caesar, should again unite
His favor with the radiant Cymbeline, 475
Which shines here in the west.

CYMBELINE

Laud we the gods,

And let our crooked° smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward;° let 480
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together. So through Lud's Town march,
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify, seal it with feasts.
Set on there!° Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were washed, with such a peace. 485

Exeunt.

464 Whom on whom; hers Cloten 477 crooked curling
479 Set we forward let us march 484 Set on there Begin
marching

THE WINTER'S TALE

EDITED BY FRANK KERMODE

Introduction

The Winter's Tale is a very late work of Shakespeare's, probably the last he wrote without a collaborator except for *The Tempest*; and it is universally supposed to be closely associated with *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, and *Pericles* (although *Pericles* probably contains the work of another hand) in a grouping of comedies commonly called the "romances." I have no intention of trying to overthrow this supposition; but it is worth recalling that the friends of Shakespeare who compiled the First Folio in 1623, far from thinking these plays should be read as a group, allowed them to be separated from each other to the limits of physical possibility. *The Tempest* is the first play in the Folio, heading the section of comedies; *The Winter's Tale* is the last of the comedies, and was almost left out altogether; *Cymbeline* comes last among the tragedies, and is the final play of the Folio; *Pericles* they did not include at all, and it was left to the editors of the Third Folio (1664) to insert it, together with six other plays that nobody now attributes to Shakespeare. But the long labors of the chronologists have brought together these scattered cousins; it is another "triumph of time," like *The Winter's Tale* itself. And this has prepared the way for much interesting comment on the group and the relations between its members. Still, the indifference or imperceptiveness of Heminges and Condell may at least serve as a caution. Much as the romances resemble one another, they also exhibit striking differences; under the family resemblance, each has its private, personal life. The warning is so obvious as to be often ignored, and some intemperate commentary has resulted. *The Winter's Tale* has suffered with the others.

There is, for instance, the view—less common nowadays, but still to be met with—that these plays share a sort of calm or detached simplicity, as if the author had sought in romance relief from the evils and disasters of the tragedies. Now, the idea of romance, properly understood, implies passion and catastrophe, storm and violence; and Shakespeare's romances not only contain such elements, but often enact them with much turbulence both in the action and in the language. The verse frequently registers not a gentle detachment but rather a remarkable activity of mind. Thus the jealousy of Leontes may in the last

analysis be a less complex matter than that of Othello; but it is less simply expressed. The language that embodies it combines hysterical grossness with suggestions of a mind once habituated to clarity but no longer quite able to declare itself clearly because of emotional pressure:

Ha' not you seen, Camillo—
But that's past doubt, you have, or your eyeglass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn—or heard—
For to a vision so apparent, rumor
Cannot be mute—or thought—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think—
My wife is slippery? (I.ii.267-73)

The evidence of Hermione's adultery is so overwhelming, so disgusting, that an intelligent friend's failure to notice it is an additional cause for anger. Leontes, accustomed to putting his thoughts clearly, organizes what he has to say in terms of sight, hearing, and reflection; but it would be equally loathsome to hear Camillo fawningly agree or disagree in order to dissuade Leontes from the course of self-torture to which he has committed himself. Thus contempt and fear join with sexual disgust and an intolerable sense of his own indignity to crowd and crush the speech, and neither Elizabethan nor modern punctuation can cope with its jolting syntax and distorted argument. Measure it against the grave and by no means ill-written opening of Greene's *Pandosto*: "whoso seeks by friendly counsel to raze out this hellish passion, it forthwith suspecteth that he giveth this advice to cover his own guiltiness. Yea, whoso is pained with this restless torment doubteth all, distrusteth himself, is always frozen with fear and fired with suspicion." Leontes in the play is ablaze with the passion of which Greene merely speaks. Or compare the same speech with Othello's after his fall into the same hell of sexual shock, reduced, when his agony is greatest, to broken exclamations: "O blood, blood, blood!" "Goats and monkeys!" Othello is not credited, as Leontes is, with an articulateness that matches his sense of self-destruction; he makes the great gestures appropriate to a noble understanding of what it means for a hero's life to be broken—

"Man but a rush against Othello's breast,/And he retires"—but escapes the more intellectual torments of Leontes.¹

Nor is this tumult of passionate meaning confined to moments of agony. It is a fair criticism of *Cymbeline* that there are places in it where the language is unnecessarily opaque, where—to quote Coleridge's definition of "mental bombast"—there are "thoughts and images too great for the subject." In *The Tempest* when Prospero tells Miranda of his brother's treachery, he can scarcely compress his meaning in his excited utterance. In *The Winter's Tale* we feel the pressure of excited intelligence in many other speakers, as well as in Leontes, notably in Perdita and Florizel; their language breaks bounds in the quest for completeness of statement.

What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms,
Pray so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that—move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens. (IV.iv.135-46)

Florizel begins a catalogue of beauties, each more amorously and extravagantly expressed than its predecessor, and all related to action: "do," "done," "do," "doing," "function," "doing," "acts." He is drunk with the exquisite activity of Perdita. But he has a rhetorical scheme, and persists in it: each act is in itself perfect, yet each surpasses the other. This lover's hyperbole might ring out frigidly from the pages of Greene's novella, but here the whole scheme is transformed by the figure of the wave, a rich metaphor that the verse enacts rhythmically: "move still, still so"; until, at the end, the rhetorician's wit glows with imaginative solemnity, for "queens" not only concludes the prescribed scheme but moves us out beyond it, into the sphere where Perdita, singing and dancing, queen of the feast and dressed as a goddess of spring's renewal, assumes the power to end by her action the hard grip of winter on the lives of her parents.

Such verse makes ridiculous the notion of an author grown vaguely benign with old age; and it is to be found in all the romances. There are other common features. In every play there is a discovery of lost royalty, princesses who are represented as of almost divine virtue and beauty; characters near death are restored to life; the breach in some prince's life is mended, years after the disaster which

¹ I am not suggesting that *The Winter's Tale* has the stature of *Othello*. The tragedy has a different and perhaps a greater design; its focus is on the hero and the ideas by which he animates and gives value to his world; whereas the hero of *The Winter's Tale* is Time; or you might prefer to say that its heroine is Nature. The difference of emphasis may be suggested by one small indication. The word "honor" occurs with great frequency in *The Winter's Tale* to show that its characters are all necessarily concerned with this public acceptance of their own integrity; but the *idea* of honor is not at all stressed, as of course it is in *Othello*, and I myself had not noticed the frequent occurrence of the word until I gave the text slow editorial scrutiny. The main interests of the play lie in such a way that "honor" is a marginal, though necessary, consideration.

caused it, by the agency of young, beautiful, and innocent people; there are scenes of a pastoral character. All this is of the nature of romance, and the plays could well be called romantic tragicomedies. Edwin Greenlaw long ago pointed out that they derive ultimately from the Greek novel, especially perhaps from *Daphnis and Chloe*. This is the world of lost princesses, great storms that sunder families, lifetimes spent in wandering or suffering, babies put to sea in little boats (an experience that belonged to Perdita, in the source story, though Shakespeare saved it for Miranda) and later recognized by a mole or a jewel. Greene's *Pandosto*, on which Shakespeare based his *Winter's Tale*, is a typical Elizabethan novel in the same tradition. And these plays are dramatic versions of such stories.

Shakespeare had used elements of romance plot as early as *The Comedy of Errors*; in returning to it he handles it with a new simplicity, especially in *The Winter's Tale*. He has no more compunction than a novelist might have in allowing sixteen years to pass in the middle of the story. But this is not because he could not help it, because his technique had gone soft. Stories of this kind are in their nature somewhat primitive, and if profundities are to be found in them it will be by the writer who respects their nature. It required much lucidity and experience to design *The Winter's Tale* so simply. "Shakespeare," Northrop Frye has said, "arrived in his last period at the bedrock of drama, the romantic spectacle out of which all the more specialized forms of drama, such as tragedy and social comedy, have come, and to which they recurrently return." Of course there are very bad romance plays, some of them in the repertory of Shakespeare's company at this period. Merely using an archaic narrative ensures no big bonus of significance. That is the reward of genius, and of a lifetime of intelligent practice. I daresay Shakespeare might have been surprised to read in Frye that his Hermione is a "Proserpine figure," but not to hear that he had told his story in such a way that we see human life renewing itself, as spring follows winter. He even suggests the relevance of the well-known Proserpine myth in Perdita's flower speech. He is writing, with very conscious art, about the destruction and renewal of life, and finds in these romance stories the pattern he needs; it is his craft to elicit and enlarge their relevance.

It is perfectly consistent to add that Shakespeare was probably writing to meet a specific public demand (as the revival of an old and bad romance, *Mucedorus*, suggests). With similar opportunism, he probably used in the fourth act dances that his company had performed under grander circumstances at court. He may also have had in mind the Blackfriars, his company's new indoor theater, where from about 1609 they enjoyed the advantages of a smaller house with better music, good artificial lighting, scenes and machines, and an audience willing to pay six times the price of the cheapest place at the Globe. This was the time of the spectacular masques at the court of James I; Shakespeare's company were the King's Men; never had relations between court and stage been closer than now. They continued to play in the great outdoor theater; but possibly the Blackfriars, where some of the courtly spectacle could be reproduced, had something to do with the vogue for extravagant romance stories.

Yet this is not the most important clue to the nature of *The Winter's Tale*. For that we should turn to the greatest

works in prose and verse of the period, Sidney's *Arcadia* and Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. It is no reflection on Greene to say that his novel cannot live with such romances as these; for they are in intention and performance the profoundest and most serious art of the period (Spenser's book, to risk a comparison for the modern reader, is as complex in plan as *Ulysses*). They nevertheless use romantic themes. They are concerned less with psychological realism than with supernaturally sanctioned reality under human appearances. Shakespeare knew them both, and used them, especially Spenser. Marina is his Florimel, Perdita his Pastorella; in *The Winter's Tale* he transforms Fawnia, Greene's royal changeling, and does so to make her like Spenser's noble shepherdess. And insofar as *The Winter's Tale* is philosophical it is Spenserian too; like Spenser, Shakespeare is preoccupied by Time as destroyer and renewer, that which ruins the work of men but is the father of truth. Just as the sea appears to be aimlessly destructive, tearing apart father and child, husband and wife, but is in the end seen to be "merciful" because it finally brings them together and restores their happiness, so Time only seems to change things because it must renew their truth.

All things steadfastness do hate
And changèd be: yet being rightly weighed
They are not changèd from their first estate,
But by their change their being do dilate,
And turning to themselves at length again,
Do work their own perfection so by fate.

(*Faerie Queene*, VII.vii.515-20)

Whatever else may be added on the point, this is the "philosophy" of *The Winter's Tale* as well as of the Mutability Cantos of Spenser. And Greene, to give him his due, called the novel on which Shakespeare based his play *Pandosto: or, The Triumph of Time*.

One more point before we turn from the romances in general to the specific qualities of *The Winter's Tale*: stories of this kind create for the dramatist peculiar technical problems. Characteristically, they require that there be treated the initial disaster by which the plot gains movement; the intermediate period where people suffer under the consequent wrongs and sorrows; and finally the restoration of happiness, the *recognition*, where all, by the work of time, "turns to itself at length again." Dramatically, the focus of such stories will tend to be the recognition; in *Pericles*, a very straggling play, this climax was what overwhelmingly interested Shakespeare, and he made it a kind of prototype of all the others. In *Cymbeline* he attempted a multiple recognition scene so extraordinary as to be without theatrical parallel. In *The Tempest* he concentrates the whole action at the moment of climax, merely recalling the initial treachery of Antonio. In *The Winter's Tale* he approaches the problem quite differently by dividing the story into three parts: first the Sicilian disaster, the destruction of happiness by Leontes' diseased passion; then the "green world" in which Perdita demonstrates renewed beauty and nobility (these two parts being equally balanced as to length); and finally an act of recognition. Though the great scene in *Pericles* is the ancestor of them all, the recognition scenes of these plays are all very different, and this of course contributes to their individuality, the sense

we have that each grows its own imaginative and philosophical atmosphere. And nowhere is this atmosphere more distinctive, nowhere is the recognition more daringly conceived, than in *The Winter's Tale*.

Some indication of the dramatist's intention, both in this and in other aspects of the play, may be derived from a consideration of the changes he made in his source. The reader of Greene's *Pandosto* may see for himself the extent of both debt and deviation. But on the crucial matter of the great final act something must be said here. The statue scene is without parallel in *Pandosto*; at some stage Shakespeare made the momentous decision to keep Hermione alive, and invented the motif of the statue. It is possible that he did so in the course of writing; as Coleridge early pointed out, it would have been simple enough to provide for her survival by some ambiguity in the oracle, but Shakespeare does not do so, and it is a remarkable instance, the only one in Shakespeare or perhaps in the whole drama of the period, of the playwright's concealing so material a circumstance from the audience. Simon Forman, reporting on a performance of 1611 when the play was still fairly new, did not include in his account of the plot any allusion to the statue scene, so the play may have been without it in its first form. Having preserved Hermione alive, Shakespeare had of course greatly increased his technical problem at the end of the play. Had he followed Greene, the climactic moment would have been the discovery of Perdita's identity, and the scene would have had to be very like that of the reunion of Pericles and Marina. He could hardly have followed this with another scene of rapt verse and music for the reunion of Leontes and his wife; so he boldly throws away the Perdita recognition in a scene of gentlemanly chatter, and saves the great effects for the reunion of father, mother, and daughter at the end. Thus he avoids the anticlimactic conclusion of *Pericles*, where the reunion with Thaisa cannot make much effect after the great scene that precedes it. So Shakespeare solved his technical problem; the question remains, why did he need to create it by forsaking Greene and keeping Hermione alive? Why should the climax of the play be not the restoration of Perdita to her inheritance but the restoration of the queen to life? No one can answer that without looking at the play as a whole.

The whole work is as unorthodox structurally as the final scene. The first part, up to the end of III.ii, is dominated by the insane and tyrannous passion of Leontes. The Sicilian court has been a world of courtesy and innocence; these are virtues of Hermione and also of Polixenes, whose opening speech, with its pastoral figures, merely establishes an intelligent harmony that will be broken by the power of the diseased king. Polixenes remembers the innocence of his childhood friendship with Leontes, and says it resembled that of man before the Fall, when passion overthrew reason; and with the onset of the king's jealousy this overthrow is reenacted. It is clumsy to treat this as pure allegory, though that is a modern fashion; Shakespeare knew very well that there was implied in this narrative an analogy with the Fall, and he lived in an age when biblical typology and allegory were as familiar as they now seem outlandish. But this should lead us to the conclusion, not that he was writing allegory, but that he was recognizing the *typical* quality of this, as of any other story. A powerful mind is disturbed by a passion it is unwilling to control;

suddenly the clear world of honor and courtesy darkens; friends can be Judases, good counselors traitors; what seems to be virtuous is in truth vicious; the gods themselves are liars. Here as elsewhere Shakespeare associates this profound perturbation, this infection of a world with the disease of one mind, with a specifically sexual misery. For Leontes—the word tolls out through these scenes—is diseased, and the air around him is infected, as if by a plague-bearing planet. His very language is hectic. That there is another and purer air we learn from the brief, beautifully placed III.i, when Cleomenes and Dion speak of the delicate climate and sweet air of Apollo's temple. And when, sixteen years later, we breathe the air of Perdita's pastoral Bohemia we recognize once more a purity associated with pure sexuality; as when Perdita wishes her lover "quick, and in mine arms." The country, its healing herbs and prophylactic flowers, is the antithesis of the plague-stricken city. And later, when Perdita arrives in Sicily, Leontes remembers the days of the great infection and prays accordingly:

The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! (V.i.168-70)

In the dark opening phase, the part of Hermione is that of the victim, Leontes that of the tyrant. Tyranny begins, as Milton says, "when upstart passions catch the government." But he considers and rejects the idea that he is behaving tyrannously; she, at her trial (which must recall the trial of Katherine in *Henry VIII*), argues that he is. His rejection of the oracle is a tyrannous act (Greene's Pandosto accepts it), and he at once suffers the traditional fate of the tyrant, the sudden exemplary punishment of heaven. His son dies, his queen dies; henceforth his life must be only repentance and obloquy. Or so it seems. At the end of III.ii, halfway through the play, we have reached what is practically a full tragic close, and if Leontes were to stab himself at that point there would be little sense of dramatic illogic. He has thrown away the pearl richer than all his tribe. Only the hint of the oracle ("if that which is lost be not found") and the fact that in romance castaway children always turn up, exist to make a faint suggestion of a happy issue.

The next scene, III.iii, is crucial, and again extraordinary; Antigonus, having had a vision of the *dead* Hermione, is sacrificed in order to move the play into a fantastic realm; the Clown and his father show us how different is the world we have entered by the unconcerned calm of their talk on the sinking of the ship and the bear's consumption of Antigonus. Then the old man speaks the famous line: "Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born." We pass from the world in which happiness and prosperity are destroyed by the storm of passion, to the world where Nature—"great creating Nature," as Shakespeare calls the presiding figure of the Mutability Cantos—reestablishes love and human continuance and proves that time and change are her servants, agents not only of change but of perpetuity, redeemers as well as destroyers.

The central action of Act IV is not complicated, but it is a very long act, and must have been the longer for the various diversions, the "nest of antics" ridiculed by Jonson, the catches and songs. The mood is of innocence (even Autolycus contributes to this, partly by establishing rustic

virtues as opposed to those of the court—an old pastoral theme, and one paralleled by the debates between Corin and Touchstone in *As You Like It*), and Shakespeare wanted this part of the play to have mass enough to balance the Sicilian opening. Essentially, this act establishes a world in which Perdita's inborn nobility can display itself.

Although Shakespeare accepts some of the assumptions of the pastoral genre, it was clearly his effort to avoid urban condescension and sentimentality in this scene. These shepherds and shepherdesses are not the graceful figures of Spenser and Sidney; the young clown has his meanness, the old one his strong sense of self-preservation; Polixenes is charmed by the feast and by Perdita's beauty, but when the holiday is over his exposure of the girl and his judgment of his son are extremely tough. Against this infused realism, the insistence upon Perdita's superiority, her innate nobility and godlike beauty, becomes more remarkable. It is, considered merely as a narrative device, part of the tradition, but it occupied Shakespeare at a very deep level. There are signs of his interest in it at an earlier stage in his career, but in the romances he turned upon it the same deepening attention as we observe him giving such conventions as the twin plot—that which was first only a dramaturgical device becomes an issue for mature meditation. Marina in the brothel and Cymbeline's sons in the Welsh cave have the virtue of high birth, and their hereditary cultivation will show itself even in unfavorable circumstances. In *The Tempest* Caliban is the base natural stock, Miranda (educated with him) has, as part of her inheritance, that "better nature" which places her on the side of mankind toward the gods, as he is on the side toward the beasts.² Perdita, like all the romance heroines mistaken for a goddess, is, very remarkably, made the occasion for Shakespeare's fullest exposition of the idea. It is characteristic of Shakespeare's economy that her flower piece, which could have been a moment of pastoral prettiness, modulates into this quasi-philosophical debate with Polixenes:

PERDITA

Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flow'rs o' th' season
Are our carnations and streaked gillyvors,
Which some call Nature's bastards; of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

POLIXENES Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

PERDITA For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which in their piedness shares
With great creating Nature.

POLIXENES Say there be;
Yet Nature is made better by no mean
But Nature makes that mean; so over that art
Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend Nature, change it rather; but

² This point is discussed and documented in my Arden edition of *The Tempest* (sixth rev. ed., 1958).

The art itself is Nature.

PERDITA So it is.

POLIXENES

Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

PERDITA I'll not put

The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them;

No more than were I painted, I would wish

This youth should say 'twere well, and only therefore

Desire to breed by me. (IV.iv.79-103)

In this disagreement Polixenes only *seems* to win, though he has the general weight of contemporary thought on his side; the art of the gardener in improving wild natural stocks was treated as a figure of the distinctive human power to improve and civilize the environment, and it was customary to add that in so doing Art was nevertheless the agent of Nature. Perdita does not know she is herself noble, and is only playing at being a queen, though the audience has already noted strong suggestions of her royalty, indeed of her semidivinity; and there is a purely dramatic irony in the discussion, since Polixenes is to oppose the union of his noble son with a supposedly baseborn girl, thus contradicting his own philosophy; whereas she, baseborn and hoping to marry a prince, resists his horticultural analogy. Her case is precisely that of Marvell in his poem "The Mower against Gardens," in which the gardener is called not an improver of nature but a pander; but Perdita, unable to answer the argument from gardening, produces one from cosmetics ("the gillyvors are like painted women") and so tacitly rejects the implied resemblance between herself and "barks of baser kind." Leaving aside the purely dramatic ironies, this debate is one on which the arguments on both sides were well known, and Shakespeare's purpose is not to identify himself with one side or the other so much as to tell the audience that the great topic of the relations between Art and Nature are relevant to his purposes; to establish in every word as well as every action the "better nature" of Perdita, and to prepare the way for a climactic scene in which, when the statue proves to be powerful and beautiful beyond the scope of art, we shall see finally the incomparable work of "great creating Nature." Whenever he includes discussion of this kind—as he does, for example, in *The Merchant of Venice*, in *Troilus and Cressida*, in *Measure for Measure*—we may expect it to have its repercussions on the action. In this play we find them in the last act.

The pattern of this act is determined, as we have seen, by the need for a double recognition, but nothing at the level of plot required the dramatist to bring Hermione back into the play as a statue. Admittedly the scene lends itself to that tone of exalted joy which distinguishes these late plays of reunion, and is magnificently theatrical; having once committed himself to the situation the old master makes the most of the chance, holds us to the long moment of Hermione's immobility, and when it is over, concludes the play with what must appear, unless the director has the necessary sensitivity and tact, unseemly haste. But as usual he makes theatrical effect compatible with thematic interest. Paulina soaks her guests in art by taking them on an extended tour of the gallery before she lets them see the statue. They praise it for its naturalness, its "life," while she protests that the color is still wet and

calls it a "poor image." "What was he that did make it?" asks Leontes in unconscious tribute to the god of nature. The work is so "alive," he says, "that we are mocked with art." Slowly the statue moves out of the possibilities of art: "what fine chisel/Could ever yet cut breath?" Then it moves indeed, and the hypothesis that this is art can only be defended by calling that art magic. Finally it speaks, and blesses Perdita, and this no work of art, but only works of great creating Nature, can do.

In its identification of the thematic and the theatrical, this is a true work of Shakespeare's. It is, of course, more complex than my account suggests. The survival of Hermione authenticates Perdita's beauty; Time, which has seemed the destroyer, is a redeemer. At one masterly moment Perdita herself stands like a statue beside the supposed statue of her mother, to remind us that created things work their own perfection and continuance in time, as well as suffer under it. And in the end the play seems to say (I borrow the language of Yeats) that "whatever is begotten, born and dies" is nobler than "monuments of unageing intellect"—and also, when truly considered, more lasting.

Such a formula may justly attract the complaint that it is partial and moralizing. The play is a great one, with a natural energy that supports all it says about natural power; its scheme is deep-laid and its language fertile in suggestion. It will not be trapped by the historian, though he can speak of the vogue of tragicomic romance and compare Perdita with Pastorella. It will not, either, be caught in the net of allegory. To say that Hermione suffers, dies, and is restored to life is not to suggest a parallel that the author missed, but equally not to hit his true intention. All truths, he might argue, are related to the Truth; all good stories will have—to use the term of Erich Auerbach—a "figural" quality. *The Winter's Tale*, like many other stories, deals with sin and forgiveness, and with the triumph of time—also a Christian theme. But we value it not for some hidden truth, but for its power to realize experience, to show something of life that could be shown only by the intense activity of intellect and imagination in the medium of a theatrical form. It is not a great allegory or a great argument, but a great play.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

Shakespeare's source was a novella by his old enemy Robert Greene. The title of the first edition reads:

Pandosto. The Triumph of Time. Wherein is discovered by a pleasant Historie, that although by the meanes of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time in spite of fortune it is most manifestly reuealed. Pleasant for age to auoyde drowsie thoughtes, profitable for youth to eschue other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. *Temporis filia veritas.* By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes in Cambridge. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci.* Imprinted at London by Thomas Orwin for Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the Signe of the Bible, neere vnto the North doore of Paules, 1588.

The Short Title Catalogue records only one copy of this edition, in the British Museum; and that is imperfect. There were subsequent editions in 1592, 1595, 1607, and

later. But although there was so recent an edition available, Shakespeare appears to have used the first. He seems for some reason to have been interested in Greene at this time, for he also drew on the pamphleteer's popular studies of the London underworld, especially *The Second Part of Conny-catching* (1592), useful for describing the tricks of Autolycus (especially the cheating of the Clown in IV.iii); and although he rejected Greene's personal names, he replaced "Garinter" by "Mamillius," perhaps remembering Greene's "looking glass for the ladies of England," *Mamillia* (1583).

Shakespeare treats *Pandosto* in his usual way, freely changing it but often echoing its language and incidents. The following very brief summary uses the names Shakespeare gave the characters.

Shakespeare changes the countries about; Leontes is King of Bohemia, Polixenes of Sicily; and it is the wife of Polixenes who is daughter of the Empress of Russia, not Hermione. Greene's Hermione, though perfectly innocent, gives more color to the suspicions of Leontes by the freedom of her conduct toward Polixenes. She does not discover her pregnancy till she is already in prison. Camillo shows more self-interest in the novel, and has no part in the return of Perdita to her father. The jealousy of Leontes, though not well founded, is less of a brainstorm in the original. He sends the new baby to sea in a little boat by herself; there is no Antigonus. After the trial he instantly accepts the word of the oracle, but his son and his wife both die. Perdita is cast ashore in Sicily and reared by shepherds interested in the gold that accompanies her. Years later, she is wooed by Florizel, but here the tone of the novel is very different from that of the play, despite suggestions that Shakespeare used in the sheep-shearing scene. Florizel is much more formal, and the relationship, until Perdita, properly suspicious, alters it by insisting on her virtue, is not much different from an ordinary seduction of a country girl by a courtier. But Florizel, appearing as a shepherd, establishes the honesty of his intentions and plans to amass money to elope with Perdita to Italy. The unhappy old shepherd is tricked into boarding the ship (but not by Autolycus, who does not exist in the novel). When the couple arrives in Bohemia, Leontes conceives a lustful desire for Perdita, and throws Florizel into prison. But when he hears the whole story from the ambassadors of Polixenes (who is alarmed to think of his son in the hands of an enemy), he frees Florizel and condemns Perdita and her father to death. But the old man now tells his tale; Perdita is proved to be Leontes' lost daughter. She returns to Sicily with Florizel, and they are married; but Leontes kills himself from remorse.

I have given no account of many changes that are simply a matter of dramaturgical economy. Despite the strong similarities in plot, there are important alterations in Shakespeare. The greatest of these, if the least tangible, is his substitution of Nature for Fortune as the deity presiding over the original story; and the consequent reconstruction in the statue scene, with Hermione restored and Leontes transported with joy at the recovery of his wife, his daughter, and his friend. For Shakespeare's Perdita and Florizel, Greene affords little more than hints, and the whole pastoral of the fourth act is similarly built on mere suggestions. Greene's Florizel knows better than to speak freely of his love; and Polixenes does not visit the sheep-

fold, let alone converse with Perdita on profound topics. The point at which the two works most closely concur is the scene of Hermione's trial, but other references to Greene's text are fairly frequent, so that it looks as if Shakespeare had the book on his desk. It was the story he wanted, to adapt as freely as he chose, and he shuns the Arcadianism of Greene's dialogue; yet once again the dead author might have found cause to complain, as he had eighteen years earlier, that the "upstart crow" had been "beautified with our feathers."

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The Winter's Tale was placed at the end of the section of comedies in the Folio of 1623. There was no earlier edition, and so all subsequent editions derive from the Folio text. Bibliographical evidence shows that the play was added to the Folio late, when a number of the history plays had already been printed. Possibly no copy was available until then. The copy that eventually reached the printing house was almost certainly a transcript of the play made by Ralph Crane, whose hand is now well known to scholars. Crane did a good deal for Shakespeare's company, the King's Men, and the Folio texts of *The Tempest* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*—and possibly other plays too—are attributable to him. Certain of his characteristics—notably his fondness for brackets and his habit of placing all the entries at the head of the scene, whether or not they are repeated when the character actually comes in—are abundantly in evidence in the Folio text of *The Winter's Tale*.

The text is very deficient in stage directions, and Crane's copy was evidently not made for use in the playhouse. But he was an intelligent scribe, and doubtless gave the compositor clean copy. In fact, this is one of the cleanest of Shakespeare's texts, despite the difficulty of some of the verse. The present edition deletes the superfluous entries at heads of scenes and places them at the appropriate positions, modernizes spelling and punctuation, and translates from Latin into English the Folio's act and scene divisions. The list of characters, here prefixed to the play, in the Folio follows the play. Other material departures from the Folio text are listed below in boldface type, followed by the Folio's reading (F) in roman; in only three or four places is any real difficulty involved.

I.i.29 have hath

I.ii.104 And A 158 do does 208 you, they say you say 276 hobbyhorse Holy-horse 327-28 Sully/The purity Sully the puritie 446-47 thereon/His execution sworn Thereon his Execution sworne

II.i.25-26 I have one/Of I have one of

II.ii.6 whom who 52 let't le't

II.iii.39 What Who 53 profess professes 177 its it

III.ii.1 session Sessions 10 Silence [F italicizes, as if s.d.] 32 Who Whom 107 for no

III.iii.18 awaking a waking 116 made mad

IV.iii.10 With heigh, with heigh With heigh 58 offends offend

IV.iv.2 Do Do's 12 Digest it with Digest with 13 swoon sworne 98 your you 160 out on't 364 who whom 422

acknowledged acknowledge 426 who whom 431 shalt see shalt neuer see 442 hoop hope 470 your my 493 hide hides

502 whom who 552 asks thee, the son, forgiveness asks thee there Sonne forgiueneesse 708 know not know 738 or toaze

at toaze 846 Exit Exeunt

V.i.12 True, too true [F places the first "true" at the end of Leontes' previous speech] 61 just cause just such cause 75 I have done [F gives to Cleomenes]

V.ii.35 Hermione Hermiones

V.iii.18 Lonely Louely 96 Or on



THE WINTER'S TALE

The Names of the Actors

LEONTES *King of Sicilia*
MAMILLIUS *young Prince of Sicilia*
CAMILLO
ANTIGONUS } *four lords of Sicilia*
CLEOMENES }
DION }
HERMIONE *queen to Leontes*
PERDITA *daughter to Leontes and Hermione*
PAULINA *wife to Antigonus*
EMILIA *a lady [attending on Hermione]*
POLIXENES *King of Bohemia*
FLORIZEL *Prince of Bohemia*

OLD SHEPHERD *reputed father of Perdita*
CLOWN *his son*
AUTOLYCUS *a rogue*
ARCHIDAMUS *a lord of Bohemia*
[A MARINER]
[A JAILER]
[MOPSA } *shepherdesses*
DORCAS }
Other LORDS and GENTLEMEN [LADIES
OFFICERS of the Court] SERVANTS
SHEPHERDS SHEPHERDESSES
[TIME as chorus]

[Scene: Sicilia and Bohemia]

A C T I

Scene I. [Sicilia, the court of Leontes.]

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

ARCHIDAMUS If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

CAMILLO I think this coming summer the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

ARCHIDAMUS Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves;° for indeed—

CAMILLO Beseech you—

ARCHIDAMUS Verily I speak it in the freedom of my

knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. . . . We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent° of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

CAMILLO You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

ARCHIDAMUS Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

CAMILLO Sicilia cannot show himself overkind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch° now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society,° their encounters though not personal, have been royally attorneyed° with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seemed to be together, though absent: shook hands, as over a vast;° and embraced as it were

The decorative border shown above was used in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.

I.i.8-9 **Wherein** . . . loves our entertainment may fall short of yours, but we shall make up for it by the strength of our affection

15 **unintelligent** unaware **26** **branch** i.e., flourish **28** **society** companionship **29** **attorneyed** supplied by substitutes **32** **vast** desolate space

from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

ARCHIDAMUS I think there is not in the world either 35
malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable
comfort of your young Prince Mamillius; it is a
gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into
my note.

CAMILLO I very well agree with you in the hopes of 40
him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the
subject,^o makes old hearts fresh; they that went on
crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him
a man.

ARCHIDAMUS Would they else be content to die? 45

CAMILLO Yes, if there were no other excuse why they
should desire to live.

ARCHIDAMUS If the king had no son, they would
desire to live on crutches till he had one. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. [*The court of Leontes.*]

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLI-
XENES, CAMILLO, [*and* ATTENDANTS].

POLIXENES

Nine changes of the wat'ry star^o hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks,
And yet we should for perpetuity 5
Go hence in debt. And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one "We thank you," many thousands moe^o
That go before it.^o

LEONTES Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.

POLIXENES Sir, that's tomorrow. 10
I am questioned by my fears of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly."^o Besides, I have stayed
To tire your royalty.

LEONTES We are tougher, brother, 15
Than you can put us to't.^o

POLIXENES No longer stay.

LEONTES One sev'night longer.

POLIXENES Very sooth, tomorrow.

LEONTES We'll part the time between's then; and in that
I'll no gainsaying.^o

POLIXENES Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' th' world 20

41-42 physics the subject is good medicine for the people
I.ii.i wat'ry star the moon 8 moe more 3-9 time . . .
it it would take us the same length of time to thank you, and
even then we should leave here forever your debtors. So I offer
you one more thank-you, which, though it is in itself nothing,
works like a zero on the end of a number and multiplies all the
thanks I have given you before (instead of merely adding to
them) 11-14 I . . . truly I am worried about what may
happen at home, perhaps as a result of my absence—worried
in case blighting influences may not be at work which we shall
regret, saying "We went away only too well" 16 put us to't
drive us to extremities 19 I'll no gainsaying I'll not accept a
refusal

So soon as yours could win me; so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder 25
Were, in your love, a whip to me;^o my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

LEONTES Tongue-tied, our queen? Speak you.

HERMIONE

I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are sure 30
All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction,
The bygone day proclaimed. Say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.^o

LEONTES Well said, Hermione.

HERMIONE

To tell he longs to see his son were strong;
But let him say so then, and let him go; 35
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence, I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission 40
To let him there a month behind the gest^o
Prefixed for's parting, yet, good deed,^o Leontes,
I love thee not a jar^o o' th' clock behind
What lady she^o her lord. You'll stay?

POLIXENES No, madam.

HERMIONE

Nay, but you will?

POLIXENES I may not, verily. 45

HERMIONE

Verily?

You put me off with limber^o vows; but I,
Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's "Verily" is 50
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees^o
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner or my guest? By your dread "Verily," 55
One of them you shall be.

POLIXENES Your guest, then, madam:

To be your prisoner should import offending;^o
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

HERMIONE Not your jailer, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you 60
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

POLIXENES We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind^o
But such a day tomorrow as today,
And to be boy eternal.

25 Were . . . me i.e., though doing it out of love, you
would be tormenting me by making me stay in these
circumstances 33 ward defensive posture in fencing 41
gest stage of royal progress; time allocated to one place on
the route 42 good deed indeed, in very deed 43 jar tick
44 lady she gentlewoman 47 limber limp 53 fees which
were always due from prisoner to jailer 57 import offending
mean that I had committed some crime 63 behind to come

HERMIONE Was not my lord
The verier wag o' th' two?

POLIXENES
We were as twinned lambs, that did frisk i' th' sun,
And bleat the one at th' other; what we changed°
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dreamed 70
That any did; had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher reared
With stronger blood, we should have answered heaven
Boldly, "Not guilty"; the imposition cleared,
Hereditary ours.°

HERMIONE By this we gather 75
You have tripped since.

POLIXENES O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's, for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not crossed the eyes
Of my young playfellow.

HERMIONE Grace to boot!° 80
Of this make no conclusion,° lest you say
Your queen and I are devils. Yet go on,
Th' offenses we have made you do we'll answer,
If you first sinned with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipped not
With any but with us.

LEONTES Is he won yet?

HERMIONE
He'll stay, my lord.

LEONTES At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

HERMIONE Never?

LEONTES Never but once.

HERMIONE
What! Have I twice said well? When was't before? 90
I prithee tell me; cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages—you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere 95
With spur we heat an acre.° But to th' goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay.
What was my first? It has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you; O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to th' purpose? When? 100
Nay, let me have't; I long.

LEONTES Why, that was when
Three crabbèd months had soured themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clap° thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
"I am yours forever."

HERMIONE 'Tis Grace indeed. 105
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to th' purpose twice:
The one forever earned a royal husband;
Th' other, for some while a friend.

68 **changed** exchanged 72–75 **our weak . . . ours** i.e., had the weakness of our animal spirits not been fortified by the passionate blood of maturity, our wills would never have been corrupted, and we should have been able to claim exemption from the taint of original sin 80 **Grace to boot** Heaven help me! 81 **make no conclusion** do not pursue that line of argument 96 **heat an acre** race over a furlong 104 **clap** offer the handclasp that seals a bargain

LEONTES [Aside.] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis° on me; my heart dances, 110
But not for joy, not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,°
And well become the agent—'t may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers, 115
As now they are, and making practiced smiles
As in a looking glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' th' deer°—oh, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.° Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

MAMILLIUS Ay, my good lord.

LEONTES I' fecks!° 120
Why, that's my bawcock.° What, hast smutched thy
nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat—not neat,° but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all called neat. Still virginaling° 125
Upon his palm? How now, you wanton calf,
Art thou my calf?

MAMILLIUS Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEONTES
Thou want'st a rough pash,° and the shoots that I have
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so, 130
That will say anything. But were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks,° as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wished, by one that fixes
No bourn° 'twixt his and mine—yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, Sir Page, 135
Look on me with your welkin° eye. Sweet villain,
Most dear'st, my collop!° Can thy dam,° may't be?
Affection!° Thy intention° stabs the center.°
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams—how can this be?— 140
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent°
Thou mayst co-join with something, and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains, 145
And hardening of my brows.°

110 **tremor cordis** palpitation of the heart 113 **fertile bosom** generous affection 117–18 **as 'twere . . . deer** like the horn call signifying the death of the deer 119 **brows** alluding to the myth of the horns that grow on the foreheads of cuckolds 120 **fecks** a mild oath, derived from "I' faith" 121 **bawcock** fine fellow (French = *beau coq*) 123 **neat** Leontes rejects the word because it also means "horned cattle" 125 **virginaling** i.e., as if playing the virginals (a small keyboard instrument) 128 **pash** head 132 **o'er-dyed blacks** black garments worn out by too much dyeing 134 **bound** boundary 136 **welkin** blue (like the sky) 137 **collop** a cut off his own flesh; **dam** mother (Leontes' thoughts still run on cattle) 138 **Affection** passion; **intention** purpose; **center** of the world(?) of my heart(?) 142 **credent** credible 138–46 **Affection . . . brows** may be corrupt; paraphrase: "Passion! Your desire for fulfillment can pierce to the heart of things. You deal with matters normally thought of as illusory—with dreams and fantasies, impossible as that sounds. You collaborate with the unreal; so it is not improbable that you should do so with what really exists; this is what has happened, as my mental disturbance and cuckold's horns indicate." The passion is jealousy; Leontes recognizes that it is sometimes baseless, but argues that it is not so in his case

POLIXENES What means Sicilia?

HERMIONE

He something seems unsettled.

POLIXENES

How, my lord?

LEONTES

What cheer? How is't with you, best brother?

HERMIONE

You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction;

Are you moved, my lord?

LEONTES

No, in good earnest.

150

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,

Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil

Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreeched,

155

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,

Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,

This squash,^o this gentleman. Mine honest friend,

160

Will you take eggs for money?^o

MAMILLIUS

No, my lord, I'll fight.

LEONTES

You will? Why, happy man be's dole!^o My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince as we

Do seem to be of ours?

POLIXENES

If at home, sir,

165

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;

Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;

My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.

He makes a July's day short as December,

And with his varying childness, cures in me

170

Thoughts that would thicken my blood.^o

LEONTES

So stands this squire

Officed with me.^o We two will walk, my lord,

And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,

How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;

Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap;

175

Next to thyself and my young rover, he's

Apparent^o to my heart.

HERMIONE

If you would seek us,

We are yours i' th' garden; shall's attend you there?

LEONTES

To your own bents dispose you; you'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside.*] I am angling^o now,

180

Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb,^o the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing^o husband! [*Exeunt* POLIXENES,

HERMIONE, and ATTENDANTS.] Gone already!

185

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a forked^o

one!

Go play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I

Play too—but so disgraced a part, whose issue^o

Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamor

Will be my knell. Go play, boy, play. There have been, 190

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now,

And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm,

That little thinks she has been sluiced in's absence,

And his pond fished by his next neighbor, by 195

Sir Smile, his neighbor, nay, there's comfort in't,

Whiles other men have gates, and those gates opened,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair,

That have revolted^o wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physic for't there's none; 200

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant;^o and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north, and south. Be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly. Know't

It will let in and out the enemy, 205

With bag and baggage. Many thousand on's

Have the disease, and feel't not. How now, boy!

MAMILLIUS

I am like you, they say.

LEONTES

Why, that's some comfort.

What! Camillo there?

CAMILLO

Ay, my good lord. 210

LEONTES

Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.

[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

CAMILLO

You had much ado to make his anchor hold;

When you cast out, it still came home. 170

LEONTES

Didst note it?

CAMILLO

He would not stay at your petitions, made 215

His business more material.

LEONTES

Didst perceive it?

[*Aside.*]

They're here with me already:^o whispering, round-
ing:^o

"Sicilia is a so-forth":^o 'tis far gone,

When I shall gust^o it last. How came't, Camillo,

That he did stay?

CAMILLO

At the good queen's entreaty. 220

LEONTES

"At the queen's" be't: "Good" should be pertinent,

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken^o

By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking,^o will draw in

More than the common blocks.^o Not noted, is't, 225

But of the finer natures? By some severals^o

Of headpiece extraordinary? Lower messes^o

Perchance are to this business purblind? Say.

188 issue exit (following the idea of the actor not capable of his part) 199 revolted unfaithful 202 predominant in the ascendant (a technical term in astrology) 217 They're . . . already they (onlookers) have already caught on to my situation; rounding speaking in secret 218 so-forth i.e., they slyly avoid the word "cuckold" 219 gust taste, hear of 222 taken observed 224 conceit is soaking intelligence is absorbent 225 blocks blockheads 226 severals individuals 227 Lower messes inferior people ("mess" in the sense of a group who dine together and would be of the same—low—rank)

160 squash unripe peapod (young person) 161 take . . . money allow yourself to be imposed upon 163 happy . . . dole may it be his lot to be a happy man 171 thick my blood make me melancholy 171-72 So . . . me My son has a similar post in my household 177 Apparent heir apparent 180 angling giving them scope, "playing" them 183 neb beak 185 allowing approving 186 forked alluding to the branching cuckold's horns

- CAMILLO
Business, my lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
- LEONTES Ha?
- CAMILLO Stays here longer. 230
- LEONTES
Ay, but why?
- CAMILLO
To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
- LEONTES Satisfy
Th' entreaties of your mistress? Satisfy?
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo, 235
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-counsels,^o wherein, priestlike, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom—ay, from thee departed
Thy penitent reformed; but we have been 240
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.
- CAMILLO Be it forbid, my lord!
- LEONTES
To bide^o upon't. Thou art not honest; or
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes^o honesty behind, restraining 245
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That see'st a game played home, the rich stake drawn,^o
And tak'st it all for jest.
- CAMILLO My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful, 250
In every one of these no man is free
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth.^o In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were willful negligent, 255
It was my folly; if industriously
I played the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out 260
Against the nonperformance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest. These, my lord,
Are such allowed infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass 265
By its own visage;^o if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
- LEONTES Ha' not you seen, Camillo—
But that's past doubt, you have, or your eyeglass^o
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn—or heard—
For to a vision so apparent, rumor 270
Cannot be mute—or thought—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think—
My wife is slippery?^o If thou wilt confess,
- Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought, then say 275
My wife's a hobbyhorse,^o deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench,^o that puts to
Before her troth-plight; say't, and justify't.
- CAMILLO
I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without 280
My present^o vengeance taken; 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.^o
- LEONTES Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses? 285
Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career^o
Of laughter with a sigh (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty^o)? Horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? Wishing clocks more swift? 290
Hours, minutes? Noon, midnight? And all eyes
Blind with the pin and web,^o but theirs; theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing,
The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing, 295
My wife is nothing, nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.
- CAMILLO Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.
- LEONTES Say it be, 'tis true.
- CAMILLO
No, no, my lord.
- LEONTES It is; you lie, you lie.
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee, 300
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering^o temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver^o
Infected as her life, she would not live 305
The running of one glass.^o
- CAMILLO Who does infect her?
- LEONTES
Why, he that wears her like her medal,^o hanging
About his neck, Bohemia, who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honor as their profits, 310
Their own particular thrifts,^o they would do that
Which should undo more doing. Ay, and thou,
His cupbearer, whom I from meaner form
Have benched^o and reared to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth, and earth see heaven, 315
How I am gallèd, mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;^o
Which draught to me were cordial.^o

237 chamber-counsels confessions of secret sins 242 bide
insist 244 hoxes hamstrings 248 played . . . drawn
played earnestly, great stakes being won 254 puts forth
shows itself 266 By . . . visage under its true name 268
eyeglass the lens of the eye 267–73 Ha' not . . . slippery?
Have you not seen—you must have, or your sight is grossly
thick—or heard—as you must, since Hermione's conduct is so
open that there must be gossip about it—or thought—and unless
you have you cannot think at all—that my wife is unfaithful?

276 hobbyhorse loose woman 277 flax-wench low-bred
girl 281 present immediate 284 As deep . . . true i.e., as
wicked as her adultery if it were a fact, which it is not 286
career gallop 288 honesty chastity 291 pin and web cataract
302 hovering vacillating 304 liver since this was the seat of
the passions, it presumably was infected; transposition of
"liver" and "life" has been proposed 306 glass hourglass
307 medal here a portrait miniature worn about the neck
311 particular thrifts special gains 314 benched raised to
place of dignity 317 give . . . wink close his eyes forever
318 cordial medicine

CAMILLO Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram^o that should not work
Maliciously, like poison; but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honorable.
I have loved thee^o—

LEONTES
Make that thy question, and go rot!^o
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint^o myself in this vexation? Sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets—
Which to preserve is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps—
Give scandal to the blood o' th' prince, my son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe^o moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?^o

CAMILLO I must believe you, sir;
I do, and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided that when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake, and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

LEONTES Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down.
I'll give no blemish to her honor, none.

CAMILLO
My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

LEONTES This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

CAMILLO I'll do't, my lord. 350

LEONTES I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. *Exit.*

CAMILLO
O miserable lady! But for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes, and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master—one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows; if I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourished after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't.^o I must
Forsake the court; to do't, or no, is certain

To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

POLIXENES This is strange: methinks
My favor here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo. 365

CAMILLO Hail, most royal sir.

325 POLIXENES
What is the news i' th' court?

CAMILLO None rare, my lord.

POLIXENES
The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself; even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary,^o and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners. 370 375

CAMILLO
I dare not know, my lord.

POLIXENES
How, dare not? Do not? Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say you dare not.^o Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine changed too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus altered with't. 380

345 CAMILLO There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well. 385

POLIXENES How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk.^o
I have looked on thousands, who have sped^o the better
By my regard, but killed none so. Camillo,
As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto
Clerklike experienced,^o which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names
In whose success^o we are gentle:^o I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behoove my knowledge
Thereof to be informed, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment. 390 395

CAMILLO I may not answer.

POLIXENES
A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answered. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure^o thee, by all the parts^o of man,
Which honor does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency^o thou dost guess of harm 400

320 **lingering dram** slow-working dose 324 I . . . thee difficult to explain; Camillo may be about to protest his long loyalty, or threaten withdrawal of his love, but he would hardly address the king as "thou"; some editors give the words to Leontes, which hardly helps 325 **Make . . . rot** i.e., If you doubt the queen's infidelity, go to hell! 327 **appoint** establish 333 **ripe** adequate, matured 334 **blench** swerve 358–62 **if . . . forswear't** even if the records showed that king-killers prospered, I would not do it; but since they prove the contrary, villainy itself should forswear regicide

373 **Wafting** . . . **contrary** looking (contemptuously) away 378–81 **How, dare not? . . . you dare not** What do you mean, dare not? That you do not? Can it be that you know, and dare not tell me? That must be the explanation, since you cannot say you do not dare tell yourself what you know 389 **basilisk** a mythical serpent that killed by looking 390 **sped** prospered 393 **Clerklike experienced** with the experience of an educated man 395 **success** succession; **gentle** well-born 401 **conjure** adjure; **parts** duties, functions 404 **incidency** threat

Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near,
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

CAMILLO Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charged in honor, and by him
That I think honorable. Therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly followed as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night.

POLIXENES On, good Camillo.

CAMILLO I am appointed him° to murder you.

POLIXENES By whom, Camillo?

CAMILLO By the king.

POLIXENES For what?

CAMILLO He thinks, nay with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice° you to't, that you have touched his queen
Forbiddenly.

POLIXENES Oh then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoked with his, that did betray the Best!°
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savor° that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunned,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

CAMILLO Swear his thought over°
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.°

POLIXENES How should this grow?°

CAMILLO I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawned,° away tonight.
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by twos and threes, at several posterns,°
Clear them o' th' city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain,
For by the honor of my parents, I
Have uttered truth; which if you seek to prove,°
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,

413 him i.e., by Leontes 417 To vice to force 420 that . . . Best Judas 422 savor alluding to the idea that infection (e.g., of the plague) could be smelled (hence the use of flowers in posies as a prophylactic) 425 Swear . . . over deny his suspicion with oaths 427-32 you may . . . body i.e., you may as well attempt the obviously impossible as try to remove by your oaths or pull down by your advice the structure of his crazy delusion, which has its foundations on settled belief, and will last as long as his life (stand up as long as he can) 432 How . . . grow How can this have grown up? 437 impawned as a pledge of good faith (Camillo points to his body, which is the "trunk") 439 posterns gates 444 prove test

Than one condemned by the king's own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.°

POLIXENES I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand,

Be pilot to me, and thy places° shall

Still° neighbor mine. My ships are ready, and

My people did expect my hence departure

Two days ago. This jealousy

Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,

Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,

Must it be violent: and, as he does conceive,

He is dishonored by a man, which ever

Professed° to him, why his revenges must

In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me;

Good expedition° by my friend, and comfort

The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion.° Come, Camillo,

I will respect thee as a father, if

Thou bear'st my life off hence; let us avoid.°

CAMILLO

It is in mine authority to command

The keys of all the posterns: please your highness

To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. *Exeunt.*

ACT II

Scene I. [*Sicilia, the court of Leontes.*]

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, LADIES.

HERMIONE

Take the boy to you; he so troubles me,

'Tis past enduring.

FIRST LADY Come, my gracious lord,

Shall I be your playfellow?

MAMILLIUS No, I'll none of you.

FIRST LADY

Why, my sweet lord?

MAMILLIUS

You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me, as if

I were a baby still. I love you better.

SECOND LADY

And why so, my lord?

MAMILLIUS

Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,

Become some women best, so that there be not

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,

Or a half-moon, made with a pen.

SECOND LADY

Who taught° this?

446-47 mouth . . . sworn i.e., the king, having condemned him, has sworn that the sentence will be death (possibly corrupt; see A Note on the Text, p. 1500) 449 places offices, functions, dignities 450 Still always 457 Professed made professions (of friendship) 459 expedition speed 460-61 part . . . suspicion obscure; Shakespeare's sense has perhaps not quite got through; a possible paraphrase is, "May my speedy departure also help the queen, who is involved in Leontes' fantasy though she has no rightful place in his suspicions," but this fails to explain why Polixenes thought his departure would help Hermione; perhaps "expedition" is not the subject of "comfort"—then he is merely wishing the queen comfort in the troubles he is leaving her to, and the vagueness of the expression matches the emptiness of the wish 463 avoid depart II.i.11 taught' taught you

MAMILLIUS

I learned it out of women's faces. Pray now,
What color are your eyebrows?

FIRST LADY

Blue, my lord.

MAMILLIUS

Nay, that's a mock. I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

FIRST LADY

Hark ye,

15

The queen, your mother, rounds apace; we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days, and then you'd wanton° with us,
If we would have you.

SECOND LADY

She is spread of late

20

Into a goodly bulk; good time encounter her!

HERMIONE

What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again; pray you sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

MAMILLIUS

Merry or sad shall't be?

HERMIONE

As merry as you will.

MAMILLIUS

A sad tale's best for winter; I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

25

HERMIONE

Let's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down; come on, and do your best,
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

MAMILLIUS

There was a man.

HERMIONE

Nay, come sit down; then on.

MAMILLIUS

Dwelt by a churchyard—I will tell it softly,
Yond crickets° shall not hear it.

30

HERMIONE

Come on, then, and give't me in mine ear.

[Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, and LORDS.]

LEONTES

Was he met there? His train? Camillo with him?

LORD

Behind the tuft of pines I met them, never
Saw I men scour° so on their way. I eyed them
Even to their ships.

35

LEONTES

How blest am I

In my just censure,° in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accursed,
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider° steeped, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
Th' abhorred ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts.° I have drunk, and seen the spider. 45
Camillo was his help in this, his pander.
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted; that false villain,
Whom I employed, was pre-employed by him;

40

90

He has discovered° my design, and I

50

Remain a pinched thing;° yea, a very trick

For them to play at will. How came the posterns

So easily open?

LORD

By his great authority;

Which often hath no less prevailed than so

On your command.

LEONTES

I know't too well.

55

[To HERMIONE.]

Give me the boy. I am glad you did not nurse him;
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

HERMIONE

What is this? Sport?

LEONTES

Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;

[Exit MAMILLIUS and a LADY.]

Away with him, and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

60

HERMIONE

But I'd say he had not;

And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,

Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.°

25

LEONTES

You, my lords,

Look on her, mark her well; be but about

65

To say, "She is a goodly lady," and

The justice of your hearts will thereto add,

"'Tis pity she's not honest, honorable";

Praise her but for this her without-door form,°

Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight 70

The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands

That calumny doth use—oh, I am out!°

That mercy does, for calumny will sear

Virtue itself—these shrugs, these hum's and ha's,

When you have said she's goodly, come between,° 75

Ere you can say she's honest. But be't known,

From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,

She's an adult'ress.

HERMIONE

Should a villain say so,

The most replenished° villain in the world,

He were as much more villain; you, my lord,

80

Do but mistake.

LEONTES

You have mistook, my lady,

Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,

Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,°

Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,

Should a like language use to all degrees,° 85

And mannerly distinguishment leave out

Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have said

She's an adult'ress, I have said with whom.

More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is

A federary° with her, and one that knows 90

What she should shame to know herself

But with her most vile principal°—that she's

A bed-swarver,° even as bad as those

That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy

50 discovered revealed 51 pinched thing puppet, toy
64 nayward negative 69 without-door form external
appearance 72 I am out I have lost my place, got my speech
wrong 75 come between pause, interrupt, break off 79
replenished complete, perfect 83 place rank 85 degrees
social ranks 90 federary confederate, accomplice 92
principal partner (i.e., Polixenes) 93 bed-swarver adulteress

18 wanton play 31 Yond crickets the chattering ladies 35
scour hurry 37 censure judgment 40 spider spiders were
thought of as venomous; there seems to have been a superstition
that this was so only if one saw the spider 45 hefts
retchings

To this their late escape.

HERMIONE No, by my life,
Privy to none of this; how will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have published^o me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then to say
You did mistake.

LEONTES No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center^o is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top. Away with her to prison.
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.^o

HERMIONE There's some ill planet reigns;
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities. But I have
That honorable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified^o as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be performed!

LEONTES Shall I be heard? 115

HERMIONE
Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your highness
My women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action I now go on
Is for my better grace.^o Adieu, my lord.
I never wished to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women come, you have leave.

LEONTES
Go, do our bidding: hence. 125

[*Exeunt QUEEN and LADIES.*]

LORD
Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

ANTIGONUS
Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

LORD For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' th' eyes of heaven, and to you—I mean,
In this, which you accuse her.

ANTIGONUS If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife;^o I'll go in couples^o with her; 135

Than when I feel and see her, no farther trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

LEONTES
Hold your peaces.

LORD Good my lord. 140

ANTIGONUS
It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.
You are abused, and by some putter-on^o
That will be damned for't. Would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn^o him! Be she honor-flawed,
I have three daughters: the eldest is eleven; 145
The second and the third, nine and some five:
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honor,
I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see
To bring false generations.^o They are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib^o myself than they 150
Should not produce fair issue.

LEONTES Cease, no more!
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.^o

ANTIGONUS If it be so, 155
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

LEONTES What? Lack I credit?^o

LORD
I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me 160
To have her honor true than your suspicion,
Be blamed for't how you might.

LEONTES Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness 165
Imparts this;^o which, if you, or stupefied,
Or seeming so, in skill,^o cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice. The matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, 170
Is all properly ours.

ANTIGONUS And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

LEONTES How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight, 175
Added to their familiarity—
Which was as gross as ever touched conjecture,^o

98 **published** publicly proclaimed or denounced 102 **center** of the earth, and so of the universe, i.e., "If I am mistaken, no foundation can be trusted" 105 **But . . . speaks** i.e., in merely speaking he is found guilty as a remote accomplice 113 **qualified** tempered, moderated 121–22 **this . . . grace** by contrast with one who goes to prison to be disgraced, I embark on this course to add to my honesty and credit 134–35 **I'll . . . wife** obscure, but certainly coarse: he will keep his stallions locked up when his wife is near (?) 135 **go in couples** be coupled by a leash to her, for safety's sake (of course, he means that if the queen is unchaste, other women must be even more so)

142 **putter-on** plotter, one who instigates 144 **land-damn** severely beat (?) 149 **false generations** illegitimate children 150 **glib** castrate 153–55 **but . . . that feel** Leontes here strikes either Antigonus or himself; "But I see it and feel it with immediate, vital force, as you do when you strike yourself thus (or, when I strike you thus)—you feel it and see the hands that inflicted the pain" 158 **Lack I credit** Am I not believed? 164–66 **Our prerogative . . . this** i.e., I am not obliged to seek your advice; it is out of the goodness of my heart that I tell you this (Leontes, on his dignity, uses the royal "we") 167 **skill** reason 177 **as ever . . . conjecture** as ever conjecture reached to

That lacked sight only, naught for approbation°
 But only seeing, all other circumstances
 Made up to th' deed—doth push on this proceeding. 180
 Yet, for a greater confirmation—
 For in an act of this importance, 'twere
 Most piteous to be wild°—I have dispatched in post
 To sacred Delphos,° to Apollo's temple,
 Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
 Of stuffed sufficiency.° Now, from the oracle 185
 They will bring all,° whose spiritual counsel had,
 Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

LORD
 Well done, my lord.

LEONTES
 Though I am satisfied, and need no more 190
 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
 Give rest to th' minds of others—such as he,°
 Whose ignorant credulity will not
 Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
 From our free person she should be confined,
 Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
 Be left her to perform.° Come, follow us,
 We are to speak in public: for this business
 Will raise° us all.

ANTIGONUS [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
 If the good truth were known. *Exeunt.* 200

Scene II. [*Sicilia, a prison.*]

Enter PAULINA, a GENTLEMAN, [and ATTENDANTS].

PAULINA
 The keeper of the prison, call to him;
 Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit GENTLE-*
MAN.] Good lady,
 No court in Europe is too good for thee—
 What dost thou then in prison?

[*Enter GENTLEMAN, with the*] JAILER.

Now, good sir,
 You know me, do you not?

JAILER For a worthy lady, 5
 And one whom much I honor.

PAULINA Pray you, then,
 Conduct me to the queen.

JAILER I may not, madam,
 To the contrary I have express commandment.

PAULINA
 Here's ado, to lock up honesty and honor from
 Th' access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you, 10
 To see her women? Any of them? Emilia?

JAILER
 So please you, madam,
 To put apart these your attendants, I
 Shall bring Emilia forth.

PAULINA I pray now call her.
 Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt GENTLEMAN and ATTENDANTS.*]

JAILER And, madam, 15
 I must be present at your conference.

PAULINA
 Well, be't so, prithee. [*Exit JAILER.*]
 Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
 As passes coloring.°

[*Enter JAILER, with*] EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
 How fares our gracious lady? 20

EMILIA
 As well as one so great and so forlorn 190
 May hold together. On her frights and griefs
 (Which° never tender lady hath borne greater)
 She is, something before her time, delivered.

PAULINA

A boy? 195

EMILIA A daughter, and a goodly babe, 25
 Lusty, and like to live; the queen receives
 Much comfort in't; says, "My poor prisoner,
 I am innocent as you."

PAULINA

I dare be sworn.
 These dangerous, unsafe lunes° i' th' king, beshrew
 them!

He must be told on't, and he shall; the office 30
 Becomes a woman best. I'll take't upon me.
 If I prove honey-mouthed, let my tongue blister,°
 And never to my red-looking anger be
 The trumpet° any more. Pray you, Emilia,
 Commend my best obedience to the queen; 35
 If she dares trust me with her little babe,
 I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
 Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know
 How he may soften at the sight o' th' child;
 The silence often of pure innocence 40
 Persuades, when speaking fails.

EMILIA Most worthy madam,
 Your honor and your goodness is so evident,
 That your free undertaking cannot miss
 A thriving issue: there is no lady living
 So meet° for this great errand. Please your ladyship 45
 To visit the next room, I'll presently°
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,
 Who but today hammered of° this design,
 But durst not tempt° a minister of honor
 Lest she should be denied.

PAULINA Tell her, Emilia, 50
 I'll use that tongue I have; if wit° flow from't
 As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
 I shall do good.

EMILIA Now be you blest for it!
 I'll to the queen. Please you come something nearer.

178 approbation proof 183 wild rash 184 Delphos Delos
 (Shakespeare mistakenly thought the oracle of Apollo was
 there rather than at Delphi; in this error he follows his source,
Pandosto 186 stuffed sufficiency more than adequate depend-
 ability 187 all the whole truth 192 he Antigonus 196-97
 Lest . . . perform referring to the "plot against his life and
 crown" of which he accuses all three 199 raise rouse

II.ii.19 coloring the art of dyeing (thus giving a specious
 appearance) 23 Which than which 29 lunes fits of lunacy
 32 tongue blister because lies were supposed to blister the
 tongue 33-34 red-looking . . . trumpet the figure is of an
 angry face as a herald dressed in red and preceded by a trum-
 pet(er) 45 meet fitting 46 presently immediately 48
 hammered of deliberated upon 49 tempt make trial of 51
 wit wisdom

JAILER

Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,^o
Having no warrant.

PAULINA

You need not fear it, sir:

This child was prisoner to the womb and is
By law and process of great Nature thence
Freed, and enfranchised; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

JAILER

I do believe it.

PAULINA

Do not you fear—upon mine honor, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger.

Exeunt. 65

Scene III. [*Sicilia, the court of Leontes.*]

Enter LEONTES, SERVANTS, ANTIGONUS, and
LORDS.

LEONTES

Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being—part o' th' cause,^o
She, th' adult'ress (for the harlot^o king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level^o of my brain, plot-proof); but she,
I can hook to me—say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety^o of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

SERVANT

My lord!

LEONTES

How does the boy?

FIRST ATTENDANT

He took good rest tonight; 'tis hoped
His sickness is discharged.

LEONTES

To see his nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,
He straight declined, drooped, took it deeply,
Fastened, and fixed the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languished. Leave me solely; go,
See how he fares. [*Exit SERVANT.*] Fie, fie, no thought
of him!^o

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me—in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,
Until a time may serve. For present vengeance
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow;
They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter PAULINA, [*with the BABY*].

LORD

You must not enter.

56 to pass it as a result of allowing it to pass

II.iii.3 th' cause Leontes interrupts himself, remembering that
Polixenes is inaccessible, so that only part of the cause of his
agony is within his power to destroy 4 harlot lewd 5-6 out
. . . level beyond my range ("blank" is the center of the
target; "level" means "aim"; the reference is to archery) 8
moiety half 18 him Polixenes

PAULINA

Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to^o me.
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? A gracious innocent soul,
More free^o than he is jealous.

ANTIGONUS

That's enough.

30

SERVANT

Madam, he hath not slept tonight, commanded
None should come at him.

PAULINA

Not so hot, good sir;

I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I

35

Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humor^o
That presses him from sleep.

LEONTES

What noise there, ho?

PAULINA

No noise, my lord, but needful conference
About some gossips^o for your highness.

40

LEONTES

How?

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me;
I knew she would.

ANTIGONUS

I told her so, my lord,

5

On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

45

LEONTES

What? Canst not rule her?

PAULINA

From all dishonesty he can: in this,
Unless he take the course that you have done—
Commit me for committing^o honor, trust it,
He shall not rule me.

10

ANTIGONUS

La you now, you hear,

50

When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.^o

PAULINA

Good my liege, I come—

And I beseech you hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counselor; yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting^o your evils,
Than such as most seem yours^o—I say, I come
From your good queen.

55

LEONTES

Good queen!

PAULINA

Good queen, my lord, good queen, I say good queen,
And would by combat^o make her good, so were I
A man, the worst^o about you.

60

LEONTES

Force her hence.

PAULINA

Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me. On mine own accord I'll off,
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen

27 be second to support 30 free innocent 38 humor illness
41 gossips godparents 49 Commit . . . committing the
word is used in a punning sense, meaning first "send to prison"
and second "performing" 51-52 rein . . . run . . . stumble
Antigonus, as usual, speaks of his wife as if she were a horse
56 comforting abetting, countenancing 57 as . . . yours as
are nearest to you 60 by combat in a trial by combat (which
would, in the code of chivalry, vindicate a lady's honor) 61
the worst the lowest in degree

(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter; 65
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*She lays down the BABY.*]

LEONTES Out!
A mankind° witch! Hence with her, out o' door!
A most intelligencing° bawd!

PAULINA Not so;
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me; and no less honest 70
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

LEONTES Traitors!
Will you not push her out? [*To ANTIGONUS.*] Give
her the bastard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tired,° unroosted
By thy Dame Partlet° here. Take up the bastard, 75
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

PAULINA Forever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forcèd baseness°
Which he has put upon't!

LEONTES He dreads his wife.

PAULINA
So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt 80
You'd call your children yours.

LEONTES A nest of traitors.

ANTIGONUS
I am none, by this good light.

PAULINA Nor I: nor any
But one that's here, and that's himself; for he,
The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander, 85
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compelled to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

LEONTES A callat° 90
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits° me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it, and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

PAULINA It is yours: 95
And might we lay th' old proverb° to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy° of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley, 100
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mold and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got° it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colors 105

No yellow° in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

LEONTES A gross hag!
And, lozel,° thou art worthy to be hanged,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

ANTIGONUS Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself 110
Hardly one subject.

LEONTES Once more, take her hence.

PAULINA
A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

LEONTES I'll ha' thee burned.

PAULINA I care not;
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant; 115
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged° fancy) something
savors

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

LEONTES On your allegiance,° 120
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,°
Where were her life? She durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

PAULINA
I pray you do not push me, I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord, 'tis yours: Jove send her 125
A better guiding spirit. What needs these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so; farewell, we are gone. *Exit.*

LEONTES
Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this. 130
My child? Away with't! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consumed with fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight;
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done, 135
And by good testimony, or I'll seize° thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine; if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper° hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire, 140
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

ANTIGONUS I did not, sir;
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

LORDS We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

LEONTES You're liars all. 145

LORD
Beseech your highness, give us better credit.
We have always truly served you, and beseech

67 **mankind** male, ferocious, violent 68 **intelligencing** i.e., acting as a pander 74 **woman-tired** henpecked 75 **Dame Partlet** traditionally the name of the hen; compare Reynard the fox, etc. 78 **forcèd baseness** falsely base name (bastard) 90 **callat** scold 91-92 **beat** . . . **baits** pronounced alike 96 **th' old proverb** i.e., "They are so like that they are the worse for it" 98-99 **print** . . . **matter** . . . **copy** the figure is derived from printing 104 **got** begot

106 **yellow** the color of jealousy 108 **lozel** worthless fellow 118 **weak-hinged** ill-supported 120 **On your allegiance** the ultimate command; to disobey it is treason 121 **tyrant** Paulina avoided calling him tyrant, but in coming close to so doing reminded him that this interpretation might all too easily be put upon his actions 136 **seize** confiscate 139 **proper** own

So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services
Past, and to come, that you do change this purpose, 150
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

LEONTES

I am a feather for each wind that blows.
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now 155
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither:
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery,^o your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life—for 'tis a bastard, 160
So sure as this beard's gray^o—what will you adventure,
To save this brat's life?

ANTIGONUS

Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose—at least thus much:
I'll pawn^o the little blood which I have left, 165
To save the innocent—anything possible.

LEONTES

It shall be possible. Swear by this sword^o
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

ANTIGONUS

I will, my lord.

LEONTES

Mark, and perform it: see'st thou? For the fail^o
Of any point in't, shall not only be 170
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favor of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture, 180
That thou commend it strangely^o to some place,
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

ANTIGONUS

I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe,
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens 185
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require!^o And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side, 190
Poor thing, condemned to loss. *Exit, [with the BABY].*

LEONTES

No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to th' oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,

Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed, 195
Hasting to th' court.

LORD

So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond accompt.^o

LEONTES

Twenty-three days
They have been absent; 'tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords, 200
Summon a session,^o that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me, 205
And think upon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

ACT III

Scene I. [*Sicilia. On a high road.*]

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

CLEOMENES

The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle,^o the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

DION

I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits^o
(Methinks I so should term them) and the reverence 5
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice,
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' th' off'ring!

175

CLEOMENES

But of all, the burst
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o' th' oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense, 10
That I was nothing.

DION

If th' event^o o' th' journey
Prove as successful to the queen (O be't so!)
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

180

CLEOMENES

Great Apollo
Turn all to th' best; these proclamations, 15
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

DION

The violent carriage^o of it
Will clear or end the business when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine^o sealed up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare 20
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go; fresh horses,
And gracious be the issue! *Exeunt.*

190

Scene II. [*Sicilia, a court of justice.*]

Enter LEONTES, LORDS, OFFICERS.

LEONTES

This session, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party tried,

159 **Lady Margery** another facetious name of the hen 161
this beard's gray Leontes here, presumably, refers to—perhaps
touches—the beard of Antigonus 165 **pawn** pledge 167 **by**
this sword by the cross on the handle, or that formed by the
hilt and the blade 169 **fail** failure 181 **strangely** as a stranger
189 **require** deserve

197 **beyond accompt** unprecedented 201 **session** judicial
trial or investigation
III.i.2 **the isle** i.e., Delos (as in II.i. 184; again by mistake
for Delphi) 4 **celestial habits** heavenly clothing 11 **event**
outcome 17 **carriage** management 19 **great divine** chief
priest

The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be cleared
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.^o
Produce the prisoner.

OFFICER

It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.

[Enter] HERMIONE, as to her trial,^o [PAULINA, and]
LADIES.

Silence.^o

LEONTES

Read the indictment.

OFFICER "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,
King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of
high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes,
King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take
away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal
husband; the pretense^o whereof being by circumstances
partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith
and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid
them, for their better safety, to fly away by night."

HERMIONE

Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot^o
me

To say, "Not guilty"; mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus: if powers divine
Behold our human actions—as they do—
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know—
Who least will seem to do so—my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern,^o though devised
And played to take^o spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe^o
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honor, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honor,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,^o
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent, I
Have strained t' appear thus;^o if one jot beyond

The bound of honor, or in act or will
That way inclining,^o hardened be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

LEONTES I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.^o

HERMIONE That's true enough,
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

LEONTES

You will not own it.

HERMIONE

More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge.^o For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him, as in honor he required;^o
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded;
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and toward your friend, whose love had
spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dished^o
For me to try how; all I know of it,
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting^o no more than I, are ignorant.

LEONTES

You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

HERMIONE

Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not.
My life stands in the level^o of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

LEONTES

Your actions are my dreams.
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dreamed it. As you were past all shame—
Those of your fact^o are so—so past all truth;
Which to deny concerns more than avails;^o for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,^o
No father owning it (which is indeed
More criminal in thee than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

HERMIONE

Sir, spare your threats:

The bug^o which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity.^o
The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,
I do give^o lost, for I do feel it gone,

50-51 or in . . . inclining either in performance or intention
approaching the bounds of honor 55-56 Less . . . first the
point is that if one is bold enough to commit the crime, one will
be bold enough to deny it; but the expression is not very clear
58-60 More . . . acknowledge I must refuse to acknowledge
as my own, faults which I do not in fact possess 62 required
was entitled to 71 dished served (as of food) 75 Wotting
if they know 79 level range (archery) 83 Those . . . fact
those guilty of your crime 84 concerns . . . avails is more
trouble to you than it's worth 85 like to itself i.e., appro-
priately, since it has no father 90 bug bogey, bugbear 91
commodity advantage, asset 93 give reckon as

III.ii.7 purgation acquittal 10 s.d. as to her trial this direc-
tion occurs in the Folio at the head of the scene 10 Silence
italic in the Folio, as if a stage direction, but presumably the
Officer calls out the word 17 pretense design 24 boot assist
35 can pattern can offer parallels 36 take move 37 owe
own 43 'Tis . . . mine i.e., it is my son's inheritance
48-49 With . . . thus by what outrageous conduct I have
acted so unlike myself as to bring upon myself the ordeal of
this appearance in court

But know not how it went. My second joy,
 And first fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am barred, like one infectious. My third comfort,
 Starred° most unluckily, is from my breast,
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Haled out to murder. Myself on every post°
 Proclaimed a strumpet; with immodest hatred
 The childbed privilege denied, which 'longs°
 To women of all fashion.° Lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i' th' open air, before
 I have got strength of limit.° Now, my liege,
 Tell me, what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
 But yet hear this—mistake me not: for life,
 I prize it not a straw, but for mine honor,
 Which I would free—if I shall be condemned
 Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
 But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
 'Tis rigor, and not law.° Your honors all,
 I do refer me to the oracle:
 Apollo be my judge!

LORD This your request
 Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt OFFICERS.*]

HERMIONE

The Emperor of Russia° was my father.
 Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
 His daughter's trial! That he did but see
 The flatness° of my misery; yet with eyes
 Of pity, not revenge!

[*Enter OFFICERS, with*] CLEOMENES [*and*] DION.

OFFICER

You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
 That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
 Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
 This sealed-up oracle, by the hand delivered
 Of great Apollo's priest; and that since then
 You have not dared to break the holy seal,
 Nor read the secrets in't.

CLEOMENES, DION All this we swear.

LEONTES

Break up the seals and read.

OFFICER "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, 130
 Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his
 innocent babe truly begotten, and the king shall live
 without an heir, if that which is lost be not found."

LORDS

Now blessèd be the great Apollo!

HERMIONE Praised!

LEONTES

Hast thou read truth?

OFFICER Ay, my lord, even so
 As it is here set down.

LEONTES

95 There is no truth at all i' th' oracle.
 The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.
 [*Enter a SERVANT.*]

SERVANT

100 My lord, the king, the king!

LEONTES

What is the business?

SERVANT

O sir, I shall be hated to report it. 140
 The prince, your son, with mere conceit° and fear
 105 Of the queen's speed,° is gone.

LEONTES

How? Gone?

SERVANT

Is dead.

LEONTES

Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves
 110 Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*] How
 now there!

PAULINA

This news is mortal° to the queen—look down 145
 And see what death is doing.

LEONTES

Take her hence;

115 Her heart is but o'ercharged, she will recover.
 I have too much believed mine own suspicion.
 Beseech you tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life. [*Exeunt PAULINA and LADIES,*
with HERMIONE.] Apollo, pardon 150

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle.
 I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
 120 New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo—
 Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy.

For, being transported by my jealousies 155

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
 Camillo for the minister to poison

My friend Polixenes; which had been done,
 But that the good mind of Camillo tardied 160
 My swift command, though I with death and with

Reward did threaten and encourage him,
 Not doing it and being done.° He, most humane,
 And filled with honor, to my kingly guest
 Unclassed my practice,° quit his fortunes here—

Which you knew great—and to the hazard° 165

Of all uncertainties himself commended,

No richer than his honor. How he glisters

Through my rust!° And how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker!

[*Enter PAULINA.*]

PAULINA

Woe the while!

O cut my lace,° lest my heart, cracking it, 170
 Break too!

LORD

What fit is this, good lady?

135 141 conceit concept, thought 142 speed fortune, success
 145 mortal deadly 160–62 though . . . done though I
 threatened him with death for not doing it, and promised him
 rewards for doing it 164 Unclassed my practice revealed
 my plot 165 Which . . . hazard the line apparently lacks
 a foot, which the Second Folio—with the approval of some
 editors—supplies by inserting the word "certain" before
 "hazard" 168 Through my rust again, to mend the meter,
 F2 reads "through my dark rust"; some editors read
 "Thorough," which is interchangeable with "Through" 170
 cut my lace to give her more breath

97 Starred fated 99 post on which public notices and
 advertisements were placed; in Greene's novel the king issues a
 proclamation concerning his wife's guilt, which is "blazed
 through the country" 101 'longs belongs 102 fashion rank
 104 strength of limit strength to go out 112 rigor . . . law
 tyranny, not justice 117 Emperor of Russia in *Pandosto* it is
 the wife of Polixenes who is daughter of this emperor 120
 flatness completeness

PAULINA

What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
 What wheels, racks, fires? What flaying, boiling
 In leads or oils? What old or newer torture
 Must I receive, whose every word deserves
 To taste of thy most worst. Thy tyranny,
 Together working with thy jealousies,
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
 For girls of nine—O, think what they have done,
 And then run mad indeed, stark mad; for all
 Thy begone fooleries were but spices^o of it.
 That thou betrayedst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
 That did but show thee, of a fool,^o inconstant,
 And damnable ingrateful. Nor was't much
 Thou wouldst have poisoned good Camillo's honor,
 To have him kill a king—poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by;^o whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter
 To be or none, or little; though a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire,^o ere done't;
 Nor is't directly laid to thee the death
 Of the young prince, whose honorable thoughts,
 Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
 That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
 Blemished his gracious dam. This is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer; but the last—O lords,
 When I have said,^o cry "woe": the queen, the queen,
 The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance
 for't

Not dropped down yet.

LORDS

The higher pow'rs forbid!

200

PAULINA

I say she's dead; I'll swear't. If word nor oath
 Prevail not, go and see; if you can bring
 Tincture or luster in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant,
 Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir;^o therefore betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter^o
 In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
 To look that way thou wert.

LEONTES

Go on, go on;

Thou canst not speak too much, I have deserved
 All tongues to talk their bitt' rest.

LORD

Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
 I' th' boldness of your speech.

215

PAULINA

I am sorry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
 I do repent. Alas, I have showed too much
 The rashness of a woman; he is touched
 To th' noble heart. What's gone and what's past help
 Should be past grief; do not receive affliction
 At my petition;^o I beseech you, rather

220

182 **spices** samples 184 **of a fool** for a fool 188 **standing by**
 i.e., and so available for comparison 191 **shed** . . . **fire** wept
 out of burning eyes 198 **said** said it 207 **all** . . . **stir** all thy
 penitence can remove 210 **still winter** forever winter
 221–22 **do** . . . **petition** I would not have you suffer because
 I prayed that you should

Let me be punished that have minded you
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
 Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman.

225

175

The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
 I'll not remember^o you of my own lord,
 Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
 And I'll say nothing.

180

LEONTES

Thou didst speak but well,

230

When most the truth^o which I receive much better
 Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee bring me
 To the dead bodies of my queen and son.
 One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
 The causes of their death appear, unto
 Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
 The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
 Shall be my recreation.^o So long as nature
 Will bear up with this exercise, so long
 I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
 To these sorrows.

185

235

190

240

Exeunt.

195

Scene III. [*Bohemia,° the seacoast.*]*Enter* ANTIGONUS [*and*] a MARINER, [*with a*] BABE.

ANTIGONUS

Thou art perfect^o then our ship hath touched upon
 The deserts of Bohemia?

MARINER

Ay, my lord, and fear

We have landed in ill time; the skies look grimly,
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,^o
 The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
 And frown upon's.

5

ANTIGONUS

Their sacred wills be done! Go get aboard,
 Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
 I call upon thee.

205

MARINER

Make your best haste, and go not

Too far i' th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather;
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
 Of prey that keep^o upon't.

10

210

ANTIGONUS

Go thou away,

I'll follow instantly.

MARINER

I am glad at heart

To be so rid o' th' business.

Exit.

ANTIGONUS

Come, poor babe;

I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' th' dead
 May walk again; if such thing be,^o thy mother
 Appeared to me last night; for ne'er was dream
 So like awaking. To me comes a creature,
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow

15

20

228 **remember** remind 230–31 **Thou** . . . **truth** you spoke
 well only when most telling the truth 238 **recreation** diversion
 (to do so will be his only pastime)

III.iii.s.d. **Bohemia** substituted for the Sicily of *Pandosto*;
 Bohemia, as is notorious, had no seacoast **I** **perfect** certain
 4 **conscience** knowledge, awareness (but with something of
 the modern meaning also) **12** **keep** live **16** **if** . . . **be**
 Antigonus takes the skeptical Protestant view as a rule, but is
 convinced of the reality of the vision; possibly Shakespeare,
 when he wrote this scene, had not yet had the idea of reanimat-
 ing Hermione

So filled, and so becoming.^o In pure white robes,
 Like very sanctity,^o she did approach
 My cabin^o where I lay; thrice bowed before me,
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
 Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon 25
 Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
 Since fate, against thy better disposition,
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia, 30
 There weep, and leave it crying; and for the babe
 Is counted lost forever, Perdita^o
 I prithee call't. For this ungentle business
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
 Thy wife Paulina more." And so, with shrieks, 35
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself, and thought
 This was so,^o and no slumber. Dreams are toys;^o
 Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,^o
 I will be squared^o by this. I do believe 40
 Hermione hath suffered death, and that
 Apollo would (this being indeed the issue
 Of King Polixenes) it should here be laid
 Either for life, or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well! 45

[*He lays down the BABY.*]

There lie, and there thy character:^o there these,

[*Lays down a bundle.*]

Which may, if Fortune please, both breed thee,^o pretty,
 And still rest thine.^o The storm begins; poor wretch,
 That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed
 To loss, and what may follow! Weep I cannot,^o 50
 But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I
 To be by oath enjoined to this. Farewell,
 The day frowns more and more; thou'rt like to have
 A lullaby too rough; I never saw
 The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamor!^o 55
 Well may I get aboard! This is the chase;^o
 I am gone forever. *Exit, pursued by a bear.*

[*Enter*] SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD I would there were no age between ten
 and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out
 the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting 60
 wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing,
 fighting. Hark you now! Would any but these boiled^o
 brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this
 weather? They have scared away two of my best
 sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the 65
 master; if anywhere I have them, 'tis by the seaside,
 browsing of ivy.^o Good luck, an't^o be thy will, what

21 So . . . becoming so filled with sorrow, and so beautiful in
 sorrow 22 very sanctity sanctity itself 23 cabin berth
 32 Perdita meaning "the lost girl" 38 This was so this was
 real; toys trifles 39 superstitiously again the Protestant view
 of ghosts 40 squared regulated, ordered 46 character
 description (by which Perdita is later to be recognized) 47
 breed thee raise you, pay for your upbringing 48 And
 . . . thine there will be something over 50 Weep I
 cannot though the ghost had told him to 55 savage clamor
 the noise of the hunters 56 chase the bear 62 boiled
 seething, hot 67 browsing of ivy "whereon they do greatly
 feed," according to *Pandosto*; an't if it

have we here? Mercy on's, a barne!^o A very pretty
 barne; a boy or a child,^o I wonder? A pretty one, a very
 pretty one; sure, some scape;^o though I am not 70
 bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the
 scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-
 work,^o some behind-door-work; they were warmer
 that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up
 for pity; yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hallowed 75
 but even now. Whoa-ho-hoa!

Enter CLOWN.

CLOWN Hilloa, loa!

SHEPHERD What? Art so near? If thou'lt see a thing
 to talk on, when thou art dead and rotten, come
 hither. What ail'st thou, man? 80

CLOWN I have seen two such sights, by sea and by
 land! But I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the
 sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a
 bodkin's point.

SHEPHERD Why, boy, how is it? 85

CLOWN I would you did but see how it chafes, how
 it rages, how it takes up^o the shore, but that's not to
 the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls!
 Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the
 ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon 90
 swallowed with yeast and froth, as you'd thrust a cork
 into a hogshead. And then for the land-service,^o to
 see how the bear tore out his shoulder bone, how he
 cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus,
 a nobleman! But to make an end of the ship, to see how 95
 the sea flapdragoned^o it; but first, how the poor souls
 roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor
 gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both
 roaring louder than the sea or weather.

SHEPHERD Name of mercy, when was this, boy? 100

CLOWN Now, now; I have not winked since I saw
 these sights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor
 the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

SHEPHERD Would I had been by, to have helped the
 old man! 105

CLOWN I would you had been by the ship's side, to
 have helped her; there your charity would have
 lacked footing.^o

SHEPHERD Heavy matters, heavy matters! But look
 thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with 110
 things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight
 for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth^o for a squire's
 child; look thee here, take up, take up, boy; open it;
 so, let's see; it was told me I should be rich by the fairies.
 This is some changeling;^o open't; what's within, boy? 115

68 barne child (cf. modern Scots *bairn*) 69 boy . . .
 child a boy or a girl ("child" for "girl" is a dialect
 form and presumably was so in 1610) 70 scape sexual
 misadventure 72-73 trunk-work clandestine action 87
 takes up rebukes 92 land-service i.e., the soldier who
 serves on land (Antigonus) as opposed to the seamen aboard the
 ship (perhaps with a pun on *service* meaning "dish"—Antigonus
 being food for the bear) 96 flapdragoned swallowed
 down (as drinkers swallowed flapdragons [raisins, etc.] out of
 burning brandy) 107-08 charity . . . footing alluding to
 the establishment of charitable foundations 112 bearing-cloth
 christening robe 115 changeling usually the inferior child
 left by the fairies; here the child they stole, found with their
 gold, which must be kept secret

CLOWN You're a made° old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all gold!

SHEPHERD This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so; up with't, keep it close;° home, home, the next° 120 way! We are lucky, boy, and to be so still° requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go; come, good boy, the next way home.

CLOWN Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and 125 how much he hath eaten. They are never curst° but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

SHEPHERD That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch 130 me to th' sight of him.

CLOWN Marry° will I; and you shall help to put him i' th' ground.

SHEPHERD 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. *Exeunt.* 135

A C T I V

Scene I.

Enter TIME, the chorus.

TIME

I that please some, try° all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad; that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide 5
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried°
Of that wide gap, since it is in my pow'r
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant, and o'erwhelm custom.° Let me pass;°
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was 10
Or what is now received. I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it.° Your patience this allowing, 15
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving—
Th' effects of his fond° jealousies so grieving,
That he shuts up himself—imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20

116 made Folio reads "mad," but this emendation of Theobald is supported by the parallel passage in *Pandosto* **120 close** secret; **next** nearest **121 still** always **126 curst** vicious **132 Marry** indeed (from "By the Virgin Mary")

IV.i.1 try test **6 growth untried** Time asks to be excused from detailed accounts of the interim and its developments, for instance Perdita's childhood **8-9 law . . . custom** note the distinction: Time "plants" custom but not law; custom lacks the authority of law, and relates to erroneous opinion; hence the contemporary use of the word in attacks on such ceremonies of the Roman Church as seemed to Protestants without scriptural authority **9 Let me pass** not clear in detail, but the sense is, "Let me pass over that gap; I alone remain unchanged from the beginning—and have passed over that far greater gap" **14-15 as . . . it** as my tale seems stale compared with the play it interrupts **18 fond** foolish

In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned° a son o' th' king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring.° What of her ensues 25
I list not° prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's
daughter,
And what to her adheres,° which follows after,°
Is th' argument° of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse, ere now; 30
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. *Exit.*

Scene II. [*Bohemia, the court of Polixenes.*]

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

POLIXENES I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate. 'Tis a sickness denying thee anything, a death to grant this.

CAMILLO It is fifteen years since I saw my country; though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I 5 desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to° think so, which is another spur to my departure.

POLIXENES As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not 10 out the rest of thy services by leaving me now. The need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made. Better not to have had thee, than thus to want° thee; thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to 15 execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered—as too much I cannot—to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein the heaping friendships.° Of that fatal country Sicilia, 20 prithee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent (as thou call'st him) and reconciled king, my brother, whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st 25 thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.°

CAMILLO Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be are to me unknown; 30 but I have missingly° noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises° than formerly he hath appeared.

22 mentioned unless the whole play is thought of as Time's report, this is not so; various emendations have been suggested, of which the best is "A mentioned son . . ." **25 Equal with wond'ring** to a degree demanding admiration **26 I list not** I do not care to **28 adheres** belongs; **after** at this period an acceptable rhyme for "daughter" **29 argument** story

IV.ii.8 o'erween to am boastful enough to **13 want** be without **20 friendships** friendly offices **26-28 Kings . . . virtues** It is as hard for kings to bear the disobedience and ill conduct of their children as to lose them when convinced of their virtues **31 missingly** because he noted not the prince but his absence **32-33 exercises** military and sporting activities

POLIXENES I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care, so far that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness;° from whom I have this intelligence,° that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd—a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unspeakable estate. 40

CAMILLO I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage. 45

POLIXENES That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle° that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question° with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia. 50

CAMILLO I willingly obey your command.

POLIXENES My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. 55
Exit [POLIXENES, with CAMILLO].

Scene III. [*A road near the Shepherd's cottage.*]

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh the doxy° over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year,
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.°

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge, 5
With heigh the sweet birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my pugging° tooth an edge,
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh, with heigh, the thrush and the jay! 10
Are summer songs for me and my aunts°
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile,° but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? 15

The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,° 20
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch° it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen.° My father named me Autolycus,° who

35-36 so . . . removedness to the extent that I am having him watched in the place where he is hiding himself 37 intelligence report 47 angle fishhook 49 question talk IV.iii.2 doxy beggar's mistress 4 pale (1) enclosure (2) paleness 7 pugging thieving (to "pug" means to "pull off"; perhaps Autolycus is thinking of his sheet-stealing; he is all set to begin snatching them off the hedges) 11 aunts whores 14 three-pile the best velvet 20 sow-skin budget pigskin toolbag 22 avouch corroborate 23-24 when . . . linen this is a warning: the kite will use bits of household linen for its nest; Autolycus will snatch your sheets 24 Autolycus son of Chione by Mercury, grandfather of Ulysses; Homer says he excelled in thieving, and Ovid that "in theft and filching" he "had no peers"

being, as I am, littered under Mercury,° was likewise a 25 snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab,° I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat.° Gallows and knock° are too powerful on the highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize, 30 a prize.

Enter CLOWN.

CLOWN Let me see, every 'leven wether tods,° every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

AUTOLYCUS [*Aside.*] If the springe° hold, the cock's° 35 mine.

CLOWN I cannot do't without counters. Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father 40 hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers (three-man song-men° all, and very good ones), but they are most of them means° and basses; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to 45 hornpipes.° I must have saffron to color the warden pies;° mace;° dates, none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' th' sun.° 50

AUTOLYCUS Oh, that ever I was born!

CLOWN I' th' name of me!

AUTOLYCUS Oh help me, help me; pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

CLOWN Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more 55 rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

AUTOLYCUS Oh sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

CLOWN Alas, poor man, a million of beating may 60 come to a great matter.

AUTOLYCUS I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

CLOWN What, by a horseman or a footman?° 65

AUTOLYCUS A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

CLOWN Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand. 70

[*Helps him up.*]

AUTOLYCUS Oh good sir, tenderly, oh!

CLOWN Alas, poor soul!

25 under Mercury under the influence of the star Mercury (Mercury was the patron of thieves) 26 die and drab i.e., dice and whores are responsible for my having no clothes but these 27-28 silly cheat simple (petty) theft 28 knock beating (the risks of highway robbery, death, or combat on the road seem too great) 32 every . . . tods every eleven sheep yield a tod (28 pounds) of wool 35 springe snare; cock's woodcock's 43 three-man song-men singers of lively catches for three voices 44 means tenors 45-46 psalms to hornpipes i.e., he is an unusually cheerful Puritan 46-47 warden pies pies made of warden pears; mace spice made of nutmeg 50 o' th' sun sun-dried 65 footman foot soldier

AUTOLYCUS Oh good sir, softly, good sir; I fear, sir,
my shoulder blade is out.

CLOWN How now? Canst stand? 75

AUTOLYCUS Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly; you ha'
done me a charitable office.

[Picks his pocket.]

CLOWN Dost lack any money? I have a little money
for thee.

AUTOLYCUS No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, 80
sir; I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile
hence, unto whom I was going. I shall there have
money, or anything I want; offer me no money, I pray
you; that kills my heart.

CLOWN What manner of fellow was he that robbed 85
you?

AUTOLYCUS A fellow, sir, that I have known to go
about with troll-my-dames;° I knew him once a
servant of the prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which
of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out 90
of the court.

CLOWN His vices,° you would say; there's no virtue
whipped out of the court; they cherish it to make it
stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.°

AUTOLYCUS Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man 95
well; he hath been since an ape-bearer;° then a process-
server,° a bailiff: then he compassed a motion° of the
Prodigal Son,° and married a tinker's wife within a
mile where my land and living° lies; and, having flown
over many knavish professions, he settled only in 100
rogue. Some call him Autolycus.

CLOWN Out upon him! Prig,° for my life, prig! He
haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

AUTOLYCUS Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the
rogue that put me into this apparel. 105

CLOWN Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia;
if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have
run.

AUTOLYCUS I must confess to you, sir, I am no
fighter; I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, 110
I warrant him.

CLOWN How do you now?

AUTOLYCUS Sweet sir, much better than I was. I can
stand and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and
pace softly towards my kinsman's. 115

CLOWN Shall I bring thee on the way?

AUTOLYCUS No, good-faced sir, no, sweet sir.

CLOWN Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for
our sheep-shearing. Exit.

AUTOLYCUS Prosper you, sweet sir! Your purse is 120
not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you
at your sheep-shearing too; if I make not this cheat
bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let
me be unrolled,° and my name put in the book of
virtue! 125

88 troll-my-dames a game played by women, rather like bagatelle 92 vices the Clown fails to see Autolycus' little joke 94 abide make a brief stay 96 ape-bearer one who carries a monkey about for exhibition 96-97 process-server server of writs, bailiff 97 compassed a motion got possession of a puppet show 98 Prodigal Son a favorite theme for representation 99 land and living Autolycus refers grandly to his estates 102 Prig thief 124 unrolled struck off the honorable list of vagabonds

Song.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent° the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Exit.

Scene IV. [Bohemia, the Shepherd's cottage.]

Enter FLORIZEL [and] PERDITA.

FLORIZEL

These your unusual weeds° to each part of you
Do give a life; no shepherdess, but Flora,°
Peering in April's front.° This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

PERDITA

Sir, my gracious lord, 5
To chide at your extremes° it not becomes me—
Oh pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark° o' th' land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddesslike pranked up. But that our feasts 10
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom,° I should blush
To see you so attired; swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

FLORIZEL

I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across 15
Thy father's ground.

PERDITA

Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference° forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father by some accident
Should pass this way, as you did: oh, the fates! 20
How would he look to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up?° What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts,° behold
The sternness of his presence?

FLORIZEL

Apprehend 25
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellowed; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god, 30
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,°
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece° of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way° so chaste, since my desires

127 hent take hold of (to leap over)

IV.iv.1 unusual weeds unaccustomed garments (Perdita is dressed to be mistress of the feast) 2 Flora Perdita's costume may have resembled that of the Roman goddess 3 Peering . . . front i.e., Flora in April, when the flowers peep out rather than boldly appear 6 extremes exaggerations 8 mark the object of everyone's attention 10-12 our . . . custom our feasts, at every social level, admit licensed folly, which the guests tolerate, calling it a custom 17 difference i.e., in our ranks 22 Vilely bound up the analogy is with a good book shabbily bound 23 flaunts finery 27-30 Jupiter . . . swain Jupiter took the shape of a bull to carry off Europa; Neptune became a ram to woo Theophane; Apollo served as a shepherd to help Admetus win Alcestis 32 piece work of art 33 in a way he refers to the chastity of his intentions, not to Perdita herself

Run not before mine honor, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

PERDITA Oh, but sir, 35
Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by th' power of the king.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this
purpose,
Or I my life.°

FLORIZEL Thou dearest Perdita, 40
With these forced° thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' th' feast: or° I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant, 45
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming;
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which 50
We two have sworn shall come.

PERDITA O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

FLORIZEL See, your guests approach.
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

[Enter] SHEPHERD, CLOWN, POLIXENES, CAMILLO
[disguised], MOPSA, DORCAS, SERVANTS.

SHEPHERD
Fie, daughter! When my old wife lived, upon 55
This day, she was both pantler,° butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here
At upper end o' th' table, now i' th' middle;
On° his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire 60
With labor and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,°
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you bid
These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is 65
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' th' feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

PERDITA [To POLIXENES.] Sir, welcome. 70
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' th' day. [To CAMILLO.] You're
welcome, sir.
Give me those flow'rs there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savor° all the winter long. 75
Grace and remembrance° be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

POLIXENES Shepherdess—
A fair one are you—well you fit our ages

38–40 One . . . life i.e., the time will come when Florizel will
have to give up his plans, or Perdita will lose her life
41 forced strained, unduly fearful 42 or either 56 pantler
keeper of the pantry 60 On at 62 retired withdrawn
75 Seeming and savor color and scent 76 Grace and re-
membrance rue is for grace and repentance; rosemary for
remembrance, because the fragrance lasted indefinitely

With flow'rs of winter.

PERDITA Sir, the year growing ancient, 80
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flow'rs o' th' season
Are our carnations, and streaked gillyvors,°
Which some call Nature's bastards;° of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

POLIXENES Wherefore, gentle maiden, 85
Do you neglect them?

PERDITA For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which in their piedness shares
With great creating Nature.

POLIXENES Say there be;
Yet Nature is made better by no mean 90
But Nature makes that mean; so over that art
Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind 95
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend Nature, change it rather; but
The art itself is Nature.°

PERDITA So it is.

POLIXENES
Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

PERDITA I'll not put 100
The dibble° in earth, to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flow'rs for you:
Hot lavender,° mints, savory, marjoram, 105
The marigold that goes to bed wi' th' sun,
And with him rises, weeping; these are flow'rs
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

CAMILLO
I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

PERDITA Out, alas! 110
You'd be so lean that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. [To
FLORIZEL.] Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flow'rs o' th' spring, that might
Become your time of day—[to SHEPHERDESSES] and
yours, and yours, 115
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing. O Proserpina,
For the flow'rs now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon!° Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take°

82 gillyvors pinks (sometimes in modern regional usage, "wall-
flowers"; but here Perdita means carnations, pinks, sweet
william—the blooms have streaks of color, and for this reason
were associated with loose women; the whole debate on the
gillyvors is discussed in the Introduction) 83 Nature's
bastards see Introduction 89–97 Yet Nature . . . is Nature
see Introduction 100 dibble tool for making holes to plant
seeds or cuttings 104 Hot lavender the epithet has not been
satisfactorily explained 116–18 Proserpina . . . wagon the
God of the Underworld bore off Proserpine as she gathered
flowers with her mother, Ceres, in the Vale of Enna; Ovid's
account (*Metamorphoses* V.398–99) mentions that she dropped
the flowers she had picked 119 take charm, captivate

The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's° breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried° ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength (a malady
Most incident to maids); bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. O, these I lack
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

FLORIZEL What, like a corse?°

PERDITA
No, like a bank for Love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick° and in mine arms. Come, take your flow'rs;
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals;° sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

FLORIZEL What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms,
Pray so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that—move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.°

PERDITA O Doricles,°
Your praises are too large; but that your youth
And the true blood which peeps° fairly through't,
Do plainly give you out an unstained shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wooed me the false way.°

FLORIZEL I think you have
As little skill° to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my Perdita; so turtles° pair
That never mean to part.

PERDITA I'll swear for 'em.

POLIXENES
This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the greensward; nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

CAMILLO He tells her something
That makes her blood look out;° good sooth° she is
The queen of curds and cream.°

122 Cytherea's Venus' **123 die unmarried** because it grows in shade, and in spring, Milton has "the rathe primrose that forsaken dies" **129 corse** corpse **132 quick** alive **134 Whitsun pastorals** Whitsun was the season for games related to old spring festivals, and Perdita refers probably to the king and queen in these games—identified with Robin Hood and Marian **143–46 Each . . . queens** "Your manner in each act crowns the act" (Dr. Johnson) **146 Doricles** Florizel's pseudonym **148 peeps** shows **151 the false way** i.e., by flattery **152 skill** reason **154 turtles** doves **160 blood look out** blush; **good sooth** in truth **161 queen . . . cream** John Dover Wilson argues that Camillo is calling Perdita a "white-pot queen"—the name given in some May games to the queen, by association with a dish called "white-pot," made of custard, cream, spices, apples, etc.

120 CLOWN Come on, strike up.

DORCAS

Mopsa must be your mistress; marry, garlic
To mend her kissing with!°

MOPSA

Now, in good time!°

125 CLOWN

Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners.
Come, strike up.

165

Here a dance of SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES.

POLIXENES

130 Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

SHEPHERD

They call him Doricles, and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding;° but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another° best.

170

175

140 POLIXENES She dances featly.°

SHEPHERD

So she does anything, though I report it
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

180

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT O master, if you did but hear the peddler at
the door, you would never dance again after a tabor°
and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He
sings several tunes faster than you'll tell° money; he
utters them as he had eaten ballads,° and all men's ears
grew to his tunes.

185

CLOWN He could never come better; he shall come
in; I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful
matter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing
indeed, and sung lamentably.

190

155 SERVANT He hath songs for man or woman of all
sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves.
He has the prettiest love songs for maids, so without
bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens°
of dildos and fadings:° "Jump her, and thump her";°
and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it
were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap° into the
matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do
me no harm, good man";° puts him off, slights him,
with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."

195

200

POLIXENES This is a brave fellow.

162–63 garlic . . . with use garlic to overcome her bad breath
163 in good time expression of indignation **169 feeding**
landed property **176 another** the other; **featly** nimbly **182**
tabor little drum **184 tell** count **185 ballads** broadsheet
words and music, to familiar tunes and on topical subjects
194 burdens refrains **195 dildos and fadings** dildos, often
mentioned in ballad refrains, are phalli; fadings are indecent
refrains; **Jump . . . her** familiar ballad refrains **197 foul**
gap i.e., a break in the song for obscene patter **198–99**
Whoop . . . man an extant ballad, coarse in character,
has this refrain; the joke in this speech lies in the Servant's
praising Autolycus for the decency of his songs, and simul-
taneously betraying the fact of their indecency

CLOWN Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited^o fellow. Has he any unbraided^o wares?

SERVANT He hath ribbons of all the colors i' th' rainbow; points,^o more than all the lawyers in Bohemia 205 can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th' gross;^o inkles,^o caddisses,^o cambrics, lawns. Why, he sings 'em over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleevehand,^o and the work about the 210 square^o on't.

CLOWN Prithee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

PERDITA Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes. [Exit SERVANT.] 215

CLOWN You have of these peddlers^o that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

PERDITA Ay, good brother, or go about to^o think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cypress^o black as e'er was crow, 220
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,^o
Masks for faces, and for noses;^o
Bugle-bracelet,^o necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs^o and stomachers 225
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks^o of steel;
What maids lack from head to heel!

Come buy of me, come, come buy, come buy,
Buy lads, or else your lasses cry; come buy! 230

CLOWN If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage^o of certain ribbons and gloves.

MOPSA I was promised them against^o the feast, but 235 they come not too late now.

DORCAS He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

MOPSA He hath paid you all he promised you; may be he has paid you more, which will shame you to 240 give him again.^o

CLOWN Is there no manners left among maids? Will they wear their plackets^o where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,^o to whistle of these secrets, but 245

203 **conceited** witty; **unbraided** new ("braided wares" are shop-soiled) 205 **points** tagged laces, by which clothes were held up (with a pun on the sense of "arguments") 207 **gross** twelve dozen points (also with reference to clerkly "engrossing," the lawyer's fair copying); **inkles** linen tapes; **caddisses** worsted tapes for garters 210 **sleevehand** cuff 211 **square** embroidered yoke 216 **You . . . peddlers** there are peddlers 218 **go about to** intend to 220 **Cypress** crape 221 **Gloves . . . roses** it was the fashion to perfume gloves 222 **Masks . . . noses** to protect ladies' faces or noses from the sun 223 **Bugle-bracelet** bracelet of beads 225 **quoifs** head scarves 227 **poking-sticks** metal rods used in ironing starched ruffs 233 **bondage** i.e., he is a prisoner of Mopsa, and will take the fairings into captivity with him 235 **against** before 240-41 **paid you more . . . again** this girlish insult means, "Perhaps he has made you pregnant" 243 **plackets** petticoats, or slits in petticoats (often used indecently; here the Clown merely means that they should not as it were wash their dirty linen in public) 245 **kiln-hole** the place containing the fire for malt making (convenient for confidential talk)

you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whis'pring. Clammer^o your tongues, and not a word more.

MOPSA I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace,^o and a pair of sweet gloves. 250

CLOWN Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

AUTOLYCUS And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behooves men to be wary.

CLOWN Fear not thou, man; thou shalt lose nothing 255 here.

AUTOLYCUS I hope so, sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.^o

CLOWN What hast here? Ballads?

MOPSA Pray now, buy some. I love a ballad in print, 260 a-life,^o for then we are sure they are true.

AUTOLYCUS Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden, and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.^o 265

MOPSA Is it true, think you?

AUTOLYCUS Very true, and but a month old.

DORCAS Bless me from marrying a usurer!

AUTOLYCUS Here's the midwife's name to't: one Mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that 270 were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

MOPSA Pray you now, buy it.

CLOWN Come on, lay it by, and let's first see moe^o ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

AUTOLYCUS Here's another ballad, of a fish^o that 275 appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that 280 loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

DORCAS Is it true too, think you?

AUTOLYCUS Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

CLOWN Lay it by too; another. 285

AUTOLYCUS This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

MOPSA Let's have some merry ones.

AUTOLYCUS Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of "Two Maids Wooing a Man." 290 There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

MOPSA We can both sing it. If thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

DORCAS We had the tune on't, a month ago. 295

AUTOLYCUS I can bear my part, you must know 'tis my occupation. Have at it with you.

Song.

AUTOLYCUS Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

DORCAS Whither? 300

247 **Clammer** silence (technical term in bellringing) 250 **tawdry-lace** silk worn around the neck (called after Saint Audrey [Ethelreda], who was punished for youthful ostentation—especially fine necklaces—by a tumor in the throat) 258 **parcels of charge** goods of value 261 **a-life** dearly 265 **carbonadoed** cut up and broiled 273 **moe** more 275 **of a fish** records of very similar ballads survive

MOPSA O whither?
 DORCAS Whither?
 MOPSA It becomes thy oath full well,
 Thou to me thy secrets tell.
 DORCAS Me too; let me go thither. 305
 MOPSA Or thou go'st to th' grange or mill,
 DORCAS If to either thou dost ill.
 AUTOLYCUS Neither.
 DORCAS What, neither?
 AUTOLYCUS Neither. 310
 DORCAS Thou hast sworn my love to be.
 MOPSA Thou hast sworn it more to me.
 Then whither goest? Say, whither?
 CLOWN We'll have this song out anon by ourselves;
 my father and the gentlemen are in sad° talk, and we'll 315
 not trouble them. Come bring away thy pack after
 me; wenches, I'll buy for you both. Peddler, let's have
 the first choice; follow me, girls.
 [Exeunt CLOWN, DORCAS, and MOPSA.]
 AUTOLYCUS And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape, 320
 My dainty duck, my dear-a?
 Any silk, any thread, any toys for your head,
 Of the new'st, and fin'st fin'st wear-a?
 Come to the peddler, money's a meddler,
 That doth utter° all men's ware-a. Exit. 325

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT Master, there is three carters, three shep-
 herds, three neatherds,° three swineherds that have
 made themselves all men of hair;° they call themselves
 saltiers,° and they have a dance, which the wenches
 say is a gallimaufry° of gambols, because they are not 330
 in't; but they themselves are o' th' mind, if it be not
 too rough for some that know little but bowling,° it
 will please plentifully.
 SHEPHERD Away! We'll none on't; here has been too
 much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary 335
 you.
 POLIXENES You weary those that refresh us; pray
 let's see these four threes of herdsmen.
 SERVANT One three of them, by their own report, sir,
 hath danced before the king;° and not the worst of 340
 the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th'
 squier.°
 SHEPHERD Leave your prating; since these good men
 are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.
 SERVANT Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.] 345

Here a dance of twelve SATYRS.

POLIXENES [To SHEPHERD.]
 O father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

315 sad serious 325 utter put forth 327 neatherds cowherds
 328 men of hair hairy men, satyrs (or the wild men of medieval
 art and entertainment) 329 saltiers satyrs (or perhaps leapers,
 vaulters, from French *saultier* = vaulter) 330 gallimaufry
 hodgepodge 332 bowling here, a gentle activity, contrasted
 with the acrobatic dance 340 before the king the performers
 of this dance had certainly done so, perhaps in this very dance
 342 squier rule

[To CAMILLO.]

Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.
 He's simple and tells much. How now, fair shepherd!
 Your heart is full of something that does take
 Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, 350
 And handed° love as you do, I was wont
 To load my she with knacks; I would have ransacked
 The peddler's silken treasury, and have poured it
 To her acceptance: you have let him go,
 And nothing marted with° him. If your lass 355
 Interpretation should abuse,° and call this
 Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited°
 For a reply, at least if you make a care
 Of happy holding her.

FLORIZEL Old sir, I know
 She prizes not such trifles as these are; 360
 The gifts she looks from me are packed and locked
 Up in my heart, which I have given already,
 But not delivered.° O, hear me breathe my life
 Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
 Hath sometime loved: I take thy hand, this hand 365
 As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
 Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fanned snow that's bolted°
 By th' northern blasts twice o'er—

POLIXENES What follows this?
 How prettily th' young swain seems to wash
 The hand was fair° before! I have put you out; 370
 But to your protestation: let me hear
 What you profess.

FLORIZEL Do, and be witness to't.

POLIXENES

And this my neighbor too?

FLORIZEL And he, and more
 Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
 That were I crowned the most imperial monarch, 375
 Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
 That ever made eye swerve; had force and knowledge
 More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
 Without her love; for her, employ them all,
 Commend them, and condemn them to her service, 380
 Or to their own perdition.°

POLIXENES Fairly offered.

CAMILLO

This shows a sound affection.

SHEPHERD But, my daughter,
 Say you the like to him?

PERDITA I cannot speak
 So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better.
 By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out 385
 The purity of his.

SHEPHERD Take hands, a bargain;
 And friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
 I give my daughter to him, and will make
 Her portion equal his.

FLORIZEL O, that must be
 I' th' virtue of your daughter. One being dead, 390

351 handed dealt with 355 marted with bought of
 356 Interpretation should abuse choose to misunderstand
 357 straited in difficulties 362-63 given . . . delivered
 the deal is settled, but the goods not yet handed over
 367 bolted sifted 370 was fair that was fair 380-81 Com-
 mend . . . perdition commend them to her service, or
 condemn them to their own perdition

I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder.^o But come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

SHEPHERD Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

POLIXENES Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you,
Have you a father?

FLORIZEL I have; but what of him? 395

POLIXENES Knows he of this?

FLORIZEL He neither does, nor shall.

POLIXENES Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable 400
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid
With age and alt'ring rheums?^o Can he speak, hear?
Know man from man? Dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? And again does nothing
But what he did being childish?

FLORIZEL No, good sir; 405
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.

POLIXENES By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason my son^o
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason 410
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.

FLORIZEL I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint 415
My father of this business.

POLIXENES Let him know't.

FLORIZEL He shall not.

POLIXENES Prithee, let him.

FLORIZEL No, he must not.

SHEPHERD Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

FLORIZEL Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.^o

POLIXENES [*Discovering himself.*] Mark your divorce, 420
young sir,
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged. Thou, a scepter's heir,
That thus affect'st^o a sheep-hook! Thou, old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee, I can .
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece 425
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with—

SHEPHERD O my heart!

POLIXENES

I'll have thy beauty scratched with briers and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond^o boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh 430
That thou no more shalt see this knack—as never
I mean thou shalt—we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Farre than Deucalion off.^o Mark thou my words.
Follow us to the court. Thou, churl, for this time, 435
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman—yea him, too,
That makes himself, but for our honor therein,
Unworthy thee^o—if ever henceforth thou 440
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't. *Exit.*

PERDITA Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice 445
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. [*To FLORIZEL.*] Will't please you, sir,
be gone?
I told you what would come of this. Beseech you, 450
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

CAMILLO Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.

SHEPHERD I cannot speak nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. [*To FLORIZEL.*] 455
O sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me 460
Where no priest shovels in dust.^o Oh cursèd wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst ad-
venture
To mingle faith with him! Undone, undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire. *Exit.*

FLORIZEL Why look you so upon me? 465
I am but sorry, not afeard; delayed,
But nothing altered. What I was, I am;
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.^o

CAMILLO Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper; at this time 470
He will allow no speech—which I do guess

391–92 I . . . wonder I shall have more than you can at this
time dream of, and enough to amaze you when you know of it
402 alt'ring rheums i.e., rheumatic afflictions which disturb
his judgment 409 Reason my son there is reason that my son
420 contract Wilson in the New Cambridge edition points out
that "we have here a description, all but the final solemn words,
of one of those betrothal ceremonies which were held as legally
binding as marriage in church" 423 affect'st desirest, lovest

429 fond foolish 434 Farre . . . off further back than
Deucalion (legendary ancient king of Thessaly) 438–40
yea . . . thee indeed, you are worthy of Florizel—whose
conduct has made him, save for the fact of his being my
son, unworthy of you 461 Where . . . dust (before the
Reformation, and even in the First Prayer Book of Edward VI,
the priest was directed to do this; felons were buried by the
gallows 468–69 More . . . unwillingly the image is of a
hound; Florizel continues on his chosen course, all the more
strongly for having been dragged back; he is not going to do
as his father says against his will

- You do not purpose to him—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear;
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.
- FLORIZEL I not purpose it. 475
I think, Camillo?
- CAMILLO Even he, my lord.
- PERDITA
How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?
- FLORIZEL It cannot fail, but by 480
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the sides o' th' earth together,
And mar the seeds within.^o Lift up thy looks;
From my succession wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.
- CAMILLO Be advised.
- FLORIZEL 485
I am, and by my fancy; if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses better pleased with madness,^o
Do bid it welcome.
- CAMILLO This is desperate, sir.
- FLORIZEL
So call it, but it does fulfill my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo, 490
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat gleaned; for all the sun sees or
The close earth wombs or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved. Therefore, I pray you,
As you have even been my father's honored friend, 495
When he shall miss me, as in faith I mean not
To see him any more, cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; let myself and Fortune
Tug^o for the time to come. This you may know, 500
And so deliver: I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And most opportune^o to her need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold 505
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
- CAMILLO O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.
- FLORIZEL Hark, Perdita—
[To CAMILLO.]
I'll hear you by and by.
- CAMILLO He's irremovable, 510
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honor,
- Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom 515
I so much thirst to see.
- FLORIZEL Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious^o business that
I leave out ceremony.^o
- CAMILLO Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services i' th' love
That I have borne your father?
- FLORIZEL Very nobly 520
Have you deserved; it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompensed, as thought on.
- CAMILLO Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And through him what's nearest to him, which is 525
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,^o
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration. On mine honor,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness, where you may 530
Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see
There's no disjunction to be made, but by—
As heavens forfend—your ruin; marry her;
And with my best endeavors, in your absence,
Your discontenting^o father strive to qualify^o 535
And bring him up to liking.
- FLORIZEL How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And after that trust to thee.
- CAMILLO Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?
- FLORIZEL Not any yet; 540
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.^o
- CAMILLO Then list^o to me.
This follows, if you will not change your purpose, 545
But undergo this flight: make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess
(For so I see she must be) 'fore Leontes.
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see 550
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' th' father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: th' one 555
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster^o than thought or time.
- FLORIZEL Worthy Camillo,
What color^o for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

481–82 Let . . . within for this image of the end of creation compare *Macbeth* IV.i.59 and *King Lear* III.ii.8 485–87 fancy . . . reason . . . madness if the fancy, which makes images, is not obedient to the reason—a higher mental power—the result is madness or dream (Florizel wants his reason to obey his fancy; otherwise, he says, he'd rather be mad; for the psychology involved, see *A Midsummer Night's Dream* V.i.2 ff.) 500 Tug contend, strive 503 opportune accent on second syllable

517 curious needing great care 518 ceremony Florizel is apologizing for having broken away from Camillo to hold his urgent private talk with Perdita 526 direction advice 535 discontenting displeased; qualify appease, moderate (used, for example, of tempering wine with water) 541–44 But . . . blows since we are compelled to this wild behavior by a chance we never foresaw, we think of ourselves as the slaves of chance, and will go where it sends us, like flies in a wind 544 list listen 557 Faster firmer 558 color pretext

CAMILLO Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir, 560
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down,
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say, that he shall not perceive, 565
But that° you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

FLORIZEL I am bound to you;
There is some sap° in this.

CAMILLO A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpathed waters, undreamed shores, most certain 570
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another;
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office if they can but stay° you,
Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know, 575
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

PERDITA One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

CAMILLO Yea? Say you so? 580
There shall not at your father's house these seven years°
Be born another such.

FLORIZEL My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' th' rear 'our birth.°

CAMILLO I cannot say 'tis pity 585
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

PERDITA Your pardon, sir; for this,
I'll blush you thanks.

FLORIZEL My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo—
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine° of our house—how shall we do? 590
We are not furnished like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear° in Sicilia.

CAMILLO My lord,
Fear none of this. I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there; it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed,° as if 595
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want—one word.
[*They talk aside.*]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

AUTOLYCUS Ha, ha, what a fool° Honesty is! And
Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman. I
have sold all my trumpery: not a counterfeit stone, 600

565–66 *perceive*, But that know otherwise than that 568
sap life fluid 574 *stay* hold 581 *these seven years* used to
signify a long, indefinite period 583–84 *She is as . . . birth*
she is as far in advance of the way of life she was reared to as
she is inferior to us in birth 590 *medicine* physician 592
appear appear so (the second word may have dropped out)
595 *royally appointed* equipped like a prince 598 *Ha, ha,*
what a fool . . . these lines echo passages in Greene's *Second*
Part of Conny-catching (1592); the character of Autolycus, and
the account of the tricks of his trade, is indebted to this book

not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book,°
ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring,
to keep my pack from fasting. They throng who
should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed,° 605
and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which
means I saw whose purse was best in picture,° and
what I saw to my good use I remembered. My clown,
who wants but something to be a reasonable man,
grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would
not stir his pettitoes° till he had both tune and words, 610
which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their
other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a
placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a
codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that
hung in chains. No hearing, no feeling, but my sir's° 615
song, and admiring the nothing° of it. So that in this
time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival
purses; and had not the old man come in with a
hubbub against his daughter and the king's son, and
scared my choughs° from the chaff, I had not left a 620
purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA come forward.]

CAMILLO
Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

FLORIZEL
And those that you'll procure from King Leontes?

CAMILLO
Shall satisfy your father.

PERDITA Happy be you! 625
All that you speak shows fair.

CAMILLO [*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.]
Who have we here?

We'll make an instrument of this, omit
Nothing may give us aid.

AUTOLYCUS
If they have overheard me now—why, hanging. 630

CAMILLO
How now, good fellow, why shak'st thou so?
Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

AUTOLYCUS I am a poor fellow, sir.

CAMILLO Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal
that from thee. Yet for the outside of thy poverty we 635
must make an exchange; therefore disease° thee
instantly—thou must think there's a necessity in't—
and change garments with this gentleman; though the
pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee,
there's some boot.° 640

[*Giving money.*]

AUTOLYCUS I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside.*] I know
ye well enough.

CAMILLO Nay, prithee dispatch; the gentleman is
half flayed° already.

AUTOLYCUS Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside.*] I smell 645
the trick on't.

601 *table-book* notebook 604 *hallowed* sacred 606 *in*
picture to look at (?) 610 *pettitoes* toes (especially of a pig)
615 *my sir's* the Clown's 616 *nothing* nothingness, non-
sense (with perhaps, as Wilson suggests, a pun on *noting*) 620
choughs fools 636 *disease* undress 640 *boot* extra reward
644 *flayed* skinned (undressed)

FLORIZEL Dispatch, I prithee.

AUTOLYCUS Indeed, I have had earnest,^o but I cannot with conscience take it.

CAMILLO Unbuckle, unbuckle.

650

[FLORIZEL and AUTOLYCUS exchange garments.]

Fortunate mistress—let my prophecy^o

Come home to ye—you must retire yourself

Into some covert; take your sweetheart's hat

And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,

Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken

655

The truth of your own seeming,^o that you may

(For I do fear eyes over^o) to shipboard

Get undescried.

PERDITA I see the play so lies

That I must bear a part.

CAMILLO No remedy.

Have you done there?

FLORIZEL Should I now meet my father, 660

He would not call me son.

CAMILLO Nay, you shall have no hat.

[Giving hat to PERDITA.]

Come, lady, come; farewell, my friend.

AUTOLYCUS Adieu, sir.

FLORIZEL

O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?

Pray you, a word.

CAMILLO [Aside.]

What I do next shall be to tell the king

665

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;

Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail

To force him after; in whose company

I shall re-view Sicilia, for whose sight

I have a woman's longing.

FLORIZEL Fortune speed us! 670

Thus we set on, Camillo, to th' seaside.

CAMILLO

The swifter speed, the better.

Exit [CAMILLO, with FLORIZEL and PERDITA].

AUTOLYCUS I understand the business, I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is

necessary for a cutpurse; a good nose is requisite also, 675

to smell out work for th' other senses. I see this is the

time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an ex-

change had this been without boot! What a boot is

here, with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year

connive at^o us, and we may do anything extempore. 680

The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity—stealing

away from his father, with his clog^o at his heels; if I

thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the

king withal, I would not do't. I hold it the more

knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my 685

profession.

Enter CLOWN and SHEPHERD.

Aside, aside! Here is more matter for a hot brain.

Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging,

yields a careful man work.

CLOWN See, see, what a man you are now! There is 690

no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling,

and none of your flesh and blood.

SHEPHERD Nay, but hear me.

CLOWN Nay, but hear me.

SHEPHERD Go to, then. 695

CLOWN She being none of your flesh and blood, your

flesh and blood has not offended the king, and so your

flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show

those things you found about her, those secret things,

all but what she has with her. This being done, let the 700

law go whistle; I warrant you.

SHEPHERD I will tell the king all, every word, yea,

and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest

man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to

make me the king's brother-in-law. 705

CLOWN Indeed brother-in-law was the farthest off

you could have been to him; and then your blood had

been the dearer by I know not how much an ounce.

AUTOLYCUS [Aside.] Very wisely, puppies!

SHEPHERD Well, let us to the king; there is that in this 710

fardel^o will make him scratch his beard.

AUTOLYCUS [Aside.] I know not what impediment

this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

CLOWN Pray heartily he be at palace.^o

AUTOLYCUS [Aside.] Though I am not naturally 715

honest, I am so sometimes by chance. Let me pocket up

my peddler's excrement.^o [Takes off false beard.] How

now, rustics, whither are you bound?

SHEPHERD To th' palace, an it like your worship.

AUTOLYCUS Your affairs there, what, with whom,^o 720

the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling,

your names, your ages, of what having,^o breeding, and

anything that is fitting to be known, discover.

CLOWN We are but plain fellows, sir.

AUTOLYCUS A lie: you are rough, and hairy. Let me 725

have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and

they often give us soldiers the lie, but we pay them for

it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they

do not give us the lie.^o

CLOWN Your worship had like to have given us one, 730

if you had not taken yourself with the manner.^o

SHEPHERD Are you a courtier,^o an't like you, sir?

AUTOLYCUS Whether it like me or no, I am a

courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court in these

enfoldings? Hath not my gait in it the measure^o of the 735

711 fardel bundle **714 at palace** the Clown speaks of the king being "at palace" as he might of an ordinary man being "at home" (Cambridge editors) **717 excrement** i.e., his false beard (hair, beard, and nails were called "excrement," from Latin *excrecere* = to grow out) **720 what, with whom**

parodying a form of legal questioning to terrify the rustics **722 having** property **726-29 it becomes . . . lie** trades-

men give the lie by giving short measure, but the simple soldier nevertheless pays them for the lie with money, not

with his sword—so the tradesmen are not, after all, *giving* the lie; they are selling it (Wilson's explanation) **731 with the**

manner in the act (at first Autolycus was about to lie by saying "give" instead of "sell" when speaking of the trades-

men; but he caught himself in the act and changed his statement) **732 courtier** Autolycus is wearing Florizel's festive

clothes **735 measure** stately tread

648 earnest money paid as installment, "deposit" **651 pro-**

phesy the prophecy is the form of address, "Fortunate mistress"

655-56 disliken . . . seeming a complicated way of saying "alter your usual appearance," which may indicate Shakespeare's

obsessive interest in problems related to "truth" and "seeming"

657 eyes over watching, spying eyes **680 connive at** close

their eyes to **682 clog** hindrance (Perdita)

court? Receives not thy nose court-odor from me? Reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze^o from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pé;^o and one that will either push on or pluck 740 back thy business there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

SHEPHERD My business, sir, is to the king.

AUTOLYCUS What advocate hast thou to him?

SHEPHERD I know not, an't like you. 745

CLOWN Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant;^o say you have none.

SHEPHERD None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

AUTOLYCUS

How blessed are we that are not simple men! 750

Yet Nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

CLOWN This cannot be but a great courtier.

SHEPHERD His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely. 755

CLOWN He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical. A great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.^o

AUTOLYCUS The fardel there? What's i' th' fardel? Wherefore that box? 760

SHEPHERD Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king, and which he shall know within his hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

AUTOLYCUS Age, thou hast lost thy labor. 765

SHEPHERD Why, sir?

AUTOLYCUS The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself; for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief. 770

SHEPHERD So 'tis said, sir—about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

AUTOLYCUS If that shepherd be not in handfast,^o let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster. 775

CLOWN Think you so, sir?

AUTOLYCUS Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane^o to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which, though it be great 780 pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! All deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy. 785

CLOWN Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

AUTOLYCUS He has a son—who shall be flayed alive, then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three-quarters and a 790 dram dead; then recovered again with aqua vitae or

some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication^o proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies 795 blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offenses being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king; being something gently considered,^o I'll bring you where he is 800 aboard, tender^o your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

CLOWN He seems to be of great authority. Close with him,^o give him gold; and though authority be a 805 stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember—stoned, and flayed alive.

SHEPHERD An't please you, sir, to undertake the 810 business for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

AUTOLYCUS After I have done what I promised?

SHEPHERD Ay, sir. 815

AUTOLYCUS Well, give me the moiety.^o Are you a party in this business?

CLOWN In some sort, sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed^o out of it.

AUTOLYCUS Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son: 820 hang him, he'll be made an example.

CLOWN Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and show our strange sights; he must know 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. 825 Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

AUTOLYCUS I will trust you. Walk before toward the seaside, go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge,^o and follow you. 830

CLOWN We are blessed, in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

SHEPHERD Let's before, as he bids us. He was provided to do us good. [Exeunt SHEPHERD and CLOWN.]

AUTOLYCUS If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion—gold, and a means to do the prince, my master, good; which who knows how that may turn back^o to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these 840 blind ones, aboard him. If he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present 845 them, there may be matter in it. *Exit.*

738 toaze tease, worry, comb out 740 cap-a-pé head-to-foot (of armor; here, thorough, complete) 746 Advocate's . . . pheasant the Clown, misunderstanding the word, thinks Autolycus is referring to the practice of bribing the judge with a bird 758 picking on's teeth regarded as an elegant practice 773 handfast custody 779 germane related

793 prognostication weather forecast in the almanac for the year 799–800 being . . . considered if you bribe me like a gentleman (handsomely) 801 tender present 804–05 Close with him accept his offer 816 moiety half 818–19 case . . . flayed punning on case = skin 829–30 look . . . hedge i.e., relieve himself 839 turn back redound

A C T V

Scene I. [*Sicilia, the court of Leontes.*]*Enter* LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, SERVANTS.

CLEOMENES

Sir, you have done enough, and have performed
A saintlike sorrow. No fault could you make
Which you have not redeemed; indeed paid down
More penitence than done trespass. At the last,
Do as the heavens have done: forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

LEONTES

Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroyed the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

PAULINA

True, too true, my lord.
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good
To make a perfect woman, she you killed
Would be unparalleled.

LEONTES

I think so. Killed?
She I killed! I did so; but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did—it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

CLEOMENES

Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and graced^o
Your kindness better.

PAULINA

You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

DION

If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance^o
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail^o of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on.^o What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

PAULINA

There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone; besides, the gods
Will have fulfilled their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said—
Is't not the tenor of his oracle—
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? Which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel

My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [*To* LEONTES.] Care not
for issue,

The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to th' worthiest: so his successor
Was like to be the best.

LEONTES

Good Paulina,

Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honor: O, that ever I
Had squared me to^o thy counsel! Then, even now,
I might have looked upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips—

PAULINA

And left them

More rich for what they yielded.

LEONTES

Thou speak'st truth; 55

No more such wives, therefore no wife. One worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we offenders now appear,^o soul-vexed,
And begin, "Why to me?"^o

PAULINA

Had she such power, 60

She had just cause.

LEONTES

She had, and would incense me

To murder her I married.

PAULINA

I should so.

Were I the ghost that walked. I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me, and the words that followed
Should be, "Remember mine."

LEONTES

Stars, stars,

And all eyes else, dead coals! Fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

PAULINA

Will you swear

Never to marry, but by my free leave?

LEONTES

Never, Paulina, so be blessed my spirit.

PAULINA

Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

CLEOMENES

You tempt him overmuch.

PAULINA

Unless another,

As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront^o his eye.

CLEOMENES

Good madam—

PAULINA

I have done; 75

Yet if my lord will marry, if you will, sir—
No remedy but you will—give me the office
To choose you a queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As, walked your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

LEONTES

My true Paulina,

We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

PAULINA

That

52 squared me to regulated myself by 59 Where . . .
appear many attempts to emend this passage have given no
better sense than the Folio: the verb "appear" is needed both
for the offenders and for the ghost of Hermione; the obscurity
arises from its doing duty for both; compare the famous
difficulty in *Hamlet* IV.iv.53: "Rightly to be great/Is not to stir
without great argument . . .," where "not" stands for "not
not" 60 Why to me why do you offer such treatment to me?
75 Affront confront

V.i.22 graced suited 25 remembrance he means the perpet-
uation of the king's name in a son 27 fail failure 29 Incer-
tain lookers-on bystanders whose uncertainty makes them
incapable of action

Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT

One that gives out himself Prince Florizel, 85
Son of Polixenes, with his princess—she
The fairest I have yet beheld—desires access
To your high presence.

LEONTES

What with him? He comes not
Like to his father's greatness; his approach,
So out of circumstance,^o and sudden, tells us 90
'Tis not a visitation framed,^o but forced
By need and accident. What train?^o

SERVANT

But few,
And those but mean.

LEONTES

His princess, say you, with him?

SERVANT

Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

PAULINA

O Hermione, 95
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme:^o "She had not been, 100
Nor was not to be equaled"; thus your verse^o
Flowed with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

SERVANT

Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot—your pardon—
The other, when she has obtained your eye, 105
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors^o else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

PAULINA

How! Not women?

SERVANT

Women will love her that she is a woman 110
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

LEONTES

Go, Cleomenes,
Yourself, assisted with your honored friends,
Bring them to our embracement. *Exit [CLEOMENES,*
with others]. Still, 'tis strange,
He should thus steal upon us.

PAULINA

Had our prince, 115
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had paired
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

LEONTES

Prithee no more; cease; thou know'st 120
He dies to me again, when talked of. Sure
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Enter FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CLEOMENES, and others.

90 out of circumstance lacking ceremony 91 framed
planned 92 train attendants 100 theme Hermione herself
101 verse he had presumably written verses of compliment
to Hermione 108 professors those who profess zeal for
religion (especially Puritans)

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince,
For she did print your royal father off, 125
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us performed before. Most dearly welcome! 130
And your fair princess—goddess! Oh, alas!
I lost a couple that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society, 135
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.^o

FLORIZEL

By his command

Have I here touched Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,^o 140
Can send his brother; and but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times,^o hath something
seized^o

His wished ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves 145
(He bade me say so) more than all the scepters
And those that bear them living.

LEONTES

Oh, my brother—

Good gentleman!—the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,^o
So rarely kind, are as interpreters 150
Of my behindhand slackness.^o Welcome hither,
As is the spring to th' earth! And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to th' fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less 155
Th' adventure^o of her person?

FLORIZEL

Good my lord,

She came from Libya.

110

LEONTES

Where the warlike Smalus,

That noble honored lord, is feared and loved?

FLORIZEL

Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaimed his, parting with her; thence, 160
A prosperous south wind friendly, we have crossed,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismissed;
Who, for Bohemia bend, to signify 165
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival and my wife's in safety
Here where we are.

LEONTES

The blessed gods

Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate^o here! You have a holy father, 170
A graceful^o gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;

136–38 whom . . . him I wish to go on living, however
miserably, in order to look on him again (the final "him" is
dispensable, but the construction is not unique in Shakespeare)
140 at friend being in friendship with 142 worn times
advanced years; seized arrested 149 offices kindnesses,
compliments 150–51 interpreters . . . slackness put into
words feelings I have been too slow in expressing 156
adventure risk 170 climate reside 171 graceful virtuous

For which, the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's blessed,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have looked on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a LORD.

LORD Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me;
Desires you to attach^o his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

LEONTES Where's Bohemia? Speak.

LORD Here in your city; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel^o and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning—in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple—meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted,
With this young prince.

FLORIZEL Camillo has betrayed me;
Whose honor and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

LORD Lay't so to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

LEONTES Who? Camillo?

LORD Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question.^o Never saw I
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear^o themselves as often as they speak.
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.^o

PERDITA Oh my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

LEONTES You are married?

FLORIZEL We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
The odds for high and low's alike.^o

LEONTES My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

FLORIZEL She is,
When once she is my wife.

LEONTES That once, I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth^o as beauty,

That you might well enjoy her.

FLORIZEL Dear, look up. 215

175 Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase^o us, with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you owed no more to Time
Than I do now; with thought of such affections, 220
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

LEONTES Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
PAULINA Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month 225
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

185 LEONTES I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. But your petition
Is yet unanswered. I will to your father.
Your honor not o'erthrown by your desires,^o 230
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him. Therefore follow me,
190 And mark what way I make.^o Come, good my lord.
Exeunt.

Scene II. [*Sicilia, before the palace of Leontes.*]

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a GENTLEMAN.

195 AUTOLYCUS Beseech you, sir, were you present at
this relation?

FIRST GENTLEMAN I was by at the opening of the
fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how
he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we 5
were all commanded out of the chamber; only this,
methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the
200 child.

AUTOLYCUS I would most gladly know the issue of it.

FIRST GENTLEMAN I make a broken delivery of the 10
business, but the changes I perceived in the king and
Camillo were very notes of admiration.^o They
seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear
the cases of their eyes.^o There was speech in their
dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked 15
as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one
destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in
them; but the wisest beholder that knew no more but
seeing^o could not say if th' importance^o were joy, or
sorrow—but in the extremity of the one it must 20
needs be.

Enter another GENTLEMAN.

210 Here comes a gentleman that happily^o knows more:
the news, Rogero?

SECOND GENTLEMAN Nothing but bonfires. The
oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found; such a 25

182 attach arrest 187–88 becomes My marvel suits my
bewilderment 198 in question in talk, in conference 200
Forswear deny on oath 202 divers . . . death various
tortures 207 odds . . . alike dicing terms; "Fortune is a
cheater who beguiles princes and shepherds alike with his false
dice" (Wilson) 214 worth rank

217 chase persecute 230 Your . . . desires a certain insistence
on this point of prenuptial chastity is observable both in this
play and in *The Tempest* 233 what . . . make how far I
succeed

V.ii.12 notes of admiration exclamation points 14 cases
. . . eyes eyelids 18–19 but seeing but what he saw 19
importance significance 22 happily haply, perhaps

deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that balladmakers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another GENTLEMAN.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? This news, which is called true, is so like an old tale that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

THIRD GENTLEMAN Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance;° that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character;° the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; the affection° of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding and many other evidences—proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

SECOND GENTLEMAN No.

THIRD GENTLEMAN Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed Sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance° of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favor.° Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "Oh, thy mother, thy mother"; then asks Bohemia forgiveness, then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping° her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit° of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.°

SECOND GENTLEMAN What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

THIRD GENTLEMAN Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit° be asleep, and not an ear open: he was torn to pieces with° a bear. This avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence° (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

FIRST GENTLEMAN What became of his bark and his followers?

THIRD GENTLEMAN Wracked the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But oh, the noble combat, that'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled. She lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her

in embracing as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.°

FIRST GENTLEMAN The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

THIRD GENTLEMAN One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes—caught the water though not the fish—was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolor to another, she did, with an "Alas"—I would fain say—bleed tears; for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed color; some swooned, all sorrowed. If all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Are they returned to the court?

THIRD GENTLEMAN No, the princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed° by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano,° who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape:° he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

SECOND GENTLEMAN I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece° the rejoicing?

FIRST GENTLEMAN Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? Every wink of an eye some new grace will be born. Our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge.° Let's along.

Exit, [with the other GENTLEMEN].

AUTOLYCUS Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what; but he at that time overfond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be), who began to be much seasick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished° among my other discredits.

Enter SHEPHERD and CLOWN.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

32–33 truth . . . circumstance made evident by, filled out by circumstances 37 character handwriting 38 affection natural disposition 49 countenance probably meant as a plural; a common orthographical feature in Shakespearean texts 51 favor features 56 clipping embracing 57–58 weather-bitten conduit weatherworn fountain (the old man's tears make him resemble a fountain in human shape) 60 do it describe it 64 credit belief 65 with by 67 innocence simplicity

80 losing being lost 98 performed completed 99 Julio Romano Italian painter (1492–1546); this allusion has caused much debate, because of the anachronism, and because Julio is remembered not as a sculptor but as a painter, though he probably practiced sculpture as well 99–102 had . . . ape had he this other attribute of God and could put breath into his statues, he would cheat Nature of her trade, so closely can he imitate her (the sentiment is a little confused) 110 piece i.e., add to 113–14 unthrifty . . . knowledge careless in the accumulation of knowledge 124 relished proved tasteful, acceptable

SHEPHERD Come, boy, I am past moe children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

CLOWN You are well met, sir. You denied to fight 130 with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? Say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born; you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman 135 born.

AUTOLYCUS I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

CLOWN Ay, and have been so any time these four 140 hours.

SHEPHERD And so have I, boy.

CLOWN So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince, (my 145 brother) and the princess (my sister) called my father father; and so we wept; and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

SHEPHERD We may live, son, to shed many more.

CLOWN Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so 150 preposterous^o estate as we are.

AUTOLYCUS I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince, my 155 master.

SHEPHERD Prithee, son, do: for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

CLOWN Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUTOLYCUS Ay, an it like^o your good worship.

CLOWN Give me thy hand. I will swear to the prince 160 thou art as honest a true^o fellow as any is in Bohemia.

SHEPHERD You may say it, but not swear it.

CLOWN Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins^o say it, I'll swear it.

SHEPHERD How if it be false, son? 165

CLOWN If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend; and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands,^o and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but 170 I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

AUTOLYCUS I will prove so, sir, to my power.^o

CLOWN Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow. If I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not 175 being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark, the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us; we'll be thy good masters.

Exeunt.

Scene III. [*Sicilia, a chapel in Paulina's house.*]

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, LORDS, &c.

LEONTES

O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

151 **preposterous** malapropism for *prosperous* 159 **an it like** if it please 161 **true** honest (as opposed to thieving) 164 **boors and franklins** peasants and yeomen 168 **tall . . . hands** man of courage 173 **to my power** as far as I am able

PAULINA What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well. All my services You have paid home.^o But that you have vouchsafed, With your crowned brother and these your con- 5 tracted^o

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

LEONTES O Paulina, We honor you with trouble; but we came To see the statue of our queen. Your gallery 10 Have we passed through, not without much content In many singularities;^o but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

PAULINA As she lived peerless, So her dead likeness I do well believe 15 Excels whatever yet you looked upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart. But here it is; prepare To see the life as lively mocked, as ever Still sleep mocked death: behold, and say 'tis well. 20

[PAULINA *draws a curtain and discovers*] HERMIONE [standing] like a statue.

I like your silence; it the more shows off Your wonder; but yet speak, first you, my liege. Comes it not something near?

LEONTES Her natural posture! Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she 25 In thy not chiding; for she was as tender As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing So aged as this seems.

POLIXENES Oh, not by much.

PAULINA So much the more our carver's excellence, 30 Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her As she lived^o now.

LEONTES As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty—warm life, 35 As now it coldly stands—when first I wooed her. I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me, For being more stone than it? O royal piece! There's magic in thy majesty, which has My evils conjured to remembrance,^o and 40 From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee.

PERDITA And give me leave, And do not say 'tis superstition that I kneel, and then implore her blessing. Lady, Dear queen, that ended when I but began, 45 Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

V.iii.4 **paid home** paid in full 5 **your contracted** this "your" should possibly be omitted; the compositor could have caught it from "your crowned" or from the next line 12 **singularities** varieties 32 **As she lived** as if she lived 39–40 **magic . . . conjured . . . remembrance** the sight of the statue has called up his sins into his mind as a magician summons demons

PAULINA O, patience!
The statue is but newly fixed, the color's
Not dry.

CAMILLO
My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, 50
So many summers dry. Scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But killed itself much sooner.

POLIXENES Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he 55
Will piece up° in himself.

PAULINA Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you—for the stone is
mine—
I'd not have showed it.

LEONTES Do not draw the curtain.

PAULINA
No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy 60
May think anon it moves.

LEONTES Let be, let be!
Would I were dead, but that methinks already°—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? And that those
veins
Did verily bear blood?

POLIXENES Masterly done! 65
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

LEONTES
The fixure° of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mocked with art.

PAULINA I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.

LEONTES O sweet Paulina, 70
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled° senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

PAULINA
I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you; but
I could afflict you farther.

LEONTES Do, Paulina; 75
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial° comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

PAULINA Good my lord, forbear! 80
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

LEONTES
No, not these twenty years.

PERDITA So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

PAULINA Either forbear, 85
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you

For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend,
And take you by the hand—but then you'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted 90
By wicked powers.

LEONTES What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

PAULINA It is required
You do awake your faith; then, all stand still. 95
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

LEONTES Proceed.
No foot shall stir.

PAULINA Music, awake her: strike.
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel; come; 100
I'll fill your grave up. Stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs.

[HERMIONE comes down.]

Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful. Do not shun her 105
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand.
When she was young, you wooed her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor?

LEONTES Oh, she's warm! 110
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

POLIXENES She embraces him.

CAMILLO
She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

POLIXENES 70
Ay, and make it manifest where she has lived,
Or how stol'n from the dead.

PAULINA That she is living, 115
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while:
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing; turn, good lady, 120
Our Perdita is found.

HERMIONE You gods look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? Where lived? How
found
Thy father's court? For thou shalt hear that I, 125
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,° have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

PAULINA There's time enough for that,
Lest they desire upon this push° to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together, 130
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake° to every one. I, an old turtle,

56 piece up make his own 62 Would . . . already may I
die if I do not think it moves already (Staunton) 67 fixure
early form of fixture 72 settled sane 77 cordial heart-
warming

127 in being alive 129 upon this push at this exciting
moment 132 Partake communicate, share

Will wing me to some withered bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

LEONTES O peace, Paulina! 135
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be questioned; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many 140
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek farre,^o
For him, I partly know his mind, to find thee
An honorable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose^o worth and honesty

141 farre farther 144 whose Camillo's

Is richly noted, and here justified 145
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.
What! Look upon my brother.^o Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom, heavens directing, 150
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissevered. Hastily lead away. *Exeunt.* 155

147 Look . . . brother Hermione has presumably shown
some natural embarrassment about greeting Polixenes

THE TEMPEST

EDITED BY ROBERT LANGBAUM

Introduction

The Tempest is probably the last play wholly written by Shakespeare. Generations of readers have for this reason been tempted to see it as a culmination of Shakespeare's vision, to identify Prospero with Shakespeare, and to read the famous speech in which Prospero breaks his magic wand as Shakespeare's farewell to his art. Although critics nowadays hesitate to identify Prospero with Shakespeare, those of us who love *The Tempest* cannot help feeling that it represents a culmination—that Shakespeare could not have written it without the wisdom and technique he had accumulated through writing all his other plays.

We get this impression because the characterizations, for example, are so simple—Prospero is wise, Miranda is pure, Caliban is base, Antonio is wicked. Yet these are not the simple characters of a playwright who cannot do any better. They are the simple characters of the playwright who has already created Hamlet and Macbeth and Lear. And we feel this; we feel we are in touch, through the characters of *The Tempest*, with very real and very powerful forces. Caliban, who speaks one of the most beautiful passages of poetry in the play, is enigmatic enough. But where will you come to an end of understanding Ariel? Ariel's complexity certainly does not lie in his characterization. It lies, you may say, in the poetry he speaks. But that is to beg the question.

It is the deliberate return to naiveté, after the tragic complexity, that makes us feel there is something special about the four plays of Shakespeare's final period. The special effect is most apparent in *The Tempest*, because it is the lightest in surface of the four. It is presented to us as a gorgeous bubble, which is blown up for our entertainment like the masque Prospero conjures for Ferdinand and Miranda, and which is just as easily dispelled in the end. Yet *The Tempest* contains the subject matter of tragedy, and it gives us throughout the sense of omniscience, of surveying all life, that we get only at the highest points of illumination in the tragedies. No wonder then that *The Tempest* seems the appropriate statement of age, of the man who, having seen it all, can teach us that the profoundest statement is the lightest and that life, when we see through it, is gay, is tragically gay—

that the evil, the violence, the tragedy are all part of a providential design.

The Tempest was probably written during the fall and winter of 1610–11. It was produced at court in the fall of 1611, and again during the winter of 1612–13 as part of the festivities that preceded the marriage of the king's daughter Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine. The First Folio probably gives us the play as it was acted at court during the winter. But there is insufficient evidence to support the contention of some scholars that the play was radically revised for the wedding festivities and that the wedding masque in Act IV was inserted in honor of the betrothed couple. Some scholars have even, in their disappointment with the verse of the wedding masque, supposed that the masque was not written by Shakespeare. But Shakespeare always uses a deliberately stilted style for a play within a play; and the masque depends for its effectiveness on spectacle rather than language. Unless new external evidence turns up, there is no reason to look outside the play itself for an explanation of the wedding masque, since the masque fits in subject matter and form into the very texture of *The Tempest*.

The masque brings to a climax the theme of nature versus art that is central to *The Tempest*. For Heaven and Earth, Juno and Ceres, unite in the masque to pronounce a blessing on the union of Ferdinand and Miranda, and to connect sexual union with nature's fruitfulness as seen in its ideal aspect. Venus and her son Cupid are, however, as representatives of lawless passion, specifically excluded from the natural force celebrated in the masque. This fits in with Prospero's severe warning to Ferdinand not to "break" Miranda's "virgin knot" before marriage. Nature is celebrated in the masque as a principle of order. And it is shown to be, as a principle of order, inextricably intertwined with art, civilization, idea.

There is good reason to believe that Shakespeare had in mind, when he wrote *The Tempest*, the reports that first reached England in September 1610 of the miraculous deliverance of the crew and passengers of a ship that had been lost the year before in a terrible tempest off the Bermudas—those stormy islands that Shakespeare refers to in *The Tempest* as "the still-vexed Bermoothes." The

written accounts of the survivors emphasize the providential quality of their deliverance, for the castaways were saved by the magically beneficent nature of the island on which they found themselves. These so-called Bermuda pamphlets (named in A Note on the Source) go on to see the very storm and shipwreck as providential, since they enabled the castaways to discover for the benefit of mankind that the islands that mariners had shunned as inhabited by devils were actually an island paradise.

In exclaiming over the ways of providence, the Bermuda pamphlets offer those paradoxes that are at the heart of the tragicomic vision—the sort of paradoxes Shakespeare uses in *The Tempest*. “Though the seas threaten, they are merciful,” says Ferdinand in the end. And Gonzalo sums up the meaning of the play through a series of paradoxes. “Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue/Should become kings of Naples?” he asks.

In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand her brother found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own. (V.i.208–13)

This is the essential message of tragicomedy—that we lose in order to recover something greater, that we die in order to be reborn to a better life. One of the Bermuda pamphlets, *The True Declaration of the Estate of the Colonie in Virginia*, speaks paradoxically of “those infortunate (yet fortunate) islands,” and even calls the shipwreck and deliverance “this tragical comedy.”

The Bermuda episode must have raised again for Shakespeare the perennial question that became particularly pertinent after the discovery of the New World—the question whether nature is not superior to art, and whether man is not nobler in a state of nature than in a state of civilization. It is not surprising that Shakespeare had also in mind, when he wrote *The Tempest*, the essay “Of the Caniballes,” in which Montaigne praises the American Indians in terms that helped establish the ideal of the Noble Savage. Gonzalo’s description of his ideal commonwealth is a close paraphrase of Montaigne’s essay.

The island of *The Tempest* is in the Mediterranean, somewhere between Tunis and Naples; yet it seems more magically remote and unlocated than if it had been given a specific location, even one so far as the Bermudas. By setting his island in the Mediterranean, Shakespeare is able to bring the European tradition to bear on the question of nature versus art. He can assimilate the latest ideas about the New World to traditional ideas of the Golden Age and the Garden of Eden. He can remind us of Aeneas, who lost Troy that he might found Rome. Aeneas was driven by a storm to Carthage (specifically associated here with Tunis), from whence he sailed to Italy. In fulfilling his destiny, he underwent wanderings and ordeals analogous to those of the court party in *The Tempest*, including a banquet involving harpies. It is worth mentioning, in connection with the enigmatic references to “widow Dido” and “widower Aeneas,” that two of the Bermuda pamphlets compare Dido and Aeneas, as colonizers of new territories, to the colonists of the New World. (Dido was the Phoenician princess who founded Carthage.)

Shakespeare addresses himself to the question of nature versus art by ringing all possible changes on the meaning of “nature.” Caliban is natural in that he is earthy and earthbound, low, material. But Ariel is just as natural in that he represents the fluid elements of water and air and also those bodiless energies of nature that strike us as “spiritual.” Caliban, whose name may derive from “cannibal,” is the natural man seen in one aspect. But Miranda is also natural, and the two are contrasted throughout. Both were brought up in a state of nature; and if Miranda never saw a man other than her father, Caliban never saw a woman other than his mother. Caliban is natural in the sense that nature is rudimentary and mindless; he cannot be educated. Miranda is natural in the sense that we take the Golden Age or the Garden of Eden to be our natural condition. She has been superbly educated by Prospero, but education has with her been absorbed in the natural; knowledge has not lost her the Garden.

The case of Caliban is complex, because we cannot be certain that he is human. He was begotten by a devil on the witch Sycorax, and he is spoken of either as something between an animal and a man, or as something between a sea and a land animal. All the ironic changes on the meaning of “nature” can be heard in Trinculo’s remark about Caliban: “That a monster should be such a natural!”—in which “natural” means “idiot.” If we take nature to be a principle of order, then the primitive Caliban is a monster, a piece of disorder or deformity.

Trinculo’s remark contrasts with Miranda’s, when she thinks Ferdinand must be a god, “for nothing natural/I ever saw so noble.” Ferdinand, too, and in the end Alonso think for the same reason that Miranda must be a goddess. Shakespeare would seem to be telling us that your view of the natural depends on your view of the supernatural—on whether you see behind natural phenomena the evil machinations of the witch Sycorax and her devil-god Setebos, or whether you see at work a rational and benevolent Providence. He seems to be telling us that every creature can be judged by its potential metamorphoses, be what it is capable of becoming. Miranda sees all the human beings in the play as godlike. But Caliban, who constantly shifts before our eyes between human and animal, fears that he and his drunken co-conspirators will turn into apes or into barnacles, geese believed to be the product of metamorphosis from shellfish.

There is no question as to which view of nature Shakespeare adheres to. He presents here, as in the history plays and the tragedies, a grand vision of order in nature and society; only the emphasis here, far more than in his other plays, is on nature. The fact that Caliban takes the drunken butler, Stephano, for a god is a sign of how high man ranks on the scale of life. It is because we recognize the differences of degree within the human scale that we laugh at Caliban’s illusion, but give our poetic faith to the illusion of Ferdinand and Miranda when they take each other for divine. Caliban’s crime in conspiring against Prospero is a sin against degree—like the plot of Antonio and Sebastian against Alonso, and Antonio’s usurpation of Prospero’s throne. Prospero erred in attempting to educate Caliban, just as he erred in allowing Antonio to play the duke in Milan. In both cases, he blurred distinctions of degree and helped create the disorder that followed.

Caliban is evil only when judged by human standards,

or when he himself aspires to get above his place. In attempting to be "free," he only exchanges masters; for a slave he is and should be, as he himself recognizes in the end. Ariel, on the other hand, is by nature a free spirit (he seems free enough even in the bondage of which he complains), and he is therefore appropriately freed in the end. There is a connection in Shakespeare's world view between biological and social rank and moral obligation. Thus, Antonio's crime against his brother and sovereign is also spoken of as "unnatural." But Antonio is much worse than Caliban, because much higher up on the scale. For the same reason, Stephano and Trinculo seem even baser than Caliban and even more ridiculous in their aspiration to get above themselves.

With the exception of Antonio, all the characters in the play are saved in the end according to their degree. They undergo a ritual temptation and punishment. Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are befouled in a horsepond for their temptation to murder Prospero; and when Stephano and Trinculo are tempted to steal the clothes left out for them as bait, all three conspirators are chased away by spirits in the shape of dogs. These punishments are appropriate to the level of their moral life.

The court party are ritualistically tempted and punished by the banquet that disappears when they start to eat of it. Antonio and Sebastian have also been tempted to murder Alonso; and Alonso has been ritualistically punished by the supposed loss of his son and by his brother's temptation to do to him what he helped Antonio do to Prospero. When Ariel, who is invisible to everyone except Prospero, accuses Alonso, Antonio, and Sebastian of being "three men of sin," his voice comes to them as an inner voice. Alonso's subsequent attack of conscience comes as a total illumination. He now understands the union of the natural and moral order:

Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

did bass my trespass.

Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded.

(III.iii.96–97, 99–100)

Since Ferdinand and Miranda start without guilt, their development is mystical rather than moral. Ferdinand's ordeal prepares him to share with Miranda the vision of heaven on earth that Prospero sets before them in the wedding masque. They themselves appear in a masquelike vision of perfection, when Prospero draws a curtain to reveal them to the court party. Note that Ferdinand repeats in his ordeal the bondage of Caliban. But bondage at the lovers' high level of existence is transformed into freedom and happiness.

Prospero himself is, I think, tempted, when he remembers Caliban's conspiracy against him, to take revenge against the court party; for Caliban's conspiracy reminds him of the conspiracy of Antonio and Alonso. It is inconsistent with Prospero's role of a providence in the play to suppose that he did not from the start plan for events to work out as they do, and that he is actually converted from some original purpose of revenge by Ariel's remark that he would pity the court party were he human. Since Prospero obviously planned the marriage of

Ferdinand and Miranda, it is likely that he also planned to be reconciled with Alonso and the others and that Ariel recalls him to his purpose. The point where, at the thought of Caliban, Prospero interrupts the masque, and is shaken by emotion, is the one point where he seems fallible like the other human beings in the play. We seem to be getting, in his lapse from and return to his purpose, the repetition of a moral conversion from thoughts of revenge that took place before the play begins. All the tragic events of Prospero's earlier life are portrayed for us through such repetitions; so that the tragic events appear to us in a comic perspective, since we now see how well everything turned out.

Almost all the characters pair off. As sovereign and father, Prospero pairs off with Alonso; and as magician, he pairs off with Caliban's mother, the witch Sycorax, who practiced black magic on the island as against Prospero's white magic. Ferdinand pairs off with Miranda; Antonio with Sebastian; Stephano with Trinculo; Caliban with Ariel. In his role of providence, Prospero stands alone at the top of the design. Such symmetries are at the heart of comic technique, perhaps because they make us feel we are seeing events from above, as part of a pattern, and can therefore restrain sympathy in the confidence that all is well. The design also explains the sense in which Shakespeare is not realistic in *The Tempest*. He is dealing in simplifications like those of the mathematician. He is giving us a diagram of the order of things.

The play begins with a scene of disorder—a tempest at sea that renders meaningless the usual social order. The sailors are disrespectful to the aristocrats, who in trying to assert authority get in the way of the ship's organization. The good-humored courage of Gonzalo stands out against the irrationality of Antonio and Sebastian, who scream abuse at the sailors—though they are later in the play to think themselves very rational in plotting social disorder. The storm gives the boatswain a chance to display a natural superiority that has nothing to do with rank.

In the next scene, we learn that the tempest is an illusion created to regenerate the social order—to restore a reformed Prospero to the throne of Milan, and to lead Ferdinand and Miranda to the throne of Naples. Ariel turns the noise and confusion of the tempest into music, the music that leads Ferdinand to Miranda. The play is pervaded, as G. Wilson Knight has shown in *The Shakespearian Tempest*, by the imagery of tempest, sea, natural noise, and music. This imagery sets the play in a world where disorder is seen to be not merely at the service of order, but inextricably intertwined, indeed identical, with it. It requires only a transformation of perception to recognize order in disorder.

It is, I think, because Ariel makes music out of the natural noises of the island that there is an undersong of animal noises behind one of his songs, and the sound of the sea behind another. When Caliban says, "Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,/Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not," he catches the world of nature between metamorphoses, between noise and music, sleep and waking. We say he renders the magical atmosphere of the island. We mean by this that, like Ariel in his songs, Caliban in this lovely speech shows the appearances of things as fluid and ever-changing aspects of a single force—

a force that is beneficent, though it may seem in certain aspects evil.

This force is represented by the sea that washes through every nook and cranny of the play, moving the characters to their destiny both by carrying them there and by washing right up into their consciousness. When Prospero tells Miranda of the "sea sorrow" that brought them to the island, he describes the sea as both threatening and loving. We were cast adrift, he says,

To cry to th' sea that roared to us; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong. (I.ii.149-51)

The supposed drowning of Ferdinand is spoken of in attractive images. And when one of Alonso's courtiers suggests that Ferdinand may have made it to land, he makes us see that, by struggling against the waves, Ferdinand actually rode them to shore as you ride a fiery steed.

I saw him beat the surges under him
And ride upon their backs. He trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swol'n that met him. His bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore . . . (II.i.119-25)

The passage—which is, in its complexity of implication and its metrical suppleness, a good example of Shakespeare's late style—turns violence into harmony. It is but a step away from the song in which Ariel makes drowning seem so desirable, because it is, like all aspects of existence in this play, "a sea change/Into something rich and strange"—into the one force that moves all things. Prospero's magic is a portion of nature's; his providential design is a portion of God's.

Antonio, when he tempts Sebastian to murder the king, uses sea imagery, connecting it with the imagery of sleep and dream to signify the force of Sebastian's real desire. Antonio speaks, through his imagery, truer than he knows; for even his plot is necessary to the providential design of the play. Antonio is an effective villain, because he manipulates real, which is to say magical, forces. Prospero uses the imagery of metamorphosis when he tells Miranda how Antonio so transformed the Milanese court as to make real Antonio's appearance of being duke. The wild sounds of sea and tempest turn for Alonso into rational music that tells him of his crime. And Prospero brings the sea imagery to a climax when he says in the end of the court party,

Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. (V.i.79-82)

The sea is now identified with rationality.

The most admirable characters are those who can perceive order in disorder, because they have the capacity for wonder. When Ferdinand says "Admired Miranda," he is playing on the meaning of her name; he is saying, "O wonderful woman, who is to be wondered at." And when, during the masque, he calls Prospero "So rare a

wond'ered father" (a father possessed of wonders and therefore to be wondered at), it is a sign that he now sees Prospero rightly. There is an irony in Miranda's famous remark at the end, when she first beholds the court party:

O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That has such people in't! (V.i.181-84)

Nevertheless, it is the whole point of the play to make us feel that Miranda is right—that she, in her innocence, sees all these people as they really are, as through all their metamorphoses they are tending to be.

It is to Caliban's credit that he exhibits a capacity for wonder lacking in Stephano and Trinculo and in Antonio and Sebastian. That is because Caliban is natural. His faults do not stem from a perversion of reason, as do those of the four witty characters who do not exhibit a capacity for wonder. Only Gonzalo combines both wit and wonder. In the first appearance of the court party, we see how differently the same phenomena may strike different people. For only Gonzalo sees that their deliverance was miraculous and that the island is a paradise. To be in the Garden of Eden is, we are to understand, a matter of perception. Antonio and Sebastian are with their witty quibbling—their quibble, for example, over the few miles that separate modern Tunis from ancient Carthage—merely destructive.

The effect of wonder is created in *The Tempest* through a combination of several genres—tragicomedy, pastoral, romance, and masque. Antonio's temptation of Sebastian has been compared to the temptation of Macbeth by Lady Macbeth; it is the stuff of tragedy. Our view of it, however, is comic, because we know that Ariel is watching over the scene and has brought it about as part of Prospero's design. The whole action is comic in this sense. The abbreviation of time (*The Tempest* and *The Comedy of Errors* are the only plays in which Shakespeare observes the classical unity of time) enables us to see even Prospero's tragedy in Milan as, in retrospect, for the best. The comic perspective does not, however, make us laugh. It makes us marvel.

Not only the tragedy, but the comedy, too, is dissolved in wonder. Bernard Knox has, in "The Tempest and the Ancient Comic Tradition," connected *The Tempest* with Roman comedies about slaves. Nevertheless, Caliban and Ariel are too marvelous to be laughed at as we laugh at the slaves in Roman comedies. Stephano and Trinculo seem a kind of comic relief, just because we do so little laughing at the main action of *The Tempest*. Through Prospero's eyes, *The Tempest* shows us life as God must see it. God could not view life tragically, because He knows that all is for the best. God also knows, as Prospero knows of Ferdinand, that the ordeals He sets for us are for our own good and are not so hard or serious as we think them. Neither, however, could God laugh at us as we laugh at the characters in comedies; for He would not ridicule us, or be dazzled by our wit.

Prospero's view of life is set forth in the famous speech in which he says, after dispelling the wedding masque, "We are such stuff/As dreams are made on." He is, I think, recovering his perspective in this speech after the relapse into thoughts of revenge. The speech is, like

Miranda's exclamations, an expression of the marvelous quality of life. Prospero implies, in consoling Ferdinand for the disappearance of the masque, that if life is as illusory as the masque, it is also as gorgeously illusory. He implies also that there is a reality behind life just as there is Prospero behind the masque.

In his detachment from the appearances of life, Prospero regains an innocence of vision analogous to Miranda's. It is the vision of pastoral, the genre that deals with man and nature in their unfallen state. By swiftly recapitulating all the facts of life, tragicomedy leads us to see through life with the eyes of Miranda, who never left the Garden. Tragicomedy uses to this end the devices of romance. For romance deals in marvelous events and solves its problems through metamorphoses and recognition scenes—through, in other words, transformations of perception. When Alonso recognizes Prospero and Ferdinand, both of whom he had thought dead, he recognizes their magical preciousness and thus really *sees* them for the first time. The same is true of the crew's response to the ship, when it is magically restored to them. The recognized objects are transformed through the transformed eyes of the beholders; so that more is restored than has been lost.

The masque, with its emphasis on spectacle and surprise, subordinates all other effects to the effect of wonder. "The fringed curtains of thine eye advance," says Prospero to Miranda when the spectacle of Ferdinand is about to break upon her. It is as though a theater curtain were to be raised; as, indeed, it is raised or drawn when the spectacle of the lovers breaks upon the court party. All the scenes that offer the characters illumination are masquelike and illusory. Yet it is through these illusions that the characters come to understand reality. We all found ourselves, says Gonzalo in the end, "when no man was his own."

Art is just such an experience of enchantment. The speech in which Prospero breaks his magic wand is not so much Shakespeare's farewell to his art as it is his comment on the relation between art and life. For in breaking his wand and taking himself and the others back to Italy, Prospero seems to be saying that the enchanted island is no abiding place, but rather a place through which we pass in order to renew and strengthen our sense of reality.

In spite of its fantastic elements, *The Tempest*, as F. R. Leavis has pointed out, never confuses but rather clarifies our sense of reality. That is no small part of its achievement—though it is characteristic of our time that Leavis prefers *The Winter's Tale* just because it is less realistic than *The Tempest*. With its bias against realism, and its interest in a symbolic art, our time is better equipped than any time since Shakespeare's to appreciate the last plays. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries liked Shakespeare's early comedies best of all. The nineteenth century liked the tragedies best, and on the whole we still do. But it may be that the last plays—and especially *The Tempest*, which is as I see it the best of them—will in future have most to say to us. Certainly the interest in them has risen steadily in the last generation.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

There is no known source for the plot of *The Tempest*. As far as we know, *The Tempest* and *Love's Labor's Lost* are Shakespeare's two original plots. Attempts have been

made to locate the source of *The Tempest* in the German comedy *Die Schöne Sidea* by Jakob Ayrrer, who died in 1605;¹ in certain scenarios of the Italian *commedia dell'arte*;² in two Spanish romances.³ The differences, however, between these plots and the plot of *The Tempest* seem more significant than the similarities. The things these plots have in common with one another and with the plot of *The Tempest* are folk-tale motifs that have long been the common property of storytellers and playwrights.⁴

If there is no source for *The Tempest*, there are documents that are relevant to it. The names of many of the characters probably derive from Thomas' *History of Italy* (1549), and the name "Setebos" derives from Robert Eden's *History of Travaile* (1577), which mentions the "great devill Setebos" worshiped by the Patagonians. In Gonzalo's speech on the ideal commonwealth (II.i.148-73), Shakespeare paraphrases a discussion on nature versus art from John Florio's translation (1603) of Montaigne's essay on the American Indians, "Of the Caniballes" (Caliban's name may derive from "cannibal"). And in Prospero's farewell to his art (V.i.33-57), Shakespeare paraphrases a speech of the witch Medea, on magic and metamorphosis, from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*—using Arthur Golding's translation (1567), which he apparently checked against the Latin original. As was mentioned in the Introduction, there is good reason to believe that Shakespeare had in mind, and may even have had on his desk, when he wrote *The Tempest*, certain reports that appeared in 1610 of a tempest and a shipwreck that took place off the Bermudas in 1609. These so-called Bermuda pamphlets require a word of explanation.

On June 2, 1609, a fleet of nine ships set sail from Plymouth for Virginia, carrying more than five hundred colonists. On July 24, a tempest off the Bermudas separated from the rest of the fleet the flagship, the *Sea-Venture*, which carried the admiral, Sir George Somers, and the new governor of the colony, Sir Thomas Gates. In the course of the next several weeks, the other ships straggled into the port at Jamestown, but the occupants of the *Sea-Venture* were given up for lost. Then, miraculously, almost a year later, on May 23, 1610, the castaways arrived in Jamestown in two small ships they had built for the journey. Their deliverance, when the news of it reached London in September, was regarded as providential. But the beneficent hand of Providence emerged even more clearly when the reports of the shipwreck began to appear. For the reports showed the stormy Bermudas, which mariners had shunned as an "Ile of Divels," to be actually an island paradise.

Since Shakespeare was closely connected with the leaders of the Virginia Company (for example, the Earls of Southampton and Pembroke), which had sponsored the expedition, he would have had good reason to read the

¹ See H. H. Furness' Variorum Edition of *The Tempest* (1897), pp. 324-43, which includes a translation of Ayrrer's comedy.

² See H. D. Gray, "The Sources of *The Tempest*," *Modern Language Notes*, XXXV (1920), 321-30.

³ Antonio de Eslava's *Noches de Invierno* (1609), Chap. IV (see Hardin Craig, *Interpretation of Shakespeare* [1948], pp. 344-45), and Diego Ortuñez de Calahorra's *Espejo de Príncipes y Caballeros* (1562; English translation, 1578-1601) (see Joseph de Perott, "The Probable Source of the Plot of Shakespeare's *Tempest*," *Publications of the Clark University Library*, I [1903-05], 209-16).

⁴ See W. W. Newell, "Sources of Shakespeare's *Tempest*," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, XVI (1905), 234-57.

reports of the shipwreck that appeared in 1610. The first to appear was *A Discovery of the Barmudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels*, by Sylvester Jourdain,⁵ who was with Somers. A month later there appeared *The True Declaration of the estate of the Colonie in Virginia*, which was the report of the Virginia Company.⁶ Most important for our purposes is a long letter by William Strachey, who was also with Somers, which is dated July 15, 1610, but which doubtless came over to London with Gates in September. Strachey's letter was not published until 1625, in *Purchas His Pilgrimes*.⁷ But it seems to have circulated in manuscript among the leaders of the Virginia Company, and we may be reasonably sure that Shakespeare read it, since it bears most closely of all the reports on *The Tempest*. It is called *A true repertory of the wracke, and redemption of Sir Thomas Gates Knight; upon, and from the Ilands of the Bermudas: his comming to Virginia, and the estate of that Colonie then, and after*.

Strachey's description of the tempest ("our clamors drowned in the winds, and the winds in thunder. Prayers might well be in the heart and lips, but drowned in the outcries of the officers") pinpoints details of Shakespeare's opening scene. And the wrecking of the *Sea-Venture* (we "gave her now up, rent in pieces, and absolutely lost") recalls Shakespeare's "All lost!" . . . "We split, we split!" (I.i.51, 60). Caliban's mysterious "Young scamels from the rock" (II.ii.174) may refer to the "webfooted fowl," which the castaways named "sea owls" and which came miraculously when called, allowing themselves to be weighed and selected for slaughter. When Strachey says the providential deliverance teaches "that Truth is the daughter of Time, and that men ought not to deny everything which is not subject to their own sense," we are reminded of Gonzalo's speech on travelers' tales (III.iii.43-49). In spite of the deliverance, there were attempted mutinies against Sir Thomas Gates that parallel the attempted mutinies against Prospero and the King of Naples. And Sir Thomas' failure, after the arrival in Virginia, to tame the Indians—

making him realize "how little a fair and noble entreaty works upon a barbarous disposition"—resembles Prospero's failure with Caliban, "on whose nature/Nurture can never stick (IV.i.188-89).

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The Tempest was first printed in the Folio of 1623, the First Folio. The Folio text has been carefully edited and punctuated, and it has unusually complete stage directions that are probably Shakespeare's own. *The Tempest* is perhaps the finest text in the Folio, which may be why the Folio editors placed it first in the volume.

The present division into acts and scenes is that of the Folio. The present edition silently modernizes spelling and punctuation, regularizes speech prefixes, translates into English the Folio's Latin designations of act and scene, and makes certain changes in lineation in the interest either of meter, meaning, or a consistent format. The list of "Names of the Actors," which appears at the end of the play in the Folio, is here given at the beginning. Other departures from the Folio are listed below, including changes in lineation that bear upon the meaning. The reading of the present text is given first, in boldface type, and then the reading of the Folio (F) in roman.

The Scene: An uninhabited island/Names of the Actors [appears at the end of play in F]

I.i.37 s.d. Enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo [in F occurs after "plague," line 36]

I.ii.173 princess' Princesse 201 **lightnings** Lightning 272 **wast** was 283 **she** he 382 **the burden bear** beare/the burthen

II.i.5 master Masters 38-39 **Antonio . . . Sebastian** [speakers reversed in F]

III.i.2 sets set 15 **busiest** busie lest 93 **withal** with all

III.ii.125 scout cout

III.iii.17 Sebastian I say tonight. No more [appears in F after s.d.] 29 **islanders** Islands

IV.i.9 off of 13 **gift** guest 124 **s.d. Juno and . . . employment** [follows line 127 in F] 193 **them on** on them 231 **Let't** let's

V.i. 60 boiled boile 72 **Didst** Did 75 **entertained** entertaine 82 **lies** ly 199 **remembrance** remembrances

⁵ Facsimile edition, ed. J. Q. Adams (1940).

⁶ Reprinted in *Tracts and Other Papers*, Vol. III (1844), collected by Peter Force.

⁷ Vol. XIX (1906).



THE TEMPEST

The Scene: An uninhabited island

Names of the Actors

ALONSO *King of Naples*
SEBASTIAN *his brother*
PROSPERO *the right Duke of Milan*
ANTONIO *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan*
FERDINAND *son to the King of Naples*
GONZALO *an honest old councilor*
ADRIAN and FRANCISCO *lords*
CALIBAN *a savage and deformed slave*
TRINCULO *a jester*
STEPHANO *a drunken butler*

MASTER *of a ship*
BOATSWAIN
MARINERS
MIRANDA *daughter to Prospero*
ARIEL *an airy spirit*
IRIS
CERES
JUNO
NYMPHS
REAPERS

} [presented by] spirits

[Other SPIRITS attending on Prospero]

A C T I

Scene I. [On a ship at sea.]

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard. Enter a SHIPMASTER and a BOATSWAIN.

MASTER Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN Here, master. What cheer?

MASTER Good,° speak to th' mariners! Fall to't yarely,° or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir!
Exit.

Enter MARINERS.

BOATSWAIN Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my 5 hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail! Tend to th' master's whistle! Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!°

The decorative border shown above appeared on the first page of The Tempest in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.

I.i.3 Good good fellow 4 yarely briskly 7-8 Blow . . . enough The storm can blow and split itself as long as there is open sea, without rocks, to maneuver in

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

ALONSO Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.° 10

BOATSWAIN I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO Where is the master, bos'n?

BOATSWAIN Do you not hear him? You mar our labor. Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

GONZALO Nay, good, be patient. 15

BOATSWAIN When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! Silence! Trouble us not!

GONZALO Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard. 20

BOATSWAIN None that I more love than myself. You are a councilor; if you can command these elements to silence and work the peace of the present,° we will not hand° a rope more. Use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself 25

10 Play the men Act like men **23 work . . . present** restore the present to peace (since as a councilor his job is to quell disorder) **24 hand** handle

ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say.

Exit.

GONZALO I have great comfort from this fellow, Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows.^o Stand fast, good Fate, 30 to his hanging! Make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage.^o If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

Exit, [with the rest].

Enter BOATSWAIN.

BOATSWAIN Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower! Bring her to try with main course!^o (*A cry* 35 *within.*) A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.^o

Enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er^o and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN A pox o' your throat, you bawling, 40 blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATSWAIN Work you, then.

ANTONIO Hang, cur! Hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art. 45

GONZALO I'll warrant him for^o drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanch'd^o wench.

BOATSWAIN Lay her ahold, ahold! Set her two courses!^o Off to sea again! Lay her off!^o 50

Enter MARINERS wet.

MARINERS All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost! *[Exeunt.]*

BOATSWAIN What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO

The king and prince at prayers! Let's assist them, For our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN I am out of patience.

ANTONIO

We are merely^o cheated of our lives by drunkards. 55

This wide-chopped^o rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!^o

GONZALO

He'll be hanged yet, Though every drop of water swear against it And gape at wid'st to glut him.

A confused noise within: "Mercy on us!"

"We split, we split!" "Farewell, my wife and children!" 60

29-30 no drowning . . . gallows alluding to the proverb, "He that's born to be hanged need fear no drowning" 32 doth little advantage gives us little advantage 35 Bring . . . course Heave to, under the mainsail 36-37 They . . . office These passengers make more noise than the tempest or than we do at our work 38 give o'er give up trying to run the ship 46 warrant him for guarantee him against 48 unstanch'd wide-open 49-50 Lay . . . courses the ship is still being blown dangerously to shore, so the boatswain orders that the foresail be set in addition to the mainsail; but the ship still moves toward shore 50 Lay her off i.e., away from the shore 55 merely completely 56 wide-chopped big-mouthed 57 ten tides pirates were hanged on the shore and left there until three tides had washed over them

"Farewell, brother!" "We split, we split, we split!" *[Exit BOATSWAIN.]*

ANTONIO

Let's all sink wi' th' king.

SEBASTIAN

Let's take leave of him.

Exit, [with ANTONIO].

GONZALO Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground—long heath,^o brown furze, anything. The wills above be done, but I would 65 fain die a dry death. *Exit.*

Scene II. [*The island. In front of Prospero's cell.*]

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

MIRANDA

If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,^o

Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered 5

With those that I saw suffer! A brave^o vessel

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)

Dashed all to pieces! O, the cry did knock

Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished!

Had I been any god of power, I would 10

Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere

It should the good ship to have swallowed and

The fraughting^o souls within her.

PROSPERO

Be collected.

No more amazement.^o Tell your piteous heart There's no harm done.

MIRANDA

O, woe the day!

PROSPERO

No harm. 15

I have done nothing but in care of thee,

Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter, who

Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing

Of whence I am, nor that I am more better

Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, 20

And thy no greater father.^o

MIRANDA

More to know

Did never meddle^o with my thoughts.

PROSPERO

'Tis time

I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand

And pluck my magic garment from me. So.

[Lays down his robe.]

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort. 25

The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touched

The very virtue^o of compassion in thee,

I have with such provision^o in mine art

So safely ordered that there is no soul—

No, not so much perdition^o as an hair 30

Betid^o to any creature in the vessel

Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;

For thou must now know farther.

64 heath heather

I.ii.4 welkin's cheek face of the sky 6 brave fine, gallant (the word often has this meaning in the play) 13 fraughting forming her freight 14 amazement consternation 21 thy . . . father thy father, no greater than the Prospero just described 22 meddle mingle 27 virtue essence 28 provision foresight 30 perdition loss 31 Betid happened

MIRANDA You have often
 Begun to tell me what I am; but stopped
 And left me to a bootless inquisition,
 Concluding, "Stay; not yet."
 PROSPERO The hour's now come;
 The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.
 Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
 A time before we came unto this cell?
 I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
 Out° three years old. 40
 MIRANDA Certainly, sir, I can.
 PROSPERO
 By what? By any other house or person?
 Of anything the image tell me that
 Hath kept with thy remembrance.
 MIRANDA 'Tis far off,
 And rather like a dream than an assurance
 That my remembrance warrants.° Had I not
 Four or five women once that tended me?
 PROSPERO
 Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
 That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
 In the dark backward and abysm of time? 50
 If thou rememb'rest aught ere thou cam'st here,
 How thou cam'st here thou mayst.
 MIRANDA But that I do not.
 PROSPERO
 Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
 Thy father was the Duke of Milan° and
 A prince of power.
 MIRANDA Sir, are not you my father? 55
 PROSPERO
 Thy mother was a piece° of virtue, and
 She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
 Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
 And princess, no worse issued.°
 MIRANDA O the heavens!
 What foul play had we that we came from thence? 60
 Or blessèd was't we did?
 PROSPERO Both, both, my girl!
 By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
 But blessedly holp° hither.
 MIRANDA O, my heart bleeds
 To think o' th' teen that I have turned you to,°
 Which is from° my remembrance! Please you, farther. 65
 PROSPERO
 My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio—
 I pray thee mark me—that a brother should
 Be so perfidious—he whom next thyself
 Of all the world I loved, and to him put
 The manage of my state,° as at that time 70
 Through all the signories° it was the first,
 And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
 In dignity, and for the liberal arts
 Without a parallel. Those being all my study,
 The government I cast upon my brother
 And to my state grew stranger, being transported

41 Out fully 46 remembrance warrants memory guaran-
 tees 54 Milan pronounced "Mílan" 56 piece masterpiece
 59 no worse issued of no meaner lineage than he 63 holp
 helped 64 teen . . . to sorrow I have caused you to remember
 65 from out of 70 manage . . . state management of my
 domain 71 signories lordships (of Italy)

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
 Dost thou attend me?
 35 MIRANDA Sir, most heedfully.
 PROSPERO
 Being once perfected° how to grant suits,
 How to deny them, who t' advance, and who 80
 To trash for overtopping,° new-created
 The creatures that were mine, I say—or changed 'em,
 Or else new-formed 'em°—having both the key°
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
 To what tune pleased his ear, that now he was 85
 The ivy which had hid my princely trunk
 And sucked my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not?
 MIRANDA
 O, good sir, I do.
 PROSPERO I pray thee mark me.
 I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closeness° and the bettering of my mind— 90
 With that which, but by being so retired,
 O'erprized all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awaked an evil nature,° and my trust,
 Like a good parent,° did beget of him
 A falsehood in its contrary as great 95
 As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded—
 Not only with what my revenue° yielded
 But what my power might else exact, like one 100
 Who having into truth—by telling of it°—
 Made such a sinner of his memory
 To° credit his own lie, he did believe
 He was indeed the duke, out o' th' substitution
 And executing th' outward face of royalty
 With all prerogative.° Hence his ambition growing— 105
 Dost thou hear?
 MIRANDA Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
 PROSPERO
 To have no screen between this part he played
 And him he played it for, he needs will be
 Absolute Milan.° Me (poor man) my library
 Was dukedom large enough. Of temporal royalties 110
 He thinks me now incapable; confederates
 (So dry° he was for sway) wi' th' King of Naples
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
 The dukedom, yet unbowed (alas, poor Milan!), 115
 To most ignoble stooping.
 MIRANDA O the heavens!

79 perfected grown skillful 81 trash for overtopping (1)
 check the speed of (as of hounds) (2) cut down to size (as of over-
 tall trees) the aspirants for political favor who are growing too
 bold 81-83 new-created . . . 'em he recreated my following
 —either exchanging my adherents for his own, or else transform-
 ing my adherents into different people 83 key a pun leading
 to the musical metaphor 90 closeness seclusion 91-93 With
 . . . nature with that dedication to the mind which, were it
 not that it kept me from exercising the duties of my office
 would surpass in value all ordinary estimate, I awakened evil
 in my brother's nature 94 good parent alluding to the pro-
 verb cited by Miranda in line 120 98 revenue pronounced
 "revèue" 99-100 like . . . it like one who really had these
 things—by repeatedly saying he had them ("into" = unto)
 102 To as to 103-05 out . . . prerogative as a result of his
 acting as my substitute and performing the outward functions
 of royalty with all its prerogatives 109 Absolute Milan Duke
 of Milan in fact 112 dry thirsty

PROSPERO

Mark his condition,° and th' event;° then tell me
If this might be a brother.

MIRANDA

I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother.
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PROSPERO

Now the condition. 120

This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' th' premises°
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine 125
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan,
With all the honors, on my brother. Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to th' purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' th' dead of darkness, 130
The ministers° for th' purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

MIRANDA

Alack, for pity!

I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint°
That wrings mine eyes to't.

PROSPERO

Hear a little further, 135

And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.°

MIRANDA

Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO

Well demanded, wench.

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not, 140
So dear the love my people bore me; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but,
With colors fairer, painted their foul ends.
In few,° they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared 145
A rotten carcass of a butt,° not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,
To cry to th' sea that roared to us; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again, 150
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA

Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you!

PROSPERO

O, a cherubin

Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have decked° the sea with drops full salt, 155
Under my burden groaned; which° raised in me
An undergoing stomach,° to bear up
Against what should ensue.

MIRANDA

How came we ashore?

PROSPERO

By providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that 160
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed

Master of this design, did give us, with

Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities

Which since have steaded° much. So, of his gentleness, 165

Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me

From mine own library with volumes that

I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA

Would I might

But ever see that man!

PROSPERO

Now I arise.

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea sorrow. 170

Here in this island we arrived; and here

Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

Than other princess' can,° that have more time

For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA

Heavens thank you for't! And now I pray you, sir— 175

For still 'tis beating in my mind—your reason

For raising this sea storm?

PROSPERO

Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune

(Now my dear lady)° hath mine enemies

Brought to this shore; and by my prescience 180

I find my zenith° doth depend upon

A most auspicious star, whose influence

If now I court not, but omit,° my fortunes

Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.

Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dullness, 185

And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.

[MIRANDA sleeps.]

Come away,° servant, come! I am ready now.

Approach, my Ariel! Come!

Enter ARIEL.

ARIEL

All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, 190

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride

On the curled clouds. To thy strong bidding task°

Ariel and all his quality.°

150

PROSPERO

Hast thou, spirit,

Performed, to point,° the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL

To every article. 195

I boarded the king's ship. Now on the beak,°

Now in the waist,° the deck,° in every cabin,

I flamed amazement.° Sometime I'd divide

And burn in many places; on the topmast, 200

The yards, and boresprit° would I flame distinctly,°

Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors

O' th' dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary

And sight-outrunning were not. The fire and cracks

Of sulfurous roaring the most mighty Neptune

Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble; 205

Yea, his dread trident shake.

117 condition terms of his pact with Naples; event outcome
123 in . . . premises in return for the guarantees 131
ministers agents 134 hint occasion 138 impertinent
inappropriate 144 few few words 146 butt tub 155 decked
covered (wept salt tears into the sea) 156 which Miranda's
smile 157 undergoing stomach spirit of endurance

165 steaded been of use 173 princess' can princesses can
have 179 Now . . . lady i.e., formerly my foe, now my
patroness 181 zenith apex of fortune 183 omit neglect
187 Come away come from where you are; come here 192
task tax to the utmost 193 quality cohorts (Ariel is leader of
a band of spirits) 194 to point in every detail 196 beak
prow 197 waist amidships; deck poop 198 flamed amaze-
ment struck terror by appearing as (Saint Elmo's) fire 200
boresprit bowsprit; distinctly in different places

PROSPERO My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil°
Would not infect his reason?

ARIEL Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me. The king's son Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring° (then like reeds, not hair),
Was the first man that leapt; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here!"

PROSPERO Why, that's my spirit! 215
But was not this nigh shore?

ARIEL Close by, my master.

PROSPERO
But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL Not a hair perished.
On their sustaining° garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

[Illustrates with a gesture.]

PROSPERO Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed, 225
And all the rest o' th' fleet.

ARIEL Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes,° there she's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stowed,
Who, with a charm joined to their suff'red° labor,
I have left asleep. And for the rest o' th' fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote°
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wracked
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed; but there's more work.
What is the time o' th' day?

ARIEL Past the mid season.°

PROSPERO
At least two glasses.° The time 'twixt six and now 240
Must by us both be spent most precious.

ARIEL
Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,°
Let me remember° thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.

PROSPERO How now? Moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

ARIEL My liberty. 245

PROSPERO
Before the time be out? No more!

ARIEL I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,

207 coil uproar 213 up-staring standing on end 218 sus-
taining buoying them up 229 Bermoothes Bermudas 231
suff'red undergone 234 flote sea 239 mid season noon
240 two glasses two o'clock 242 pains hard tasks 243
remember remind

Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou did promise
To bate me° a full year.

PROSPERO Dost thou forget 250
From what a torment I did free thee?

ARIEL No.

PROSPERO
Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the North,
To do me business in the veins° o' th' earth 255
When it is baked° with frost.

ARIEL I do not, sir.

PROSPERO
Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax,° who with age and envy°
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

ARIEL

No, sir.

220 PROSPERO Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak! 260
Tell me!

ARIEL

Sir, in Argier.°

PROSPERO O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damned witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible 265
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banished. For one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARIEL

Ay, sir.

PROSPERO
This blue-eyed° hag was hither brought with child 270
And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant.
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests,° she did confine thee, 275
By help of her more potent ministers,°
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died 280
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as millwheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hagborn) not honored with
A human shape.

ARIEL Yes, Caliban her son. 285

PROSPERO

Dull thing, I say so! He, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment 290

250 bate me reduce my term of service 255 veins streams
256 baked caked 258 Sycorax name not found elsewhere;
probably derived from Greek *sys*, "sow," and *korax*, which
means both "raven"—see line 324—and "hook"—hence perhaps
"hoop"; envy malice 262 Argier Algiers 270 blue-eyed
referring to the livid color of the eyelid, a sign of pregnancy
275 hests commands 276 her . . . ministers her agents,
spirits more powerful than thou

To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax
 Could not again undo. It was mine art,
 When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
 The pine, and let thee out.

ARIEL I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak 295
 And peg thee in his° knotty entrails till
 Thou hast howled away twelve winters.

ARIEL Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent° to command
 And do my spriting gently.°

PROSPERO Do so; and after two days
 I will discharge thee.

ARIEL That's my noble master! 300
 What shall I do? Say what? What shall I do?

PROSPERO

Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea. Be subject
 To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
 To every eyeball else.° Go take this shape
 And hither come in't. Go! Hence with diligence! 305

Exit [ARIEL].

Awake, dear heart, awake! Thou hast slept well.
 Awake!

MIRANDA

The strangeness of your story put
 Heaviness in me.

PROSPERO Shake it off. Come on.

We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never 310
 Yields us kind answer.

MIRANDA 'Tis a villain, sir,
 I do not love to look on.

PROSPERO But as 'tis,

We cannot miss° him. He does make our fire,
 Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
 That profit us. What, ho! Slave! Caliban! 315
 Thou earth, thou! Speak!

CALIBAN (*Within.*) There's wood enough within.

PROSPERO

Come forth, I say! There's other business for thee.
 Come, thou tortoise! When?°

Enter ARIEL like a water nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint° Ariel,
 Hark in thine ear. [*Whispers.*]

ARIEL My lord, it shall be done. *Exit.* 320

PROSPERO

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
 Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

CALIBAN

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
 With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
 Drop on you both! A southwest blow on ye 325
 And blister you all o'er!

PROSPERO

For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,
 Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up. Urchins°
 Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,°
 All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinched 330
 As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
 Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine by Sycorax my mother,
 Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
 Thou strok'st me and made much of me; wouldst give
 me 335

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
 To name the bigger light, and how the less,
 That burn by day and night. And then I loved thee
 And showed thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
 The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place and fertile. 340
 Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
 Of Sycorax—toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
 For I am all the subjects that you have,
 Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me 345
 The rest o' th' island.

PROSPERO Thou most lying slave,
 Whom stripes° may move, not kindness! I have used
 thee

(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodged thee
 In mine own cell till thou didst seek to violate
 The honor of my child. 350

CALIBAN

O ho, O ho! Would't had been done!
 Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
 This isle with Calibans.

MIRANDA° Abhorrèd slave,

Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
 Being capable of all ill!° I pitied thee, 355
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
 One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
 A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
 With words that made them known. But thy vile race, 360
 Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good
 natures

Could not abide to be with. Therefore wast thou
 Deservedly confined into this rock, who hadst
 Deserved more than a prison.

CALIBAN

You taught me language, and my profit on't 365
 Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid° you
 For learning me your language!

PROSPERO Hagseed, hence!

Fetch us in fuel. And be quick, thou'rt best,°
 To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
 If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly 370
 What I command, I'll rack thee with old° cramps,

296 his its 298 correspondent obedient 299 do . . . gently
 render graciously my services as a spirit 303–04 invisible
 . . . else Ariel is invisible to everyone in the play except
 Prospero; Henslowe's *Diary*, an Elizabethan stage account, lists
 "a robe for to go invisible" 313 miss do without 318 When
 expression of impatience 319 quaint ingenious

328 Urchins goblins in the shape of hedgehogs 329 vast
 . . . work the long, empty stretch of night during which
 malignant spirits are allowed to be active 347 stripes lashes
 353 Miranda many editors transfer this speech to Prospero
 as inappropriate to Miranda 355 capable . . . ill susceptible
 only to evil impressions 366 rid destroy 368 thou'rt best
 you'd better 371 old plenty of (with an additional sugges-
 tion, "such as old people have")

Fill all thy bones with aches,^o make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CALIBAN No, pray thee.

[*Aside.*]

I must obey. His art is of such pow'r
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him. 375

PROSPERO So, slave; hence!
Exit CALIBAN.

Enter FERDINAND; and ARIEL (invisible), playing and singing.

Ariel's song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands.
Curtsied when you have and kissed
The wild waves whist,^o
Foot it featly^o here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!

Burden, dispersedly.^o Bow, wow!

The watchdogs bark. 385

Burden, dispersedly. Bow, wow!

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry cock-a-diddle-dow.

FERDINAND
Where should this music be? I' th' air or th' earth? 390
It sounds no more; and sure it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the King my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion^o
With its sweet air. Thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather; but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel's song.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Burden. Ding-dong.

Hark! Now I hear them—ding-dong bell.

FERDINAND
The ditty does remember my drowned father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.^o I hear it now above me. 410

PROSPERO
The fringed curtains of thine eye advance^o
And say what thou see'st yond.

372 **aches** pronounced "aitches" 379–80 **kissed** . . . **whist** when you have, through the harmony of kissing in the dance, kissed the wild waves into silence (?) when you have kissed in the dance, the wild waves being silenced (?) 381 **featly** nimbly 384 **Burden, dispersedly** an undersong, coming from all parts of the stage; it imitates the barking of dogs and perhaps at the end the crowing of a cock 395 **passion** grief 410 **owes** owns 411 **advance** raise

MIRANDA What is't? A spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

PROSPERO
No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses 415
As we have, such. This gallant which thou see'st
Was in the wrack; and, but he's something stained
With grief (that's beauty's canker), thou mightst call
him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

MIRANDA I might call him 420
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

FERDINAND Most sure, the goddess 425
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain^o upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me^o here. My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is (O you wonder!)
If you be maid or no?

MIRANDA No wonder, sir, 430
But certainly a maid.

FERDINAND My language? Heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PROSPERO How? The best?
What wert thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

FERDINAND
A single^o thing, as I am now, that wonders 435
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wracked.

MIRANDA Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND
Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke of Milan 440
And his brave son^o being twain.^o

PROSPERO [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control^o thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes.^o Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [*To FERDINAND.*] A word, 445
good sir.
I fear you have done yourself some wrong.^o A word!

MIRANDA
Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sighed for. Pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

FERDINAND O, if a virgin, 450
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

PROSPERO Soft, sir! One word more.

425–26 **Vouchsafe** . . . **remain** may my prayer induce you to inform me whether you dwell 428 **bear me** conduct myself 435 **single** (1) solitary (2) helpless 441 **son** the only time Antonio's son is mentioned; **twain** two (of these lords) 442 **control** refute 444 **changed eyes** i.e., fallen in love 446 **done** . . . **wrong** said what is not so

[*Aside.*]

They are both in either's pow'rs. But this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To FERDINAND.*] One word
more! I charge thee

455

That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st° not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

FERDINAND No, as I am a man!

MIRANDA

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

460

PROSPERO Follow me.

[*To MIRANDA.*]

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. [*To FERDINAND.*] Come!

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, withered roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow!

465

FERDINAND No.

I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more pow'r.

He draws, and is charmed from moving.

MIRANDA O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not fearful.°

470

PROSPERO What, I say,
My foot my tutor?° [*To FERDINAND.*] Put thy sword
up, traitor—

Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possessed with guilt! Come, from thy ward!°
For I can here disarm thee with this stick°
And make thy weapon drop.

475

MIRANDA Beseech you, father!

PROSPERO Hence! Hang not on my garments.

MIRANDA Sir, have pity.
I'll be his surety.

PROSPERO Silence! One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor? Hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench!
To th' most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

480

MIRANDA My affections
Are then most humble. I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

PROSPERO [*To FERDINAND.*]

Come on, obey!
Thy nerves° are in their infancy again
And have no vigor in them.

485

FERDINAND So they are.

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

490

457 ow'st ownest 471 gentle . . . fearful of noble birth and
no coward 472 My . . . tutor am I to be instructed by my
inferior 474 ward fighting posture 475 stick his wand
488 nerves sinews

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, not this man's threats
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid. All corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of. Space enough
Have I in such a prison.

495

PROSPERO [*Aside.*]

It works. [*To FERDINAND.*] Come on.

[*To ARIEL.*]

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To FERDINAND.*]
Follow me.

[*To ARIEL.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIRANDA

Be of comfort. 500

My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech. This is unwonted
Which now came from him.

PROSPERO Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds; but then° exactly do
All points of my command.

ARIEL To th' syllable.

505

PROSPERO [*To FERDINAND.*]

Come, follow. [*To MIRANDA.*] Speak not for him.

Exeunt.

A C T I I

Scene I. [*Another part of the island.*]

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

GONZALO

Beseech you, sir, be merry. You have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of° woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant,° and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe. But for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us. Then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with° our comfort.

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN [*Aside to ANTONIO.*] He receives comfort 10
like cold porridge.°

ANTONIO [*Aside to SEBASTIAN.*] The visitor° will not
give him o'er so.°

SEBASTIAN Look, he's winding up the watch of his
wit; by and by it will strike.

15

GONZALO Sir—

SEBASTIAN [*Aside to ANTONIO.*] One. Tell.°

GONZALO

When every grief is entertained, that's° offered
Comes to th' entertainer—

504 then till then

II.i.3 hint of occasion for 5 master . . . merchant captain
of some merchant ship 9 with against 10–11 He . . .
porridge “He” is Alonso; pun on “peace,” since porridge
contained peas 12 visitor spiritual comforter 13 give . . .
so release him so easily 17 One. Tell He has struck one. Keep
count 18 that's that which is

SEBASTIAN A dollar. 20
 GONZALO Dolor comes to him, indeed. You have
 spoken truer than you purposed.
 SEBASTIAN You have taken it wiselier^o than I meant
 you should.
 GONZALO Therefore, my lord— 25
 ANTONIO Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
 ALONSO I prithee, spare.^o
 GONZALO Well, I have done. But yet—
 SEBASTIAN He will be talking.
 ANTONIO Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, 30
 first^o begins to crow?
 SEBASTIAN The old cock.^o
 ANTONIO The cock^orel.^o
 SEBASTIAN Done! The wager?
 ANTONIO A laughter.^o 35
 SEBASTIAN A match!
 ADRIAN Though this island seem to be desert—
 ANTONIO Ha, ha, ha!
 SEBASTIAN So, you're paid.
 ADRIAN Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible— 40
 SEBASTIAN Yet—
 ADRIAN Yet—
 ANTONIO He could not miss't.
 ADRIAN It must needs be of subtle, tender, and deli-
 cate temperance.^o 45
 ANTONIO Temperance was a delicate wench.
 SEBASTIAN Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly
 delivered.
 ADRIAN The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
 SEBASTIAN As if it had lungs, and rotten ones. 50
 ANTONIO Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
 GONZALO Here is everything advantageous to life.
 ANTONIO True; save means to live.
 SEBASTIAN Of that there's none, or little.
 GONZALO How lush and lusty the grass looks! How 55
 green!
 ANTONIO The ground indeed is tawny.
 SEBASTIAN With an eye^o of green in't.
 ANTONIO He misses not much.
 SEBASTIAN No; he doth but mistake the truth totally. 60
 GONZALO But the rarity of it is—which is indeed
 almost beyond credit—
 SEBASTIAN As many vouched rarities are.
 GONZALO That our garments, being, as they were,
 drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their 65
 freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than
 stained with salt water.
 ANTONIO If but one of his pockets could speak,
 would it not say he lies?^o
 SEBASTIAN Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.^o 70
 GONZALO Methinks our garments are now as fresh as
 when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of
 the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

23 **wiselier** i.e., understood my pun 27 **spare** spare your words 30–31 **Which** . . . first let's wager which of the two, Gonzalo or Adrian, will first 32 **old cock** Gonzalo 33 **cock^orel** young cock; i.e., Adrian 35 **laughter** the winner will have the laugh on the loser 45 **temperance** climate (in the next line, a girl's name) 58 **eye** spot (also perhaps Gonzalo's eye) 68–69 **If** . . . **lies** i.e., the insides of Gonzalo's pockets are stained 70 **Ay** . . . **report** unless the pocket were, like a false knave, to receive without resentment the imputation that it is unstained

SEBASTIAN 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper
 well in our return. 75
 ADRIAN Tunis was never graced before with such a
 paragon to^o their queen.
 GONZALO Not since widow Dido's time.
 ANTONIO Widow? A pox o' that! How came that
 "widow" in? Widow Dido! 80
 SEBASTIAN What if he had said "widower Aeneas"^o
 too? Good Lord, how you take it!
 ADRIAN "Widow Dido," said you? You make me
 study of that. She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.
 GONZALO This Tunis, sir, was Carthage. 85
 ADRIAN Carthage?
 GONZALO I assure you, Carthage.
 ANTONIO His word is more than the miraculous
 harp.^o
 SEBASTIAN He hath raised the wall and houses too. 90
 ANTONIO What impossible matter will he make easy
 next?
 SEBASTIAN I think he will carry this island home in
 his pocket and give it his son for an apple.
 ANTONIO And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, 95
 bring forth more islands.
 GONZALO Ay!
 ANTONIO Why, in good time.^o
 GONZALO [To ALONSO.] Sir, we were talking that
 our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at 100
 Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now
 queen.
 ANTONIO And the rarest that e'er came there.
 SEBASTIAN Bate,^o I beseech you, widow Dido.
 ANTONIO O, widow Dido? Ay, widow Dido! 105
 GONZALO Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first
 day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.^o
 ANTONIO That "sort" was well fished for.
 GONZALO When I wore it at your daughter's
 marriage. 110
 ALONSO
 You cram these words into mine ears against
 The stomach of my sense.^o Would I had never
 Married my daughter there! For, coming thence,
 My son is lost; and, in my rate,^o she too,
 Who is so far from Italy removed 115
 I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
 Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
 Hath made his meal on thee?
 FRANCISCO Sir, he may live.
 I saw him beat the surges under him
 And ride upon their backs. He trod the water, 120
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
 The surge most swol'n that met him. His bold head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared

77 to for 80–81 **Widow Dido** . . . "widower Aeneas" the point of the joke is that Dido was a widow, but one does not ordinarily think of her that way; and the same with Aeneas 88–89 **miraculous harp** of Amphion, which raised only the walls of Thebes; whereas Gonzalo has rebuilt the whole ancient city of Carthage by identifying it mistakenly with modern Tunis 98 **Why** . . . **time** hearing Gonzalo reaffirm his false statement about Tunis and Carthage, Antonio suggests that Gonzalo will indeed, at the first opportunity, carry this island home in his pocket 104 **Bate** except 107 **in a sort** so to speak 111–12 **against** . . . **sense** though my mind (or feelings) have no appetite for them 114 **rate** opinion

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore, that o'er his° wave-worn basis bowed,° 125
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
He came alive to land.

ALONSO No, no, he's gone.

SEBASTIAN [*To ALONSO.*]

Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loose her to an African, 130
Where she, at least, is banished from your eye
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

ALONSO Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

You were kneeled to and importuned otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weighed, between loathness and obedience, at 135
Which end o' th' beam should bow.° We have lost
your son,
I fear, forever. Milan and Naples have
Moe° widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them.
The fault's your own.

ALONSO So is the dear'st° o' th' loss. 140

GONZALO

My Lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in. You rub the sore
When you should bring the plaster.

SEBASTIAN Very well.

ANTONIO

And most chirurgically.° 145

GONZALO [*To ALONSO.*]

It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

SEBASTIAN [*Aside to ANTONIO.*] Foul weather?

ANTONIO [*Aside to SEBASTIAN.*] Very foul.

GONZALO

Had I plantation° of this isle, my lord—

ANTONIO

He'd sow't with nettle seed.

SEBASTIAN Or docks, or mallows.

GONZALO

And were the king on't, what would I do? 150

SEBASTIAN

Scape being drunk for want of wine.

GONZALO

I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries°
Execute all things. For no kind of traffic°
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters° should not be known; riches, poverty, 155
And use of service,° none; contract, succession,°
Bourn,° bound of land, tilth,° vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;

And women too, but innocent and pure; 160

No sovereignty.

SEBASTIAN Yet he would be king on't.

ANTONIO The latter end of his commonwealth for-
gets the beginning.

GONZALO

All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor. Treason, felony, 165
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine°
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it° own kind, all foison,° all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

SEBASTIAN No marrying 'mong his subjects? 170

ANTONIO None, man, all idle—whores and knaves.

GONZALO

I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T' excel the Golden Age.

SEBASTIAN [*Loudly.*] Save his majesty!

ANTONIO [*Loudly.*]

Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO And—do you mark me, sir?

ALONSO

Prithee, no more. Thou dost talk nothing to me. 175

GONZALO I do well believe your highness; and did it
to minister occasion° to these gentlemen, who are of
such sensible° and nimble lungs that they always use to
laugh at nothing.

ANTONIO 'Twas you we laughed at. 180

GONZALO Who in this kind of merry fooling am
nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at
nothing still.

ANTONIO What a blow was there given!

SEBASTIAN And° it had not fall'n flatlong.° 185

GONZALO You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you
would lift the moon out of her sphere if she would
continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL [invisible] playing solemn music.

SEBASTIAN We would so, and then go a-batfowling.°

ANTONIO Nay, good my lord, be not angry. 190

GONZALO No, I warrant you; I will not adventure
my discretion so weakly.° Will you laugh me asleep?
For I am very heavy.

ANTONIO Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO.*]

ALONSO

What, all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes 195
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts. I find
They are inclined to do so.

SEBASTIAN Please you, sir,

Do not omit° the heavy offer of it.
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

125 **his** its; **wave-worn basis bowed** the image is of a guardian cliff on the shore 135–36 **Weighed** . . . **bow** Claribel's unwillingness to marry was outweighed by her obedience to her father 138 **Moe** more 140 **dear'st** intensifies the meaning of the noun 145 **chirurgically** like a surgeon 148 **plantation** colonization (Antonio then puns by taking the word in its other sense) 152 **contraries** in contrast to the usual customs 153 **traffic** trade 155 **Letters** learning 156 **service** servants; **succession** inheritance 157 **Bourn** boundary; **tilth** agriculture

166 **engine** weapon 168 **it** its; **foison** abundance 177 **minister occasion** afford opportunity 178 **sensible** sensitive 185 **And if; flatlong** with the flat of the sword 189 **We** . . . **a-batfowling** We would use the moon for a lantern in order to hunt birds at night by attracting them with a light and beating them down with bats; i.e., in order to gull simpletons like you (?) 191–92 **adventure** . . . **weakly** risk my reputation for good sense because of your weak wit 198 **omit** neglect

Much feater^o than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

SEBASTIAN

But, for your conscience—

ANTONIO

Ay, sir, where lies that? If 'twere a kibe,^o
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon—
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead^o—
Whom I with this obedient steel (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed forever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink^o for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock^o to any business that
We say befits the hour.

SEBASTIAN

Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent. As thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,
And I the king shall love thee.

ANTONIO

Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo. [*They draw.*]

SEBASTIAN

O, but one word!

Enter ARIEL [invisible] with music and song.

ARIEL

My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in, and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.
Awake, awake!

ANTONIO

Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO

[*Wakes.*] Now good angels
Preserve the king!

[*The others wake.*]

ALONSO

Why, how now? Ho, awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GONZALO

What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN

Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions. Did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALONSO

I heard nothing.

ANTONIO

O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! Sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALONSO

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

320

280

GONZALO

Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shook you, sir, and cried. As mine eyes opened,
I saw their weapons drawn. There was a noise,
That's verily.^o 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.

325

ALONSO

Lead off this ground, and let's make further search
For my poor son.

290

GONZALO

Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

ALONSO

Lead away.

ARIEL

Prospero my lord shall know what I have done.
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

330

295

Scene II. [*Another part of the island.*]

Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

CALIBAN

300

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inchmeal^o a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows,^o pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand,^o in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em. But
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes that mow^o and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

5

305

10

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo, now, lo!

310

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat.
Perchance he will not mind me.

15

[*Lies down.*]

TRINCULO Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off^o
any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I
hear it sing i' th' wind. Yond same black cloud,
yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard^o that
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did
before, I know not where to hide my head. Yond
same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What
have we here? A man or a fish? Dead or alive? A

25

325 verily the truth

II.ii.3 By inchmeal inch by inch 5 urchin shows impish
apparitions 6 like a firebrand in the form of a will-o'-the-
wisp 9 mow make faces 18 bear off ward off 21 bom-
bard large leather jug

277 feater more becomingly 280 kibe chilblain on the heel
286 that's dead that is, if he were dead 289 wink eye-shut
293 tell the clock say yes

fish! He smells like a fish; a very ancient and fishlike smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor John.^o A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted,^o not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man;^o any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit^o to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! And his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer. This is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! My best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

[*Creeps under Caliban's garment.*]

Enter STEPHANO, singing, [a bottle in his hand.]

STEPHANO I shall no more to sea, to sea;

Here shall I die ashore.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral.
Well, here's my comfort.

Drinks.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,

The gunner, and his mate,

Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us cared for Kate.

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, "Go hang!"

She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch;

Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort.

Drinks.

CALIBAN Do not torment me! O!

STEPHANO What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Inde, ha? I have not 'scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs. For it hath been said, "As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground"; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at' nostrils.^o

CALIBAN The spirit torments me. O!

STEPHANO This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover^o him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.^o

CALIBAN Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

STEPHANO He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle; if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his

fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much^o for him. He shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

CALIBAN Thou dost me yet but little hurt. Thou wilt anon;^o I know it by thy trembling.^o Now Prosper works upon thee.

STEPHANO Come on your ways, open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat.^o Open your mouth. This will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly. [*Gives CALIBAN drink.*] You cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps^o again.

TRINCULO I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils. O, defend me!

STEPHANO Four legs and two voices—a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come! [*Gives drink.*] Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRINCULO Stephano!

STEPHANO Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster. I will leave him; I have no long spoon.^o

TRINCULO Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo—be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. [*Draws him out from under Caliban's garment.*]

Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege^o of this mooncalf?^o Can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead mooncalf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

STEPHANO Prithee do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

CALIBAN [*Aside.*]

These be fine things, and if^o they be not sprites.

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.

I will kneel to him.

STEPHANO How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard—by this bottle which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

CALIBAN I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

STEPHANO Here! Swear then how thou escap'dst.

TRINCULO Swum ashore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STEPHANO Here, kiss the book. [*Gives him drink.*] Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

77-78 not . . . much too much will not be enough
anon soon; trembling Trinculo is shaking with fear
cat alluding to the proverb "Liquor will make a cat talk"
87 chaps jaws 100 long spoon alluding to the proverb "He who sups with (i.e., from the same dish as) the devil must have a long spoon" 108 siege excrement; mooncalf monstrosity 117 and if if

27 Poor John dried hake 29 painted i.e., as a sign hung outside a booth at a fair 31 make a man pun: make a man's fortune 32 doit smallest coin 63 at' nostrils at the nostrils 68 recover cure 70-71 neat's leather cowhide

TRINCULO O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STEPHANO The whole butt, man. My cellar is in a rock by th' seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, 135 mooncalf? How does thine ague?

CALIBAN Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

STEPHANO Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the Man i' th' Moon when time was.°

CALIBAN

I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee. 140

My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.°

STEPHANO Come, swear to that; kiss the book. [Gives him drink.] I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

[CALIBAN drinks.]

TRINCULO By this good light, this is a very shallow 145 monster! I afeard of him? A very weak monster! The Man i' th' Moon? A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn,° monster, in good sooth!

CALIBAN

I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;

And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god. 150

TRINCULO, By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! When's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

CALIBAN

I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.

STEPHANO Come on then. Down, and swear! 155

TRINCULO I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him—

STEPHANO Come, kiss.

TRINCULO But that the poor monster's in drink. An 160 abominable monster!

CALIBAN

I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries; I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, 165 Thou wondrous man.

TRINCULO A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

CALIBAN

I prithee let me bring thee where crabs° grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts,° 170

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee

To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamels° from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

STEPHANO I prithee now, lead the way without any 175 more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

CALIBAN sings drunkenly.

CALIBAN Farewell, master; farewell, farewell! 180

139 when time was once upon a time 141-42 thee . . . bush the Man in the Moon was banished there, according to legend, for gathering brushwood with his dog on Sunday 148 Well drawn a good pull at the bottle 169 crabs crab-apples 170 pignuts earthnuts 174 scamels perhaps a misprint for "seamels" or "seamews," a kind of sea bird

TRINCULO A howling monster! A drunken monster!

CALIBAN

No more dams° I'll make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering,° nor wash dish. 185

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban

Has a new master. Get a new man!

Freedom, high day! High day, freedom! Freedom, high day, freedom!

STEPHANO O brave monster! Lead the way. *Exeunt.* 190

ACT III

Scene I. [In front of Prospero's cell.]

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

FERDINAND

There be some sports are painful, and their labor Delight in them sets off;° some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me as odious, but 5

The mistress which I serve quickens° what's dead

And makes my labors pleasures. O, she is

Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;

And he's composed of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs and pile them up, 10

Upon a sore injunction.° My sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness

Had never like executor. I forget;°

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors,

Most busiest when I do it.°

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO [behind, unseen].

MIRANDA

Alas, now pray you, 15

Work not so hard! I would the lightning had

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile!

Pray set it down and rest you. When this burns,

'Twill weep° for having wearied you. My father

Is hard at study; pray now rest yourself; 20

He's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND

O most dear mistress,

The sun will set before I shall discharge

What I must strive to do.

MIRANDA

If you'll sit down,

I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that;

I'll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND

No, precious creature, 25

I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,

Than you should such dishonor undergo

While I sit lazy by.

182 dams to catch fish and keep them 185 trenchering trenchers, wooden plates

III.i.2 sets off cancels 6 quickens brings to life 11 sore injunction severe command 13 forget i.e., my task 15 Most . . . it i.e., my thoughts are busiest when I am (the Folio's "busie lest" has been variously emended; "it" may refer to "task," line 4, the understood object in line 13) 19 weep i.e., exude resin

MIRANDA It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it, 30
And yours it is against.

PROSPERO [*Aside.*] Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation^o shows it.

MIRANDA You look wearily.

FERDINAND
No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night.^o I do beseech you,
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers, 35
What is your name?

MIRANDA Miranda. O my father,
I have broke your hest^o to say so!

FERDINAND Admired Miranda!^o
Indeed the top of admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time 40
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear. For several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,^o 45
And put it to the foil.^o But you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

MIRANDA I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own. Nor have I seen 50
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad
I am skillless^o of; but, by my modesty
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you; 55
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of.^o But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

FERDINAND I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king 60
(I would not so), and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The fleshfly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak!
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides, 65
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

MIRANDA Do you love me?

FERDINAND
O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event^o 70
If I speak true! If hollowly, invert
What best is boded me^o to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honor you.

MIRANDA I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

32 visitation (1) visit (2) attack of plague (referring to metaphor of "infected") 34 at night i.e., even at night when I am very tired 37 hest command; Admired Miranda admired means "to be wondered at"; the Latin *Miranda* means "wonderful" 45 owed owned 46 put . . . foil defeated it 53 skillless ignorant 57 like of like 69 event outcome 71 What . . . me whatever good fortune fate has in store for me

PROSPERO [*Aside.*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace 75
On that which breeds between 'em!

FERDINAND Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA
At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want.^o But this is trifling;^o
And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow^o
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant, 85
Whether you will or no.

FERDINAND My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA My husband then?

FERDINAND
Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom.^o Here's my hand.

MIRANDA
And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell 90
Till half an hour hence.

FERDINAND A thousand thousand!
Exeunt [FERDINAND and MIRANDA in different directions].

PROSPERO
So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal;^o but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet ere suppertime must I perform 95
Much business appertaining.^o *Exit.*

Scene II. [*Another part of the island.*]

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

STEPHANO Tell not me! When the butt is out, we
will drink water; not a drop before. Therefore bear up
and board 'em!^o Servant monster, drink to me.

TRINCULO Servant monster? The folly of this island!
They say there's but five upon this isle; we are three 5
of them. If th' other two be brained like us, the state
totters.

STEPHANO Drink, servant monster, when I bid thee;
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

TRINCULO Where should they be set else? He were a 10
brave monster indeed if they were set in his tail.

STEPHANO My man-monster hath drowned his
tongue in sack. For my part, the sea cannot drown me.
I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty
leagues off and on, by this light. Thou shalt be my 15
lieutenant, monster, or my standard.^o

TRINCULO Your lieutenant, if you list;^o he's no
standard.

STEPHANO We'll not run,^o Monsieur Monster.

79 to want if I lack; trifling i.e., to speak in riddles like this
84 fellow equal 89 of freedom i.e., to win freedom 93
withal by it 96 appertaining i.e., to my plan
III.ii.2-3 bear . . . 'em i.e., drink up 16 standard standard-
bearer, ensign (pun, since Caliban is so drunk he cannot stand)
17 if you list if it please you (with pun on *list* as pertaining
to a ship that leans over to one side)

TRINCULO Nor go° neither; but you'll lie° like dogs, 20
and yet say nothing neither.

STEPHANO Mooncalf, speak once in thy life, if thou
beest a good mooncalf.

CALIBAN How does thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe.
I'll not serve him; he is not valiant. 25

TRINCULO Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am
in case° to justle° a constable. Why, thou deboshed°
fish thou, was there ever man a coward that hath
drunk so much sack as I today? Wilt thou tell a
monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster? 30

CALIBAN Lo, how he mocks me! Wilt thou let him,
my lord?

TRINCULO "Lord" quoth he? That a monster should
be such a natural!°

CALIBAN
Lo, lo, again! Bite him to death, I prithee. 35

STEPHANO Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your
head. If you prove a mutineer—the next tree!° The
poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer
indignity.

CALIBAN
I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased 40
To hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

STEPHANO Marry,° will I. Kneel and repeat it; I will
stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

CALIBAN
As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath 45
Cheated me of the island.

ARIEL
Thou liest.

CALIBAN Thou liest, thou jesting monkey thou!
I would my valiant master would destroy thee.
I do not lie.

STEPHANO Trinculo, if you trouble him any more 50
in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your
teeth.

TRINCULO Why, I said nothing.

STEPHANO Mum then, and no more. Proceed.

CALIBAN
I say by sorcery he got this isle; 55
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing° dare not—

STEPHANO That's most certain.

CALIBAN
Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee. 60

STEPHANO
How now shall this be compassed?
Canst thou bring me to the party?

CALIBAN
Yea, yea, my lord! I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

ARIEL Thou liest; thou canst not. 65

CALIBAN

What a pied° ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!°
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him. When that's gone,
He shall drink naught but brine, for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes° are. 70

STEPHANO Trinculo, run into no further danger!
Interrupt the monster one word further and, by this
hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a
stockfish° of thee.

TRINCULO Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go 75
farther off.

STEPHANO Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL Thou liest.

STEPHANO Do I so? Take thou that! [*Strikes TRIN-*
CULO.] As you like this, give me the lie another time. 80

TRINCULO I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits,
and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! This can sack
and drinking do. A murrain° on your monster, and
the devil take your fingers!

CALIBAN Ha, ha, ha! 85

STEPHANO Now forward with your tale. [*To*
TRINCULO.] Prithee, stand further off.

CALIBAN
Beat him enough. After a little time
I'll beat him too.

STEPHANO Stand farther. Come, proceed.

CALIBAN
Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him 90
I' th' afternoon to sleep. There thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch° him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand° with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them 95
He's but a sot,° as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils° (for so he calls them)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal. 100

And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter. He himself
Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax 105
As great'st does least.

STEPHANO Is it so brave a lass?

CALIBAN
Ay, lord. She will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

STEPHANO Monster, I will kill this man. His daughter
and I will be king and queen—save our graces!—and 110
Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like
the plot, Trinculo?

TRINCULO Excellent.

STEPHANO Give me thy hand. I am sorry I beat thee;
but while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head. 115

19–20 run, lie with puns on secondary meanings: "make water," "excrete" 20 go walk 27 case fit condition; justle jostle; deboshed debauched 34 natural idiot 37 the next tree i.e., you will be hanged 42 Marry an expletive, from "By the Virgin Mary" 58 this thing Trinculo

66 pied referring to Trinculo's parti-colored jester's costume; patch clown 70 quick freshes living springs of fresh water 74 stockfish dried cod, softened by beating 83 murrain plague (that infects cattle) 93 paunch stab in the belly 94 wezand windpipe 96 sot fool 99 brave utensils fine furnishings (pronounced "útensils")

CALIBAN

Within this half hour will he be asleep.

Wilt thou destroy him then?

STEPHANO

Ay, on mine honor.

ARIEL

This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN

Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure.

Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch°

You taught me but whilere?°

STEPHANO At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
any reason.° Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

Sings.

Flout 'em and scout° 'em

And scout 'em and flout 'em!

Thought is free.

CALIBAN

That's not the tune.

ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor° and pipe.*

STEPHANO What is this same?

TRINCULO This is the tune of our catch, played by the
picture of Nobody.°STEPHANO If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy
likeness. If thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

TRINCULO O, forgive me my sins!

STEPHANO He that dies pays all debts. I defy thee.
Mercy upon us!

CALIBAN

Art thou afeard?

STEPHANO No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.STEPHANO This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.

CALIBAN

When Prospero is destroyed.

STEPHANO That shall be by and by; I remember the
story.TRINCULO The sound is going away; let's follow it,
and after do our work.STEPHANO Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I
could see this taborer; he lays it on.TRINCULO [To CALIBAN.] Wilt come?° I'll follow
Stephano.

120 troll the catch sing the round 121 but whilere just now
122-23 reason, any reason i.e., anything within reason 124
scout jeer at 127 s.d. tabor small drum worn at the side
130 Nobody alluding to the picture of No-body—a man all
head, legs, and arms, but without trunk—on the title page of
the anonymous comedy *No-body and Some-body* 156 Wilt
come Caliban lingers because the other two are being
distracted from his purpose by the music

Scene III. [Another part of the island.]

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, &c.

GONZALO

By'r Lakin,° I can go no further, sir;
My old bones aches. Here's a maze trod indeed
Through forthrights and meanders.° By your patience,
I needs must rest me.

ALONSO

Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attached° with weariness
To th' dulling of my spirits. Sit down and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer. He is drowned
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANTONIO [Aside to SEBASTIAN.]

I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not for one repulse forgo the purpose
That you resolved t' effect.SEBASTIAN [Aside to ANTONIO.] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.°ANTONIO [Aside to SEBASTIAN.] Let it be tonight;
For, now they are oppressed with travel, they
Will not nor cannot use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.SEBASTIAN [Aside to ANTONIO.] I say tonight. No
more.

*Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO on the top°
(invisible). Enter several strange SHAPES, bringing in a
banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations;
and, inviting the king [ALONSO] &c. to eat, they depart.*

ALONSO

What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

GONZALO

Marvelous sweet music!

ALONSO

Give us kind keepers,° heavens! What were these?

SEBASTIAN

A living drollery.° Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

ANTONIO

I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit,° come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travelers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

GONZALO

If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me
If I should say I saw such islanders?
(For certes these are people of the island)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many—nay, almost any.

PROSPERO [Aside.] Honest lord,

III.iii.i By'r Lakin by our Lady 3 forthrights and mean-
ders straight and winding paths 5 attached seized 14
thoroughly thoroughly 17 s.d. the top upper stage(or perhaps
a playing area above it) 20 kind keepers guardian angels
21 drollery puppet show 25 credit believing

- Thou hast said well; for some of you there present 35
Are worse than devils.
- ALONSO I cannot too much muse°
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
- PROSPERO [Aside.] Praise in departing.°
- FRANCISCO
They vanished strangely.
- SEBASTIAN No matter, since 40
They have left their viands behind; for we have
stomachs.
Will't please you taste of what is here?
- ALONSO Not I.
- GONZALO
Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dewlapp'd° like bulls, whose throats had hanging at
'em 45
Wallets of flesh? Or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? Which now we
find
Each putter-out of five for one° will bring us
Good warrant of.
- ALONSO I will stand to, and feed;
Although my last, no matter, since I feel 50
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.
- Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and with a quaint device° the banquet vanishes.*
- ARIEL
You are three men of sin, whom destiny—
That hath to instrument° this lower world
And what is in't—the never-surfeited sea 55
Hath caused to belch up you and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with suchlike valor° men hang and drown
Their proper selves. [ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, &c. draw
their swords.] You fools! I and my fellows 60
Are ministers of Fate. The elements,
Of whom your swords are tempered,° may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at stabs
Kill the still-closing° waters, as diminish
One dowle° that's in my plume.° My fellow ministers 65
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,°
Your swords are now too massy° for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember
(For that's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero; 70
- Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,°
Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed
The pow'rs, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso, 75
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls 80
Upon your heads, is nothing but heart's sorrow°
And a clear life ensuing.
- He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the SHAPES again, and dance with mocks and mows,° and carrying out the table.*
- PROSPERO
Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Performed, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring.°
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated° 85
In what thou hadst to say. So, with good life°
And observation strange,° my meaner ministers°
Their several kinds have done.° My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions. They now are in my pow'r; 90
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drowned,
And his and mine loved darling. [Exit above.]
- GONZALO
I' th' name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?
- ALONSO O, it is monstrous, monstrous! 95
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.°
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and 100
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded. Exit.
- SEBASTIAN But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er!°
- ANTONIO I'll be thy second.
Exeunt [SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO].
- GONZALO
All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after, 105
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy°
May now provoke them to.
- ADRIAN Follow, I pray you.
Exeunt omnes.

36 muse wonder at 39 Praise in departing Save your
praise for the end 45 Dewlapp'd with skin hanging from
the neck (like mountaineers with goiter) 48 putter-out . . .
one traveler who insures himself by depositing a sum of
money to be repaid fivefold if he returns safely (i.e., any
ordinary traveler will confirm nowadays those reports we used
to think fanciful) 52 s.d. quaint device ingenious device (of
stage mechanism) 54 to instrument as its instrument 59
suchlike valor i.e., the courage that comes of madness 62
tempered composed 64 still-closing ever closing again (as
soon as wounded) 65 dowle bit of down; plume plumage
66 If . . . hurt even if you could hurt us 67 massy heavy

71 requit it avenged that crime 81 nothing . . . sorrow
only repentance (will protect you from the wrath of these
powers) 82 s.d. mocks and mows mocking gestures and
grimaces 84 devouring i.e., in making the banquet disappear
85 bated omitted 86 good life good lifelike acting 87
observation strange remarkable attention to my wishes;
meaner ministers i.e., inferior to Ariel 88 Their . . . done
have acted the parts their natures suited them for 99 bass my
trespass i.e., made me understand my trespass by turning it
into music for which the thunder provided the bass part 103
o'er one after another to the last 108 ecstasy madness

A C T I V

Scene I. [*In front of Prospero's cell.*]*Enter* PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

PROSPERO

If I have too austere^{ly} punished you,
 Your compensation makes amends; for I
 Have given you here a third of mine own life,
 Or that for which I live; who once again
 I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
 Hast strangely^o stood the test. Here, afore heaven,
 I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
 Do not smile at me that I boast her off,^o
 For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
 And make it halt^o behind her.

FERDINAND

I do believe it

Against an oracle.^o

PROSPERO

Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
 Worthily purchased, take my daughter. But
 If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
 All sanctimonious^o ceremonies may
 With full and holy rite be minist[']red,
 No sweet aspersion^o shall the heavens let fall
 To make this contract grow;^o but barren hate,
 Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
 That you shall hate it both. Therefore take heed,
 As Hymen's lamps shall light you.^o

FERDINAND

As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
 The most opportune^o place, the strong'st suggestion
 Our worser genius can,^o shall never melt
 Mine honor into lust, to take away
 The edge^o of that day's celebration
 When I shall think or Phoebus' steeds are foundered^o 30
 Or Night kept chained below.^o

PROSPERO

Fairly spoke.

Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
 What, Ariel!^o My industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

ARIEL

What would my potent master? Here I am.

PROSPERO

Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
 Did worthily perform; and I must use you
 In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,^o
 O'er whom I give thee pow'r, here to this place.

IV.i.7 **strangely** wonderfully 9 **boast her off** includes perhaps the idea of showing her off 11 **halt** limp 12 **Against an oracle** though an oracle should declare otherwise 16 **sanctimonious** holy 18 **aspersion** blessing (like rain on crops) 19 **grow** become fruitful 23 **As Hymen's . . . you** i.e., as earnestly as you pray that the torch of the god of marriage shall burn without smoke (a good omen for wedded happiness) 26 **opportune** pronounced "oppórtune" 27 **Our . . . can** our evil spirit can offer 29 **edge** keen enjoyment 30 **foundered** lamed 30-31 **or Phoebus' . . . below** i.e., that either day will never end or night will never come 33 **What, Ariel** summoning Ariel 37 **rabble** "thy meaner fellows"

Incite them to quick motion; for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity of^o mine art. It is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

40

ARIEL

Presently?

PROSPERO

Ay, with a twink.

ARIEL

Before you can say "Come" and "Go,"
 And breathe twice and cry, "So, so,"
 Each one, tripping on his toe,
 Will be here with mop and mow.^o
 Do you love me, master? No?

45

PROSPERO

Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
 Till thou dost hear me call.

10

ARIEL

Well; I conceive.^o *Exit.* 50

PROSPERO

Look thou be true.^o Do not give dalliance
 Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
 To th' fire i' th' blood. Be more abstemious,
 Or else good night your vow!

15

FERDINAND

I warrant you, sir.

The white cold virgin snow upon my heart^o
 Abates the ardor of my liver.^o

55

PROSPERO

Well.

Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary^o
 Rather than want a spirit. Appear, and pertly!
 No tongue! All eyes! Be silent.

20

Soft music. Enter IRIS.^o

IRIS

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas^o
 Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches,^o oats, and peas;
 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
 And flat meads thatched with stover,^o them to keep;
 Thy banks with pionèd and twillèd brims,^o
 Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom
 groves,
 Whose shadow the dismissèd bachelor loves,
 Being lasslorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;^o
 And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
 Where thou thyself dost air^o—the queen o' th' sky,^o
 Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
 Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,

60

65

70

JUNO descends.^o

Here on this grass plot, in this very place,

35

41 **vanity of** illusion conjured up by 47 **mop and mow** gestures and grimaces 50 **conceive** understand 51 **be true** Prospero appears to have caught the lovers in an embrace 55 **white . . . heart** her pure white breast on mine (?) 56 **liver** supposed seat of sexual passion 57 **corollary** surplus (of spirits) 59 **s.d. Iris** goddess of the rainbow and Juno's messenger 60 **leas** meadows 61 **fetches** vetch (a kind of forage) 63 **meads . . . stover** meadows covered with a kind of grass used for winter fodder 64 **pionèd . . . brims** obscure; may refer to the trenched and ridged edges of banks that have been repaired after the erosions of winter 68 **pole-clipt vineyard** i.e., vineyard whose vines grow neatly around (embrace) poles (though possibly the word is "poll-clipped," i.e., pruned) 70 **air** take the air; **queen o' th' sky** Juno 72 **s.d.** this direction seems to come too soon, but the machine may have lowered her very slowly

To come and sport; her peacocks fly amain.^o
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

CERES

Hail, many-colored messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter,
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flow'rs
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing show'rs,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky^o acres and my unshrubbed down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth. Why hath thy queen
Summoned me hither to this short-grassed green?

IRIS

A contract of true love to celebrate
And some donation freely to estate^o
On the blessed lovers.

CERES

Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,^o
Her and her blind boy's scandaled^o company
I have forsworn.

IRIS

Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos,^o and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted. But in vain;
Mars's hot minion is returned again;^o
Her waspish-headed son^o has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows
And be a boy right out.^o

[JUNO alights.]

CERES

Highest queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

JUNO

How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honored in their issue.

They sing.

JUNO

Honor, riches, marriage blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still^o upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

[CERES]

Earth's increase, foison^o plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clust'ring bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest.^o
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

74 **amain** swiftly (peacocks, sacred to Juno, drew her chariot)
81 **bosky** shrubbed 85 **estate** bestow 89 **dusky** . . . got
alluding to the abduction of Proserpine by Pluto (Dis), god of
the underworld 90 **scandaled** scandalous 93 **Paphos** in
Cyprus, center of Venus' cult 98 **Mars's** . . . again Mars's
lustful mistress (Venus) is on her way back to Paphos 99
waspish-headed son Cupid is irritable and stings with his
arrows 101 **boy right out** an ordinary boy 108 **still** ever
110 **foison** abundance 114-15 **Spring** . . . **harvest** i.e.,
May there be no winter in your lives

FERDINAND

75 This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

PROSPERO

Spirits, which by mine art

120

I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.

FERDINAND

Let me live here ever!

80 So rare a wond'red^o father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment.

PROSPERO

Sweet now, silence!

Juno and Ceres whisper seriously.

125

85 There's something else to do. Hush and be mute,
Or else our spell is marred.

IRIS

You nymphs, called Naiades, of the windring^o brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp^o channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

130

Enter certain NYMPHS.

You sunburned sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry.
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter everyone
In country footing.^o

135

*Enter certain REAPERS, properly habited. They join with
the NYMPHS in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof
PROSPERO starts suddenly and speaks;^o after which, to a
strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily^o vanish.*

PROSPERO [Aside.]

I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life. The minute of their plot
Is almost come. [To the SPIRITS.] Well done! Avoid!^o
No more!

140

105

FERDINAND

This is strange. Your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

MIRANDA

Never till this day

Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.^o

145

PROSPERO

110

You do look, my son, in a movèd sort,^o
As if you were dismayed; be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air;

150

115

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit,^o shall dissolve,

123 **wond'red** possessed of wonders; i.e., both wonderful and
wonder-working, and therefore to be wondered at 128
windring winding and wandering (?) 130 **crisp** rippling
138 **footing** dance 138 **s.d. speaks** breaking the spell, which
depends on silence; **heavily** reluctantly 142 **Avoid** Begone!
145 **distempered** violent 146 **movèd sort** troubled state
154 **it inherit** occupy it

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack° behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed.
 Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
 Be not disturbed with my infirmity.
 If you be pleased, retire into my cell
 And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk
 To still my beating mind.

FERDINAND, MIRANDA We wish your peace.
Exit [FERDINAND, with MIRANDA].

PROSPERO
 Come with a thought! I thank thee,° Ariel. Come.
Enter ARIEL.

ARIEL
 Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

PROSPERO Spirit, 165
 We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL
 Ay, my commander. When I presented° Ceres,
 I thought to have told thee of it, but I feared
 Lest I might anger thee.

PROSPERO
 Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?°

ARIEL
 I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
 So full of valor that they smote the air
 For breathing in their faces, beat the ground
 For kissing of their feet; yet always bending°
 Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
 At which like unbacked° colts they pricked their ears,
 Advanced° their eyelids, lifted up their noses
 As they smelt music. So I charmed their ears
 That calflike they my lowing followed through
 Toothed briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss,° and
 thorns, 175
 Which ent' red their frail shins. At last I left them
 I' th' filthy mantled° pool beyond your cell,
 There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
 O'erstunk their feet.

PROSPERO This was well done, my bird.
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still.
 The trumpery° in my house, go bring it hither
 For stale° to catch these thieves.

ARIEL I go, I go. *Exit.*

PROSPERO
 A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
 Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost!
 And as with age his body uglier grows,
 So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
 Even to roaring.

Enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, &c.

Come, hang them on this line.°

155 [PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible.] *Enter CALI-*
BAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

CALIBAN

Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole may not
 Hear a foot fall. We now are near his cell. 195

STEPHANO Monster, your fairy, which you say is a
 harmless fairy, has done little better than played the
 Jack° with us.

TRINCULO Monster, I do smell all horse piss, at which
 my nose is in great indignation. 200

STEPHANO So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I
 should take a displeasure against you, look you—

TRINCULO Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN

Good my lord, give me thy favor still.
 Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to 205
 Shall hoodwink° this mischance. Therefore speak
 softly.

All's hushed as midnight yet.

TRINCULO Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—

STEPHANO There is not only disgrace and dishonor in
 that, monster, but an infinite loss. 210

TRINCULO That's more to me than my wetting. Yet
 this is your harmless fairy, monster.

STEPHANO I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er
 ears° for my labor.

CALIBAN

Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here? 215
 This is the mouth o' th' cell. No noise, and enter.
 Do that good mischief which may make this island
 Thine own forever, and I, thy Caliban,
 For aye thy footlicker.

STEPHANO Give me thy hand. I do begin to have 220
 bloody thoughts.

TRINCULO O King Stephano! O peer!° O worthy
 Stephano, look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN

Let it alone, thou fool! It is but trash.
 TRINCULO O, ho, monster! We know what belongs 225
 to a frippery.° O King Stephano!

STEPHANO Put off that gown, Trinculo! By this
 hand, I'll have that gown!

TRINCULO Thy grace shall have it.

CALIBAN

The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean 230
 To dote thus on such luggage?° Let't alone,
 And do the murder first. If he awake,
 From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
 Make us strange stuff.

STEPHANO Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not 235
 this my jerkin?° [Takes it down.] Now is the jerkin
 under the line.° Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your
 hair and prove a bald jerkin.°

156 rack wisp of cloud 164 I thank thee i.e., for the masque
 (?) 167 presented acted the part of (?) introduced (?) 170
 varlets ruffians 174 bending directing their steps 176
 unbacked unbroken 177 Advanced lifted up 180 goss gorse
 182 filthy mantled covered with filthy scum 186 trumpery
 the "glistering apparel" mentioned in the next stage direction
 187 stale decoy 193 line lime tree (linden)

198 Jack (1) knave (2) jack-o'-lantern, will-o'-the-wisp 206
 hoodwink put out of sight 213-14 o'er ears i.e., over
 my ears in water 222 peer alluding to the song "King Stephen
 was and a worthy peer;/His breeches cost him but a crown,"
 quoted in *Othello* II.iii 226 frippery old-clothes shop; i.e.,
 we are good judges of castoff clothes 231 luggage useless
 encumbrances 236 jerkin kind of jacket 237 under the
 line pun: (1) under the lime tree (2) under the equator 238
 bald jerkin sailors proverbially lost their hair from fevers
 contracted while crossing the equator

TRINCULO Do, do!° We steal by line and level,°
and't like° your grace. 240

STEPHANO I thank thee for that jest. Here's a garment
for't. Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of
this country. "Steal by line and level" is an excellent
pass of pate.° There's another garment for't.

TRINCULO Monster, come put some lime° upon your 245
fingers, and away with the rest.

CALIBAN

I will have none on't. We shall lose our time
And all be turned to barnacles,° or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

STEPHANO Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear 250
this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn
you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this.

TRINCULO And this.

STEPHANO Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers SPIRITS in shape of
dogs and hounds, hunting them about; PROSPERO and
ARIEL setting them on.*

PROSPERO Hey, Mountain, hey! 255

ARIEL Silver! There it goes, Silver!

PROSPERO

Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there! Hark, hark!

[CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO are driven out.]

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions,° shorten up their sinews

With agèd° cramps, and more pinch-spotted make
them 260

Than pard or cat o' mountain.°

ARIEL Hark, they roar!

PROSPERO

Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.

Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little, 265

Follow, and do me service.

Exeunt.

A C T V

Scene I. [*In front of Prospero's cell.*]

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

PROSPERO

Now does my project gather to a head.

My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and Time

Goes upright with his carriage.° How's the day?

ARIEL

On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,

You said our work should cease.

PROSPERO

I did say so 5

239 **Do, do** Fine, fine!; **by . . . level** by plumb line and car-
penter's level; i.e., according to rule (with pun on *line*) 240
and't like if it please 244 **pass of pate** sally of wit 245
lime bird lime (which is sticky; thieves have sticky fingers)
248 **barnacles** kind of geese supposed to have developed from
shellfish 259 **dry convulsions** such as come when the joints
are dry from old age 260 **agèd** i.e., such as old people have
261 **pard . . . mountain** leopard or catamount

V.i.2-3 **Time . . . carriage** time does not stoop under his
burden (because there is so little left to do)

When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?

ARIEL

Confined together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge,

Just as you left them—all prisoners, sir,

In the line grove which weather-fends° your cell. 10

They cannot budge till your release.° The king,

His brother, and yours abide all three distracted,

And the remainder mourning over them,

Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly

Him that you termed, sir, the good old Lord Gonzalo. 15

His tears runs down his beard like winter's drops

From eaves of reeds.° Your charm so strongly works

'em,

That if you now beheld them, your affections

Would become tender.

PROSPERO

Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL

Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO

And mine shall. 20

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling

Of their afflictions, and shall not myself

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,

Passion° as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th'
quick, 25

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury

Do I take part. The rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance. They being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel. 30

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,

And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL

I'll fetch them, sir. *Exit.*

PROSPERO

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot

Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him° 35

When he comes back; you demi-puppets that

By moonshine do the green sour ringlets° make,

Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime

Is to make midnight mushrumps,° that rejoice

To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid 40

(Weak masters° though ye be) I have bedimmed

The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault

Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder

Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak 45

With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory

Have I made shake and by the spurs° plucked up

The pine and cedar; graves at my command

Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic 50

I here abjure; and when I have required°

Some heavenly music (which even now I do)

To work mine end upon their senses that°

10 **weather-fends** protects from the weather 11 **till your**
release until released by you 17 **eaves of reeds** i.e., a thatched
roof 24 **Passion** verb 35 **fly him** fly with him 37 **green**
sour ringlets "fairy rings," little circles of rank grass supposed
to be formed by the dancing of fairies 39 **mushrumps**
mushrooms 41 **masters** masters of supernatural power 47
spurs roots 51 **required** asked for 53 **their senses that** the
senses of those whom

This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, 55
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

Solemn music.

Here enters ARIEL before; then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO. They all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and° the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boiled within thy skull! There stand, 60
For you are spell-stopped.
Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.° The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night, 65
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces 70
Home° both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinched for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and
blood,
You, brother mine, that entertained ambition, 75
Expelled remorse° and nature;° whom, with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong),
Would here have killed your king, I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide 80
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me or would know me. Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell.
I will discease° me, and myself present 85
As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit!
Thou shalt ere long be free.

[Exit ARIEL and returns immediately.]

ARIEL sings and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

PROSPERO
Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee, 95
But yet thou shalt have freedom; so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art!
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep

Under the hatches. The master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place, 100
And presently,° I prithee.

ARIEL

I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. *Exit.*

GONZALO

All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us 105
Out of this fearful country!

PROSPERO

Behold, sir king,
The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee and thy company I bid 110
A hearty welcome.

ALONSO

Whe'r° thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle° to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know. Thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which, 115
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave°
(And if this be at all)° a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should
Prospero
Be living and be here?

PROSPERO

First, noble friend, 120
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be measured or confined.

GONZALO

Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

PROSPERO

You do yet taste
Some subtleties° o' th' isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all. 125

[Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.]

But you; my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify° you traitors. At this time
I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIAN

[Aside.] The devil speaks in him.

PROSPERO

No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce I know
Thou must restore. 130

ALONSO

If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation; 135
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since
Were wracked upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO

I am woe° for't, sir.

ALONSO

Irreparable is the loss, and Patience 140
Says it is past her cure.

58 and which is 63–64 sociable . . . drops associating themselves with the (tearful) appearance of your eyes, shed tears in sympathy 70–71 pay . . . Home repay thy favors thoroughly 76 remorse pity; nature natural feeling 85 discease disrobe

101 presently immediately 111 Whe'r whether 112 trifle apparition 116 crave require (to account for it) 117 And . . . all if this is really happening 124 subtleties deceptions (referring to pastries made to look like something else—e.g., castles made out of sugar) 128 justify prove 139 woe sorry

PROSPERO I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.

ALONSO You the like loss?

PROSPERO
As great to me, as late,^o and supportable^o
To make the dear^o loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

ALONSO A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! That they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

PROSPERO
In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire^o
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices^o of truth, their words
Are natural breath. But, howsoev'r you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wracked, was
landed

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court. Here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad.^o Pray you look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

*Here PROSPERO discovers^o FERDINAND and MIRANDA
playing at chess.*

MIRANDA
Sweet lord, you play me false.

FERDINAND No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

MIRANDA
Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.^o

ALONSO If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

SEBASTIAN A most high miracle!

FERDINAND
Though the seas threaten, they are merciful.
I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*]

ALONSO Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

MIRANDA O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That has such people in't!

PROSPERO 'Tis new to thee.

145 ALONSO
What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st^o acquaintance cannot be three hours.
Is she the goddess that hath severed us
And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal providence she's mine.
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

ALONSO I am hers.
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

PROSPERO There, sir, stop.
Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

GONZALO I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalked forth the way
Which brought us hither.

ALONSO I say amen, Gonzalo.

GONZALO
Was Milan thrust from Milan that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand her brother found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

ALONSO [*To FERDINAND and MIRANDA.*] Give me
your hands.
Let grief and sorrow still^o embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy.

175 GONZALO Be it so! Amen! 215

*Enter ARIEL, with the MASTER and BOATSWAIN
amazedly following.*

O, look, sir; look, sir! Here is more of us!
I prophesied if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard,^o not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

BOATSWAIN
The best news is that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship,
Which, but three glasses^o since, we gave out split,

186 eld'st longest 214 still forever 219 That . . . o'er-
board that (at sea) swearest enough to cause grace to be with-
drawn from the ship 223 glasses hours

145 As . . . late as great to me as your loss, and as recent;
supportable pronounced "súpportable" 146 dear intensifies
the meaning of the noun 154 admire wonder 156 do
offices perform services 167 abroad i.e., on the island
171 s.d. discovers reveals (by opening a curtain at the back of
the stage) 174-75 for . . . play i.e., if we were playing for
stakes just short of the world, you would protest as now; but
then, the issue being important, I would call it fair play, so
much do I love you (?)

Is tight and yare° and bravely rigged as when
We first put out to sea.

ARIEL [*Aside to PROSPERO.*] Sir, all this service 225
Have I done since I went.

PROSPERO [*Aside to ARIEL.*] My tricksy spirit!

ALONSO

These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

BOATSWAIN

If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep 230
And (how we know not) all clapped under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several° noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And moe° diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway at liberty; 235
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our master
Cap'ring to eye° her. On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping° hither.

ARIEL [*Aside to PROSPERO.*] Was't well done? 240

PROSPERO [*Aside to ARIEL.*]
Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

ALONSO

This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct° of. Some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

PROSPERO Sir, my liege, 245
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business. At picked leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happened accidents;° till when, be cheerful 250
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to ARIEL.*] Come
hither, spirit.

Set Caliban and his companions free.

Untie the spell. [*Exit ARIEL.*] How fares my gracious
sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not. 255

*Enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and
TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

STEPHANO Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.
Coragio,° bully-monster, coragio!

TRINCULO If these be true spies which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight. 260

CALIBAN

O Setebos,° these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

SEBASTIAN Ha, ha!

What things are these, my Lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

ANTONIO Very like. One of them 265
Is a plain fish and no doubt marketable.

PROSPERO

Mark but the badges° of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true.° This misshapen knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, 270
And deal in her command without her power.°
These three have robbed me, and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I 275
Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN I shall be pinched to death.

ALONSO

Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN

He is drunk now. Where had he wine?

ALONSO

And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em? 280
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

TRINCULO I have been in such a pickle, since I saw
you last, that I fear me will never out of my bones. I
shall not fear flyblowing.°

SEBASTIAN Why, how now, Stephano? 285

STEPHANO O, touch me not! I am not Stephano, but
a cramp.

PROSPERO You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

STEPHANO I should have been a sore° one then.

ALONSO

This is a strange thing as e'er I looked on. 290

PROSPERO

He is as disproportioned in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions. As you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN

Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter, 295
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!

PROSPERO Go to! Away!

ALONSO

Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

SEBASTIAN Or stole it rather. 300

[*Exeunt CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.*]

PROSPERO

Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste°
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it 305
Go quick away—the story of my life,
And the particular accidents° gone by
Since I came to this isle. And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,

224 yare shipshape 232 several various 234 moe more
238 Cap'ring to eye dancing to see 240 moping in a daze
244 conduct conductor 248–50 single . . . accidents I my-
self will solve the problems (and my story will make sense to
you) concerning each and every incident that has happened
258 Coragio courage (Italian) 261 Setebos the god of
Caliban's mother

267 badges worn by servants to indicate to whose service they
belong; in this case, the stolen clothes are badges of their
rascality 268 true honest 271 deal . . . power i.e.,
dabble in the moon's realm without the moon's legitimate
authority 284 flyblowing pickling preserves meat from flies
289 sore (1) tyrannical (2) aching 303 waste spend 306
accidents incidents

Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnizèd;^o
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALONSO I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take^o the ear strangely.

PROSPERO I'll deliver^o all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch^o
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to ARIEL.*] My Ariel,
chick,
That is thy charge. Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! [*To the others.*] Please you,
draw near. *Exeunt omnes.*

310 solemnizèd pronounced "solémnizèd" 314 Take cap-
tivate; deliver tell 316 catch catch up with

EPILOGUE

310

Spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint. Now 'tis true

I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands^o
With the help of your good hands.^o

Gentle breath^o of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want^o
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;

And my ending is despair
Unless I be relieved by prayer,^o
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

Exit. 20

Epi.9 bands bonds 10 hands i.e., applause to break the spell
11 Gentle breath i.e., favorable comment 13 want lack
16 prayer i.e., this petition

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

EDITED BY S. SCHOENBAUM

Introduction

Although *The Life of King Henry VIII* has for more than a century given rise to vigorous, sometimes heated, discussion, it has received much less interpretative consideration than any other of Shakespeare's dramatizations of English history; the two best-known books on the subject, Lily B. Campbell's *Shakespeare's Histories* and E. M. W. Tillyard's *Shakespeare's History Plays*, ignore it. Attention has focused instead on a single great problem unrelated in any direct way to the play's meaning or worth. In the title of his celebrated essay, first published in 1850, James Spedding asked, "Who Wrote Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*?" and scholars have raised the same question ever since.¹ Indeed, a great Shakespearean of our century, John Dover Wilson, confessed with engaging candor that the chief interest of the play for him lay in the authorship problem. That problem is the most vexing to the editor of *Henry VIII*. While he may be permitted to regret the disproportionate attention lavished on a single specialized issue of scholarship, he must nevertheless recognize that it can scarcely be disregarded in a responsible Introduction. He will do well to confront it straightaway.

Spedding argued that *Henry VIII* represents not Shakespeare's unaided work but, rather, a collaborative effort in which he was joined by an inferior writer who composed the greater part and was responsible for the general design, which Spedding found incoherent. This inferior playwright he identified as John Fletcher. Although some earlier scholars had expressed doubts about the homogeneity of *Henry VIII*, no one had previously developed a reasoned case for Fletcher's part-authorship. Spedding's evidence is internal. In the scenes attributed to Shakespeare he finds vigor, reality, impassioned language, and figurative richness; the Fletcher portions are conventional, diffuse, and languid. These stylistic impressions Spedding reinforces with metrical statistics: the scenes assigned to Fletcher are

distinguished by a preponderance of feminine endings (an extra unstressed syllable terminating the blank-verse line) normal for Fletcher but excessive for Shakespeare. Spedding's argument was not universally accepted—Swinburne early demurred—but it has proved enormously influential: so influential that the theory of Shakespeare-Fletcher collaboration is even today not infrequently stated as a fact.

The great drawback to stylistic evidence is its subjectivity, which resides to a degree even in the seemingly mechanical metrical tests that Spedding, along with most nineteenth-century scholars, found persuasive. But additional evidence of a more objective nature has been forthcoming. In an important monograph, *The Problem of Henry VIII Reopened* (1949), A. C. Partridge offered linguistic data based on the use of expletive *do* in affirmative statements (favored by Shakespeare), *-th* inflectional endings in the third person singular present indicative of notional and auxiliary verbs (also favored by Shakespeare), and colloquial clippings of personal pronouns (favored by Fletcher). These linguistic characteristics essentially confirm Spedding's division of the play. Partridge's evidence has been supplemented by Cyrus Hoy in his recent painstaking investigation of the entire Fletcher canon. Hoy finds in the Folio text of *Henry VIII* "two distinct linguistic patterns: one [Fletcher's] marked by the occurrence of *ye* in eleven of the play's sixteen scenes, to a total of 71 times, and a distinct preference for the contraction *'em* to the expanded pronominal form *them*; the second pattern [Shakespeare's] is marked by the absence of *ye*, a preference for *them* to *'em*, and the frequent use of *hath* which, with one exception (I.i) is never found in a scene containing *ye*."² (The present edition differs from most modern-spelling texts in retaining contracted forms as they appear in the Folio.)

For the reader's convenience, the customary scene allocation made by those who view the play as a Fletcher-Shakespeare collaboration is summarized in the following table:

¹ The essay, which first appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine* (August 1850), is more conveniently accessible in *Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society* (1874), Appendix, pp. 1*-18*. For my discussion of the authorship question in this Introduction I am obliged to Northwestern University Press for permission to include materials from my book, *Internal Evidence and Elizabethan Dramatic Authorship* (1966), in which the principal contributions to the controversy are evaluated.

² Cyrus Hoy, "The Shares of Fletcher and His Collaborators in the Beaumont and Fletcher Canon (VII)," *Studies in Bibliography*, XV (1962), 77. Hoy's discussion of the play occupies pp. 76-85; a statistical table of his findings appears on p. 90.

Prologue	Fletcher
Act I, sc. i-ii	Shakespeare
sc. iii-iv	Fletcher
Act II, sc. i-ii	Fletcher
sc. iii-iv	Shakespeare
Act III, sc. i	Fletcher
sc. ii (lines 1-204)	Shakespeare
sc. ii (remainder)	Fletcher
Act IV, sc. i-ii	Fletcher
Act V, sc. i	Shakespeare
sc. ii-v	Fletcher
Epilogue	Fletcher

The dual-authorship hypothesis is, moreover, attractive on other than linguistic or stylistic grounds. Around 1609, Shakespeare's company began performing in the enclosed Blackfriars Theatre, the lease to which it had recently acquired. Although the open-air Globe remained in use (indeed, *Henry VIII* was written for that house), it was gradually supplanted in importance by the new theater, which catered to a select, well-to-do clientele. At about the same time as this crucial change in operations, the premier theatrical company of the age was faced with the problem of the imminent retirement of the playwright largely responsible for its overwhelming preeminence. How, after all, does one go about replacing Shakespeare? The King's Men could not very well avoid pondering this unenviable question. Their crisis was resolved—successfully by the criterion of box-office receipts—when the company arranged for Fletcher to succeed Shakespeare as their principal dramatist. And what could be a more natural procedure during the transitional phase than that Shakespeare should collaborate with the brilliant young playwright destined to replace him?³

Yet it is a hypothesis, not a certainty, that *Henry VIII* is the end product of such a partnership. A distinguished minority of scholars—among them Peter Alexander, Hardin Craig, R. A. Foakes, G. Wilson Knight, and Geoffrey Bullough—have remained unconvinced despite the cumulative weight of stylistic, linguistic, and historical probabilities. They have, furthermore, discerned in the play an organic unity which they regard as more compatible with single than with divided authorship. The concrete evidence for collaboration is, after all, entirely internal and, in the nature of things, inconclusive without external support. Even the welcome linguistic data do not always provide so clearcut a pattern as one might wish, and there is always the danger that scribes or compositors did not consistently follow such minutiae in the manuscripts which they transmitted. It is a fact that Heminges and Condell, the earliest editors of Shakespeare, printed *Henry VIII* in the First Folio without any hint that another writer had a share in the play. Whether they did or did not know the circumstances of composition we cannot definitely say; but, as they were Shakespeare's friends and professional colleagues at the time, the likelihood is that they did. But would they have omitted the work from the Folio even if they understood it to be in large measure another's? Again we cannot positively say. It is also a fact, though, that they failed to include *Sir Thomas More*,

Pericles, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*: works of collaborative or doubtful status. It is true, too, that they printed a text of *Macbeth* with the non-Shakespearean Hecate scenes; but these amount only to a small portion of the whole play. The external evidence thus points to single jurisdiction, yet not with such force as to dismay those maintaining the contrary view.

After working closely with the text of *Henry VIII* over a fairly long period, and after weighing the arguments of his predecessors, the present editor is satisfied that two styles indeed coexist in the play, that Shakespeare and Fletcher are the authors indicated by those styles, and that the traditional distribution of scenes is by and large correct. He also believes, however, that Hoy may be right in detecting Shakespeare's presence in several scenes usually attributed to Fletcher alone (II.ii, III.ii.204-460, and IV.ii), although he would not venture upon any line-by-line allocation.⁴ Because the Prologue and Epilogue are such short passages, he doubts that a persuasive case can be made for ascription to either Shakespeare or Fletcher. The view, maintained by the anticollaborationists, that *Henry VIII* possesses a structure of imagery and other features reflecting careful planning does not for this reader carry any great evidential significance as regards authorship. Such interpretative considerations inevitably have a subjective aspect: there are competent critics who do not find in the work the unity claimed for it by other competent critics. And even granting the existence of such unity, it does not necessarily follow that it could have been achieved only by an artist working on his own. There are sufficient instances of dramatists who have pooled their talents to produce integrated works, sometimes attaining (as in the case of Jonson, Chapman, and Marston's *Eastward Ho*) remarkable consistency of texture; just as there are instances of totally incoherent plays composed by one individual. The hypothesis of Shakespeare-Fletcher collaboration on *Henry VIII* is reasonable and better supported by tangible evidence than most such hypotheses, and it is probable that the majority of students will continue to support it. At the same time it remains a hypothesis, and there will probably always be some dissenters. For better or for worse, this editor is unstirred by the partisan fervor that the debate has aroused; his firmest conviction is that the problem admits of no ultimate solution.

If the authorship question presents notorious difficulties, the very existence of the play is in some respects awkward. For many, one suspects, it would have been much more satisfying had Shakespeare concluded his playwriting career with *The Tempest*, a drama as magically evocative as the island on which its action takes place. The great themes of forgiveness and reconciliation achieve (so it seems) final form: it is the culmination of the artist's vision. Understandably, readers and audiences have found irresistible the temptation to identify the creator with his creation, and to see in Prospero's abjuration of his magic the dramatist's farewell to the stage:

I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

(V.i.54-57)

³ For an excellent discussion of these questions see Gerald E. Bentley, "Shakespeare and the Blackfriars Theatre," *Shakespeare Survey I*, ed. Allardyce Nicoll (1948), pp. 38-50.

⁴ This editor would not, however, join Hoy in also crediting Shakespeare with a share in II.i and IV.i.

And then how anticlimactic, after the revels have been declared ended, for their master to return a couple of years later with yet another revel! To complicate matters further, the play in which the timeless artificer now had at least a hand was quite possibly topical in its inspiration, and certainly it was spectacular (in the showy theatrical sense) in its design. If the composition of *Henry VIII* testifies to anything, it is to the committed professionalism of its author: the supreme poet was yet a shareholder in a company of players and not unwilling to emerge from semiretirement in Stratford to provide his London colleagues with a vehicle admirably suited to catching the popular fancy in a moment of national rejoicing.

The occasion for rejoicing was the marriage on Saint Valentine's Day, 1613, of Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I, to Prince Frederick, the Elector Palatine and champion of the Protestant cause in Germany. During the previous autumn Prince Henry, the heir to the throne, had died, and the nation had been plunged into grief; now the period of mourning was over, and the lavish wedding celebrations—including masques, feasts, and fireworks—signalized the change of mood. A play extolling the reign of England's first Protestant defender of the faith, and doing so in scenes of pomp and pageantry, would be in harmony with the occasion. Act V of *Henry VIII* celebrates the birth of Princess Elizabeth of glorious memory, and (as R. A. Foakes has observed) the identity of name between the young bride and the great queen did not escape notice at the time. "How much are we, the inhabitants of this whole isle, bound unto our good God, that hath lent us such a princess," declared George Webbe in *The Bride Royal* (1613), "and in her hath renewed and revived the name and nature of our late deceased, ever to be remembered, happy Queen Elizabeth!" Cranmer's speech (V.v.14-62), prophesying the peace and prosperity of Elizabeth's reign and alluding flatteringly to their continuance under James, resembles in phrasing and imagery what was being said in the marriage tracts and sermons.⁵

To suggest, however, that *Henry VIII* was composed specifically for the royal festivities would be to stretch the evidence, for no court performance of the play is mentioned in the Lord Treasurer's accounts for this period, although we know that five other works of Shakespeare were acted before the newlyweds. Possibly *Henry VIII* was the "stage play to be acted in the Great Hall by the King's players" which aroused "much expectation" on February 16, but which was canceled in favor of a masque; but this is mere speculation.

In identifying *Henry VIII* with *All Is True*, a play about the same monarch's reign known only from a single contemporary reference, we are on surer ground: *All Is True* would be an appropriate alternative title for *Henry VIII*, in view of the Prologue's emphasis on "our chosen truth" (line 18). A performance of *All Is True* at the Globe Theatre on June 29, 1613, was the occasion of the most sensational occurrence in the history of that playhouse. The event is described in a letter, dated July 2, 1613, written by Sir Henry Wotton to Sir Edmund Bacon:

The King's players had a new play called *All Is true*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the Knights of the Order with their Georges and garters, the Guards with their embroidered coats, and the like: sufficient in truth within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now, King Henry making a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain chambers being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole house to the very grounds.

This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not by the benefit of a provident wit put it out with bottle ale.⁶

Thus did the Globe perish; but (as Stow's *Annals*, 1631 ed., records) "the next spring it was new builded in far fairer manner than before."

We need feel no surprise that the patrician Wotton should express tolerant disapproval at the public staging of the ceremonies and pastimes of the great before the heterogeneous multitude that frequented the Globe. More suggestive is his tacit admission that he has been impressed, if reluctantly, by "the many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty"—impressed at second hand, for he was not an eyewitness to the performance he recounts. Whatever deeper resonances are implied, *Henry VIII* on the stage was the super-spectacle of its own day. In an Introduction to the play this aspect calls for special emphasis, as it is least likely to come through adequately on the printed page: the life of a spectacle, appealing as it does directly to eye and ear, is in the presentation.

How deliberately does the play dwell on awesome princely occasions! Sometimes these are depicted through the resources of language alone, as in Norfolk's description of the Field of the Cloth of Gold (I.i), or in the account by the two Gentlemen of the trial of "the great Duke of Buckingham" by his peers at Westminster Hall (II.i), or in the Third Gentleman's narration of the solemn ritual at the coronation of Queen Anne in Westminster Abbey (IV.i). But, where possible, stirring events are dramatized. We attend Wolsey's splendid banquet and masque; we witness Katherine's vision of dancing, white-robed spirits; we become bystanders when Anne returns with her retinue from the Abbey. The *dramatis personae* for *Henry VIII* is the largest for any play in the canon, and for such episodes as the procession in Act IV the company must have pressed into service all of its available personnel. The extended stage directions, authorial in origin, show an unusual regard for the proper disposition of the players in the big scenes. For Katherine's trial

⁵ The correspondences are described and documented by R. A. Foakes in his Introduction to the New Arden edition of *Henry VIII* (1957), pp. xxxi-xxxii. I owe my reference to *The Bride Royal* to this edition, p. xxx.

⁶ *The Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton*, edited by L. Pearsall Smith (1907), II, pp. 32-33.

The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage. (II.iv.s.d.)

The gorgeous costumes of princes, prelates, and functionaries contributed to the visual magnificence of these scenes, as did the impressive assortment of stage properties, including the purse with the Great Seal, the silver cross, silver mace, and silver pillars, the gold scepter and collars of S's, the gilt copper crown, gold crown, and gold coronals and demicoronals.

These visual effects were complemented and enhanced by sound, which is called for throughout. Patience, Queen Katherine's woman, sings of the miraculous powers of "sweet music" as she accompanies herself on the lute. Such soothing moments, however, are rare: on other occasions we hear the blended voices of the choristers, the sound of oboes and cornets, the sterner notes of drum and trumpet, the roar of the cannon. *Henry VIII* is an unabashedly noisy play, guaranteed to keep even the drowsiest spectator awake. "Some come to take their ease," the Epilogue declares,

And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
W' have frighted with our trumpets. (Epi.3-4)

Of the several companies performing in London at the time, only the King's Men had the resources to do justice to such a play. The destruction of the theater during what was possibly the premier performance is not without a certain ironic fitness: it was the spectacular effect to end (literally) all spectacular effects.

In the most notable modern revival of *Henry VIII*, produced by Tyrone Guthrie at Stratford-on-Avon in 1949-50, the director fully exploited the opportunities for processional pageantry, display, and crowd movement. For such exploitation the earliest theatrical precedents and the text itself (as we have noted) afford ample warrant. These features of the play have contributed to the dissatisfaction with it expressed by some commentators: spectacle, being nonverbal, has always prompted condescension or worse on the part of critics whose orientation is literary or philosophical rather than theatrical. "The Spectacle," Aristotle observed in the *Poetics*, "has, indeed, an emotional attraction of its own, but, of all the parts, it is the least artistic, and connected least with the art of poetry." Even granting the validity of the judgment, the propriety of applying to another genre the criteria Aristotle formulated for tragedy may be doubtful. For although *Henry VIII* dramatizes several individual tragedies—Buckingham's, Katherine's, Wolsey's—it is not itself a tragedy but a history play concerned more with the public conduct of its personages than with their buried lives; its intention is to stage, in Wotton's words, "some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII."

Clowning and buffoonery of the kind found in Samuel Rowley's *When You See Me You Know Me* (1605), which deals with the same reign, are rejected in favor of an appropriate seriousness and dignity of tone, although the rejection is fortunately not so sweeping as to exclude humor

altogether: witness the bawdry of the old Lady (II.iii) and the low comedy of the Porter and his man (V.iv). The repeated stress in the Prologue is on the historical genuineness of the play's people and events, their reality:

Think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living. (Pro.25-27)

The pursuit of historical verisimilitude (whether achieved or not) obviously limits the playwright's freedom to select, shape, and explore events. It cannot be claimed that the genre represents the highest form to which dramatic art may aspire, but there can be no denying its perennial appeal to theatergoers; of plays produced in recent years, Peter Shaffer's spectacular dramatization of Pizarro's conquest of Peru, *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, perhaps most closely approximates the type. *Henry VIII* is best understood—and appreciated—on its own terms.

Those terms are not, however, confined to spectacle. Again the Prologue helpfully gives a clue to purpose. The audience is instructed in how to respond to the calamities befalling the eminent personages whose careers will unfold before it:

Think you see them great,
And followed with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends. Then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery;
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day. (Pro.27-32)

These lines suggest the evanescence of worldly glory. Fortune, the blind goddess, raises her favorites high upon her wheel, then capriciously flings them to earth. It is an old theme; in the permutations of Fortune's wheel medieval writers discerned the quintessential tragic pattern. According to Chaucer's Monk, in *The Canterbury Tales*,

Tragedie is to seyn a certeyn storie,
As olde bookes maken us memorie,
Of hym that stood in greet prosperitee,
And is yfallen out of heigh degree
Into myserie, and endeth wrecchedly.
(Prologue, Monk's Tale, 1973-77)

Henry VIII presents, in the context of Renaissance court life, a trio of such falls from high degree.

The victims, so different in their characters and lives, share not only a common fortune but also, at the last, a common pathos, which they fully savor. Buckingham's stoic forbearance in the face of death gives place in his final words to a self-pitying note, however sober and controlled:

All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell!
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done, and God forgive me.
(II.i.131-36)

No sooner has he departed the scene than the two Gentlemen, having lamented his passing, discuss the impending fall of Katherine in almost identical terms (" 'Tis woeful"). The discarded queen, "sick to death," is granted a dream of eternal happiness to come. In a last assertion of regal greatness, she dismisses an unintentionally negligent messenger, then prepares for the end. "I must to bed," she cries to Patience;

Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honor. Strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me,
Then lay me forth. Although unqueened, yet like
A queen and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. (IV.ii.167-73)

It is perhaps the play's most affecting moment.

The most stunning of the three downfalls, however, is that of Wolsey. For a suitable epitaph we may turn to a contemporary of Shakespeare who suffered a fate analogous to that of the cardinal. "The rising unto place is laborious," Francis Bacon wrote in his essay "Of Great Place,"

and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base; and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing.

Although the cardinal is not the play's protagonist, his cold presence dominates the first three acts. Somehow he must be humanized in defeat, and in the space of a hundred lines the arrogant prince of the church is humbled and reconciled to his new condition. Like Katherine and Buckingham, he prays for his king. He also shows solicitude for the future of his servant Cromwell, and for the first time we do not suspect a selfish motive lurking behind the apparent altruism. Wolsey weeps—the scene is frankly sentimental—and repents (a trifle smugly) his worldliness:

O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies. (III.ii.455-58)

There is only slight foreshadowing (in II.ii) of Wolsey's fall, and the transformation itself, read in the study, seems somewhat abrupt; but in a spectacular drama of comparatively external nature, subtle nuances of character portrayal are hardly required. The scene has worked superbly on the stage, as is attested by the fact that the role of Wolsey has attracted a number of great actors, among them Kemble, Macready, and Kean.

If the three successive falls from greatness are well contrived to move an audience to generous sympathy, they do not engage the deeper tragic emotions, nor were they intended to do so, as the larger pattern of the play makes clear. Scenes of calamity alternate throughout with happier occasions. The splendid festivities in York House (I.iv), for example, follow hard upon the Surveyor's devastating testimony against Buckingham; the gaiety of the masque is in turn succeeded by the somber episode of the duke's

entry after his arraignment. At the same time that Katherine's misfortunes press in upon her, we watch Ann Bullen's star rise. And so on. Such juxtapositions are not unusual in Elizabethan plays, nor, for that matter, in dramatic art generally, but in this case the total effect is of a complex tonal and thematic orchestration.

In the concluding movement of *Henry VIII*, in which the grand design stands fully revealed, the joyous strain triumphs. The fourth—and last—of the threatened falls does not come to pass. Cranmer, who never aspired to greatness, is tested in the crucible of courtly intrigue. Like his predecessors, he is the object of plots, but he undergoes special humiliations: the Archbishop of Canterbury is made to cool his heels outside the council chamber door with grooms and lackeys. Yet he emerges unscathed, and no heads roll as a result. Instead there is forgiveness and reconciliation, in which Cranmer, his accusers, and the king all participate. The archbishop can then go on to officiate at the christening of Princess Elizabeth and to utter the speeches of prophetic rapture in the final scene. Machinations have ceased. Some private individuals, most notably Katherine, have in the course of the drama suffered unjust deprivations, but the commonwealth has prospered. A newborn infant symbolizes happier days to come.

Henry VIII is unique among Shakespeare's histories in not depicting an England at war or under the threat of war. Thematically the play has closer links with the immediately preceding romances than with the two historical tetralogies of a previous decade. We are not so far removed after all from the world of *The Tempest*, in which sinister plots are thwarted, enemies are reconciled, and hopeful auguries attend a younger generation. In the character of Henry, who presides over the action by exercising the quasi-magical prerogatives of kingship, we have a figure in some ways analogous to Prospero.⁷

The destinies of all the principal personages lie in Henry's hands. A Buckingham or a Wolsey or a Katherine may absorb attention for a time, but they all pass from the stage, not to return; Henry abides, and his presence gives a measure of narrative unity to heterogeneous events. Yet his actual role is limited—he speaks fewer than 450 lines—and the king makes no appearance whatever in Act IV. No very searching portrayal of him is attempted in the play that bears his name. For a modern audience he must present difficulties: the figure cut by Shakespeare's Henry differs so strikingly from the popular image derived from more recent histories or from films and stage plays. In the Jacobean Henry we do not see the insatiable thirster after sovereignty or the profligate who squandered his parsimonious father's treasure in pursuit of the sport of kings. Nor do we see the gourmand and sensualist, the devourer of drumsticks and wives. Great events associated with Henry's reign lie outside the scope of the action: the Reformation and the dissolution of the monasteries, the martyrdom of Sir Thomas More, the execution of Anne Boleyn three brief years after the christening celebrated in the play.

The Henry of *The Life of King Henry the Eighth* wears the

⁷ The relationship of *Henry VIII* to Shakespeare's last plays is explored with penetrating subtlety (occasionally oversubtlety) by Foakes in the New Arden edition, Introduction, pp. xxxvii-lxii. Foakes also deals perceptively with the themes and structure of the play.

mantle of royalty securely. At first, it is true, his exalted position shields him from knowledge of the intrigues in his own court; he has never heard of Wolsey's oppressive tax scheme for which (as a matter of historical fact) Henry himself was responsible. But as the action unfolds, his awareness, and hence his authority, increase. Once he knows about Wolsey's perfidy, he rejects the cardinal decisively. In the Cranmer episode, Henry controls all the strings, but the manipulation serves national interests rather than any need for self-aggrandizement. Thus he would appear to approximate closely enough the popular patriot-monarch lauded by Holinshed and the other Tudor apologists.

But what are we to make of the divorce? Much attention is given in the play to the king's conscientious scruple—after more than twenty years of wedlock!—about the propriety of his marriage to the widow of his own brother. On this issue of a wounded conscience Henry meditates privately, expatiates at length in public, and seeks counsel from the most learned scholars in Christendom. Yet before any divorce is bruited, we see him evidently attracted to the woman who will become his next wife. And before Katherine's trial—the results of which are a foregone conclusion—there is Suffolk's cynically revealing aside:

CHAMBERLAIN

It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

SUFFOLK [Aside.] No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady. (II.ii.16–18)

Historically Henry's reasons for a divorce were several, but the overriding consideration was his need to continue the succession with a male heir, which Katherine had failed to produce and was no longer capable of producing. This motive is not glossed over in the play—indeed, Henry dwells on it at length (II.iv.184–97)—but the force of the point is blunted by the weight given to the king's scruple.

The problem is further complicated by the fact that the dramatists provide Henry with no self-revelatory soliloquies and by the related fact that his public pronouncements cannot always be taken at face value. In open court he declares:

Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katherine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragoned o' th' world. (II.iv. 224–28)

This does not sound insincere, but hard upon Henry's tribute to his sweet bedfellow comes an aside (233–38) in which he expresses impatience with the "dilatatory sloth and tricks of Rome" that hinder the divorce; and in the next scene we have Katherine's complaint that he has long ceased to love her. It is as though the dramatists, having set out to extol Henry and, through him, England, were nevertheless unable—or unwilling—entirely to suppress undercurrents of motive and policy inconsistent with so simplified a view of him. The effect is of a disturbing ambiguity of character.

It is not the play's only ambiguity. Buckingham presents

a similar problem, although to a lesser degree. Is he in fact a traitor or is he a wholly innocent sacrifice to Wolsey's malice? Our first inclination is to regard the duke simply as the victim of a frame-up, and certainly much weight is given to his wrongs. In the sympathetically conceived Katherine he has a stalwart defender. The chief witness against him bears, we know, a personal grudge, and Buckingham protests his innocence in moving terms as he goes to the block. Yet the king's anger in I.ii has a righteous accent, and if he is responsible, however unwittingly, for a judicial murder, he is not afterward disturbed by it. The Surveyor's testimony is never rebutted. Buckingham himself admits that, "upon the premises," he has been justly tried by his peers, and the Second Gentleman's last remark about him has a proviso: "If the duke be guiltless. . . ." After Buckingham's last exit, fairly early in the play, little is made of the matter apart from an inconclusive exchange between Surrey and Wolsey in III.ii. The "woefulness" of Buckingham's fall we do not question, but his degree of actual guilt—if any—remains in doubt. A faint unease persists in the reader's mind.

Such puzzlements, which have prompted reservations about the play on the part of some critics, loom larger in the study than on the stage. In the theater attention focuses first on the splendor and fanfare of the grand processional entries and the ceremonies of public life. The contrastingly intimate scenes, in which a young maid of honor is shown royal favor while her defeated elders confront isolation and imminent death, appeal more directly to the emotions, if on no very profound level. Then there are the great set speeches: we are stirred by the eloquence—impassioned or elegiac—of Buckingham's apologia, Katherine's defense of the sanctity of her marriage, and Wolsey's long farewell to all his greatness. And finally, along with the multitude on the stage and in the audience, we are swept up in the visionary ecstasy of the ritualistic episode of the christening. *Henry VIII* is Shakespeare's festive history. It is appropriate that the play was chosen for performance at the Old Vic in London in 1953 to celebrate the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES

The chief sources for the play, as for Shakespeare's great earlier cycle of historical dramas on the reigns of the English monarchs from Richard II through Richard III, is Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (second ed., 1587). It is depended upon throughout, except for the story of the plot against Cranmer, and his vindication, in Act V; here the authority, closely followed, is John Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, the enlarged 1570 version of which went through a number of editions before the close of the century. Whether the playwright(s) also profited from other narrative chronicles is a matter for speculation: the phraseological parallels adduced by scholars are often less than striking, and it is well known that the chroniclers themselves borrowed from one another freely. But Edward Hall's *Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Families of Lancaster and York* (1542) may have been consulted, and it is possible—although not demonstrable—that Wolsey's images of the star past its meridian and of the

bladder of pride (III.ii.224–28, 359–62) derive from John Speed's *History of Great Britain* (1611). More persuasive is the evidence that the author(s) knew Samuel Rowley's boisterously farcical and blithely anachronistic drama on Henry's reign, *When You See Me You Know Me*, printed in 1605 and perhaps revived before being reprinted in 1613—the probable year of first performance for *Henry VIII*. The sneering references in the latter to "a merry bawdy play" consisting of "fool and fight" (Pro.14–19) may allude to *When You See Me*, which nevertheless seems to have provided some minor inspiration, most notably in Henry's persistent ejaculation, "Ha!", used in both works. A significant indirect source is George Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, which, although not published until 1641, was utilized by the chroniclers from Stow (1565) onward.

But of the direct and continuous dependence on Holinshed in *Henry VIII* there can be no question. The historical events of the play, from the Field of the Cloth of Gold in 1520 to the christening of Princess Elizabeth in 1533, cover roughly a third of Henry's long reign (1509–47). Four great episodes dominate this segment of Holinshed's narrative: Buckingham's fall, the divorce, Wolsey's disgrace, and the king's remarriage, culminating in the christening of the future queen. So too do they dominate the play. The source was evidently read with great care. At times, as in Katherine's long speech (II.iv.11–55), the dramatic blank verse is the prose of the *Chronicles* paraphrased (although even here there are significant additions). Holinshed is levied upon also for the elaborate stage directions for the ceremonial entries and processions in II.iv, IV.i, and V.v.

If adherence to the source was close, it was not, however, slavish. The abundant material of the *Chronicles* is winnowed, rearranged, and combined in accordance with the necessities of the dramatic design. Certain changes were dictated by limitations of stage personnel: the pageantry of the coronation, calling for a multitude of supernumeraries, had to be reduced. Other alterations are more substantive. Holinshed's account of the unfortunate Bishop of Durham who mistakenly sent the king a book documenting his private affairs, and thus enabled Wolsey to destroy him, is transferred to the cardinal himself (III.ii.121 ff.). In the play the first hint of the king's attraction to Anne Bullen precedes Buckingham's execution, and is manifested at a feast which, with nice artistic economy, also illustrates the lavish scale on which Wolsey lives (I.iv). Historically, the king set his affections on Anne eight years after the execution, and she does not appear in Holinshed's description of the revel at York House that provides the basis for this scene.

Perhaps the most interesting transformations involve the portrayal of character. It is true that the king remains, in play as in chronicle, the exemplary monarch whose motives, unlike those of lesser mortals, are never critically examined. But on the stage his moments of anger or of withdrawal into pensiveness reveal facets of the smiling or stern public figure that Holinshed does not attempt to suggest. So, too, the Henry of the play gains in authority in the course of the action; hoodwinked by Wolsey in the earlier scenes, he is nobody's fool in Act V. Again the source offers no precedent. In the play the fallen Wolsey is invested with a pathos and dignity only barely hinted at in the chronicle. Katherine is endowed by the dramatist(s)

with greater strength and regality than she displays in Holinshed, an effect in part achieved by such devices as her fearless—if unavailing—defense of Buckingham and accusations against the cardinal in the king's presence (I.ii.9 ff.).

By such means are the prosaic historical narratives of Holinshed and Foxe transformed into complex poetic drama.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth did not achieve publication until seven years after Shakespeare's death, when it appeared in the collected First Folio of his works as the last of the history plays. The 1623 Folio furnishes the only authoritative early edition of *Henry VIII*. Fortunately it is a very good one: behind the Folio text apparently lies a careful scribal transcription of the authors'—or author's—own manuscript. To the playwright(s), rather than the prompter, we presumably owe the very full stage directions called for by a spectacular historical drama. With few exceptions, entrances and exits are fully indicated. Speech prefixes are throughout correct and unambiguous, except for confusion of the First and Second Gentleman at IV.i.20–23 and 55, and of the Lord Chamberlain with the Lord Chancellor at V.iii.85 and 87. Indeed, the text as a whole is very clean and straightforward, with relatively little corruption or error of any kind, although the language—often complex in Shakespeare's mature manner—not surprisingly presents a number of interpretative problems.

The Folio text directly or indirectly provides the basis for all subsequent editions of *Henry VIII*. Wherever possible the present edition reproduces it, modernizing spelling and altering punctuation and verse lineations where the editor's sense of literary and dramatic fitness dictated. The Latin act and scene divisions of the Folio have been translated, and a new division (as in the Globe text) is introduced after V.ii.35. Consequently, in the fifth act the Folio's "Scena Tertia" and "Scena Quarta" are rendered as V.iv and V.v respectively. Abbreviations have been expanded and speech prefixes regularized. Stage directions have been amplified where necessary, such additions being printed within brackets. Obvious typographical errors have been corrected and eccentric spellings regularized where appropriate without notice, but all significant emendations are noted below. In this list the adopted reading is given in boldface type, followed by the rejected Folio reading in roman type or a note of the Folio's omission within brackets.

I.i.42–45 All . . . function [F assigns to Buckingham] **47 as you guess** [F assigns to Norfolk] **63 web**, 'a Web. O **69–70 that? . . . hell**, that, . . . Hell? **183 He** [F omits] **200 Hereford Hertford** **219 Parke** Pecke **221 Nicholas** Michael **226 lord** Lords
I.ii.157 feared feare **165 confession's** Commissions **171 win** F omits] **181 To** For this to **191 Bulmer** Blumer
I.iii.12 saw see **13 Or A** **59 wherewithal**. In him wherewithall in him
II.i.20 Parke Pecke **86 mark** make
II.iii.14 quarrel quarrell **61 you** you, to you
II.iv.172 A And **217 summons**. **Unsolicited** Summons unsolicited

III.i.21 coming, now I think on't comming; now I thinke
 on't 23 s.d. Campeius Campian 61 your our
 III.ii.143 glad gald 172 filed fill'd 293 Who Whom 344
 Chattels Castles
 IV.i.20-23 I thank . . . business? [F assigns to First Gentleman]
 34 Kimbolton Kymmalton 55 And sometimes falling ones.
 [F assigns to Second Gentleman] 101 Stokesly Stokeley
 IV.ii.7 think thanke 50 honor from Honor. From

V.i.24 thee the 37 time Lime 140 precipice Precept 177
 s.d. [Exeunt.] Exit Ladie
 V.ii.8 piece Peere
 V.iii.85-86 This . . . lords. [F assigns to Lord Chamberlain]
 87-91 Then . . . agreed, lords? [F assigns to Lord Chamberlain]
 125 bare base 133 this his 174 heart hearts
 V.v.37 ways way 70 your you



THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

[Dramatis Personae]

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH
CARDINAL WOLSEY
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS
CAPUCIUS *ambassador from the Emperor Charles V*
CRANMER *Archbishop of Canterbury*
DUKE OF NORFOLK
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
DUKE OF SUFFOLK
EARL OF SURREY
LORD CHAMBERLAIN
LORD CHANCELLOR
GARDINER *Bishop of Winchester*
BISHOP OF LINCOLN
LORD ABERGAVENNY
LORD SANDS
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD
SIR THOMAS LOVELL
SIR ANTHONY DENNY
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX
SECRETARIES *to Wolsey*
CROMWELL *servant to Wolsey*

GRIFFITH *gentleman usher to Queen Katherine*
THREE GENTLEMEN
DOCTOR BUTTS *physician to the king*
GARTER KING-AT-ARMS
SURVEYOR *to the Duke of Buckingham*
BRANDON *and a Sergeant-at-Arms*
DOOR-KEEPER *of the council chamber*
PAGE *to Gardiner* A CRIER
PORTER *and his MAN*

QUEEN KATHERINE *wife to King Henry, after-
ward divorced*
ANNE BULLEN *her maid of honor, afterward queen*
AN OLD LADY *friend to Anne Bullen*
PATIENCE *woman to Queen Katherine*

Several LORDS and LADIES *in the dumb shows*
WOMEN *attending upon the queen* SCRIBES
OFFICERS GUARDS OTHER ATTENDANTS
SPIRITS

Scene: London; Westminster; Kimbolton]

THE PROLOGUE

I come no more to make you laugh.° Things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working,° full of state° and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear:
The subject will deserve it. Such as give

Their money out of hope they may believe
May here find truth° too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling°
Richly in two short hours.° Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets,° or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,°

9 truth possibly alluding to the play's alternative title, *All Is True* 12 shilling the admission price for an expensive seat near the stage 13 two short hours a conventional reference to performance duration; not to be taken literally 15 targets shields 16 In . . . yellow in the parti-colored costume of the professional fool, trimmed ("guarded") in yellow

The decorative border shown above appeared on the first page of Henry VIII in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623.
Pro.1 no . . . laugh the previous play was presumably a comedy 3 Sad . . . wo king serious, elevated, and moving; state dignity

Will be deceived;° for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
 Our own brains and the opinion that we bring 20
 To make that only true we now intend,°
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.°
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,°
 Be sad, as we would make ye. Think ye see 25
 The very persons of our noble story
 As° they were living. Think you see them great,
 And followed with the general throng and sweat
 Of thousand friends. Then, in a moment, see
 How soon this mightiness meets misery; 30
 And if you can be merry then, I'll say
 A man may weep upon his wedding day.

A C T I

Scene I. [*London. An antechamber in the palace.*]

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK at one door; at the other the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

BUCKINGHAM

Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
 Since last we saw° in France?

NORFOLK

I thank your grace,
 Healthful, and ever since a fresh° admirer
 Of what I saw there.

BUCKINGHAM

An untimely ague°
 Stayed me a prisoner in my chamber when 5
 Those suns of glory,° those two lights of men,
 Met in the vale of Andren.

NORFOLK

'Twixt Guynes and Arde.°
 I was then present; saw them salute on horseback;
 Beheld them when they lighted,° how they clung
 In their embracement, as° they grew together; 10
 Which had they, what four throned ones could have
 weighed°
 Such a compounded one?

BUCKINGHAM

All the whole time
 I was my chamber's prisoner.°

NORFOLK

Then you lost
 The view of earthly glory. Men might say,
 Till this time pomp was single,° but now married 15
 To one above itself.° Each following day
 Became the next day's master,° till the last

17 **deceived** disappointed 19–21 **beside** . . . **intend** besides
 abandoning any claims to intelligence and our reputation for
 aiming to present only the truth 22 **an understanding friend**
 perhaps alluding to the groundlings—spectators standing under
 the stage—who were sometimes ironically praised for their
 “understanding” 24 **first** . . . **town** the best and most
 favorably disposed audience in London 27 **As** as if
 I.i.2 **saw** saw one another 3 **fresh** ready, eager 4 **ague** fever
 6 **suns of glory** i.e., Henry VIII and Francis I (with perhaps a
 quibble on *suns* = sons) 7 **Guynes and Arde** towns in
 Picardy lying on either side of the valley of Andren; Guynes
 was in English, Arde in French hands 9 **lighted** alighted 10
as as if 11 **weighed** equaled in weight 12–13 **All** . . .
prisoner historically, he was in fact present, whereas Norfolk
 was in England at the time 15 **single** i.e. relatively modest
 15–16 **married** . . . **itself** united to constitute a greater pomp
 16–17 **Each** . . . **master** each day taught something to the
 next, which superseded it (“master” = teacher)

Made former wonders its. Today the French,
 All clinquant,° all in gold, like heathen gods,
 Shone down the English; and tomorrow they 20
 Made Britain India:° every man that stood
 Showed like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
 As cherubins, all gilt. The madams° too,
 Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The pride° upon them, that their very labor 25
 Was to them as a painting.° Now this masque°
 Was cried° incomparable, and th' ensuing night
 Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
 Equal in luster, were now best, now worst,
 As presence° did present them: him in eye 30
 Still him in praise;° and being present both,
 'Twas said they saw but one, and no discernor
 Durst wag his tongue in censure.° When these suns
 (For so they phrase° 'em) by their heralds challenged
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform 35
 Beyond thought's compass, that former fabulous
 story,°

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
 That Bevis° was believed.

BUCKINGHAM

O, you go far.

NORFOLK

As I belong to worship,° and affect
 In honor honesty,° the tract of everything 40
 Would by a good discourser lose some life
 Which action's self was tongue to.° All was royal;
 To the disposing of it nought rebelled.°
 Order gave each thing view;° the office° did
 Distinctly° his full function.

BUCKINGHAM

Who did guide—

I mean, who set the body and the limbs
 Of this great sport° together, as you guess?

NORFOLK

One, certes,° that promises no element°
 In such a business.

BUCKINGHAM

I pray you, who, my lord?

NORFOLK

All this was ord'red° by the good discretion 50
 Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

BUCKINGHAM

The devil speed him!° No man's pie is freed
 From his ambitious finger. What had he
 To do in these fierce° vanities? I wonder

9 **clinquant** glittering 21 **India** probably not India;
 but the New World, whose gold mines yielded fabulous
 wealth 23 **madams** ladies 25 **pride** finery 25–26 **their**
 . . . **painting** their very exertion made them flushed, as if
 rouged 26 **masque** courtly spectacle 27 **cried** declared 30
presence being in public 30–31 **him in eye** . . . **praise** The
 one seen was always the one praised 32–33 **no discernor** . . .
censure no beholder dared choose one above the other 34
phrase describe 36 **that** . . . **story** so that stories formerly
 thought incredible 38 **Bevis** Bevis of Hampton, the legendary
 Saxon knight celebrated in medieval romance 39 **worship**
 the nobility 39–40 **affect** . . . **honesty** love truth as a point
 of honor 40–42 **the tract** . . . **tongue to** the course of all
 these events, however well narrated, would in the description
 lose some of the color and spark of the actuality 43 **rebelled**
 jarred 44 **Order** . . . **view** Everything was arranged so that it
 could easily be viewed; **office** official, or officials as a group
 45 **Distinctly** i.e., without confusion 47 **sport** entertainment
 48 **certes** certainly; **promises no element** would not be
 expected to share 50 **ord'red** arranged 52 **The devil speed**
him The devil (rather than God) prosper him! 54 **fierce**
 extravagant

That such a keech° can with his very bulk
 Take up° the rays o' th' beneficial sun,°
 And keep it from the earth.
 NORFOLK Surely, sir,
 There's in him stuff° that puts him to these ends;
 For, being not propped by ancestry, whose grace
 Chalks successors their way,° nor called upon
 For high feats done to th' crown,° neither allied
 To eminent assistants,° but spiderlike,
 Out of his self-drawing° web, 'a gives us note,°
 The force of his own merit makes his way°—
 A gift° that heaven gives for him, which buys
 A place next to the king.
 ABERGAVENNY I cannot tell
 What heaven hath given him: let some graver eye
 Pierce into that. But I can see his pride
 Peep through each part of him. Whence has he that?
 If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,°
 Or has given all before, and he begins
 A new hell in himself.
 BUCKINGHAM Why the devil,
 Upon this French going out,° took he upon him
 (Without the privity° o' th' king) t' appoint
 Who should attend on him? He makes up the file°
 Of all the gentry, for the most part such
 To whom as great a charge° as little honor
 He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,
 The honorable board of council out,°
 Must fetch him in he papers.°
 ABERGAVENNY I do know
 Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
 By this so sickened their estates that never
 They shall abound° as formerly.
 BUCKINGHAM O, many
 Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em°
 For this great journey. What did this vanity°
 But minister communication of
 A most poor issue?°
 NORFOLK Grievingly I think,
 The peace between the French and us not values°
 The cost that did conclude it.
 BUCKINGHAM Every man,
 After the hideous storm that followed, was
 A thing inspired, and, not consulting,° broke
 Into a general prophecy:° that this tempest,
 Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded°

55 keech animal fat rolled into a lump (with a sneer at Wolsey's reputed origin as a butcher's son; cf. line 120) **56 Take up** obstruct; **sun** i.e., the king **58 stuff** qualities, capabilities **59–60 whose . . . way** whose special excellence marks a path for followers **60–61 called . . . crown** chosen in recognition of lofty exploits in behalf of the crown **62 assistants** (1) public officials (2) supporters **63 self-drawing** self-spinning; **'a . . . note** he lets us know **64 makes his way** wins him preferment **65 gift** i.e., merit **70 If . . . niggard** the devil is the source of pride, the sin for which Lucifer fell and hell was created **73 going out** expedition **74 privity** confidential participation **75 file** list **77 charge** expense **79 out** unconsulted **80 fetch . . . papers** fetch in whom he puts on his list **83 abound** prosper **84 broke . . . 'em** ruined themselves by pawning their estates to outfit themselves **85 vanity** extravagance **86–87 minister . . . issue** furnish occasion for unproductive talk (with a possible quibble on *poor issue* = impoverished heirs) **88 not values** is not worth **91 not consulting** i.e., one another **92 a general prophecy** i.e., all prophesied the same **93 aboded** foretold

55 The sudden breach on't.
 NORFOLK Which is budded out;
 For France hath flawed the league, and hath attached° 95
 Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.
 ABERGAVENNY Is it therefore
 Th' ambassador is silenced?
 60 NORFOLK Marry,° is't.
 ABERGAVENNY
 A proper title of a peace,° and purchased
 At a superfluous rate!°
 BUCKINGHAM Why, all this business
 65 Our reverend cardinal carried.°
 NORFOLK Like it° your grace, 100
 The state takes notice of the private difference°
 Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you
 (And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
 Honor and plenteous° safety) that you read°
 70 The cardinal's malice and his potency° 105
 Together; to consider further that
 What his high hatred would effect wants not
 A minister° in his power. You know his nature,
 That he's revengeful, and I know his sword
 Hath a sharp edge. It's long and't may be said 110
 It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,°
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up° my counsel;
 You'll find it wholesome.° Lo, where comes that rock
 That I advise your shunning.
Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, the purse° borne before him, certain of the GUARD, and two SECRETARIES with papers. The cardinal [WOLSEY] in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.
 WOLSEY
 The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor,° ha? 115
 Where's his examination?°
 FIRST SECRETARY Here, so please you.
 WOLSEY
 Is he in person ready?
 FIRST SECRETARY Aye, please your grace.
 WOLSEY
 Well, we shall then know more, and Buckingham
 Shall lessen his big° look.
Exeunt Cardinal [WOLSEY] and his TRAIN.
 BUCKINGHAM
 This butcher's cur° is venomd-mouthed, and I 120
 Have not the power to muzzle him. Therefore best
 Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
 Outworths a noble's blood.°
 NORFOLK What, are you chafed?°

95 flawed . . . attached broken the treaty and confiscated **97 Marry** indeed (a mild oath, from "By the Virgin Mary") **98 A proper . . . peace** an excellent contract of peace (ironic) **99 superfluous rate** excessive cost **100 carried** managed; **Like it** if it please (a courteous formula for volunteering unasked information) **101 difference** disagreement **104 plenteous** ample; **read** construe **105 potency** power **107–08 wants . . . minister** does not lack an agent **111 extend** reach **112 Bosom up** conceal within your bosom **113 wholesome** sound **114 s.d. purse** bag containing the Great Seal that is the insignia of the Lord Chancellor's office **115 surveyor** overseer of an estate; Charles Knyvet, Buckingham's cousin **116 examination** deposition **119 big** haughty **120 butcher's cur** referring to Wolsey's parentage **122–23 A beggar's . . . blood** A beggar's book-learning is more esteemed than nobility of descent **123 chafed** angry

Ask God for temp'rance; that's th' appliance only°
Which your disease requires.

BUCKINGHAM I read in's looks 125
Matter against me, and his eye reviled
Me as his abject object.° At this instant
He bores° me with some trick. He's gone to th'
king;
I'll follow and outstare him.

NORFOLK Stay, my lord, 130
And let your reason with your choler question°
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot° horse who, being allowed his way,
Self-mettle° tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you; be to yourself 135
As you would to your friend.

BUCKINGHAM I'll to the king,
And from a mouth of honor° quite cry down
This Ipswich° fellow's° insolence, or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.°

NORFOLK Be advised.° 140
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning.° Know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor° till't run o'er
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised. 145
I say again there is no English soul
More stronger° to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap° of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

BUCKINGHAM Sir, 150
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription; but this top-proud° fellow
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions)° by intelligence°
And proofs as clear as founts in July° when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know 155
To be corrupt and treasonous.

NORFOLK Say not "treasonous."

BUCKINGHAM
To th' king I'll say't, and make my vouch° as strong
As shore of rock. Attend.° This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal rav'nous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief 160
As able to perform't, his mind and place°
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally)
Only to show his pomp° as well in France

124 **appliance only** only remedy 127 **abject object** object of
contempt 128 **bores** cheats 130 **with . . . question** dispute
with your anger 133 **full hot** high-spirited 134 **Self-**
mettle his own natural vigor 137 **from . . . honor** speaking
as a nobleman 138 **Ipswich** Wolsey's birthplace; **fellow's**
usually applied to inferiors; cf. III.ii.280 and IV.ii.100 139
There's . . . persons distinctions of rank no longer matter;
Be advised Take care 143 **overrunning** running beyond
144 **mounts the liquor** causes the liquor to rise 147 **More**
stronger better qualified (double comparatives, and also super-
latives, are frequent in Shakespeare) 148 **sap** juice, fluid 151
top-proud excessively proud 152-53 **Whom . . . motions**
of whom I thus speak not out of spite but from sincere motives
153 **intelligence** intelligence reports 154 **founts in July** i.e.,
streams no longer muddied by spring floods ("July" is accented
on the first syllable) 157 **vouch** allegation 158 **Attend**
Listen 161 **mind and place** inclinations and position 163
pomp magnificence

As here at home, suggests° the king our master
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,° 165
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' th' wrenching.°

NORFOLK Faith, and so it did.

BUCKINGHAM
Pray give me favor,° sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' th' combination drew° 170
As himself pleased; and they were ratified
As he cried, "Thus let be," to as much end
As give a crutch to th' dead. But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy 175
To th' old dam,° treason) Charles the emperor,
Under pretense to see the queen his aunt
(For 'twas indeed his color,° but he came
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation.° 180
His fears were that the interview betwixt
England and France might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice, for from this league
Peeped harms that menaced him. He privily°
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow° 185
(Which I do well, for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promised, whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was asked) but when the way was made
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
That he would please to alter the king's course
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know, 190
As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell° his honor as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

150 NORFOLK I am sorry
To hear this of him, and could wish he were
Something mistaken° in't.

BUCKINGHAM No, not a syllable: 195
I do pronounce° him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.°

*Enter BRANDON, a SERGEANT-AT-ARMS before him,
and two or three of the GUARD.*

BRANDON

Your office, sergeant: execute it.

160 SERGEANT

Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I 200
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

BUCKINGHAM Lo you,° my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.°

164 **suggests** prompts (used of the devil) 165 **interview** "cere-
monial meeting of princes" (Foakes) 167 **wrenching** rinsing
168 **Pray . . . favor** Please hear me out 169 **articles . . .**
drew drew up the terms of the peace treaty 176 **dam** mother
178 **color** pretext 179 **makes visitation** pays a visit 183
privily secretly 184 **as I trow** as I believe (the principal
clause required after the parenthetical comment does not appear;
grammar has yielded to the speaker's emotion, but the sense of
the passage is clear) 192 **buy and sell** traffic in 195 **Some-**
thing mistaken to some extent misinterpreted 196 **pro-**
nounce declare 197 **He . . . proof** experience will reveal
him 202 **Lo you** behold 204 **device and practice** plots
and intrigues

BRANDON I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present.° 'Tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to th' Tower.° 205

BUCKINGHAM It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence, for that due is on me
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heav'n
Be done in this and all things! I obey. 210
O my Lord Aberga'ny, fare you well!

BRANDON
Nay, he must bear you company. [To ABERGA-
VENNY.] The king
Is pleased you shall to th' Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

ABERGAVENNY As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure 215
By me obeyed!

BRANDON Here is a warrant from
The king t' attach° Lord Montacute, and the bodies°
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Parke, his councillor—

BUCKINGHAM So, so;
These are the limbs o' th' plot. No more, I hope. 220

BRANDON
A monk o' th' Chartreux.°

BUCKINGHAM O, Nicholas Hopkins?

BRANDON He.

BUCKINGHAM
My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath showed him gold. My life is spanned° already.
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on, 225
By dark'ning my clear sun.° My lord, farewell.
Exeunt.

Scene II. [*The same. The council chamber.*]

Cornets. Enter KING Henry, leaning on the cardinal's shoulder; the NOBLES, [a SECRETARY of the cardinal's,] and Sir Thomas LOVELL. The cardinal [WOLSEY] places himself under the king's feet° on his right side.

KING
My life itself, and the best heart° of it,
Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' th' level°
Of a full-charged confederacy,° and give thanks
To you that choked it. Let be called before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's.° In person 5
I'll hear him his confessions justify,°
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.
A noise within, crying "Room for the queen!"

205-06 to look . . . present (1) and to see what is now happen-
ing (2) to be involved in the present affair 207 Tower the
Tower of London (where suspected traitors were imprisoned)
217 attach arrest; bodies persons 221 Chartreux Charter-
house (i.e., a Carthusian) 223 spanned measured out 225-26
Whose . . . sun whose form is at this instant clouded by
misfortune that dims my glory and alienates me from my king
("sun" may refer to both Buckingham and Henry)
I.i.s.d. under . . . feet at the feet of the king, who is seated
on a raised and canopied "state," or throne 1 best heart very
core 2 i' th' level in direct range 3 full-charged confed-
eracy fully loaded conspiracy 5 That . . . Buckingham's
the surveyor referred to at I.i.222 6 justify confirm

[KATHERINE, who is] ushered by the Duke of NORFOLK.
Enter the QUEEN, [Duke of] NORFOLK and [Duke of]
SUFFOLK. She kneels. KING riseth from his state, takes her
up, kisses and placeth her by him.

QUEEN KATHERINE
Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

KING
Arise, and take place° by us. Half your suit 10
Never name to us: you have half our power.
The other moiety° ere you ask is given.
Repeat your will,° and take it.

QUEEN KATHERINE Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsiderèd leave your honor nor 15
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

KING Lady mine, proceed.

QUEEN KATHERINE
I am solicited,° not by a few,
And those of true condition,° that your subjects 20
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flawed° the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein although,
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you as putter-on°
Of these exactions, yet the king our master— 25
Whose honor heaven shield from soil!—even he
escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

NORFOLK Not almost appears—
It doth appear. For, upon these taxations, 30
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing,° have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers,° weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compelled by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner 35
Daring th' event to th' teeth,° are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.°

KING Taxation?
Wherein? And what taxation? My Lord Cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

WOLSEY Please you, sir, 40
I know but of a single part° in aught
Pertains to th' state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.°

QUEEN KATHERINE No, my lord?
You know no more than others? But you frame
Things that are known alike,° which are not whole-
some 45

10 take place be seated 12 moiety half 13 Repeat your will
state your wish 18 solicited informed by petitioners 19 true
condition loyal disposition 21 flawed broken 24 putter-on
instigator 32 to them 'longing employed by them 33
spinsters, carders, fullers "spinsters" = spinners (usually
female); carders combed out impurities from the wool; fullers
cleansed the cloth by beating 36 Daring . . . teeth defiantly
daring the worst 37 serves among them is welcomed as
a comrade 41 a single part i.e., my own individual share
42-43 front . . . me only march in the front rank of those who
keep in step with me, i.e., share my responsibility 44-45
frame . . . alike devise measures known to all alike (in the
council)

To° those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance.° These exactions
(Whereof my sovereign would have note),° they are
Most pestilent° to th' hearing; and to bear 'em
The back is sacrifice to th' load. They say
They are devised by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.°

KING Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

QUEEN KATHERINE

I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am boldened
Under your promised pardon. The subject's grief°
Comes through commissions, which compels from
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretense° for this
Is named your wars in France. This makes bold
mouths.

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance° in them. Their curses now
Live where their prayers did, and it's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensèd will.° I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer baseness.°

KING By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

WOLSEY And for me,

I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice,° and that not passed me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties° nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place,° and the rough brake°
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions in the fear
To cope° malicious censurers, which ever,
As rav'nous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimmed,° but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick° interpreters (once° weak ones) is
Not ours or not allowed;° what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality,° is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion° will be mocked or carped at,
We should take root here where we sit,
Or sit state-statues only.°

KING Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear.

45-46 wholesome To (1) beneficial to (2) approved by
47 their acquaintance acquainted with them 48 note
knowledge 49 pestilent offensive 52 exclamation reproach
57 grief grievance 60 pretense pretext 63 Allegiance four
syllables 65-66 This . . . will this willing obedience of theirs
has given way to angry passion 68 primer baseness "mis-
chief more urgently in need of redress" (Foakes) 71 voice
vote 74 faculties qualities 76 place high office; brake thicket
79 cope encounter 81 new-trimmed newly made sea-
worthy 83 sick unsound; once in short 84 Not . . .
allowed denied us or condemned 85 Hitting . . . quality
appealing to the baser sort 87 motion (1) movement (2)
proposal 89 state-statues only mere replicas of statesmen

Things done without example,° in their issue°
Are to be feared. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend° our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will.° Sixth part of each? 95
A trembling° contribution! Why, we take
From every tree lop,° bark, and part o' th' timber,
And though we leave it with a root, thus hacked,°
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is questioned° send our letters with 100
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force° of this commission. Pray look to't;
I put it to your care.

WOLSEY [To the SECRETARY.] A word with you.

Let there be letters writ to every shire
Of the king's grace and pardon. The grievèd commons 105
Hardly conceive° of me: let it be noised
That through our° intercession this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon° advise you
Further in the proceeding. Exit SECRETARY.

Enter SURVEYOR.

QUEEN KATHERINE

I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham 110
Is run in° your displeasure.

KING It grieves many.
The gentleman is learned and a most rare° speaker;
To Nature none more bound;° his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of° himself. Yet see, 115
When these so noble benefits° shall prove
Not well disposed,° the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enrolled 'mongst wonders, and when we, 120
Almost with ravished listening,° could not find
His hour of speech a minute—he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits° put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmeared in hell. Sit by us. You shall hear— 125
This was his gentleman in trust°—of him
Things to strike honor sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices,° whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

WOLSEY

Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what° you, 130
Most like a careful subject, have collected°
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

KING Speak freely.

SURVEYOR

First, it was usual with him—every day

91 example precedent; issue consequences 94 rend pluck
95 stick . . . will i.e., make them creatures of our arbitrary
power 96 trembling accompanied by, or causing, trembling
97 lop smaller branches and twigs 98 thus hacked when it is
thus hacked 100 questioned disputed 102 force validity
106 Hardly conceive (1) think harshly (2) scarcely have any
conception 107 our note his use of the royal pronoun 108
anon soon 111 Is run in has incurred 112 rare accomplished
113 bound indebted (for his endowments) 115 out of from
outside 116 benefits natural gifts 117 disposed applied
121 Almost . . . listening listening almost spellbound 123
habits garments 126 in trust trusted 128 fore-recited
practices already revealed plots 130 what i.e., what informa-
tion 131 collected gathered (by spying)

It would infect his speech—that if the king
Should without issue die, he'll carry it° so
To make the scepter his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny, to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

WOLSEY Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception° in this point.
Not friended by his wish,° to your high person
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

QUEEN KATHERINE My learned Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

KING Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail?° To this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

SURVEYOR He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.°

KING What was that Henton?

SURVEYOR Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor, who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.°

KING How know'st thou this?

SURVEYOR
Not long before your highness sped to° France,
The duke being at the Rose,° within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultny, did of me demand
What was the speech° among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey. I replied
Men feared the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently° the duke
Said 'twas the fear indeed and that he doubted°
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice° hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment;
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure° confidence
This pausingly ensued: 'Neither the king nor's heirs
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper. Bid him strive
To win the love o' th' commonalty.° The duke
Shall govern England.' "

QUEEN KATHERINE If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' th' tenants. Take good heed
You charge not in your spleen° a noble person,
And spoil° your nobler soul.° I say, take heed;

135 Yes, heartily beseech you.

KING Let him on.

Go forward.

SURVEYOR On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by th' devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived, and that 'twas dangerous 180
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forged him° some design, which,° being believed,
It was much like to do. He answered, "Tush,
It can do me no damage"; adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness failed,° 185
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

KING Ha! What, so rank?° Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man. Canst thou say further?

SURVEYOR I can, my liege.

KING Proceed.

SURVEYOR Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke 190
About Sir William Bulmer—

KING I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn° servant,
The duke retained him his. But on. What hence?

SURVEYOR
"If" (quoth he), "I for this had been committed,
As to the Tower I thought, I would have played 195
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper Richard, who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance° of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him."

KING A giant traitor! 200

WOLSEY
Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

QUEEN KATHERINE God mend all!

KING
There's something more would out of thee. What
say'st? 205

SURVEYOR
After "the duke his father," with the "knife,"
He stretched him,° and with one hand on his dagger, 205
Another spread on's breast, mounting° his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath whose tenor
Was, were he evil used,° he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute° purpose.

KING There's his period,° 210
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attached.°
Call him to present° trial. If he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us. By day and night!
He's traitor to th' height.°

Exeunt. 215

135 carry it manage things 140 conception design 141
Not . . . wish not granted his wish (that the king should die
childless) 146 fail (1) failure to beget an heir (2) death 148
Henton his name was in fact Nicholas Hopkins, Henton being
the name of his priory 151 sovereignty i.e., relating to his
accession to the throne 152 sped to set out for 153 the
Rose a manor house belonging to Buckingham 155 speech
report 158 Presently instantly 159 doubted suspected 163
choice suitable 168 demure solemn 171 commonalty
common people 175 spleen malice 176 spoil destroy;
nobler soul moral nobility taking precedence over the nobility
of rank mentioned in the previous line

182 forged him caused him to fashion; which the monk's
words 185 failed died 187 rank (1) corrupt (2) full grown
(the plot) 192 sworn two syllables 199 semblance pretense
205 stretched him stretched himself to his full height 206
mounting raising 208 evil used badly treated 210 irreso-
lute unfulfilled; period goal 211 attached arrested 212
present immediate 215 height utmost degree

Scene III. [*An antechamber in the palace.*]*Enter Lord CHAMBERLAIN and Lord SANDS.*

CHAMBERLAIN

Is't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?°

SANDS

New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous
(Nay, let 'em be unmanly) yet are followed.

CHAMBERLAIN

As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' th' face;° but they are shrewd° ones,
For when they hold 'em,° you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius,° they keep state° so.

5

SANDS

They have all new legs,° and lame ones; one would
take it,That never saw 'em pace° before, the spavin
Or springhalt° reigned among 'em.

10

CHAMBERLAIN

Death! My lord,

Their clothes are after such a pagan cut to't,°
That, sure, th' have worn out Christendom.°*Enter Sir Thomas LOVELL.*

How now? 15

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

LOVELL

Faith, my lord,

I hear of none but the new proclamation
That's clapped° upon the court gate.

CHAMBERLAIN

What is't for?

LOVELL

The reformation of our traveled gallants
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

20

CHAMBERLAIN

I'm glad 'tis there. Now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.°

LOVELL

They must either

(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool and feather° that they got in France,
With all their honorable points of ignorance°
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,°
Abusing° better men than they can be

25

Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blist' red° breeches, and those types° of travel,

30

I.iii.1-2 juggle . . . mysteries trick men into such oddly mysterious behavior 7 fit . . . face a grimace or two; shrewd nasty 8 hold 'em i.e., screw up their faces in this way 10 Pepin or Clotharius sixth- and seventh-century kings of the Franks; keep state affect grandeur 11 new legs new fashions in walking or bowing 12 pace walk (suggesting horse references that follow) 12-13 spavin Or springhalt diseases affecting horses' legs 14 to't as well 15 worn out Christendom used up Christian fashions 18 clapped fastened 23 Louvre palace of the French kings in Paris; now the art museum 25 fool and feather foolish fashions (alluding to the feathers worn by some gallants in their hats) 26 honorable . . . ignorance ignorant conceptions of honorable conduct 27 fights and fireworks i.e., duelling and whoring (with a possible reference to venereal disease as the outcome) 28 Abusing goes with "points of ignorance," and is not parallel with "renouncing" in the next line, which continues the thought indicated by "leave" in line 24 31 blist' red puffed; types insignia

And understand° again like honest men,

Or pack° to their old playfellows. There, I take it,

They may, cum privilegio,° "oui" away

The lag-end° of their lewdness, and be laughed at.

35

SANDS

'Tis time to give 'em physic,° their diseases

Are grown so catching.

CHAMBERLAIN

What a loss our ladies

Will have of these trim vanities!°

LOVELL

Aye, marry,

There will be woe indeed, lords. The sly whoresons

Have got a speeding° trick to lay down ladies.

40

A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.°

SANDS

The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,

For, sure, there's no converting of 'em. Now

An honest country lord, as I am, beaten

A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,°

And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r Lady,°

Held current music° too.

45

CHAMBERLAIN

Well said, Lord Sands.

Your colt's tooth° is not cast yet?

SANDS

No, my lord,

Nor shall not while I have a stump.°

CHAMBERLAIN

Sir Thomas,

Whither were you a-going?

LOVELL

To the cardinal's.

50

Your lordship is a guest too.

CHAMBERLAIN

O, 'tis true.

This night he makes a supper, and a great one,

To many lords and ladies. There will be

The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

LOVELL

That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us.

His dewes fall everywhere.

55

CHAMBERLAIN

No doubt he's noble.

He had a black° mouth that said other of him.

SANDS

He may, my lord; has wherewithal. In him

Sparing° would show a worse sin than ill doctrine.

Men of his way° should be most liberal;

They are set here for examples.

60

CHAMBERLAIN

True, they are so,

But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;

Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,

We shall be late else, which I would not be,

For I was spoke to,° with Sir Henry Guildford

This night to be comptrollers.°

65

SANDS

I am your lordship's. *Exeunt.*

32 understand comprehend things, in general (with a possible quibble on *stand under* [i.e., clothes]) 33 pack clear out 34 cum privilegio with license 35 lag-end latter part 36 physic medical treatment 38 trim vanities spruce fops 40 speeding effective 41 fellow equal 45 plain-song simple melody 46 by'r Lady i.e., by the Virgin Mary (a mild oath) 47 Held current music have it accepted as good music 48 colt's tooth i.e., youthful lustiness 49 stump with a bawdy double meaning 58 black evil 60 Sparing frugality 61 way i.e., of life 66 spoke to asked 67 comptrollers household officers in charge of the festivities

Scene IV. [*A hall in York Place.*]

Hautboys.° *A small table under a state*° *for the cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter ANNE Bullen and divers other LADIES and GENTLEMEN as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry GUILDFORD.*

GUILDFORD

Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all. This night he dedicates
To fair content and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy,° has brought with her
One care abroad. He would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord CHAMBERLAIN, Lord SANDS, and [Sir Thomas] LOVELL.

O, my lord, y' are tardy.
The very thought of this fair company
Clapped wings to me.

CHAMBERLAIN

You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

SANDS

Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet,° ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em. By my life,
They are a sweet society° of fair ones.

LOVELL

O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

SANDS

I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

LOVELL

Faith, how easy?

SANDS

As easy as a down bed would afford it.

CHAMBERLAIN

Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you° that side; I'll take the charge of this.
His grace is ent'ring. Nay, you must not freeze.
Two women placed together makes cold weather.
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking:
Pray, sit between these ladies.

SANDS

By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies.
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

ANNE

Was he mad, sir?

SANDS

O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none. Just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.°

[*Kisses her.*]

CHAMBERLAIN

Well said,° my lord.
So, now y' are fairly° seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you if these fair ladies

Pass away° frowning.

SANDS

For my little cure,°

Let me alone.

35

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, and takes his state.°

WOLSEY

Y' are welcome, my fair guests. That noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*]

SANDS

Your grace is noble.

Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

40

WOLSEY

My Lord Sands,

I am beholding° to you. Cheer your neighbors.
Ladies, you are not merry. Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

SANDS

The red wine first must rise

In their fair cheeks, my lord. Then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

45

ANNE

You are a merry gamester,°

My Lord Sands.

10

SANDS

Yes, if I make my play.°

Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing—

ANNE

You cannot show me.

SANDS

I told your grace they would talk anon.

15

Drum and trumpet; chambers° discharged.

WOLSEY

What's that? 50

CHAMBERLAIN

Look out there, some° of ye. [*Exit SERVANT.*]

WOLSEY

What warlike voice,

And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y' are privileged.°

[*Re*]enter a SERVANT.

20

CHAMBERLAIN

How now, what is't?

SERVANT

A noble troop of strangers,

For so they seem. Th' have left their barge, and landed, 55
And hither make,° as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

WOLSEY

Good Lord Chamberlain,

Go, give 'em welcome: you can speak the French
tongue;

And pray receive 'em nobly and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty 60
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*Exit CHAMBERLAIN, attended.*]

All rise, and tables removed.

You have now a broken° banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I show'r a welcome on ye: welcome all.

34 *Pass away* leave; *cure* (1) charge, parish (continuing the ecclesiastical metaphor of lines 16 ff.) (2) remedy 35 *s.d. state* chair of state 42 *beholding* beholden 46 *gamester* playful person 47 *make my play* win my game 50 *s.d. chambers* small cannon used for ceremonial purposes 51 *some* some one (cf. also line 61) 53 *privileged* entitled to immunity 56 *make* make their way 62 *broken* interrupted, with a possible pun on "poor remains" (of a feast)

I.iv.s.d. *Hautboys* oboes; *state* canopy 4 *bevy* company (of ladies) 13 *running banquet* hasty repast (with a bawdy double meaning) 15 *society* assembly 21 *Place you* i.e., place the guests 31 *kiss* . . . *breath* kiss twenty in one breath; *said* done 32 *fairly* properly

Hautboys. Enter KING and others, as MASQUERS,° habited° like shepherds, ushered by the Lord CHAMBERLAIN. They pass directly before the cardinal [WOLSEY], and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

CHAMBERLAIN

Because they speak no English, thus they prayed
To tell your grace: that having heard by fame°
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less
(Out of the great respect they bear to beauty)
But leave their flocks and, under your fair conduct,°
Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

WOLSEY Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I
pay 'em
A thousand thanks and pray 'em take their pleasures. 75
Choose ladies; KING and ANNE Bullen.

KING

The fairest hand I ever touched! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee!

Music. Dance.

WOLSEY

My lord!

CHAMBERLAIN Your grace?

WOLSEY Pray tell 'em thus much from me:

There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself, to whom 80
(If I but knew him) with my love and duty
I would surrender it.°

CHAMBERLAIN I will, my lord.

Whisper[s with the MASQUERS].

WOLSEY

What say they?

CHAMBERLAIN Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed, which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

WOLSEY Let me see then. 85

By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make
My royal choice.°

KING [Unmasking.] Ye have found him, cardinal.

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord.
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.°

WOLSEY I am glad 90

Your grace is grown so pleasant.°

KING My Lord Chamberlain,
Prithee come hither. What fair lady's that?

CHAMBERLAIN

An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

KING

By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart, 95

I were unmannerly to take you out°
And not to kiss you.° A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

WOLSEY

Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' th' privy chamber?

LOVELL

Yes, my lord.

WOLSEY

Your grace, 100

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

KING

I fear, too much.

WOLSEY

There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber.

KING

Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you. Let's be merry, 105
Good my Lord Cardinal. I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure°
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favor.° Let the music knock it.°

Exeunt with trumpets.

ACT II

Scene I. [Westminster. A street.]

Enter two GENTLEMEN at several° doors.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Whither away so fast?

SECOND GENTLEMAN

O, God save ye!

Ev'n to the Hall,° to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

I'll save you

That labor, sir. All's now done but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Were you there? 5

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Yes, indeed was I.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Pray speak what has happened.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

You may guess quickly what.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Is he found guilty?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Yes, truly is he, and condemned upon't.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

I am sorry for't.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

So are a number more.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

But, pray, how passed it?° 10

FIRST GENTLEMAN

I'll tell you in a little.° The great duke
Came to the bar, where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and allegèd°
Many sharp reasons to defeat° the law.

64 s.d. masquers i.e., disguised and vizarded as for a court
masque; habited dressed 67 fame report 71 under . . .
conduct with your kind permission 82 it the place of honor
87 royal choice choice of a king 90 unhappily unfavorably
91 pleasant merry

96 take you out i.e., invite you to dance 97 to kiss you
customary following a dance 107 measure stately dance 109
best in favor (1) prettiest (2) most favored (by the ladies);
knock it strike up
11 i.s.d. several different 2 Hall Westminster Hall 10 how
passed it i.e., what happened at the trial? 11 in a little in
brief 13 allegèd put forward 14 defeat frustrate

The king's attorney° on the contrary°
 Urged on° the examinations, proofs,° confessions
 Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired
 To him brought viva voce to his face;
 At which appeared against him his surveyor;
 Sir° Gilbert Parke, his councillor; and John Car,
 Confessor to him; with that devil monk,
 Hopkins, that made this mischief.

SECOND GENTLEMAN That was he
 That fed him with his prophecies?

FIRST GENTLEMAN The same.
 All these accused him strongly, which° he fain°
 Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not. 25
 And so his peers upon his evidence
 Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
 He spoke, and learnedly, for life, but all
 Was either pitied in him or forgotten.°

SECOND GENTLEMAN
 After all this, how did he bear himself?

FIRST GENTLEMAN
 When he was brought again to th' bar, to hear
 His knell rung out, his judgment,° he was stirred
 With such an agony he sweat extremely
 And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty.
 But he fell to himself again, and sweetly 35
 In all the rest showed a most noble patience.

SECOND GENTLEMAN
 I do not think he fears death.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Sure,° he does not;
 He never was so womanish. The cause
 He may a little grieve at.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Certainly
 The cardinal is the end° of this.

FIRST GENTLEMAN 'Tis likely, 40
 By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,°
 Then Deputy of Ireland, who removed,
 Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
 Lest he should help his father.°

SECOND GENTLEMAN That trick of state
 Was a deep envious° one.

FIRST GENTLEMAN At his return 45
 No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
 And generally:° whoever the king favors,
 The card'nal instantly will find employment,
 And far enough from court too.

SECOND GENTLEMAN All the commons 50
 Hate him perniciously,° and, o' my conscience,
 Wish him ten fathom deep. This duke as much
 They love and dote on; call him bounteous Bucking-
 ham,
 The mirror of all courtesy—

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment, tipstaves°

15 *before him, the ax with the edge towards him, halberds°
 on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas LOVELL, Sir
 Nicholas VAUX, Sir Walter SANDS,° and common
 people, &c.*

FIRST GENTLEMAN Stay there, sir,
 And see the noble ruined man you speak of.

SECOND GENTLEMAN
 Let's stand close,° and behold him.

BUCKINGHAM All good people, 55
 You that thus far have come to pity me,
 Hear what I say, and then go home and lose° me.
 I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
 And by that name must die. Yet, heaven bear witness,
 And if I have a conscience, let it sink° me 60
 Even as the ax falls, if I be not faithful!

The law I bear no malice for my death:
 'T has done, upon the premises,° but justice.
 But those that sought it I could wish more° Christians.
 Be what they will,° I heartily forgive 'em. 65

Yet let 'em look° they glory not in mischief
 Nor build their evils° on the graves of great men,°
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,

Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies 70
 More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter° to him, only dying,

Go with me like good angels to my end; 75
 And as the long divorce of steel° falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,°
 And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.

LOVELL 40
 I do beseech your grace, for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.° 80

BUCKINGHAM
 Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
 As I would be forgiven. I forgive all.
 There cannot be those numberless offenses
 'Gainst me that I cannot take° peace with. No black 85
 envy°

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace,
 And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him
 You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers
 Yet are the king's and, till my soul forsake,° 90
 Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell° his years!
 Ever beloved and loving may his rule be,
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!°

15 **king's attorney** John Fitz-James, afterward Chief Justice of the King's Bench; **contrary** contrary side 16 **Urged on** (1) argued on the evidence of (intransitive) (2) pressed the evidence of (transitive); **examinations, proofs** depositions, statements 20 **Sir** a courtesy title for a cleric 24 **which** i.e., which accusations; **fain** gladly 29 **Was . . . forgotten** either aroused only unavailing pity or had no effect 32 **judgment** sentence (also in line 58) 37 **Sure** surely 40 **the end** at the root 41 **attainder** disgrace 44 **father** father-in-law (cf. III.ii.261-65) 45 **envious** malicious 47 **generally** by all 50 **perniciously** mortally 53 s.d. **tipstaves** bailiffs, so called because they carried silver-tipped staffs

53 s.d. **halberds** halberdiers (officers bearing long-handled weapons with ax-and-spear points); **Sir Walter Sands** Sir William Sands in Holinshed 55 **close** (1) out of view (2) silent 57 **lose** forget 60 **sink** destroy 63 **premises** (1) circumstances (2) proceedings 64 **more** i.e., more sincere 65 **Be . . . will** whoever they may be 66 **look** look to it 67 **evils** privies (?) 74 **only bitter** the only bitterness 76 **divorce of steel** separation of body and soul caused by the ax 77 **sacrifice** offering 81 **frankly** freely (for Lovell's reference see I.ii.186-87) 85 **take** make; **envy** malice 89 **forsake** i.e., part from my body 91 **tell** count 94 **monument** grave

LOVELL

To th' waterside I must conduct your grace,
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes° you to your end.

VAUX

Prepare there;

The duke is coming. See the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture° as suits
The greatness of his person.

BUCKINGHAM

Nay, Sir Nicholas,

Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward
Bohun.°

Yet I am richer than my base accusers
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal° it,
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head° against usurping Richard,°
Flying for succor to his servant Banister,
Being distressed, was by that wretch betrayed,
And without trial fell. God's peace be with him!

Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honors, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honor, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
Forever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father.

Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most—
A most unnatural and faithless service!

Heaven has an end° in all. Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose.° For those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub° in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink° ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life° is come upon me.
Farewell!

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done, and God forgive me.

Exeunt DUKE and TRAIN.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.°

SECOND GENTLEMAN If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe. Yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith,° sir?

97 undertakes has charge of 99 furniture equipment 103
Bohun his family name was actually Stafford, although in the
female line he was descended from the Bohuns 105 seal ratify
108 raised head gathered troops; Richard Richard III 124
end purpose 127 loose careless 129 rub check 131 sink
destroy 133 long weary life he was forty-three 139
authors originators 143 faith trustworthiness

SECOND GENTLEMAN

This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Let me have it;

I do not talk much.

SECOND GENTLEMAN I am confident;°

You shall,° sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing° of a separation
Between the king and Katherine?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Yes, but it held° not;

For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumor and allay° those tongues
That durst disperse it.

SECOND GENTLEMAN But that slander, sir,

Is found a truth now, for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal
Or some about him near have, out of malice
To the good queen, possessed him with a scruple°
That will undo her. To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately;°
As all think, for this business.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

'Tis the cardinal;

And merely to revenge him on the emperor°
For not bestowing on him at his asking
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

I think you have hit the mark. But is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

'Tis woeful.

We are too open° here to argue this;
Let's think in private more.

*Exeunt.*Scene II. [*An antechamber in the palace.*]*Enter Lord CHAMBERLAIN, reading this letter.*

CHAMBERLAIN "My lord, the horses your lordship
sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen,
ridden,° and furnished.° They were young and hand-
some, and of the best breed in the north. When they
were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord
Cardinal's, by commission and main power,° took
'em from me, with this reason: his master would be
served before a subject, if not before the king; which
stopped our mouths, sir."
I fear he will indeed. Well, let him have them.
He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord CHAMBERLAIN, the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

146 confident i.e., of your discretion 147 shall i.e., shall
have it 148 buzzing rumor 149 held lasted 152 allay
silence 158 possessed . . . scruple put a doubt in his
mind 160 Cardinal . . . lately Lorenzo Campeggio, or
Campeius, did not actually arrive from Rome until 1528,
seven years after Buckingham's execution 162 emperor
Charles V, Holy Roman Emperor and King of Spain;
nephew to Katherine; (see I.i.176-90 and II.ii.25) 168 open
(1) public (2) indiscreet
II.ii.3 ridden broken in; furnished outfitted 6 commission
. . . power warrant and sheer force

NORFOLK

Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

CHAMBERLAIN

Good day to both your graces.

SUFFOLK

How is the king employed?

CHAMBERLAIN

I left him private,^oFull of sad^o thoughts and troubles.

NORFOLK

What's the cause? 15

CHAMBERLAIN

It seems the marriage with his brother's wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

SUFFOLK

[*Aside.*] No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

NORFOLK

'Tis so.

This is the cardinal's doing; the king-cardinal,

That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune, 20

Turns what he list.^o The king will know^o him one day.

SUFFOLK

Pray God he do! He'll never know himself else.

NORFOLK

How holily he works in all his business,

And with what zeal! For, now he has cracked the
leagueBetween us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew, 25

He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters

Dangers, doubts, wringing^o of the conscience,Fears and despairs; and all these for^o his marriage.

And out of all these to restore the king,

He counsels a divorce, a loss of her 30

That like a jewel has hung twenty years

About his neck, yet never lost her luster;

Of her that loves him with that excellence

That angels love good men with, even of her

That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls, 35

Will bless the king. And is not this course pious?

CHAMBERLAIN

Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true

These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks 'em,

And every true heart weeps for't. All that dare

Look into these affairs see this main end, 40

The French king's sister.^o Heaven will one day openThe king's eyes, that so long have slept upon^o

This bold bad man.

SUFFOLK

And free us from his slavery.

NORFOLK

We had need pray,

And heartily, for our deliverance, 45

Or this imperious man will work us all

From princes into pages. All men's honors

Lie like one lump^o before him, to be fashionedInto what pitch^o he please.

SUFFOLK

For me, my lords,

I love him not, nor fear him—there's my creed. 50

14 private alone 15 sad grave (also in lines 57, 62) 20-21 That . . . list i.e., he takes after Fortune in his disregard for others and his capriciousness (Fortune was depicted as blind and turning a wheel; eldest sons had special privileges) 21 know understand (also in next line) 27 wringing torture 28 for because of 41 French king's sister the Duchess of Alençon (see III.ii.86-87) 42 slept upon been blind to 48 lump i.e., of clay (cf. Romans 9:21) 49 pitch height (figurative), i.e., rank or degree of dignity

As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please. His curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; th' are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud—the pope.^o

NORFOLK

Let's in, 55

And with some other business put the king

From these sad thoughts that work too much upon
him.

My lord, you'll bear us company?

CHAMBERLAIN

Excuse me,

The king has sent me otherwhere. Besides,

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him. 60

Health to your lordships.

NORFOLK

Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

*Exit Lord CHAMBERLAIN, and the KING draws
the curtain^o and sits reading pensively.*

SUFFOLK

How sad he looks; sure, he is much afflicted.^o

KING

Who's there, ha?

NORFOLK

Pray God he be not angry.

KING

Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations? 65

Who am I, ha?

NORFOLK

A gracious king that pardons all offenses

Malice ne'er meant. Our breach of duty this way^oIs business of estate,^o in which we come

To know your royal pleasure.

KING

Ye are too bold. 70

Go to;^o I'll make ye know your times of business.

Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS with a commission.

Who's there? My good Lord Cardinal? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,

Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To CAMPEIUS.*] You're
welcome, 75

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:

Use us and it. [*To WOLSEY.*] My good lord, have
great care

I be not found a talker.^o

WOLSEY

Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

KING [*To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*] We are busy; go. 80NORFOLK [*Aside to SUFFOLK.*]

This priest has no pride in him? 45

SUFFOLK [*Aside to NORFOLK.*]

Not to speak of.

I would not be so sick though for his place.^o

But this cannot continue.

NORFOLK [*Aside to SUFFOLK.*] If it do,I'll venture one have-at-him.^o

55 the pope the expected reference would be to the devil
61 s.d. draws the curtain the king is thus revealed seated
within a curtained booth or recess; see the General Introduction,
p. 7 62 afflicted disturbed 68 this way in this respect 69
estate state 71 Go to an exclamation of impatience or disap-
proval 78 talker i.e., rather than a doer 83 so . . . place
so sick with pride even if it meant having his position 85
have-at-him thrust (the phrase "Have at you," meaning
"Here goes!" or "Watch out!" signaled an attack)

SUFFOLK [*Aside to NORFOLK.*] I another. 85
Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

WOLSEY
 Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
 Above all princes, in committing freely
 Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
 Who can be angry now? What envy° reach you?
 The Spaniard,° tied by blood and favor to her, 90
 Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
 The trial just and noble. All the clerks°
 (I mean the learnèd ones) in Christian kingdoms
 Have their free voices.° Rome, the nurse of judgment,
 Invited by your noble self, hath sent 95
 One general tongue° unto us, this good man,
 This just and learnèd priest, Card'nal Campeius,
 Whom once more I present unto your highness.

KING
 And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
 And thank the holy conclave° for their loves. 100
 They have sent me such a man I would have wished
 for.

CAMPEIUS
 Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'° loves,
 You are so noble. To your highness' hand
 I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
 The court of Rome commanding, you, my Lord 105
 Cardinal of York, are joined with me their servant
 In the impartial° judging of this business.

KING
 Two equal° men. The queen shall be acquainted
 Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

WOLSEY
 I know your majesty has always loved her 110
 So dear in heart not to deny her that°
 A woman of less place might ask by law:
 Scholars allowed freely to argue for her.

KING
 Aye, and the best she shall have, and my favor
 To him that does best—God forbid else. Cardinal, 115
 Prithee call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
 I find him a fit fellow.

[WOLSEY beckons.] *Enter GARDINER.*

WOLSEY [*Aside to GARDINER.*]
 Give me your hand: much joy and favor to you.
 You are the king's now.

GARDINER [*Aside to WOLSEY.*] But to be commanded
 Forever by your grace, whose hand has raised me. 120

KING
 Come hither, Gardiner.

Walks and whispers.

CAMPEIUS
 My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
 In this man's place before him?

WOLSEY Yes, he was.

CAMPEIUS
 Was he not held a learnèd man?

89 envy malice 90 Spaniard Spaniards (Katherine was daughter to Ferdinand of Spain) 92 clerks scholars 94 Have . . . voices may freely express their opinions 96 One general tongue one spokesman for all 100 holy conclave College of Cardinals 102 strangers' foreigners' 107 impartial impartial 108 equal just, impartial 111 that that which

WOLSEY Yes, surely.

CAMPEIUS
 Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then, 125
 Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

WOLSEY How? Of me?

CAMPEIUS
 They will not stick° to say you envied him
 And, fearing he would rise (he was so virtuous),
 Kept him a foreign man still;° which so grieved him
 That he ran mad and died.°

WOLSEY Heaven's peace be with him! 130
 That's Christian care enough. For living murmurers°
 There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
 For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
 If I command him, follows my appointment;°
 I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother, 135
 We live not to be griped° by meaner persons.

KING
 Deliver° this with modesty to th' queen.

Exit GARDINER.

The most convenient place that I can think of
 For such receipt° of learning is Blackfriars;°
 There ye shall meet about this weighty business. 140
 My Wolsey, see it furnished.° O, my lord,
 Would it not grieve an able° man to leave
 So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!
 O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. *Exeunt.*

Scene III. [*An antechamber of the queen's apartments.*]

Enter ANNE Bullen and an OLD LADY.

110 ANNE
 Not for that neither. Here's the pang that pinches:°
 His highness having lived so long with her, and she
 So good a lady that no tongue could ever
 Pronounce° dishonor of her—by my life,
 She never knew harmdoing—O, now, after 5
 So many courses of the sun° enthronèd,
 Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
 To leave a thousandfold more bitter than
 'Tis sweet at first t' acquire—after this process,°
 To give her the avault,° it is a pity 10
 Would move a monster.

OLD LADY Hearts of most hard temper
 Melt and lament for her.

ANNE O, God's will! Much better
 She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal,°
 Yet, if that quarrel,° Fortune, do divorce
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging° 15
 As soul and body's severing.

OLD LADY Alas, poor lady!
 She's a stranger° now again.

127 stick scruple 129 foreign man still continually on missions abroad 130 died Pace in fact outlived Wolsey by six years 131 murmurers grumblers 134 appointment direction 136 griped clutched familiarly 137 Deliver relate 139 receipt accommodation; Blackfriars Dominican monastery buildings in London 141 furnished fitted up 142 able vigorous

II.iii.1 pinches torments 4 Pronounce utter 6 courses . . . sun years 9 this process what has passed 10 give . . . avault order her to go 13 temporal worldly 14 quarrel quarreler (abstract for concrete) 15 sufferance panging suffering as agonizing 17 stranger foreigner

ANNE So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers^o in content 20
Than to be perked up^o in a glist'ring^o grief
And wear a golden sorrow.
OLD LADY Our content
Is our best having.^o
ANNE By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
OLD LADY Beshrew me,^o I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you, 25
For all this spice^o of your hypocrisy.
You that have so fair parts^o of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet
Affected^o eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth,^o are blessings; and which gifts 30
(Saving your mincing)^o the capacity
Of your soft cheveril^o conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
ANNE Nay, good troth.^o
OLD LADY Yes, troth, and troth. You would not be a queen?
ANNE No, not for all the riches under heaven. 35
OLD LADY 'Tis strange. A threepence bowed^o would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen^o it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? Have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
ANNE No, in truth.
OLD LADY Then you are weakly made. Pluck off^o a little; 40
I would not be a young count^o in your way,^o
For more than blushing comes to. If your back
Cannot vouchsafe^o this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
ANNE How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen 45
For all the world.
OLD LADY In faith, for little England^o
You'd venture an emballing.^o I myself
Would for Caernarvonshire,^o although there 'longed
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?
Enter Lord CHAMBERLAIN.

CHAMBERLAIN
Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know 50

20 **range** . . . **livers** rank with humble folk 21 **perked up**
decked out; **glist'ring** glittering 23 **having** possession 24
Beshrew me may evil befall me (a mild imprecation) 26
spice dash, sample 27 **parts** qualities (of mind and person)
29 **Affected** aspired to 30 **say sooth** tell the truth 31
Saving your mincing despite your coyness 32 **cheveril**
kidskin 33 **troth** faith 36 **bowed** bent (and therefore worth-
less); with a possible quibble on *bawd* 37 **queen** with a pun
on *quean* = *bawd* 40 **Pluck off** come down in rank 41
count with a bawdy double meaning; **way** (1) path (2)
virginal condition 43 **vouchsafe** deign to accept 46 **little**
England perhaps with a reference to Pembrokeshire, called
"little England beyond Wales"; word follows (line 63) of
Anne's promotion to Marchioness—historically, to Marquess—
of Pembroke 47 **emballing** investment with the ball as
emblem of sovereignty (with a bawdy pun) 48 **Caernarvon-**
shire a poor Welsh county

The secret of your conference?^o

ANNE My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not^o your asking.
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

CHAMBERLAIN
It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women. There is hope 55
All will be well.

ANNE Now, I pray God, amen!

CHAMBERLAIN
You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty 60
Commends his good opinion of you,^o and
Does purpose honor to you no less flowing^o
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

ANNE I do not know 65
What kind^o of my obedience I should tender.
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not^o words duly hallowed, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities. Yet prayers and
wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship, 70
Vouchsafe^o to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

CHAMBERLAIN Lady,
I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit^o
The king hath of you. [*Aside.*] I have perused her well. 75
Beauty and honor in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king; and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.

ANNE My honored lord. 80
Exit Lord CHAMBERLAIN.

OLD LADY
Why, this it is:^o see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly,^o nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds;^o and you (O fate!) 85
A very fresh fish here—fie, fie, fie upon
This compelled^o fortune!—have your mouth filled up
Before you open it.

ANNE This is strange to me.

OLD LADY
How tastes it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no.
There was a lady once ('tis an old story) 90
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt.^o Have you heard it?

51 **conference** conversation 52 **values not** is not worth
61 **Commends** . . . **you** presents his compliments 62
flowing abundant 66 **kind** expression 67–68 **nor** . . .
not the double negative lends emphasis 71 **Vouchsafe** be
good enough 74 **approve** . . . **conceit** confirm the good
opinion 81 **this it is** so it goes 83 **beggarly** (1) poor (2)
begging 85 **suit of pounds** i.e., petition for money 87
compelled i.e., forced upon her 92 **mud in Egypt** riches of
Egypt (the mud being the source of its fertility)

ANNE

Come, you are pleasant.

OLD LADY

With your theme, I could
O'ermount° the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke?
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect?°

95

No other obligation? By my life,
That promises moe° thousands: honor's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess. Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

ANNE

Good lady,

100

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood° a jot. It faints me°
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver°
What here y' have heard to her.

105

OLD LADY

What do you think me?—*Exeunt.*Scene IV. [*A hall in Blackfriars.*]

Trumpets, sennet,° and cornets. Enter two VERGERS, with short silver wands; next them, two SCRIBES, in the habit of doctors;° after them, the [Arch]bishop of CANTERBURY alone; after him, the Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCH-ESTER, and SAINT ASAPH. Next them, with some small distance, follows a GENTLEMAN bearing the purse, with the Great Seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two PRIESTS, bearing each a silver cross; then [GRIFFITH,] a gentleman usher bareheaded, accompanied with a SERGEANT-AT-ARMS bearing a silver mace; then two GENTLEMEN bearing two great silver pillars;° after them, side by side, the two CARDINALS; two NOBLEMEN with the sword and mace. The KING takes place° under the cloth of state;° the two CARDINALS sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place some distance from the KING. The BISHOPS place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory;° below them, the SCRIBES. The LORDS sit next the BISHOPS. The rest of the ATTENDANTS stand in convenient order about the stage.

WOLSEY

Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

KING

What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allowed.
You may then spare that time.

WOLSEY

Be't so. Proceed.

5

SCRIBE

Say "Henry King of England, come into the court."

CRIER

Henry King of England, &c.

KING

Here.

SCRIBE

Say "Katherine Queen of England, come into the court."

CRIER

Katherine Queen of England, &c.

10

The QUEEN makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the KING, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.

QUEEN KATHERINE

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for

I am a most poor woman and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent,° nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding.° Alas, sir,

15

In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure
That thus you should proceed to put me off°

And take your good grace° from me? Heaven witness, 20

I have been to you a true and humble wife,

At all times to your will conformable,

Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,

Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry

As I saw it inclined. When was the hour

25

I ever contradicted your desire,

Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew

He were mine enemy? What friend of mine

That had to him derived° your anger did I

30

Continue in my liking? Nay, gave° notice

He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind

That I have been your wife in this obedience

Upward of twenty years, and have been blessed

35

With many children by you. If, in the course

And process of this time, you can report,

And prove it too, against mine honor aught,

My bond to wedlock or my love and duty,

Against° your sacred person, in God's name,

Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt

40

Shut door upon me, and so give me up

To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,

The king, your father, was reputed for

A prince most prudent, of an excellent

And unmatched wit° and judgment. Ferdinand,

45

My father, King of Spain, was reckoned one

The wisest° prince that there had reigned by many

A year before. It is not to be questioned

That they had gathered a wise council to them

Of every realm, that did debate this business,

50

Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore I
humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may

Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel

I will implore. If not, i' th' name of God,

Your pleasure be fulfilled!

WOLSEY

You have here, lady,

55

And of your choice, these reverend fathers, men

15 indifferent unbiased 16 equal . . . proceeding impartial
friendship and proceedings 19 put me off discard me 20
grace (1) self (2) favor 30 derived incurred 31 gave i.e.,
gave not 39 Against (1) i.e., or aught against (?) (2) toward
(?) 45 wit intelligence 46-47 one The wisest the very
wisest

94 O'ermount fly higher than 95 for pure respect simply
out of esteem 97 moe more 103 salute my blood exhilar-
ates me; faints me makes me faint 106 deliver report
II.iv.s.d. sennet trumpet fanfare; habit of doctors i.e.,
capped and gowned as doctors of law; two . . . pillars
Wolsey's insignia; takes place takes his seat; cloth of state
canopy; consistory College of Cardinals

Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' th' land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless°
That longer you desire the court,° as well
For your own quiet,° as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

CAMPEIUS His grace
Hath spoken well and justly. Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

QUEEN KATHERINE Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak.

WOLSEY Your pleasure, madam?

QUEEN KATHERINE Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, or long have dreamed so, certain°
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

WOLSEY Be patient yet.

QUEEN KATHERINE
I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe
(Induced by potent circumstances)° that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge°
You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Have blown this coal° betwixt my lord and me—
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor,° yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge, whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

WOLSEY I do profess
You speak not like yourself, who ever yet
Have stood to° charity and displayed th' effects
Of disposition gentle and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's pow'r. Madam, you do me
wrong:

I have no spleen° against you, nor injustice
For you or any. How far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal. I do deny it.
The king is present. If it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed,° how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood—yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report,° he knows
I am not of your wrong.° Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you; the which before
His highness shall speak in,° I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking

59 bootless profitless 60 longer . . . court longer you
draw out the business of the court (by pleading for a post-
ponement) 61 quiet i.e., of mind 69 certain certainly 74
Induced . . . circumstances persuaded by strong reasons
75 challenge objection (legal term) 77 blown this coal stirred
up this strife (proverbial) 79 abhor protest against (legal term)
84 stood to supported 87 spleen malice 94 gainsay my
deed now deny what I have done 97 free . . . report
innocent of your charges 98 I . . . wrong i.e., I have been
wronged by you 101 in regarding

And to say so no more.

QUEEN KATHERINE My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
T' oppose your cunning. Y' are meek and humble-
mouthed.

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility,° but your heart
Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have by fortune and his highness' favors
Gone slightly° o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where pow'rs° are your retainers, and your words
(Domestics to you) serve your will as't please
Yourself pronounce their office.° I must tell you,
You tender° more your person's honor than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

She curtsies to the KING, and offers to depart.

CAMPEIUS The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn° to justice, apt to accuse it,° and
Disdainful to be tried by't. 'Tis not well.
She's going away.

KING

Call her again.

CRIER

Katherine Queen of England, come into the court.

GRIFFITHS

Madam, you are called back.

QUEEN KATHERINE

What need you note it? Pray you keep your way;°
When you are called, return. Now the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass on.
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

Exit QUEEN, and her ATTENDANTS.

KING

Go thy ways, Kate.

The man i' th' world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone°—
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saintlike, wifelike government,°
Obeying in commanding,° and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out°—
The queen of earthly queens. She's noble born,
And like her true nobility she has
Carried herself towards me.

WOLSEY

Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require° your highness,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing

106-07 You . . . humility to all outward appearances you
set a stamp of meekness and humility on your high spiritual
office 110 slightly easily 111 pow'rs those in power 111-13
your words . . . office i.e., your words are your servants, and
you need only speak in order for your will to be done 114
tender value 120 Stubborn unpliant; apt . . . it prone to
call it in question 126 keep your way keep going 134
alone without rival 136 government self-control 137
Obeying in commanding self-restrained when giving orders
137-38 thy parts . . . out your other excellent and pious
qualities could describe you fully 142 require beg

Of all these ears—for where I am robbed and bound,
 There must I be unloosed, although not there
 At once and fully satisfied—whether ever I
 Did broach this business to your highness, or
 Laid any scruple in your way which might
 Induce you to the question on't? Or ever
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
 A royal lady, spake one the least° word that might
 Be to the prejudice of her present state,
 Or touch° of her good person?

KING My Lord Cardinal,
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honor,
 I free you from't. You are not to be taught°
 That you have many enemies that know not
 Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do. By some of these
 The queen is put in anger. Y' are excused.
 But will you be more justified? You ever
 Have wished the sleeping of this business, never desired
 It to be stirred, but oft have hind'red, oft,
 The passages° made toward it. On my honor
 I speak° my good Lord Cardinal to this point,
 And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to't,
 I will be bold with time and your attention.
 Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give heed
 to't:

My conscience first received a tenderness,
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches uttered
 By th' Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
 Our daughter Mary. I' th' progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution,° he
 (I mean the bishop) did require a respite,
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise°
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
 Sometimes° our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience, entered me,
 Yea, with a spitting° power, and made to tremble
 The region of my breast; which forced such way
 That many mazed considerings° did throng,
 And pressed in with this caution. First, methought
 I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had
 Commanded nature that my lady's womb,
 If it conceived a male child by me, should
 Do no more offices of life to't than
 The grave does to th' dead; for her male issue
 Or° died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had aired them. Hence I took a thought
 This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom,
 Well worthy the best heir o' th' world, should not
 Be gladdened in't by me. Then follows that
 I weighed the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail,° and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling° in

151 on the least a single 153 touch sullyng 155 You . . .
 taught you do not have to be told 163 passages proceedings
 164 speak bear witness for 174 determinate resolution
 final decision 176 advertise inform (accent on second syllable)
 179 Sometimes formerly 181 spitting transfixing, as though
 impaled on a spit 183 mazed considerings perplexed thoughts
 190 Or either 196 issue's fail i.e., failure to have a son 197
 hulling drifting with sail furled

The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
 Toward this remedy whereupon we are
 Now present here together. That's to say,
 I meant to rectify° my conscience, which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet° not well,
 By all the reverend fathers of the land
 And doctors learned. First I began in private
 With you, my Lord of Lincoln. You remember
 How under my oppression° I did reek,°
 When I first moved° you.

LINCOLN Very well, my liege.

KING
 I have spoke long. Be pleased yourself to say
 How far you satisfied me.

LINCOLN So please your highness,
 The question did at first so stagger me,
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't
 And consequence of dread, that I committed
 The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,°
 And did entreat your highness to this course
 Which you are running here.

KING I then moved you,
 My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
 To make this present summons.° Unsolicited
 I left no reverend person in this court,
 But by particular consent proceeded
 Under your hands and seals.° Therefore, go on;
 For no dislike i' th' world against the person
 Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
 Of my allegèd° reasons, drives this forward.
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come with her,
 Katherine our queen, before the primest° creature
 That's paragoned° o' th' world.

CAMPEIUS So please your highness,
 The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
 That we adjourn this court till further° day.
 Meanwhile must be an earnest motion°
 Made to the queen to call back her appeal
 She intends unto his holiness.

KING [Aside.] I may perceive
 These cardinals trifle with me. I abhor
 This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
 My learned and well-belovèd servant, Cranmer,
 Prithee return; with thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along.—Break up the court;
 I say, set on. Exeunt, in manner as they entered.

201 rectify set right (cf. line 61) 202 yet now still 206
 oppression heavy burden; reek sweat (literally, smoke with
 heat) 207 moved proposed the matter 211-13 Bearing
 . . . doubt concerning so momentous a state of affairs, with
 consequences so dreadful to contemplate, that I did not trust
 myself to give the boldest advice (i.e., that the marriage be
 dissolved) 217 summons i.e., of the queen 220 Under . . .
 seals with your signed and sealed consent 223 allegèd stated
 227 primest foremost 228 paragoned held up as a paragon
 230 further a more distant 231 motion appeal

A C T I I I

Scene I. [*London. The queen's apartments.*]*Enter* QUEEN and her WOMEN, *as at work.*

QUEEN KATHERINE

Take thy lute, wench. My soul grows sad with troubles;

Sing and disperse 'em, if thou canst. Leave° working.

Song.

Orpheus° with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing.
 To his music plants and flowers
 Ever sprung, as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.°
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

QUEEN KATHERINE

How now?

GENTLEMAN

And't° please your grace, the two great cardinals
 Wait in the presence.°

QUEEN KATHERINE Would they speak with me?

GENTLEMAN

They willed me say so, madam.

QUEEN KATHERINE

Pray their graces
 To come near. [*Exit* GENTLEMAN.] What can be their
 business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favor?
 I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
 They should be good men, their affairs as righteous;°
 But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

WOLSEY

Peace to your highness!

QUEEN KATHERINE

Your graces find me here part of° a housewife.
 I would be all, against the worst may happen.°
 What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

WOLSEY

May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
 Into your private chamber, we shall give you
 The full cause of our coming.

QUEEN KATHERINE

Speak it here;

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
 Deserves a corner. Would all other women
 Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
 My lords, I care not (so much I am happy

Above a number) if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
 Envy and base opinion° set against 'em,
 I know my life so even.° If your business
 Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,°
 Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

WOLSEY Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina
 serenissima°—

QUEEN KATHERINE

O, good my lord, no Latin;
 I am not such a truant since my coming,
 As not to know the language I have lived in.
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
 suspicious;°
 Pray speak in English. Here are some will thank you,
 If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake.
 Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
 The willing'st° sin I ever yet committed
 May be absolved in English.

WOLSEY

Noble lady,

I am sorry my integrity should breed
 (And service to his majesty and you)
 So deep suspicion, where all° faith was meant.
 We come not by the way of accusation,
 To taint that honor every good tongue blesses,
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow—
 You have too much, good lady—but to know
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference
 Between the king and you, and to deliver,
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions
 And comforts to your cause.

CAMPEIUS

Most honored madam,

My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
 Zeal and obedience he still bore° your grace,
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
 Both of his truth and him (which was too far°)
 Offers, as I do, in° a sign of peace,
 His service and his counsel.

QUEEN KATHERINE [*Aside.*] To betray me.—

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills.
 Ye speak like honest men; pray God ye prove so!
 But how to make ye suddenly° an answer,
 In such a point of weight, so near° mine honor,
 More near my life, I fear, with my weak wit.°
 And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth I know not. I was set° at work
 Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men or such business.
 For her sake that I have been°—for I feel
 The last fit° of my greatness—good your graces,
 Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
 Alas, I am a woman friendless, hopeless!

WOLSEY

Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears.
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

III.i.2 Leave leave off 3 Orpheus in mythology the music of his lyre tamed wild beasts and entranced even inanimate nature 11 lay by subsided 16 And't if it 17 presence presence chamber 22 their . . . righteous i.e., their business should be as righteous as they themselves good 24 part of to some extent (because she is sewing) 25 I . . . happen I would like to be a complete one, in preparation for the worst (i.e., in case I am divorced and left nothing else)

36 Envy . . . opinion malice and unworthy gossip 37 even equable 38 Seek . . . in concerns me, and my behavior as a wife 40–41 Tanta . . . serenissima So unprejudiced are we toward you, most serene queen 45 strange, suspicious foreign, and hence suspicious 49 willing'st most deliberate 53 all only 63 still bore has always borne 65 far extreme 66 in as 70 suddenly on the spur of the moment 71 near closely affecting 72 wit intelligence 74 set seated 77 For . . . been for what I once was 78 fit seizure (as in an illness)

QUEEN KATHERINE In England
But little for my profit. Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure— 85
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest—
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out° my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here.
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence 90
In mine own country, lords.

CAMPEIUS I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

QUEEN KATHERINE How, sir?

CAMPEIUS
Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your honor better and your cause,° 95
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away° disgraced.

WOLSEY He tells you rightly.

QUEEN KATHERINE
Ye tell me what ye wish for both—my ruin.
Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge 100
That no king can corrupt.

CAMPEIUS Your rage mistakes us.

QUEEN KATHERINE
The more shame for ye. Holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;°
But cardinal sins° and hollow hearts I fear ye.
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort? 105
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laughed at, scorned?
I will not wish ye half my miseries:
I have more charity. But say I warned ye.
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once° 110
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

WOLSEY
Madam, this is a mere distraction.°
You turn the good we offer into envy.°

QUEEN KATHERINE
Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors!° Would you have me 115
(If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits°)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, has banished me his bed already;
His love, too long ago! I am old,° my lords, 120
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? All your studies
Make me a curse like this!°

86 so . . . honest so reckless as to come out honestly
in my support 88 weigh out attach full weight to 95
Both . . . cause better for both your honor and your cause
97 part away depart 103 cardinal virtues the essential vir-
tues (comprising fortitude, justice, prudence, and temperance);
with a pun on the visitors' station 104 cardinal sins alluding
to the seven deadly sins; with pun on carnal, the Elizabethan
pronunciation of cardinal 110 at once all at once 112 mere
distraction sheer madness 113 envy malice 115 professors
i.e., of Christianity 117 habits garb 120 old she was forty-
three 123-24 All . . . this Let all your learned efforts make
my life any more wretched than it already is

CAMPEIUS Your fears are worse.°

QUEEN KATHERINE
Have I lived thus long (let me speak° myself, 125
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare say without vainglory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? Loved him next heaven? Obeyed
him? 130
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?°
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman° to her husband,
One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure,° 135
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honor: a great patience.

WOLSEY
Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

QUEEN KATHERINE
My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty
To give up willingly that noble title 140
Your master wed me to. Nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

WOLSEY Pray hear me.

QUEEN KATHERINE
Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.° 145
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me; 150
Almost no grave allowed me. Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourished,
I'll hang my head and perish.

WOLSEY If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,°
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady, 155
Upon what cause, wrong you? Alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it.
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, aye, utterly 160
Grow° from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.°
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper, 165
A soul as even as a calm. Pray think us
Those we profess, peacemakers, friends, and servants.

CAMPEIUS
Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts 170
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you lose it not. For us, if you please

124 worse i.e., than your actual situation 125 speak describe
131 superstitious to him his idolator 134 constant woman
woman faithful 135 pleasure (1) enjoyment (2) wishes
145 Ye . . . hearts alluding to the proverb "Fair face, foul
heart" 154 ends are honest intentions are honorable 161
Grow be estranged; carriage conduct

To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies° in your service.

QUEEN KATHERINE

Do what ye will, my lords; and pray forgive me. 175
If I have used myself° unmannerly,
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service° to his majesty.
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers 180
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs
That little thought, when she set footing° here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. [*Antechamber to the king's apartment.*]

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, Duke of SUFFOLK, Lord
SURREY, and Lord CHAMBERLAIN.*

NORFOLK

If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy,° the cardinal
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time,° I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces, 5
With these you bear already.

SURREY

I am joyful

To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,°
To be revenged on him.

SUFFOLK

Which of the peers

Have uncondemned° gone by him, or at least° 10
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of° himself?

CHAMBERLAIN My lords, you speak your pleasures.°

What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, though now the time 15
Gives way° to us, I much fear.° If you cannot
Bar his access to th' king, never attempt
Anything on him, for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in's tongue.

NORFOLK

O, fear him not;

His spell in that is out.° The king hath found 20
Matter against him that forever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.°

SURREY

Sir,

I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

NORFOLK

Believe it, this is true. 25

In the divorce his contrary proceedings°
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

SURREY

How came

His practices° to light?

SUFFOLK

Most strangely.

SURREY

O, how? How?

SUFFOLK

The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried, 30
And came to th' eye o' th' king; wherein was read
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' th' divorce. For if
It did take place, "I do" (quoth he), "perceive
My king is tangled in affection to 35
A creature° of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."

SURREY

Has the king this?

SUFFOLK

Believe it.

SURREY

Will this work?

CHAMBERLAIN

The king in this perceives him how he coasts
And hedges his own way.° But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic 40
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

SURREY

Would he had!

SUFFOLK

May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

SURREY

Now, all my joy

Trace the conjunction!°

SUFFOLK

My amen to't!

NORFOLK

All men's!

45

SUFFOLK

There's order given for her coronation.
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature and complete°
In mind and feature. I persuade me, from her 50
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized.°

SURREY

But will the king

Digest° this letter of the cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

NORFOLK

Marry, amen!

SUFFOLK

No, no.

There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose 55
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' th' king unhandled, and
Is posted° as the agent of our cardinal
To second all his plot. I do assure you 60
The king cried "Ha!" at this.

CHAMBERLAIN

Now God incense him,

And let him cry "Ha!" louder!

174 studies endeavors 176 used myself behaved 179 do
my service offer my respects 183 footing foot
III.ii.2 force . . . constancy urge them with determination
3-4 omit . . . time neglect this opportunity 8 my . . .
duke Buckingham; see II.i.43-44 10 uncondemned un-
despised; at least i.e., have not at least been 13 Out of
besides; speak your pleasures are free to say what you
care to 16 way scope; fear doubt 20 His . . . out His
influence that way is finished 22-23 he's . . . displeasure
he (Wolsey) is fixed, not to escape, in his (the king's) displeasure
(but "he" could possibly refer to the king, in which case "come
off" = desist)

26 contrary proceedings (1) proceedings contradicting their
outward appearance (2) adverse proceedings 29 practices plots
36 creature dependent 38-39 coasts . . . way moves cir-
cuitously and stealthily (i.e., as by coasts and hedgerows) to-
ward his own goals 44-45 all . . . conjunction all the joy I
can wish follow the marriage 49 complete fully endowed
52 memorized made memorable 53 Digest stomach 59
posted hastened

NORFOLK But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
SUFFOLK
He is returned in his opinions,^o which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce, 65
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be published,^o and
Her coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be called queen, but princess dowager 70
And widow to Prince Arthur.
NORFOLK This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
SUFFOLK He has, and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.
NORFOLK So I hear.
SUFFOLK 'Tis so.

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

The cardinal! 75
NORFOLK
Observe, observe, he's moody.
WOLSEY
The packet,^o Cromwell,
Gave't you the king?
CROMWELL To his own hand, in's bedchamber.
WOLSEY
Looked he o' th' inside of the paper?^o
CROMWELL Presently^o
He did unseal them, and the first he viewed, 80
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.
WOLSEY Is he ready
To come abroad?
CROMWELL I think by this he is.
WOLSEY
Leave me awhile. *Exit CROMWELL.* 85

[*Aside.*]

It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister; he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen? No. I'll no Anne Bullens for him;
There's more in't than fair visage. Bullen?
No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish 90
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke!^o
NORFOLK
He's discontented.
SUFFOLK Maybe he hears the king
Does whet his anger to^o him.
SURREY Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
WOLSEY [*Aside.*]
The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter, 95
To be her mistress' mistress? The queen's queen?

64 returned . . . opinions i.e., not in person, but in that the opinions have been received from him 68 published proclaimed 77 packet parcel of state papers 79 paper wrapper; Presently immediately 91 Marchioness of Pembroke Anne did not in fact receive the title until 1532, three years after the events of this scene 93 to against

This candle burns not clear. 'Tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes.^o What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? Yet I know her for 100
A spleeny^o Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause that she should lie i' th' bosom of
Our hard-ruled^o king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer, one
Hath^o crawled into the favor of the king,
And is his oracle.
70 NORFOLK He is vexed at something. 105
Enter KING, reading of a schedule, [and LOVELL].
SURREY
I would 'twere something that would fret the string,^o
The master-cord on's^o heart.
SUFFOLK The king, the king!
KING
What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! And what expense by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' th' name of thrift, 110
Does he rake this together? Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?^o
NORFOLK My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion^o
Is in his brain. He bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground, 115
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against^o the moon. In most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.
KING It may well be 120
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required. And wot^o you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing:^o 125
The several parcels^o of his plate,^o his treasure,
Rich stuffs,^o and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate^o that it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.^o
NORFOLK It's heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet 130
To bless your eye withal.
KING If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fixed on spiritual object,^o he should still
Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon,^o not worth 135
His serious considering.

97-98 This . . . goes i.e., I will be called on to clear away the impediments to this marriage, but instead will use the opportunity to quash it altogether ("snuff" = trim the wick) 100 spleeny (1) staunch (2) splenetic 102 hard-ruled difficult to manage 104 Hath that hath 106 fret the string gnaw through the tendon 107 on's of his 112 Saw . . . cardinal the king, engrossed in the schedule, has not noticed Wolsey's presence 113 commotion turmoil, mutiny (see line 121) 119 against toward 123 wot know 125 thus importing conveying this information 126 several parcels various particulars; plate gold and silver household plate 127 stuffs cloths 128 proud rate high value 128-29 outspeaks . . . subject describes more than a subject should own 133 spiritual object a spiritual objective 135 below the moon worldly

KING *takes his seat; whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to the cardinal* [WOLSEY].

WOLSEY Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

KING Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff,^o and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er. You have scarce time 140
To steal from spiritual leisure^o a brief span
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband,^o and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

WOLSEY Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time 145
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' th' state; and Nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,^o
Must give my tendance^o to.

KING You have said well. 150

WOLSEY
And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

KING 'Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well.
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you; 155
He said he did, and with his deed did crown^o
His word upon you. Since I had my office
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employed you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings,^o to bestow 160
My bounties upon you.

WOLSEY [*Aside.*] What should this mean?

SURREY [*Aside.*]
The Lord increase this business!

KING Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you tell me
If what I now pronounce you have found true;
And, if you may confess it, say withal, 165
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

WOLSEY
My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Showered on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite,^o which went
Beyond all man's endeavors. My endeavors 170
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed^o with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so that^o evermore they pointed
To th' good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces 175
Heaped upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant^o thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing

Till death, that winter, kill it.

KING Fairly answered; 180
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honor of it
Does pay the act of it, as, i' th' contrary,
The foulness is the punishment.^o I presume
That, as my hand has opened bounty to you, 185
My heart dropped love, my pow'r rained honor, more
On you than any,^o so your hand and heart,
Your brain and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that^o your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular,^o be more 190
To me, your friend, than any.

WOLSEY I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labored 145
More^o than mine own; that am, have,^o and will be—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you
And throw it from their soul; though perils did 195
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding^o flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,^o
And stand unshaken yours.

KING 'Tis nobly spoken. 200
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. [*Giving him papers.*]
Read o'er this;
And after, this; and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

Exit KING, *frowning upon the cardinal* [WOLSEY];
the NOBLES throng after him, smiling and whispering.

WOLSEY What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? How have I reaped it? 205
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leaped from his eyes. So looks the chafèd^o lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has galled^o him,
Then makes him nothing.^o I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so; 210
This paper has undone me. 'Tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence, 215
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross^o devil
Made me put this main^o secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know 220
A way, if it take right,^o in spite of fortune
Will bring me off^o again. What's this? "To th'
pope"?
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness,

138 *stuff* concerns (with a possible quibble on the household stuff referred to in line 127) 141 *spiritual leisure* religious occupations 143 *husband* manager 149 *amongst* . . . *mortal* i.e., in my human (as distinguished from divine) capacity 150 *tend-ance* attention 156 *crown* confirm 160 *havings* possessions 168–69 *more* . . . *requite* more than I could with diligent endeavors repay 172 *filed* kept pace 173 *so that* only to the extent that 177 *allegiant* loyal

182–84 *The honor . . . punishment* i.e., Virtue is its own reward, just as evil is its own punishment 187 *any* on anyone 189 *notwithstanding that* over and above 190 *in love's particular* out of personal affection 193 *More* as in Buckingham's speech, I.i.184 ff., the speaker's emotion overcomes the restraints of normal syntax in the rest of this speech, but the sense is clear; *have* have been 198 *chiding* tumultuous 199 *break* check 207 *chafèd* angry 208 *galled* wounded 209 *makes him nothing* annihilates him 215 *cross* thwarting, perverse 216 *main* crucial 220 *take right* succeed 221 *bring me off* rescue me

And from that full meridian° of my glory
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation° in the evening,
And no man see me more.

*Enter to WOLSEY the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK,
the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord CHAMBERLAIN.*

NORFOLK

Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal, who commands you
To render up the Great Seal° presently°
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,°
Till you hear further from his highness.

WOLSEY

Stay:

Where's your commission, lords? Words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

SUFFOLK

Who dare cross° 'em,

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

WOLSEY

Till I find more than will or words to do it°—

I mean your malice—know, officious lords,

I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel

Of what coarse metal ye are molded—envy;

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,

As if it fed ye! And how sleek and wanton°

Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!

Follow your envious courses, men of malice;

You have Christian warrant° for 'em, and no doubt

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal

You ask with such a violence, the king,

Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me;

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honors,

During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,

Tied it by letters-patents.° Now, who'll take it?

SURREY

The king, that gave it.

WOLSEY

It must be himself, then.

SURREY

Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

WOLSEY

Proud lord, thou liest.

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better

Have burnt that tongue than said so.

SURREY

Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin,° robbed this bewailing land

Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law.

The heads of all thy brother cardinals,

With thee and all thy best parts° bound together,

Weighed° not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!

You sent me Deputy for Ireland;°

Far from his succor, from the king, from all

That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him,

225

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an ax.

WOLSEY

This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,°

I answer, is most false. The duke by law

Found his deserts. How innocent I was

From any private malice in his end,

His noble jury and foul cause can witness.

If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you

You have as little honesty as honor,

That° in the way of loyalty and truth

Toward the king, my ever royal master,

Dare mate° a sounder man than Surrey can be,

And all that love his follies.

SURREY

By my soul,

Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel

My sword i' th' lifeblood of thee else. My lords,

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?

And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,

To be thus jaded° by a piece of scarlet,

Farewell nobility. Let his grace go forward,

And dare us with his cap, like larks.°

WOLSEY

All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

SURREY

Yes, that goodness

Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,

Into your own hands, card'nal, by extortion;

The goodness of your intercepted packets

You writ to th' pope against the king. Your goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.

My Lord of Norfolk,° as you are truly noble,

As you respect the common good, the state

Of our despised nobility, our issues,°

Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,

Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles°

Collected from his life. I'll startle you

Worse than the sacring bell,° when the brown wench

Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

WOLSEY

How much, methinks, I could despise this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!

NORFOLK

Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand;

But, thus much,° they are foul ones.

WOLSEY

So much fairer

And spotless shall mine innocence arise,

When the king knows my truth.

SURREY

This cannot save you.

I thank my memory I yet remember

Some of these articles, and out they shall.

Now, if you can blush and cry "guilty," cardinal,

You'll show a little honesty.

WOLSEY

Speak on, sir;

I dare your worst objections. If I blush,

It is to see a nobleman want° manners.

225 **meridian** a star's highest point 227 **exhalation** meteor
230 **Great Seal** insignia of the Lord Chancellor's office; see note
to I.i.114 s.d.; **presently** at once 232 **Lord of Winchester's**
as Wolsey was himself still Bishop of Winchester, we are per-
haps meant to think of his successor, Stephen Gardiner 235
cross oppose 237 **do it** (1) "render up the Great Seal" (line
230) (2) carry such great authority 242 **wanton** unrestrained
245 **Christian warrant** justification by Christian principles
(ironic) 251 **Tied . . . letters-patents** confirmed it by
documents of formal conveyance 256 **scarlet sin** referring to
the color of his cassock, and also the traditional idea of scarlet
sins, as in Isaiah 1:18 259 **parts** qualities 260 **Weighed**
equaled in weight 261 **Ireland** three syllables

266 **credit** reputation 273 **That** the antecedent is "I," line 271
275 **mate** match 281 **jaded** intimidated 283 **dare . . . larks**
i.e., dazzle us with his cardinal's hat, as larks were dazed and
caught by means of a mirror and piece of red cloth 290 **Lord**
of Norfolk Norfolk was actually Surrey's father 292 **issues**
children 294 **articles** charges in an indictment 296 **sacring**
bell the consecrating bell rung at the elevation of the Host, the
most solemn portion of the Mass 301 **thus much** i.e., so much
I can say 309 **want** lack

SURREY

I had rather want those than my head. Have at you!^o 310
 First that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
 You wrought to be a legate;^o by which power
 You maimed the jurisdiction of all bishops.

NORFOLK

Then that in all you writ to Rome, or else
 To foreign princes, "Ego et Rex meus"^o 315
 Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king
 To be your servant.

SUFFOLK

Then, that without the knowledge
 Either of king or council, when you went
 Ambassador to the emperor,^o you made bold
 To carry into Flanders the Great Seal.^o 320

SURREY

Item, you sent a large commission
 To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
 Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
 A league between his highness and Ferrara.

SUFFOLK

That out of mere^o ambition you have caused 325
 Your holy hat to be stamped on the king's coin.^o

SURREY

Then that you have sent innumerable substance^o
 (By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
 To furnish^o Rome and to prepare the ways
 You have for dignities, to the mere undoing 330
 Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
 Which, since they are of you and odious,
 I will not taint my mouth with.

CHAMBERLAIN

O my lord,
 Press not a falling man too far: 'tis virtue.^o
 His faults lie open to the laws; let them, 335
 Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
 So little of his great self.

SURREY

I forgive him.

SUFFOLK

Lord Cardinal, the king's further pleasure is—
 Because all those things you have done of late,
 By your power legative,^o within this kingdom, 340
 Fall into th' compass of a praemunire^o—
 That therefore such a writ be sued^o against you:
 To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
 Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
 Out of the king's protection. This is my charge. 345

NORFOLK

And so we'll leave you to your meditations
 How to live better. For your stubborn answer
 About the giving back the Great Seal to us,
 The king shall know it, and no doubt shall thank you.

310 **Have at you** Here goes; cf. II.ii.85 (the six charges that follow are the most serious of the nine leveled against Wolsey)
 312 **legate** i.e., the papal representative in England 315 **Ego . . . meus** my king and I (the normal Latin word order, although Shakespeare followed the chroniclers in taking it to imply that Wolsey put himself before the king) 319 **emperor** Charles V; see I.i.176–90 320 **To . . . Seal** the Seal, and thus the Lord Chancellor, were not supposed to leave the country
 325 **mere** sheer 326 **Your . . . coin** a usurpation of royal prerogative 327 **innumerable substance** countless treasure
 329 **furnish** supply 334 **virtue** i.e., to relent 340 **legative** as a papal legate 341 **F. II . . . praemunire** come within the penalties—forfeiture of goods and outlawry—prescribed by the Statute of Praemunire, which limited papal authority in England 342 **sued** moved

So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal. 350

Exeunt all but WOLSEY.

WOLSEY

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
 Farewell! A long farewell to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: today he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes; tomorrow blossoms, 355
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him.
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And, when he thinks, good easy^o man, full surely
 His greatness is aripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton^o boys that swim on bladders, 360
 This many summers in a sea of glory,
 But far beyond my depth. My high-blown pride
 At length broke under me and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude^o stream that must forever hide me. 365
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye.
 I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
 There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,^o 370
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have.
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,^o
 Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, standing amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

CROMWELL

I have no power to speak, sir.

WOLSEY

What, amazed

At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder 375
 A great man should decline? Nay, and^o you weep,
 I am fall'n indeed.

CROMWELL

How does your grace?

WOLSEY

Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself^o now, and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities, 380
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy—too much honor.
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden 385
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

CROMWELL

I am glad your grace has made that right use of^o it.

WOLSEY

I hope I have. I am able now, methinks,
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
 To endure more miseries and greater far 390
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad?

CROMWELL

The heaviest and the worst

Is your displeasure^o with the king.

WOLSEY

God bless him!

357 **easy** easygoing 360 **wanton** playful 365 **rude** turbulent
 370 **their ruin** the ruin they cause 372 **he . . . Lucifer** cf. Isaiah 14:12: "How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning" 376 **and** if 379 **know myself** i.e., "recognize my limitations and my sins and am able to transcend them" (Foakes) 387 **made . . . of** derived that benefit from 393 **displeasure** loss of favor

CROMWELL

The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

WOLSEY

That's somewhat sudden. 395

But he's a learnèd man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience, that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him! 400
What more?

CROMWELL That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

WOLSEY

That's news indeed.

CROMWELL

Last, that the Lady Anne,

Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open as his queen, 405
Going to chapel; and the voice° is now
Only about her coronation.

WOLSEY

There was the weight that pulled me down. O
Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond° me. All my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever. 410

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king
(That sun I pray may never set!)—I have told him
What and how true thou art. He will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use° now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

CROMWELL

O my lord,

Must I then leave you? Must I needs forgo°
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
Forever and forever shall be yours.

WOLSEY

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth,° to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes—and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull° cold marble where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in:
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall and that that ruined me. 440
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition.
By that sin fell the angels. How can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win° by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;

406 voice talk 409 gone beyond overreached 421 make
use take advantage 423 forgo forsake 431 truth faith 434
dull (1) inanimate (2) cheerless 443 win profit

Corruption wins not more than honesty. 445

Still° in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's. Then if thou fall'st, O Crom-
well,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.° Serve the king;
And prithee, lead me in. 450

There take an inventory of all I have
To the last penny; 'tis the king's. My robe,°
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell, 455
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROMWELL

Good sir, have patience.

WOLSEY

So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! My hopes in heaven do dwell. 460
Exeunt.

A C T I V

Scene I. [*A street in Westminster.*]*Enter two GENTLEMEN, meeting one another.*

415 FIRST GENTLEMAN

Y' are well met once again.°

SECOND GENTLEMAN So are you.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation? 420

SECOND GENTLEMAN

'Tis all my business. At our last encounter
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial. 5

FIRST GENTLEMAN

'Tis very true. But that time offered sorrow;
This, general joy. 425

SECOND GENTLEMAN 'Tis well. The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal° minds—
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward°—
In celebration of this day with shows, 10
Pageants, and sights of honor.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken,° sir.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

435 FIRST GENTLEMAN Yes. 'Tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom° of the coronation.

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be High Steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be Earl Marshal. You may read the rest. 440

446 Still always 448–50 Let . . . martyr after becoming
Earl of Essex and Lord Great Chamberlain, Cromwell fell
from favor and was beheaded in 1540 453 robe cardinal's habit
IV.i.i again they met previously in II.i 8 royal i.e., well dis-
posed to the king 9 let . . . forward to give them their due,
they are always eager to do 12 taken received 16 By custom
i.e., in accordance with hereditary privilege

SECOND GENTLEMAN

I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs, 20
I should have been beholding° to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katherine,
The princess dowager? How goes her business?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other 25
Learnèd and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late° court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited° by them, but appeared not.
And, to be short, for not appearance and 30
The king's late scruple, by the main assent°
Of all these learnèd men she was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect;°
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Alas, good lady! 35

[Trumpets.]

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.
Hautboys.

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively flourish° of trumpets.*
2. *Then two JUDGES.*
3. LORD CHANCELLOR, *with purse and mace before him.*
4. CHORISTERS, *singing. Music.°*
5. MAYOR of London, *bearing the mace. Then GARTER,° in his coat of arms, and on his head he wore a gilt copper crown.*
6. Marquess DORSET, *bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demicoronal° of gold. With him, the Earl of SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of S's.°*
7. Duke of SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate,° his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of S's.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the CINQUE-PORTS;° under it, the QUEEN in her robe, in her hair,° richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of LONDON and WINCHESTER.*
9. *The old DUCHESS of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the QUEEN'S train.*
10. *Certain ladies or COUNTESSSES, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

Exeunt, first passing over the stage in order and state, and then a great flourish of trumpets. [As the procession passes, the two GENTLEMEN comment upon it.]

SECOND GENTLEMAN

A royal train,° believe me. These I know.
Who's that that bears the scepter?

21 **beholding** beholden 27 **late** recent 29 **cited** summoned
31 **main assent** general agreement 33 **late** . . . **effect** former
marriage annulled 36 **s.d. flourish** fanfare; **Music** musicians;
Garter i.e., Garter King-at-Arms; **demicoronal** small coronet;
Collars of S's gold chains of office fashioned of S-shaped
links; **estate** state; **four** . . . **Cinque-ports** i.e., four barons
of the channel ports (the ports, five in all, were Dover, Hastings,
Hythe, Romney, and Sandwich); **in her hair** with her hair
hanging loosely (the custom for brides) 37 **train** retinue

FIRST GENTLEMAN Marquess Dorset;
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

A bold brave gentleman. That should be 40
The Duke of Suffolk?

FIRST GENTLEMAN 'Tis the same: High Steward.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

And that my Lord of Norfolk?

FIRST GENTLEMAN Yes.

SECOND GENTLEMAN [Looking on the QUEEN.]

Heaven bless thee!

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on.

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies° in his arms, 45

And more and richer, when he strains° that lady.

I cannot blame his conscience.

FIRST GENTLEMAN They that bear

The cloth of honor over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Those men are happy, and so are all are near her. 50

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

It is, and all the rest are countesses.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

And sometimes falling° ones.

SECOND GENTLEMAN No more of that. 55

[The last of the procession exits; trumpets sound.]

Enter a third GENTLEMAN.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

THIRD GENTLEMAN

Among the crowd i' th' abbey, where a finger

Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled

With the mere rankness° of their joy.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

You saw

The ceremony?

THIRD GENTLEMAN That I did.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

How was it? 60

THIRD GENTLEMAN

Well worth the seeing.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Good sir, speak° it to us.

THIRD GENTLEMAN

As well as I am able. The rich stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen

To a prepared place in the choir, fell off°

A distance from her, while her grace sat down 65

To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,

In a rich chair of state, opposing° freely

The beauty of her person to the people.

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman

That ever lay by man; which when the people 70

Had the full view of, such a noise arose

45 **all the Indies** i.e., the East and the West (the Indies were celebrated for their riches) 46 **strains** clasps 55 **falling** with a double meaning; "falling" = surrendering chastity 59 **mere rankness** sheer stink 61 **speak** describe 64 **off** back 67 **opposing** exposing

As the shrouds^o make at sea in a stiff tempest,
 As loud and to as many tunes; hats, cloaks—
 Doublets,^o I think—flew up, and had their faces
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy 75
 I never saw before. Great-bellied^o women
 That had not half a week to go, like rams^o
 In the old time of war, would shake the press,^o
 And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
 Could say "This is my wife" there, all were woven 80
 So strangely in one piece.

SECOND GENTLEMAN But what followed?

THIRD GENTLEMAN

At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
 Came to the altar, where she kneeled and saintlike
 Cast her fair eyes to heaven and prayed devoutly;
 Then rose again and bowed her to the people; 85
 When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
 She had all the royal makings of^o a queen,
 As^o holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
 Laid nobly on her; which performed, the choir, 90
 With all the choicest music^o of the kingdom,
 Together sung "Te Deum." So she parted,^o
 And with the same full state^o paced back again
 To York Place, where the feast is held.^o

FIRST GENTLEMAN Sir,
 You must no more call it York Place; that's past. 95
 For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:^o
 'Tis now the king's, and called Whitehall.

THIRD GENTLEMAN I know it,
 But 'tis so lately altered that the old name
 Is fresh about me.

SECOND GENTLEMAN What two reverend bishops
 Were those that went on each side of the queen? 100

THIRD GENTLEMAN
 Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
 Newly preferred from^o the king's secretary,
 The other, London.

SECOND GENTLEMAN He of Winchester
 Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
 The virtuous Cranmer.

THIRD GENTLEMAN All the land knows that; 105
 However, yet there is no great breach. When it comes,
 Cranmer will find a friend will^o not shrink from him.

SECOND GENTLEMAN
 Who may that be, I pray you?

THIRD GENTLEMAN Thomas Cromwell,
 A man in much esteem with th' king, and truly
 A worthy friend. The king has made him Master 110
 O' th' Jewel House,
 And one, already, of the Privy Council.

SECOND GENTLEMAN
 He will deserve more.

THIRD GENTLEMAN Yes, without all doubt.
 Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way,

Which is to th' court, and there ye shall be my guests; 115
 Something^o I can command. As I walk thither,
 I'll tell ye more.

BOTH You may command us, sir. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. [Kimbolton.]

*Enter KATHERINE, dowager, sick; led between GRIFFITH,
 her gentleman usher, and PATIENCE, her woman.*

GRIFFITH

How does your grace?

KATHERINE O Griffith, sick to death.
 My legs like loaden branches bow to th' earth,
 Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair. 85
 So—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
 Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
 That the great child of honor, Cardinal Wolsey,
 Was dead?^o 5

GRIFFITH Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
 Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to't.

KATHERINE
 Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died.
 If well, he stepped before me happily^o 10
 For my example.

GRIFFITH Well, the voice goes,^o madam.
 For after the stout Earl Northumberland
 Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
 As a man sorely tainted,^o to his answer, 15
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
 He could not sit his mule.

KATHERINE Alas, poor man!

GRIFFITH
 At last, with easy roads,^o he came to Leicester,
 Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
 With all his covent,^o honorably received him;
 To whom he gave these words: "O father abbot, 20
 An old man broken with the storms of state
 Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
 Give him a little earth for charity."
 So went to bed, where eagerly^o his sickness
 Pursued him still; and three nights after this, 25
 About the hour of eight, which he himself
 Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 He gave his honors to the world again,
 His blessed^o part^o to heaven, and slept in peace. 30

KATHERINE
 So may he rest. His faults lie gently on him!
 Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak^o him,
 And yet with charity. He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach,^o ever ranking
 Himself with princes; one that by suggestion 35
 Tied^o all the kingdom. Simony^o was fair play;

116 Something to some extent

IV.ii.7 dead Wolsey died in 1530, Katherine in 1536 10
 happily (1) appropriately (2) perhaps 11 the voice goes
 people say 14 sorely tainted severely disgraced 17 roads
 stages 19 covent convent (used of religious companies of
 either sex) 24 eagerly sharply 30 blessed part soul
 32 speak describe 34 stomach arrogance 35–36 by sug-
 gestion Tied by underhand dealing brought into bondage
 36 Simony the buying and selling of ecclesiastical preferment

72 shrouds sail-ropes 74 Doublets men's close-fitting gar-
 ments, with or without sleeves 76 Great-bellied pregnant
 77 rams battering rams 78 press crowd 87 makings of
 things that go to make 88 As namely 91 music musicians
 92 parted departed 93 state pomp 94 To . . . held it was
 in fact held in Westminster Hall; the change permits the refer-
 ence to Wolsey that follows 96 lost erased 102 preferred
 from promoted from being 107 will who will

His own opinion was his law. I' th' presence°
 He would say untruths and be ever double°
 Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty,
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill,° and gave
 The clergy ill example.

GRIFFITH Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good° now?

KATHERINE Yes, good Griffith;
 I were malicious else.

GRIFFITH This cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashioned to much honor from his cradle.
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
 Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
 But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,°
 Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely: ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning that he raised in you,°
 Ipswich and Oxford; one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good° that did it;
 The other,° though unfinished, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art,° and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heaped happiness upon him,
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,°
 And found the blessedness of being little.
 And, to add greater honors to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

KATHERINE
 After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,°
 To keep mine honor from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom° I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth and modesty,°
 Now in his ashes honor. Peace be with him!
 Patience, be near me still, and set me lower:
 I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note°
 I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony° I go to.
Sad and solemn music.

GRIFFITH
 She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
 For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

37 **presence** presence chamber, i.e., before the king 38
double deceitful 43 **Of . . . ill** i.e., he was depraved in his
 sexual conduct 47 **speak his good** describe his good qualities
 55 **unsatisfied in getting** insatiably acquisitive 58 **raised in**
 you i.e., erected in your cities 60 **good** goodness 61 **other**
 i.e., Christ Church, Oxford 62 **art** learning 65 **felt himself**
 truly knew himself 70 **living actions** actions during my life
 73 **Whom** object of "hated"; also of "honor" in line 75 74
religious . . . modesty strict truth and moderation 78 **note**
 tune 80 **celestial harmony** the heavenly spheres in their
 revolutions were thought to produce a music accessible only
 to the liberated soul

The Vision.

*Enter, solemnly tripping° one after another, six personages,
 clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of
 bays,° and golden vizards° on their faces; branches of bays
 or palm in their hands. They first congee° unto her, then
 dance; and, at certain changes,° the first two hold a spare
 garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent
 curtsies. Then the two that held the garland deliver the same
 to the other next two, who observe the same order in their
 changes, and holding the garland over her head; which done,
 they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise
 observe the same order; at which, as it were by inspiration,
 she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her
 hands to heaven. And so in their dancing vanish, carrying
 the garland with them. The music continues.*

KATHERINE
 Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

GRIFFITH
 Madam, we are here.

KATHERINE It is not you I call for. 85
 Saw ye none enter since I slept?

GRIFFITH None, madam.

KATHERINE
 No? Saw you not even now a blessed troop
 Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
 Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
 They promised me eternal happiness, 90
 And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
 I am not worthy yet to wear. I shall, assuredly.

GRIFFITH
 I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
 Possess your fancy.

KATHERINE Bid the music leave;°
 They are harsh and heavy to me. *Music ceases.*

PATIENCE Do you note 95
 How much her grace is altered on the sudden?
 How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
 And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes.

GRIFFITH
 She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

PATIENCE Heaven comfort her!
Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER
 And't like° your grace—

KATHERINE You are a saucy fellow! 100
 Deserve we no more reverence?

GRIFFITH You are to blame,
 Knowing she will not lose° her wonted greatness,
 To use so rude behavior. Go to, kneel.

MESSENGER
 I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon:
 My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying° 105
 A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

KATHERINE
 Admit him entrance, Griffith; but this fellow
 Let me ne'er see again. *Exit MESSENGER.*

82 **s.d. tripping** with light steps; **bays** bay leaves (sym-
 bolic of triumph); **vizards** masks (probably to indicate
 that they are spirits); **congee** bow ceremoniously; **changes**
 movements in the dance 94 **music leave** musicians stop
 100 **And't like** if it please 102 **lose** give up 105 **staying**
 waiting

Enter Lord CAPUCIUS.^o

If my sight fail not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

CAPUCIUS

Madam, the same. Your servant.

KATHERINE

O, my lord,
The times and titles now are altered strangely
With me since first you knew me. But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

CAPUCIUS

Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,^o
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

KATHERINE

O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution.^o
That gentle physic,^o given in time, had cured me,
But now I am past all comforts here^o but prayers.
How does his highness?

CAPUCIUS

Madam, in good health.

KATHERINE

So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banished the kingdom! Patience, is that letter
I caused you write yet sent away?

PATIENCE

No, madam.

[*Giving it to KATHERINE.*]

KATHERINE

Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

CAPUCIUS

Most willing, madam.

KATHERINE

In which I have commended to his goodness
The model^o of our chaste loves, his young daughter^o—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding^o—
She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope she will deserve well—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake that loved him
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women that so long
Have followed both my fortunes^o faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now^o I should not lie), but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be^o a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men—they are the poorest,

108 s.d. Exit . . . Capucius most editors have Griffith exit with the messenger and reenter with Capucius, but he need not leave the stage in order to usher in the visitor
118 commendations greetings 121 execution “-tion” is disyllabic 122 physic healing art 123 here in this world
132 model image; daughter Mary, afterward queen (1553–58) 134 breeding upbringing 141 both my fortunes my good fortune and bad 143 now at the point of death 146 let him be i.e., even

But poverty could never draw 'em from me—
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em, 150
And something over to remember me by.
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life
And able^o means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents; and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world, 155
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

CAPUCIUS

By heaven, I will,

Or let me lose the fashion^o of a man!

KATHERINE

I thank you, honest lord. Remember me 160
In all humility unto his highness.

Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blessed him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience, 165

You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honor. Strew me over
With maiden flowers,^o that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me, 170
Then lay me forth. Although unqueened, yet like
A queen and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can^o no more. *Exeunt, leading KATHERINE.*

ACT V

Scene I. [*London. A gallery in the palace.*]

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a PAGE with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas LOVELL.

GARDINER

It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

BOY

It hath struck.

GARDINER

These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas! 5
Whither so late?

LOVELL Came you from the king, my lord?

GARDINER

I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero^o
With the Duke of Suffolk.

LOVELL

I must to him too

Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave. 145

GARDINER

Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter? 10
It seems you are in haste; and if there be
No great offense belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch^o of your late business. Affairs that walk
(As they say spirits do) at midnight have
In them a wilder nature than the business 15

153 able sufficient 159 fashion form, nature 169 maiden flowers flowers appropriate to one who was chaste 173 can can do

V.i.7 primero a card game 13 touch inkling

That seeks dispatch by day.

LOVELL My lord, I love you,
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labor,
They say, in great extremity, and feared
She'll with the labor end.

GARDINER The fruit she goes with 20
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time,° and live; but for the stock,° Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubbed up now.

LOVELL Methinks I could
Cry thee amen,° and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature and, sweet lady, does 25
Deserve our better wishes.

GARDINER But, sir, sir,
Hear me, Sir Thomas. Y' are a gentleman
Of mine own way;° I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me— 30
Till Cranmer, Cromwell (her two hands°) and she
Sleep in their graves.

LOVELL Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remarked° i' th' kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the Jewel House, is made Master
O' th' Rolls,° and the king's secretary; further, sir, 35
Stands in the gap and trade° of moe preferments,
With which the time° will load him. Th' archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

GARDINER Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare, and I myself have ventured 40
To speak my mind of him. And indeed this day,
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
Insensed° the lords o' th' council that he is
(For, so I know he is, they know he is)°
A most arch heretic, a pestilence 45
That does infect the land; with which they moved°
Have broken with° the king, who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care foreseeing those fell° mischiefs
Our reasons° laid before him, hath° commanded 50
Tomorrow morning to the council board
He be convented.° He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long. Good night, Sir Thomas.

Exit GARDINER and PAGE.

LOVELL Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant. 55

Enter KING and SUFFOLK.

KING
Charles, I will play no more tonight.
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

22 **Good time** i.e., a safe delivery; **stock** trunk (of a tree),
i.e., the queen 24 **Cry thee amen** i.e., second you 28 **way**
i.e., religious persuasion (anti-Lutheran) 31 **hands** supporters
33 **remarked** in the public eye 34–35 **Master . . . Rolls** Keeper
of the Records 36 **gap and trade** entrance and beaten path
37 **time** i.e., the trend of the times 43 **Insensed** (1) informed
(2) stirred up ("insensed" = incensed) 44 **For . . . they**
know he is for if I know he is, then I can make them know
46 **moved** angered 47 **broken with** broken the information
to 49 **fell** terrible 50 **reasons** account, explanation; **hath**
i.e., that he has 52 **convented** summoned

SUFFOLK
Sir, I did never win of you before.

KING
But little, Charles,
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play. 60
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

LOVELL
I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who° returned her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your highness 65
Most heartily to pray for her.

KING What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? What, is she crying out?

LOVELL
So said her woman, and that her suff'rance° made
Almost each pang a death.

KING Alas, good lady!

SUFFOLK God safely quit° her of her burden, and 70
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

KING 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed, and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate° of my poor queen. Leave me alone, 75
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.°

SUFFOLK I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

KING Charles, good night. *Exit SUFFOLK.*

Enter Sir Anthony DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

DENNY Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop, 80
As you commanded me.

KING Ha? Canterbury?

DENNY
Aye, my good lord.

KING 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

DENNY
He attends your highness' pleasure.

KING Bring him to us.
[*Exit DENNY.*]

LOVELL [*Aside.*]
This is about that which the bishop° spake;
I am happily° come hither. 85

Enter CRANMER and DENNY.

KING
Avoid° the gallery. (LOVELL seems to stay.) Ha! I have
said.° Be gone.

What! *Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*

CRANMER [*Aside.*] I am fearful.° Wherefore frowns he
thus?

'Tis his aspect° of terror. All's not well.

64 **who** and who (i.e., the queen) 68 **suff'rance** suffering
70 **quit** release 74 **estate** condition 75–76 **that . . . to** i.e.,
matters for which company would not be helpful 84 **bishop**
Gardiner 85 **happily** opportunely 86 **Avoid** leave; **said**
spoken 87 **fearful** afraid 88 **aspect** expression (accent on
second syllable)

KING

How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

CRANMER [*Kneeling.*] It is my duty
T' attend your highness' pleasure.

KING

Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your
hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being considered,
Have moved° us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge° yourself
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you and be well contented
To make your house our Tow'r.° You a brother of us,°
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

CRANMER [*Kneeling.*]

I humbly thank your highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly° to be winnowed, where my chaff
And corn° shall fly asunder; for I know
There's none stands under° more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

KING

Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand; stand up.
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,°
What manner of man are you? My lord, I looked
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you,
Without indurance further.°

CRANMER

Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty.
If they shall fail, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant.° I fear nothing°
What can be said against me.

KING

Know you not
How your state stands i' th' world, with the whole
world?
Your enemies are many, and not small. Their practices
Must bear the same proportion,° and not ever°
The justice and the truth o' th' question carries
The due° o' th' verdict with it. At what ease°

100 moved persuaded 102 purge i.e., of guilt 106 make
. . . Tow'r be housed in the Tower (cf. I.i.207); You
. . . us i.e., you being a member of the council III
thoroughly thoroughly 112 corn wheat 113 stands under
subject to 117 by my holidame by my holiness (a formula of
protestation) 122 indurance further (1) imprisonment in
addition (2) further hardship 125-26 I weigh . . . vacant I
do not value if it is devoid of those virtues (i.e., truth and
honesty) 126 nothing not at all 129-30 Their . . . pro-
portion their plots must correspond in number and scope
130 ever always 132 due fit reward; At what ease how easily

Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? Such things have been done.
You are potently opposed, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of° better luck—
I mean, in perjured witness°—than your master,°
Whose minister you are, awhile here he lived
Upon this naughty° earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

CRANMER

God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is° laid for me!

KING

Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way° to.
Keep comfort to you, and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,°
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honor. God's blest mother,
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. (*Exit CRANMER.*) He has
strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter OLD LADY; [LOVELL following].

GENTLEMAN (*Within.*) Come back: what mean you?

OLD LADY

I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

KING

Now by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen delivered?
Say "aye," and of a boy.

OLD LADY

Aye, aye, my liege,
And of a lovely boy. The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'Tis a girl
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger. 'Tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

KING

Lovell!

LOVELL

Sir?

KING

Giver her an hundred marks.° I'll to the queen.

Exit KING.

OLD LADY

An hundred marks? By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for° such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.

136 Ween you of do you reckon on 137 witness evidence;
master Christ 139 naughty wicked 143 is that is 144
way scope 147 commit you i.e., to imprisonment in the
Tower 171 an hundred marks one mark = 67 pence (two-
thirds of a pound); a hundred marks = £66.67, a substantial
sum 173 for entitled to

Said I for this, the girl was like to him? I'll
Have more, or else unsay't; and now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the issue. [Exeunt.] 175

Scene II. [Before the entrance to the council chamber.]

Enter CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury; [PURSUIVANTS,° PAGES, &c., attending at the door].

CRANMER

I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council prayed me
To make great haste. All fast?° What means this? Ho!
Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

Enter KEEPER.

KEEPER

Yes, my lord,

But yet I cannot help you. 5

CRANMER

Why?

KEEPER

Your grace must wait till you be called for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

CRANMER

So.

BUTTS [Aside.]

This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily. The king
Shall understand it presently.° Exit BUTTS.

CRANMER

[Aside.] 'Tis Butts,

10

The King's physician. As he passed along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.
Pray heaven he sound° not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me
(God turn° their hearts! I never sought their malice) 15
To quench mine honor. They would shame to make
me

Wait else at door, a fellow-councillor,
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfilled, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING and BUTTS at a window above.°

BUTTS

I'll show your grace the strangest sight—

KING

What's that, Butts? 20

BUTTS

I think your highness saw this many a day.

KING

Body o' me, where is it?

BUTTS

There, my lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury.
Who holds his state° at door 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

KING

Ha? 'Tis he, indeed. 25

Is this the honor they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought

They had parted so much honesty° among 'em,
At least good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place and so near our favor 30
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.°
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery.
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. 35

[They retire behind the curtain; CRANMER
remains waiting outside.]

[Scene III. The council chamber.]

A council table brought in with chairs and stools, and placed
under the state.° Enter Lord CHANCELLOR, places himself
at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left
void° above him, as for Canterbury's seat. Duke of
SUFFOLK, Duke of NORFOLK, SURREY, Lord CHAM-
BERLAIN, GARDINER, seat themselves in order on each
side. CROMWELL at lower end, as secretary. [KEEPER at
the door.]

CHANCELLOR

Speak to the business, master secretary.

Why are we met in council?

CROMWELL

Please your honors,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

GARDINER

Has he had knowledge° of it?

CROMWELL

Yes.

NORFOLK

Who waits there?

KEEPER

Without,° my noble lords?

GARDINER

Yes.

KEEPER

My Lord Archbishop; 5

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

CHANCELLOR

Let him come in.

KEEPER

Your grace may enter now.

CRANMER [enters and] approaches the council table.

CHANCELLOR

My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present° and behold
That chair stand empty. But we all are men, 10
In our own natures frail and capable
Of° our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemeaned yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling 15
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chap-
lains'—

For so we are informed—with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reformed, may prove pernicious.°

GARDINER

Which reformation must be sudden too, 20

V.ii.s.d. pursuivants junior officers attendant upon the heralds
3 fast shut 10 understand it presently know about it at
once 13 sound (1) fathom (2) make known 15 turn convert
19 s.d. above i.e., on the upper stage; note the reference to a
curtain, line 34 24 holds his state maintains the dignity of
his position

28 parted . . . honesty shared enough decency 32 post
with packets courier with letters
V.iii.s.d. state canopy; void empty 4 had knowledge been
informed 5 Without outside the door 9 at this present
now 11-12 capable Of susceptible to the weaknesses of 19
pernicious ruinous

My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
 Pace 'em not in their hands° to make 'em gentle,
 But stop their mouths with stubborn° bits and spur 'em
 Till they obey the manage.° If we suffer,
 Out of our easiness and childish pity
 To one man's honor, this contagious sickness,
 Farewell all physic. And what follows then?
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint°
 Of the whole state; as of late days our neighbors,
 The upper Germany,° can dearly witness,
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

CRANMER

My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
 Both of my life and office, I have labored,
 And with no little study, that my teaching
 And the strong course of my authority
 Might go one way, and safely; and the end
 Was ever to do well. Nor is there living
 (I speak it with a single heart,° my lords)
 A man that more detests, more stirs° against,
 Both in his private conscience and his place,
 Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
 Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it! Men that make
 Envy and crookèd malice nourishment°
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships
 That, in this case of° justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge° against me.

SUFFOLK

Nay, my lord,

That cannot be. You are a councillor,
 And, by that virtue,° no man dare accuse you.

GARDINER

My lord, because we have business of more moment,
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
 And our consent,° for better trial of you,
 From hence you be committed to the Tower;
 Where, being but a private man° again,
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

CRANMER

Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
 You are always my good friend. If your will pass,°
 I shall both find your lordship° judge and juror,
 You are so merciful. I see your end:
 'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition.
 Win straying souls with modesty° again;
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
 I make as little doubt as you do conscience°
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

22 Pace . . . hands do not lead them by hand through their
 paces 23 stubborn stiff, inflexible 24 manage training 28
 taint corruption 30 upper Germany possibly referring to
 the peasants' uprising in Saxony in 1521-22 or to other insur-
 rections in 1524 and 1535 38 with . . . heart i.e., without
 duplicity 39 stirs bestirs himself 43-44 make . . . nourish-
 ment "make nourishment" = feed on 46 of involving 48
 urge press their charges 50 that virtue virtue of that 53
 our consent what we have consented to 55 private man
 i.e., without public office 59 pass prevail 60 both . . . lord-
 ship find your lordship both 64 modesty moderation 67
 I . . . conscience I have as little doubt as you have scruples

GARDINER

My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;°
 That's the plain truth. Your painted gloss discovers,°
 To men that understand you, words° and weakness.

70

25 CROMWELL

My Lord of Winchester, y' are a little,
 By your good favor, too sharp. Men so noble,
 However faulty, yet should find respect
 For what they have been; 'tis a cruelty
 To load° a falling man.

75

GARDINER

Good master secretary,

I cry your honor mercy;° you may, worst°
 Of all this table, say so.

CROMWELL

Why, my lord?

GARDINER

35 Do not I know you for a favorer
 Of this new sect? Ye are not sound.°

80

CROMWELL

Not sound?

GARDINER

Not sound, I say.

40 CROMWELL

Would you were half so honest!

Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

GARDINER

I shall remember this bold language.

CROMWELL

Do.

45 Remember your bold life too.

CHANCELLOR

This is too much;

85

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

GARDINER

I have done.

CROMWELL

And I.

CHANCELLOR

50 Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
 I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

You be conveyed to th' Tower a prisoner,

There to remain till the king's further pleasure

Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

90

ALL

55 We are.

CRANMER Is there no other way of mercy,

But I must needs to th' Tower, my lords?

GARDINER

What other

Would you expect? You are strangely° troublesome.

Let some o' th' guard be ready there.

Enter the GUARD.

CRANMER

For me?

95

Must I go like a traitor thither?

GARDINER

Receive him,

65 And see him safe i' th' Tower.

CRANMER

Stay, good my lords,

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords.

100

By virtue of that ring, I take my cause

Out of the gripes° of cruel men, and give it

To a most noble judge, the king my master.

CHAMBERLAIN

This is the king's ring.

SURREY

'Tis no counterfeit.

70 sectary follower of a (heretical) sect 71 painted gloss dis-
 covers deceitful appearance (or speech) reveals 72 words
 i.e., rather than content 77 load oppress 78 cry . . . mercy
 beg your honor's pardon; worst with least justification
 81 sound loyal 94 strangely uncommonly 100 gripes
 clutches

SUFFOLK

'Tis the right ring, by heaven. I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

NORFOLK

Do you think, my lords, 105

The king will suffer but° the little finger
Of this man to be vexed?

CHAMBERLAIN

'Tis now too certain.

How much more is his life in value with° him?
Would I were fairly out on't!

CROMWELL

My mind gave° me,

In seeking tales and informations 110
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,°
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at ye!

Enter KING, frowning on them; takes his seat.

GARDINER

Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince, 115
Not only good and wise, but most religious;
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honor, and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,°
His royal self in judgment comes to hear 120
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

KING

You were ever good at sudden commendations,°
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin and bare to hide offenses. 125
To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.

[To CRANMER.]

Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest, 130
He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better starve°
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

SURREY

May it please your grace—

KING

No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought I had had men of some understanding 135
And wisdom of my council, but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man—few of you deserve that title—
This honest man, wait like a lousy° footboy
At chamber door? And one as great as you are? 140
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a councillor to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity, 145
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;°
Which ye shall never have while I live.

106 suffer but allow even 108 in value with esteemed by
109 gave told 112 envy at hate 119 dear respect heartfelt
care (for the church) 122 sudden commendations extem-
poraneous compliments 132 starve die 139 lousy lice-
infested 146 mean means

CHANCELLOR

Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like° your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed
Concerning his imprisonment was rather, 150
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial
And fair purgation° to the world, than malice,
I'm sure, in me.

KING

Well, well, my lords, respect him.

Take him and use him well; he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a prince 155
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him.
Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of Canter-
bury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me: 160
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants° baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

CRANMER

The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honor. How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you? 165

KING

Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
spoons.° You shall have two noble partners° with you:
the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess
Dorset. Will these please you?

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you, 170
Embrace and love this man.

GARDINER

With a true heart

And brother-love I do it.

CRANMER

And let heaven

Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

KING

Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.
The common voice,° I see, is verified 175
Of thee, which says thus: "Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd° turn, and he's your friend forever."
Come, lords, we trifle time away. I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain; 180
So I grow stronger, you more honor gain. *Exeunt.*

Scene [IV. The palace yard.]

Noise and tumult within. Enter PORTER and his MAN.

PORTER You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals. Do
you take the court for Parish Garden?° Ye rude° slaves,
leave your gaping.°

(*Within.*) Good master porter, I belong to th' larder.°

PORTER Belong to th' gallows, and be hanged, ye 5
rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen

148 like please 152 purgation vindication 161 wants lacks
166-67 spare your spoons save the expense of giving spoons
(traditional christening gifts) 167 partners co-sponsors 175
common voice popular report 177 shrewd nasty
V.iv.2 Parish Garden Paris Garden, a boisterous bearbaiting
arena on the Bankside; rude uncivilized 3 leave your gaping
stop your bawling 4 belong . . . larder am employed in the
(palace) pantry

crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em.° I'll scratch your heads. You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes° here, you rude rascals?

MAN

Pray, sir, be patient. 'Tis as much impossible,
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May Day° morning, which will never be.
We may as well push against Paul's° as stir 'em.

PORTER How got they in, and be hanged?

MAN

Alas, I know not. How gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no° spare, sir.

PORTER You did nothing, sir.

MAN

I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,°
To mow 'em down before me; but if I spared any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine° again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!°

(Within.) Do you hear, master porter?

PORTER I shall be with you° presently, good master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.°

MAN What would you have me do?

PORTER What should you do, but knock 'em down by th' dozens? Is this Moorfields° to muster in? Or have we some strange Indian with the great tool° come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication° is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

MAN The spoons° will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face,° for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog days° now reign in's nose. All that stand about him are under the line;° they need no other penance. That fire-drake° did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortarpiece,° to blow us.° There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon

me till her pinked porringer° fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out "Clubs!"° when I might see from far some forty truncheoners° draw to her succor, which were the hope o' th' Strand,° where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good° my place. At length they came to th' broomstaff° to me. I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file° of boys behind 'em, loose shot,° delivered such a show'r of pebbles, that I was fain° to draw mine honor in and let 'em win the work.° The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

PORTER These are the youths that thunder at a play-house and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the tribulation° of Tower Hill° or the limbs° of Limehouse,° their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum,° and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles° that is to come.

Enter Lord CHAMBERLAIN.

CHAMBERLAIN

Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here. Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? Y' have made a fine hand, fellows;
There's a trim° rabble let in. Are all these
Your faithful friends o' th' suburbs?° We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

PORTER And't please your honor,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn apieces, we have done.
An army cannot rule 'em.

CHAMBERLAIN

As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By th' heels, and suddenly;° and on your heads
Clap round° fines for neglect. Y' are lazy knaves,
And here ye lie baiting of bombards° when
Ye should do service. Hark! The trumpets sound;
Th' are come already from the christening.
Go, break among the press,° and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find
A Marshalsea° shall hold ye play these two months.

PORTER

Make way there for the princess.

7-8 switches to 'em twigs in comparison 9 ale and cakes traditional fare at christenings and other celebrations 14 May Day a holiday the celebration of which began before sunrise 15 Paul's Saint Paul's Cathedral 20 made no did not 21 Samson . . . Colbrand all three possessed legendary strength; Guy of Warwick was celebrated in romance for slaying the Danish giant Colbrand 25 see a chine i.e., eat beef 26 for . . . her a current expression of doubtful import; perhaps meaningless 28 I . . . you I'll trounce you (Maxwell) 29 sirrah term of address used to inferiors 32 Moorfields a recreation field on the London outskirts 33 some . . . tool American Indians were exhibited at court; "tool" = penis 35 fry of fornication (1) swarm of would-be fornicators (2) swarming offspring of fornication 38 spoons cf. V.iii.166-67 39-40 brazier . . . face brassworker by his (red) face 40-41 dog days the period from about July 3 to August 15, when Sirius, the Dog Star, rises at almost the same time as the sun; regarded as the hottest and most unwholesome season of the year 42 line equator 42-43 firedrake (1) fiery dragon (2) meteor 45 mortarpiece squat cannon with a large bore; blow us blow us up

47 pinked porringer round cap with scalloped edge or ornamental perforations 50 Clubs the rallying cry of the London apprentices 51 truncheoners truncheon (or cudgel) bearers 51-52 were . . . Strand i.e., belonged to the shops in the Strand, in Jacobean times a fashionable street 52-53 They . . . good they attacked; I defended 53-54 to th' broomstaff i.e., to close quarters 55 file small company; loose shot unaffiliated marksmen 56 fain obliged 57 work fort 61 tribulation troublemakers; Tower Hill an unruly district; limbs inhabitants, with a possible reference to the limbs of the devil 61-62 Limehouse the rough dockyard area 63 Limbo Patrum i.e., prison (literally, the underworld abode of the souls of the just who died before Christ's coming) 64-65 running . . . beadles i.e., a public whipping, as a dessert to the "feast" of their confinement 70 trim fine 71 suburbs disreputable districts outside city jurisdiction 77-78 I'll . . . suddenly I'll have you all put straightaway into fetters 79 round stiff 80 baiting of bombards drinking from leather jugs 83 press throng 85 Marshalsea prison in Southwark

MAN You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.
PORTER
You i' th' camlet,^o get up o' th' rail:
I'll peck you o'er the pales^o else. *Exeunt.*

Scene [V. *The palace.*]

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two ALDERMEN, LORD MAYOR, GARTER,^o CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK with his marshal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two NOBLEMEN bearing great standing-bowls^o for the christening gifts; then four NOBLEMEN bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the CHILD richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a LADY. Then follows the Marchioness DORSET, the other godmother, and LADIES. The troop pass once about the stage, and GARTER speaks.

GARTER Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING and GUARD.

CRANMER [*Kneeling.*]
And to your royal grace and the good queen.
My noble partners^o and myself thus pray: 5
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy
May hourly fall upon ye!

KING Thank you, good Lord Archbishop.
What is her name?

CRANMER Elizabeth.

KING Stand up, lord.

[*The KING kisses the CHILD.*]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee! 10
Into whose hand I give thy life.

CRANMER Amen.

KING
My noble gossips,^o y' have been too prodigal.^o
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

CRANMER Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter 15
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still^o move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be 20
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her
And all that shall succeed. Saba^o was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be. All princely graces 25
That mold up such a mighty piece^o as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,

88 **camlet** a rich fabric made of Angora wool and other materials 89 **peck** . . . **pales** pitch you over the palings
V.v.s.d. **Garter** see IV.i.36 s.d. and note; **standing-bowls** bowls with supporting legs or base 5 **partners** co-sponsors
12 **gossips** godparents; **prodigal** generous with gifts 17 **still** always 23 **Saba** the Queen of Sheba 26 **mold** . . . **piece** go to form so great a personage

Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her.
She shall be loved and feared. Her own^o shall bless her; 30
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,^o
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with
her;

In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors. 35
God shall be truly known, and those about her
From her shall read^o the perfect ways of honor,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,^o 40
Her ashes new create another heir
As great in admiration^o as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one^o
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of dark-
ness)

Who from the sacred ashes of her honor 45
Shall starlike rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fixed.^o Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him.
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, 50
His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,
And like a mountain cedar reach his branches
To all the plains about him.^o Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

KING Thou speakest wonders. 55

CRANMER
She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! But she must die:
She must, the saints must have her. Yet a virgin, 60
A most unspotted lily, shall she pass
To th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

KING
O Lord Archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man; never before.
This happy child did I get^o anything. 65
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding; 70
I have received much honor by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords.
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think^o
H'as^o business at his house; for all shall stay:^o 75
This little one shall make it holiday. *Exeunt.*

30 **own** i.e., own people 31 **corn** wheat 37 **read** learn 40
phoenix the fabled Arabian bird—unique in all the world—
that after a life of 660 years rises anew from the ashes in which
it has consumed itself 42 **admiration** “ability to excite
wonder” (Foakes) 43 **one** James I 47 **fixed** i.e., as a fixed
star 50–54 **Wherever** . . . **about him** inspired by a pro-
phesy in Genesis 17:4–6 which was often cited in connection
with Princess Elizabeth's marriage in 1613 (Foakes); the “new
nations” may allude to the colonization of Virginia 65 **get** beget
74 **no man think** let no man think 75 **H'as** he has; **stay** stop

EPILOGUE

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
 All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
 And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
 W' have frightened with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
 They'll say 'tis naught;° others, to hear the city
 Abused extremely, and to cry, "That's witty!"° 5

Epi.5 naught worthless **5-6 others . . . witty** a glance at
 the vogue for satirical comedies of London life

Which we have not done neither; that,° I fear,
 All the expected good w' are like to hear
 For this play at this time, is only in
 The merciful construction° of good women,
 For such a one we showed 'em. If they smile
 And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
 All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap°
 If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

10

7 that so that **10 construction** interpretation **13 hap** luck

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

EDITED BY CLIFFORD LEECH

Introduction

The Two Noble Kinsmen was first published in a quarto edition of 1634, with statements on its title page that it had been "Presented at the Blackfriars by the Kings Maiesties servants, with great applause" and that it was "Written by the memorable Worthies of their time; Mr. John Fletcher, and Mr. William Shakespeare, Gent." The publisher was John Waterson, a reputable figure who brought out other plays belonging to the King's Men, the company with which Shakespeare and Fletcher had been intimately associated. Although in 1646, when Waterson assigned to Humphrey Moseley his rights in the play, it was included with two others as simply the work of "Mr. Flesher," there is an immediately strong case for accepting the title page's statement of authorship. If Waterson were looking for a way of attracting custom, it would have been at least as effective in 1634 to attribute the play to Beaumont and Fletcher. Moreover, it appears that the manuscript from which he printed had been used in the theater itself¹ and that Waterson had bought it from the players in the normal way of business. And we shall see that the probable date of composition and first performance was 1613, when we have other evidence that Shakespeare and Fletcher were working in close association.

It is true, on the other hand, that Heminges and Condell did not include *The Two Noble Kinsmen* in the Shakespeare Folio of 1623, where in the preliminary address "To the great Variety of Readers" there is an implication that all of Shakespeare's plays were being published in the collection. But it appears that *Timon of Athens* was not originally included in their plans for the volume, and we know that *Troilus and Cressida*, probably through difficulties over copyright, was almost left out. And they did omit *Pericles*. That *The Two Noble Kinsmen* was included in the 1679 Folio of "Beaumont and Fletcher" plays is also not substantial evidence against Shakespeare's part-authorship, for that volume brought together many plays in which Fletcher collaborated with various dramatists of his time, the linking of his name with Beaumont's on the title page (as in the earlier Beaumont and Fletcher Folio of 1647) being merely a tribute to the brief association of the two men which laid the basis for Fletcher's fame and established

a mode of dramatic writing that was long influential in the English theater.

Nevertheless, the publishing history of the play belongs far more with Beaumont and Fletcher than with Shakespeare. It has been regularly included in collected editions of Beaumont and Fletcher since their Folio of 1679, from Tonson's edition of 1711 to the Cambridge edition of Arnold Glover and A. R. Waller of 1905-12. It did not appear in a collected Shakespeare until 1841, when Charles Knight (who believed that Fletcher's collaborator here was George Chapman) yielded to the extent of including it in a volume of "Doubtful Plays" appended to his *Pictorial Shakespeare*. By then, though dissentient voices were not infrequently raised, the case for Shakespeare's part-authorship had become more than formidable. Pope, in his *Shakespeare* of 1725, thought the play contained "more of our author than some of those which have been received as genuine," and Lamb and Coleridge and De Quincey were all convinced of Shakespeare's presence, though Hazlitt and Shelley could find nothing of it. William Spalding, however, in his *Letter on Shakspeare's Authorship of The Two Noble Kinsmen* (Edinburgh, 1833; reprinted in the *Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society*, 1874), Samuel Hickson in his article "The Shares of Shakspeare and Fletcher in The Two Noble Kinsmen" (*Westminster Review*, 1847; reprinted in the *Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society*, 1874), and above all Harold Littledale in the introduction to his edition of the play for the New Shakspeare Society (1876-85) brought the techniques of nineteenth-century scholarship to bear on the problem and, though they differed to some extent in assigning to the two dramatists their respective shares, they left little doubt in most readers' minds that here was a collaboration between the leading dramatist of the King's Men and the writer who succeeded him in that role in 1613.

Yet it is still exceptional to find *The Two Noble Kinsmen* in a collected edition of Shakespeare's plays. Most of its readers during this century have come to know it through its inclusion in C. F. Tucker Brooke's *The Shakespeare Apocrypha* (Oxford, 1908). G. L. Kittredge has it in his *Complete Works of Shakespeare* (Boston, 1936); it is planned

¹ See A Note on the Text, p. 1623.

for inclusion in the New Cambridge edition; and it is now presented as part of the Signet Classic Shakespeare.

The elder dramatist's authorship is commonly recognized most surely in the first and fifth acts, particularly in the first three scenes of Act I and the first, third, and fourth scenes of Act V: that is, the solemn approach of the three Queens to Theseus on his wedding day, the conversation of Palamon and Arcite while they are still in Thebes, the scene where Emilia and Hippolyta talk of friendship, the invocations addressed to Mars and Venus and Diana, and the conclusion of the whole story in Arcite's victory and death. In addition, Shakespeare has been generally found in the opening lines of II.i, where the Jailer's Daughter makes her first appearance, and in III.i, where the escaped Palamon meets the disguised Arcite. In the rest of the play there are frequent echoes of other plays by Shakespeare: the madness of the Jailer's Daughter has obvious associations with Ophelia's madness, and later in this Introduction it will be suggested that Fletcher for special purposes was drawing upon his intimate knowledge of his collaborator's work. If we accept the commonly held view of the two writers' shares (and there is little reason to be skeptical about it), it was Shakespeare who wrote the beginning and the ending and introduced all the major characters and strands of action. But by the time this play was composed he may have been less regularly in attendance at the playhouse than formerly, and it seems likely enough that the final putting together of the manuscript was left to Fletcher. Indeed, more than one scholar has come to the conclusion that he made some insertions in the Shakespeare scenes.

It will be convenient to set out the probable authorship of the play's various scenes thus:

Prologue	Fletcher?
Act I, sc. i-iii	Shakespeare
sc. iv-v	Shakespeare?
Act II, sc. i (lines 1-59)	Shakespeare
sc. i (remainder), ii-v	Fletcher
Act III, sc. i	Shakespeare
sc. ii-vi	Fletcher
Act IV, sc. i-iii	Fletcher
Act V, sc. i	Shakespeare
sc. ii	Fletcher
sc. iii-iv	Shakespeare
Epilogue	Fletcher?

The dividing of the play between Shakespeare and Fletcher has been worked out by scholars primarily on the basis of the stylistic differences between their writing. Certainly even a casual reading of the play will show that certain scenes have a complex, "knotted" verse that is close to Shakespeare's in his later years, while others belong clearly with the open-textured, casual style that Beaumont and Fletcher developed in manifest reaction against the involutions of the earliest Jacobean. The difference has been brought home forcibly to the present editor through the process of annotation. If one compares the scenes where Palamon and Arcite talk together, putting I.ii and III.i on one side and II.i (from the exit of the Jailer, his Daughter, and her Wooer), III.iii, and III.vi on the other, one sees immediately that the first group requires continuous attention from the reader, and probably

frequent recourse to the annotations, while the second group has nearly the familiarity of the English now current. When the editor was preparing the annotations, it was with no thought of giving fuller comment on Shakespeare's portion than on Fletcher's, but in the event it proved that in Shakespeare's the proportion of notes to lines was 51 percent in the scenes just indicated while in Fletcher's the proportion of notes to lines was 25 percent. Elsewhere in Fletcher's part of the play the figure is higher, as the terms used in connection with the morris dance of III.v needed comment, and Fletcher can use a more elaborate vocabulary for special purposes (as in the description of the knights in IV.ii and in the account of madness in IV.iii). Nevertheless, the presence of the two hands is obvious almost throughout, and evident at a glance in scenes where the basic material (Palamon and Arcite talking together) is similar.

The time of composition is hardly in dispute. The entertainment which the country Schoolmaster presents to Theseus and his court in III.v is taken over from an anti-masque in Francis Beaumont's *Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn*, presented at Whitehall on February 20, 1613. In the published book of the masque we learn that this part of the entertainment was so well liked by the king that he asked to have it danced again at the end of the whole performance. Such antimasques at court were commonly entrusted to professional players, and it would be an easy matter for Fletcher, with his friend and former collaborator Beaumont's permission, to make further use of what had already proved successful. But clearly this would not be likely except soon after the original performance. The date 1613 for *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is confirmed by the reference in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (1614) to "Palamon" as a character in a play (IV.iii): this is not certain evidence, for the name also occurs in Samuel Daniel's *The Queen's Arcadia* (1605), but Daniel's work was a university play and was already some years old in 1614; Jonson is far more likely to have had a more recent and better-known play in mind. Moreover, 1613 was the year in which a lost play called *Cardenio*² (which in 1653 was attributed to Fletcher and Shakespeare by the publisher Humphrey Moseley) was twice acted at court, and it was also the year in which *Henry VIII* was almost certainly acted for the first time. Although by no means all Shakespeare scholars are agreed on the double authorship of *Henry VIII*, there is strong cumulative evidence that in 1613, after Shakespeare had written the last of his series of romances and was about to retire from the stage, and when Beaumont on his marriage had broken with the theater and thus terminated the short but highly profitable collaboration that he and Fletcher had known for some five years, a new and brief association was established between Fletcher and Shakespeare, and that *The Two Noble Kinsmen* was one of its fruits.

In these circumstances, and with the assumption that the main planning of the play was, as has seemed likely, Shakespeare's, we should expect to find a clear enough relationship to the romances that Shakespeare had been writing since *Pericles* (c. 1609) and that he had brought to a conclusion in *The Tempest* (1611). And resemblances are hardly to be missed. In *Pericles* he had gone to Gower's

² It may exist in an altered form in Lewis Theobald's version of the story, called *Double Falsehood* and published in 1728.

Confessio Amantis for his story; here he goes to Gower's contemporary, Chaucer. *Pericles* and *The Winter's Tale* have Hellenistic settings; *The Two Noble Kinsmen* takes us to Athens and briefly to Thebes. The romances present a world where the gods are freely invoked and where they play a direct part in the action—Diana appearing to Pericles in a dream and sending him to Ephesus so that he may find his lost wife Thaisa, Jupiter appearing to Posthumus Leonatus in prison and offering a riddling promise of good fortune to him and of a happy ending to the strife between Rome and Britain, Apollo being consulted on the question of Hermione's guilt and striking Mamillius dead when his father, Leontes, rejects the message from the oracle. In *The Tempest* there are, it is true, no gods—they would be out of place in a drama where a human character has unlimited control over events (though not over the human will)—but there are spirits who represent Juno and Ceres and Iris and who offer divine blessings and admonitions. *The Two Noble Kinsmen* keeps the gods off the stage too, but their altars are there, they are solemnly invoked, and tokens of their favor are given. At the play's end Theseus marvels how the apparently contradictory promises of Mars and Venus have both been fulfilled. More obviously—indeed, more disturbingly—than in the previous plays the human characters of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* are subject to divine power. Theseus can devise a plan for finding out Emilia's husband and for ending the strife between the knights, but it is the gods who circuitously determine things, to the wonder and embarrassment of those concerned.

In some striking features this play has a special relationship with *Pericles*. That had a detachable first act (which was omitted at a Stratford-on-Avon revival in 1947), with formal speechmaking in a context of love and death: so has *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which could easily have been adjusted to begin with Palamon and Arcite already in prison. Then Arcite's encounter in II.ii with the countrymen who will take part in the games for Emilia's birthday resembles Pericles' encounter with the fishermen in II.i, where he learns there are games to be held in Thaisa's honor: both Pericles and Arcite are victors and are received into the lady's favor. But in *Pericles* the games are a formal tournament, which takes place in an atmosphere of high ceremony, while in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* it is a matter of simple running and wrestling. The tournament, however, is not forgotten and occurs offstage in the final encounter between Palamon and Arcite, each aided by three knights. The cry of "The mean knight!" that indicates at the end of II.ii that Pericles has been victorious anticipates the cries of "Palamon!" and "Arcite!" and "Victory!" that Emilia hears in V.iii. Here the influence of one of Shakespeare's romances is seen operative on a Fletcher portion of the later play.

But there is a more subtle echo of *The Winter's Tale*. Commentators have sometimes seen there a suggestion that Leontes, believing his wife is being unfaithful to him with his best friend, is unconsciously more deeply outraged by the breach in friendship than by the breach in marriage. Certainly the nostalgic reminiscences of Leontes and Polixenes in I.ii, their sense that an Eden was lost when they grew up and took wives, is to be linked with the passage in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, I.iii, where Emilia and Hippolyta talk of the friendship between Theseus and

Pirithous and the friendship between Emilia and the dead girl Flavina: Hippolyta is not sure even now that she has the first place in Theseus' heart; Emilia has no thought that a husband can be as near to her as Flavina was. In the center of the later play, moreover, there is the friendship of Palamon and Arcite: it is broken when they both love Emilia, but even as they plan to fight to the death (in III.iii) they look back with some longing on their earlier and lighter loves, which did not harm their friendship. That is a brief respite, for Palamon is soon asserting his claim again, but the scene where they help to arm each other (III.vi) is strong in its suggestion of enduring affection. They embrace solemnly before the invocation of their respective divine patrons (V.i), and Arcite's words to Emilia when he appears to have won her are heavily charged with a sense of the price he has paid:

Emily,

To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me
Save what is bought, and yet I purchase cheaply
As I do rate your value.

(V.iii.111-14)

Shakespeare's romances are, among other things, love stories, but they are not simple exaltations of the bond that ties most men to women.

This indeed suggests a connection with his earliest plays. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was also a play about friendship, and it is difficult not to believe that its very title was echoed in that of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. There Valentine and Proteus were firm friends until Proteus fell in love with the girl his friend loved. The right and wrong of the matter were simple; Proteus is thoroughly treacherous and gets to the point of attempting rape. When he repents, Valentine has so high a sense of what friendship demands that he is willing to let Proteus have the girl, not thinking even of consulting her. At that time Shakespeare could make discreet fun of the friendship idea and could quickly make all things come right. Moreover, it was Proteus' villainy and Valentine's simple faith that caused the trouble, while in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* Palamon and Arcite love Emilia because they have to, and Arcite dies because the gods have determined so. That Shakespeare thought back to *The Two Gentlemen* is, I think, indubitable, just as he thought back to *The Comedy of Errors* in the final turn of events in *Pericles*, just as he remembered the rambling romantic plays of the popular theater he first knew when he wrote *Pericles* and *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*. In going back to beginnings, *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is of a piece with the romances, though it has a formality of structure, as we shall see, that links it with *The Tempest* more than with the plays that immediately preceded that play.

It is, however, another early play that is here most prominently in his mind, and again the resemblance goes along with contrast and deliberate reconsideration. Like *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* begins with preparations for the wedding of Theseus and Hippolyta, it is partly concerned with an amateur performance given before the duke by his subjects, and it shows the court during a May-morning ceremony coming upon two men who have fallen out through rivalry in love. In the earlier play the wedding is not interrupted, there being merely a planned delay before it takes place; the

play-within-the-play occurs at the end, not the middle; the rivals in love have had their quarrel already sorted out by Puck and Oberon before Theseus arrives. And it is not quite the same Theseus in the two plays. The earlier duke has the authority of the later one, but he is ever sanguine and relaxed: he will not believe the "story of the night," and he is patronizing toward play-acting and somewhat ill-mannered during the performance. The duke of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* may finally attempt to console himself by marveling at the divine legerdemain, but there is an unrelaxed seriousness in him and a continuing puzzlement. The man who at first decrees perpetual imprisonment for Palamon and Arcite, and later death for them both, and after that death for the loser (and his supporters) in the tournament, is a shrewd realist very different from the man who told Hermia he could not bend the law for her sake—her father's authority being supreme—and finally acquiesced in her marriage with Lysander and told Egeus he must accept the situation. We can see a similar change, along with a resemblance, in the later play's echoing of Helena's account of her girlhood friendship with Hermia (III.ii): when Emilia speaks of the relationship between herself and Flavina, Shakespeare is no longer offering merely a gentle picture of two girls together.

Shakespeare, then, using a well-known story that had been prominently in his mind when he wrote *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (circa 1595–96), helped to compose a play that had strong links both with the late romances and with early comedies that he had already shown a disposition to recall and to look upon with a changed vision. The reunions at the ends of *The Comedy of Errors* and *Pericles* are as different as can be imagined; the spanning of the years in *Pericles* and *The Winter's Tale* does not make those plays similar in spirit to the romances of the 1570's (and the following decade or so) that Sidney made fun of in *An Apology for Poetry*; magic has a different look in *The Tempest* when we compare that play with *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. There is a certain casualness of manner in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, such indeed as Lytton Strachey saw in the late romances as a whole, but it goes along with a reserving of judgment about human beings and the conditions under which they live.

And in this situation Fletcher was no longer with Beaumont but with an elder dramatist whose plays were always strongly in his mind, to the point where he would deliberately modify an initial Shakespeare situation and then work out the pattern of events that would result. He and Beaumont had done that with *Philaster* (circa 1609), taking the *Hamlet* situation without the ghost, as later—on his own—he was to write a sequel to *The Taming of the Shrew* in *The Woman's Prize or The Tamer Tamed* (circa 1611) and, probably along with Massinger, to invert the *Lear* situation in *Thierry and Theodoret* (circa 1617). With Beaumont he had shared a lodging and had developed a dramatic mode in which their two minds functioned, it seemed, as one: though we may perhaps be able to differentiate his verse from Beaumont's, we do not get the feeling in their joint plays that two diverse attitudes are alternating as each in his turn pushes his pen. Fletcher's later collaboration with Massinger resembles his collaboration with Shakespeare in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* to the extent that we feel the characterization and the march of event are seen through different eyes in different parts of

the play. If we are correct, as many people have thought, in assuming that Shakespeare put his scenes into Fletcher's hands and let him do the job of conflating the two shares, this was a situation new to this dramatist. That the story would have attracted him is understandable: the clash between love and friendship in Palamon and Arcite has some similarity to that between friendship and honor in Melantius and Amintor in *The Maid's Tragedy* (circa 1610) and would similarly lend itself to the patterned alternations of conduct that Fletcher delighted in; and there must have been a piquancy in working in association with Shakespeare, to whom he owed much, whose work, however, must have seemed old-fashioned, imperfectly sophisticated. He and Beaumont had pulled *Hamlet* down to the comic level of *Philaster*; now Shakespeare's Palamon and Arcite could be irreverently handled in the same play as Shakespeare was presenting them.

It is not that Fletcher makes the kinsmen directly absurd (though coming near it in their exchange of sentiments, followed at once by their quarrel, in II.i), and he clearly has some partiality for Arcite; but he does take a feline pleasure in the way love holds them, in the way they try to live up to the friendship code at the same time as they are protesting their separate devotions to Emilia. And this goes along with a special fluency in his writing (seen, for example, in the prison-and-garden sequence of II.i), and a fondness for setting the story in brakes and flowers. Nature is never ominous for Fletcher, but its presence as a framework for strife is always ironic.

In one place the work of Fletcher's deflating hand reminds us of an effect found in Shakespeare's own *The Winter's Tale*, V.ii, and in scenes frequently ascribed to Fletcher in *Henry VIII* (II.i, IV.i). The Messenger in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, IV.ii, seems to the present editor's ear to be intentionally comic, with his ecstatic praise of the attendant knights, his overreadiness to speak at line 72, his general extravagance of imagery, and in particular the doting on one knight's freckles and the ludicrous comparison of his sinews to the bodily shape of a pregnant woman (lines 128–29). Here I believe we have Fletcher taking up what he found in *The Winter's Tale*, and pushing it much further both in *Henry VIII* and in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

If general opinion is right in assigning the opening of II.i to Shakespeare, it was he who introduced the Jailer's Daughter. But the use made of her is characteristically Fletcher's. First we should note his boldness in giving her so many scenes alone (II.iii, II.v, III.ii, III.iv): the contrast with Emilia's safe establishment in Theseus' court is striking; and while Emilia is always herself, never in love, protesting yet acquiescent, grieved rather than disturbed, the Jailer's Daughter moves from lighthearted romance—

Out upon't,
What pushes are we wenches driven to
When fifteen once has found us! (II.iii.5–7)

—to fear and hunger, and thence to a sense of exposure—

I am very cold, and all the stars are out too,
The little stars and all, that look like aglets.
The sun has seen my folly. (III.iv.1–3)

—and thence to madness. The descent is not merely pathetic: it is comic, as we see in her taking part in the morris dance of III.v, and it is powerfully suggestive of the casual destructiveness of the love impulse. Aspatia in *The Maid's Tragedy* is too often seen as a merely pathetic figure: there is destructiveness there too, for herself and for Amintor. Fletcher had a strong sense of how disintegration worked, most brilliantly realized in his Maximus in *Valentinian* (circa 1614). And we may, I think, assume that it was Fletcher's idea to have the girl in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* "cured" by making her take her humble Wooer for Palamon, and thus in imagination lie with the man she loved. At the end of the play Emilia is almost on the point of marrying Arcite; the gods intervene, and she is in Palamon's arms. Neither girl has choice, neither girl has, ultimately it seems, the power to differentiate. Moreover, they are linked in that the Jailer's Daughter has to play her part in the morris dance, her madness making her, in the opinion of the Countrymen, the more apt for the grotesque gambols required, while Emilia, trying to preserve neutrality and sobriety, is nevertheless shuttled from one knight's arms to the other's. This gives the country entertainment of III.v a function in the play: it is a comic counterpart to, and an anticipation of, the final tournament, and their respective roles in the two spectacles bring together the girl who loves Palamon and the girl who weds him. In his development of the subplot, Fletcher seems thus to have continued his work of deflation.

Here, however, it is necessary to distinguish with some care. Shakespeare's handling of Palamon and Arcite and Theseus and Emilia is no simple romancing, as we have seen. They are powerless human beings manipulated by the gods, and in a measure comic in their subjection. But the comedy is wry and serious, nowhere more so than in Palamon's invocation of Venus in V.i.³ Fletcher's comedy is much more self-conscious, more obviously grotesque, and though it too is wry there is laughter in it.

Not only deflation of the elder dramatist can be seen, but a measure of parody too. The Jailer's Daughter echoes Ophelia; Emilia brooding over the pictures of Palamon and Arcite in IV.ii echoes the Gertrude who was made to look on pictures of Claudius and the elder Hamlet; even the Doctor's bed trick in V.ii (for it is substantially that) may echo Shakespeare's elaborate employments of the device. And again and again there are tricks of wording—for example, the Doctor's "I think she has a perturbed mind, which I cannot minister to" (IV.iii.58–59)—that take up phrases which Fletcher knew from Shakespeare. The parodying is not hostile or unadmiring. We can remember that in 1613 Shakespeare was forty-nine and Fletcher thirty-four, that we have strong evidence that they worked together on two, perhaps on three, plays: the relationship must have been a complex one. Through the remaining twelve years of Fletcher's career his predecessor's work was never far from his mind, but he enjoyed it without a total reverence. That in writing his share of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* he made the play something of a medley would not deeply disturb him. He did not bring to the writing of any play a sense of full commitment.

A court record suggests that Shakespeare's and Fletcher's

play was given there in 1619,⁴ and the occurrence in the text of two actors' names⁵ enables us to deduce that the play was revived about 1625–26. The title page of 1634 is perhaps deliberately ambiguous in its "Presented at the Blackfriars": this could imply, but need not, that the play was still in the repertory. But after 1642 for a very long time the stage had almost no use for the play.⁶ In 1664 Pepys saw at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre *The Rivals* (not a new play then), which is a free adaptation of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and, though it was published anonymously in 1668, can be safely attributed to Sir William Davenant. He was a dramatist of experience and some note in Charles I's reign, he was largely responsible for the restarting of theater performances in London during the Interregnum (his operatic *The Siege of Rhodes* being acted in 1656), and he was one of the two London theater managers in the earliest Restoration years. He made free use of pre-1642 drama, adapting *Macbeth* and (with Dryden) *The Tempest* for current taste. In *The Rivals* he contrived a version of the story he found in Shakespeare and Fletcher, with no Theseus, no petitioning Queens, no invocation of the gods, no tournament, and a happy ending. Though he occasionally keeps to the words he found, he uses none of the old names and changes the place of action to Arcadia. Heraclea, corresponding to Emilia, cannot make up her mind between Theocles and Philander, but finds that Philander is loved by Celania, the daughter of the Provost (no mere jailer): therefore she decides to take Theocles, and Philander consents to love Celania. Davenant wanted to make a refined comedy, and to do it he had to remove most of the action and all the grossness. Celania does go distracted for a while, but only in a polite way. The play is of no importance, but so far as is known it provided the occasion for the only contact with the stage that *The Two Noble Kinsmen* had between the early seventeenth century and the early twentieth century. Not even William Poel is on record as having thought of a revival.

Then in March 1928 the Old Vic staged it, with Ernest Milton as Palamon, Eric Portman as Arcite, Jean Forbes-Robertson as the Jailer's Daughter, and Barbara Everest as Emilia. Writing in *The London Mercury* for April 1928, A. G. MacDonell praised Jean Forbes-Robertson, and noted that Palamon was done comically, in a red wig. This reviewer was much taken with the realistic playing of the mad scenes, and grateful that he did not have to endure simple nobility in two kinsmen. The only other productions I have been able to trace are one at the Antioch Area

⁴ E. K. Chambers, *William Shakespeare: A Study of Facts and Problems* (1930), II, p. 346.

⁵ See A Note on the Text, pp. 1623–25.

⁶ The almost complete disregard of our play in the late seventeenth century is indicated by Dryden's failure to mention it in his Preface to his volume of *Fables* (1700) or to give in his *Palamon and Arcite*, included in that volume, any clear indication that he had read it. He does, when writing of Emilia at Book I, line 175, use the phrase "To do the observance due to sprightly May," which is a little nearer to "to do observance/To flow'ry May" (*The Two Noble Kinsmen*, II.iv.50–51) than to Chaucer's "to have remembrance/To don honour to May" (*The Knight's Tale*, lines 188–89), but Chaucer in another context has "to doon his observance to May" (line 642). Dryden also makes a little more of the freckled face of one of the kinsmen's supporters (Book III, lines 76, 475) than Chaucer does (lines 1311–12), which could be due to the stress on this feature in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, IV.ii.120–23. Neither of these points can make us firmly deduce that Dryden gave the play a thought as he adapted Chaucer.

³ See A Note on the Source, pp. 1621–23.

Theater, Antioch College, Ohio, which was given eight times in August and September 1955 under the direction of Arthur Lithgow, and one at the Department of Drama, University of Bristol, England. I am most grateful to Mr. Lithgow, now of the McCarter Theater at Princeton, and to Miss Marcia Overstreet and Miss Ernestine C. Brecht of Antioch College, for writing to me about the productions there, and to Professor Glynne Wickham, Head of the Department of Drama at Bristol, for his information concerning the Bristol performance. Mr. Lithgow reports that the play proved "very stage-worthy," particularly the scenes involving the Jailer's Daughter, and that Mr. Ellis Rabb was "very grand" as Palamon. Some cutting had to be done of "repetitive passages," but Shakespeare's hand was felt in the "high imagery."

This is a relatively inglorious stage history for a play in which Shakespeare was concerned, and we must honor the Old Vic, Antioch College, and the University of Bristol for going against the current. Despite the coldness of the London reviewers (MacDonell was typical), it is evident that something happened to the Jailer's Daughter scenes when they got on the stage, and this was confirmed at Antioch College, where indeed the play as a whole seems to have found itself at home. It is more than time that a further attempt was made to see it in action. It does, after all, contain the invocations to the gods in V.i, passages of dramatic verse outstanding even in 1613, a good time for dramatic verse; it contains some of Fletcher's most skillful and characteristic writing; it will one day, perhaps, come to be recognized as throwing a new kind of light on Shakespeare's concluding work in the theater. It needs a large and flexible stage: there is a most suitable one at Stratford, Ontario, another at Chichester in England, and others—both indoor and outdoor—easily found in the United States. One of these might well meet the challenge of what was perhaps Shakespeare's (though only partly Shakespeare's) last play.

It has some good verse and a fairly realistic picture of the onset of madness, but the director contemplating a revival will want to be assured of more than that. It is true that he must face difficulties. The play has the appearance of a romantic story, as Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* has, but in neither instance does the romantic effect work properly. With *Philaster* that was because Beaumont and Fletcher were determined on a sophisticated undercutting of the romantic gesture; with *The Two Noble Kinsmen* there is the complication that two men of widely differing temperaments shared the writing. Shakespeare had used romance with high authority in *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*, involving his audience in a love story in a setting that was both natural and strange, and at the same time making them feel that they were in the presence of stern and unknowable powers. But now he was working with Fletcher, whose sights were lower, essentially those that had characterized *Philaster*. For Shakespeare, we can assume it was the sense of the inscrutable that made the story attractive to him; for Fletcher, it was its essential, often painful, but never overwhelming absurdity. Because it seems likely that Fletcher had the task of putting together his and Shakespeare's work on the play, the overriding effect is Fletcherian: we are taken to high realms of thought, and deliberately let down, as we are so often, but less extravagantly, in the other plays in which Fletcher had

a main hand. It is a paradox that Shakespeare seems to have planned *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and that Fletcher gave it its dominant tone. But that tone is dominant, not exclusive: from Shakespeare we get the solemn pageant of the Queens' mission in I.i, the sage talk of Emilia and Hippolyta in I.iii, the sharp magniloquence of the prayers in V.i; and Fletcher's deflations do not take them from our memory.

But what has probably put off most readers and potential directors has been the nature of the characterization. Shakespeare's handling of character from *Pericles* onward was lacking in the complexity and verisimilitude that had marked the comedies and frequently the tragedies of his middle and mature years. But audiences have been ready to accept Leontes in place of Othello, Miranda in place of Rosalind, Prospero in place of Hamlet, because in these plays they are led consistently toward the idea of "great creating Nature," toward a sense of epiphany, toward an austere assertion that to accept what is remains the best hope, the highest wisdom, we have. But Fletcher has been little more successful on the stage from the eighteenth to the twentieth century, either alone or in collaboration with Beaumont, than he has been in association with Shakespeare. Reviewing the Old Vic performance of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* in 1928, James Agate asked how any actress could make anything of Emilia, passed from hero to hero as from pillar to post.⁷ A. G. MacDonell, we have seen, found even one manifestly noble kinsman enough to bear. Fletcher offers nothing in the way of obvious compensation for his stereotyping of human characters; these are, he suggests, the types that men fall into, or imagine they fall into, or try to live up to the idea of falling into. The Fletcherian drama is a drama about men's refusal to live as individuals. In his plays, men avoid nakedness by doing what they feel the codes and traditions of society demand from them. We may differentiate Palamon from Arcite: one is more rough, the other ready to see himself as sinning because he devoted himself to Emilia a few seconds after his friend did. But each keeps within a stereotype, a notion that belongs to the playhouse of the mind that men are always imagining for themselves: they are alike victims and worshipers of Bacon's Idols of the Theater. It is a kind of characterization that in recent years Brecht has familiarized us with, and we should now therefore be the more fitted to respond to the mode and to see what the play as a whole is saying.

It is indeed a well-arranged play, despite the duality of authorship and the dichotomy of attitude that in this instance is thus imposed. Instead of the loose storytelling we might expect, we have a fairly tight structure, and in A Note on the Source (p. 1621) we shall see that this has been achieved partly through the changes made in adapting Chaucer. The action involves three interwoven strands: (1) the prologue action, as we may call it, concerning the conflict between Athens and Thebes; (2) the story of the rivalry for Emilia; (3) the story of the Jailer's Daughter. The first makes the play begin in a manner of high seriousness and formal rhetoric, and it is in manifest contrast with the slighter, more personal stories of the knights and the girls. The subplot, as we have seen, reflects ironically on the plot of the knights.

⁷ *Brief Chronicles* (1943), pp. 53-56.

The act division throughout is firm, and is related to the play's changes of locality. Act I concerns itself with the conflict between Athens (chivalrous) and Thebes (ignoble), ending with the imprisonment of the nearly dead Palamon and Arcite (noble on the wrong side). Act II gives us their falling in love and release from prison, and introduces the subplot. Act III is wholly outside the town: it shows how Palamon and Arcite meet again, how the Jailer's Daughter loses Palamon, how Theseus and his court are entertained by a group of rustics including the Daughter, and finally how the duke comes upon the kinsmen and decrees their final trial. Act IV, which is briefly and quietly indeterminate, makes toward the cure of the Daughter and emphasizes the perplexity of Emilia: it is, as often with a fourth act, a halting place before the catastrophe. Act V gives us the tournament and its curious consequences, with both girls in some sense pledged to Palamon. Athens and Thebes are the localities of Act I, Athens and the country nearby those of Act II, the country consistently is the place of action in Act III, the city of Athens (but alternating between palace and prison) in Acts IV and V. As the play progresses its range of locality shrinks, so that what begins as an opposition of Thebes and Athens ends as an opposition of palace and prison within a single city. The point of rest toward which we move is marked by death and bereavement and acquiescence: the Jailer who freed Arcite in Act II, and put Palamon under further restraint, is prominently in the stage picture when Palamon is prepared for execution and then, at the news of Arcite's death, for marriage.

The play's recurrent irony is supported by other details of the planning. Theseus is ceremoniously petitioned by the Queens in I.i and by Hippolyta, Emilia, and Pirithous in III.vi: he yields in both instances, though with eloquence in the earlier, Shakespearean passage and with the cleverness of compromise in Fletcher's III.vi. The talk between Palamon and Arcite in I.ii, where they show their wish to leave a corrupt Thebes, becomes ironic when in fighting for Thebes they come near death and are sentenced to life imprisonment. The discussion of friendship by Hippolyta and Emilia in I.iii not only anticipates the dominant friendship motif in the play as a whole, but casts an ironic light on the knights' subsequent devotion to Emilia. And just as the subplot as a whole reflects on Emilia and her ultimate disposal, so the entertainment devised by the Schoolmaster, which brings Theseus and the Jailer's Daughter together on the stage for the only time, is not only a contrast to and an anticipation of the wryly presented tournament of Act V: it also gives a distorted image of the entertainment that the kinsmen and the duke and his ladies offer to the audience in the theater.

Of course, this is a Blackfriars play. The King's Men had taken over that "private" theater (previously used by the child actors) around 1610 and had begun by using it as their winter house, keeping the Globe for the summer. The title page of 1634 mentions only the Blackfriars, and we may assume that at least by the 1620's this play had found its right home there. It is a sophisticated—even, we have seen, a dislocated—play, not firm, ultimately, in its implications but surely fascinating, if disturbing and at times irritating, to watch. Its epilogue calls it "the tale we have told—/For 'tis no other." That was what Shakespeare had insistently, in the text as well as in the title, called *The*

Winter's Tale. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, like that earlier romance, is a strange story with many reversals of fortune, but like that too it has its unromantic aftertaste and is more carefully structured than a casual glance suggests. The Blackfriars audience was at times most gullible, ready to lose itself in a merely romanticized wonderland, but it could rise to the appreciation of something complex: it welcomed Fletcher's masterpiece in comedy, *The Humorous Lieutenant* (circa 1619–20), and, though we cannot be sure that it much liked the experience, it saw Ford's *The Broken Heart* some dozen years after that. There were doubtless moments of puzzlement with *The Two Noble Kinsmen* in 1613 and the following years, but at least some of the spectators must have noticed that the supreme dramatist and his more than clever successor were not failing them.

Nor would they, I think, fail us now if we again put their joint play on the stage.⁸

A NOTE ON THE SOURCE

The source of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, as we have seen, is *The Knight's Tale*, which was most easily available to the collaborators in Speght's edition of Chaucer, published in 1598 (reprinted three times by 1602). In the dramatization a considerable number of changes were made. We may notice them under several heads:

(1) The action throughout is compressed. In Chaucer there is a time lapse between the first seeing of Emilia by the kinsmen and the release of Arcite. Then Arcite spends some years in Thebes before returning to Athens to see Emilia again. Meanwhile Palamon has seven years in prison. When Theseus has arranged the tournament, the kinsmen are to return to Athens in a year's time. Arcite takes some time to die after the horse has thrown

⁸ Since this Introduction was written, Paul Bertram has published a substantial book with the title *Shakespeare and The Two Noble Kinsmen* (1965), arguing that Shakespeare was the sole author of the play. It is a piece of well-informed writing, and Bertram has scored some good points in showing how the nineteenth-century scholars seized on the idea of dual authorship because of a reluctance to imagine Shakespeare writing the franker sections of the play. He argues, moreover, that the play has unity in its plotting (as indeed it has) and that throughout there is the same full use of Chaucer. Less successfully, he disposes of the evidence of verse tests by insisting that some of the scenes treated by the editors as verse are really in prose (as they are presented in the quarto): this is, I think, to disregard the strong blank-verse character of much of the writing. The reader of the present edition will be able to decide whether the scenes involving the Countrymen and the Jailer and his Daughter (apart from the beginning of II.i and the whole of IV.iii) are legitimately printed as verse. Moreover, Bertram is one of the, alas, many who have a low regard for Fletcher: he insists on Shakespeare's sole authorship of *Henry VIII* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, but will let Fletcher have *Cardenio*, which seems to him of minor weight. And he does not successfully meet the evidence of the 1634 title page. It is possible to quote, as he does, the statement of Leonard Digges, in the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's *Poems*, that Shakespeare did not bed "from each witty friend a Scene/To peece his Acts with," but that is another matter than the frank and equal sharing of a play with his obvious successor in 1613. It used to be necessary to argue for Shakespeare's participation in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*; now we have to safeguard Fletcher's right to a part of it. And the argument of this Introduction is that there are, despite close cooperation, a difference of view and a difference of style that indicate two authors, one of them supreme and the other at least major in his time.

him, and it is a matter of years before Emilia brings herself to marry Palamon. In the play we are not told how long Palamon and Arcite are in prison, but there is no suggestion that it is a great while. Clearly Palamon escapes soon after Arcite has entered Emilia's service. The time lapse before the tournament is a single month. Arcite dies almost immediately, and Emilia is to marry Palamon, it appears, the next day.

These changes are partly to give an effect of tighter structure to what is in Chaucer a diffuse narrative, but they also increase the sense of divine manipulation. The kinsmen in II.i look forward to a slow lifetime in prison; instead, they are whirled through a series of events, and at the end of the play Emilia is passed from arm to arm in a manner that suggests no cosmic concern for her dignity.

(2) There are also changes for the sake of obvious dramatic effectiveness. In the poem Theseus' wedding is not interrupted by the mission of the Queens. There are not three Queens but a crowd of queens and duchesses. Emilia has no attendant in the garden with whom she can talk informally and lightly. Palamon is not removed from the garden room after Arcite's departure. At the tournament each of the kinsmen is to be accompanied by a hundred knights. The invocations to the gods are in the order Venus, Diana, Mars, which has not the climactic effect secured in the play by Emilia's prayer coming last. The falling of the single rose from the tree brings the whole scene to a striking (and disturbing) conclusion.

(3) Other changes increase this sense of disturbance. Most obvious among these is the decree of Theseus that the knights defeated in the tournament shall die. Of course, this allows the theatrically effective saving of Palamon from the block, and it puts more at stake than the disposal of Emilia's person. Shakespeare may have thought of this change because in *Pericles* the unsuccessful suitors of Antiochus' daughter were similarly vowed to death. In any event, it is an element in the play that links it with the dangers and actual deaths that are found in the preceding romances. Moreover, there is nothing in the invocation of Venus in *The Knight's Tale* that resembles the words on the goddess' power that Palamon speaks. He hails her as

sovereign queen of secrets,

.
that canst make

A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that mayst force the king
To be his subject's vassal, and induce
Stale Gravity to dance: the pollèd bachelor
Whose youth like wanton boys through bonfires
Have skipped thy flame, at seventy thou canst catch
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love. (V.i.77, 81-89)

The images of the cripple grotesquely cured, of authority submissive and dancing, of old age straining its throat with a love song, contribute powerfully to that harsh strain in Shakespeare's section of the play that has been noted in the Introduction. And then we find Palamon seeking favor by boasting of his own credulity, and doing it in terms that, for an audience, are surely meant to be repellent:

I knew a man
Of eighty winters, this I told them, who
A lass of fourteen bridged. 'Twas thy power
To put life into dust: the aged cramp
Had screwed his square foot round,
The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes
Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life
In him seemed torture. This anatomy
Had by his young fair fere a boy, and I
Believed it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? (V.i.107-18)

We may think back to Antony's concern with his gray hairs, to Leontes' finding wrinkles in what he thinks is Hermione's statue, but the degree of frankness is new. Palamon, the servant of Venus, puts himself side by side with the other victims he describes.⁹

(4) Nothing in Chaucer corresponds to the Jailer's Daughter plot. We are simply told that Palamon escaped with the help of a friend. In the Introduction (p. 1617) we have seen how Shakespeare and Fletcher use the subplot to affect the audience's response to the story of the knights and their love.

(5) In Chaucer the gods are at odds with each other, and the quarrel is settled by the ingenuity of Saturn, so that all promises can be kept. In the play we are rather made to feel that a single power speaks through the gods, that the matter is predetermined, that all that the gods do is to give hints of a future that neither prayer nor divine intervention can modify.

In a few places the play includes some quite incidental echoes of Chaucer. Thus Arcas, one of the Countrymen named at II.ii.37 and III.v.47, is the name of the son of Callisto, who, as "Calystope," is referred to in *The Knight's Tale*, line 1198. The Schoolmaster mentions the story of Meleager and Atalanta at III.v.18; Chaucer mentions it at *The Knight's Tale*, lines 1212-13. In the play the tournament is held in the place where Theseus found the knights fighting (III.vi.293): in *The Knight's Tale*, lines 1999-2006, we learn that it is Arcite's funeral pyre that is to be erected in that place. The consolation that Palamon offers to his friends as they are about to submit themselves to the block (V.iv.1-13), although altogether sharper in its comments on the nature of life, bears an obvious relation to the arguments that Theseus uses in *The Knight's Tale*, lines 2189-98, in order to persuade Palamon and Emilia to give up their mourning for Arcite and enter into marriage. Such points of casual resemblance between play and poem, with the dramatists freely manipulating the words and images they found in Chaucer, show the intimacy of their acquaintance with the source.

The Knight's Tale had been twice dramatized before 1613. In 1566 Richard Edwardes' *Palamon and Arcite* was acted at Christ Church, Oxford, before Elizabeth, and Henslowe's *Diary* registers a *Palamon and Arcite* acted in 1594, probably as a new play. Neither of these is extant, but there is no reason to believe that they had any connection with *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

⁹ In his Introduction to Shakespeare's *Sonnets* (see page 1728), W. H. Auden comments on this passage's choice of "humiliating or horrid" examples of the power of Venus and on "the intensity of the disgust at masculine sexual vanity."

In the Introduction (pp. 1617-18) we have seen that Shakespeare and Fletcher were dependent also on their memories of several earlier Shakespeare plays, ranging from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* to the late romances, and that this has helped to make the play into something very different from a straightforward dramatization of Chaucer.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

There is no doubt that the text used by the printer of the quarto of 1634 had been in the hands of a prompter (presumably of the Blackfriars Theater). The most obvious evidence of this is the appearance in the margin of three "warnings"—that is, reminders that preparation must be made for an ensuing entry. These are noted below in the list of places where the present edition varies from the quarto, but it will be useful to bring them together here:

- (1) On C3^v of the quarto, in the left margin opposite I.iii.58-64:

2. Hearses rea-/dy with Pala-/mon: and Arci-/te: the
3./Queenes./Theseus: and/his Lordes/ready.

At this point the scene has more than thirty lines to run: the "warning" is of what will be required at the beginning of I.iv, which comes on C4^r.

- (2) On C4^v, in the left margin opposite I.iv.26-27:

3. Hearses rea-/dy.

These hearses are for the bodies of the three kings slain at Thebes and will be brought on at the beginning of I.v twenty lines later, on the same page of the quarto.

- (3) On G2^v, in the left margin opposite III.v.65-66:

Chaire and/stooles out.

These properties are required for Theseus and his company to sit on to watch the Schoolmaster's entertainment: the dialogue indicates that they sit some thirty lines later, at III.v.98.

Further evidence of theater use of the copy behind the quarto is in the appearance of actors' names in the entries. At IV.ii.69 the quarto stage direction reads "*Enter Messengers. Curtis.*" ("*Messengers*" being clearly an error for "*Messenger*"), and the entry which opens V.iii reads ". . . and/some Attendants, T. Tucke: Curtis." The actors referred to can be identified as Curtis Greville, who was a hired man in the King's Company in 1626, probably having joined them the preceding year, and Thomas Tuckfield, whose name appears in a list of "Musitions and other necessary attendantes" of the King's Company in 1624.¹⁰ From these dates it is clear that the actors' names were inserted on the occasion of a revival in the 1620's, not for the original performance of 1613.

Actors' names appearing in a text may be due to an author who has a particular member of the company in mind for a part, but this could not be the case with the two names in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. For one thing, Greville and Tuckfield were not with the company when Shakespeare and Fletcher were writing the play; for

another, the messenger of IV.ii and the attendants of V.iii are characterless parts: an author would have no views on who should play them, but a prompter might wish to remind himself of the actors' identities.

The quarto contains further indications of playhouse use. Act IV ends with the stage direction "*Florish. Exeunt,*" the "*Florish*" obviously being wrongly placed: it is needed for the entry of Theseus and the rest at the beginning of Act V. The same thing occurs at the end of V.ii. In these instances we can deduce that "*Florish*" was added in the margin between IV.iii and V.i and between V.ii and V.iii respectively, and the printer took it as going with the exits and not with the following entries. Then we have several marginal stage directions printed, like the "warnings" noted above, in roman type—one at the beginning of II.iv:

This short flo-/rish of Cor-/nets and/Showtes with-/in.

and another opposite the heading "*Actus Tertius.*":

Cornets in/sundry places./Noise and/hallowing as/people
a May-/ing:

The marginal placing, the use of roman type, and the curious phrasing "This short florish" all suggest that here we have prompter's additions to the manuscript. A third instance of this is at III.v.134-37, where the text in the quarto is as follows:

	<i>Per. Produce.</i>	<i>Musicke Dance.</i>
Knocke for	<i>Intrate filii, Come forth, and foot it,</i>	
Schoole. Enter	<i>Ladies, if we have been merry</i>	
The Dance.	<i>And have pleased thee with a derry,</i>	

The italic stage direction can be taken as at least possibly authorial. In the original manuscript there could have been a marginal speech heading "*Sch.*" (the quarto's regular form) before "*Intrate. . .*" A prompter, however, might see no clearly marked entry for the dancers or cue for their entry, and might insert these in the left margin, running the insertion together with "*Sch.*" Conceivably "for" was added during preparation for printing in an attempt to make sense of "Knocke./Sch./Enter The Dance." Alternatively the manuscript as altered by the prompter read thus:

Knocke for	Sch.
The Dance.	

and the printer moved "Sch[oole]." to the left and added "Enter" in an attempt to make sense of it. It would be good theatrical usage to have a "knock" (striking the floor of the stage with a staff) as a signal. But at III.v.17 the agreed signal was to be his flinging up his cap: the author of the scene would not be likely to forget this so quickly, but a prompter might at first reading. Like the two previously noted stage directions, this one is in roman.

One other stage direction is marginal and in roman. This occurs at III.vi.93:

They bow se-/verall wayes:/then advance/and stand.

¹⁰ Gerald E. Bentley, *The Jacobean and Caroline Stage*, II (1941), pp. 451-52, 606-07.

An asterisk is inserted in III.vi.93 after Arcite has said "And me my love!" and before he continues "Is there ought else to say?" This is, I think, likely to be an authorial addition: it is literary in character, and the placing of the asterisk looks like an author's wish to indicate that the action must come between the two halves of Arcite's speech. But for the printer it would appear in the margin along with the prompter's additional stage directions and warnings, so he has used roman type for this as for those.

Even so, the evidence for the presence of the prompter's hand is fairly plentiful, and he may also have been responsible for all the indications of sound effects (horns, cornets, flourishes), not merely for those noted above. Yet it does not seem very likely that in 1634 the printer had in front of him a promptbook actually used in performance. Sir Walter Greg drew attention to the possibility that even "warnings" could appear in a manuscript which was merely annotated by a prompter before the promptbook itself was made.¹¹ And it is evident that the "warnings" here given are not complete: an executioner's block would be needed for V.iv, and a chair for Arcite at V.iv.84. Also, some of the entries are incomplete: Artesius and Attendants must be added at I.i.s.d. (though we can assume that the printer is responsible for the apparent omission of Pirithous); a Herald, Lords, Attendants, Palamon and Arcite must be added at I.iv.s.d.; at III.v.s.d. the entry includes "2. or 3 wenches," but five are needed for the dance; at IV.i.102 the vague "and others," though possible in a prompt copy, may be an additional sign of authorial inexactitude.

Our text also contains certain things that might well have been eliminated in a prompt copy. At I.i.217 there is the stage direction "*Exeunt towards the Temple.*" This indicates that Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous, and the Attendants begin to move toward the stage door that here represents the temple entrance, but Theseus has still an exchange with Pirithous (I.i.219-24) before the procession has left the stage. This is clear enough to a reader, but a prompter would be likely to tidy it up. Then at II.i.50 there is the direction "*Enter Palamon and Arcite, above.*" The Jailer and his Daughter comment from below and then leave the stage. The quarto marks a general "*Exeunt.*" and then gives a new scene heading:

Scæna 2. *Enter Palamon, and Arcite in prison.*

The action is surely continuous, and in the present edition a new scene is not started at this point. The kinsmen need to remain above, as the later part of the scene will be more effective if they look down to the garden to see Emilia, as they do in Chaucer: moreover, the "leap the garden . . . and pitch between her arms" of II.i.275-76 strongly suggests that Arcite is above. The explanation of the condition of the text here is probably that II.i.1-57 are by Shakespeare and the rest of the scene by Fletcher: they had worked out in advance that Shakespeare would introduce the new characters (Jailer, Daughter, Wooer) and Fletcher would do the kinsmen's first encounters with Emilia. So the two sections of the scene would be separate: II.i.60 would start a new sheet of paper. In other words, this suggests that the printer in 1634 had in front of him

either the holograph manuscript of Shakespeare and Fletcher or a transcript faithful to it. It should also be noted that the quarto is unusual in its indications of locality: in addition to the "*Temple*" and "*prison*" already noted, we have "*Enter Palamon as out of a bush*" at III.i.30 s.d. and "*Enter Palamon from the bush*" at III.vi.s.d. Such indications of locality are of course rare in seventeenth-century play texts: those in our play are similar to "*Enter Timon in the woods*" and "*Enter Timon from his Caue*" in the Folio text *Timon of Athens*, IV.iii.s.d. and V.i.30 s.d. *Timon* was almost certainly printed either from Shakespeare's own manuscript or from a faithful transcript of it.

Now it must be remembered that we know of performances of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* in 1613, probably in 1619, and around 1625.¹² The printer's copy in 1634 has some relation to the last of these (from the evidence of the two actors' names), but it is puzzling to think of the prompter on that occasion annotating the authors' original manuscript if a prompt copy for 1613 (and 1619) were available. It could of course have been lost or not immediately available. And we cannot be sure that all the prompter's additions were made at the same time: the "warnings" and additional stage directions could have been inserted in 1613 and the actors' names in 1625. Nevertheless, there is a good case for believing that the quarto is directly based on the author's manuscript (or a faithful transcript of it), which the prompter had annotated before the making of a promptbook. When the play came to be printed, the company would be more likely to give such a manuscript to the publisher rather than the promptbook itself, which would be needed at the theater if the play were to be acted again.¹³

When the play was reprinted in the Beaumont and Fletcher Folio of 1679, the text was based on that of the quarto. This is firmly established not only by the statement in the Folio itself but by the frequent agreement between the texts in accidentals. Although the 1679 printing shows a considerable number of variants, they have no independent authority and are mainly corrections of misprints, new misprints, and casual changes in accidentals. For the present edition, therefore, the Folio readings have been treated in the same way as those of all subsequent texts: that is, they have been regarded as editorial emendations or errors, to be taken into account in emending the quarto text but not recorded where they have not been accepted by the present editor.

All substantive departures from the quarto are recorded below, with the reading of the present edition in boldface type followed by the quarto reading in roman. It will be seen that the prompter's "warnings" have been transposed into stage directions and inserted in brackets at the appropriate places. The stage directions that have been noted above as almost certainly the prompter's are, however,

¹² See Introduction, p. 1619.

¹³ F. O. Waller in his article "Printer's Copy for *The Two Noble Kinsmen*," *Studies in Bibliography*, XI (1958), pp. 61-84, has argued along these lines. This article incorporates material in Waller's unpublished Chicago dissertation of 1958, *A Critical, Old-spelling Edition of "The Two Noble Kinsmen"*: the fullest textual studies so far made of the play are to be found in this thesis and in Paul Bertram's *Shakespeare and The Two Noble Kinsmen* (1965). Bertram, however, takes the view that the printer in 1634 had before him a holograph Shakespeare manuscript that had been used as a promptbook.

¹¹ *The Shakespeare First Folio* (1955), p. 141.

printed in this edition in the same way as other stage directions (which may of course be either author's or prompter's).

It may be noted that, unlike most of his predecessors, the present editor accepts Skeat's emendation "harebells" at I.i.9, and that he is the first to take the quarto speech heading "*All*" at IV.i.145 as part of the Jailer's Daughter's speech.

In this edition italic type is used for stage directions (as generally in the quarto), roman type is used for all dialogue and songs (in place of the quarto's italic for proper names in the dialogue and for the songs), and small capitals are used for speech headings (in place of the quarto's italics). Punctuation and spelling have been modernized, obvious typographical errors have been silently corrected, and the quarto's Latin headings for acts and scenes are given in English. The quarto's "nev'r," "ev'r," "ev'n" spellings are here rendered as "ne'er," "e'er," "e'en," whenever the meter seems to require a monosyllable; elsewhere the full spellings of these words are used. When a quarto reading exists in two states, corrected and uncorrected, the list below indicates the uncorrected state by a raised "a" after the reading given, the corrected state by a raised "b."

In a number of places the quarto prints lines as prose which there seems to be good reason to take as blank verse. Decisions in such cases are always difficult, but the present edition follows several of its predecessors in printing as verse where a blank verse rhythm seems to underlie, and sometimes clearly to emerge from, the fairly free dialogue pattern.

In conformity with the practice of the present edition, localities have been inserted in scene headings, but these and all other editorial additions to the quarto are given in brackets.

Pro.19 writer wrighter 25 **water**, do water. Do 26 **tack** take 29 **travail** travell

I.i.s.d. Pirithous Theseus 9 **harebells** her bells 16 **angel** angle 20 **chough hoar** Clough hee 59 **lord**. The day Lord the day 61 **groom**. Groome, 68 **Nemean** Nenuan 83 'stilled stilde [Folio "stil'd"] 90 **thy** the 99 **blood-sized** blood cizd 112 **glassy** glasse 125 **sister** sifter 138 **move** mooves 155 **Rinsing** Wrinching 210 **soldier**, as before. Soldier (as before) 211 **Aulis** Anly 217 **s.d.** Hippolyta . . . towards Exeunt towards **I.ii.65** **power there's nothing; almost puts** power: there's nothing, almost puts 70 **glory; one** glory on;^b glory on^a **I.iii.22** **brine** brine, 31 **one** ore 54 **eleven** a eleven; **Flavina** Flauia 58-64 [note in quarto margin: "2. Hearses rea-/dy with Palamon: and Arci-/te: the 3./Queenes./Theseus: and/his Lordes/ready."] 79 **every innocent** fury-innocent 82 **dividual** individuall

I.iv.18 **smeared** smeard^b succard^a 22 **We 'lieve** We leave 26-27 [note in quarto margin: "3. Hearses rea-/dy."] 40 **friends' behests** friends, beheastes 41 **Love's provocations** Loves, provocations 45 **O'er-wrestling** Or wrastling 49 'fore for **II.i.1** **little . . . live: little, . . . live,** 19-20 **that now**. So that. Now, so 50 **s.d.** [in quarto, after "night" in line 49] 57 [in quarto, new scene heading: "Scena 2. Enter Palamon, and Arcite in prison."] 60 **war**. Yet warre yet, 78 **wore** were 79 **Ravished** Bravishd 124 **could**. could, 175 [quarto makes this the

last line of Arcite's speech] 207 **mere** neere 214 **have**. have, 259 **be**, be. 260 **Arcite**; Arcite. 275 **s.d.** [and throughout rest of scene] **Jailer** Keeper 319 **life?** life.

II.ii [quarto marks as "Scena 3."] 39 **ye** yet 52 **means**. meanes; says sees 74 **him!** him

II.iii [quarto marks as "Scena 4."]

II.iv.s.d. **Short . . . within**. This short . . . within [in margin] 19 **I believe** Beleeve,

II.v [quarto marks as "Scena 6."]

III.i.s.d. **Cornets . . . a-Maying** [in quarto, in margin] 2 **laund** land; **rite** Right 10 **place** pace 36 **looked, the void'st** lookd the voydes 94 **only, sir**. Your onely, Sir your 95 **Wind horns** off Winde hornes of Cornets 97 **musit** Musicke 107 **not**. nor; **III.ii.1** **brake** Beake 7 **reck** wreake 19 **fed** feed 28 **brine** bine **III.iii.23** **them** then 50 **armor?** Armour.

III.iv.9 **Spoon** Vpon 10 **tack** take

III.v [quarto marks as "Scena 6."] **s.d.** **Bavian** Baum five [italic] 2. or 3. 8 **jean** jave 47 **once!** You can tell, Arcas, once, you can tell Arcas 65-67 [note in quarto margin: "Chaire and/stooles out."] 67 **Till we** till 91 **Wind horns** [in quarto after "I'll lead"] 93 **Exeunt . . . Schoolmaster** [in quarto, after "boys," line 92] 97 **Theseus** Per. 135 **s.d.** **Knock** Knocke for Schoole [in margin] 135 [quarto omits speech heading] 137 **ye** thee 140 **thee** three 155 **Wind horns** [in quarto, after "made," line 156]

III.vi [quarto marks as "Scena 7."] 28 **man**. When man, when 39 **spared**. Your spard, your 68 **I warrant** Ile warrant 86 **strait** streight 111 **safety**, safely 146 **thy** this 175 **us**; us, 176 **valiant**, valiant; 243 **prune** proyne 290 **again**, it againe it **IV.i.45-46** **Wooer**. No, sir . . . 'Tis—Wooer [italic] No Sir not well./Woo. [speech heading] Tis 48 **have told** told 84 **wreath** wreake 110 **rearly** rarely 120 **Far** For 141 **Second Friend** 1. Fr. 145 **cheerly all!** O, O, O cheerly./All. [speech heading] Owgh, owgh, owgh 149 **Tack** take

IV.ii.16 **Jove** Love 37 **pardon, Palamon:** pardon: Palamon, 54 **s.d.** **Enter a Gentleman** Enter Emil. and Gent. 69 **s.d.** **Enter a Messenger** Enter Messengers, Curtis 76 **first** fitst 81 **fire** faire 86-87 **baldric**, . . . **with:** Bauldricke; . . . with, 104 **tods** tops 109 **court** corect

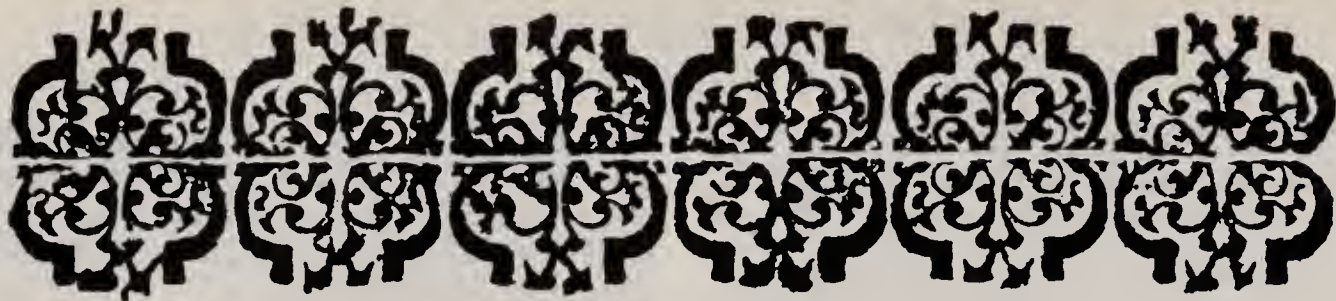
IV.iii.8 **s.d.** [in quarto, after "business," line 8] 31 **i' th' other** i'th/Thother 86 **carve** crave

V.i.s.d. **Flourish** [in quarto, precedes "Exeunt." of IV.iii] 7 **s.d.** **Flourish of cornets** [in quarto, at line 5] 50 **whose approach** [first added by Seward in 1750: the words, or something like them, seem necessary] 54 **armipotent** armenypotent 68 **design** march boldly. designe; march boldly, 91 **his**; his 118-21 **Brief, I . . . done no companion;/To . . . not a defier;/To . . . rejoicer**. briefe I . . . done; no Companion/To . . . not; a defyer/To . . . cannot; a Rejoycer, 130 [quarto inserts speech heading "Pal."] 136 **s.d.** **They bow** [in quarto, after line 134] 151 'pointed pointed 152 **him; out of two** him out of two, 154 **election**. Of mine eyes election of mine eyes,

V.ii.34 **Videlicet, the way of flesh** [quarto has "Videlicet" in roman and "way of flesh" in italic, doubtless through a casual error] 39 **humor** honour 53 **tune** turne

V.iii.s.d. **Flourish** [in quarto, precedes "Exeunt" of V.ii] **Attendants** [quarto adds: "T. Tucke: Curtis."] 13 **well, penciled** well pencild 54 **him** them 66 **s.d.** **Cornets . . . "A Palamon!"** [in quarto, at line 64]; **Enter a Servant** [may be erroneous, as there were attendants on stage, and the Servant brings no news] 75 **in't else:** in't; else 77 **s.d.** [in quarto, at line 75] 92 **s.d.** [in quarto, at line 91] 121 **to th' all** I to'th all; I

V.iv.1 [quarto omits speech heading] 5-6 **pity; to live still . . . wishes;** pitty. To live still, . . . wishes, 39 **Second and Third Knights** 1. 2. K 46 **dearly** early 76 **On end he stands** [in quarto, printed at the end of the line, perhaps indicating that it was preceded by some illegible words in the manuscript] 78 **victor's** victoros 86-87 **mighty!** . . . **unbroken**, mightie . . . **unbroken:** 106 **Hath** Hast 132 **sorry; still** sorry still,



THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

[Dramatis Personae]

THESEUS *Duke of Athens*
PIRITHOUS *friend to Theseus*
ARTESIUS *an Athenian*
PALAMON } *kinsmen, nephews to Creon, King of*
ARCITE } *Thebes*
VALERIUS *a Theban*
SIX KNIGHTS
JAILER
WOOER *to the Jailer's Daughter*
DOCTOR
BROTHER }
TWO FRIENDS } *to the Jailer*

SCHOOLMASTER
A HERALD MESSENGERS COUNTRYMEN
HYMEN A BOY AN EXECUTIONER
GUARD TABORER BAVIAN *or Fool*
LORDS ATTENDANTS
HIPPOLYTA *an Amazon, bride to Theseus*
EMILIA *her sister*
THREE QUEENS
THE JAILER'S DAUGHTER
WAITING-WOMAN *to Emilia*
MAIDS COUNTRY WENCHES NYMPHS

Scene: Athens and the country nearby; Thebes]

P R O L O G U E

Flourish.

New plays and maidenheads are near akin:
Much followed° both, for both much money gi'en,
If they stand sound and well. And a good play—
Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage day,
And shake to lose his honor—is like her
That after holy tie and first night's stir
Yet still is modesty, and still retains
More of the maid to sight than husband's pains.°
We pray our play may be so, for I am sure
It has a noble breeder, and a pure,
A learnèd, and a poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po and silver Trent.
Chaucer, of all admired, the story gives:
There constant to eternity it lives.
If we let fall° the nobleness of this,°

The decorative border shown above appeared on the first page of the quarto edition of The Noble Kinsmen, 1634.

Pro.s.d. Flourish trumpet fanfare 2 followed pursued, cultivated 8 pains endeavors 15 let fall fail to maintain; this Chaucer's poem

And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,
How will it shake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under ground, "O fan
From me the witless chaff of such a writer°
That blasts my bays, and my famed works makes
lighter
Than Robin Hood!" This is the fear we bring;
For, to say truth, it were an endless° thing,
And too ambitious, to aspire to him.
Weak as we are, and almost breathless 'swim
In this deep water, do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we shall tack about,°
And something do to save us. You shall hear
Scenes, though below his art, may yet appear
Worth two hours' travail.° To his bones sweet sleep;
Content to you. If this play do not keep
A little dull time from us, we perceive
Our losses fall so thick we must needs leave.°
Flourish.

19 such a writer the singular is notable, but by no means decisive on the question of authorship 22 endless purposeless, vain 26 tack about change direction 29 travail labor (with a suggestion of travel, as the play's action moves from place to place) 32 leave give up acting

A C T I

[Scene I. Athens. Before a temple.]

Enter HYMEN° with a torch burning; a BOY in a white robe before, singing and strewing flowers; after HYMEN, a NYMPH, encompassed in her tresses,° bearing a wheaten garland;° then THESEUS between two other NYMPHS with wheaten chaplets° on their heads; then HIPPOLYTA the bride, led by PIRITHOUS, and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging; after her, EMILIA holding up her train; [ARTESIUS and ATTENDANTS]. Music.

The Song.

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden pinks, of odor faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,°
And sweet thyme true;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,°
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With harebells dim;
Oxlips, in their cradles growing,
Marigolds, on death-beds blowing,°
Lark's-heels trim;°

All dear Nature's children sweet
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,

Strew flowers.

Blessing their sense;
Not an angel° of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Is° absent hence;

The crow, the sland'rous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chatt'ring pie,
May on our bridehouse° perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly.

Enter three QUEENS in black, with veils stained, with imperial crowns. The FIRST QUEEN falls down at the foot of THESEUS; the SECOND falls down at the foot of HIPPOLYTA; the THIRD before EMILIA.

FIRST QUEEN

For pity's sake and true gentility's,°
Hear and respect° me.

SECOND QUEEN

For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear and respect me.

I.i.s.d. Hymen god of marriage; encompassed in her tresses with hair loose, in token of virginity; wheaten garland a symbol of fertility and peace; chaplets wreaths 5 quaint pretty 7 Ver spring 11 on death-beds blowing blooming on graves 12 trim neat 16 angel here a synonym for "bird" 18 Is often emended to "Be," but the indicative seems acceptable 22 bridehouse house where a wedding is celebrated 25 gentility nobleness 26 respect give attention to

THIRD QUEEN

Now for the love of him whom Jove hath marked
The honor of your bed,° and for the sake
Of clear° virginity, be advocate
For us, and our distresses. This good deed
Shall raze you° out o' th' Book of Trespasses°
All you are set down there.

THESEUS

Sad lady, rise.

HIPPOLYTA Stand up.

EMILIA

No knees to me.

What woman I may stead° that is distressed
Does bind me to her.

THESEUS

What's your request? Deliver you for all.

FIRST QUEEN

We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon;° who endured°
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offense
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phoebus,° but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. O pity, duke,
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy feared sword
That does good turns to th' world; give us the
bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel° them;
And of thy boundless goodness take some note
That for our crownèd heads we have no roof,
Save this which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault° to everything.

THESEUS

Pray you kneel not.

I was transported with your speech, and suffered
Your knees to wrong themselves. I have heard the
fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.
King Capaneus° was your lord. The day
That he should° marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom.
By Mars' altar, you were that time fair:
Not Juno's mantle° fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread her; your wheaten wreath
Was then nor threshed° nor blasted;° Fortune at you
Dimpled her cheek with smiles. Hercules our kinsman,°
Then weaker than your eyes, laid by his club:

29-30 whom . . . bed for whom Jove has destined the honor of wedding you 31 clear pure 33 raze you delete for you; Book of Trespasses recording angel's register of sins 36 stead help 40 Creon King of Thebes after Oedipus; endured have endured 45-46 blest . . . Phoebus the sun 50 chapel bury in a chapel 54 vault arched roof (here the sky) 59 Capaneus here four syllables, though classically three 60 should was to 63 Juno's mantle Juno was goddess of marriage and her mantle is described in *Iliad*, XIV; but the peacock was sacred to Juno, and "mantle" also suggests the bird's spread tail 65 threshed beaten so as to separate grain from husks (here an image for fertilizing: cf. I.i.s.d.); blasted i.e., by widowhood 66 kinsman according to Plutarch's "Life of Theseus," both he and Hercules were descended on their mothers' side from Pelops; moreover, Theseus as alleged son of Poseidon could claim kinship with Hercules, son of Zeus

He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide°
And swore his sinews thawed. O grief and time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour.

FIRST QUEEN

O I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto he'll infuse pow'r, and press you forth
Our undertaker.°

THESEUS

O no knees, none, widow,
Unto the helmeted Bellona° use them,
And pray for me your soldier.

Troubled I am. *Turns away.* [*The QUEENS rise.*]

SECOND QUEEN

Honored Hippolyta,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusked boar, that with thy arm as strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord,
Born to uphold creation in that honor
First Nature 'stilled it in,° shrunk thee into
The bound° thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing
Thy force and thy affection; soldieress,
That equally canst poise° sternness with pity,
Whom° now I know hast much more power on him
Than ever he had on thee, who ow'st° his strength
And his love too, who is a servant for
The tenor of thy speech;° dear glass of° ladies,
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth scorch
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us;
Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
Speak't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But° touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion when the head's plucked off;
Tell him if he i' th' blood-sized° field lay swoll'n,
Showing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
What you would do.

HIPPOLYTA

Poor lady, say no more.
I had as lief trace° this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet
Went I so willing way.° My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress. Let him consider.
I'll speak anon.

THIRD QUEEN (*Kneel[s] to EMILIA.*) O my petition was

Set down in ice, which by hot grief uncandied°
Melts into drops, so sorrow wanting form
Is pressed with deeper matter.°

EMILIA

Pray stand up,
Your grief is written in your cheek.

THIRD QUEEN

O woe,

You cannot read it there; there through my tears,°
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream
You may behold 'em.° Lady, lady, alack!
He that will all the treasure know o' th' earth
Must know the center° too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line°
To catch one at my heart. O pardon me,
Extremity that sharpens sundry wits
Makes me a fool. [*She rises.*]

EMILIA

Pray you say nothing, pray you.
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece° of some painter, I would buy you
T' instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed
Such heart-pierced° demonstration.° But alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,°
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me
That it shall make a counter-reflect° 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity
Though it were made of stone. Pray have good com-
fort.

THESEUS

Forward to th' temple, leave not out a jot
O' th' sacred ceremony.

FIRST QUEEN

O this celebration
Will long last, and be more costly than
Your suppliants' war. Remember that your fame
Knolls in the ear o' th' world; what you do quickly
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Than others' labored meditative,° your premeditating
More than their actions. But O Jove, your actions,
Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,°
Subdue before they touch. Think, dear duke, think
What beds our slain kings have.

SECOND QUEEN

What griefs our beds
That our dear lords have none.

THIRD QUEEN

None fit for th' dead.
Those that with cords, knives, drams' precipitance,°
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
Been death's most horrid agents, human grace°
Affords them dust and shadow.°

FIRST QUEEN

But our lords
Lie blist'ring 'for the visitating° sun,
And were good kings when living.

THESEUS

It is true,
And I will give you comfort, to give° your dead lords
graves.

The which to do, must make some work with Creon.

FIRST QUEEN

And that work presents itself to th' doing.°

68 **Nemean hide** Hercules customarily wore the hide of the lion of Nemea, which he had slain 73-74 **press** . . . **undertaker** impel you to champion our cause 75 **Bellona** goddess of war 83 **'stilled it in** instilled in it 84 **bound** limit, as bank of a river 86 **equally canst poise** canst justly balance 87 **Whom** usual in seventeenth century before a parenthetical clause 88 **ow'st** possesseth 89-90 **who** . . . **speech** who is obedient to everything you say 90 **glass of** mirror for (as in "mirror for magistrates," etc.) 97 **But** only 99 **blood-sized** spread with blood 102 **trace** pursue 104 **so willing way** any way so willingly 106-09 **O** . . . **matter** i.e., the formality of her previous speech (lines 29-34) now melts into tears, but grief in its formlessness can receive the imprint of a "deeper matter" (in this instance the desire for funeral rites and vengeance) 107 **uncandied** dissolved

111 **there** . . . **tears** i.e., in her eyes 113 **'em** i.e., her eyes, where her grief is imaged 115 **center** i.e., of the earth 116 **lead his line** weight it with lead 122 **ground-piece** flat representation (?) 124 **heart-pierced** heart-piercing; **demonstration** i.e., your demonstration of grief would instruct me how to bear any great grief 125 **Being** . . . **sex** since you are a woman like me (but "sister" may be the right reading: see A Note on the Text) 127 **counter-reflect** reflection 136 **meditation** meditation, planning 138 **ospreys** . . . **fish** the osprey was believed to fascinate the fish before catching it 142 **drams' precipitance** suicide by taking poison 144 **grave** mercy 145 **shadow** shelter 146 **visitating** inflicting harm (?) 148 **to give** by giving 150 **presents** . . . **doing** offers itself to be done at once

Now 'twill take form,° the heats are gone tomorrow.
 Then bootless toil must recompense itself
 With its own sweat. Now he's secure,°
 Not dreams we stand before your puissance,
 Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes
 To make petition clear. 155
 SECOND QUEEN Now you may take him,
 Drunk with his victory.
 THIRD QUEEN And his army full
 Of bread° and sloth.
 THESEUS Artesius, that best knowest
 How to draw out° fit to this enterprise
 The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
 To carry° such a business, forth and levy 160
 Our worthiest instruments, whilst we dispatch
 This grand act of our life, this daring deed
 Of fate° in wedlock.
 FIRST QUEEN Dowagers, take hands,
 Let us be widows to our woes,° delay
 Commends us to a famishing hope. 165
 ALL [QUEENS] Farewell.
 SECOND QUEEN
 We come unseasonably, but when could grief
 Cull forth,° as unpanged° judgment can, fitt'st time
 For best solicitation?
 THESEUS Why, good ladies,
 This is a service whereto I am going
 Greater than any was; it more imports me
 Than all the actions that I have foregone°
 Or futurely° can cope.
 FIRST QUEEN The more proclaiming
 Our suit shall be neglected. When her arms,
 Able to lock Jove from a synod,° shall 175
 By warranting° moonlight corslet thee, O when
 Her twining cherries shall their sweetness fall°
 Upon thy tasteful° lips, what wilt thou think
 Of rotten kings or blubbered queens, what care
 For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able 180
 To make Mars spurn his drum? O if thou couch
 But one night with her, every hour in't will
 Take hostage of thee for a hundred,° and
 Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
 That banquet bids thee to.
 HIPPOLYTA [Kneels.] Though much unlike 185
 You should be so transported, as much sorry
 I should be such a suitor;° yet I think,
 Did I not by th' abstaining of my joy,
 Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit
 That craves a present med'cine, I should pluck 190
 All ladies' scandal° on me. Therefore, sir,
 As I shall here make trial of my pray'rs,
 Either presuming them to have some force

Or sentencing for aye their vigor dumb,°
 Prorogue° this business we are going about, and hang 195
 Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
 Which is my fee,° and which I freely lend
 To do these poor queens service.
 ALL QUEENS [To EMILIA.] O help now,
 Our cause cries for your knee.
 EMILIA [Kneels.] If you grant not
 My sister her petition in that force,° 200
 With that celerity and nature which
 She makes it in,° from henceforth I'll not dare
 To ask you anything, nor be so hardy°
 Ever to take a husband.
 THESEUS Pray stand up.
 [HIPPOLYTA and EMILIA rise.]
 I am entreating of myself to do 205
 That which you kneel to have me. Pirithous,
 Lead on the bride; get you and pray the gods
 For success, and return; omit not anything
 In the pretended° celebration. Queens,
 Follow your soldier, as before.° [To ARTESIUS.] Hence 210
 you,
 And at the banks of Aulis° meet us with
 The forces you can raise, where we shall find
 The moiety of a number for a business
 More bigger-looking.° [Exit ARTESIUS.]
 Since that our theme is haste,
 I stamp this kiss upon thy current° lip. 215
 Sweet, keep it as my token. [Kisses HIPPOLYTA.] Set
 you forward,
 For I will see you gone.
 [HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, and ATTEND
 ANTS begin to move] towards the temple.
 Farewell, my beauteous sister. Pirithous,
 Keep the feast full,° bate not an hour on't.
 PIRITHOUS Sir, 220
 I'll follow you at heels. The feast's solemnity
 Shall want° till your return.
 THESEUS Cousin, I charge you
 Budge not from Athens. We shall be returning
 Ere you can end this feast, of which I pray you
 Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all.
 [The procession enters the temple.]
 FIRST QUEEN
 Thus dost thou still make good the tongue o' th'
 world.° 225
 SECOND QUEEN
 And earn'st a deity equal with Mars.

151 form shape 153 secure confident 158 bread food, feasting
 159 draw out select 161 carry carry out 163-64 daring
 . . . fate deed challenging fate 165 be . . . woes live with
 out woes like widows (as we are) 168 Cull forth choose;
 unpanged untormented 172 foregone previously experi-
 enced 173 futurely in the future 175 synod council 176
 warranting authorizing 177 fall let fall 178 tasteful
 tasting 183 Take . . . hundred i.e., you will feel committed
 to spend a hundred more with her 185-87 Though . . .
 suitor my reluctance to ask this is as great as my doubt that
 you would be so moved by our love-making 191 scandal
 disgrace

194 sentencing . . . dumb declaring that they shall never be
 uttered again 195 Prorogue postpone 197 fee property
 200 in that force with that vigor 201-02 nature . . . it
 in condition of mind in which she makes it 203 hardy bold
 209 pretended intended 210 as before as I have already
 declared myself 211 banks of Aulis see A Note on the Text:
 Aulis was a seaport, but "banks" could refer to the shore; how-
 ever, this was an odd way to proceed from Athens to Thebes
 212-14 where . . . bigger-looking while I shall gather the
 other half of a force that would serve for a larger undertaking
 than this 215 current fleeting (transferred from Theseus, who
 is in haste), with a suggestion also of putting his royal stamp on
 her lip as on a coin 219 full fully 221 want be incomplete
 225 make . . . world justify what the world says of you

THIRD QUEEN

If not above him, for
Thou being but mortal makest affections bend
To godlike honors.° They themselves,° some say,
Groan under such a mast'ry.°

THESEUS

As we are men,

230

Thus should we do. Being sensually subdued,
We lose our human title.° Good cheer, ladies.
Now turn we towards your comforts.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*Scene II. [*Thebes.*]*Enter PALAMON and ARCITE.*

ARCITE

Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood°
And our prime° cousin, yet° unhardened in
The crimes of nature, let us leave the city
Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further
Sully our gloss of youth;
And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in incontinence:° for not to swim
I' th' aid o'° th' current were almost to sink,
At least to frustrate striving;° and to follow
The common stream, 'twould bring us to an eddy
Where we should turn° or drown; if labor through,
Our gain but life and weakness.

PALAMON

Your advice

Is cried up° with example: what strange ruins
Since first we went to school may we perceive
Walking in Thebes? Scars and bare weeds
The gain o' th' Martialist,° who did propound
To his bold ends honor and golden ingots,
Which though he won he had not, and now flirted°
By peace for whom he fought: who then shall offer
To Mars's so scorned altar? I do bleed
When such I meet, and wish great Juno would
Resume her ancient fit of jealousy°
To get the soldier work, that peace might purge
For her repletion,° and retain° anew
Her charitable heart, now hard and harsher
Than strife or war could be.

ARCITE

Are you not out?°

Meet you no ruin but the soldier in
The cranks and turns° of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds.

228–29 **makest** . . . **honors** turn your natural inclinations toward the winning of divine honors 229 **They themselves** the gods 230 **such a mast'ry** i.e., as yours 231–32 **Being** . . . **title** By yielding to our senses we lose our claim to be considered men

I.ii.1 **blood** kinship 2 **prime** closest; yet as yet 6–7 **here** . . . **incontinence** here it is as shameful to abstain from vice as (elsewhere) to indulge in it 8 **I'** . . . **o'** with 9 **frustrate** **striving** make our efforts useless 11 **turn** i.e., turn and begin to swim with the current 13 **cried up** supported 16 **Martialist** follower of Mars (i.e., soldier) 18 **flirted** mocked 21–22 **Juno** . . . **jealousy** Juno's jealousy was a contributing factor to the Trojan War 23–24 **peace** . . . **repletion** a common image: war was seen as a recurrent necessity so that society might "purge" itself of the results of too self-indulgent living: "for" here means "as a remedy for" 24 **retain** take into service 26 **Are** . . . **out** Are you not mistaking the matter? 28 **cranks and turns** winding streets and passages

Perceive you none that do arouse your pity
But th' unconsidered° soldier?

30

PALAMON

Yes, I pity

Decays where'er I find them, but such most
That sweating in an honorable toil
Are paid with ice° to cool 'em.

ARCITE

'Tis not this

I did begin to speak of: this is virtue
Of no respect in Thebes. I spake of Thebes,
How dangerous if we will keep our honors
It is for our residing, where every evil
Hath a good color,° where every seeming good's
A certain evil, where not to be ev'n jump°
As they° are, here were to be° strangers, and
Such things to be,° mere° monsters.

35

40

PALAMON

'Tis in our power

(Unless we fear that apes can tutor's) to
Be masters of our manners. What need I
Affect° another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith, or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceived°—saved too,
Speaking it truly?° Why am I bound
By any generous bond° to follow him
Follows his tailor,° haply so long until
The followed make pursuit?° Or let me know
Why mine own barber is unblest, with him
My poor chin too, for° 'tis not scissored just
To such a favorite's glass.° What canon° is there
That does command my rapier from my hip
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tiptoe
Before the street be foul?° Either I am
The fore-horse in the team, or I am none
That draw i' th' sequent trace.° These poor slight sores
Need not a plantain.° That which rips my bosom
Almost to th' heart's—

45

50

55

60

ARCITE

Our uncle Creon.

PALAMON

He,

A most unbounded tyrant, whose successes
Makes heaven unfear'd, and villainy assured
Beyond its power there's nothing; almost puts
Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
Volatile° chance; who° only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act;° commands men service,

65

31 **unconsidered** neglected 34 **Are** . . . **ice** i.e., are treated coolly (ironically appropriate, because they have been sweating) 39 **color** appearance 40 **jump** exactly 41 **they** the Thebans; **were to be** would be 42 **Such** . . . **be** to be such things as they (the Thebans) are; **mere** absolute 45 **Affect** imitate 48 **conceived** understood 49 **Speaking it truly** i.e., if I speak the truth 50 **generous bond** nobleman's obligation 50–51 **follow** . . . **tailor** imitate a man who takes instruction about conduct from his tailor 51–52 **until** . . . **pursuit** until the tailor, not having been paid, pursues his client to dun him 54 **for** because 54–55 **just** . . . **glass** exactly in the fashion affected by such-and-such a favored person 55 **canon** law (particularly divine or ecclesiastical law) 57–58 **go** . . . **foul** suggestive either of a mincing gait or of a way of walking so as to avoid noise, for purposes of surprise attack 58–60 **Either** . . . **trace** Either I shall lead or I shall refuse to be one that merely follows (the image being from a team of horses) 61 **plantain** the leaves of the plantain herb were much used for treating wounds, stanching blood, etc. 67 **Voluble** inconstant; **who** the "tyrant" of line 63 67–69 **who** . . . **act** who takes what his subjects do as his own achievement

And what they win in't, boot° and glory; one
That fears not to do harm; good, dares not.° Let
The blood of mine that's sib° to him be sucked
From me with leeches, let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption.

ARCITE Clear-spirited° cousin,
Let's leave his court, that we may nothing share
Of his loud infamy; for our milk
Will relish of the pasture,° and we must
Be vile or disobedient, not his kinsmen
In blood unless in quality.°

PALAMON Nothing truer.
I think the echoes of his shames have deafed
The ears of heav'nly justice: widows' cries
Descend again into their throats, and have not
Due audience of° the gods.

Enter VALERIUS.

Valerius!

VALERIUS
The king calls for you; yet be leaden-footed°
Till his great rage be off him. Phoebus, when
He broke his whipstock° and exclaimed against
The horses of the sun, but whispered to°
The loudness of his fury.

PALAMON Small winds shake him,
But what's the matter?°

VALERIUS
Theseus, who where he threats appalls, hath sent
Deadly defiance to him and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes, who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.°

ARCITE Let him approach.
But that we fear the gods in him,° he brings not
A jot of terror to us. Yet what° man
Thirds° his own worth (the case is each of ours)
When that his action's dregged,° with mind assured
'Tis bad he goes about.

PALAMON Leave that unreasoned.°
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon.
Yet to be neutral to him were dishonor,
Rebellious to oppose: therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our Fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.°

ARCITE So we must.
Is't said this war's afoot, or it shall be
On fail of some condition?°

VALERIUS 'Tis in motion:

70 boot profit, booty 71 good, dares not dares not do
good 72 sib related 74 Clear-spirited noble-spirited
76-77 our . . . pasture what we produce will be affected by
our environment 78-79 not . . . quality we must not hold
the position of members of his family unless we are like him in
character 83 Due audience of fitting attention from 84
be leaden-footed do not hasten 86 whipstock here, whip
87 to in comparison with 89 the matter the cause of disturb-
ance 92-93 seal . . . wrath confirm what his angry words
have spoken 94 fear . . . him fear him as an emissary of the
gods 95 what here equivalent to "every" 96 Thirds reduces
to a third of its former strength 97 dregged accompanied by
dross matter 98 unreasoned unspoken, not argued about
103 Who . . . minute who has already settled the time when
our lives end 105 On . . . condition if stated terms of peace
are not agreed to

70 The intelligence of state came in the instant
With the defier.°

PALAMON Let's to the king, who were he
A quarter carrier of that honor which
His enemy come in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health, which were not spent, 110
Rather laid out for purchase.° But alas,
Our hands advanced before our hearts,° what will
The fall o' th' stroke do damage?

ARCITE Let th' event,°
That never erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves, and let us follow 115
The becking of our chance. Exeunt.

Scene III. [Athens.]

Enter PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA.

PIRITHOUS
No further.

85 HIPPOLYTA Sir, farewell. Repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question, yet I wish him
Excess and overflow of power, and't might be
To dure° ill-dealing Fortune. Speed° to him: 5
Store never hurts good governors.°

PIRITHOUS Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there. [To EMILIA.] My pre-
cious maid,
Those best affections° that the heavens infuse
In their best-tempered pieces,° keep enthroned 10
In your dear heart.

95 EMILIA Thanks, sir. Remember me
To our all-royal brother, for whose speed°
The great Bellona I'll solicit; and
Since in our terrene° state petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her 15
What I shall be advised° she likes: our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent.

100 HIPPOLYTA In's bosom.
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms, or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broached on the lance, or women 20
That have sod° their infants in—and after eat them—
The brine they wept at killing 'em.° Then if
You stay to see of us such spinsters,° we
Should hold you here forever.

PIRITHOUS Peace be to you
As I pursue this war, which shall be then 25
Beyond further requiring.° Exit PIRITHOUS.

106-07 The intelligence . . . defier The news that the war
had started came at the same time as the declaration III
laid . . . purchase invested for profit 112 Our . . . hearts
our hands being engaged rather than our desires 113 event
result

I.iii.4-5 and't . . . dure in case it were necessary to undergo
5 Speed hasten 6 Store . . . governors Plenty is never
a handicap to good leaders 9 affections inclinations
10 best-tempered pieces most harmoniously wrought
creatures 12 speed success 14 terrene earthly 16 shall be
advised am told 21 sod boiled 22 brine . . . 'em tears
they shed as they killed them 23 spinsters i.e., weak women
25-26 which . . . requiring i.e., peace will be ensured

EMILIA How his longing
Follows his friend! Since his depart,^o his sports,
Though craving seriousness and skill, passed slightly
His careless execution,^o where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider, but 30
Playing one business in his hand, another
Directing in his head—his mind nurse equal
To these so diff'ring twins.^o Have you observed him,
Since our great lord departed?

HIPPOLYTA With much labor;^o
And I did love him for't. They two have cabined^o 35
In many as dangerous as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending.^o They have skiffed
Torrents whose roaring tyranny and power
I' th' least of these^o was dreadful; and they have
Fought out together where Death's self was lodged, 40
Yet Fate hath brought them off.^o Their knot of love,
Tied, weaved, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,
May be outworn, never undone.^o I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself, 45
Cleaving his conscience^o into twain and doing
Each side like^o justice, which he loves best.^o

EMILIA Doubtless
There is a best, and Reason has no manners
To say it is not you.^o I was acquainted
Once with a time when I enjoyed a playfellow. 50
You were at wars, when she the grave enriched
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' th' moon
(Which then looked pale at parting) when our count^o
Was each eleven.

HIPPOLYTA 'Twas Flavina.

EMILIA Yes.
You talk of Pirithous' and Theseus' love. 55
Theirs has more ground,^o is more maturely seasoned,
More buckled^o with strong judgment, and their needs
The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love. But I
And she I sigh and spoke of were things innocent, 60
Loved for we did,^o and like the elements
That know not what, nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance,^o our souls
Did so to one another: what she liked
Was then of me approved, what not condemned— 65
No more arraignment;^o the flow'r that I would pluck

27 depart departure 28–29 passed . . . execution were given only slight and careless attention 32–33 his mind . . . twins i.e., his mind was equally concerned with what he was doing and with what he was imagining (fighting with Theseus) 34 labor attention 35 cabined lodged together 37 contending i.e., being comparable in degree 39 I' . . . these referring either to "Peril and want," line 37, or to "tyranny and power," line 38 41 brought them off brought them to safety 44 May . . . undone may be worn out by death, not unknotted before 45–47 Theseus . . . best even Theseus cannot judge whether he loves best himself or Pirithous 46 conscience consciousness 47 like equal 49 To . . . you Emilia, taking Hippolyta's remark in a different way from that intended, suggests that Theseus must love Hippolyta best of all; lines 95–96 make it less likely that "you" is indefinite, meaning that Theseus must in reason love himself better than his friend 53 our count the number of our years 56 ground foundation 57 buckled supported 61 for we did merely because we did 62–63 effect . . . operance produce strange happenings through their operation 65–66 what . . . arraignment what she did not like was condemned by me, without further consideration of the case

And put between my breasts, O then but beginning
To swell about the blossom, she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where phoenixlike 70
They died in perfume;^o on my head no toy^o
But was her pattern;^o her affections^o—pretty
Though happily her careless were^o—I followed
For my most serious decking;^o had mine ear
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure hummed on 75
From musical coinage,^o why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn, rather dwell on,
And sing it in her slumbers. This rehearsal,^o
Which—every innocent^o wots well—comes in
Like old importment's bastard,^o has this end 80
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.^o

HIPPOLYTA Y' are out of breath,
And this high-speeded pace is but to say
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that's called man.

EMILIA I am sure I shall not. 85

HIPPOLYTA
Now alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point,
Though in't I know thou dost believe thyself,
That I will trust a sickly appetite
That loathes even as it longs. But sure, my sister, 90
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus, for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance
That we, more than his Pirithous, possess 95
The high throne in his heart.

EMILIA I am not against
Your faith, yet I continue mine. Exeunt.

Scene IV. [Thebes.]

Cornets. A battle struck^o within. Then a retreat. Flourish. Then enter THESEUS (victor) [with a HERALD, LORDS, and ATTENDANTS and with PALAMON and ARCITE carried on hearses].^o The three QUEENS meet him, and fall on their faces before him.

FIRST QUEEN

To thee no star be dark!^o

SECOND QUEEN

Both heaven and earth

Friend^o thee forever!

THIRD QUEEN

All the good that may

Be wished upon thy head, I cry "amen" to't!

THESEUS

Th' impartial gods, who from the mounted^o heavens

70–71 phoenixlike . . . perfume referring to the legendary phoenix, from whose fragrant funeral pyre the next phoenix was born 71 toy trifling ornament 72 pattern i.e., for imitation; affections inclinations, preferences 73 Though . . . were though her preferences might be carelessly made 74 decking adornment 75–76 hummed . . . coinage i.e., improvised 78 rehearsal recital 79 innocent child 80 Like . . . bastard like a feeble imitation of the experience itself 81–82 That . . . dividual that their love may be greater than the love of those different in sex

I.iv.s.d. struck sounded; hearses carriages 1 To . . . dark Let all stars be favorable to you 2 Friend befriend 4 mounted high (with a suggestion of the gods on horseback looking down on men as beasts under their control)

View us their mortal herd, behold who err
 And in their time chastise. Go and find out
 The bones of your dead lords, and honor them
 With treble ceremony; rather than a gap
 Should be in their dear° rites, we would supply't.
 But those we will depute which shall invest
 You in your dignities, and even° each thing
 Our haste does leave imperfect. So adieu,
 And heaven's good eyes look on you. *Exeunt* QUEENS.
 What are those?

HERALD

Men of great quality, as may be judged
 By their appointment.° Some of Thebes have told's
 They are sisters' children, nephews to the king.

THESEUS

By th' helm of Mars, I saw them in the war,
 Like to a pair of lions smeared with prey,
 Make lanes in troops aghast. I fixed my note°
 Constantly on them, for they were a mark
 Worth a god's view. What prisoner was't that told
 me°

When I enquired their names?

HERALD

We 'lieve° they're called

Arcite and Palamon.

THESEUS

'Tis right: those, those;

They are not dead?

HERALD

Nor in a state of life: had they been taken
 When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible
 They might have been recovered. Yet they breathe
 And have the name of men.°

THESEUS

Then like men use 'em.

The very lees of such—millions of rates°—
 Exceed the wine of others. All our surgeons
 Convent° in their behoof, our richest balms,
 Rather than niggard, waste. Their lives concern us
 Much more than Thebes is worth. Rather than have
 'em

Freed of this plight and in their morning state,°
 Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead,°
 But forty-thousandfold we had rather have 'em
 Prisoners to us than Death.° Bear 'em speedily
 From our kind air, to them unkind,° and minister
 What man to man may do—for our sake more,
 Since I have known frights, fury, friends' behests,
 Love's provocations, zeal, a mistress' task,
 Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
 Hath set a mark which Nature could not reach to
 Without some imposition—sickness in will
 O'er-wrestling strength in reason.° For our love
 And great Apollo's° mercy, all our best

9 dear valued 11 even make right 15 appointment accouterment 19 fixed my note directed my attention 21 What . . . me i.e., what was it that a prisoner told me 22 'lieve believe 28 have . . . men can still be called men 29 millions of rates millions of times 31 Convent summon 34 in . . . state as they were this morning 35 would 'em dead would rather they were dead 37 Death i.e., prisoners to Death 38 kind . . . unkind i.e., the open air is healthy to us but not to them 40–45 Since . . . reason i.e., since I have known cases where unusual physical or emotional disturbance has produced results that Nature could not produce without some special stimulus ("imposition"), this disturbance being able to overcome what could be reasonably expected 46 Apollo as god of healing

5 Their best skill tender.° Lead into the city,
 Where, having bound things scattered, we will post
 To Athens 'fore our army. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene V. [*Thebes.*]

Music. Enter the QUEENS with the hearses of their knights, in a funeral solemnity, &c.

[*Song.*]

Urns and odors bring away,°
 Vapors, sighs, darken the day;
 Our dole more deadly looks than dying:
 Balms and gums° and heavy cheers,°
 Sacred vials filled with tears,
 And clamors through the wild air flying.

Come, all sad and solemn shows
 That are quick-eyed Pleasure's foes:
 We convent° nought else but woes,
 We convent, &c.

THIRD QUEEN [*To SECOND QUEEN.*]

This funeral path brings° to your household's grave.
 Joy seize on you again. Peace sleep with him.

SECOND QUEEN [*To FIRST QUEEN.*]

And this to yours.°
 FIRST QUEEN [*To THIRD QUEEN.*] Yours this way.

Heavens lend°
 A thousand differing ways to one sure end.

THIRD QUEEN

This world's a city full of straying° streets,
 And death's the market place where each one meets.
Exeunt severally.°

ACT II

Scene I. [*Athens. A garden with a room in a prison above.*]

Enter JAILER and WOOER.

JAILER I may depart with° little while I live: something I may cast to you, not much. Alas, the prison I keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom come. Before one salmon you shall take a number of minnows. I am given out to be better lined than it can appear to me report is a true speaker.° I would I were really that I am delivered° to be. Marry,° what I have, be it what it will, I will assure° upon my daughter at the day of my death.

WOOER Sir, I demand no more than your own offer,
 and I will estate° your daughter in what I have promised.

JAILER Well, we will talk more of this when the solemnity° is passed. But have you a full promise of her?

47 tender minister

I.v.i bring away accompany us 4 gums used for perfume at the funeral rites; heavy cheers sad faces 9 convent summon, bring together 11 brings leads 13 this to yours the Queens now take their different paths home; lend provide 15 straying winding 16 s.d. severally separately II.i.i depart with give 5–6 I . . . speaker I am generally believed to be better off than there seems to me cause for rumor to assert 7 delivered said; Marry indeed 8 assure i.e., bestow 11 estate endow 14 solemnity i.e., wedding

Enter DAUGHTER.

When that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

WOOER I have, sir. Here she comes.

JAILER Your friend and I have chanced to name you here, upon the old business; but no more of that now. So soon as the court-hurry²⁰ is over, we will have an end of it. I' th' meantime look tenderly to the two prisoners. I can tell you they are princes.

DAUGHTER These strewings²⁵ are for their chamber. 'Tis pity they are in prison, and 'twere pity they should be out. I do think they have patience to make any adversity ashamed: the prison itself is proud of 'em, and they have all the world in their chamber.

JAILER They are famed to be a pair of absolute³⁰ men.

DAUGHTER By my troth, I think Fame but stammers 'em: they stand a grize³⁰ above the reach of report.

JAILER I heard them reported in the battle to be the only doers.

DAUGHTER Nay, most likely, for they are noble suff'ers. I marvel how they would have looked had they been victors, that with such a constant nobility³⁵ enforce a freedom out of bondage, making misery their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

JAILER Do they so?

DAUGHTER It seems to me they have no more sense of their captivity than I of ruling Athens. They eat⁴⁰ well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint⁴⁰ and disasters. Yet sometimes a divided⁴⁰ sigh, martyred as 'twere i' th' deliverance, will break from one of them—when the other presently⁴⁵ gives it so sweet a rebuke that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted.

WOOER I never saw 'em.

JAILER The duke himself came privately in the night, and so did they: what the reason of it is I know not.

Enter PALAMON and ARCITE above.

Look, yonder they are. That's Arcite looks out.

DAUGHTER No, sir, no! That's Palamon! Arcite is the lower⁵⁰ of the twain. You may perceive a part of him.

JAILER Go to, leave your pointing. They would not make us their object. Out of their sight!

DAUGHTER It is a holiday to look on them. Lord, the diff'rence of men!

Exeunt [JAILER, WOOER, DAUGHTER].

PALAMON

How do you, noble cousin?

ARCITE How do you, sir?

PALAMON

Why, strong enough to laugh at misery, And bear the chance of war. Yet we are prisoners I fear forever, cousin.

ARCITE

I believe it,

And to that destiny have patiently Laid up my hour to come.

PALAMON

O cousin Arcite,

Where is Thebes now? Where is our noble country? Where are our friends, and kindreds? Never more Must we behold those comforts, never see The hardy youths strive for the games of honor, Hung with painted favors of their ladies, Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em And as an east wind leave 'em all behind us, Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite, Even in the wagging of a wanton leg, Outstripped the people's praises, won the garlands Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. O never Shall we two exercise, like twins of Honor, Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now— Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er wore!— Ravished our sides, like age must run to rust And deck the temples of those gods that hate us. These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning To blast whole armies more.

ARCITE

No, Palamon,

Those hopes are prisoners with us: here we are And here the graces of our youths must wither Like a too timely⁸⁵ spring; here age must find us, And which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried; The sweet embraces of a loving wife, Loaden with kisses, armed with thousand Cupids, Shall never clasp our necks, no issue⁹⁰ know us, No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see, To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say: "Remember what your fathers were, and conquer." The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments, And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done To youth and nature. This is all our world: We shall know nothing here but one another, Hear nothing but the clock that tells¹⁰⁰ our woes. The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it; Summer shall come, and with her all delights; But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.

PALAMON

'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds, That shook the agèd forest with their echoes No more now must we halloo, no more shake Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine¹⁰⁵ Flies like a Parthian quiver¹⁰⁵ from our rages, Struck with our well-steeled darts. All valiant uses, The food and nourishment of noble minds, In us two here shall perish. We shall die—

20 court-hurry celebrations at court (?) 23 strewings rushes 27 they . . . chamber their nobility makes their chamber into a whole world (?) everyone visits them (?) 28 absolute complete 29–30 Fame . . . 'em i.e., their reputation falls short of their worth 30 grize step 32 only doers unique performers 42 restraint imprisonment 43 divided broken off 45 presently at once 49–50 The duke . . . they i.e., Theseus brought the princes secretly to the prison 53 lower shorter 54–55 They . . . object They would not point at us

63 Laid . . . come i.e., resolved myself 64–65 Where is Thebes . . . kindreds these references to Thebes are very different from those in the princes' conversation of I.ii 72 Even . . . leg as quickly as a leg might be wantonly, or idly, moved 85 too timely too early 89 issue children 92 arms weapons and armor (with an allusion to the eagle's ability to look directly at the sun) 99 tells counts 106 angry swine wild boar 107 Parthian quiver the Parthian bowman was famed for shooting his arrows while retreating: here the fleeing boar, with the arrows stuck in it, is seen as the Parthian's quiver 108 uses customs, practices

Which is the curse of honor—lastly,^o
Children of grief and ignorance.

ARCITE Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that Fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere^o blessings,
If the gods please: to hold here a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison.

PALAMON Certainly,
'Tis a main^o goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twined together. 'Tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
The gall of hazard,^o so^o they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not, say^o they could.
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.^o

ARCITE
Shall we make worthy uses of this place
That all men hate so much?

PALAMON How, gentle cousin?

ARCITE
Let's think this prison holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men.
We are young and yet desire the ways of honor
That liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might like women
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be but our imaginations
May make it ours? And here being thus together,
We are an endless mine^o to one another;
We are one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we are father, friends, acquaint-
tance;
We are in one another families;
I am your heir, and you are mine. This place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us; here with a little patience
We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business,
Quarrels consume us, envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance.^o I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods. A thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.

PALAMON You have made me—
I thank you, cousin Arcite—almost wanton^o
With my captivity. What a misery
It is to live abroad, and everywhere!
'Tis like a beast, methinks. I find the court here,
I am sure a more content,^o and all those pleasures
That woo the wills of men to vanity

I see through now, and am sufficient^o
To tell the world 'tis but a gaudy shadow 160
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been old^o in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones! Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us, 165
We had died as they do, ill old men, unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.
Shall I say more?

ARCITE I would hear you still.

120 PALAMON Ye shall.
Is there record of any two that loved
Better than we do, Arcite?

ARCITE Sure there cannot. 170

PALAMON
125 I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.

ARCITE Till our deaths it cannot,

Enter EMILIA and her WOMEN [below].

And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally.^o Speak on, sir.

130 [PALAMON sees EMILIA.]

EMILIA
This garden has a world of pleasures in't. 175
What flow'r is this?

WOMAN 'Tis called Narcissus, madam.

135 EMILIA
That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
To love himself:^o were there not maids enough?

ARCITE
Pray, forward.^o

PALAMON Yes.

140 EMILIA Or were they all hard-hearted?

WOMAN
They could not be to one so fair.

EMILIA Thou wouldst not. 180

145 WOMAN
I think I should not, madam.
EMILIA That's a good wench;
But take heed to your kindness, though.

WOMAN Why, madam?

150 EMILIA
Men are mad things.
ARCITE Will ye go forward, cousin?

EMILIA
Canst not thou work such flowers in silk, wench?

WOMAN Yes.

155 EMILIA
I'll have a gown full of 'em and of these. 185
This is a pretty color, will't not do
Rarely upon a skirt, wench?

WOMAN Dainty, madam.

ARCITE
Cousin, cousin, how do you, sir? Why, Palamon!

III **lastly** three syllables 115 **mere** pure 120 **main** principal
123 **gall of hazard** bitterness of misadventure; **so** provided
that 124 **say** even if 125 **A . . . done** A man resigned to his
fate dies as gently as falling asleep (but the tone of this line is
not resigned) 136 **mine** source of wealth 148 **Crave our**
acquaintance i.e., contaminate by impact on us (editors have
variously emended—e.g., to "Grave" = bury, "Cleave" =
separate) 153 **wanton** i.e., delighted 157 **a more content**
i.e., a court more contented than the real one

159 **sufficient** able 162 **What . . . old** what if we had been
old (editors have emended to "What had we been, old . . .")
173–74 **our . . . eternally** our souls shall be with famous lovers
in Elysium 176–78 **Narcissus . . . himself** Narcissus fell in
love with his own reflection in water, and drowned in trying to
embrace it 179 **forward** i.e., continue

PALAMON

Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.

ARCITE

Why, what's the matter, man?

PALAMON

Behold, and wonder. 190

By heaven, she is a goddess.

ARCITE

[Seeing EMILIA.] Ha!

PALAMON

Do reverence.

She is a goddess, Arcite.

EMILIA

Of all flow'rs

Methinks a rose is best.

WOMAN

Why, gentle madam?

EMILIA

It is the very emblem of a maid.

For when the west wind courts her gently°

How modestly she blows,° and paints° the sun

With her chaste blushes! When the north comes near
her,

Rude and impatient, then like chastity

She locks her beauties in her bud again,

And leaves him to base briers.°

WOMAN

Yet, good madam, 200

Sometimes her modesty will blow so far

She falls for't:° a maid,

If she have any honor, would be loath

To take example by her.

EMILIA

Thou art wanton.

ARCITE

She is wondrous fair.

PALAMON

She is all the beauty extant.° 205

EMILIA

The sun grows high, let's walk in. Keep these flowers:

We'll see how mere art can come near their colors.

I am wondrous merry-hearted, I could laugh now.

WOMAN

I could lie down,° I am sure.

EMILIA

And take one with you?°

WOMAN

That's as we bargain,° madam.

EMILIA

Well, agree° then. 210

Exeunt EMILIA and WOMAN.

PALAMON

What think you of this beauty?

ARCITE

'Tis a rare one.

PALAMON

Is't but a rare one?

ARCITE

Yes, a matchless beauty.

PALAMON

Might not a man well lose himself and love her?

ARCITE

I cannot tell what you have done. I have.

Beshrew mine eyes for't, now I feel my shackles. 215

PALAMON

You love her, then?

ARCITE

Who would not?

PALAMON

And desire her?

ARCITE

Before my liberty.

PALAMON

I saw her first.

ARCITE

That's nothing.

PALAMON

But it shall be.

ARCITE

I saw her too.

PALAMON

Yes, but you must not love her.

ARCITE

I will not as you do, to worship her,

As she is heavenly and a blessed goddess:

I love her as a woman, to enjoy her.

So both may love.

PALAMON

You shall not love at all.

ARCITE

Not love at all?

Who shall deny me? 225

PALAMON

I that first saw her, I that took possession

First with mine eye of all those beauties

In her revealed to mankind. If thou lov'st her,

Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,

Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow°

False as thy title to her. Friendship, blood,°

And all the ties between us I disclaim

If thou once think upon her.

ARCITE

Yes, I love her,

And if the lives of all my name° lay on it,

I must do so, I love her with my soul.

If that will lose ye,° farewell, Palamon:

I say again, I love, and in loving her maintain

I am as worthy and as free a lover

And have as just a title to her beauty

As any Palamon or any living

That is a man's son. 240

PALAMON

Have I called thee friend?

ARCITE

Yes, and have found me so; why are you moved thus?

Let me deal coldly° with you: am not I

Part of your blood, part of your soul? You have told

me

That I was Palamon and you were Arcite. 245

PALAMON

Yes.

ARCITE Am not I liable to those affections,°

Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?

PALAMON

Ye may be.

ARCITE

Why then would you deal so cunningly,

So strangely, so unlike a noble kinsman,

To love alone? Speak truly, do you think me

Unworthy of her sight? 250

PALAMON

No, but unjust,

If thou pursue that sight.

ARCITE

Because another

First sees the enemy, shall I stand still

And let mine honor down, and never charge?

PALAMON

Yes, if he be but one.

195 gently three syllables 196 blows opens into flower;
paints gives an image of 200 leaves . . . briers leaves only
base briers for him 202 for't as a result of it 205 extant in
existence 208-09 laugh . . . down the Woman turns
Emilia's merriment into an allusion to the proverb "Laugh
and lie down" 209 And . . . you i.e., lie down with a (male)
companion 210 bargain, agree come to terms

230 fellow often used contemptuously at this time 231
blood kinship 234 name family 236 lose ye make me lose
you 243 coldly rationally 246 affections emotions

ARCITE But say that one
Had rather combat me? 255

PALAMON Let that one say so,
And use thy freedom; else if thou pursuest her,
Be as that cursèd man that hates his country,
A branded villain.

ARCITE You are mad.

PALAMON I must be,
Till thou art worthy, Arcite: it concerns me.^o 260
And in this madness if I hazard thee^o
And take thy life, I deal but truly.

ARCITE Fie, sir.
You play the child extremely. I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare,
And all this justly.

PALAMON O that now, that now 265
Thy false self and thy friend had but this fortune
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
Our good swords in our hands, I would quickly teach
thee
What 'twere to filch affection from another.
Thou art baser in it than a cutpurse. 270
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't.

ARCITE
Thou dar'st not, fool, thou canst not, thou art feeble.
Put my head out? I'll throw my body out,
And leap^o the garden, when I see her next 275
Enter JAILER [above].
And pitch^o between her arms to anger thee.

PALAMON
No more; the keeper's coming; I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.

ARCITE Do.

JAILER
By your leave, gentlemen.

PALAMON Now, honest keeper?

JAILER
Lord Arcite, you must presently^o to th' duke; 280
The cause I know not yet.

ARCITE I am ready, keeper.

JAILER
Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave you
Of your fair cousin's company.
Exeunt ARCITE and JAILER.

PALAMON And me too,
Even when you please, of life. Why is he sent for?
It may be he shall marry her, he's goodly,^o 285
And like enough the duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body. But his falsehood—
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife so noble and so fair,
Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more 290
I would but see this fair one. Blessed garden,
And fruit, and flowers more blessed that still^o blossom
As her bright eyes shine on ye! Would I were
For^o all the fortune of my life hereafter

Yon little tree, yon blooming apricock! 295
How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms
In at her window! I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure
Still as she tasted should be doubled on her,
And if she be not heavenly I would make her 300
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her.

Enter JAILER [above].
And then I am sure she would love me. How now,
keeper,
Where's Arcite?

JAILER Banished. Prince Pirithous
Obtained his liberty; but never more
Upon his oath and life must he set foot 305
Upon this kingdom.

PALAMON [*Aside.*] He's a blessed man,
He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
The bold young men, that when he bids 'em charge
Fall on like fire. Arcite shall have a fortune,^o
If he dare make himself a worthy lover, 310
Yet in the field to strike a battle^o for her,
And if he lose her then, he's a cold coward.
How bravely may he bear himself to win her
If he be noble Arcite! Thousand ways.^o 315
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her
And seek to ravish me.

JAILER My lord, for you
I have this charge too.

PALAMON To discharge my life?

JAILER
No, but from this place to remove your lordship: 320
The windows are too open.^o

PALAMON Devils take 'em
That are so envious^o to me! Prithee kill me.

JAILER
And hang for't afterward.

PALAMON By this good light,
Had I a sword I would kill thee.

JAILER Why, my lord?

PALAMON
Thou bring'st such pelting^o scurvy news continually 325
Thou art not worthy life. I will not go.

JAILER
Indeed you must, my lord.

PALAMON May I see the garden?

JAILER
No.

PALAMON Then I am resolved, I will not go.

JAILER
I must constrain you then; and for you are dangerous,
I'll clap more irons on you. 290

PALAMON Do, good keeper. 330
I'll shake 'em so, ye shall not sleep,
I'll make ye a new morris.^o Must I go?

260 it concerns me It is of importance to me 261 hazard
thee put your life in danger (?) risk losing your friendship (?)
275 leap leap down into 276 pitch plant myself 280 pre-
sently immediately 285 goodly handsome 292 still ever
294 For in exchange for

309 a fortune a chance 311 strike a battle sound a call to
battle 316 Thousand ways i.e., there are a thousand ways in
which he may show himself brave 321 open easy to escape
from 322 envious malicious 325 pelting paltry, contemp-
tible 332 make . . . morris dance a new morris dance for
you (in which bells would jingle on the dancer's coat)

JAILER

There is no remedy.

PALAMON

Farewell, kind window.

May rude wind never hurt thee. O my lady,

If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,

Dream how I suffer. Come; now bury me.

*Exeunt PALAMON and JAILER.*Scene II. [*The open country.*]*Enter ARCITE.*

ARCITE

Banished the kingdom! 'Tis a benefit,

A mercy I must thank 'em for; but banished

The free enjoying of that face I die for,

O 'twas a studied punishment, a death

Beyond imagination! Such a vengeance

That, were I old and wicked, all my sins

Could never pluck upon me. Palamon,

Thou has the start now, thou shalt stay and see

Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy
window,

And let in life into thee; thou shalt feed

Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty

That Nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall.

Good gods! What happiness has Palamon!

Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her,

And if she be as gentle as she's fair,

I know she's his: he has a tongue will tame

Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton. Come
what can come,

The worst is death. I will not leave the kingdom.

I know mine own° is but a heap of ruins,

And no redress there. If I go, he has her.

I am resolved another shape° shall make me,°

Or end my fortunes. Either way I am happy:

I'll see her and be near her, or no more.

*Enter four COUNTRY PEOPLE, and one with a garland
before them.*

FIRST COUNTRYMAN

My masters, I'll be there, that's certain.

SECOND COUNTRYMAN

And I'll be there.

THIRD COUNTRYMAN

And I.

FOURTH COUNTRYMAN

Why, then, have with ye,° boys. 'Tis but a chiding.°

Let the plough play today; I'll tickle't out

Of the jades'° tails tomorrow.

FIRST COUNTRYMAN

I am sure

To have my wife as jealous as a turkey,

But that's all one.° I'll go through,° let her mumble.

SECOND COUNTRYMAN

Clap her aboard° tomorrow night, and stow° her,

And all's made up again.

II.ii.19 **mine own** Thebes 21 **another shape** a disguise;
make me bring good fortune to me 27 **have with ye** i.e.,
 I'll be there too; 'Tis . . . **chiding** The worst that can happen
 is a chiding 29 **jades' nags'** 31 **that's all one** that's a matter
 of indifference; **go through** i.e., go through with it 32 **Clap
 her aboard** board her (as a conquered ship); **stow** fill the hold
 with cargo (continuing the metaphor)

THIRD COUNTRYMAN Aye, do but put

A fescue in her fist,° and you shall see her

Take a new lesson out° and be a good wench. 35

Do we all hold,° against° the Maying?

335 FOURTH COUNTRYMAN

Hold?

What should ail us?°

THIRD COUNTRYMAN Arcas will be there.

SECOND COUNTRYMAN

And Sennois

And Rycas, and three better lads ne'er danced

Under green tree; and ye know what wenches, ha?

But will the dainty dominie,° the schoolmaster, 40

Keep touch,° do you think? For he does all,° ye know.

THIRD COUNTRYMAN

He'll eat a hornbook° ere he fail. Go to,

The matter's too far driven between

Him and the tanner's daughter to let slip now,°

And she must see the duke, and she must dance too. 45

5 FOURTH COUNTRYMAN

Shall we be lusty!°

SECOND COUNTRYMAN [*Dances.*]

All the boys in Athens

Blow wind i' th' breech on's,° and here I'll be

And there I'll be, for our town, and here again

10 And there again! Ha, boys, hey for the weavers!° 50

FIRST COUNTRYMAN

This must be done i' th' woods.

FOURTH COUNTRYMAN O pardon me.°

SECOND COUNTRYMAN

15 By any means.° Our thing of learning° says so,

Where he himself will edify the duke

Most parlously° in our behalfs. He's excellent i' th'
woods;

Bring him to th' plains,° his learning makes no cry.° 55

THIRD COUNTRYMAN

We'll see the sports, then every man to's tackle.°

And, sweet companions, let's rehearse by any means

Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,°

And God knows what may come on't.

FOURTH COUNTRYMAN

Content;

The sports once ended, we'll perform. Away, boys,
and hold!° 60ARCITE [*Comes forward.*]By your leaves, honest friends. Pray you, whither go
you?

25

33-34 **put . . . fist** a "fescue" was a small stick, etc., which
 a teacher used as a pointer; here it indicates a penis, the idea
 being "give her something to point with" 35 **Take . . .
 out** learn a new lesson (continuing the metaphor) 36 **hold**
 hold to our purposes; **against** in regard to 37 **ail us** make
 us incapable 40 **dainty dominie** fine schoolmaster 41
Keep touch hold to his word; **does all** i.e., is indispensable
 42 **hornbook** sheet of paper protected by a sheet of transparent
 horn, used in teaching the alphabet, etc. 43-44 **The matter's**
 . . . **now** i.e., their love affair cannot fail to lead to marriage
 46 **lusty** vigorous 47-48 **All . . . on's** i.e., all the boys in
 Athens are supporting us (literally, are helping us to dance by
 blowing us from the ground) 50 **hey . . . weavers** the
 Second Countryman, like Bottom, is a weaver and will dance
 in honor of his craft 51 **pardon me** indicating dissent 52
By any means in any case; **Our . . . learning** i.e., the
 Schoolmaster 54 **parlously** amazingly 54-55 **He's . . .
 plains** a *double-entendre* is fairly obvious, implying that the
 Schoolmaster is better in the earlier than in the later stages
 of sexual activity 55 **makes no cry** wins no applause (and,
 continuing the metaphor, he will not make a girl cry out) 56
every . . . tackle let every man keep his engagement 58
sweetly delectably 60 **hold** hold to your purposes

FOURTH COUNTRYMAN

Whither? Why, what a question's that!

ARCITE

Yes, 'tis a question to me that know not.

THIRD COUNTRYMAN

To the games, my friend.

SECOND COUNTRYMAN

Where were you bred you know it not?

ARCITE

Not far, sir. 65

Are there such games today?

FIRST COUNTRYMAN

Yes, marry are there,

And such as you never saw. The duke himself

Will be in person there.

ARCITE

What pastimes are they?

SECOND COUNTRYMAN

Wrestling and running. [*Aside.*] 'Tis a pretty fellow.

THIRD COUNTRYMAN

Thou wilt not go along?

ARCITE

Not yet, sir.

FOURTH COUNTRYMAN

Well, sir, 70

Take your own time. Come, boys.

FIRST COUNTRYMAN

My mind misgives me.

This fellow has a vengeance° trick o' th' hip:

Mark how his body's made for't.°

SECOND COUNTRYMAN

I'll be hanged, though,

If he dare venture. Hang him! Plum porridge,°

He wrestle? He roast eggs!° Come, let's be gone, lads. 75

Exeunt [the] four [COUNTRYMEN].

ARCITE

This is an offered opportunity

I durst not wish for. Well, I could have wrestled,°

The best men called it excellent, and run

Swifter than wind upon a field of corn,

Curling the wealthy ears, never flew.° I'll venture, 80

And in some poor disguise be there. Who knows

Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,

And happiness° prefer me to a place

Where I may ever dwell in sight of her?

*Exit ARCITE.*Scene III. [*The prison.*]*Enter Jailer's DAUGHTER alone.*

DAUGHTER

Why should I love this gentleman? 'Tis odds

He never will affect° me; I am base,°

My father the mean keeper of his prison,

And he a prince; to marry him is hopeless,

To be his whore is witless. Out upon't, 5

What pushes° are we wenches driven to

When fifteen once has found us!° First I saw him:

72 **vengeance** confounded 73 **for't** i.e., for wrestling 74 **Plum porridge** dish made of plums thickened with barley, etc. (here used as a term of contempt for one not likely to excel in wrestling) 75 **He roast eggs** i.e., he would be more capable of cooking an egg 77 **could have wrestled** used to be able to wrestle 79–80 **Swifter . . . flew** swifter than wind . . . ever flew (the illogical negative "never" was idiomatic in the seventeenth century, but editors have frequently emended) 83 **happiness** good fortune II.iii.2 **affect** love; **base** of low birth 6 **pushes** shifts 7 **When . . . us** when we have reached the age of fifteen

I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man:

He has as much to please a woman in him,

If he please to bestow it so, as ever 10

These eyes yet looked on. Next, I pitied him,

And so would any young wench o' my conscience

That ever dreamed, or vowed her maidenhead

To a young handsome man. Then I loved him,

Extremely loved him, infinitely loved him. 15

And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too.

But in my heart was Palamon, and there,

Lord, what a coil he keeps!° To hear him

Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!

And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken 20

Was never gentleman. When I come in

To bring him water in a morning, first

He bows his noble body, then salutes me thus:

"Fair, gentle maid, good-morrow, may thy goodness

Get thee a happy husband." Once he kissed me. 25

I loved my lips the better ten days after—

Would he would do so ev'ry day! He grieves much,

And me as much to see his misery.

What should I do to make him know I love him,

For I would fain enjoy him? Say I ventured 30

To set him free? What says the law then? Thus much

For law, or kindred!° I will do it,

And this night, or tomorrow, he shall love me. *Exit.*Scene IV. [*At the games.*]

Short flourish of cornets,° and shouts within. Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, EMILIA, ARCITE [disguised] with a garland, &c.

THESEUS

You have done worthily. I have not seen,

Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews.

Whate'er you are, you run the best and wrestle

That these times can allow.°

ARCITE

I am proud to please you.

THESEUS

What country bred you?

ARCITE

This; but far off, prince. 5

THESEUS

Are you a gentleman?

ARCITE

My father said so,

And to those gentle uses gave me life.°

THESEUS

Are you his heir?

ARCITE

His youngest, sir.

THESEUS

Your father

Sure is a happy sire, then. What proves you?°

ARCITE

A little of all noble qualities:° 10

I could have kept° a hawk, and well have halloo'd

18 **coil he keeps** disturbance he makes 31–32 **Thus . . . kindred** we can imagine her clicking her fingers, thus filling out line 32

II.iv.s.d. **cornets** hunting horns 4 **allow** acknowledge, praise 7 **to . . . life** brought me up to practice such noble customs 9 **What proves you** What can you show for yourself? 10 **qualities** abilities 11 **could have kept** was able to keep

To me, and to my father. Yet I hope,
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him. Let him do
What he will with me, so he use me kindly,
For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him, 30
And to his face, no man.° I'll presently°
Provide him necessities, and pack my clothes up,
And where there is a path of ground° I'll venture,
So° he be with me. By him, like a shadow,
I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the hubbub 35
Will be all o'er the prison: I am then
Kissing the man they look for. Farewell, father;
Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,
And shortly you may keep yourself.° Now to him.
[Exit.]

Scene I. [*The open country.*]

ARCITE
The duke has lost Hippolyta; each took
A several° laund.° This is a solemn rite
They owe bloomed May, and the Athenians pay it
To th' heart of ceremony.° O Queen Emilia,
Fresher than May, sweeter 5
Than her gold buttons° on the boughs or all
Th' enameled knacks° o' th' mead or garden—yea,
We challenge too the bank of any nymph
That makes the stream seem flowers!° Thou, O jewel
O' th' wood, o' th' world, hast likewise° blest a place 10
With thy sole presence, in thy rumination,°
That I, poor man, might eftsoons° come between
And chop on some cold thought.° Thrice blessed
chance
To drop on° such a mistress, expectation
Most guiltless on't!° Tell me, O lady Fortune, 15
Next after Emily my sovereign, how far
I may be proud. She takes strong note of° me,
Hath made me near her;° and this beauteous morn,
The prim'st° of all the year, presents me with
A brace of horses: two such steeds might well 20

Be by a pair of kings backed, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried.° Alas, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner, thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune that
Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be 25
So near Emilia! Me thou deem'st at Thebes,
And therein wretched, although free. But if
Thou knew'st my mistress breathed on me, and that
I eared° her language, lived in her eye°—O coz,°
What passion would enclose thee!°

PALAMON

Traitor kinsman,

Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one,
I and the justice of my love would make thee
A confessed traitor, O thou most perfidious
That ever gently^o looked, the void'st of honor
That e'er bore gentle token!^o Falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin, call'st thou her thine?
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
Void of appointment,^o that thou liest, and art
A very thief in love, a chaffy^o lord,
Nor worth the name of villain—had I a sword,
And these house-clogs^o away.

PALAMON
Cozener Arcite, give me language such
As thou hast showed me feat.°

ARCITE
Not finding in 45
The circuit of my breast any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon,° holds me to
This gentleness of answer: 'tis your passion
That thus mistakes, the which to you being enemy
Cannot to me be kind;° honor and honesty 50
I cherish, and depend on, howsoe'er
You skip° them in me, and with them, fair coz,
I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray be pleased
To show in generous° terms your griefs,° since that
Your question's° with your equal, who professes 55
To clear his own way,° with the mind and sword
Of a true gentleman.

ARCITE
My coz, my coz, you have been well advertised°
How much I dare. Y' have seen me use my sword

III.i.s.d. hallooing cries of people calling to each other from a distance, or urging dogs in the chase 2 several different; laund open space among woods (obsolete form of *lawn*) 4 To . . . ceremony most ceremoniously 6 buttons buds 7 enameled knacks trifles of various colors 8-9 bank . . . flowers i.e., by the stream reflecting the flowers on its bank 10 likewise like the "nymph" of line 8 11 in thy rumination as you meditate there 12 eftsoons quickly 12-13 come . . . thought "chop" was a hunting term meaning to seize prey before it was away from cover: here the idea is apparently that Arcite hopes merely to come into Emilia's chaste ("cold") thoughts 14 drop on come upon 14-15 expectation . . . on't i.e., without at all expecting it 17 takes . . . of observes closely 18 made . . . her made me attend on her 19 prim'st supreme

Against th' advice° of fear. Sure° of another 60
You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
Should break out, though i' th' sanctuary.°

PALAMON Sir,
I have seen you move in such a place° which well
Might justify your manhood: you were called
A good knight and a bold. But the whole week's not
fair 65

If any day it rain. Their valiant temper°
Men lose when they incline° to treachery,
And then they fight like compelled° bears, would fly
Were they not tied.

ARCITE Kinsman, you might as well
Speak this and act it in your glass, as to 70
His ear which now disdains you.

PALAMON Come up to me,
Quit me of these cold gyves,° give me a sword,
Though it be rusty, and the charity
Of one meal lend me. Come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say 75
That Emily is thine, I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me, yea my life
If then thou carry't;° and brave souls in shades
That have died manly, which will seek of me
Some news from earth, they shall get none but this, 80
That thou art brave and noble.

ARCITE Be content.
Again betake you to your hawthorn house.°
With counsel of the night,° I will be here
With wholesome viands. These impediments°
Will I file off. You shall have garments, and 85
Perfumes to kill the smell o' th' prison. After,
When you shall stretch yourself and say but "Arcite,
I am in plight,"° there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armor.

PALAMON O you heavens, dares any 90
So noble bear° a guilty business? None
But only Arcite. Therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is so bold.

ARCITE Sweet Palamon!

PALAMON I do embrace you and your offer. For
Your offer do't I only, sir. Your person
Without hypocrisy I may not wish 95
Wind horns off.

More than my sword's edge on't.

ARCITE You hear the horns.
Enter your musit° lest this match between's
Be crossed ere met.° Give me your hand. Farewell.
I'll bring you every needful thing. I pray you
Take comfort and be strong.

PALAMON Pray hold your promise, 100

60 **advice** warning; **Sure** surely 62 **i' th' sanctuary** in a church, but also with the suggestion of breaking out of "sanctuary" (a place of safety) for the sake of righting his friend 63 **in . . . place** in battle or tournament 66 **temper** character 67 **incline** yield 68 **compelled** i.e., in bear-baiting (stressed on first syllable here) 72 **gyves** fetters 78 **If . . . carry't** if you then kill me 82 **hawthorn house** shelter in the hawthorn bush 83 **With . . . night** with only night as my confidant 84 **These impediments** Palamon's shackles 88 **in plight** in good condition, ready 90 **bear** carry out 97 **musit** gap in a hedge through which a hare, etc., might pass when hunted 98 **crossed ere met** prevented before begun

And do the deed with a bent brow°—most certain
You love me not; be rough with me, and pour
This oil° out of your language. By this air,
I could for each word give a cuff,° my stomach°
Not reconciled by reason.

ARCITE Plainly spoken, 105
Yet pardon me hard language.° When I spur
Wind horns.

My horse, I chide him not. Content and anger
In me have but one face.° Hark, sir, they call
The scattered to the banquet:° you must guess
I have an office° there.

PALAMON Sir, your attendance 110
Cannot please heaven, and I know your office
Unjustly is achieved.°

ARCITE If a good title°—
I am persuaded this question, sick between's,
By bleeding must be cured.° I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this plea,° 115
And talk of it no more.

PALAMON But this one word:
You are going now to gaze upon my mistress,
For, note you, mine she is.

ARCITE Nay, then.

PALAMON Nay, pray you, 120
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength.
You are going now to look upon a sun
That strengthens what it looks on: there you have
A vantage o'er me, but enjoy't till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell.

Exeunt [severally].

Scene II. [*The open country.*]

Enter Jailer's DAUGHTER alone.

DAUGHTER
He has mistook the brake° I meant, is gone
After his fancy.° 'Tis now well nigh morning.
No matter, would it were perpetual night,
And darkness lord o' th' world. Hark! 'Tis a wolf!
In me hath grief slain fear, and but for one thing 5
I care for nothing, and that's Palamon.
I reckon not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I halloo'd for him?
I cannot halloo. If I whooped, what then?
If he not answered, I should call a wolf 10
And do him but that service.° I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night: why may't not be
They have made prey of him? He has no weapons,
He cannot run, the jingling of his gyves

101 **with . . . brow** sternly 103 **oil** courtesy, gentleness
104 **cuff** blow; **stomach** anger 106 **pardon . . . language**
allow me not to use hostile language 108 **one face** the same
outward manifestation 109 **banquet** light repast, as for a
hunting party 110 **office** duty to perform 112 **Unjustly is**
achieved has been unfairly won; **If . . . title** either Arcite
interrupts himself or, as some editors have done, we should
emend "If" to "I've" 113-14 **this . . . cured** Arcite sees
the quarrel as a sick person standing between them: they must
cure the sickness by letting blood from it 115 **plea** lawsuit
III.ii.1 **brake** thicket 2 **After his fancy** where his fancy has
led him 11 **do . . . service** i.e., (ironically) bring a wolf
to him

Might call fell^o things to listen, who have in them 15
 A sense to know a man unarmed, and can
 Smell where resistance^o is. I'll set it down^o
 He's torn to pieces: they howled many together
 And then they fed on him. So much for that;
 Be bold to ring the bell.^o How stand I then? 20
 All's chared^o when he is gone. No, no, I lie.
 My father's to be hanged for his escape,
 Myself to beg, if I prized life so much
 As to deny my act, but that I would not,
 Should I try death by dozens.^o I am moped:^o 25
 Food took I none these two days,
 Sipped some water. I have not closed mine eyes
 Save when my lids scoured off their brine.^o Alas,
 Dissolve my life, let not my sense unsettle,
 Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself. 30
 O state of nature,^o fail together^o in me,
 Since thy best props are warped! So which way now?
 The best way is the next^o way to a grave:
 Each errant step beside^o is torment. Lo,
 The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl 35
 Calls in^o the dawn. All offices^o are done
 Save what I fail in. But the point is this:
 An end, and that is all.^o *Exit.*

Scene III. [*The open country.*]

Enter ARCITE with meat, wine, and files.

ARCITE
 I should be near the place. Ho, cousin Palamon!

Enter PALAMON.

PALAMON
 Arcite?

ARCITE The same. I have brought you food and files.
 Come forth and fear not; here's no Theseus.

PALAMON
 Nor none so honest, Arcite.

ARCITE That's no matter,
 We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage, 5
 You shall not die thus beastly;^o here, sir, drink,
 I know you are faint; then I'll talk further with you.

PALAMON
 Arcite, thou mightst now poison me.

ARCITE I might;
 But I must^o fear you first. Sit down, and good now,^o
 No more of these vain parleys: let us not, 10
 Having our ancient reputation with us,
 Make talk for fools and cowards.^o To your health, &c.

15 fell savage **17 resistance** the power to resist; **set it down** take it as settled **20 ring the bell** i.e., toll the bell for his death
21 All's chared all tasks are ended **25 Should . . . dozens** should I have to die many times or in many ways; **moped** bewildered, numbed **28 when . . . brine** when I closed them to get rid of my tears **31 state of nature** condition of being alive; **together** altogether **33 next** nearest **34 Each . . . beside** i.e., each step that does not lead directly to my grave **36 Calls in** summons (the owl, doing duty for the cock, indicates the upside-downness of her world); **offices** tasks **38 An end . . . all** i.e., only death is to come

III.iii.6 thus beastly in your present beastlike condition **9 must** should have to; **good now** please **12 Make . . . cowards** give matter for fools and cowards to talk about

[*He drinks.*]

PALAMON

Do.^o

ARCITE Pray sit down then, and let me entreat you,
 By all the honesty and honor in you,
 No mention of this woman, 'twill disturb us; 15
 We shall have time enough.

PALAMON Well, sir, I'll pledge you.

[*He drinks.*]

ARCITE

Drink a good hearty draught, it breeds good blood,
 man.

Do not you feel it thaw you?

PALAMON Stay, I'll tell you

After a draught or two more.

ARCITE Spare it not,

The duke has more, coz. Eat now.

PALAMON Yes. [*He eats.*]

ARCITE I am glad 20

You have so good a stomach.^o

PALAMON I am gladder

I have so good meat to't.

ARCITE Is't not mad^o lodging

Here in the wild woods, cousin?

PALAMON Yes, for them

That have wild^o consciences.

ARCITE How tastes your victuals?

Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.

PALAMON Not much. 25

But if it did, yours^o is too tart. Sweet cousin,
 What is this?

ARCITE Venison.

PALAMON 'Tis a lusty^o meat.

Give me more wine. [*ARCITE gives him the wine.*]

Here, Arcite, to the wenches

We have known in our days. The Lord Steward's
 daughter,

Do you remember her? [*He offers the wine to ARCITE.*]

ARCITE After you, coz. 30

PALAMON

She loved a black-haired man.

ARCITE She did so. Well, sir?

PALAMON

And I have heard some call him Arcite, and—

ARCITE

Out with't, 'faith.

PALAMON She met him in an arbor:

What did she there, coz? Play o' th' virginals?^o

ARCITE

Something she did, sir.

PALAMON Made her groan a month for't; 35

Or two, or three, or ten.^o

ARCITE The Marshal's sister

Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,

Else there be tales^o abroad. You'll pledge her?

PALAMON Yes.

13 Do i.e., do drink **21 stomach** appetite **22 mad** fantastic **24 wild** disordered **26 yours** i.e., the sauce you bring in your words and presence **27 lusty** hearty, invigorating **34 Play . . . virginals** "virginals" was the name of a small instrument like a spinet; here punningly used with reference to sexual intercourse **35-36 groan . . . ten** Palamon leads archly to the idea of gestation **38 tales** false reports

[*He drinks.*]

ARCITE

A pretty brown wench 'tis. There was a time
When young men went a-hunting—and a wood, 40
And a broad beech, and thereby hangs a tale,
Heigh ho!

PALAMON For Emily, upon my life! Fool,

Away with this strained mirth! I say again
That sigh was breathed for Emily. Base cousin,
Dar'st thou break° first?

ARCITE You are wide.°

PALAMON By heaven and earth, 45
There's nothing in thee honest.

ARCITE Then I'll leave you:

You are a beast° now.

PALAMON As thou mak'st me, traitor.

ARCITE

There's all things needful: files and shirts and perfumes.
I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring
That that shall quiet all.

PALAMON A sword and armor? 50

ARCITE

Fear me not; you are now too foul;° farewell.
Get off your trinkets,° you shall want nought.

PALAMON Sirrah°—

ARCITE

I'll hear no more. *Exit.*

PALAMON If he keep touch,° he dies for't. *Exit.*

Scene IV. [*The open country.*]

Enter Jailer's DAUGHTER.

DAUGHTER

I am very cold, and all the stars are out too,
The little stars and all, that look like aglets.°
The sun has seen my folly. Palamon!
Alas, no, he's in heaven. Where am I now?
Yonder's the sea, and there's a ship: how't tumbles, 5
And there's a rock lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beats upon it;° now, now, now!
There's a leak sprung, a sound° one; how they cry!
Spoon° her before the wind, you'll lose all else!
Up with a course° or two, and tack about,° boys! 10
Good night, good night, y' are gone. I am very
hungry.
Would I could find a fine frog; he would tell me
News from all parts o' th' world; then would I make
A carack° of a cockleshell, and sail
By east and north-east to the King of Pigmies, 15
For he tells fortunes rarely. Now my father
Twenty to one is trussed up in a trice°
Tomorrow morning. I'll say never a word.

45 **break** break our agreement not to refer to Emilia (but also with a suggestion of emotion breaking out); **wide** wide of the mark 47 **beast** i.e., not fit for conversation 51 **foul** unwashed, etc. 52 **trinkets** i.e., shackles; **Sirrah** contemptuous form of address 53 **keep touch** keep his promise

III.iv.2 **aglets** jewels used as hair ornaments and for tags to laces 7 **it beats upon it** i.e., the ship strikes the rock 8 **sound** great 9 **Spoon** scud 10 **course** sail attached to the lower yards of a ship; **tack about** change direction 14 **carack** ship of large burden 17 **trussed** . . . **trice** hanged immediately

(*Sing[s].*)

For I'll cut my green coat, a foot above my knee,
And I'll clip my yellow locks, an inch below mine eye. 20

Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny!

He's° buy me a white cut,° forth for to ride,
And I'll go seek him, through the world that is so wide.

Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny!

O for a prick now like a nightingale, 25
To put my breast against!° I shall sleep like a top else.

Exit.

Scene V. [*The open country.*]

*Enter a SCHOOLMASTER, four COUNTRYMEN and
BAVIAN,° five WENCHES, with a TABORER.°*

SCHOOLMASTER

Fie, fie,
What tediousity and disensanitiy°
Is here among ye? Have my rudiments
Been labored so long with ye, milked unto ye,
And, by a figure,° even the very plumbroth° 5
And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye?
And do you still cry "where" and "how" and "where-
fore"?

You most coarse frieze° capacities, ye jean° judgments,
Have I said "thus let be," and "there let be,"

And "then let be," and no man understand me? 10

Proh deum, medius fidius,° ye are all dunces!

For why, here stand I. Here the duke comes; there are
you

Close° in the thicket; the duke appears; I meet him

And unto him I utter learned things, 15

And many figures; he hears, and nods, and hums,

And then cries "Rare!," and I go forward; at length

I fling my cap up—mark there—then do you,

As once did Meleager and the boar,°

Break comely° out before him—like true lovers,°

Cast yourselves in a body° decently, 20

And sweetly, by a figure, trace and turn,° boys.

FIRST COUNTRYMAN

And sweetly we will do it, Master Gerald.

SECOND COUNTRYMAN

Draw up the company. Where's the taborer?

THIRD COUNTRYMAN

Why, Timothy!

TABORER

Here, my mad boys, have at ye!°

SCHOOLMASTER

But, I say, where's their women?

22 **He's** vulgar form of "He'll"; **cut** laboring horse, so called because either with docked tail or gelded 25–26 **prick** . . . **against** alluding to the common belief that the nightingale presses against a thorn in order to stay awake and sing

III.v.s.d. **Bavian** the fool in the morris dance (the word signifying either "driveler" or "baboon"; **Taborer** one who plays a small drum 2 **disensanitiy** insanity ("dis-" here being intensive) 5 **figure** i.e., of speech; **plumbroth** as "plum porridge," II.ii.74 8 **frieze** rough woollen cloth; **jean** a kind of fustian (also spelled *jane*) 11 **Proh** . . . **fidius** O God, most certainly 13 **Close** secretly 18 **Meleager** . . . **boar** alluding to Meleager's killing the Calydonian boar, and his bringing the boar's head to Atalanta 19 **comely** fittingly; **lovers** i.e., of Theseus 20 **Cast** . . . **body** arrange yourselves in a group for the dance 21 **trace and turn** dance and revolve 24 **have at ye** i.e., I am ready for you

FOURTH COUNTRYMAN Here's Friz and Maudlin. 25

SECOND COUNTRYMAN

And little Luce with the white legs, and bouncing°
Barbary.

FIRST COUNTRYMAN

And freckled Nell, that never failed her master.°

SCHOOLMASTER

Where be your ribands, maids? Swim° with your
bodies,

And carry it° sweetly and deliverly,°

And now and than a favor,° and a frisk.° 30

NELL

Let us alone,° sir.

SCHOOLMASTER Where's the rest o' th' music?°

THIRD COUNTRYMAN

Dispersed° as you commanded.

SCHOOLMASTER

Couple° then,

And see what's wanting. Where's the Bavian?

My friend, carry your tail without offense

Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure 35

You tumble with audacity, and manhood,

And when you bark do it with judgment.

BAVIAN

Yes, sir.

SCHOOLMASTER

Quo usque tandem?° Here is a woman wanting.°

FOURTH COUNTRYMAN

We may go whistle.° All the fat's i' th' fire.

SCHOOLMASTER

We have, 40

As learnèd authors utter, washed a tile,°

We have been fatuus,° and labored vainly.

SECOND COUNTRYMAN

This is that scornful piece,° that scurvy hilding,°

That gave her promise faithfully she would be here,

Cicely the sempster's° daughter. 45

The next gloves that I give her shall be dogskin.

Nay, and° she fail me once! You can tell, Arcas,°

She swore by wine and bread she would not break.°

SCHOOLMASTER

An eel and woman,

A learnèd poet says,° unless by th' tail 50

And with thy teeth thou hold, will either° fail.

In manners this was false position.°

FIRST COUNTRYMAN

A fire ill° take her! Does she flinch now?

THIRD COUNTRYMAN

What

Shall we determine,° sir?

26 **bouncing** large of body 27 **that . . . master** i.e., did whatever he wanted of her 28 **Swim** move flowingly 29 **carry it** i.e., perform the dance; **deliverly** nimbly 30 **favor** presumably a kiss; **frisk** caper 31 **Let us alone** Leave it to us; **music** musicians 32 **Dispersed** i.e., scattered in arranged places; **Couple** take your partners 38 **Quo usque tandem** how long now; **wanting** missing 39 **We . . . whistle** We have occupied ourselves to no purpose 41 **washed a tile** labored in vain (Latin *laterem lavare*) 42 **fatuus** foolish 43 **piece** creature; **hilding** good-for-nothing 45 **sempster's** probably here = sempstress's 47 **and** if; **Arcas** the name of one of the Countrymen: cf. II.ii.37 48 **break** break her word 50 **learnèd poet** no one has identified the "poet," if he existed; but Fletcher used the proverb in other plays 51 **either** both 52 **position** statement of a proposition, affirmation (the Schoolmaster means that Cicely's breaking her word was the equivalent in manners to the stating of a false proposition in logic) 53 **fire ill** perhaps equivalent to "pox," or "ill" may be adverbial 54 **determine** decide to do

SCHOOLMASTER Nothing.

Our business is become a nullity, 55

Yea, and a woeful, and a piteous nullity.

FOURTH COUNTRYMAN

Now when the credit of our town lay on it,

Now to be frampel,° now to piss o' th' nettle!°

Go thy ways, I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee!°

Enter Jailer's DAUGHTER.

DAUGHTER [*Sings.*]

The *George Alow*° came from the south, 60

From the coast of Barbary-a,

And there he met with brave gallants of war,

By one, by two, by three-a.

Well hailed, well hailed, you jolly gallants,

And whither now are you bound-a? 65

O let me have your company

Till we come to the sound-a.

There was three fools fell out about an owlet.

The one said it was an owl;

The other he said nay; 70

The third he said it was a hawk,

And her bells° were cut away.

THIRD COUNTRYMAN

There's a dainty° mad woman, master,

Comes i' th' nick,° as mad as a march hare.

If we can get her dance, we are made again:° 75

I warrant her, she'll do the rarest° gambols.

40

FIRST COUNTRYMAN

A mad woman? We are made, boys.

SCHOOLMASTER

And are you mad, good woman?

DAUGHTER

I would be sorry else.

Give me your hand. 45

SCHOOLMASTER Why?

DAUGHTER

I can tell your fortune.

You are a fool. Tell ten. I have posed him.° Buzz.° 80

Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you do,

Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho?

I know you, y' are a tinker: sirrah tinker, 50

Stop no more holes but what you should.°

SCHOOLMASTER

Dii boni!°

A tinker, damsel?

DAUGHTER

Or a conjuror. 85

Raise me a devil now, and let him play

Qui passa,° o' th' bells and bones.°

SCHOOLMASTER

Go take her,

And fluently° persuade her to a peace.

58 **frampel** peevish, froward; **piss . . . nettle** give herself occasion to show bad temper 59 **fit thee** punish you as you deserve 60 **George Alow** this was the name of a ship in a ballad published in 1611 72 **bells** used on a hawk for ease in tracing it 73 **dainty** fine 74 **i' th' nick** i.e., just when we need her 75 **we . . . again** our fortune is once more secure 76 **rarest** finest 80 **Tell . . . him** counting on one's fingers was a common method of testing idiocy; the Jailer's Daughter decides the Schoolmaster cannot pass the test; **Buzz** exclamation commanding silence 84 **Stop . . . should** alluding to the proverb "A tinker stops one hole and makes others"; but with an obvious double meaning here; **Dii boni** Good gods! 87 **Qui passa** the song "*Chi passa per questa strada*"; **bells and bones** similar to Bottom's "the tongs and the bones," *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV.i.30: "bones" were bone clappers held between the fingers 88 **fluently** quickly

Et opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira, nec ignis.^o
 Strike up,^o and lead her in.^o
 SECOND COUNTRYMAN Come, lass, let's trip it. 90
 DAUGHTER
 I'll lead.
 THIRD COUNTRYMAN Do, do.
 SCHOOLMASTER Persuasively, and cunningly!^o
Wind horns.
 Away, boys! I hear the horns.
 Give me some meditation,^o and mark your cue.
Exeunt all but SCHOOLMASTER.
 Pallas^o inspire me!
Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA,
ARCITE, and TRAIN. [A chair and stools are brought out.]^o
 THESEUS This way the stag took.
 SCHOOLMASTER
 Stay, and edify!^o
 THESEUS What have we here? 95
 PIRITHOUS
 Some country sport, upon my life, sir.
 THESEUS
 Well, sir, go forward, we will edify.
 Ladies, sit down; we'll stay it.^o
[They sit.]
 SCHOOLMASTER
 Thou doughty duke, all hail! All hail, sweet ladies!
 THESEUS
 This is a cold beginning.^o 100
 SCHOOLMASTER
 If you but favor, our country pastime made is.
 We are a few of those collected here
 That ruder tongues distinguish^o villager.
 And to say verity, and not to fable,
 We are a merry rout, or else a rabble
 Or company, or by a figure Chorus,^o
 That 'fore thy dignity will dance a morris.
 And I that am the rectifier^o of all,
 By title Pedagogus, that let fall
 The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
 And humble with a ferula^o the tall ones,
 Do here present this machine,^o or this frame;^o
 And dainty duke, whose doughty dismal fame
 From Dis to Daedalus,^o from post to pillar^o

89 Et . . . ignis I have achieved something which neither Jove's anger nor fire . . . (from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, xv. 871, where it reads "*Jamque opus . . . nec ignes*") 90 **Strike up** begin the music; **in** offstage, into the thicket where the dancers will wait 91 **cunningly** skillfully 93 **meditation** time for meditation (?) attention (?) 94 **Pallas** as goddess of learning 94 **s.d.** A chair . . . out see A Note on the Text for III.v.65-67 95 **edify** the Schoolmaster's English for "profit mentally," "be edified" 98 **stay** it wait here for it 100 **cold beginning** deliberately taking "hail" for a reference to the weather 103 **distinguish** classify 106 **by** . . . **Chorus** the Schoolmaster's "figure" allows him to compare the morris dancers with the chorus of a classical play 108 **rectifier** pedant's word for "director" 111 **ferula** cane 112 **machine** structure, device (stressed on first syllable); **frame** contrivance 114 **Dis to Daedalus** Dis was the Greek god of the underworld, Daedalus the maker of the Labyrinth in Crete; the Schoolmaster's use of learning is indiscriminate; **from** . . . **pillar** from one resource to another (the Schoolmaster is desperate for a rhyme)

Is blown abroad, help me, thy poor well-willer, 115
 And with thy twinkling eyes look right and straight
 Upon this mighty "Morr," of mickle weight;
 "Is" now comes in—which being glued together
 Makes "Morris,"^o and the cause that we came hither,
 The body of our sport of no small study. 120
 I first appear, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
 To speak before thy noble grace this tenor,^o
 At whose great feet I offer up my penner;^o
 The next^o the Lord of May, and Lady bright,
 The Chambermaid and Servingman by night 125
 That seek out silent hanging;^o then mine Host
 And his fat Spouse, that welcomes to their^o cost
 The gallèd^o Traveler, and with a beck'ning
 Informs the Tapster to inflame the reck'ning;
 Then the beest-eating^o Clown, and next the Fool, 130
 The Bavian with long tail, and eke long tool,^o
 Cum multis aliis^o that make a dance.
 Say "Aye," and all shall presently advance.
 THESEUS
 Aye, aye, by any means, dear dominie.
 PIRITHOUS Produce.^o
 SCHOOLMASTER
 Intrate, filii!^o Come forth and foot it. 135
Knock.^o Enter the DANCE. Music. [They] dance.
 Ladies, if we have been merry
 And have pleased ye with a derry,
 And a derry, and a down,
 Say the Schoolmaster's no Clown.
 Duke, if we have pleased thee too 140
 And have done as good boys should do,
 Give us but a tree or twain
 For a maypole, and again,
 Ere another year run out,
 We'll make thee laugh and all this rout.^o 145
 105 THESEUS
 Take twenty, dominie. [*To HIPPOLYTA.*] How does
 my sweetheart?
 HIPPOLYTA
 Never so pleased, sir.
 110 EMILIA 'Twas an excellent dance,
 And for a preface I never heard a better.
 THESEUS
 Schoolmaster, I thank you. One see 'em all rewarded.
 PIRITHOUS [*Gives money.*]
 And here's something to paint your pole withal. 150
 THESEUS
 Now to our sports again.

117-19 **Morr** . . . **Morris** perhaps the Schoolmaster holds up two boards in turn, with the syllables "Morr" and "is" on them, and then puts them together; but the first board could show a picture of a Moor 122 **tenor** properly, the wording of a document; drift 123 **penner** pen case (offered as a token of his services to Theseus) 124 **next** i.e., next to appear 126 **seek** . . . **hanging** i.e., seek out a curtain or tapestry behind which they can make love 127 **their** perhaps plural because "Traveler" is so understood 128 **gallèd** distressed 130 **beest-eating** probably indicates the Clown's partiality for "beest," the milk of a cow soon after calving, used in making puddings 131 **tool** sexual organ 132 **Cum multis aliis** with many others 134 **Produce** bring forth 135 **Intrate, filii** Enter, my sons! 135 **s.d.** **Knock** the Schoolmaster gives a signal for the entry; but see A Note on the Text, p. 1623 145 **rout** company

SCHOOLMASTER

May the stag thou hunt'st stand° long,
 And thy dogs be swift and strong,
 May they kill him without lets,°
 And the ladies eat his dowsets!°

Wind horns.

[*To the DANCERS.*]

Come, we are all made. Dii deaeque omnes!°
 Ye have danced rarely, wenches. *Exeunt.*

Scene VI. [*The open country.*]

Enter PALAMON from the bush.

PALAMON

About this hour my cousin gave his faith
 To visit me again, and with him bring
 Two swords and two good armors: if he fail,
 He's neither man nor soldier. When he left me,
 I did not think a week could have restored
 My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
 And crestfall'n with my wants. I thank thee, Arcite,
 Thou art yet a fair foe, and I feel myself,
 With this refreshing, able once again
 To outdure° danger. To delay it longer
 Would make the world think when it comes to hearing
 That I lay fatting like a swine to fight,°
 And not a soldier. Therefore this blest morning
 Shall be the last; and that sword he refuses,°
 If it but hold,° I kill him with: 'tis justice.
 So love and fortune for me!

Enter ARCITE with armors and swords.

O good-morrow!

ARCITE

Good-morrow, noble kinsman.

PALAMON

I have put you

To too much pains, sir.

ARCITE

That too much, fair cousin,

Is but a debt to honor, and my duty.

PALAMON

Would you were so in all, sir! I could wish ye
 As kind a kinsman as you force me find
 A beneficial foe, that my embraces
 Might thank ye, not my blows.

ARCITE

I shall think either,

Well done, a noble recompense.

PALAMON

Then I shall quit° you.

ARCITE

Defy me in these fair terms, and you show°
 More than a mistress to me. No more anger,
 As you love anything that's honorable!
 We were not bred° to talk, man. When we are armed
 And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
 Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us,

And then to whom the birthright° of this beauty
 Truly pertains—without upbraidings, scorns,
 Despisings of our persons, and such poutings
 Fitter for girls and schoolboys—will be seen,
 And quickly, yours or mine. Will't please you arm,
 sir?

Or if you feel yourself not fitting yet
 And furnished with your old strength, I'll stay,°
 cousin,
 And ev'ry day discourse you into health,
 As I am spared.° Your person I am friends with,
 And I could wish I had not said I loved her,
 Though I had died.° But loving such a lady
 And justifying° my love, I must not fly from't.

PALAMON

Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy
 That no man but thy cousin's fit to kill thee.
 I am well and lusty.° Choose your arms.

ARCITE

Choose you, sir.

PALAMON

Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it
 To make me spare thee?

ARCITE

If you think so, cousin,

You are deceived, for as I am a soldier
 I will not spare you.

PALAMON

That's well said.

ARCITE

You'll find it.°

PALAMON

Then as I am an honest man and love,
 With all the justice of affection°
 I'll pay thee soundly.° This I'll take.

[*Chooses an armor.*]

ARCITE

That's mine then.

[*Takes the other.*]

I'll arm you first.

PALAMON

Do. [ARCITE arms him.] Pray thee tell
 me, cousin,

Where gott'st thou this good armor?

ARCITE

'Tis the duke's,

And to say true, I stole it. Do I pinch you?

PALAMON

No.

ARCITE

Is't not too heavy?

PALAMON

I have worn a lighter,

But I shall make it serve.

ARCITE

I'll buckle't close.

PALAMON

By any means.°

ARCITE

You care not for a grand guard?°

PALAMON

No, no, we'll use no horses. I perceive
 You would fain be at that fight.°

ARCITE

I am indifferent.°

31 birthright the right to possess her, given to one of
 us at birth 37 stay wait 39 As . . . spared as long as I
 am alive 41 Though . . . died i.e., as a result of my silence
 42 justifying affirming, defending 45 lusty vigorous 49
 find it i.e., find it so 51 justice of affection justice
 administered by one who loves the offender 52 soundly
 fully, strongly 58 By any means Please do; grand guard
 part of the armor worn by a knight on horseback 60 at that
 fight i.e., fight on horseback; indifferent i.e., as to how we
 fight

152 stand endure 154 lets hindrances 155 dowsets testicles
 156 Dii deaeque omnes All gods and goddesses!
 III.vi.10 outdure survive 12 fatting . . . fight being fat-
 tened to fight as a swine is fattened to be eaten 14 that . . .
 refuses Palamon will give Arcite his choice 15 If . . . hold
 if it does not break 24 quit requite 25 show appear 28
 bred brought up

PALAMON

'Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust the buckle
Through far enough.

ARCITE

I warrant you.

PALAMON

My casque° now.

ARCITE

Will you fight bare-armed?

PALAMON

We shall be the nimbler.

ARCITE

But use your gauntlets, though. Those are o' th' least:°
Prithee take mine, good cousin.

PALAMON

Thank you, Arcite. 65

How do I look, am I fall'n much away?°

ARCITE

'Faith, very little: love has used you kindly.

PALAMON

I warrant thee, I'll strike home.

ARCITE

Do, and spare not;

I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.

PALAMON

Now to you, sir.

[*He arms ARCITE.*]

Methinks this armor's very like that, Arcite, 70
Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.

ARCITE

That was a very good one, and that day
I well remember you outdid me, cousin.
I never saw such valor: when you charged
Upon the left wing of the enemy, 75
I spurred hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.

PALAMON

You had indeed:

A bright bay, I remember.

ARCITE

Yes, but all

Was vainly labored in me: you outwent me,
Nor could my wishes reach you.° Yet a little 80
I did by imitation.

PALAMON

More by virtue;°

You are modest, cousin.

ARCITE

When I saw you charge first,

Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
Break from the troop.

PALAMON

But still before that flew

The lightning of your valor. Stay a little, 85
Is not this piece too strait?°

ARCITE

No, no, 'tis well.

PALAMON

I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword,
A bruise would be dishonor.

ARCITE

Now I am perfect.°

PALAMON

Stand off° then.

ARCITE

Take my sword, I hold° it better.

PALAMON

I thank ye. No, keep it, your life lies° on it. 90
Here's one: if it but hold, I ask no more
For all my hopes. My cause and honor guard me!

ARCITE

And me my love! *They bow several ways;° then advance
and stand.* Is there aught else to say?

PALAMON

This only, and no more. Thou art mine aunt's son,
And that blood we desire to shed is mutual, 95
In me thine, and in thee mine. My sword
Is in my hand, and if thou kill'st me
The gods and I forgive thee. If there be
A place prepared for those that sleep in honor,
I wish his weary soul that falls may win it. 100
Fight bravely, cousin. Give me thy noble hand.

ARCITE

Here, Palamon. [*They take hands.*] This hand shall
never more

Come near thee with such friendship.

PALAMON

I commend° thee.

ARCITE

If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,
For none but such dare die in these just trials. 105
Once more farewell, my cousin.

PALAMON

Farewell, Arcite.

[*They*] fight. *Horns within; they stand.*

ARCITE

Lo, cousin, lo, our folly has undone us.

PALAMON

Why?

ARCITE

This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you:
If we be found, we are wretched. O retire 110
For honor's sake, and safety, presently°
Into your bush again. Sir, we shall find
Too many hours to die in, gentle cousin.
If you be seen, you perish instantly
For breaking prison, and I, if you reveal me, 115
For my contempt;° then all the world will scorn us,
And say we had a noble difference,°
But base disposers° of it.

PALAMON

No, no, cousin,

I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second trial. 120
I know your cunning, and I know your cause.°
He that faints° now, shame take him: put thyself
Upon thy present guard.°

ARCITE

You are not mad?

PALAMON

Or I will make th' advantage of this hour
Mine own, and what to come shall threaten me 125
I fear less than my fortune.° Know, weak cousin,
I love Emilia, and in that I'll bury
Thee, and all crosses° else.

ARCITE

Then come what can come,

Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die as discourse or sleep. Only this fears me:° 130

62 casque helmet 64 Those . . . least those you have are the
smallest possible 66 am . . . away have I got much thinner
80 Nor . . . you i.e., my wish to be by your side could not
put me there 81 virtue natural talent 86 strait tight 88
perfect ready 89 Stand off stand away; hold think 90 lies
depends

93 s.d. bow several ways bow formally in different direc-
tions, as in the lists 103 commend praise, honor 111 pre-
sently at once 116 contempt i.e., of Theseus' banishment
of him 117 difference quarrel 118 disposers controllers
121 your cause i.e., why you wish to postpone the fight 122
faints draws back 123 Upon . . . guard on guard at once
126 my fortune i.e., in this fight 128 crosses obstacles 130
fears me makes me fear

The law will have the honor of our ends.
Have at thy life!

PALAMON Look to thine own well, Arcite.

[*They*] fight again. *Horns. Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA,
EMILIA, PIRITHOUS and TRAIN.

THESEUS

What ignorant and mad malicious° traitors
Are you, that 'gainst the tenor° of my laws
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,
Without my leave, and officers of arms?°
By Castor,° both shall die.

PALAMON Hold° thy word, Theseus.

We are certainly both traitors, both despisers
Of thee, and of thy goodness. I am Palamon
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison:
Think well what that deserves; and this is Arcite:
A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A falser ne'er seemed friend. This is the man
Was begged° and banished, this is he contemns thee
And what thou dar'st do; and in this disguise
Against thy own edict follows thy sister,
That fortunate bright star,° the fair Emilia,
Whose servant—if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soul to—justly
I am, and which is more, dares think her his.
This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
I called him now to answer. If thou be'st
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,
Say "Fight again," and thou shalt see me, Theseus.
Do such a justice thou thyself wilt envy.
Then take my life, I'll woo thee to't.

PIRITHOUS O heaven,

What more than man is this!

THESEUS I have sworn.

ARCITE We seek not

Thy breath of mercy, Theseus: 'tis to me
A thing as soon to die as thee to say it,
And no more moved. Where° this man calls me traitor,
Let me say thus much: if in love be treason
In service of so excellent a beauty,
As I love most, and in that faith will perish,
As I have brought my life here to confirm it,
As I have served her truest, worthiest,
As I dare kill this cousin that denies it,
So let me be most traitor, and ye please me.
For° scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her; and if she say "traitor,"
I am a villain fit to lie unburied.

PALAMON

Thou shalt have pity of us both, O Theseus,
If unto neither thou show mercy. Stop,
As thou art just, thy noble ear against us;
As thou art valiant, for thy cousin's soul
Whose twelve strong labors crown his memory,°

Let's die together, at one instant, duke:

Only a little let him fall before me,

That I may tell my soul he shall not have her. 180

THESEUS

I grant your wish, for to say true your cousin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, sir, your offenses
Being no more than his. None here speak for 'em,
For ere the sun set both shall sleep forever. 185

135 HIPPOLYTA

Alas the pity! Now or never, sister,
Speak not to be denied: that face of yours
Will bear the curses else of after ages
For these lost cousins.

EMILIA

In my face, dear sister,
I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin: 190
The misadventure of their own eyes kill° 'em.
Yet that I will be woman, and have pity,
My knees shall grow to th' ground but° I'll get mercy.
Help me, dear sister; in a deed so virtuous
The powers of all women will be with us. 195

[*They kneel.*]

Most royal brother!

HIPPOLYTA

Sir, by our tie of marriage!

150 EMILIA

By your own spotless honor!

HIPPOLYTA

By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me!

EMILIA

By that you would have pity° in another,
By your own virtues infinite!

HIPPOLYTA

By valor, 200
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleased you!

THESEUS

These are strange conjurings.°

PIRITHOUS

Nay, then I'll in too:

[*He kneels.*]

By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,
By all you love most—wars, and this sweet lady!

EMILIA

By that you would have trembled to deny
A blushing maid!° 205

HIPPOLYTA

By your own eyes; by strength,
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus.

PIRITHOUS

To crown all this: by your most noble soul,
Which cannot want° due mercy! I beg first. 210

HIPPOLYTA

Next hear my prayers.

EMILIA

Last let me entreat, sir.

PIRITHOUS

175 For mercy!

HIPPOLYTA

Mercy!

EMILIA

Mercy on these princes!

133 malicious evilly disposed 134 tenor purport 136 officers of arms officials formally appointed to supervise a fight 137 Castor son of Zeus by Leda, twin brother to Pollux; Hold keep 144 begged petitioned for 147 fortunate bright star star bringing good fortune 161 Where whereas 169 For as for 176–77 thy cousin's . . . memory i.e., the soul of Hercules, who legendarily performed twelve great labors

191 kill plural verb through association with "eyes," despite the singular subject 193 but unless (or until) 199 By . . . pity by whatever you would have pity on 202 conjurings conjurations 205–06 that . . . maid presumably, the love the maid asked for 210 want fail to get (?) lack the power to feel (?)

THESEUS

Ye make my faith° reel. [*They rise.*] Say I felt
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?°

EMILIA

Upon their lives—but with their banishments.

THESEUS

You are a right° woman, sister. You have pity,
But want the understanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment. Can these two live
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
They'd fight about you, hourly bring your honor
In public question with their swords. Be wise then,
And here forget 'em. It concerns your credit,
And my oath equally. I have said they die:
Better they fall by th' law than one another.
Bow° not my honor.

EMILIA

O my noble brother,
That oath was rashly made, and in your anger;
Your reason will not hold° it. If such vows
Stand for express will,° all the world must perish.
Beside, I have another oath, 'gainst yours,
Of more authority, I am sure more love,
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.

THESEUS

What is it, sister?

PIRITHOUS

Urge it home, brave lady.

EMILIA

That you would ne'er deny me anything
Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting.
I tie you to your word now: if ye fall in't,°
Think how you maim your honor—
For now I am set a-begging, sir, I am deaf
To all but your compassion—how their lives
Might breed the ruin of my name, opinion.°
Shall anything that loves me perish for me?
That were a cruel wisdom. Do men prune
The straight young boughs that blush with thousand
blossoms
Because they may be rotten?° O duke Theseus,
The goodly mothers that have groaned for these,
And all the longing maids that ever loved,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,
And in their funeral songs for these two cousins
Despise my cruelty, and cry woe worth° me,
Till I am nothing but the scorn of women.
For heaven's sake save their lives, and banish 'em.

THESEUS

On what conditions?

EMILIA

Swear 'em never more
To make me their contention, or to know me,°
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers

213 **faith** i.e., in his own judgment 214 **how . . . it** i.e., in what way would you have it bestowed 216 **right** true, typical 227 **Bow** humiliate, bring disgrace on 229 **hold** hold to 230 **express will** unshakable resolve 237 **fall in't** renege on it 240–41 **how . . . opinion** i.e., how the taking away of their lives might lead to the ruin of my name and reputation (some editors emend to "name's opinion"; some take "opinion" as an exclamation of contempt) 245 **Because . . . rotten** because they may later become rotten 250 **woe worth** woe befall 254 **know me** hold me in their minds

To one another.

PALAMON

I'll be cut a-pieces

Before I take this oath: forget I love her?

O all ye gods despise me then! Thy banishment

I not mislike, so° we may fairly carry

Our swords and cause along. Else never trifle,

But make our lives, duke: I must love and will,

And for that love must and dare kill this cousin

On any piece° the earth has.

THESEUS

Will you, Arcite,

Take these conditions?

PALAMON

He's a villain then.

PIRITHOUS

These are men.°

ARCITE

No, never, duke. 'Tis worse to me than begging

To take my life so basely. Though I think

I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve

The honor of affection, and die for her,

Make° death a devil.

THESEUS

What may be done? For now I feel compassion.

PIRITHOUS

Let it not fall° again, sir.

THESEUS

Say, Emilia,

If one of them were dead, as one must, are you

Content to take th' other to your husband?

They cannot both enjoy you. They are princes

As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble

As ever fame yet spoke of. Look upon 'em,

And if you can love, end this difference.

I give consent; are you content too, princes?

BOTH [COUSINS]

With all our souls.

THESEUS

He that she refuses

Must die then.

BOTH [COUSINS]

Any death thou canst invent, duke.

PALAMON

If I fall from that mouth,° I fall with favor,

And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.

ARCITE

If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,

And soldiers sing my epitaph.

THESEUS

Make choice, then.

EMILIA

I cannot, sir, they are both too excellent:

For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.°

HIPPOLYTA

What will become of 'em?

THESEUS

Thus I ordain it,

And by mine honor, once again, it stands,

Or both shall die. You shall both to your country,

And each within this month, accompanied

With three fair knights, appear again in this place,

In which I'll plant a pyramid;° and whether,°

Before us that are here, can force his cousin

By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,

260 so provided that 264 **piece** i.e., of ground 266 **men** i.e., complete men 271 **Make** though you make 273 **fall** weaken 283 **from that mouth** i.e., the sentence being spoken by her 288 **For . . . men** it will not be because of me that a hair of either shall perish 294 **pyramid** obelisk; **whether** which of the two

He shall enjoy her; the other lose his head,
And all his friends.° Nor shall he grudge to fall,
Nor think he dies with interest in this lady.
Will this content ye?

PALAMON Yes. Here, cousin Arcite, 300
I am friends again, till that hour.

ARCITE I embrace ye.

THESEUS
Are you content, sister?

EMILIA Yes, I must, sir,
Else both miscarry.

THESEUS Come, shake hands again, then,
And take heed, as you are gentlemen, this quarrel
Sleep till the hour prefixed,° and hold your course.° 305

PALAMON
We dare not fail thee, Theseus.

THESEUS Come, I'll give ye
Now usage like to princes, and to friends.
When ye return, who wins I'll settle here,°
Who loses—° yet I'll weep upon his bier. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV

Scene I. [*The prison.*]

Enter JAILER and his FRIEND.

JAILER
Hear you no more, was nothing said of me
Concerning the escape of Palamon?
Good sir, remember.

FIRST FRIEND Nothing that I heard,
For I came home before the business°
Was fully ended. Yet I might perceive, 5
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons. For Hippolyta
And fair-eyed Emily upon their knees
Begged with such handsome pity that the duke
Methought stood staggering, whether he should follow 10
His rash oath or the sweet compassion
Of those two ladies; and to second them
That truly noble prince Pirithous,
Half his own heart,° set in too,° that° I hope
All shall be well. Neither heard I one question 15
Of your name, or his 'scape.

Enter SECOND FRIEND.

JAILER Pray heaven it hold so.

SECOND FRIEND
Be of good comfort, man; I bring you news,
Good news.

JAILER They are welcome.

SECOND FRIEND Palamon has cleared you,

298 And all his friends i.e., they shall lose their heads too
305 prefixed arranged; hold your course keep to your resolve
308 settle here give him a home in Athens 309 Who loses—
Theseus, by changing the construction, shows his realization
that the second half of the antithesis must be anticlimactic
IV.i.4 business three syllables 14 Half . . . heart i.e., the
possessor of half of Theseus' heart; set it too joined in as well;
that so that

And got your pardon, and discovered° how
And by whose means he escaped, which was your 20
daughter's,
Whose pardon is procured too, and the prisoner,
Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness,
Has given a sum of money to her marriage,
A large one I'll assure you.

JAILER Ye are a good man
And ever bring good news.

FIRST FRIEND How was it ended? 25

SECOND FRIEND
Why, as it should be: they that never begged
But they prevailed had their suits fairly granted.
The prisoners have their lives.

FIRST FRIEND I knew 'twould be so.

SECOND FRIEND
But there be new conditions, which you'll hear of
At better time.

JAILER I hope they are good.

SECOND FRIEND They are honorable; 30
How good they'll prove I know not.

Enter WOOER.

FIRST FRIEND 'Twill be known.

WOOER

Alas, sir, where's your daughter?

JAILER Why do you ask?

WOOER

O sir, when did you see her?

SECOND FRIEND How he looks!

JAILER

This morning.

WOOER Was she well? Was she in health?

Sir, when did she sleep?

FIRST FRIEND These are strange questions. 35

JAILER

I do not think she was very well, for now
You make me mind her,° but° this very day
I asked her questions, and she answered me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool, 40
An innocent,° and I was very angry.
But what of her, sir?

WOOER Nothing but my pity;°
But you must know it, and as good by me
As by another that less loves her.

JAILER Well, sir?

FIRST FRIEND

Not right?°

SECOND FRIEND Not well?

WOOER No, sir, not well. 45

'Tis too true, she is mad.

FIRST FRIEND It cannot be.

WOOER

Believe you'll find it so.

JAILER I half suspected

What you have told me: the gods comfort her!

Either this was her love to Palamon,
Or fear of my miscarrying° on his 'scape, 50

19 discovered revealed 37 mind her call her to mind; but
only 41 innocent idiot 42 Nothing . . . pity it is only
pity that makes me speak 45 Not right i.e., in the head 50
miscarrying dying

Or both.

WOOPER 'Tis likely.

JAILER But why all this haste,° sir?

WOOPER

I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great lake that lies behind the palace,
From the far shore, thick set with reeds and sedges,
As patiently I was attending sport, 55
I heard a voice, a shrill one, and attentive
I gave my ear, when I might well perceive
'Twas one that sung, and by the smallness of it
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceived not 60
Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds
Had so encompassed it.° I laid me down
And listened to the words she sung, for then,
Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,
I saw it was your daughter.

JAILER Pray go on, sir. 65

WOOPER

She sung much, but no sense. Only I heard her
Repeat this often: "Palamon is gone,
Is gone to th' wood to gather mulberries;
I'll find him out tomorrow."

FIRST FRIEND Pretty soul!

WOOPER

"His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken, 70
And what shall I do then? I'll bring a bevy,
A hundred black-eyed maids, that love as I do,
With chaplets° on their heads of daffadillies,
With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask roses,
And all we'll dance an antic° 'fore the duke, 75
And beg his° pardon." Then she talked of you, sir,
That you must lose your head tomorrow morning,
And she must gather flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome. Then she sung
Nothing but "Willow, willow, willow,"° and between 80
Ever was "Palamon, fair Palamon,"
And "Palamon was a tall young man."° The place
Was knee-deep where she sat; her careless tresses
A wreath of bullrush rounded; about her stuck
Thousand fresh water flowers of several colors— 85
That methought she appeared like the fair nymph
That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris°
Newly dropped down from heaven. Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies:° "Thus our true love's tied," 90
"This you may loose,° not me," and many a one.
And then she wept, and sung again, and sighed,
And with the same breath smiled, and kissed her hand.

SECOND FRIEND

Alas, what pity it is!

WOOPER

I made in to her.°

She saw me, and straight sought the flood; I saved her, 95

51 **haste** the Wooer's haste in coming to tell the Jailer
62 **it** the place 73 **chaplets** wreaths 75 **antic** grotesque
dance, as in an antimasque 76 **his** Palamon's 80 **Willow,**
willow, willow Desdemona's song in *Othello*, IV.iii 82
Palamon . . . man a variant of the song "When Samson
was a tall young man," possibly referred to in *Love's Labor's*
Lost, I.ii.169 87 **Iris** goddess of the rainbow 90 **posies**
mottoes engraved on rings 91 **loose** may have the meaning
"lose," the two words being commonly spelled *loose* 94 **made**
. . . **her** forced my way through the rushes to her

And set her safe to land—when presently°
She slipped away, and to the city made,
With such a cry, and swiftness, that believe me
She left me far behind her. Three or four
I saw from far off cross° her: one of 'em 100
I knew to be your brother; where she stayed,°
And fell, scarce to be got away. I left them with her,

Enter BROTHER, DAUGHTER, and others.

And hither came to tell you. Here they are.

DAUGHTER [*Sings.*]

May you never more enjoy the light, &c.

Is not this a fine song?

BROTHER O, a very fine one. 105

DAUGHTER

I can sing twenty more.

BROTHER I think you can.

DAUGHTER

Yes, truly can I. I can sing "The Broom"°

And "Bonny Robin."° Are not you a tailor?

BROTHER

Yes.

DAUGHTER Where's my wedding gown?

BROTHER I'll bring it tomorrow.

DAUGHTER

Do, very rearly,° I must be abroad else° 110

To call the maids, and pay the minstrels,

For I must lose my maidenhead by cocklight:°

'Twill never thrive else.°

(*Sings.*)

O fair, O sweet,° &c.

BROTHER

You must e'en take it patiently.

JAILER 'Tis true. 115

DAUGHTER

Good e'en, good men, pray did you ever hear

Of one young Palamon?

JAILER Yes, wench, we know him.

DAUGHTER

Is't not a fine young gentleman?

JAILER 'Tis, love.

BROTHER

By no mean cross her, she is then distempered

Far worse than now she shows.

FIRST FRIEND Yes, he's a fine man. 120

DAUGHTER

O, is he so? You have a sister?

FIRST FRIEND Yes.

DAUGHTER

But she shall never have him, tell her so,

For a trick that I know.° Y' had best look to her,

96 **presently** at once 100 **cross** intercept 101 **stayed** stopped
107 **The Broom** a popular song quoted in W. Wager's play
The Longer thou livest the more Fool thou art (c. 1559) and else-
where: "broom" here is the shrub of that name 108 **Bonny**
Robin a song preserved in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book
and in William Ballet's Lute Book: Ophelia sings a line of it in
Hamlet, IV.v, where, as here, it may imply a sexual meaning
for "Robin" 110 **rearly** early; I . . . **else** otherwise I shall be
away from home 112 **by cocklight** before dawn 113
'**Twill** . . . **else** otherwise things will never prosper with me
114 **O fair, O sweet** a song included among "Certaine Sonets"
in Sidney's 1598 Folio 123 **For . . . know** because of a
stratagem that I know

For if she see him once, she's gone, she's done,
And undone in an hour. All the young maids 125
Of our town are in love with him, but I laugh at 'em
And let 'em all alone.° Is't not a wise course?

FIRST FRIEND Yes.

DAUGHTER

There is at least two hundred now with child by him,
There must be four; yet I keep close° for all this,
Close as a cockle;° and all these must be boys— 130
He has the trick° on't—and at ten years old
They must be all gelt for musicians,
And sing the wars of Theseus.

SECOND FRIEND This is strange.

DAUGHTER

As ever you heard, but say nothing.

FIRST FRIEND No.

DAUGHTER

They come from all parts of the dukedom to him. 135
I'll warrant ye, he had not so few last night
As twenty to dispatch: he'll tickle't up°
In two hours, if his hand be in.°

JAILER She's lost

Past all cure.

BROTHER Heaven forbid, man.

DAUGHTER

Come hither, you are a wise man.

FIRST FRIEND Does she know him? 140

SECOND FRIEND

No, would she did.

DAUGHTER You are master of a ship?°

JAILER

Yes.

DAUGHTER Where's your compass?

JAILER Here.

DAUGHTER Set it to th' north.

And now direct your course to th' wood, where
Palamon

Lies longing for me. For the tackling let me alone.

Come° weigh, my hearts, cheerly all! O, O, O, 'tis
up!° 145

The wind's fair: top the bowling!° Out with the
mainsail!

Where's your whistle, master?

BROTHER Let's get her in.

JAILER

Up to the top, boy!

BROTHER Where's the pilot?

FIRST FRIEND Here.

127 let . . . alone pay no attention to them **129 keep close** maintain secrecy **130 Close as a cockle** the proverb occurs also in Shirley's *The School of Compliment* (1625): "cockle" here indicates "cockleshell," formerly used for the shells of mollusks generally **131 trick** method **137 tickle't up** i.e., finish the task (with a strong suggestion of sexual pleasure) **138 if . . . in** if he is in good form **141 master . . . ship** the Daughter has taken the Schoolmaster for a tinker, III.v.83, and the Brother for a tailor, IV.i.108; Palamon is always a soldier, and she completes the proverbial four occupations by taking her father for a sailor **145 Come** lines 145–49 are hardly verse, and the 1634 quarto prints mainly as prose; but a faint sense of line breaks seems to lie behind the Daughter's staccato phrases; **'tis up** i.e., the tackling; the "O, O, O" indicates the Daughter's imaginary exertions **146 top the bowling** slant the bowline (rope run from the middle of the perpendicular of the weather side of a sail to the larboard or starboard bow, for the purpose of keeping the sail steady in a wind)

DAUGHTER

What ken'st° thou?

SECOND FRIEND A fair wood.

DAUGHTER Bear for° it, master! Tack about!

(Sings.)

When Cynthia with her borrowed light, &c. *Exeunt.* 150

Scene II. [*The palace of Theseus.*]

Enter EMILIA alone, with two pictures.

EMILIA

Yet I may bind those wounds up,° that must open
And bleed to death for my sake else: I'll choose,
And end their strife. Two such young handsome men
Shall never fall for me; their weeping mothers,
Following the dead cold ashes of their sons, 5
Shall never curse my cruelty. Good heaven,
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise Nature
With all her best endowments, all those beauties
She sows into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman, and had in her 10
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
She would run mad for this man. What an eye,
Of what a fiery sparkle, and quick° sweetness,
Has this young prince! Here° Love himself sits smiling:
Just such another° wanton Ganymede 15
Set Jove a-fire with and enforced the god
Snatch up the goodly boy° and set him by him,
A shining constellation. What a brow
Of what a spacious majesty he carries—
Arched like the great-eyed Juno's, but far sweeter, 20
Smoother than Pelops' shoulder!° Fame and Honor
Methinks from hence,° as from a promontory
Pointed° in heaven, should clap their wings and sing
To all the under-world° the loves and fights
Of gods and such men near 'em.° Palamon 25
Is but his foil, to him a mere dull shadow:
He's swarth,° and meager, of an eye as heavy
As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,°
No stirring in him, no alacrity,
Of all this spritely sharpness not a smile.° 30
Yet these that we count errors may become him:
Narcissus° was a sad boy, but a heavenly.
O who can find the bent of woman's fancy?
I am a fool, my reason is lost in me,
I have no choice,° and I have lied so lewdly° 35
That women ought to beat me. On my knees
I ask thy pardon, Palamon: thou art alone,°
And only beautiful, and these the eyes,

149 ken'st see'st; **Bear for** sail toward

IV.ii.1 bind . . . up proleptic for "prevent those wounds from being given" **13 quick** vital **14 Here** i.e., in his eye **15 another** i.e., another smile (or eye?) **17 the goodly boy** Ganymede **21 Pelops' shoulder** Pelops was son of Tantalus and father of Atreus: Marlowe, *Hero and Leander*, i.65, mentions his shoulder as a standard of whiteness **22 from hence** i.e., from Arcite's brow **23 Pointed** coming to its point **24 the under-world** the earth **25 such . . . 'em** demigods, etc. **27 swarth** dark-complexioned **28 still temper** placid disposition **30 smile** trace (with an echo of Arcite's smiling mentioned in lines 14–15) **32 Narcissus** cf. II.i.176–78 **35 choice** ability to choose; **lewdly** grossly **37 alone** unique, supreme

These the bright lamps of beauty, that command
And threaten Love, and what young maid dare cross°
'em?

40

What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this brown manly face! O Love, this only
From this hour is complexion.° Lie there, Arcite,
Thou art a changeling° to him, a mere gipsy,
And this the noble body. I am sotted,°
Utterly lost, my virgin's faith has fled me!
For if my brother but even now had asked me
Whether° I loved, I had run mad for Arcite;
Now if my sister, more for Palamon.
Stand both together:° now come ask me, brother.
Alas, I know not. Ask me now, sweet sister.
I may go look.° What a mere child is Fancy,
That having two fair gawds° of equal sweetness
Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!

45

50

Enter [a] GENTLEMAN.

How now, sir?

GENTLEMAN From the noble duke your brother,
Madam, I bring you news: the knights are come.

55

EMILIA

To end the quarrel?

GENTLEMAN Yes.

EMILIA

Would I might end first!

What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,°
That my unspotted youth must now be soiled
With blood of princes, and my chastity
Be made the altar where the lives of lovers,
Two greater and two better never yet
Made mothers joy, must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beauty?

60

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, and ATTENDANTS.

THESEUS

Bring 'em in

Quickly: by any means,° I long to see 'em.

65

Your two contending lovers are returned,
And with them their fair knights. Now, my fair sister,
You must love one of them.

EMILIA

I had rather both,

So° neither for my sake should fall untimely.

Enter [a] MESSENGER.

THESEUS

Who saw 'em?

PIRITHOUS I a while.°

GENTLEMAN And I.

70

THESEUS

From whence come you, sir?

MESSENGER From the knights.

THESEUS

Pray speak,

You that have seen them, what they are.

MESSENGER

I will, sir,

40 **cross** gainsay 42-43 **this only** . . . **complexion** i.e., only this complexion is acceptable 44 **changeling** child left by the fairies in place of another 45 **sotted** reduced to stupidity 48 **Whether** which of the two 50 **Stand both together** she puts the two pictures side by side 52 **I** . . . **look** i.e., I may go seek (for I do not yet know) 53 **gawds** toys, trifles 58 **Diana** appropriately invoked by Emilia, as in V.i, as Diana was the patron of Amazons 65 **by any means** indeed 69 **So** provided that 70 **a while** briefly

And truly what I think. Six braver spirits
Than these they have brought, if we judge by the
outside,

I never saw nor read of. He that stands

75

In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming

Should be a stout° man, by his face a prince.

His very looks so say him: his complexion

Nearer a brown than black; stern, and yet noble,

Which shows him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers;

80

The circles of his eyes show fire within him,

And as a heated° lion so he looks;

His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining

Like ravens' wings; his shoulders broad and strong,

Armed long and round,° and on his thigh a sword

85

Hung by a curious baldric,° when he frowns

To seal his will with:° better o' my conscience

Was never soldier's friend.°

THESEUS

Thou hast well described him.

PIRITHOUS

Yet a great deal short,

Methinks, of him that's first with Palamon.

90

THESEUS

Pray speak him, friend.

PIRITHOUS

I guess he is a prince too,

And if it may be, greater;° for his show°

Has all the ornament of honor in't.

He's somewhat bigger than the knight he° spoke of,

But of a face far sweeter. His complexion

95

Is, as a ripe grape, ruddy. He has felt

Without doubt what he fights for,° and so apter

To make this cause his own. In's face appears

All the fair hopes of what he undertakes,°

And when he's angry, then a settled° valor,

100

Not tainted with extremes, runs through his body

And guides his arm to brave things. Fear he cannot,

He shows no such soft temper. His head's yellow,

Hard-haired, and curled, thick twined like ivy tods,°

Not to undo° with thunder. In his face

105

The livery of the warlike maid° appears,

Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him;

And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,

As if she ever meant to court his valor.°

His nose stands high, a character° of honor;

110

His red lips, after fights,° are fit for ladies.

EMILIA

Must these men die too?

PIRITHOUS

When he speaks, his tongue

Sounds like a trumpet. All his lineaments

Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean.

He wears a well-steeled ax, the staff of gold.

115

His age some five and twenty.

77 **stout** bold, strong 82 **heated** enraged (with perhaps a suggestion of "in heat") 85 **Armed** . . . **round** with long, round arms 86 **baldric** belt 86-87 **when** . . . **with** to effect his desire with when he is angry 87-88 **better** . . . **friend** no soldier has had a better, more trustworthy sword 92 **greater** i.e., more than a prince; **show** appearance 94 **he** the Messenger 97 **what** . . . **for** i.e., love 98-99 **In's** . . . **undertakes** he shows great hope of success 100 **settled** steady 104 **ivy tods** ivy bushes 105 **Not to undo** not to be undone, not disheveled 106 **the warlike maid** the goddess of war, Bellona 109 **court his valor** if "court" is right—see A Note on the Text—the image is strained: the look in his eyes seems in love with his own valor 110 **character** token 111 **after fights** when fighting is over

MESSENGER There's another,
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great as any: fairer promises
In such a body yet I never looked on.

PIRITHOUS
O, he that's freckle-faced?

MESSENGER The same, my lord. 120
Are they° not sweet ones?

PIRITHOUS Yes, they are well.

MESSENGER Methinks,
Being so few and well disposed,° they show
Great and fine art in nature. He's white-haired,°
Not wanton white, but such a manly color
Next to an auburn;° tough, and nimble set, 125
Which shows an active soul. His arms are brawny,
Lined with strong sinews: to the shoulder-piece
Gently they swell, like women new-conceived,°
Which speaks him prone to labor,° never fainting 130
Under the weight of arms; stout-hearted, still,°
But when he stirs, a tiger. He's gray-eyed,
Which yields compassion where he conquers;° sharp
To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em
He's swift to make 'em his. He does no wrongs,
Nor takes none.° He's round-faced, and when he
smiles 135
He shows° a lover, when he frowns a soldier.
About his head he wears the winner's oak,°
And in it stuck the favor of his lady.
His age some six and thirty. In his hand
He bears a charging staff,° embossed with silver. 140

THESEUS
Are they all thus?

PIRITHOUS They are all the sons of Honor.

THESEUS
Now as I have a soul I long to see 'em!
Lady, you shall see men fight now.°

HIPPOLYTA I wish it,
But not the cause, my lord. They would show
Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms;° 145
'Tis pity Love should be so tyrannous.
O my soft-hearted sister, what think you?
Weep not till they weep blood. Wench, it must be.

THESEUS
You have steeled 'em with your beauty. Honored
friend,
To you I give the field:° pray order it 150
Fitting the persons that must use it.

PIRITHOUS Yes, sir.

THESEUS
Come, I'll go visit 'em: I cannot stay,°

121 they the freckles **122** disposed arranged **123** white-haired blond **125** auburn yellowish white **128** new-conceived recently made pregnant **129** labor toil (but continuing the image of "new-conceived") **130** still quiet **131-32** gray-eyed . . . **conquers** apparently gray eyes were considered a sign of mercy **134-35** He . . . **none** He neither inflicts nor submits to an unfair attack **136** **shows** appears **137** **winner's oak** wreath of oak leaves bestowed for valor **140** **charging staff** spear used in charging an enemy **143** **you . . . now** (Hippolyta, as an Amazon, would have a prejudice in favor of women as fighters; Theseus assures her she will now see fighting on a higher level than she has known **144-45** **would . . . kingdoms** would be good to watch if they were fighting to win each other's kingdoms **150** **give the field** assign the task of arranging the tournament **152** **stay wait**

Their fame has fired me so. Till they appear,
Good friend, be royal.^o

PIRITHOUS There shall want no bravery.^o

EMILIA

Poor wench, go weep, for whosoever wins
Loses a noble cousin, for thy sins.

155

Exeunt.

Scene III. [*The prison.*]

Enter JAILER, WOOER, DOCTOR.

DOCTOR Her distraction is more at some time of the moon than at other some, is it not?

JAILER She is continually in a harmless distemper, sleeps little, altogether without appetite, save often drinking, dreaming of another world, and a better; and what broken° piece of matter soe'er she's about, the name Palamon lards it,° that she farces° ev'ry business withal, fits it to every question.

Enter DAUGHTER.

Look where she comes, you shall perceive her behavior.
DAUGHTER I have forgot it quite. The burden^o on't 10
was "Down-a down-a," and penned by no worse man
than Geraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster.^o He's as fantas-
tical^o too, as ever he may go upon's legs,^o for in the
next world will Dido see Palamon, and then will she
be out of love with Aeneas.^o 15

DOCTOR What stuff's here? Poor soul!

JAILER E'en thus all day long.

DAUGHTER Now for this charm that I told you of, you must bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry.° Then if it be your chance to come 20 where the blessed spirits—as there's a sight now°—we maids that have our livers perished,° cracked to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proserpine.° Then will I make Palamon a nosegay, then let him mark me°— 25 then!

DOCTOR How prettily she's amiss! Note her a little further.

DAUGHTER 'Faith, I'll tell you, sometime we go to
barley-break,^o we of the blessed. Alas, 'tis a sore life 30
they have i' th' other place, such burning, frying,
boiling, hissing, howling, chatt'ring, cursing—O they
have shrewd measure;^o take heed! If one be mad, or
hang or drown themselves, thither they go, Jupiter

154 be royal make the arrangements with magnificence;
bravery splendor

IV.iii.6 **broken** disconnected **7 lards** it fills it (is rubbed into it like lard); **farces** stuffs **10 burden** refrain **12 Emilia's schoolmaster** the Daughter is of course mistaken **12-13 fantastical** fanciful **13 as . . . legs** as he could possibly be **13-15 for . . . Aeneas** she imagines that the Schoolmaster has taught her a song about Dido after death loving Palamon, now dead too, instead of Aeneas **20 no ferry** Charon, the ferryman of the underworld, will not take you across the Styx **21 as . . . now** as I can see them now ("as" may be merely exclamatory, and possibly "sight" here means "great number") **22 perished** shriveled up (the liver was believed to be the seat of the affections) **24 pick . . . Proserpine** Proserpine was picking flowers when Pluto carried her off to be queen of the underworld **25 mark me** pay attention to me **30 barley-break** a game played by six persons in couples, in which one couple occupies a marked space called "hell" **33 shrewd measure** harsh punishment

bless us, and there shall we be put in a cauldron of lead 35
and usurers' grease,° amongst a whole million of cut-
purses, and there boil like a gammon of bacon that will
never be enough.° *Exit.*

DOCTOR How her brain coins!°

[*Enter DAUGHTER.*]

DAUGHTER Lords and courtiers, that have got maids 40
with child, they are in this place, they shall stand in
fire up to the navel, and in ice up to th' heart, and there
th' offending part burns, and the deceiving part
freezes: in troth a very grievous punishment, as one
would think, for such a trifle. Believe me, one would 45
marry a leprous witch to be rid on't, I'll assure you.

DOCTOR How she continues this fancy! 'Tis not an
engrafted° madness, but a most thick and profound
melancholy.°

DAUGHTER To hear there a proud lady, and a proud 50
city wife, howl together! I were a beast and° I'd call
it good sport. One cries "O this smoke!," another
"This fire!" One cries "O that ever I did it behind the
arras!" and then howls; th' other curses a suing fellow°
and her garden house.° 55

(*Sings.*)

I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c.

Exit DAUGHTER.

JAILER What think you of her, sir?

DOCTOR I think she has a perturbed mind, which I
cannot minister to.

JAILER Alas, what then? 60

DOCTOR Understand you she ever affected any man
ere she beheld Palamon?

JAILER I was once, sir, in great hope she had fixed her
liking on this gentleman my friend.

WOOPER I did think so too, and would account I had a 65
great penn'orth° on't, to give half my 'state° that both
she and I at this present stood unfeignedly on the same
terms.

DOCTOR That intemperate surfeit of her eye° hath dis-
tempered the other senses: they may return and settle 70
again to execute their preordained faculties, but they
are now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must
do: confine her to a place where the light may rather
seem to steal in than be permitted; take upon you,
young sir her friend, the name of Palamon; say you 75
come to eat with her, and to commune of love. This
will catch her attention, for this her mind beats upon:°
other objects that are inserted 'tween her mind and eye
becoming the pranks and friskins° of her madness. Sing
to her such green° songs of love as she says Palamon 80
hath sung in prison. Come to her, stuck in° as sweet
flowers as the season is mistress of, and thereto make an
addition of some other compounded° odors, which are

36 usurers' grease fat sweated by usurers 38 enough done,
cooked 39 coins spins fancies 48 engrafted implanted,
firmly planted 48-49 thick . . . melancholy morbid con-
dition known as "melancholy," to be distinguished from the
normal "melancholy" humor 51 and if 54 suing fellow
persistent wooer 55 garden house notoriously used for
assignations 66 penn'orth bargain; 'state property 69
intemperate . . . eye i.e., by seeing Palamon 77 beats
upon is preoccupied with 79 friskins vagaries 80 green
youthful 81 stuck in adorned with 83 compounded mixed

grateful° to the sense. All this shall become° Palamon,
for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is sweet and ev'ry 85
good thing. Desire to eat with her, carve her,° drink to
her, and, still among,° intermingle your petition of
grace and acceptance into her favor. Learn what maids
have been her companions and play-feres,° and let
them repair to her with "Palamon" in their mouths, 90
and appear with tokens, as if they suggested° for him.
It is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be
combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and
reduce° what's now out of square° in her into their
former law and regiment.° I have seen it approved,° 95
how many times I know not, but to make the number
more I have great hope in this. I will between the
passages° of this project come in with my appliance.°
Let us put it in execution and hasten the success,°
which doubt not will bring forth comfort. *Exeunt.* 100

ACT V

Scene I. [*Before the altars of Mars, Venus, and Diana.*]

Flourish. Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA,
ATTENDANTS.

THESEUS

Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers. Let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallowed clouds commend their swelling incense°
To those above us. Let no due be wanting: 5
They have a noble work in hand, will honor°
The very powers that love 'em.

Flourish of cornets. Enter PALAMON and ARCITE and
their KNIGHTS.

PIRITHOUS

Sir, they enter.

THESEUS

You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal german-foes,° that this day come
To blow that nearness° out that flames between ye, 10
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dovelike
Before the holy altars of your helpers,
The all-feared gods, bow down your stubborn bodies.
Your ire is more than mortal: so your help be;
And as the gods regard ye,° fight with justice. 15
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part° my wishes.

PIRITHOUS

Honor crown the worthiest!

Exit THESEUS and his TRAIN.

84 grateful pleasing; become be suitable for 86 carve
her carve for her 87 still among ever betweenwhiles
89 play-feres playfellows 91 suggested interceded 94
reduce bring back; out of square irregular 95 regiment
government, order; approved confirmed 98 passages sep-
arate stages; appliance device, stratagem (presumably his
device of making the disguised Wooer sleep with her) 99
success result

V.i.4 swelling incense incense that swells into clouds 6 will
honor i.e., which will honor 9 german-foes foes who are of
the same family 10 nearness kinship and friendship (editors
have suggested "furnace" and "fierceness" as emendations)
15 as . . . ye i.e., as they are just to you 17 part divide

PALAMON

The glass° is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire. Think you but thus,
That were there aught in me which strove to show° 20
Mine enemy in this business, were't one eye
Against another, arm oppressed by arm,°
I would destroy th' offender, coz, I would
Though parcel° of myself. Then from this gather
How I should tender° you.

ARCITE

I am in labor° 25

To push your name, your ancient love, our kindred
Out of my memory, and i' th' selfsame place
To seat something I would confound.° So hoist we°
The sails that must these vessels° port° even where
The heavenly limiter° pleases.

PALAMON

You speak well. 30

Before I turn,° let me embrace thee, cousin.

[*They embrace.*]

This I shall never do again.

ARCITE

One farewell.

PALAMON

Why, let it be so: farewell, coz.

Exeunt PALAMON and his KNIGHTS.

ARCITE

Farewell, sir.

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars—whose spirit in you 35
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension,
Which still is farther off it°—go with me
Before the god of our profession. There
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea the fierceness too, 40
Yea the speed also—to go on,° I mean,
Else wish we to be snails. You know my prize
Must be dragged out of blood, force and great feat
Must put my garland on, where she sticks
The queen of flowers:° our intercession then 45
Must be to him that makes the camp a cistern
Brimmed with the blood of men. Give me your aid
And bend your spirits towards him.

They [prostrate themselves and then] kneel [before Mars' altar].

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turned
Green Neptune° into purple, [whose approach] 50
Comets prewarn,° whose havoc in vast field
Unearthèd skulls proclaim, whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foison,° who dost pluck

With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds°
The masoned turrets, that both mak'st and break'st 55
The stony girths° of cities! Me thy pupil,
Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer,° and by thee
Be styled the lord o' th' day! Give me, great Mars, 60
Some token of thy pleasure.

*Here they fall on their faces as formerly,° and there is heard
clanging of armor, with a short thunder as the burst of a
battle, whereupon they all rise and bow to the altar.*

O great corrector of enormous° times,
Shaker of o'er-rank° states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world 65
O' th' plurisy° of people! I do take
Thy signs auspiciously and, in thy name,
To my design° march boldly. Let us go. *Exeunt.*

*Enter PALAMON and his KNIGHTS, with the former
observance.°*

PALAMON

Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
Today extinct. Our argument is love, 70
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: then blend your spirits with mine,
You whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard; to the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore 75
Her power unto our party.

Here they kneel as formerly° [to Venus' altar].

Hail, sovereign queen of secrets, who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage
And weep unto a girl;° that hast the might
Even with an eye-glance to choke Mars' drum 80
And turn th' alarm to whispers; that canst make
A cripple flourish with° his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo;° that mayst force the king
To be his subject's vassal, and induce
Stale Gravity to dance: the pollèd° bachelor 85
Whose youth like wanton boys through bonfires
Have° skipped thy flame, at seventy thou canst catch
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,°
Abuse° young lays of love; what godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? To Phoebus° thou 90
Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son,° thine him;° the huntress,°

81 glass hourglass 20 show i.e., show itself 22 arm oppressed by arm if one of my arms were tyrannized over by the other 24 parcel part 25 tender treat (with an ironical suggestion of the adjectival sense); in labor endeavoring (as a woman in childbed endeavors to give birth) 28 confound destroy; hoist we let us hoist 29 these vessels our fortunes and persons; port bring to port 30 limiter the god who sets limits to things 31 turn turn away 37 farther off it the idea of fear is farther from fear itself than its "seeds," or first beginnings, are 41 go on advance 44-45 where . . . flowers where Emilia places her favor (the queen of flowers because it is hers) 50 Green Neptune i.e., the sea (as the Note on the Text explains, the bracketed words at the end of this line are not in the quarto, but some such words seem necessary) 51 prewarn give warning of 53 teeming Ceres' foison the harvest (Ceres was goddess of the harvest)

54 from . . . clouds from their height in the sky 56 stony girths walls 59 streamer banner, pennon 61 s.d. as formerly (suggesting they had done so at line 48) 62 enormous monstrous, degenerate 63 o'er-rank overripe 66 plurisy plethora 68 design goal 68 s.d. former observance the prostration and kneeling used by Arcite and his Knights, but paid now to Venus's altar, at line 76 76 s.d. as formerly again referring to Arcite and his Knights 79 weep . . . girl i.e., make him weep like a girl 82 flourish with brandish 83 Before Apollo sooner than Apollo (the god of healing) 85 pollèd bald 87 Have plural through the influence of "boys" 88 to . . . throat so that his hoarseness is mocked 89 Abuse employ in a ludicrous fashion 90 Phoebus as sun god 92 his mortal son Phæthon, who was destroyed when Phoebus allowed him to drive the sun chariot; thine him Phoebus was made to feel the heat of love; huntress Diana, who loved Endymion

All moist and cold, some say began to throw
 Her bow away, and sigh. Take to thy grace
 Me thy vowed soldier, who do bear thy yoke
 As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
 Than lead itself, stings more than nettles.
 I have never been foul-mouthed against thy law,
 Ne'er revealed secret, for I knew none; would not,
 Had I kenned all that were;° I never practiced°
 Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
 Of liberal wits;° I never at great feasts
 Sought to betray a beauty,° but have blushed
 At simp'ring sirs that did. I have been harsh
 To large confessors,° and have hotly asked them
 If they had mothers: I had one, a woman,
 And women 'twere they wronged. I knew a man
 Of eighty winters, this I told them, who
 A lass of fourteen bridged. 'Twas thy power
 To put life into dust: the aged cramp
 Had screwed his square foot round,°
 The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
 Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes
 Had almost drawn their spheres,° that what was life
 In him seemed torture. This anatomy°
 Had by his young fair fere° a boy, and I
 Believed it was his, for she swore it was,
 And who would not believe her? Brief,° I am
 To those that prate and have done no companion;
 To those that boast and have not a defier;
 To those that would and cannot a rejoicer.
 Yea, him I do not love, that tells close offices°
 The foulest way, nor names concealments° in
 The boldest language. Such a one I am,
 And vow that lover never yet made sigh
 Truer than I. O then, most soft sweet goddess,
 Give me the victory of this question, which
 Is true love's merit,° and bless me with a sign
 Of thy great pleasure.

*Here music is heard, doves° are seen to flutter; they fall
 again upon their faces, then on their knees.*

O thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
 In mortal bosoms, whose chase° is this world
 And we in herds thy game,° I give thee thanks
 For this fair token, which being laid unto
 Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance
 My body to this business. Let us rise
 And bow before the goddess. *They bow.* Time comes
 on. *Exeunt.*

Still° music of records.° Enter EMILIA in white, her hair

100 all that were all secrets in existence; practiced entered into designs 101-02 libels . . . wits read the abusive writings of licentious wits 103 betray a beauty i.e., reveal her frailty 105 large confessors those who boasted much of their love conquests 111 screwed . . . round the play on "square" and "round" makes the image more grotesque 113-14 globy . . . spheres "globy" suggests "swollen," and here "spheres" must be the eyes themselves, drawn from their sockets; but there is a suggestion of the spheres of the Ptolemaic universe being distorted through pain 115 anatomy skeleton 116 fere mate 118 Brief in brief 122 close offices secret actions 123 concealments things that should be concealed 128 merit reward 129 s.d. doves birds sacred to Venus 131 chase place of hunting 132 in . . . game cf. the similar image at I.iv.5 136 s.d. Still soft; records recorders

about her shoulders, a wheaten wreath;° one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck° with flowers; one before her carrying a silver hind,° in which is conveyed incense and sweet odors, which being set upon the altar [of Diana], her MAIDS standing aloof, she sets fire to it; then they curtsy and kneel.

EMILIA

O sacred, shadowy, cold and constant queen,
 Abandoner of revels, mute contemplative,
 Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
 As wind-fanned snow, who to thy female knights
 Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
 Which is their order's robe! I here thy priest
 Am humbled 'fore thine altar. O vouchsafe
 With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
 Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin;
 And sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear—
 Which ne'er heard scurrile term, into whose port°
 Ne'er entered wanton sound—to my petition
 Seasoned with holy fear. This is my last
 Of vestal office: I am bride-habited,
 But maiden-hearted; a husband I have 'pointed,°
 But do not know him; out of two I should
 Choose one, and pray for his success, but I
 Am guiltless of election.° Of mine eyes
 Were I to lose one, they are equal precious,
 I could doom neither: that which perished should
 Go to't unsentenced. Therefore, most modest queen,
 He of the two pretenders° that best loves me
 And has the truest title° in't, let him
 Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
 The file and quality° I hold I may
 Continue° in thy band.

Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the place ascends a rose tree, having one rose upon it.

See what our general of ebbs and flows°
 Out from the bowels of her holy altar
 With sacred act advances: but one rose.
 If well inspired,° this battle shall confound°
 Both these brave knights, and I a virgin flow'r
 Must grow alone, unplucked.

Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree.

The flow'r is fall'n, the tree descends. O mistress,
 Thou here dischargest me, I shall be gathered.
 I think so, but I know not thine own will:
 Unclass thy mystery.
 I hope she's pleased, her signs were gracious.

They curtsy and exeunt.

136 s.d. her hair . . . wreath cf. I.i.s.d.; stuck adorned; hind female red deer, emblem of virginity, sacred to Diana 147 port portal 151 'pointed had appointed for me 154 Am . . . election have made no choice (with the suggestion that she would betray Diana if she made a choice) 158 pretenders claimants 159 truest title best claim 161 file and quality station and character 162 Continue continue to have 163 general . . . flows Diana as goddess of the moon 166 well inspired prompted by the goddess; confound destroy

Scene II. [*The prison.*]

Enter DOCTOR, JAILER, and WOOER (*in habit of Palamon*).

DOCTOR

Has this advice I told you done any good upon her?

WOOER

O very much. The maids that kept her company
Have half-persuaded her that I am Palamon.
Within this half-hour she came smiling to me,
And asked me what I would eat, and when I would kiss
her.

I told her presently,^o and kissed her twice.

DOCTOR

'Twas well done. Twenty times had been far better,
For there the cure lies mainly.

WOOER

Then she told me
She would watch^o with me tonight, for well she knew
What hour my fit would take me.

DOCTOR

Let her do so, 10
And when your fit comes, fit her home,^o and presently.

WOOER

She would have me sing.

DOCTOR

You did so?

WOOER No.

DOCTOR 'Twas very ill done, then:

You should observe^o her ev'ry way.

WOOER

Alas, 15
I have no voice, sir, to confirm^o her that way.

DOCTOR

That's all one,^o if ye make a noise.
If she entreat again, do anything:
Lie with her if she ask you.

JAILER

Ho^o there, doctor!

DOCTOR

Yes, in the way of cure.

JAILER

But first, by your leave,
I' th' way of honesty.^o

DOCTOR

That's but a niceness:^o 20
Ne'er cast your child away for honesty;
Cure her first this way, then if she will be honest,
She has the path before her.^o

JAILER

Thank ye, doctor.

DOCTOR

Pray bring her in and let's see how she is.

JAILER

I will, and tell her her Palamon stays for her. 25
But, doctor, methinks you are i' th' wrong still.

Exit JAILER.

DOCTOR

Go, go.

You fathers are fine fools! Her honesty?

And^o we should give her physic till we find that—

WOOER

Why, do you think she is not honest, sir?

DOCTOR

How old is she?

WOOER

She's eighteen.

DOCTOR

She may be, 30

But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose.
Whate'er her father says, if you perceive
Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,
Videlicet,^o the way of flesh—you have me?^o

WOOER

Yet very well, sir.

DOCTOR

Please her appetite 35

And do it home:^o it cures her^o ipso facto^o
The melancholy humor that infects her.

WOOER

I am of your mind, doctor.

Enter JAILER, DAUGHTER, MAID.

DOCTOR

You'll find it so. She comes: pray humor her.

JAILER

Come, your love Palamon stays^o for you, child, 40
And has done this long hour, to visit you.

DAUGHTER

I thank him for his gentle patience.
He's a kind gentleman, and I am much bound to him.
Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me?

JAILER

Yes.

DAUGHTER

How do you like him?

JAILER

He's a very fair^o one. 45

DAUGHTER

You never saw him dance?

JAILER

No.

DAUGHTER

I have often.

He dances very finely, very comely,
And for a jig^o—come cut and long tail to him^o—
He turns ye like a top.

JAILER

That's fine indeed.

DAUGHTER

He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour, 50
And that will founder the best hobby-horse,
If I have any skill,^o in all the parish;
And gallops to the tune of "Light o' Love."^o
What think you of this horse?

JAILER

Having these virtues,

I think he might be brought to play at tennis. 55

DAUGHTER

Alas, that's nothing.

JAILER

Can he write and read too?

DAUGHTER

A very fair hand, and casts^o himself th' accounts
Of all his hay and provender: that ostler
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know
The chestnut mare the duke has?

JAILER

Very well. 60

34 *Videlicet* namely; *have me* understand me 36 *do it*
home do it thoroughly; *her* an "ethic" dative; *ipso facto*
in itself, through its own power 40 *stays* waits 45 *fair*
fine 48 *jig* a boisterous dance, often accompanied by
song and used after a play; *come . . . him* i.e., whatever the
competition ("cut and long tail," derived from the practice
of docking horses' and dogs' tails, means "all kinds," "every-
body") 52 *have any skill* know anything about it 53 *Light*
o' Love a well-known song, referred to in *The Two Gentlemen*
of Verona, I.ii.83 57 *casts* makes up

V.ii.6 *presently* at once 9 *watch* stay awake 11 *fit her*
home give her the right treatment (lie with her) 14 *observe*
humor 15 *confirm* convince 16 *That's all one* that is a
matter of indifference 18 *Ho* hold, stop 20 *honesty* chastity
(i.e., in marriage; *niceness* overscrupulousness 23 *has . . .*
her i.e., can marry afterward 28 *And* if

DAUGHTER

She is horribly in love with him, poor beast,
But he is like his master, coy and scornful.

JAILER

What dowry has she?

DAUGHTER

Some two hundred bottles,^o
And twenty strike^o of oats; but he'll ne'er have her.
He lisps in's neighing able to entice
A miller's mare:^o he'll be the death of her.^o

DOCTOR

What stuff she utters!

JAILER

Make curtsy, here your love comes.

WOOER

[*Comes forward.*] Pretty soul,
How do ye? That's a fine maid! There's a curtsy!

DAUGHTER

Yours to command i' th' way of honesty. 70
How far is't now to th' end o' th' world, my masters?

DOCTOR

Why, a day's journey, wench.

DAUGHTER

[*To WOOER.*] Will you go with me?

WOOER

What shall we do there, wench?

DAUGHTER

Why, play at stool-ball.^o

What is there else to do?

WOOER

I am content,
If we shall keep our wedding there.

DAUGHTER

'Tis true, 75
For there, I will assure you, we shall find
Some blind^o priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they are nice^o and foolish.
Besides, my father must be hanged tomorrow,
And that would be a blot i' th' business. 80
Are not you Palamon?

WOOER

Do not you know me?

DAUGHTER

Yes, but you care not for me. I have nothing
But this poor petticoat and two coarse smocks.^o

WOOER

That's all one, I will have you.

DAUGHTER

Will you surely?

WOOER

Yes, by this fair hand will I. [*Takes her hand.*]

DAUGHTER

We'll to bed, then. 85

WOOER

E'en when you will. [*Kisses her.*]

DAUGHTER

O sir, you would fain be nibbling.

WOOER

Why do you rub my kiss off?

DAUGHTER

'Tis a sweet one,
And will perfume me finely against the wedding.
Is not this your cousin Arcite?

DOCTOR

Yes, sweetheart,

And I am glad my cousin Palamon

Has made so fair a choice. 90

DAUGHTER

Do you think he'll have me?

DOCTOR

Yes, without doubt.

DAUGHTER

Do you think so too?

JAILER

Yes.

DAUGHTER

We shall have many children. [*To the DOCTOR.*]

Lord, how y' are grown!^o

My Palamon I hope will grow, too, finely

Now he's at liberty. Alas, poor chicken,^o 95

He was kept down with hard meat^o and ill lodging,
But I'll kiss him up again.^o

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

What do you here? You'll lose the noblest sight
That e'er was seen.

JAILER

Are they i' th' field?

MESSENGER

They are.

You bear a charge^o there, too.

JAILER

I'll away straight. 100

I must e'en leave you here.

DOCTOR

Nay, we'll go with you:

I will not lose the fight.^o

JAILER

How did you like her?^o

DOCTOR

I'll warrant you within these three or four days

I'll make her right again. [*To WOOER.*] You must not
from her,

But still preserve her in this way.

WOOER

I will. 105

DOCTOR

Let's get her in.

WOOER

Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner,

And then we'll play at cards.

DAUGHTER

And shall we kiss too?

WOOER

A hundred times.

DAUGHTER

And twenty?

WOOER

Aye, and twenty.

DAUGHTER

And then we'll sleep together?

DOCTOR

Take her offer.

WOOER

Yes, marry will we.

DAUGHTER

But you shall not hurt me. 110

WOOER

I will not, sweet.

DAUGHTER

If you do, love, I'll cry. *Exeunt.*

Scene III. [*Near the place of the tournament.*]

Flourish. Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA,
PIRITHOUS, and some ATTENDANTS.

63 bottles bundles 64 strike measure usually equivalent to the bushel 66 miller's mare a mare used for turning a mill wheel would be the least likely to behave wantonly; he'll . . . her this passage on a wonderful horse, lines 44-66, looks back to the famous horse of John Banks, whose tricks and apparent intelligence are frequently referred to in Elizabethan literature; it performed at least between 1588 and 1600, and was remembered 73 stool-ball ball game played most often by women, and requiring a stool or stools 77 blind so that he should not recognize them 78 nice overscrupulous 83 smocks undergarments, shifts

93 how . . . grown she noted that Arcite was shorter than Palamon at II.i.52-53 95 chicken child 96 hard meat coarse food 97 kiss . . . again make him grow with kissing (with a phallic suggestion) 100 bear a charge have a duty 102 fight the emendation "sight" has been suggested and may be right: cf. line 98 and V.iii.1; How . . . her What did you think of her condition?

EMILIA

I'll no step further.

PIRITHOUS

Will you lose this sight?

EMILIA

I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly
 Than this decision: ev'ry blow that falls
 Threats a brave life, each stroke laments the place
 Whereon it falls, and sounds more like a bell^o 5
 Than blade. I will stay here. It is enough
 My hearing shall be punishèd with what
 Shall happen, 'gainst the which there is
 No deafing^o—but to hear, not taint mine eye
 With dread sights it may shun.

PIRITHOUS

Sir, my good lord, 10

Your sister will no further.

THESEUS

O she must.

She shall see deeds of honor in their kind,^o
 Which sometime show well, penciled.^o Nature now
 Shall make and act the story, the belief
 Both sealed with eye and ear.^o [*To EMILIA.*] You
 must be present. 15

You are the victor's meed,^o the price,^o and garland
 To crown the question's title.^o

EMILIA

Pardon me.

If I were there, I'd wink.^o

THESEUS

You must be there:

This trial is as 'twere i' th' night, and you
 The only star to shine.

EMILIA

I am extinct.^o 20

There is but envy^o in that light which shows
 The one the other: Darkness, which ever was
 The dam^o of Horror, who does stand accursed
 Of many mortal millions, may even now,
 By casting her black mantle over both, 25
 That^o neither could find other, get herself
 Some part of a good name,^o and many a murder
 Set off^o whereto she's guilty.

HIPPOLYTA

You must go.

EMILIA

In faith, I will not.

THESEUS

Why, the knights must kindle

Their valor at your eye. Know of this war 30
 You are the treasure, and must needs be by
 To give the service pay.^o

EMILIA

Sir, pardon me,

The title of a kingdom may be tried
 Out of itself.^o

THESEUS

Well, well, then, at your pleasure.

Those that remain with you could wish their office 35
 To any of their enemies.

HIPPOLYTA

Farewell, sister.

I am like to know your husband 'fore yourself

By some small start of time. He whom the gods
 Do of the two know best,^o I pray them he
 Be made your lot. 40

Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, &c.

EMILIA

Arcite is gently visaged; yet his eye
 Is like an engine^o bent, or a sharp weapon
 In a soft sheath: mercy and manly courage
 Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
 Has a most menacing aspect,^o his brow 45
 Is graved,^o and seems to bury what it frowns on;
 Yet sometime 'tis not so, but alters to
 The quality of his thoughts:^o long time his eye
 Will dwell upon his object; melancholy
 Becomes him nobly. So does Arcite's mirth, 50
 But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
 So mingled^o as if mirth did make him sad,
 And sadness merry. Those darker humors that
 Stick misbecomingly on others, on him
 Live in fair dwelling. 55

Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a charge.

Hark how yon spurs to spirit do incite
 The princes to their proof!^o Arcite may win me,
 And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to
 The spoiling of his figure.^o O what pity
 Enough for such a chance?^o If I were by, 60
 I might do hurt, for they would glance their eyes
 Toward my seat, and in that motion might
 Omit a ward,^o or forfeit an offense^o
 Which craved that very time. It is much better
 I am not there. O better never born
 Than minister to such harm!

Cornets. A great cry and noise within, crying "A Palamon!" Enter [a] SERVANT.

What is the chance?

SERVANT

The cry's "A Palamon!"

EMILIA

Then he has won: 'twas ever likely.
 He looked all grace^o and success, and he is 70
 Doubtless the prim'st of men. I prithee run
 And tell me how it goes.

Shout, and cornets. Crying "A Palamon!"

SERVANT

Still "Palamon!"

EMILIA

Run and inquire. [*Exit SERVANT.*] Poor servant,^o thou
 hast lost!

Upon my right side still^o I wore thy picture,
 Palamon's on the left. Why so I know not,
 I had no end in't else:^o chance would have it so. 75

V.iii.5 bell a bell that tolls for the dead **9 deafing** i.e., closing the ear **12 in their kind** in their true shape **13 penciled** when portrayed in art **14-15 belief** . . . **ear** i.e., so that we both see and hear the action, while a painting merely gives us the dumb sight **16 meed** reward; **price** prize **17 crown** . . . **title** bestow the title that is in question **18 wink** close my eyes **20 extinct** no longer shining (continuing the image of the star) **21 envy** malice **23 dam** mother **26 That** so that **27 Some** . . . **name** a partly good reputation **28 Set off** atone for **32 give** . . . **pay** reward the service **33-34 title** . . . **itself** a claim to a kingdom may be settled in a battle fought outside the kingdom

38-39 He . . . **best** the one known by the gods to be best **42 engine** instrument (here suggesting "bow") **45 aspect** stressed on second syllable **46 graved** engraved, furrowed (with the play on *grave*, suggesting that he kills) **47-48 alters** . . . **thoughts** changes according to the character of his thoughts **52 mingled** complex **57 proof** test **59 figure** body **59-60 O** . . . **chance** i.e., How much pity would be sufficient for such a happening? **63 ward** pass of defense; **forfeit an offense** lose the opportunity of making an attack **69 grace** favor **72 Poor servant** Arcite **73 still** always **75 no** . . . **else** no purpose at all in it

On the sinister° side the heart lies: Palamon
Had the best boding chance.° *Another cry, and shout*
within, and cornets. This burst of clamor
Is sure th' end o' th' combat.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT

They said that Palamon had Arcite's body
Within an inch o' th' pyramid, that the cry
Was general "A Palamon!" But anon
Th' assistants° made a brave redemption,° and
The two bold titlers° at this instant are
Hand-to-hand at it.

EMILIA Were° they metamorphosed
Both into one! O why? There were no woman
Worth so composed a man:° their single share,°
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness,°
To any lady breathing.

Cornets. Cry within: "Arcite! Arcite!"

More exulting?

"Palamon" still?

SERVANT Nay, now the sound is "Arcite!" 90

EMILIA

I prithee lay attention to the cry.
Set both thine ears to th' business.

Cornets. A great shout and cry: "Arcite! Victory!"

SERVANT

The cry is
"Arcite!" and "Victory!" Hark! "Arcite! Victory!"
The combat's consummation is proclaimed
By the wind instruments.

EMILIA

Half-sights° saw 95
That Arcite was no babe. God's lid,° his richness
And costliness° of spirit looked through him:° it could
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law° with waters
That drift° winds force to raging. I did think 100
Good Palamon would miscarry, yet I knew not
Why I did think so: our reasons are not prophets
When oft our fancies are. They are coming off.°
Alas, poor Palamon!

Cornets. Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS,
ARCITE *as victor, and* ATTENDANTS, &c.

THESEUS

Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking and unsettled!° Fairest Emily,
The gods by their divine arbitrament
Have given you this knight: he is a good one
As ever struck at head. Give me your hands.
Receive you her, you him; be plighted with 110
A love that grows as you decay.

ARCITE

Emily,

To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me
Save what is bought, and yet I purchase cheaply
As I do rate your value.

THESEUS

O loved sister,

He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er 115
Did spur a noble steed. Surely the gods

Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race
Should show i' th' world too godlike! His behavior
So charmed me that methought Alcides° was
To him a sow° of lead. If I could praise 120
Each part of him to th' all I have spoke,° your Arcite
Did° not lose by't, for he that was thus good
Encount' red yet his better. I have heard

Two emulous Philomels° beat the ear o' th' night
With their contentious throats, now one the higher, 125
Anon the other, then again the first,

And by and by outbreasted,° that the sense°
Could not be judge between 'em: so it fared
Good space between these kinsmen, till heavens did
Make hardly° one the winner. Wear the garland 130
With joy that you have won. For the subdued,

Give them our present justice,° since I know
Their lives but pinch° 'em. Let it here be done.
The scene's not for our seeing: go we hence

Right joyful, with some sorrow. [*To* ARCITE.] Arm
your prize:° 135

I know you will not loose her. Hippolyta,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear
The which it will deliver. *Flourish.*

EMILIA

Is this winning?

O all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?
But that your wills have said it must be so, 140
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miserable prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him than all women,
I should, and would, die too.

HIPPOLYTA

Infinite pity

That four such eyes should be so fixed on one 145
That two must needs be blind for't!°

THESEUS

So it is. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV. [*The same.*]

Enter PALAMON *and his* KNIGHTS *pinioned, JAILER,*
EXECUTIONER, &c., GUARD.

105 PALAMON

There's many a man alive that hath outlived
The love o' th' people, yea i' th' selfsame state°
Stands many a father with his child: some comfort
We have by so considering. We expire,
And not without men's pity; to live still 5
Have their good wishes;° we prevent

76 **sinister** left 77 **best boding chance** i.e., the most favorable omen 82 **assistants** Arcite's knights; **redemption** rescue 83 **titlers** claimants to the title 84 **Were** O that they were 86 **so . . . man** a man so compounded; **their single share** the share of virtue that each has singly 88 **prejudice . . . shortness** i.e., the disadvantage of inequality, the state of inferiority 95 **Half-sights** glimpses 96 **lid** eyelid 97 **costliness** rareness; **looked through him** was apparent in him 99 **go to law** engage in conflict 100 **drift** driving 103 **coming off** leaving the place of tournament 106 **unsettled** uncertain, still disturbed

119 **Alcides** Hercules 120 **sow** mass of solidified metal taken from a furnace 120-21 **If . . . spoke** if I were to praise his every quality in the same way as I have praised him in general terms 122 **Did** would 124 **Philomels** nightingales 127 **outbreasted** outsung; **that the sense** so that the hearing 130 **hardly** with difficulty 132 **present justice** i.e., immediate execution 133 **pinch** irk 135 **Arm your prize** i.e., take Emilia to your arms 146 **That . . . for't** i.e., that one of the men must die V.iv.2 **state** condition 5-6 **to . . . wishes** have their good wishes that we should still live

The loathsome misery of age, beguile
 The gout and rheum that in lag° hours attend
 For gray approachers.° We come towards the gods
 Young and unwappered,° not halting under crimes 10
 Many and stale:° that sure shall please the gods
 Sooner than such,° to give° us nectar with 'em,
 For we are more clear° spirits. My dear kinsmen,
 Whose lives for this poor comfort° are laid down,
 You have sold 'em too cheap.

FIRST KNIGHT What ending could be 15
 Of more content? O'er us the victors have
 Fortune, whose title° is as momentary
 As to us death is certain. A grain of honor
 They not o'er-weigh us.

SECOND KNIGHT Let us bid farewell,
 And with our patience anger tott'ring Fortune, 20
 Who at her certain'st° reels.

THIRD KNIGHT Come, who begins?

PALAMON
 E'en he that led you to this banquet shall
 Taste to you all.° [To JAILER.] Ah, ha, my friend, my
 friend,
 Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once:
 You'll see't done now forever.° Pray, how does she? 25
 I heard she was not well. Her kind of ill°
 Gave me some sorrow.

JAILER Sir, she's well restored,
 And to be married shortly.

PALAMON By my short life,
 I am most glad on't: 'tis the latest thing
 I shall be glad of, prithee tell her so. 30
 Commend me to her, and to piece° her portion
 Tender her this. [Gives him a purse.]

FIRST KNIGHT Nay, let's be offerers all.

SECOND KNIGHT
 Is it a maid?

PALAMON Verily I think so,
 A right good creature, more to me° deserving
 Than I can 'quite° or speak of.

ALL KNIGHTS Commend us to her. 35

They give their purses.

JAILER
 The gods requite you all, and make her thankful.

PALAMON
 Adieu; and let my life be now as short
 As my leave-taking. *Lies on the block.*

FIRST KNIGHT Lead, courageous cousin.

SECOND AND THIRD KNIGHTS
 We'll follow cheerfully.

*A great noise within, crying "Run! Save! Hold!" Enter
 in haste a MESSENGER.*

MESSENGER Hold, hold, O hold, hold, hold!

Enter PIRITHOUS in haste.

PIRITHOUS
 Hold, ho! It is a cursèd haste you made 40
 If you have done° so quickly. Noble Palamon,
 The gods will show their glory in a life°
 That thou art yet to lead.

PALAMON Can that be,
 When Venus I have said° is false? How do things fare?°

PIRITHOUS
 Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear 45
 That are most dearly° sweet and bitter.

PALAMON What
 Hath waked us from our dream?°

PIRITHOUS List then. Your cousin,
 Mounted upon a steed that Emily
 Did first bestow on him, a black one, owing° 50
 Not a hair-worth of white, which some will say
 Weakens his price, and many will not buy
 His goodness with this note°—which superstition
 Here finds allowance°—on this horse is Arcite
 Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins°
 Did rather tell° than trample, for the horse 55
 Would make his length a mile,° if't pleased his rider
 To put pride in him. As he thus went counting
 The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to th' music
 His own hoofs made—for as they say from iron
 Came music's origin—what envious flint, 60
 Cold as old Saturn, and like him possessed
 With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
 Or what fierce sulphur else to this end made,
 I comment not: the hot horse, hot as fire,
 Took toy° at this, and fell to what disorder 65
 His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
 Forgets school-doing,° being therein trained
 And of kind manage;° piglike he whines
 At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
 Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means 70
 Of boist'rous and rough jadery to dis-seat
 His lord, that kept it° bravely. When nought served,
 When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor
 diff'ring° plunges
 Dis-root his rider whence he grew, but that
 He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs 75
 On end he stands,
 That Arcite's legs being higher than his head
 Seemed with strange art to hang; his victor's wreath
 Even then fell off his head; and presently°
 Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poise° 80
 Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living,
 But such a vessel 'tis that floats but for

8 lag last 9 gray approachers gray-haired men approaching death 10 unwappered unwearied (perhaps with a suggestion of sexual excess) 11 stale of long standing 12 such men such as described; to give so that they will give 13 clear noble, unstained 14 this poor comfort Palamon admits the puniness of his own consolation 17 title i.e., favor 21 at her certain'st when she seems most stable 23 Taste . . . all act as taster at a banquet for you 25 You'll . . . forever i.e., you will see me win a final freedom 26 kind of ill i.e., madness 31 piece contribute to 34 to me i.e., from me 35 'quite requite

41 done finished 42 show . . . life i.e., through your life (as their creature) their glory will be manifested 44 I have said i.e., as I have said; How . . . fare What has happened? 46 dearly intensely 47 dream i.e., of death 49 owing possessing 52 with this note because of this peculiarity 53 Here finds allowance is here confirmed 54 calkins parts of a horseshoe turned down to prevent slipping 55 tell count 56 make . . . mile take mile-long paces 65 toy fright, exception 67 school-doing training 68 of kind manage well disciplined 72 it his seat 73 diff'ring varying 79 presently at once 80 poise weight

The surge that next approaches. He much desires
To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, ARCITE in a chair.

PALAMON

O miserable end of our alliance! 85
The gods are mighty! Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy, manly heart be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words: I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.

ARCITE

Take Emilia, 90
And with her all the world's joy. Reach° thy hand.
Farewell. I have told° my last hour. I was false,
Yet never treacherous.° Forgive me, cousin.
One kiss from fair Emilia. [*She kisses him.*] 'Tis done.
Take her. I die. [*Dies.*]

PALAMON

Thy brave soul seek Elysium!

EMILIA

I'll close thine eyes, prince. Blessed souls be with thee!° 95
Thou art a right good man, and while I live
This day° I give to tears.

PALAMON

And I to honor.°

THESEUS

In this place first you fought: e'en very here
I sund' red you. Acknowledge to the gods
Our thanks that you are living.° 100
His part is played, and though it were too short
He did it well. Your day is lengthened, and
The blissful dew of heaven does arouse° you.
The powerful Venus well hath graced her altar,
And given you your love. Our master Mars 105
Hath vouched his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention.° So the deities
Have showed due justice. Bear this° hence.

PALAMON

O cousin,

That we should things desire which do cost us
The loss of our desire!° That nought could buy 110
Dear love but loss of dear love!°

THESEUS

Never Fortune

Did play a subtler game. The conquered triumphs,
The victor has the loss; yet in the passage°
The gods have been most equal.° Palamon, 115
Your kinsman hath confessed the right o' th' lady

Did lie in you, for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaimed your fancy. He restored her
As your stol'n jewel, and desired your spirit
To send him hence forgiven. The gods my justice 120
Take from my hand,° and they themselves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off,
And call your lovers° from the stage of death,°
Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto 125
The funeral of Arcite, in whose end°
The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on
And smile with Palamon; for whom an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry
As glad of Arcite; and am now as glad
As for him sorry. O you heavenly charmers,° 130
What things you make of us! For what we lack,
We laugh;° for what we have, are sorry;° still
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful
For that which is, and with you leave° dispute
That are above our question. Let's go off, 135
And bear us like the time.° *Flourish. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

I would now ask ye how ye like the play,
But, as it is with schoolboys, cannot say.°
I am cruel° fearful. Pray yet stay a while,
And let me look upon ye. No man smile? 5
Then it goes hard, I see. He that has
Loved a young handsome wench, then, show his face— 105
'Tis strange if none be here—and if he will
Against his conscience, let him hiss, and kill
Our market. 'Tis in vain, I see, to stay° ye.
Have at the worst can come,° then! Now what say ye? 10
And yet mistake me not: I am not bold;
We have no such cause. If the tale° we have told— 110
For 'tis no other—any way content ye,
For to that honest purpose it was meant ye,°
We have our end; and ye shall have ere long 15
I dare say many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us. We, and all our might,
Rest at your service. Gentlemen, good night.

Flourish.

90 **Reach** i.e., give me 91 **told** counted, lived through
91–92 **false** . . . **treacherous** Arcite admits Palamon's
greater right to Emilia in seeing her first, but declares he took
no unfair advantage 95 **Blessed** . . . **thee** i.e., May you
be with the blessed souls 97 **This day** i.e., the anniversaries
of this day; to **honor** i.e., to honoring Arcite's memory
99–100 **Acknowledge** . . . **living** Declare to the gods that
we rejoice in your being alive (the emendation of "Our" to
"Your" has been suggested) 103 **arouse** sprinkle 107 **grace**
. . . **contention** good fortune in the contest 108 **this** Arcite's
body 109–10 **That** . . . **desire** i.e., alas that the winning of
what we want takes away our desire for it 110–11 **That** . . .
love i.e., that one love (Emilia) could be won only by losing
another (Arcite) 113 **passage** course of events 114 **equal**
just

120 **Take** . . . **hand** i.e., take away from me 122 **lovers** his
Knights; **stage of death** scaffold 125 **in whose end** at the
conclusion of which 130 **you heavenly charmers** the Fates
(who control us with their charms or magic) 131–32 **For**
. . . **laugh** we feel pleasure at the thought of the thing we do
not possess 132 **for** . . . **sorry** we are sad to have what we
do possess 134 **leave** cease to 136 **bear** . . . **time** conduct
ourselves appropriately to the occasion
Ep.2 **say** speak 3 **cruel** dreadfully 9 **stay** i.e., try to prevent
10 **Have** . . . **come** let us face the worst event possible 12
tale alluding to the title of the source 14 **meant ye** intended
for you

THE
POEMS AND SONNETS

THE POEMS

INTRODUCTION BY WILLIAM EMPSON

EDITED BY WILLIAM BURTO

Introduction

The poems of Shakespeare have great ability and moments of genius, but we need not labor to praise them, since we must rejoice that he went back to the theater—recognizing perhaps that they were in some way inadequate for him. Nonetheless, they saved his career at the one crucial time, and they record (though mainly in the *Sonnets*) an experience so formative that the plays echo it for the rest of his life. No other playwright known to us worked regularly for the public theaters both before and after their long shutdown because of the plague in 1592–94, after which new companies of actors had to be formed; to survive it was an achievement. At this time a patron was essential for him, whereas afterward (apart from one graceful kindness) he seems to have avoided writing for patrons. His early life is obscure but two facts stand out like rocks: he dedicated to the Earl of Southampton (born October 1573) both *Venus and Adonis* (1593) and *The Rape of Lucrece* (1594), sounding much more intimate on the second occasion. Our first record of Shakespeare as a member of the Lord Chamberlain's Company, in which he stayed for the rest of his working life—indeed our first record of it performing at a London theater—is dated just after the earl's coming of age. The earl became liable to a heavy fine for rejecting a marriage arranged during his minority, so perhaps did not pay very much, but did agree to help get the company launched. By writing for a patron, Shakespeare met the crisis in an accepted manner, as a modern author might apply for "relief"; the playwright Marlowe, born in the same year, was also at this time writing a mythological narrative poem, though it happened to be interrupted by his murder; maybe they pretended to one another that this was a tiresome chore. Shakespeare's meter had been made the fashionable one for the purpose by Lodge in 1589; and may I at once refer anybody who wants further information of this scholarly kind to the excellent New Cambridge edition of the *Poems* by J. C. Maxwell (1966). I want in this Introduction to concentrate on what may be called the human or experiential reality of the poems, presenting such evidence as I have about that with decent care.

It is a startling initial fact that *Venus and Adonis*, his first publication, appears in the Stationers' Register as licensed

by the Archbishop of Canterbury in person. The poem soon made its impact, and libidinous undergraduates are said to have slept with it under their pillows. The fact that Shakespeare bearded and won over the "little black husband" of Elizabeth, a particularly grim member of her court, argues that the Bard was in great nerve and good spirits. Shakespeare was not yet thirty, and few of the people who had enjoyed his plays would remember his name, but that is a time when authors need to make contacts. One can glean a little from the Register itself about the conditions of his problem. The *Dictionary of National Biography* reports that John Whitgift (1530–1604) accepted the theories of Calvin throughout his career, sometimes to the annoyance of the queen, but denied their application to Church Government, so that he was free to persecute Calvinists as well as Papists, bringing them ruin by repeated fines; at this work he showed "brutal insolence in examining prisoners, and invariably argued for the severest penalties." Having a private fortune, he maintained a troop in his own livery, and it was this troop that arrested Essex and his followers during their attempt at rebellion. Soon after his appointment in 1583 he secured a tightening-up of the licensing system: for example, the ballads on separate sheets had now to be approved; and, unlike his predecessor, he would license a few books under his own name every year. Nearly all of them were pamphlets on current theological controversies, for which his decision would anyway be needed, but he also showed a creditable interest in the advancement of learning; for example, he licensed books purporting to teach the Welsh language and the history of China. The Bishop of London, who was another established licensing authority, also adopted the custom of giving his own name to a few books each year; most of them dealt with political news from Western Europe. He worked closely with the archbishop but seems to have had no literary leanings, though he had of course social ones.

Thus in February 1591 the archbishop and the bishop together licensed the rather perfunctory translation of the *Orlando Furioso* by Sir John Harrington. The queen (so people said at the time) had found her maids of honor giggling over his translation of a sexy canto, and had ordered him to go and stay in his country house until he

had translated the whole epic. Both his parents had been with her during her imprisonment in the Tower, when she was almost without hope, and she had made him her godson. It was agreed that the English badly needed to be raised to the cultural level of the Italians somehow, and yet admittedly, on the moral side, such a poem needed thorough sanctification by the Church of England. Thus the occasion had every claim upon the assistance of the hierarchy. I count about 180 entries in the Register for 1590, 40 of them by the bishop and 8 by the archbishop; these proportions are fairly steady for the next two years. In 1592 the archbishop licensed a book of love poems, though in Latin—the *Amintae Gaudia* of Thomas Watson (1557?–92). Watson was a classical scholar of good family, and he had just died; he had assisted the poverty of better poets, and his verses were sure not to excite desire. The archbishop entered the fatal year 1593 by licensing Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* and on April 9 he licensed Churchyard's *Challenge*. The book is a final miscellany by a sturdy, loyal old chap, then about seventy-three, who died soon after; it calls the queen a phoenix on several occasions. Nobody could blame the archbishop, but he was perhaps starting to go a little out of his way, as Churchyard had no social claims. Within three weeks he had licensed the indecent *Venus and Adonis*. There was no immediate sign of trouble; it was the only year he reached double figures, ending in September with Nashe—*Christ's Tears over Jerusalem* and *The Unfortunate Traveler* (Nashe had defended the Anglican hierarchy in comic pamphlets, and the first of these books is a work of penitence). But in the following year, 1594, only one publication was licensed by the archbishop himself: "The Table of Ten Commandments, with the Pictures of Moses and Aaron"—a poster, no doubt, for display in all churches; the queen felt she had to let him keep up appearances so far. In the following year he appears to have been forgiven, signing for works of theological controversy at a merry pace, but never again did he license anything even appearing to be a work of literature.

When the poem became notorious, somebody would look it up in the Register hoping to find an irregularity; and, when the truth got about, the queen evidently told the archbishop that he must stop making a fool of himself for at least a year. We may be sure he said, as a number of modern critics would say, that these randy students were the ones who had got the poem wrong; probably he could also claim that the author had told him so. A letter from Southampton would be needed for Shakespeare to get an interview, but it would cut little ice with the archbishop, and Shakespeare would then have to rely on his own eloquence. The apology of Chettle shows that he was socially adroit.¹ He would be found to share the anxieties of the archbishop about the petulant earl, regarding him with grave pity. His own little poem, designed as a warning for the young man, carried a peculiarly high and severe moral allegory; and might he perhaps illustrate

¹ Chettle had published the dying pamphlet of Greene, which contained various libels on authors—some of them justified, says Chettle (December 1592); but he has now met Shakespeare and found "his demeanour no less excellent than the quality he professes. Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, which approves his art."

the point by quotation? (He would read from the final curse of Venus, saying that all loves on earth will in future be upset by parents arranging marriages and suchlike.) Whitgift had almost certainly ruined Shakespeare's father, whether the father was a Papist or a Puritan; it gives a welcome feeling of reality to see an author of revenge plays actually taking a quiet civil revenge. I doubt whether he felt this as a duty, but it might seem an excuse for letting himself be pushed forward by the giggling Southampton. He would enjoy the scene chiefly as a test of skill.

C. S. Lewis found the poem disgusting, mainly because Venus sweats, and J. C. Maxwell writes very sensibly here (his edition, p. xii): Shakespeare, he finds, is "exploiting . . . the sheer comedy of sexuality" in lines 230–40, where we meet the "sweet bottom-grass" of the erotic landscape. This explanation is rather too disinfectant; there is a joke, sure enough, based on evasion of a censorship, but a young man who felt prepared to take this Venus on would find the description positively exciting. We recognize Venus as divine because she is free not merely from bodily shame but even from social precaution; that Adonis is snubbing her just cannot enter her mind. But also the modern conventions about sweat are sharply different from the Elizabethan ones. Many love poems of the time regard the sweat of a lady as somehow a proof of her elegance and refinement; the smell is not recommended as an excitement for our lower nature, the only way it could be praised in a modern novel. In *The Rape of Lucrece* we find the sweat of the chaste Lucrece while she is peacefully asleep singled out for praise; one hand is

On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Showed like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat resembling dew of night. (lines 394–96)

I do not know that any poet before Andrew Marvell praised the smell of the sweat of male farmhands, but I expect someone did. Spenser would have blamed Lewis here for being "nice," meaning squeamish and proud of it, an unsoldierly trait. And indeed the impressiveness, the final solidity, of *Venus and Adonis* does turn upon not being "nice," partly from its firm show of acquaintance with country sport, partly from not even caring whether you find the details funny or not. And then, in his own mind, the story would have some bearing on his marriage to a woman of twenty-six when he was eighteen. No doubt it all took a bit of nerve.

At the end of the poem (line 1166) the corpse of Adonis is "melted like a vapor" and a flower springs up from his blood; Venus plucks it, saying that it smells like Adonis, though not as nice, and that the sap dripping from the break is like the tears that he shed too readily:

this was thy father's guise—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes;
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood. (lines 1177–82)

The earlier sonnets frequently blame the man addressed for trying to live to himself like a flower, and for resisting a marriage; the personal application was easy enough to

recognize. But people in the know were meant to regard this as only incidental to the structure. The poem recounts a Myth of Origin, like "how the Elephant got its Trunk," a form that scholars, both in Shakespeare's time and our own, revere to a rather surprising degree. (The genuinely ancient examples are believed to have been designed to support the practice of some already existing ritual or custom.) Shakespeare meant his poem to be classically respectable, unlike the plays which he could make a living from, and the motto on his title page boasts of it; but he is not hampered by the form, spurred by it rather. The terrible prophecy of Venus, at the end, at least seems to tell a general truth and thereby give the poem a universal "significance." Also, I have come to think, he extracted from the Myth of Origin a new literary device, very important in the seventeenth century, though hardly ever employed by himself in its pure form except for *The Phoenix and the Turtle*.

The central trope of John Donne, the only bit of metaphysics in Metaphysical Poetry, runs as follows: a ruler or mistress or saint is being praised, for Justice, Beauty, Holiness, or what not, and this is done by saying, "You are the Platonic Idea, in person, of Justice or what not"; in the same way, Venus had always been Love walking about in person. Elizabeth Drury has to hold this position in the *Anniversaries*, or they are mere nonsense. Only Jesus Christ (an individual who was also the Logos) had ever deserved such praise, but the literary acceptance of classical deities meant that it could be used without feeling blasphemous. It has become an arid formula when Donne writes to the Countess of Bedford:

Your (or You) Virtue two vast uses serves;
It ransoms one sex, and one Court preserves.

The two words in parentheses have to mean "or perhaps Virtue is you," but probably poor Donne is just hammering out the formula to try and get some of his wife's grocery bills paid. When I was a student, people thought that he had imported this trick from Spain, but Professor Edward Wilson kindly tells me that there is at least no prominent use of it in sixteenth-century Spanish poetry. Some recent critic has named the trick "inverted Platonism," and it certainly needs to be distinguished from Platonism. It is rather silly, though there were some splendid uses of it, so perhaps I will not seem too patriotic when claiming it as a home product.

No one will be surprised that Shakespeare could see the dramatic or "quibbling" possibilities of his story, as when saying of Venus, "She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved" (line 610), or when the irritated Adonis, like C. S. Lewis, says that what she calls love is really "sweating Lust" (line 794). But Venus at line 12 is already saying it about Adonis, who is merely human—at any rate, until after he is dead. In the full "metaphysical" trope, it is standard to say that the death of the individual entails a universal absence of the abstraction—after Punctuality Smith has died, nobody can ever catch a train again. But why should this be true of Adonis, unless because Venus will go off in a huff? Her presentiment of his death, she says, cannot be true because the consequences of it would be too awful:

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives, and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again."

(lines 1015–20)

She already expects the race of man to destroy itself; and the last two hundred lines of the poem, after she has found him dead, are loaded with her despairing insistence that there is no love left in the world.² The conception is not a minor decoration in the poem.

Shakespeare did not need to invent it here because he had already used it superbly in *Titus Andronicus* (V.ii), published in 1594 to help launch the company but probably written about 1590. The Empress Tamora, who has done great wrong to Titus, believes him to be in consequence so mad that he can be tricked into facilitating the murder of his surviving son Lucius. She therefore visits him disguised as Revenge-in-Person, bringing her two sons disguised as Rape and Murder. An Elizabethan spectator was of course thoroughly accustomed to allegorical pageants and charades; he too could if necessary have disguised himself as Revenge. Titus cannot help behaving queerly, but uses this weakness to further his revenge, like Hieronymo in *The Spanish Tragedy* of Kyd, and the eventual Hamlet of Shakespeare. He plays up to her with eerie glee and magnificent rhetoric:

Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer. (V.ii.98–100)

After a good deal of this, she is so certain he is mad that he can easily deceive her into eating her two sons, disguised as a pie. It is wild but not irrelevant, indeed simply true, because the practical trouble with revenge is that it does not finish, but produces blood feuds. Shakespeare is always prepared to think, "Why are we interested in the story?" and then say the reason why on the stage. The poem about Venus offered a very different opportunity for the technique, but one can see that his mind would take to it readily. I do not know that anybody else was already using it so early.

We need not doubt that Shakespeare considered the end of the poem dignified, and half believed what he told the archbishop. But the dedication of it already envisages that a "graver labor" will come next, so there was no change of plan before setting out on *The Rape of Lucrece*. This too is a Myth of Origin; to insist upon it, the death of Lucrece causes an absurd change in human blood (line 1750). A hero did not need to be a god before such things

² A footnote by F. T. Prince at line 1020 of *Venus and Adonis*, in his New Arden edition of *The Poems*, may seem all that is needed to destroy my position. It is true that T. W. Baldwin, in *On the Literary Genetics of Shakespeare's Poems and Sonnets* (pp. 39–52), claims to find the sources of such phrases in recent Latin poetry; and he may well be right. But he seems unable to tell the difference between making the general remark: "Without beauty, there would be chaos," and saying: "Because this individual man is dead, all human love affairs will in future be chaotic." He offers no quotation of this second type. Nor can any be extracted from the *Four Hymns* of Spenser, mentioned by F. T. Prince.

could happen; one could easily have a historical Myth of Origin (for example, *Macbeth* is about how the Scots, thanks to the Stuarts, took to civilized hereditary rule instead of tribal warfare). The story of Lucrece was an exciting and dangerous example because it explained how Rome threw off her kings and thus acquired an almost superhuman virtue; though somewhat obscurely, this gave its justifying importance to the heroine's choice of suicide. Both the Bible (I Samuel 12:12-25) and the classics (in practice, Plutarch) disapproved of royalty; the institution could be defended only as a necessity for our fallen natures. Also, Brutus had a mysterious importance for a patriot and a dramatist. No other great period of drama, anywhere in the world, had so much interest in madmen as the Elizabethan one. This apparently derived from the Hamlet of Kyd, whose story came from a twelfth-century historian of Denmark, "the Saxon who knew Latin." But the story had classical authority from Livy's brief remarks on Lucius Junius Brutus, who pretended imbecility in order to be safe till he could take revenge; indeed, Saxo has been suspected of imitating Livy to provide elegance for his savage material, so that Hamlet, whose basic trouble in the fairy tale was that he could not tell a lie, was truthful as ever when he said "I am more an antique Roman than a Dane." The Brutus who killed Caesar was his bastard, as Shakespeare remarks in *1 Henry VI* (IV.i), though he kept it out of *Julius Caesar*; and a more antique Brutus, a parricide as usual, had been the first to civilize Britain; hence the name. Now, it was Brutus who plucked the dagger from Lucrece's body and championed the expulsion of the kings. He had pretended imbecility up to that very moment,

Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As seely jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and utt'ring foolish things;

But now he throws that shallow habit by
Wherein deep policy did him disguise. (lines 1810-15)

The Romans take an oath, and the last line of the poem says that the Tarquins were banished forever.

J. C. Maxwell says in his note:

It is curious that Shakespeare makes no mention here (though the Argument concludes with it) of the historical importance of this, as involving the abolition of the monarchy (unless "everlasting" glances at it); this tells heavily against the view . . . that the popularity of the poem owed much to its bearing on political issues.

It is curious that the scholars of our age, though geared up as never before, are unable to imagine living under a censorship or making an effort to avoid trouble with thought police; these unpleasant features of current experience were also familiar in most historical periods, so that the disability must regularly prevent scholars from understanding what they read.

Southampton, who seemed fated to irritate the queen, might well be inclined to cool thoughts about royalty; and Shakespeare would be wise to hesitate as to how far one might go. Though never very republican, you would think, he was certainly interested in Brutus; he had already, in *Titus Andronicus*, written better than any other Eliza-

bethan the part of the half-genuine madman. Yet both themes are subdued to the decorum of his poem.

The resulting work is hard to read straight through, but one should realize that Shakespeare has made it static by deliberate choice. Francis Berry pointed out in *The Shakespeare Inset* that, although both these poems contain a high proportion of dialogue, the reader does not remember them so, because all the harangues might just as well be soliloquies. Indeed the silent colloquy between Lucrece and the low-class messenger, blushing together at cross-purposes (line 1339), stands out because it is as near as we get to any contact between two minds. In a play the audience wants the story to go forward, but here the Bard could practice rhetoric like five-finger exercises on the piano. Also, the rhetoric works mainly by calling up parallel cases, so that here again the figure of myth becomes a sort of generalization. Even this perhaps hardly excuses the long stretch of looking at tapestries of the Fall of Troy, which one may suspect was written later as a substitute for dangerous thoughts about royalty; Lucrece when appealing to Tarquin flatters his assumptions by recalling the virtues of royalty, and the highly formal structure of the work demands that she should recognize the inadequacy of such ideals after her appeal has failed. It would be sensible to have an unpublished version suited to the patron, who contributed a great deal more than the buyers would; and besides, it would give the welcome feeling of conspiracy. But anyhow the poem needs here a feeling of grim delay—she has already decided upon suicide, but has to wait for the arrival of the proper witnesses.

Whether she was right to kill herself has been long discussed, and Shakespeare was probably not so absurd as we think to let her review the Christian objection to suicide—its origins are hard to trace. Saint Augustine, caddish as usual, had written "if adulterous, why praised? if chaste, why killed?"; and one might suspect that the romantic rhetoric of Shakespeare is used only to evade this old dilemma. But he is interested in the details of the case, and probably had in mind a solution, though he did not care to express it grossly. Livy already has Tarquin force her by an inherently social threat; if she rejects him, he will stab both her and a male servant in the same bed and claim afterward that he had been righteously indignant at finding them there (line 670). It is assumed that her reputation has a political importance for her aristocratic family, which she puts before everything else; he gags her with her bedclothes, but not because she is expected to resist. Immediately after the rape, and till her death, she speaks of herself as guilty, and Shakespeare concurs. However, just before she stabs herself the assembled lords protest that she is still innocent, and she does not deny this, but brushes it aside as unimportant beside a social consequence:

"No, no!" quoth she, "no dame hereafter living
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

(lines 1714-15)

Coleridge in a famous passage derided Beaumont and Fletcher because the ladies in their plays regard chastity as a costly trinket which they are liable to mislay, and it is not obvious why Shakespeare is different here. When Tarquin slinks from her bed, he says, "She bears the load of lust he left behind"; "She desperate with her nails her

flesh doth tear"; she "there remains a hopeless castaway" (lines 734, 739, 744). Perhaps, he reflects, the instability of women is an excuse for her: they have "waxen minds. . . . Then call them not the authors of their ill" (lines 1240, 1244). Just before killing herself, she speaks to her husband and the assembled lords of her "gross blood" and its "accessary yieldings" (lines 1655, 1658); one could hardly ask her to be much plainer. She was no virgin, having several children; and it is a basic fact about the young Shakespeare that he considers young men in general overwhelmingly desirable to women, let alone brave young lords. Thus she took an involuntary pleasure in the rape, though she would have resisted it in any way possible; that is why she felt guilty, and why some of her blood turned black, making a precedent for all future corrupted blood (line 1750). The reader perhaps is also guilty, having taken a sexual pleasure in these descriptions of sexual wrong—as much at least as the "homely villain" who wondered how she was making him blush. But we are not told that she would have killed herself for this private shame; she considers the suicide useful for public reasons. Saint Augustine would conclude that she deserved death for enjoying the rape and hell for her suicide afterward; but the dramatist is sure that all her reactions, in this tricky situation, do her the greatest credit and are enough to explain the permanent majesty of Rome.

The Passionate Pilgrim (1599) is a cheat, by a pirate who is very appreciative of the work of Shakespeare. It starts with two genuine sonnets (138 and 144), each of them implying plenty of story and giving a smart crack at the end; and the third item, a sonnet extracted from *Love's Labor's Lost*, follows quite naturally. Paging ahead in the bookshop, one found poems that might easily be Shakespeare's, though most of them are now generally considered not to be; it would be sensible to buy at once. What we learn from this is that Shakespeare had become news, a personality exciting curiosity, and there are other signs of it. In the previous year, for the first time, a play had been printed with his name on the title page ("*Love's Labor's Lost*, as it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas"), and the absurd *Palladis Tamia* by Meres had at least treated his work as deserving scholarly attention. The *Shakespeare Allusion Book* finds many more references to Falstaff than to any other character (Hamlet comes second, with the others far behind him). Thus in 1598 his reputation came to the boil, so to speak; this was why his public was willing to trust him through his tragic period, though they did not like it so much.

The editor would have printed more sonnets if he could, and yet the ones chosen are well suited to his purpose—how could that happen? John Dover Wilson in his *Introduction to the Sonnets of Shakespeare* thought that the Dark Woman (he will not call her a lady) had allowed a publisher two specimens with a view to raising the price of her whole collection. But this ignores the state of the market; she would have succeeded in publishing her collection and would not have needed to offer bait. I think that a visitor was left to wait in a room where a cabinet had been left unlocked—rather carelessly, but the secret poems were about five years old; he saw at once that they would sell, but did not know how much time was available. Thumbing through the notebook (the poems cannot have been on separate sheets, or he could have

taken more without being noticed), he chose two with saucy last couplets for hurried copying. In one of the variants, the 1609 edition has a simple misprint, but as a rule it has the slightly better text—either because the thief miscopied or because Shakespeare had second thoughts. I think that one of these cases allows us to decide the alternative:

I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest. (Sonnet 138)

In 1609 the second line has become: "On both sides thus is simple truth suppress." J. C. Maxwell gives an admirable gloss for the pirate version: "With (the help of) the ill-grounded sense of security that is characteristic of love," and plainly this is more like Shakespeare. But it is rather out of place; the poem has very little to do with his private experience or sensibility, commenting with sad good humor on almost universal departures from truth. The duller line is more good-mannered in a way, and he would not give his first draft of a sonnet to his "private friends" (as Meres wrote), or even, one would think, to the Dark Lady. Poets of our own time have been known to add in the desired obscurity when they rewrite, but Shakespeare is more likely to have removed it. So probably he was the one who left the cabinet unlocked.

This publication also refutes the Herbert Theory of the Sonnets, for a reason that its supporters have been too high-minded to observe. William Herbert, later Earl of Pembroke, became eighteen in April 1598 and was hardly allowed to come to London earlier, as he was a sickly lad, addicted to headaches (John Dover Wilson, *op. cit.*, p. 66); though later, I do not deny, an honest man and a useful patron, who deserved to have the First Folio dedicated to him in 1623. But this would mean that the sonnet about letting Shakespeare's boy patron borrow his mistress, when the pirate got it into print, would be hot news. The Elizabethans would call the incident thorough toad-eating, and it would be sure to get mentioned in some of the letters of gossip. I am not saying that Shakespeare would not have done it, though I think it was outside his mode of life at this date, but that he could not have hushed it up, in these circumstances. Consider what moral Ben Jonson would find to say (whereas, in 1594, moral Ben Jonson had not yet poked his nose above the boards). The first soliloquy of Prince Hal, assuring the audience that he will betray Falstaff, has close verbal echoes of the first of the pathetic sonnets ("Full many a glorious morning") trying to defend the patron for a betrayal of Shakespeare. But this does not mean that they were written at the same time; the implications would be horrible. The joke of Falstaff largely turns on the repeated bite of his self-defense, and Shakespeare may well be drawing a good deal upon his own humiliations when the servant of a patron, in his twenties. But he would need to use these memories in the assurance of secrecy, feeling them distant, feeling that they could be laughed over.

The reader should be warned of a slight change of idiom in the couplet of Sonnet 144:

The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

The Variorum edition gives a list of references to periodicals, mainly Victorian, and until I looked them up I

imagined they proved that the Dark Lady is accused of having gonorrhea. They merely show that the phrase *fire out* was then used as we use *fire*, to mean "dismiss a person from a job"; it did not then, as now, inevitably suggest firing something from a gun. Shakespeare need only be saying: "I will not know whether the Dark Lady has seduced the patron till she gets bored and dismisses him; then no doubt both will come round to me with indignant stories." We may be sure he did realize that an explosive insult was in the background, because he had a complex verbal awareness, as when he left his wife his second-best bed; but if the Dark Lady had really caught the disease we would hear more about it in his personal poems. A labored epigram by Edward Guilpin, published in 1598, is I think simply a crude imitation of Shakespeare's joke here; he must have been one of the "private friends" who were allowed (says Meres) to read some of the "sugared Sonnets." It would be pretty sad to believe that Shakespeare copied the merry thought from Guilpin as soon as he read his book, and had it stolen at once.

One has to try to make sense of these dates; it is fundamental to the understanding of Shakespeare's development, I think, that the relations with a patron come in 1592-95, when a patron was needed. Leslie Hotson, indeed, put the *Sonnets* five years earlier, in an entertaining book that proposed a new addressee for them (*Mr. W. H.*, 1964); he laughs at the scholars for viewing Shakespeare as Little Dopey, shambling along in the rear of Marlowe and the rest, "a remarkably late developer." But his development really is unusual; usually the lyrical power comes earlier than the constructive one. Reading through the plays in the generally accepted order—*The Comedy of Errors*, 1, 2, and 3 *Henry VI*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Titus Andronicus*—one gets hardly a breath of poetry so far, though plenty of vigorous rhetoric, and a clear mind at work making the best of the plots. A little poetry comes in with *Richard III*, so that he was just beginning to be a poet, aged twenty-seven or so, when the plague forced him to rely on it for survival. After two years, when the theaters open again, he seems essentially a poetic dramatist. Another contrast, though more trivial, is perhaps more striking. Bernard Shaw remarked that Shakespeare must have suffered torture if he ever read over his comedies after he had grown up—assuming, I think, that any adult feels an obscure personal shame when he hears another man boast of being a gentleman. Probably the boasting of lads together is much the same in all classes, but it is true that an entry of three young lords, swanking by making jokes that are assumed to be top-class, occurs in all his comedies between 1594 and 1598, whereas the characters in the early comedies are mostly traders, and the lords in *Henry VI* simply murderers. One might perhaps blame Shakespeare for choosing to write about aristocrats, but not, having chosen to, for doing some fieldwork on how they actually talked. It is not what is now called snobbery, because he could not pretend to be anything but the servant of his earl. Probably he would be allowed to hand around drinks at a party given by the earl for young men of standing—listening with all his ears, though, as one gathers from the plays, much more free to make jokes himself than a modern servant is. In private he seems to have scolded his lord unreasonably, as privileged servants often do. C. S. Lewis, in *English Literature in the Sixteenth*

Century (1954), spoke of "the self-abnegation, the 'naughting,' " of the sonnets, more like a parent than a lover: "In certain senses of the word 'love,' Shakespeare is not so much our best as our only love-poet" (p. 505). This is noble, but it is perhaps only the other side of a feeling that the gratitude is overstrained. And yet, the sonnets thank the patron because

thou . . . dost advance

As high as learning my rude ignorance. (Sonnet 78)

The actual teaching of the earl can hardly have been more than a few social tips, but as a window upon the great world Shakespeare had been feeling the need of him badly. The feelings seem better grounded if we realize that the childish patron was giving far more than he knew. And, unless we redate the plays as a whole, remembering that the evidence is quite an elaborate structure, there is only one plausible time for fitting in this bit of education.

A Lover's Complaint was printed at the end of the sonnets in 1609, but many critics have denied that Shakespeare wrote it—chiefly on grounds of vocabulary and imagery, but also by calling lines bad when they are simply dramatic, imagined as by another speaker (for example, lines 106-11). Much of it, he would consider, had needed correcting before it was published, as indeed do many of the sonnets themselves; he forces the words into his rhyme scheme and general intention so hurriedly that our textual notes sometimes only amount to lame excuses (for example, around line 235). But at least Kenneth Muir has now proved Shakespeare's authorship, by "clusters" (*William Shakespeare 1564-1964*, ed. E. A. Bloom); the principle is that if an author happens to use one word of a cluster his mind drags in most of the others soon after, and this process is not conscious or noticeable enough for an admirer to imitate it, nor is it affected, as imagery in general can be, by a change of subject matter or recent experience. I think the poem is evidently by Shakespeare on psychological grounds, and a kind of echo of the sonnets (this of course is why they were kept together, and eventually pirated together); but I am confronted by an agreement among the scholars (Mazwell's edition, p. xxxv) that it must have been written after 1600. Similar arguments have been used to maintain that the sonnets themselves were written late; the explanation, I think, is that Shakespeare often first tried out a novelty of style in his private poetry. I ask for only two years; the poem was written in 1598, with tranquility, looking back with tender humor at his relations with Southampton, and just after killing off Falstaff. There would be no intention of publication; perhaps he wrote it in the evenings of a solitary journey. It would at any rate be a change, after seeing himself as Falstaff, to become the traditional forsaken damsel (forsaken, because by 1596 the earl had become absorbed in his dangerous life; we need not look for a specific ground of quarrel, though we may expect that Shakespeare did, at the time). Shakespeare, like other authors, often used poetry to scold himself out of a bad state of mind, and took for granted that no one would realize he was doing it. He knew it was a delusion that the earl had betrayed him, and writing about Falstaff had aggravated the sentiment, so he wrote a parody. Or perhaps he merely felt it was delightful to carry the belief to a wild extreme. These conjectures have the merit of explaining why the poem was written at all, though (fairly

clearly) not intended for publication. Most people find that working for a repertory company is exhausting in itself, especially if they have part responsibility for the management; a man who also gives the company two masterpieces a year, as regular as clockwork, with a good deal of reading behind them, is not looking around for something to do. It is thus in order to suppose an internal reason for undertaking this quite lengthy bit of work, since there is no external one.

The first ten verses set the scene, and the rest is all spoken by the ruined girl; as many critics have remarked, the best and most Shakespearean lines express reproach:

Thus merely with the garment of a Grace,
The naked and concealèd fiend he covered. (lines 316-17)

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear! (lines 288-89)

All the same, the girl firmly asserts in the last words of the poem that she would have him ruin her again if she got the chance:

O, all that borrowed motion, seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betrayed
And new-pervert a reconcilèd maid! (lines 327-30)

No other author would do this; one man would bewail the seduction and another treat it jovially, but not both at once. Indeed, rather few male poets seem convinced that young men in general are irresistible to women. A reader of novels will rightly feel baffled at not knowing the social arrangements of this village, where many people write sonnets expounding the suitability of the rich jewels that they are presenting to the young man (line 210); is it in Arcadia or Warwickshire? is he the son of a laborer, or the heir to a hundred acres, say?

He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will,

That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted.
(lines 125-30)

The magical picture applies to only one person, who had been already an earl when still a child; no wonder, after puzzling their heads, they decided that he was the one who was clever, and not just his horse (lines 114-19). In all the undramatic poems Shakespeare is deliberately holding back the power to be funny, which was considered when he wrote *A Lover's Complaint* to be much his greatest power; but he knew a joke when he saw one, even if he had just written it down himself. But perhaps when I say "funny" I would be more intelligible to young people (who have such grim ideas now of what makes a joke) if I said "charming." The chief merit of Alfred L. Rowse's account, on the other hand (*William Shakespeare*, 1964), was in its powerful presentation of Southampton as a typical neurotic invert, intolerably disagreeable, who could only regard the queen as a personal rival. Under James, after he had unexpectedly won back his life, he played a considerable part in founding the English colonies in America, and the only picture that conveys his charm

shows him as an elder statesman. (It is in C. C. Stopes's *Life*, p. 449.) But we have a glimpse of him when twenty in the Valentine of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This figure is bustling along, with a rope ladder hidden under his cloak, to abduct the daughter of the Duke of Milan, but the duke accosts him and asks his advice—how is one to abduct a lady who is kept locked up in a high bedroom? Why, with a rope ladder, of course, equipped with grappling irons but light enough to carry under one's cloak; Valentine feels he is cleverly secret because he just manages to restrain himself from offering to share the use of his rope ladder with the outraged father, but so far from that, he and his cloak are farcically transparent. The brash informative practicality of this does not feel to me neurotic at all, and I expect that many of his servants were in love with him when he was twenty, not only Shakespeare. Plainly he seemed very young to Shakespeare, who was not only ten years older but had had a harder time. The Bard could not be considered low; as heir to an ex-mayor of Stratford he would become entitled to gentility. But the social ladder was long and steep, and the expense of the clothes the earl wore all the time would alone be enough to make him seem legendary—though he did not seem another breed from common men, the title being a recent creation.

A grave change in the whole tone of Shakespeare's writing arrives at the time of *Hamlet* (1600), the first major tragedy, and here it would be fussy to suppose that he was even remembering his relations with the patron. Critics since A. C. Bradley have pretty well agreed that "sex-horror" is prominent all through the tragic period (perhaps burning itself out in the unfinished *Timon of Athens*, before *Antony and Cleopatra*). I do not understand this change, though I expect there is a simple answer if we knew it. The reason why *The Lover's Complaint* must have been written earlier is simply that otherwise it would have been much grimmer. The change I think is prominent even in the parallels to *Hamlet* that give Muir his main evidence; *The Lover's Complaint* is regularly less fierce than the echoes of it that convey the doom of Ophelia. We have no non-dramatic poems to guide us after the tragic period has set in.

Only one remains to be considered, and it is short; but it has come to seem the only very good narrative poem, exquisite, baffling, and exalted: *The Phoenix and the Turtle*.³

³ There has been a recent move in favor of saying *The Phoenix and Turtle* instead of *The Phoenix and the Turtle*. It is true that the title pages of Chester speak of "The Phoenix and Turtle," and Shakespeare's poem as first printed has no title. But his way of regarding this pair has long been recognized as slightly different from Chester's. A social column will report the presence at a party of "The Earl and Countess of X" because they are expected to go together, and that is how Chester feels about his Phoenix and Turtle, but Shakespeare, whatever else he feels, always regards their co-presence with a touch of surprise. A critic may write about a poem: "The familiar lion and unicorn serve to emphasize the wholly conventional character of the imagery," but they become "the lion and the unicorn" when they are fighting for the crown. Shakespeare's poem really is a bit like "The Walrus and the Carpenter," and cannot be properly appreciated unless that is seen. Looking now for evidence to support the traditional preference (though it is apparently no older than a Boston edition of 1805), I find the poem grants it repeatedly: "Phoenix and the turtle fled," "this turtle and his queen," the turtle saw his right," "it made this threne,/To the phoenix and the dove," "And the turtle's loyal breast/To eternity doth rest." In effect, *The Phoenix and the Turtle* emerges as a habitual rhythm of Shakespeare's poem, and an illogical pedantry ought not to be allowed to destroy so natural a title.

It is much better, I think, if viewed less portentously than has become usual. The occasion for Shakespeare's agreeing to write this bit of praise, in late 1598 or early 1599, was a humane and domestic one, though socially rather smart. I have no impulse to deny that vast and fundamental meanings derive or arise from the poem, such as were adumbrated when C. S. Lewis said that reading it was like entering the secret origins of creation, or at least of the creation of the heroines of Shakespeare's plays. But it does not tell Queen Elizabeth to produce an heir by the Earl of Essex, nor even mutter about the marital secrets of the Countess of Bedford. If Shakespeare had been prone to say things like that, he would not have stayed afloat for long upon the smoking waters of the court. It may be hoped that such theories are going out of fashion, but what we are regularly told now, though it sounds more modest, is quite as damaging to the poem. J. C. Maxwell takes it for granted when he remarks that Shakespeare's poem "contradicts the personal allegory of Chester's poem," so that "our interpretation must be from within the poem itself." He seems to feel that this makes it pure. But Shakespeare would have been abominably rude if he had behaved like that, after agreeing to take part in the social event of offering a volume of congratulation to Sir John Salisbury. The whole book was about the birth of a new Phoenix from the ashes of the old one, a story that every reader had been taught at school, and here it was somehow in praise of Salisbury's marriage; but Shakespeare is presumed to say: "No, of course the new Phoenix wasn't born. When you burned the old one you simply killed it, as anybody could have told you you would." But, even if he had tried to offer this rudeness, it would not have been printed. The immense indulgences nowadays offered to the avant-garde are not in question here. Salisbury was a forthright and decisive man, brought up to advance the glory of his house, and we know he made Ben Jonson rewrite one of the poems for his book; he would no more have allowed Shakespeare to palm off on him a subjective poem than a seditious one.

Verses by Shakespeare, Marston, Chapman, and Jonson, and also by an anonymous poet who seems to be Jonson again (probably one of his team had backed out from fear of ridicule) are added at the end of a long allegorical poem, *Love's Martyr*, by Robert Chester (unregistered, 1601); a separate title page assures us that these too are "never before extant, and (now first) consecrated to the love and merit of the thrice-noble knight, Sir John Salisbury." The book appeared at the height of the War of the Theaters, when several of the contributors were quarreling, and soon after the execution of Essex, when it was very dangerous to print a riddle that might arouse the suspicions of the queen. Surely it is natural to expect that the poems were written earlier.

The introduction to an edition by Carleton Brown (1914) of *Poems by Sir John Salusbury and Robert Chester* (Early English Text Society, 113) is a mine of information and entertainment about these characters, and ought I think to have settled the question. Salisbury (we may use the ordinary spelling because Chester's book does) was squire of Lleweny in north Wales, and had married in 1586 at the age of twenty an illegitimate but recognized daughter of the King of Man (or Earl of Derby); some verses written for the wedding already call her a royal

bird. In 1595 he came to London as a law student and was made squire of the body to the queen; he was her cousin, and a determined Anglican (having got the estate when his Papist brother was executed for the Babington Plot), and had a standing quarrel in Denbighshire with supporters of the Essex faction. This last would be no help until the execution of Essex, early in 1601, but in June of that year he was knighted by the queen herself. By October he was back home being elected to Parliament as Knight of the Shire, with scandalous disorders, so he must have moved fast. Clearly, the poem was hurried out to celebrate the knighthood, unregistered to save time and because the queen would not suspect a man she was rewarding for his loyalty; but the writing would have been done beforehand, to wait for the occasion. A line from Jonson's "Epode" here is quoted in *England's Parnassus* (1600) showing that at least some of these poems were ready about two years before publication. Also an autograph copy of Jonson's "Enthusiastic Ode" survives, inscribed to the Countess of Bedford. The squire would show round all the poems at court, as soon as they were ready; and the ever-helpful countess might be expected to want her own copy of Jonson's contribution, as it was not yet to be available in print. In this poem he was evidently struggling to be as jolly about the Phoenix as the Turtle demanded. Clumsy as Jonson was, he would not have given it to the countess as direct praise of her own charms; or at least, she would not have kept it, if he had.

In 1597 the squire had printed some poems at the end of *Sinetes Passion* by Robert Parry, who calls him "the Patron"; they make very elaborate anagrams (in easy singing lines) on the names of three adored ladies, one of them his wife's sister. While very pugnacious, he was what a later age called "a martyr to the fair," attentive to the ladies, so it had seemed all right at the time of the wedding to make him a sacrifice as Turtle beside the semi-royal bride as Phoenix. In 1598 he would be a very useful patron for the young Ben Jonson, who was in desperate need of one, and he seems to have told Jonson to whip up a chorus of London poets. Shakespeare's company was giving Jonson a production, and it would be consistent to help him here too—assuming that Shakespeare had no objections to the general plan. So far from that, Shakespeare was amused or charmed by both the squire and his poet—as is clear once we admit that he wrote his tribute, not while Hamlet was saying he could not bear to think what his mother did in bed, but while Henry V was saying,

Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valor in this Welshman.

(IV.i.83-84)

Shakespeare made it part of his business to keep an eye on these pushful Welsh cousins of the queen, and he recommended them to his audiences without hiding their absurdity.

Chester, says Brown, was probably the resident chaplain in the big house at Lleweny, anyway a dependent who praised the family by an allegory at the time of the grand wedding. Later he was induced to add a lot of tedious padding (Nature takes the Phoenix on a grand tour), but the basic allegory is quite short and readable, though radically absurd. A marriage does indeed require mutual

accommodation, and love may genuinely receive "a mystical reinforcement" on the birth of a child; but to praise a grand marriage by calling it a martyrdom is a gaffe, all the more absurd because sure to be suspected of being true. Chester evidently came to feel this during the years while he was adding the encyclopedia verses, and when at last he had to tell the London poets what the whole thing meant, so that they could reinforce it, he said it meant "married chastity." This idea had not been prominent when he began, though the intention was already high and pure. When Nature at last leads the Phoenix to the Turtle, she asks whether he has been chaste, and, on being reassured, explains that for her to produce issue requires burning alive; both birds at once collect twigs, so there is no long period of married chastity. (This of course is *why* you sometimes see birds carrying about twigs.) The main poem by Ben Jonson puzzles about his set theme, in a plain-man way; it seems a new idea to him. Trying to isolate the ideal, he appears to describe a man who spares his wife the act of sex in order not to offend her delicacy. We should welcome any sign of readiness among men of that age to treat their wives more considerately, especially if it meant spacing out the child-births; but the refined thoughts expressed by Jonson here are remote from his tastes and convictions as otherwise known. He is not a hypocrite, because he is writing to a set theme; but his modern admirers should not praise him for his nobility. Rather out of the side of his mouth, he lets drop that one need not praise a husband who chose this course merely to hide impotence:

We do not number here
Such spirits as are only continent
Because lust's means are spent.

Oddly enough, Shakespeare manages to work the same reflection into his mood of total praise; the reproduction of the Phoenix, he surmises, has failed only because of the married chastity of the couple: "'Twas not their infirmity." Various modern critics have explained that Shakespeare could not bear the thought of reproduction when he wrote the poem; but nobody has yet ascribed quite so much delicacy to Ben Jonson.

The Mutual Flame by G. Wilson Knight (1955) shows that the Phoenix legend had often been used to symbolize a love denied bodily consummation, because that would be adulterous or homosexual or politically disruptive, so that the love is driven to more spiritual courses. He suggests that the poem may be about the squire's love for his wife's sister, which would at least avoid absurdity. One should remember here an epigram of C. S. Lewis, that Spenser was the first poet to have the nerve to say it is convenient for a man to be in love with his own wife. There had been a change of feeling since the Middle Ages, a thing so general that poor Chester, in the backwoods, around 1587, was running Spenser close for the priority. Salisbury of course really did consider himself ready for heroic self-sacrifice whenever that became necessary; the idea was basic to his status, and had to be expressed firmly in his book; but otherwise he wanted the book to be as jolly as possible, and his pride in his wife had better be expressed in a firmly sexy manner—that was a point where he could take over from his chaplain. His marriage had produced four children

in the first four years, six in the next ten (no twins), and one of his bastards had been baptized in the parish church in 1597. No wonder Jonson argued about what Chester could have meant. The Phoenix herself will not have come to London, with all those ailing children, but a few vigorous comments survive from her and she apparently lived to be seventy-five.⁴ Shakespeare might genuinely have supposed it to be an ideal though perhaps barbaric marriage.

The Wilson Knight thesis does have a secondary truth; what keeps the long absurd poem sweet is Chester's love for his master. This kind of love was avowable and not usually tormented, but when Chester comes to present himself as the Pelican, who gazes upon the burning, he positively claims a share in the honors of sacrifice; both the Phoenix and the Turtle become the "young ones" of this Pelican and feed their "hungry fancies" on her breast. He has been underrated, I think; so long as he is praising his dear Lion (the coat of arms of Salisbury was a white lion) he has any amount of limpid depth. And why should not his absurdity (though he fears it) express something profound? If anything seems wrong with his poem, he says as he lumbers toward the end, abandoning for a moment the disguise of the Pelican,

'tis lameness of the mind
That had no better skill; yet let it pass,
For burdenous loads are set upon an ass.

This is the royal generosity of the Shakespearean clown, and Shakespeare was quite right to salute it.

Once the general tone has been grasped, of slightly fuddled good humor, the dramatic placing of the piece by Shakespeare can be seen as reasonably good. The two first additional poems are subscribed "Vatum Chorus" (all the poets) and praise the virtues of Salisbury only, not his wife or family; then two poems subscribed "Ignoto" (Unknown, by the starving but invincible Ben Jonson again, of course), without pretending not to know the Phoenix legend (which would be too absurd) manage to direct our attention to the sacrifice of the old Phoenix, not presenting it as repaid by the birth of a new one. Such is the purpose of the phrasing, "One Phoenix born, another Phoenix burn." The build-up is only rough, but it is an intentional preparation for what Shakespeare is going to do. Shakespeare then presents himself as one of the spectators after the burning, among the nonpredatory birds who are the voice of Reason, and they fall into despair because the result of the experiment is delayed. I gather from J. C. Maxwell's edition that it was traditional to allow a period of dramatic suspense. Shakespeare ingeniously fits in the set theme of "married chastity" as an excuse for the failure of the experiment. But what follows his noble resignation, what holds the opposite page, is the astonishment of a birth from the ashes. It begins:

⁴ Carleton Brown, *Poems by Sir John Salusbury and Robert Chester* (1914), p. xxvi. Chester's poem says that the Phoenix had been anxious before meeting the Turtle, being of ripe age and fearing to have no offspring. No doubt it was often a tricky business to find a good enough marriage for the bastard daughter of an earl. I expect she was twenty-five when the elder brother of young John was hanged, so that he inherited the estate and became free to marry her in what would be considered the nick of time. It does not mean that she was the queen, who would be sixty-five.

O 'twas a moving epicedium!
 Can Fire? Can Time? Can blackest Fate consume
 So rare Creation? No, 'tis thwart to sense;
 Corruption quakes to touch such excellence.

The recent scholarly edition of Marston's *Poems* (1961, ed. Davenport) says firmly that the word *epicedium* (poem about death) means the poem by Shakespeare just concluded. Marston snatches a moment to compliment Shakespeare, as he bounds onto the stage to describe the event in an entirely different literary style; and his only objection is that the forecast in Shakespeare's poem has, astoundingly, turned out wrong:

Let me stand numbed with wonder; never came
 So strong amazement on astonished eye
 As this, this measureless pure rarity.

I consider that very good poetry. The subsequent poems all deal with Salisbury's domestic life, wife or child being mentioned every time, so that Shakespeare's poem acts as a watershed. Anyhow, he could not have intended to spoil the show because of his neuroses; that would be quite outside his habits and training. He was acting as a good trouser when he left the climax to Marston, and he seems to have remembered Marston's bit long afterward for the last scene of *The Winter's Tale*.

Having thus restored the poem to decency, one may consider its use of "inverted Platonism." It says that, because these two ideal lovers are dead, there will never be real lovers again, anywhere:

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
 Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
 Truth and Beauty buried be. (lines 62-64)

However, the next and final verse abandons this high extremity of nonsense:

To this urn let those repair
 That are either true or fair;
 For these dead birds sigh a prayer. (lines 65-67)

I suppose the reason why Shakespeare can afford to be lax about it in this curious way, which allows him a graceful ending to the poem, is that he is working in an accepted mode. All the poets in the book seem in command of the trick, even Robert Chester; he uses it when the Pelican rejoices that the Turtle chose to burn alive, though the Phoenix tried to spare him (the experience turned out to be a pleasure, according to the Pelican's eye-witness account). Otherwise, he says:

Love had been murdered in the infancy;
 Without these two, no love at all can be.

It is clear then that Chester was writing another Myth of Origin. But can he have had the whole machine ready in 1587, a homely author, remotely secluded? This seemed to me a great puzzle, and I am glad to have it removed by W. H. Matchett's recent book on the poem (1965). He explains that Chester added the Pelican section, at the end of his first draft, when the squire took him to London

to negotiate with the poets (the squire would not himself have demanded to be praised for married chastity). In a way, Chester must have known the idea from the start because it is inherent in this use of myth, but he had become uneasy about the absurdity of his whole plan; so that it would be a great relief when the smart poets, though they did laugh at him as he had expected, told him that his absurdity had become the height of fashion. He was inspired to add what is the most eloquent and personal section of the whole work.

Matchett has a very welcome energy of logic and research; what other critics limply assume, he follows up.⁵ I hope his book will drive out of people's minds the main idea which he champions, that Shakespeare was writing about the loves of Elizabeth and Essex; when he says that Shakespeare refers to the queen as already dead in order to rebuke her for not having followed his previous advice, whereas in fact the exasperated and appalling old woman had become dangerous to anybody who had to approach her, surely this is enough to act as a purge. But I think he is right (for instance) in saying that Jonson became frightened on hearing that the poems would appear during 1601, when they were likely to be supposed to be about Essex; he made some baffling remarks in his plays of that year, hoping to offset the publication. Matchett also gets his teeth into "inverted Platonism," as one might expect, and it is a great comfort to find a critic who is prepared to attend to the words. Somehow he contrives to denounce Marston and not Shakespeare for using this trope:

Against Shakespeare's materialistic basis for negative judgment, he asserts a pseudo-Platonic basis for positive judgment. As an exposition of Platonic abstractions, Marston's poem is an awkward melange; as a compliment to an allegorized individual—claiming that this person is himself the Idea upon which all else depends—his poem further degrades the very idealism it pretends to express.

Marston says he had been wondering why all the young girls were so ugly and stupid nowadays until he saw the new Phoenix, and then he realized that Nature had just been saving up, so as to give her everything. The eldest Salisbury child, a daughter, would have been about twelve when this was written for her, and it seems well enough calculated for her age-group; she would think it rather fun. If anything, I should call it science fiction, not Platonism; it does not deserve to be rebuked as false philosophy, because it scarcely even pretends to be philosophy. But somebody else deserves the rebuke; why do modern critics invariably write down that the trope is neo-platonic? Its effects, very various, are nearly always broader and more imaginative than would be gathered from this docketing.

Elizabethan jokes are notoriously confusing, but it would be wrong to think that the Welsh squire was being fooled by the city slickers. He wanted his book as jolly as was compatible with having it sustain the glory of his house, and he rejected the first draft of Ben Jonson's

⁵ He remarks that a scribe may write the name of the author after copying a poem without intending a signature, and this would destroy a good deal of the edifice of Carleton Brown. But if you wrote a name with set formal flourishes, surely that implied it was your signature.

Invocation"; at least, there is no other reason why this much more solemn version in Jonson's handwriting should have been kept among the Salisbury papers. And he must have strained the good will of his chaplain when he inserted his own "Cantos" at the end of the allegory, celebrating his delight in the beauty of the Phoenix in a very unsacrificial manner (only the first is announced as written by the Turtle, but they all have his very recognizable facility and ingenuity, and the printer might well get confused among the stage directions and acknowledgments). The celebration of his knighthood positively required family jollity; indeed, one can understand that Shakespeare, though willing to assist, felt he would avoid strain if he joined them only in their darkest hour. Even so, what he was joining was a kind of domestic game.

An important idea is at work in such love poetry, though admittedly one that was ridiculous in the eyes of the world; it forbade a husband to claim marital rights through his legal superiority, and such is the point of Shakespeare's ninth verse. We know that Chapman thought the affair funny, though in a grave pedantic manner, because he headed his piece (which praised the knight who has learned his virtues by serving his lady) "Peristeros, or the male Turtle." He has had to invent a masculine form for the word, since the Greeks considered all doves female; however monogamous they may be, the creatures do not know which sex they are, but try out the alternatives (Sir Julian Huxley, in *Essays of a Biologist*, reports this of various water birds). A female Phoenix had been invented by the Renaissance to gratify a taste for Amazons—till then its secret sex had been "known to God alone"; but a Turtle wearing the trousers does seem to have been a real novelty, not only for a classicist. It proved the grandeur of the Lion, as his poet almost says in the *Epistle Dedicatory*, that he was safe from ridicule even when presented as a Turtle. The Latin "Tur tur" no doubt gave to the cooing of the pets of Venus, in the minds of the poets, a deeper note of sultry passion; to make them into symbols of chastity thus put an extra strain upon the gravity of the reader—it had been the charm of the silly creatures that no frustration attended their single-minded desires. Shakespeare's poem is a wide valley brimful of an unspecified sorrow, but one should also feel, before hearing any explanation, the gaiety inherent in its effects of sound. As the anthem of the birds reaches its severest exultation, their tweeting modulates into the arch baby-talk of a dandling nurse; as we soar heavenward between the Co-supremes, we mysteriously almost graze the Cow that jumped over the Moon;

To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded. (lines 43-44)

It does seem rather odd, in a way, that he went straight on from this to his great tragic period.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

THE CANONICAL POEMS. Three nondramatic poems (other than the sonnets) are regularly attributed to Shakespeare: *Venus and Adonis*, *The Rape of Lucrece*, and *The Phoenix*

and the Turtle. *Venus and Adonis* was first published in a quarto dated 1593, *Lucrece* (thus the title page, but the heading at the beginning of the poem, and on all the following pages, is *The Rape of Lucrece*) in a quarto dated 1594. Both quartos are dedicated to Shakespeare's patron, the Earl of Southampton. These two books were Shakespeare's first publications, and they were destined for a nobleman's eye; Shakespeare apparently read the proofs, and the texts are remarkably clean. There is no reason to believe that he had anything to do with the later quartos, which introduce numerous changes.

The third canonical poem, *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, appears (without a title) attributed to Shakespeare in a quarto (1601) whose title page reads in part: "*Love's Martyr* . . . allegorically shadowing the truth of Love, in the constant fate of the phoenix and turtle. . . . A poem . . . by Robert Chester. . . . To these [Chester's poem and other materials] are added some new compositions, of several modern writers, whose names are subscribed to their several works, upon the first subject, viz. the phoenix and turtle."

THE APOCRYPHAL POEMS. *A Lover's Complaint* appears at the end of the 1609 volume of Shakespeare's sonnets, published by Thomas Thorpe. No one doubts that the sonnets are Shakespeare's, but many doubt that *A Lover's Complaint* is his. The usual view is that the poem does not sound like Shakespeare, and that the publisher's ascription is of no value. The poem does not do Shakespeare great credit, and a fair number of its words do not appear elsewhere in Shakespeare; still, there is no evidence that anyone else wrote it. Thorpe's attribution is not compelling, but it is all the evidence there is.

In 1599 a dishonest publisher named William Jaggard issued *The Passionate Pilgrim*. By *W. Shakespeare*. The book contains twenty poems, of which five are certainly by Shakespeare and four are certainly not by Shakespeare. The remaining eleven are of uncertain authorship, but there is no reason (other than Jaggard's dubious word) to believe that Shakespeare wrote any of these, though of course he may have written one or more of them. The five poems by Shakespeare are numbered I, II, III, V, and XVI (I and II are versions of sonnets 138 and 144; III and V are versions of sonnets in *Love's Labor's Lost*, IV.iii.57-70 and IV.ii.107-20; XVI is a version of a short poem in *Love's Labor's Lost*, IV.iii.98-117). These five poems are given in the present volume in the *Sonnets* and *Love's Labor's Lost*. The four poems that are not by Shakespeare are VIII (by Richard Barnfield), XI (by Bartholomew Griffin), XIX (really two poems, probably one by Marlowe and one by Raleigh), and XX (by Richard Barnfield). The remaining eleven poems are presented here, though few people would care to claim them all for Shakespeare. They are for the most part competent, but only number XII has aroused much enthusiasm.

Departures from the copy texts are listed below. The adopted reading is given first in boldface type, followed by the original reading in roman. The copy text for *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece* is of course the first quarto of each poem. The copy text of *The Phoenix and the Turtle* is *Love's Martyr* (1601), that of *A Lover's Complaint* is the quarto of 1609. The earliest known complete text of *The Passionate Pilgrim* is the second edition (1599), but some pages of the first edition (perhaps also 1599) survive at the

Folger Library. This earlier edition provides texts of three (IV, XVII, and XVIII) of the eleven doubtful poems. The copy text for the other eight doubtful poems is necessarily the second edition.

Venus and Adonis 19 satiety sacietie 231, 239 deer deare
 432 Ear's Eares 616 javelin's iauelings 644 Saw'st Sawest
 680 overshoot ouer-shut 748 th' the th' 754 sons suns 873
 twine twin'd 940 dost doest 1031 as are 1054 was had
 The Rape of Lucrece 550 blows blow 883 mak'st makest
 884 blow'st blowest 1227 flower flowre 1312 schedule
 Cedula 1662 wreathèd wretched 1680 one woe on woe
 1713 in it it in
 A Lover's Complaint 14 lattice lettice 80 Of O 95 wear
 were 112 manage mannad'g 118 Came Can 182 woo vow
 241 Paling Playing 252 procured procure 260 nun Sunne
 293 O Or 311 as is⁶

⁶ William Empson suggests emending *A Lover's Complaint*, line 311, which reads: "Showing fair nature is both kind and tame." Mr. Empson writes: "It seems better, though not necessary, to

The Passionate Pilgrim IV 5 ear eares 10 her his
 VII 11 midst mids
 X 8, 9 left'st lefts
 XIV 24 sighed sight 27 a moon an houre
 XV 3 fair'st fairest
 XVII 28 back blacke 33 lass loue 34 moan woe
 XVIII 4 fancy's partial might fancy (partyall might) 12 thy her;
 sell sale 22 Press Prease 26, 29 ere yer 45 be by 51 ear
 are

emend *is* to *as*, an easy change in itself. Otherwise *kind and tame* has to mean 'the fact that he could seduce *any* virgin makes them all look like sheep.' Maybe this was Shakespeare's opinion, but he does not express it so bleakly. Besides, *them* in the next line has to refer back to *strange forms* (line 303), the pretenses of tenderness which the seducer was skilled at adopting; if your mind is cluttered with tame ladies you miss the grammar. *Nature* here is chiefly the sexual experience, and he shows it to the virgins *as* not alarming; it really is *fair*, we are told by the author and the wronged lady, and this should content us. They can hardly want to assert that it is always *tame*."



VENUS AND ADONIS

*Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*^o

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLEY^o
Earl of Southampton and Baron of Titchfield

RIGHT HONORABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world
will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden; only, if your honor seem
but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have
honored you with some graver labor. But if the first heir of my invention^o prove deformed, I shall be
sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear^o so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad
a harvest. I leave it to your honorable survey, and your honor to your heart's content; which I wish
may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honor's in all duty,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Even as the sun with purple-colored^o face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheeked Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laughed to scorn.
Sick-thoughted^o Venus makes amain^o unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

"Thrice fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs,^o more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are,
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

The decorative border shown above appeared on the title page of the quarto edition of The Rape of Lucrece, 1594.

Vilia . . . aqua from Ovid, *Amores*, I.xv.35-36: "Let the mob admire base things; may golden Apollo serve me full cups from the Castalian spring" **2 Henry Wriothesley** third Earl of Southampton, 1573-1624, thought to be Shakespeare's patron **8 first . . . invention** my first work brought to publication (a number of plays had already been written and produced but were unpublished; and plays were usually considered not worth publishing) **9 ear** plow, till **1 purple-colored** crimson **5 Sick-thoughted** lovesick; **amain** swiftly, strongly **9 Stain . . . nymphs** i.e., by his surpassing beauty he eclipses them

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddlebow.
If thou wilt deign this favor, for thy meed^o
A thousand honey^o secrets shalt thou know.
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety:
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty.
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted^o in such time-beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,^o
And trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enraged,^o desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

15 meed reward **16 honey** sweet **24 wasted** spent **26 precedent . . . livelihood** sign of strength and energy
29 enraged aroused

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blushed and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;^o
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens. O, how quick is love!
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove.^o
Backward she pushed him, as she would be thrust,
And governed him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along^o as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips.
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips,
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.
He saith she is immodest, blames her miss;^o
What follows more, she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,^o
Tires^o with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuffed or prey be gone—
Even so she kissed his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content,^o but never to obey,
Panting he lies and breatheth in her face.
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dewed with such distilling showers.

Look how^o a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fastened in her arms Adonis lies.
Pure shame and awed^o resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank^o
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear^o she tunes her tale.
Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale.
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is bettered with a more^o delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rained, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this comptless^o debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a divedapper^o peering through a wave,
Who, being looked on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers her to give what she did crave,
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks,^o and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger^o in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn.
"O, pity," 'gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy!
'Tis but a kiss I beg—why art thou coy?"

"I have been wooed as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;^o
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begged for that which thou unasked shalt have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batt' red shield, his uncontrollèd crest,^o
And for my sake hath learned to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest,
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that overruled I overswayèd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain.
Strong-tempered steel his stronger strength obeyèd;
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mast'ring her that foiled the god of fight!

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
What see'st thou in the ground? Hold up thy head,
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies,
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?"

"Art thou ashamed to kiss? Then wink^o again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night.
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain.
Be bold to play; our sport is not in sight.
These blue-veined violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

34 unapt to toy not ready for love's play 40 prove try
43 along stretched out 53 miss misbehavior 55 sharp by
fast hungry from fasting 56 Tires tears 61 content endure
67 Look how just as 69 awed intimidated 71 rank full 74
ear pun on air 78 more greater

84 comptless countless 86 divedapper small waterbird 90
winks (1) winces (2) shuts his eyes 91 passenger traveler
100 jar fight 104 uncontrollèd crest unbowed helmet 121
wink close your eyes

"The tender spring^o upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted.
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted.
Fair flowers that are not gath' red in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

130

"Were I hard-favored, foul, or wrinkled old,
Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted,^o barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for
thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

135

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are gray and bright and quick in turning.
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

140

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a fairy trip upon the green,
Or like a nymph with long dishevelled hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.
Love is a spirit all compact^o of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.^o

145

150

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;^o
These forceless^o flowers like sturdy trees support me.
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me.
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou should think it heavy unto thee?

155

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?^o
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected;
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus^o so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

160

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear.
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse.
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty.
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

165

"Upon the earth's increase^o why shouldst thou feed
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

170

By this^o the lovesick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan,^o tired in the midday heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them,
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

175

180

And now Adonis, with a lazy sprite,^o
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapors when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face—I must remove."

185

"Ay me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind?
What bare^o excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun.
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

190

"The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

195

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth.^o
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

200

"What am I that thou shouldst condemn me this?^o
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair,^o but speak fair words or else be mute.
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for int'rest, if thou wilt have twain.

205

210

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,^o
For men will kiss even by their own direction."^o

215

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause.
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause.^o
And now she weeps, and now she fain^o would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.^o

220

127 tender spring young growth (that will become a beard)
136 Thick-sighted with poor eyesight 149 compact com-
posed 150 aspire rise up, float 151 Witness . . . lie let
this bank whereon I lie bear witness 152 forceless frail, with-
out strength 157 to . . . affected in love with thine own face
161 Narcissus a beautiful youth who fell in love with his
own reflection 169 increase produce

175 By this by this time, now 177 Titan the sun god 181
lazy sprite dull spirit 188 bare inadequate 200 relenteth
i.e., is worn away 205 this thus 208 fair fair one 215
complexion external appearance 216 direction volition
220 Being . . . cause i.e., though Venus is the judge in all
disputes of love, she cannot obtain justice for herself 221 fain
gladly 222 intendments break intentions (i.e., what she
was going to say) interrupt

Sometime she shakes her head, and then his hand,
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground.
 Sometime her arms infold him like a band:
 She would, he will not in her arms be bound.
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
 She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling,"^o she saith, "since I have hemmed thee here
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale,^o
 I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer:
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;
 Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief^o enough,
 Sweet bottom-grass,^o and high delightful plain,
 Round rising hillocks, brakes^o obscure and rough,
 To shelter thee from tempest and from rain.
 Then be my deer since I am such a park;
 No dog shall rouse^o thee though a thousand bark."^o

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
 That^o in each cheek appears a pretty dimple;
 Love made those hollows, if^o himself were slain,
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple,
 Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
 Why, there Love lived, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
 Opened their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.^o
 Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
 Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
 To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? What shall she say?
 Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
 The time is spent, her object will away,
 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
 "Pity!" she cries, "some favor, some remorse!"^o
 Away he springs and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbors by
 A breeding jennet,^o lusty, young, and proud,
 Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
 And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud.
 The strong-necked steed, being tied unto a tree,
 Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
 And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
 The bearing^o earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
 Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
 The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
 Controlling what he was controllèd with.

His ears up-pricked, his braided hanging mane
 Upon his compassed crest^o now stand on end;
 His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
 As from a furnace, vapors doth he send;
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
 Shows his hot courage^o and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told^o the steps,
 With gentle majesty and modest pride;
 Anon he rears upright, curvets,^o and leaps,
 As who should say, "Lo, thus my strength is tried,
 And this I do to captivate the eye
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by."

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,^o
 His flattering^o "Holla" or his "Stand, I say"?
 What cares he now for curb or pricking spur,
 For rich caparisons or trappings gay?
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
 For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look when^o a painter would surpass the life
 In limning^o out a well-proportioned steed,
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
 As if the dead the living should exceed—
 So did this horse excel a common one
 In shape, in courage, color, pace, and bone.^o

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
 High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
 Look what^o a horse should have he did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;
 Anon he starts at stirring of a feather.
 To bid the wind a base^o he now prepares,
 And whe'r^o he run or fly they know not whether,
 For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
 Fanning the hairs, who wave like feath' red wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
 She answers him, as if she knew his mind.
 Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
 She puts on outward strangeness,^o seems unkind,
 Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,
 Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
 He vails^o his tail, that, like a falling plume,
 Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent;
 He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.^o
 His love, perceiving how he was enraged,
 Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

229 **Fondling** little fool (affectionate) 230 **pale** fence (here, her arms) 235 **relief** (1) topography, as on a relief-map (2) (sexual) satisfaction 236 **bottom-grass** valley-grass 237 **brakes** thickets 240 **rouse** drive from cover 242 **That** so that 243 **if** so that if he 248 **liking** desire 257 **remorse** mercy 260 **jennet** small Spanish horse 267 **bearing** receiving

272 **compassed crest** arched ridge of the neck 276 **courage** lust 277 **told** counted 279 **curvets** hops 283 **stir** excitement 284 **flattering** calming 289 **Look when** just as 290 **limning out** drawing 294 **bone** frame 299 **Look what** whatever 303 **bid** . . . base challenge the wind to a chase 304 **whe'r** whether 310 **outward strangeness** show of indifference 314 **vails** lowers 316 **fume** rage

His testy master goeth about to take him,
 When, lo, the unbacked^o breeder, full of fear,
 Jealous of catching,^o swiftly doth forsake him,
 With her the horse,^o and left Adonis there.
 As they were mad unto the wood they hie them,
 Outstripping crows that strive to overfly them.

All swol'n with chafing, down Adonis sits,
 Banning^o his boist'rous and unruly beast;
 And now the happy season once more fits
 That lovesick Love^o by pleading may be blest;
 For lovers say the heart hath treble wrong
 When it is barred the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopped, or river stayed,
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage;
 So of concealèd sorrow may be said
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
 But when the heart's attorney^o once is mute,
 The client breaks,^o as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming and begins to glow,
 Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
 And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
 Looks on the dull earth with disturbèd mind,
 Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
 For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly^o to view
 How she came stealing to the wayward^o boy!
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
 How white and red each other did destroy!
 But now her cheek was pale, and by and by^o
 It flashed forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
 With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
 Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels.
 His tend'rer cheek receives her soft hand's print
 As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.^o

O, what a war of looks was then between them,
 Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing!
 His eyes saw her eyes as^o they had not seen them;
 Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdained the wooing;
 And all this dumb play^o had his^o acts made plain
 With tears which choruslike^o her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
 A lily prisoned in a jail of snow,
 Or ivory in an alabaster band:
 So white a friend engirts so white a foe.
 This beauteous combat, willful and unwilling,
 Showed like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts^o began:
 320 "O fairest mover on this mortal round,^o
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound!^o 370
 For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
 Though nothing but my body's bane^o would cure thee."

325 "Give me my hand," saith he. "Why dost thou feel it?"
 "Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt have it.
 O, give it me lest thy hard heart do steel^o it, 375
 And being steeled, soft sighs can never grave^o it.
 Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
 330 Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

"For shame!" he cries. "Let go, and let me go:
 My day's delight is past, my horse is gone, 380
 And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so.
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
 335 For all my mind, my thought, my busy care
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should, 385
 Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.
 Affection^o is a coal that must be cooled;
 340 Else, suffered,^o it will set the heart on fire.
 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
 Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone. 390

"How like a jade^o he stood, tied to the tree,
 Servilely mastered with a leathern rein;
 345 But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,^o
 He held such petty bondage in disdain,
 Throwing the base thong from his bending crest, 395
 Enfranchising^o his mouth, his back, his breast.

"Who sees his true-love in her naked^o bed,
 350 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
 But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
 His other agents^o aim at like delight? 400
 Who is so faint that dares not be so bold
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

355 "Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
 And learn of him, I heartly beseech thee,
 To take advantage on^o presented joy. 405
 Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
 O, learn to love! The lesson is but plain,
 360 And once made perfect, never lost again."

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,
 Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it. 410
 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe^o it:
 My love to love is love but to disgrace it;^o
 365 For I have heard it is a life in death,
 That laughs and weeps, and all but with a^o breath.

320 unbacked unbroken 321 Jealous of catching afraid of
 being caught 322 horse i.e., stallion 326 Banning cursing
 328 Love Venus 335 the heart's attorney the tongue
 336 breaks goes bankrupt 343 wistly attentively 344 way-
 ward willful 347 by and by quickly 354 dint impression
 357 as as if 359 dumb play dumb show, pantomime; his its
 360 choruslike i.e., served as a commentator

367 engine . . . thoughts her tongue 368 mover . . .
 round living creature on earth 370 my wound i.e., wounded
 like mine 372 bane ruin 375 steel turn to steel 376 grave
 engrave 387 Affection passion 388 suffered tolerated
 391 jade contemptuous term for horse 393 fair fee due
 reward 396 Enfranchising setting free 397 naked modifies
 "true-love," not "bed" 400 agents organs 405 on of 411
 owe own 412 My . . . it my only attitude toward love is a
 desire to discredit it 414 but with a in the same

- “Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinished?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminished,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth.
The colt that’s backed° and burdened being young
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.
- “You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless° chat;
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love’s alarms° it will not ope the gate.
Dismiss your vows, your feignèd tears, your flatt’ry; 425
For where a heart is hard they make no batt’ry.”°
- “What! canst thou talk?” quoth she. “Hast thou a
tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid’s° voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now pressed° with bearing: 430
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,
Ear’s deep-sweet music, and heart’s deep-sore
wounding.
- “Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible.° 435
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.
- “Say that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch, 440
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the stillitory° of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfumed that breedeth love by
smelling.
- “But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder to the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?” 450
- Once more the ruby-colored portal opened
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn that ever yet betokened
Wrack° to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws° to herdmen and to herds.
- This ill presage advisedly she marketh.
Even as the wind is hushed before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin° before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth, 460
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.
- And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth;
A smile recures° the wounding of a frown. 465
But blessèd bankrout° that by love so thriveth!
The silly° boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red, 470
- And all amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily° prevent. 475
Fair fall° the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.
- He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks, 475
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marred.°
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,° 480
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.
- The night of sorrow now is turned to day:
Her two blue windows° faintly she upheaveth,
Like the fair sun when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth;
And so the bright sun glorifies the sky, 485
So is her face illumined with her eye;
- Whose beams upon his hairless face are fixed,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mixed,
Had not his clouded with his brow’s repine;° 490
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.
- “O, where am I?” quoth she, “in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drenched, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or° weary even? 495
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I lived, and life was death’s annoy;°
But now I died, and death was lively joy.
- “O, thou didst kill me, kill me once again!
Thy eyes’ shrewd° tutor, that hard heart of thine, 500
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain
That they have murd’red this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,°
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.
- “Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear;° 505
And as they last, their verdure° still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year;
That the stargazers, having writ on death,°
May say the plague is banished by thy breath. 510

419 backed broken in 422 bootless useless 424 alarms attacks 426 batt’ry successful entry 429 mermaid’s siren’s 430 pressed oppressed 436 sensible able to receive any other sensations 443 stillitory distilling plant 454 Wrack wreck 456 flaws blasts of wind 459 grin bare its fangs

465 recures heals 466 bankrout bankrupt 467 silly innocent 471 wittily cleverly 472 Fair fall prosperity befall 478 marred inflicted 479 by . . . will willingly 482 blue windows her eyelids 490 repine vexation 495 or . . . or either . . . or 497 annoy torment 500 shrewd harsh 503 their queen the heart 506 crimson liveries wear red colors wear out 507 verdure freshness 509 stargazers . . . death astrologers, who have predicted an epidemic

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still° to be sealing?°
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips°
Set thy seal manual° on my wax-red lips.

515

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches° unto thee?
Are they not quickly told° and quickly gone?
Say for nonpayment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

520

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe° me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years.°
Before I know myself, seek not to know me:
No fisher but the ungrown fry° forbears;
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early plucked is sour to taste.

525

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks; 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say good night, and so say you.
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"Good night," quoth she; and, ere he says "Adieu,"
The honey fee of parting tend' red is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate° then they seem; face grows to face;

535

540

Till breathless he disjoined, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth.
He with her plenty pressed,° she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

545

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And gluttonlike she feeds, yet never filleth.
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter° willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

550

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek° and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage,
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honor's wrack.

555

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much handling, 560
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tired with chasing,
Or like the froward° infant stilled with dandling,
He now obeys and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.°

What wax so frozen but dissolves with temp'ring 565
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of° hope are compassed oft with vent'ring,°
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission.°
Affection° faints not like a pale-faced coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is froward.° 570

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not sucked.
Foul° words and frowns must not repel a lover.
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis plucked.
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast, 575
Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool° prays her that he may depart.
She is resolved no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart, 580
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste° in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.°
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet tomorrow? 585
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?"
He tells her no; tomorrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

585

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,°
Like lawn° being spread upon the blushing rose, 590
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws.
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

590

Now is she in the very lists° of love, 595
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter.
All is imaginary she doth prove,°
He will not manage° her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,°
To clip° Elysium and to lack her joy. 600

595

600

512 still always; sealing i.e., kissing 515 slips errors 516 seal manual signet ring (i.e., lips) 519 touches i.e., kisses 520 told counted 523 owe bear 524 Measure . . . years account for my shyness by my youth 526 fry young fish 540 Incorporate joined into one body 545 pressed oppressed 550 insulter exultant winner 555 reek i.e., steam

562 froward fretful 564 listeth wants 567 out of beyond; compassed . . . vent'ring achieved often by venturing 568 leave exceeds commission liberty goes beyond what was permitted 569 Affection passion, desire 570 when . . . froward when the object of his passion is most obstinate 573 Foul unpleasant 578 poor fool expression of tenderness 583 waste spend 584 watch stay open 589 pale pallor 590 lawn a fine linen 595 lists field of combat 597 prove experience (i.e., all that she experiences is in her imagination) 598 manage ride 599 That . . . annoy so that her torment is worse than that of Tantalus (in Hades, Tantalus was surrounded by food and drink that he could never touch) 600 clip embrace

Even so poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw;°
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects° which she in him finds missing 605
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be!
She hath assayed° as much as may be proved:°
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved. 610
"Fie, fie!" he says. "You crush me; let me go!
You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere
this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advised, thou know'st not what it is 615
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes° never sheathed he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal° butcher bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes that ever threat his foes;
His eyes like glowworms shine when he doth fret;°
His snout digs sepulchers where'er he goes;
Being moved,° he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armèd,
Are better proof° than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmèd;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venter.°
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes. 630

"Alas, he naught esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pays tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,°
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
Would root° these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin° still:
Beauty hath naught to do with such foul fiends.
Come not within his danger° by thy will.
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends. 640
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,°
I feared thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?° 645
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy°
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel, 650
Gives false alarms, suggesteth° mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, 'Kill, kill!'
Distemp'ring° gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding° spy, 655
This canker° that eats up Love's tender spring,°
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear. 660

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stained with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed 665
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at th' imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed, 670
And fear doth teach it divination.
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar tomorrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me:
Uncouple at° the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety, 675
Or at the roe which no encounter dare.
Pursue these fearful° creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breathed° horse keep with thy
hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot° the purblind° hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot° his troubles, 680
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks° and crosses with a thousand doubles.
The many musits° through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze° his foes.

Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep, 685
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,°
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;°
And sometime sorteth° with a herd of deer.
Danger deviseth shifts,° wit waits on° fear; 690

602 pine the maw starve the stomach 605 effects consequences 608 assayed tried; proved tried 617 tushes tusks
618 mortal deadly 621 fret rage 623 moved angered 626 better proof stronger armor 628 venter venture 633 eyne eyes 636 root uproot 637 cabin i.e., sty 639 within his danger within distance of his power to harm 641 not to dissemble to tell the truth 645 downright directly

649 Jealousy anxiety 651 suggesteth incites 653 Distemp'ring decreasing 655 bate-breeding strife-creating 656 canker worm (that preys on blossoms); spring bud 674 Uncouple at loose your hounds upon 677 fearful timid 678 well-breathed well-conditioned 679 on foot in chase; purblind weak-sighted 680 overshoot run beyond 682 cranks turns 683 musits gaps in a hedge or fence 684 amaze confuse 687 earth-delving conies keep rabbits that dig burrows dwell 688 in their yell i.e., in full cry 689 sorteth mingles 690 shifts tricks; waits on goes with

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault° cleanly out.

Then do they spend their mouths;° echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat,° far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with list'ning ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still.
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear,
And now his grief may be comparèd well
To one sore sick that hears the passing° bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting° with the way.
Each envious° brier his weary legs do scratch;
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay;
For misery is trodden on by many
And, being low, never relieved by any.

"Lie quietly and hear a little more.
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise.
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so,
For love can comment upon every woe.

"Where did I leave?" "No matter where," quoth he;
"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends.
The night is spent." "Why, what of that?" quoth she.
"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall."
"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

"But if thou fall, O, then imagine this:
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys° make true° men thieves. So do thy lips
Make modest Dian° cloudy° and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.°

"Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia° for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging° Nature be condemned of treason
For stealing molds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein she framed thee, in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her° by night.

"And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies
To cross° the curious° workmanship of Nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities
And pure perfection with impure defeature,°
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,°
The marrow-eating sickness° whose attainment°
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood,
Surfeits, imposthumes,° grief, and damned despair
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under;°
Both favor,° savor, hue,° and qualities,
Whereat th' impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thawed, and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

"Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal; the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith° in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself thyself art made away,
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher sire that reaves° his son of life.
Foul cank'ring rust the hidden treasure frets,°
But gold that's put to use more gold begets."

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme.
The kiss I gave you is bestowed in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise° makes me like you worse and worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armèd in mine ear
And will not let a false sound enter there,

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure° of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barred of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps while now it sleeps alone.

694 cold fault lost scent 695 spend their mouths yelp
697 Wat traditional name for a hare 702 passing funeral
704 indenting zigzagging 705 envious malicious 724
preys booty; true honest 725 Dian Diana (goddess of
chastity and of the hunt); cloudy gloomy 726 forsworn i.e.,
having broken her vow of chastity 728 Cynthia the moon,
i.e., Diana 729 forging counterfeiting 732 her the moon
734 cross thwart; curious elaborate 736 defeature dis-
figurement

740 wood mad 741 marrow-eating sickness syphilis (?);
attaint infection 743 imposthumes abscesses 745-46 And
. . . under even the least of these maladies in one minute can
destroy beauty 747 favor features; hue complexion 762
Sith since 766 reaves deprives 767 frets erodes 774
treatise discourse 782 closure enclosure

- "What have you urged that I cannot reprove?^o
 The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger.
 I hate not love, but your device^o in love,
 That lends embracements unto every stranger.
 You do it for increase. O strange excuse,
 When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!
- "Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled
 Since sweating Lust on earth usurped his name;
 Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
 Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
 Which the hot tyrant^o stains and soon bereaves,^o
 As caterpillars do the tender leaves.
- "Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
 But Lust's effect is tempest after sun.
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain;
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.
 Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
 Love is all truth, Lust full of forgèd lies.
- "More I could tell, but more I dare not say:
 The text is old, the orator too green.^o
 Therefore in sadness^o now I will away.
 My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;^o
 Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
 Do burn themselves for having so offended."
- With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
 Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast
 And homeward through the dark laund^o runs apace;
 Leaves Love upon her back, deeply distressed.
 Look how^o a bright star shooteth from the sky,
 So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;
- Which after him she darts, as one on shore
 Gazing upon a late-embarked friend
 Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
 Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend.
 So did the merciless and pitchy night
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight.
- Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
 Hath dropped a precious jewel in the flood,
 Or 'stonished^o as night-wand'ers often are,
 Their light blown out in some mistrustful^o wood,
 Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way.
- And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
 That all the neighbor caves, as seeming troubled,
 Make verbal repetition of her moans.
 Passion^o on passion deeply is redoubled;
 "Ay me!" she cries, and twenty times, "Woe, woe!"
 And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.
- She, marking them, begins a wailing note
 And sings extemporally a woeful ditty:
 How love makes young men thrall,^o and old men dote;
 How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty.
 Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
 And still the choir of echoes answer so.
- Her song was tedious and outwore the night,
 For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short.
 If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
 In suchlike circumstance, with suchlike sport.
 Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
 End without audience, and are never done.
- For who hath she to spend the night withal
 But idle sounds resembling parasits,^o
 Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
 Soothing the humor of fantastic wits?
 She says, "'Tis so." They answer all, "'Tis so,"
 And would say after her if she said "No."
- Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet^o mounts up on high
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
 The sun ariseth in his majesty;
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold
 That cedar tops and hills seem burnished gold.
- Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
 "O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
 From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
 The beauteous influence that makes him bright;
 There lives a son that sucked an earthly mother
 May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."
- This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
 Musing the morning is so much o'erworn
 And yet she hears no tidings of her love.
 She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn.
 Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
 And all in haste she coasteth^o to the cry.
- And as she runs, the bushes in the way
 Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
 Some twine about her thigh to make her stay.
 She wildly breaketh from their strict^o embrace,
 Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
 Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.^o
- By this she hears the hounds are at a bay;^o
 Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
 Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
 The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder.
 Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
 Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

787 reprove refute 789 device cunning 797 hot tyrant
 lust; bereaves spoils 806 green young 807 in sadness in
 all seriousness 808 teen sorrow 813 laund open space in a
 forest 815 Look how just as 825 'stonished bewildered
 826 mistrustful feared 332 Passion lamentation

837 thrall captive 848 parasits i.e., flatterers 854 cabinet
 i.e., nest 870 coasteth approaches 874 strict tight 876
 brake thicket 877 at a bay the moment during a hunt when
 an animal is forced to turn against its pursuers

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt^o boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud;
Finding their enemy to be so curst,^o
They all strain court'sy^o who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,^o
Till cheering up her senses all dismayed,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more;
And with that word she spied the hunted boar,

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither.
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens^o bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with^o delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects,^o yet naught at all respecting,
In hand^o with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kennelled in a brake she finds a hound
And asks the weary caitiff^o for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouthed^o mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin^o volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratched ears, bleeding as they go.

Look how the world's poor people are amazed^o
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazèd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies:
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath
And sighing it again, exclaims on^o Death.

885 "Hard-favored tyrant, ugly, meager, lean,
Hateful divorce of love!" (thus chides she Death)
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou
mean,
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath
Who, when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?" 935

890 "If he be dead—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it!
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at randon^o dost thou hit; 940
Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

895 "Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his^o power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke: 945
They bid thee crop a weed; thou pluck'st a flower.
900 Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon^o dart to strike him dead.

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such
weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage^o thee? 950
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
905 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigor,^o
Since her best work is ruined with thy rigor."

Here overcome, as one full of despair, 955
910 She vailed^o her eyelids, who like sluices stopped^o
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropped;
But through the floodgates breaks the silver rain
And with his strong course opens them again. 960

915 O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow,
Her eye seen in the tears, tears in her eye,
Both crystals,^o where they viewed each other's sorrow—
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain, 965
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

920 Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who^o should best become her grief.
All entertained,^o each passion labors so
That every present sorrow seemeth chief, 970
But none is best; then join they all together
925 Like many clouds consulting^o for foul weather.

By this far off she hears some huntsman halloa.
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well.
The dire imagination she did follow 975
930 This sound of hope doth labor to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

884 blunt rough 887 curst savage 888 They . . . court'sy
i.e., each holds back to allow the other to go first 895 ecstasy
fit 907 spleens impulses 909 mated with checked by 911
respects considerations 912 In hand occupied 914 caitiff
wretch 920 flap-mouthed loose-lipped 921 welkin sky
925 amazed perplexed 930 exclaims on denounces

940 randon random 944 his its 948 ebon black 950
advantage profit 953 mortal vigor deadly power 956
vailed lowered; who . . . stopped which, like floodgates,
dammed 963 crystals i.e., mirrors 968 striving who
competing which 969 entertained admitted 972 consult-
ing plotting

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,^o
 Being prisoned in her eye like pearls in glass;
 Yet sometimes falls an orient^o drop beside,
 Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
 To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken when she seemeth drowned.

O hard-believing^o love, how strange it seems
 Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
 Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
 Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous:
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
 In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought:
 Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
 It was not she that called him all to naught.^o
 Now she adds honors to his hateful name:
 She clepes^o him king of graves, and grave for kings, 995
 Imperious supreme^o of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest;
 Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
 When as I met the boar, that bloody beast
 Which knows no pity but is still severe.
 Then, gentle shadow^o (truth I must confess),
 I railed on thee, fearing my love's decesse.^o

"'Tis not my fault the boar provoked my tongue;
 Be wreaked^o on him, invisible commander.
 'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
 I did but act; he's author of thy slander.
 Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
 Could rule them both, without ten women's wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
 Her rash suspect^o she doth extenuate;
 And that his beauty may the better thrive,
 With Death she humbly doth insinuate;^o
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs; and stories^o
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I
 To be of such a weak and silly mind
 To wail his death who lives, and must not die
 Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
 For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
 And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, found love, thou art as full of fear
 As one with treasure laden, hemmed with thieves.
 Trifles, unwitnessed with^o eye, or ear,
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
 Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
 Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies;
 980 The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light,
 And in her haste unfortunately spies
 The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
 1030 Which seen, her eyes, as murd'ed with the view,
 Like stars ashamed of^o day, themselves withdrew;

985 Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
 Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
 And there, all smoth'ed up, in shade doth sit,
 1035 Long after fearing to creep forth again;
 So at his bloody view her eyes are fled
 990 Into the deep-dark cabins of her head;

Where they resign their office and their light
 To the disposing of her troubled brain,
 1040 Who bids them still consort^o with ugly night
 And never wound the heart with looks again;
 Who,^o like a king perplexed in his throne,
 By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes,
 1045 As when the wind, imprisoned in the ground,
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
 1000 Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
 This mutiny each part doth so surprise
 That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes, 1050

And, being opened, threw unwilling light
 Upon the wide wound that the boar had trenched^o
 1005 In his soft flank, whose wonted lily white
 With purple tears that his wound wept was drenched.
 No flow'r was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed, 1055
 But stole his blood and seemed with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth.
 1010 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head.
 Dumbly she passions,^o frantically she doteth:
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead;
 1060 Her voice is stopped, her joints forget to bow;
 Her eyes are mad^o that they have wept till^o now.

1015 Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly
 That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
 And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
 1065 That makes more gashes where no breach should be.
 His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
 1020 For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
 And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead! 1070
 My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
 Mine eyes are turned to fire, my heart to lead.
 1025 Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
 So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

979 turn their tide ebb 981 orient bright 985 hard-
 believing skeptical 993 all to naught worthless 995 clepes
 names 996 Imperious supreme imperial ruler 1001 shadow
 specter 1002 decesse decease 1004 wreaked revenged 1010
 suspect suspicion 1012 insinuate ingratiate herself 1013
 stories relates 1023 unwitnessed with unperceived by

1032 ashamed of put to shame by 1041 still consort always
 keep company 1043 Who which 1052 trenched cut
 1059 passions grieves 1062 mad distracted; till before

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
 What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
 Whose tongue is music now? What canst thou boast
 Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
 The flowers are sweet, their colors fresh and trim,
 But true sweet beauty lived and died with him.

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear;
 Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you.
 Having no fair^o to lose, you need not fear:
 The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you.
 But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
 Lurked like two thieves, to rob him of his fair;

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
 Under those brim the gaudy^o sun would peep;
 The wind would blow it off, and being gone,
 Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep;
 And straight, in pity of his tender years,
 They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

"To see his face the lion walked along,
 Behind some hedge, because he would not fear^o him.
 To recreate himself when he hath song,
 The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him.
 If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey
 And never fright the silly^o lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
 The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
 When he was by, the birds such pleasure took
 That some would sing, some other in their bills
 Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries:
 He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted^o boar,
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
 Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
 Witness the entertainment^o that he gave.
 If he did see his face, why then I know
 He thought to kiss him, and hath killed him so.

"'Tis true, 'tis true! thus was Adonis slain:
 He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
 Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
 But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
 And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
 Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

"Had I been toothed like him, I must confess,
 With kissing him I should have killed him first;
 But he is dead, and never did he bless
 My youth with his; the more am I accurst."
 With this she falleth in the place she stood
 And stains her face with his congealèd blood.

1075 She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
 She whispers in his ears a heavy tale, 1125
 As if they heard the woeful words she told.
 She lifts the coffer-lids^o that close his eyes,
 1080 Where lo, two lamps burnt out in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect; 1130
 Their virtue lost wherein they late excelled,
 And every beauty robbed of his effect.
 1085 "Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,^o
 That thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

"Since thou art dead, lo here I prophesy, 1135
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend.
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,
 1090 Find sweet beginning, but unsavory end,
 Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
 That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe. 1140

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
 Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing while;^o
 1095 The bottom poison, and the top o'erstrawed^o
 With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile.
 The strongest body shall it make most weak, 1145
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

"It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
 1100 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
 The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures; 1150
 It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
 Make the young old, the old become a child.

1105 "It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
 It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
 It shall be merciful, and too severe, 1155
 And most deceiving when it seems most just;
 Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward;^o
 1110 Put fear to valor, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events
 And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire, 1160
 Subject and servile to all discontents,
 As dry combustious matter is to fire.
 1115 Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
 They that love best their loves shall not enjoy."

By this the boy that by her side lay killed 1165
 Was melted like a vapor from her sight,
 And in his blood, that on the ground lay spilled,
 1120 A purple flower^o sprung up, check'ed red with white,
 Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood. 1170

1083 fair beauty 1088 gaudy bright 1094 fear frighten
 1098 silly innocent 1105 urchin-snouted hedgehog-
 snouted 1108 entertainment reception

1127 coffer-lids lids to treasure chests 1133 spite grief
 1142 in . . . while in one breath 1143 o'erstrawed strewn
 1157 toward docile 1168 purple flower i.e., the anemone

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,
 Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
 And says within her bosom it shall dwell,
 Since he himself is reft from her by death;
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach^o appears
 Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

1175

"Poor flow'r," quoth she, "this was thy father's
 guise^o—
 Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
 For every little grief to wet his eyes;
 To grow unto himself was his desire,
 And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
 To wither in my breast as in his blood.

1175 **breach** break (in the stalk) 1177 **guise** custom

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
 Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right.
 Lo in this hollow cradle take thy rest;
 My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
 There shall not be one minute in an hour
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flow'r."

1185

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
 And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aid
 Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
 In her light chariot quickly is conveyed,
 Holding their course to Paphos,^o where their queen
 Means to immure herself and not be seen.

1190

1193 **Paphos** where Venus dwells in Cyprus



THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLEY
Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet without beginning^o is but a superfluous moiety.^o The warrant I have of your honorable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 10

The Argument

Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus), after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea; during which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome; and intending by their secret and sudden arrival to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids; the other ladies were all found dancing and reveling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen

yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. 20
At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; wherewith the people were so moved that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls. 45

The decorative border shown above appeared on the title page of the quarto edition of The Rape of Lucrece, 1594.

4 without beginning i.e., the narrative begins *in medias res*
5 moiety small part

From the besieged Ardea all in post,^o
 Borne by the trustless^o wings of false desire,
 Lust-breathed^o Tarquin leaves the Roman host
 And to Collatium bears the lightless^o fire
 Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire^o
 And girdle with embracing flames the waist
 Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply^o that name of "chaste" unhap'ly set
 This bateless^o edge on his keen appetite;^o
 When Collatine unwisely did not let^o
 To praise the clear unmatched red and white
 Which triumphed in that sky of his delight,^o
 Where mortal stars,^o as bright as heaven's beauties,
 With pure aspects^o did him peculiar^o duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
 Unlocked the treasure of his happy state:
 What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
 In the possession of his beauteous mate;
 Reck'ning his fortune at such high proud rate
 That kings might be espoused to more fame,
 But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoyed but of^o a few,
 And if possessed, as soon decayed and done^o
 As is the morning's silver-melting dew
 Against the golden splendor of the sun!
 An expired date,^o canceled ere well begun.
 Honor and beauty, in the owner's arms,
 Are weakly fortified from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
 The eyes of men without an orator.
 What needeth then apologies^o be made
 To set forth that which is so singular?
 Or why is Collatine the publisher^o
 Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
 From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sov'reignty
 Suggested^o this proud issue^o of a king;
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be.
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
 Braving compare,^o disdainfully did sting
 His high-pitched thoughts, that meaner men should
 vaunt
 That golden hap^o which their superiors want.^o

But some untimely thought did instigate
 His all too timeless^o speed, if none of those.
 His honor, his affairs, his friends, his state,^o
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
 To quench the coal which in his liver^o glows.
 O rash false heat, wrapped in repentant cold,
 Thy hasty spring still blasts^o and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrivèd,
 Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
 Within whose face Beauty and Virtue strived
 Which of them both should underprop her fame.
 When Virtue bragged, Beauty would blush for shame;
 When Beauty boasted blushes, in despite
 Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But Beauty in that white entitled^o
 From Venus' doves, doth challenge that fair field;^o
 Then Virtue claims from Beauty Beauty's red,
 Which Virtue gave the Golden Age to gild^o
 Their silver cheeks, and called it then their shield,
 Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
 When shame assailed, the red should fence^o the
 white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
 Argued^o by Beauty's red and Virtue's white;
 Of either's color was the other queen,
 Proving from world's minority^o their right.
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight,
 The sovereignty of either being so great
 That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
 Which Tarquin viewed in her fair face's field,
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
 Where, lest between them both it should be killed,
 The coward captive vanquished doth yield
 To those two armies that would let him go
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,
 The niggard prodigal that praised her so,
 In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
 Which far exceeds his barren skill to show.
 Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
 Enchanted Tarquin answers^o with surmise,^o
 In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
 Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
 For unstained thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
 Birds never limed^o no secret bushes fear.
 So guiltless she securely^o gives good cheer
 And reverend^o welcome to her princely guest,
 Whose inward ill no outward harm expressed;

1 all in post in great haste 2 trustless treacherous 3 Lust-breathed inspired by lust 4 lightless smoldering 5 aspire ascend 8 Haply perhaps 9 bateless unbated; appetite lust 10 let forbear 12 that . . . delight Lucrece's face 13 mortal stars Lucrece's eyes 14 aspects (1) looks (2) astrological influences; peculiar private 22 of by 23 done consumed 26 date lease 31 apologies i.e., vindications 33 publisher proclaimer 37 Suggested prompted; issue i.e., son 40 Braving compare challenging comparison 42 hap luck; want lack

44 timeless untimely 45 state status, estate 47 liver thought to be the seat of sexual desire 49 still blasts always is blasted 57 entitled having a claim 58 field (1) field of battle (2) ground of a shield 60 gild color (with a blush) 63 fence defend 65 Argued expressed 67 minority youth (i.e., the Golden Age of line 60) 83 answers pays; surmise amazement 88 limed caught by bird lime (a sticky substance smeared upon branches) 89 securely unsuspectingly 90 reverend reverent

For that he colored° with his high estate,
 Hiding base sin in pleats of majesty;
 That° nothing in him seemed inordinate,
 Save sometime too much wonder in his eye,
 Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
 But poorly rich, so wanteth in his store°
 That, cloyed with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never coped with° stranger° eyes,
 Could pick no meaning from their parling° looks,
 Nor read the subtle shining secrecies
 Writ in the glassy margents° of such books.
 She touched no unknown baits, nor feared no hooks;
 Nor could she moralize° his wanton sight,°
 More than his eyes were opened to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
 Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
 And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
 Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
 With bruised arms° and wreaths of victory.
 Her joy with heaved-up° hand she doth express,
 And wordless so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither
 He makes excuses for his being there.
 No cloudy show of stormy blust'ring weather
 Doth yet in his fair welkin° once appear,
 Till sable Night, mother of dread and fear,
 Upon the world dim darkness doth display
 And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
 Intending° weariness with heavy sprite;°
 For, after supper, long he questionèd°
 With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night.
 Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight,
 And everyone to rest himself betakes,
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that
 wakes.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
 Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining.
 Despair to gain doth traffic° oft for gaining;
 And when great treasure is the meed° proposèd,
 Though death be adjunct,° there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond°
 That what they have not, that which they possess
 They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
 And so by hoping more they have but less;
 Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
 Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain
 That they prove bankrout° in this poor rich gain.

92 colored cloaked 94 That so that 97 store wealth 99
 coped with encountered; stranger i.e., strangers' 100 parl-
 ing speaking 102 glassy margents margins (of his eyes)
 104 moralize interpret; sight glance 110 bruised arms
 battered armor 111 heaved-up uplifted 116 welkin sky 121
 Intending pretending; sprite spirit 122 questionèd talked
 131 traffic trade 132 meed reward 133 adjunct i.e., the
 consequence 134 fond infatuated 140 bankrout bankrupt

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
 With honor, wealth, and ease in waning age;
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife
 That one for all, or all for one we gage:°
 As° life for honor in fell° battle's rage;
 Honor for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and all together lost;

So that in vent'ring° ill we leave° to be
 The things we are for that which we expect;
 And this ambitious foul infirmity,
 In having much, torments us with defect°
 Of that we have: so then we do neglect
 The thing we have, and all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
 Pawning his honor to obtain his lust;
 And for himself himself he must forsake.
 Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
 When shall he think to find a stranger just,
 When he himself himself confounds,° betrays
 To sland'rous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
 When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes.
 No comfortable° star did lend his light,
 No noise but owls, and wolves' death-boding cries;
 Now serves the season that they may surprise
 The silly° lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
 While lust and murder wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leapt from his bed,
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
 Is madly tossed between desire and dread:
 Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
 But honest fear, bewitched with lust's foul charm,
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
 Beaten away by brainsick° rude desire.

His falchion° on a flint he softly° smiteth,
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
 Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
 Which must be lodestar° to his lustful eye;
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:°
 "As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,
 So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
 The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
 And in his inward mind he doth debate
 What following sorrow may on this arise;
 Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
 His naked armor of still-slaught'ed lust°
 And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

144 gage pledge 145 As for example; fell fierce 148 vent'-
 ring risking; leave cease 151 defect the insufficiency 160
 confounds destroys 164 comfortable comforting 167
 silly innocent 175 brainsick mad 176 falchion curved
 sword; softly silently 179 lodestar guiding star 180 ad-
 visedly deliberately 188 His . . . lust i.e., his armor, lust, is
 no armor, for when lust is fulfilled it is killed

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine;
And die, unhallowed thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine.
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine.
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white
weed."

"O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonor to my household's grave!
O impious act including all foul garms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valor still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive
And be an eyesore in my golden coat.
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, shamed with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

"What win I if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the scepter straight be stroken down?

"If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desp'rate rage
Post hither this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

"O, what excuse can my invention make
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

"Had Collatinus killed my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife;
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

190 "Shameful it is—ay, if the fact be known.
Hateful it is—there is no hate in loving. 240
I'll beg her love—but she is not her own.
The worst is but denial and reproving.
My will° is strong, past reason's weak removing.
195 Who fears a sentence° or an old man's saw°
Shall by a painted cloth° be kept in awe." 245

Thus graceless holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage° still;
200 Which in a moment doth confound and kill 250
All pure effects,° and doth so far proceed
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,
205 Fearing some hard news from the warlike band 255
Where her belovèd Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her color rise!
First red as roses that on lawn° we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

210 "And how her hand, in my hand being locked, 260
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which° strook her sad, and then it° faster rocked
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer
215 That, had Narcissus° seen her as she stood, 265
Self-love had never drowned him in the flood.

"Why hunt I then for color° or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
220 Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth.° 270
Affection° is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is displayed,
The coward° fights and will not be dismayed.

225 "Then childish fear avaunt, debating die! 275
Respect° and reason wait on° wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye.
Sad° pause and deep regard beseems the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage.
230 Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?" 280

196 weed garment, i.e., chastity 198 my household's grave the tomb of my ancestors 200 soft fancy's i.e., love's
201 still always; respect regard 205 coat coat of arms
206 loathsome dash i.e., a mark of disgrace 207 cipher show; fondly foolishly 221 engirt surrounded to attack
224 ever-during ever-enduring 236 quittal requital

243 will desire; removing dissuasion 244 sentence moral judgment; saw moral saying 245 painted cloth wall-hanging on which were painted moral texts and illustrative biblical and classical subjects 248 makes dispensation dispenses 249 vantage advantage 251 effects emotions 258 lawn (fine) line 262 Which i.e., the fact that his hand trembled; it her heart 265 Narcissus a beautiful youth who fell in love with his own reflection 267 color pretext 269 Poor . . . abuses remorse is felt only by lesser men in their petty transgressions 270 shadows dreadeth i.e., has scruples 271 Affection desire 273 The coward i.e., even the coward 275 Respect prudence; wait on attend 277 Sad serious

As corn° o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open list'ning ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross° him with their opposite persuasion
That now he vows a league,° and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the selfsame seat sits Collatine.
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to° the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,°
Who, flatt' red by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforced, retires his ward;°
But as they open, they all rate his ill,°
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard.°
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wand'ring weasels° shriek to see him
there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct° in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth
scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch;

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
He takes it from the rushes° where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks,
As who should say, "This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inured;° return again in haste;
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste."

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense consters° their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him, 325
He takes for accidental things of trial;°
Or as those bars° which stop the hourly dial,
Who° with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,°
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets° attend the time, 330
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring
To add a more rejoicing to the prime°
And give the sneapèd° birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income° of each precious thing:
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and
sands, 335
The merchant fears ere rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber door 295
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barred him from the blessed thing he sought. 340
So from himself impiety hath wrought°
That for his prey to pray he doth begin, 300
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' eternal power 345
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,°
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts; quoth he, "I must deflow'r.
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact;
How can they then assist me in the act? 350

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide:
My will is backed with resolution.
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is cleared with absolution; 355
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand plucked up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide. 360
The dove sleeps fast that this night owl will catch.
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.°

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks 365
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head.
By their high treason is his heart misled,
Which gives the watchword to his hand full soon 370
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

281 corn grain 286 cross thwart 287 league peace 293
seeks to applies to 295 his servile powers i.e., the senses
303 retires his ward draws back its bolt 304 rate his ill
condemn his evil intentions (by creaking) 305 regard caution
307 weasels kept in Roman houses in place of cats to catch rats
313 conduct conductor (i.e., the torch) 318 rushes used as
floor coverings 321 inured accustomed

324 consters construes 326 accidental . . . trial chance
happenings 327 bars lines on the face of a clock 328 Who
which; let delay 330 lets hindrances 332 prime spring
333 sneapèd chilled 334 income harvest, gain 341 wrought
i.e., wrought him 346 compass . . . fair possess his virtuous
beauty 364 sting (1) lust (2) penis

Look as^o the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
 Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves^o our sight,
 Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
 To wink,^o being blinded with a greater light.
 Whether it is that she reflects so bright
 That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed^o;
 But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,
 Then had they seen the period^o of their ill!^o
 Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side
 In his clear^o bed might have reposèd still.
 But they must ope, this blessèd league to kill,
 And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
 Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
 Coz'ning^o the pillow of a lawful kiss;
 Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
 Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
 Between whose hills her head entombèd is;
 Where like a virtuous monument she lies,
 To be admired of lewd unhallowed eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
 On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
 Showed like an April daisy on the grass,
 With pearly sweat resembling dew of night.
 Her eyes like marigolds had sheathed their light,
 And canopied in darkness sweetly lay
 Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair like golden threads played with her breath—
 O modest wantons, wanton modesty—
 Showing life's triumph in the map^o of death,
 And death's dim look in life's mortality.
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify
 As if between them twain there were no strife,
 But that life lived in death, and death in life.

Her breasts like ivory globes circled with blue,
 A pair of maiden worlds unconquerèd,
 Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
 And him by oath they truly honorèd.
 These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred,
 Who like a foul usurper went about
 From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
 What did he note but strongly he desired?
 What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
 And in his will^o his willful eye he tirèd.
 With more than admiration he admirèd
 Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
 Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth^o o'er his prey,
 Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
 So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
 His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
 Slacked, not suppressed; for, standing by her side,
 His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
 Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
 Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
 In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
 Nor children's tears nor^o mothers' groans respecting,
 Swell in their pride,^o the onset still expecting.
 Anon his beating heart, alarum^o striking,
 Gives the hot charge and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up^o his burning eye,
 His eye commends^o the leading to his hand;
 His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
 Smoking with pride, marched on to make his stand
 On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
 Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, must'ring^o to the quiet cabinet^o
 Where their dear governess and lady lies,
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset
 And fright her with confusion of their cries.
 She, much amazed, breaks ope her locked-up eyes,
 Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
 Are by his flaming torch dimmed and controlled.^o

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
 From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
 That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking.
 What terror 'tis! but she, in worser taking,^o
 From sleep disturbèd, heedfully doth view
 The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapped and confounded in a thousand fears,
 Like to a new-killed bird she trembling lies.
 She dares not look; yet winking there appears
 Quick-shifting antics,^o ugly in her eyes.
 Such shadows^o are the weak brain's forgeries,
 Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
 In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast
 (Rude ram,^o to batter such an ivory wall!),
 May feel her heart (poor citizen) distressed,
 Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
 Beating her bulk,^o that his hand shakes withal.
 This moves in him more rage and lesser pity,
 To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

372 Look as as 373 bereaves takes away 375 wink close
 377 supposed imagined 380 period end; ill evil 382 clear
 unstained 387 Coz'ning cheating 402 map image 417
 will lust

421 fawneth rejoices 431 Nor . . . nor neither . . . nor
 432 pride lust 433 alarum call to attack in battle 435 cheers
 up encourages 436 commends entrusts 442 must'ring
 rallying; the quiet cabinet the heart 448 controlled over-
 powered 453 taking fear 459 antics grotesque figures 460
 shadows shapes 464 ram battering ram 467 bulk body

First like a trumpet doth his tongue begin
 To sound a parley to his heartless^o foe;
 Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
 The reason of this rash alarm to know,
 Which he by dumb demeanor^o seeks to show;
 But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
 Under what color^o he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: "The color in thy face,
 That even for anger makes the lily pale
 And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
 Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale.
 Under that color am I come to scale
 Thy never-conquered fort; the fault is thine,
 For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
 Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,^o
 Where thou with patience must my will^o abide,
 My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
 Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
 But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
 By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring,
 I know what thorns the growing rose defends,
 I think the honey guarded with a sting:
 All this beforehand counsel comprehends.
 But Will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
 Only he hath an eye to gaze on Beauty,
 And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

"I have debated even in my soul,
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
 But nothing can affection's^o course control
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
 I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
 Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
 Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
 Which, like a falcon tow'ring in the skies,
 Coucheth^o the fowl below with his wings' shade,
 Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies.
 So under his insulting falchion^o lies
 Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
 With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcons' bells.

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must enjoy thee.
 If thou deny, then force must work my way;
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.
 That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
 To kill thine honor with thy life's decay;
 And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
 Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

470 "So thy surviving husband shall remain
 The scornful mark of every open eye;
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,^o 520
 Thy issue blurred with nameless bastardy;
 And thou, the author of their obloquy,
 475 Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes
 And sung by children in succeeding times. 525

"But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend;
 The fault unknown is as a thought unacted.
 A little harm done to a great good end
 480 For lawful policy remains enacted.^o
 The poisonous simple^o sometime is compacted^o 530
 In a pure compound; being so applied,
 His venom in effect is purified.

"Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
 485 Tender^o my suit; bequeath not to their lot
 The shame that from them no device can take, 535
 The blemish that will never be forgot;
 Worse than a slavish wipe^o or birth-hour's blot;^o
 For marks descried in men's nativity
 490 Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice'^o dead-killing eye 540
 He rouseth up himself and makes a pause;
 While she, the picture of pure piety,
 Like a white hind^o under the gripe's^o sharp claws,
 495 Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
 To the rough beast that knows no gentle right 545
 Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
 In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding,
 500 From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,^o
 Which blows these pitchy vapors from their bidding, 550
 Hind'ring their present^o fall by this dividing,
 So his unhallowed haste her words delays,
 And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus^o plays.

505 Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
 While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth. 555
 Her sad behavior feeds his vulture folly,^o
 A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth.^o
 His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
 510 No penetrable entrance to her plaining.^o
 Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining. 560

471 **heartless** frightened 474 **dumb demeanor** dumb show
 476 **color** (1) pretext (2) flag (3) anger (choler) 485 **to this**
night i.e., tonight 486 **will** sexual desire 500 **affection's**
 passion's 507 **Coucheth** makes cower 509 **falchion** curved
 sword (with play on "falcon")

521 **disdain** disgrace 529 **enacted** recorded 530 **simple**
 medicine; **compacted** compounded 534 **Tender** regard
 537 **slavish wipe** i.e., brand mark on a slave; **birth-hour's**
blot birthmark 540 **cockatrice'** basilisk's (mythical serpent
 that killed with a glance) 543 **hind** doe; **gripe's** griffin's (?)
 eagle's (?) 549 **doth get** makes its way 551 **present** im-
 mediate 553 **Pluto . . . Orpheus** Pluto, the ruler of the
 underworld, charmed by Orpheus' music, shut his eyes and
 allowed Orpheus to lead his wife, Eurydice, back toward
 the world 556 **vulture folly** ravenous madness 557 **wanteth**
 hungers 599 **plaining** lament

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixèd
 In the remorseless wrinkles° of his face.
 Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixèd,
 Which to her oratory adds more grace.
 She puts the period often from his place,°
 And midst the sentence to her accent° breaks
 That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
 By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
 By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
 By holy human law and common troth,
 By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
 That to his borrowed bed he make retire
 And stoop to° honor, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality
 With such black payment as thou hast pretended;°
 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended.
 End thy ill aim before thy shoot° be ended.
 He is no woodman° that doth bend his bow
 To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend; for his sake spare me.
 Thyself art mighty; for thine own sake leave me.
 Myself a weakling; do not then ensnare me.
 Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me.
 My sighs like whirlwinds labor hence to heave° thee.
 If ever man were moved with woman's moans,
 Be movèd with my tears, my sighs, my groans;

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,
 Beat at thy rocky and wrack-threat'ning heart,
 To soften it with their continual motion;
 For stones dissolved to water do convert.°
 O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
 Melt at my tears and be compassionate!
 Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;
 Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
 To all the host of heaven I complain me.
 Thou wrong'st his honor, wound'st his princely name.
 Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
 Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
 For kings like gods should govern everything.

"How will thy shame be seeded° in thine age
 When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
 If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
 What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?
 O, be rememb'red, no outrageous thing
 From vassal actors° can be wiped away;
 Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.°

"This deed will make thee only loved for fear; 610
 But happy monarchs still are feared for love.
 With foul offenders thou perforce must bear
 When they in thee the like offenses prove.
 565 If but for° fear of this, thy will remove;°
 For princes are the glass,° the school, the book, 615
 Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

"And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
 Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
 570 Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
 Authority for sin, warrant for blame, 620
 To privilege dishonor in thy name?
 Thou back'st° reproach against long-living laud°
 And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

"Hast thou command? By Him that gave it thee,
 575 From a pure heart command thy rebel will! 625
 Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
 For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
 Thy princely office how canst thou fulfill
 580 When, patterned by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
 He learned to sin, and thou didst teach the way? 630

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were
 To view thy present trespass in another.
 Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
 585 Their own transgressions partially they smother.
 This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother. 635
 O, how are they wrapped in with infamies
 That from their own misdeeds askaunce° their eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,
 590 Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier.° 640
 I sue for exiled majesty's repeal;°
 Let him return, and flatt'ring thoughts retire.
 His true respect° will prison° false desire
 And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,°
 595 That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he. "My uncontrollèd tide 645
 Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.°
 Small lights are soon blown out; huge fires abide
 And with the wind in greater fury fret.
 600 The petty streams that pay a daily debt
 To their salt sovereign° with their fresh falls'° haste, 650
 Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king;
 And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
 605 Black lust, dishonor, shame, misgoverning,
 Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood. 655
 If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
 Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsèd,°
 And not the puddle in thy sea dispersèd.

562 remorseless wrinkles pitiless frowns 565 She . . . place
 she often makes a pause in the middle of a sentence 566 accent
 speech 574 stoop to submit to 576 pretended proposed
 579 shoot act of shooting (with pun on *suit*?) 580 woodman
 hunter 586 heave move 592 convert change 603 seeded
 matured 608 vassal actors i.e., subjects, acting on orders 609
 in clay i.e., in death

614 If but for if only for; thy will remove dissuade your
 lust 615 glass looking-glass 622 Thou back'st you support;
 laud praise 637 askaunce turn aside 639 lust . . . relier i.e.,
 lust, which you rashly rely on 640 repeal return from exile
 642 respect respectfulness; prison imprison 643 eyne eyes
 646 let hindrance 650 salt sovereign the ocean; falls' flows'
 657 hearsèd entombed

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
 Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
 Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
 Thou loathèd in their shame, they in thy pride.
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide.
 The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
 But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

660 And then with lank and lean discolored cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
 Feeble Desire, all recreant,^o poor, and meek, 710
 Like to a bankrout beggar wails his case.
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
 For there it revels; and when that^o decays,
 665 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"—
 "No more," quoth he. "By heaven, I will not hear thee!
 Yield to my love; if not, enforcèd hate,
 Instead of love's coy^o touch, shall rudely tear thee.
 That done, despitefully^o I mean to bear thee 670
 Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
 To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

So fares it with this fault-full lord of Rome, 715
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,
 That through the length of times he stands disgracèd.
 Besides, his soul's fair temple is defacèd;
 670 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares, 720
 To ask the spotted princess^o how she fares.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
 For light and lust are deadly enemies;
 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
 675 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
 The wolf hath seized his prey; the poor lamb cries,
 Till with her own white fleece^o her voice controlled^o
 Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold;

She says her subjects^o with foul insurrection
 Have battered down her consecrated wall,
 675 And by their mortal^o fault brought in subjection
 Her immortality and made her thrall 725
 To living death and pain perpetual;
 Which^o in her prescience^o she controllèd still,
 But her foresight could not forestall their will.

For with the nightly linen^o that she wears
 He pens her piteous clamors in her head,
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
 O, that prone^o lust should stain so pure a bed,
 The spots whereof, could weeping purify,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually!

680 Ev'n in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
 A captive victor that hath lost in gain; 730
 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
 The scar that will despite of cure remain;
 Leaving his spoil^o perplexed in greater pain.
 685 She bears the load of lust he left behind,
 And he the burden of a guilty mind. 735

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
 And he hath won what he would lose again.
 This forcèd league doth force a further strife;
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain;
 Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
 And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
 She like a wearied lamb lies panting there.
 He scowls, and hates himself for his offense;
 690 She desperate with her nails her flesh doth tear.
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear; 740
 She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
 He runs, and chides his vanished loathed delight.

Look as the full-fed hound or gorgèd hawk,
 Unapt for tender smell^o or speedy flight,
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk^o
 The prey wherein by nature they delight,
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
 Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.

695 He thence departs a heavy convertite;^o
 She there remains a hopeless castaway.^o 745
 He in his speed looks for the morning light;
 She prays she never may behold the day,
 "For day," quoth she, "night's scapes^o doth open lay,
 And my true eyes have never practiced how
 700 To cloak offenses with a cunning brow.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit^o
 Can comprehend in still imagination!
 Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt^o
 Ere he can see his own abomination.
 While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation^o
 Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire
 Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

"They think not but that every eye can see 750
 The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
 And therefore would they still in darkness be,
 To have their unseen sin remain untold;
 705 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold
 And grave,^o like water^o that doth eat in steel, 755
 Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

669 coy gentle 670 despitefully cruelly 678 white fleece
 i.e., bedclothes; controlled overwhelmed 680 nightly linen
 turban (?) 684 prone (1) impulsive (2) prostrate 695 tender
 smell weak scent 696 balk neglect to pursue 701 bottom-
 less conceit infinite imagination 703 his receipt what it has
 received 705 exclamation exhortation

710 recreant cowed 713 that lust 721 the spotted princess
 Tarquin's defiled soul 722 her subjects the senses 724
 mortal deadly 727 Which her subjects; prescience fore-
 knowledge (i.e., in theory) 733 spoil victim 743 heavy
 convertite sad penitent 744 castaway lost soul 747 scapes
 transgressions 755 grave engrave; water i.e., acid

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close° so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night:

“O comfort-killing Night, image of hell,
Dim register and notary° of shame,
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell,
Vast sin-concealing chaos, nurse of blame,
Blind muffled bawd, dark harbor for defame!°
Grim cave of death, whisp’ring conspirator
With close-tongued° treason and the ravisher!

“O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportioned° course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

“With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,°
Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick;°
And let thy musty vapors march so thick
That in their smoky ranks his smoth’red light
May set at noon and make perpetual night.

“Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night’s child,°
The silver-shining queen he would distain;°
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,
Through Night’s black bosom should not peep
again.
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers’° chat makes short their pilgrimage;

“Where now° I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms° and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows° and hide their infamy;
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with show’rs of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with
groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

“O Night, thou furnace of foul reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous° Day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyred with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepulchered in thy shade!

“Make me not object to the telltale Day.
The light will show, characterized° in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity’s decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow.
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher° what is writ in learned books,
Will quote° my loathsome trespass in my looks.

“The nurse to still her child will tell my story
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin’s name.
The orator to deck his oratory
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin’s shame.
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie° the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

“Let my good name, that senseless° reputation,
For Collatine’s dear love be kept unspotted.
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attain° of mine
As I ere this was pure to Collatine.

“O unseen shame, invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore, crest-wounding° private scar!
Reproach is stamped in Collatinus’ face,
And Tarquin’s eye may read the mot° afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

“If, Collatine, thine honor lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft;
My honey lost, and I, a dronelike bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robbed and ransacked by injurious theft.
In thy weak hive a wand’ring wasp hath crept
And sucked the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

“Yet am I guilty of thy honor’s wrack;
Yet for thy honor did I entertain him:
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonor to disdain him.
Besides, of weariness he did complain him
And talked of virtue: O unlooked-for evil,
When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

761 close enclose 765 notary recorder 768 defame disgrace
770 close-tongued secretive 774 proportioned orderly
780 the supreme fair the sun 781 Ere . . . prick before
he arrives wearied at the point of noon (on a sundial) 785
Night’s child i.e., wicked 786 distain defile 791 palmers’
pilgrims’ (those who had been to the Holy Land wore a palm
leaf) 792 Where now whereas 793 To . . . arms folded
arms were a sign of melancholy 794 To . . . brows a hat
pulled down over one’s face was a sign of melancholy

800 jealous watchful 807 characterized lettered (accent on
second syllable) 811 cipher decipher 812 quote mark 818
tie hold 820 senseless (1) impalpable (2) free from sen-
suality 825 attain disgrace 828 crest-wounding i.e., dis-
graceful to the family crest 830 mot motto (with allusion to
the parable of the mote and the beam, Matthew 7:3)

“Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
 Or hateful cuckoo hatch in sparrows’ nests?
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
 Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests?^o
 But no perfection is so absolute
 That some impurity doth not pollute.

“The agèd man that coffers up his gold
 Is plagued with cramps and gout and painful fits,
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
 But like still-pining Tantalus^o he sits
 And useless barns^o the harvest of his wits,
 Having no other pleasure of his gain
 But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

“So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
 And leaves it to be mast’red by his young,
 Who in their pride do presently^o abuse it;
 Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
 To hold their cursèd-blessèd fortune long.
 The sweets we wish for turn to loathèd sours
 Even in the moment that we call them ours.

“Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
 Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flow’rs;
 The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
 What virtue breeds iniquity devours.
 We have no good that we can say is ours,
 But ill-annexèd opportunity^o
 Or kills his life or else his quality.^o

“O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
 ’Tis thou that execut’st the traitor’s treason;
 Thou sets the wolf where he the lamb may get;
 Whoever plots the sin, thou point’st the season.
 ’Tis thou that spurn’st at right, at law, at reason;
 And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
 Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

“Thou mak’st the vestal violate her oath;
 Thou blow’st the fire when temperance is thawed;
 Thou smother’st honesty, thou murd’rest troth.
 Thou foul abettor, thou notorious bawd,
 Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud.^o
 Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief.

“Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
 Thy private feasting to a public fast,
 Thy smoothing^o titles to a ragged name,
 Thy sug’red tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
 Thy violent vanities can never last.
 How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

850 “When wilt thou be the humble suppliant’s friend
 And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
 When wilt thou sort^o an hour great strifes to end?
 Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chainèd?
 Give physic to the sick, ease to the painèd?
 The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
 But they ne’er meet with Opportunity. 900

855 “The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
 Advice^o is sporting while infection breeds.
 Thou grant’st no time for charitable deeds:
 860 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder’s rages,
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages. 910

865 “When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses^o keep them from thy aid.
 They buy thy help; but Sin ne’er gives a fee,
 He gratis comes; and thou art well apaid
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said. 915
 My Collatine would else have come to me
 When Tarquin did, but he was stayed by thee.

“Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
 Guilty of perjury and subornation,^o
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,^o
 Guilty of incest, that abomination:
 An accessory by thine inclination
 To all sins past and all that are to come,
 875 From the creation to the general doom. 920

“Misshapen Time, copesmate^o of ugly Night,
 Swift subtle post,^o carrier of grisly care,
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
 Base watch^o of woes, sin’s packhorse, virtue’s snare!
 880 Thou nursest all, and murd’rest all that are.
 O, hear me then, injurious shifting Time;
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime. 930

885 “Why hath thy servant Opportunity
 Betrayed the hours thou gav’st me to repose?
 Canceled my fortunes, and chainèd me
 To endless date of never-ending woes?
 Time’s office is to fine^o the hate of foes,
 To eat up errors by opinion bred,
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed. 935

890 “Time’s glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
 To stamp the seal of time in agèd things,
 To wake the morn and sentinel^o the night,
 To wrong the wronger till he render right,
 895 To ruate^o proud buildings with thy hours,
 And smear with dust their glitt’ring golden tow’rs; 940 945

852 behests commands 858 Tantalus in Hades, Tantalus was surrounded by food and drink that he could never touch 859 barns stores 864 presently immediately 874 ill-annexèd opportunity disastrously connected chance 875 Or . . . quality either kills its (good’s) life or its nature 887 laud praise 892 smoothing flattering

899 sort choose 907 Advice (medical) knowledge 912 crosses hindrances 919 subornation bribing someone to commit a crime 920 shift cheating 925 copesmate companion, paramour 926 subtle post sly post-rider 928 watch watchman 936 fine end 942 sentinel guard 944 ruate reduce to ruin

"To fill with wormholes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,^o
To spoil antiquities of hammered steel
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

"To show the beldame^o daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops
And waste^o huge stones with little water-drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring^o minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends.
O this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come
back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey^o to Eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight.
Devise extremes beyond extremity
To make him curse this cursèd crimeful night.
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances;
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances
To make him moan, but pity not his moans.
Stone him with hard'ned hearts harder than stones,
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curlèd hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathèd slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts^o to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdainèd scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;
And ever let his unrecalling^o crime
Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill.
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill.
950 Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill,
For who so base would such an office have
As sland'rous deathsman^o to so base a slave? 1000

"The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope^o with deeds degenerate.
955 The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honored or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is missed,
But little stars may hide them when they list. 1005

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms^o are sightless^o night, kings glorious day;
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
965 But eagles gazed upon with every eye. 1015

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools,
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!^o
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;^o
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
970 To trembling clients^o be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw,^o
Since that my case is past the help of law. 1020

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
975 In vain I cavil with mine infamy;
In vain I spurn^o at my confirmed despite:^o
This helpless smoke of words^o doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul defilèd blood. 980

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honor thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honor lives in thee;
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame.
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame
985 And wast afeared to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so." 1035

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desp'rate instrument of death;
But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth^o
990 To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from Aetna that in air consumes
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes. 1040

950 **cherish springs** renew (1) the water of springs, or (2) young saplings (i.e., new growth of any kind) 953 **beldame** old woman 959 **waste** wear away 962 **retiring** returning 967 **ceaseless lackey** ever-present servant 985 **orts** scraps 993 **unrecalling** irrevocable

1001 **sland'rous deathsman** disgraced executioner 1003 **hope** expectations (as heir) 1013 **grooms** servants; **sightless** invisible 1017 **arbitrators** arbiters (or compromisers) 1018 **in skill-contending schools** i.e., in mere debates 1020 **clients** suitors at law 1021 **force** . . . **straw** care not a straw for argument 1026 **spurn** kick; **despite** wrong 1027 **smoke of words** mere talk 1039 **imparteth** provides

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I feared by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the selfsame purpose seek a knife;
But when I feared I was a loyal wife.

So am I now—O no, that cannot be:
Of that true type° hath Tarquin rifled me.

"O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge° of fame to slander's livery,°
A dying life to living infamy.
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth.
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath.
This bastard graff° shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy int'rest° was not bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense°
Till life to death acquit my forced offense.

"I will not poison thee with my attaint
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coined excuses;
My sable° ground of sin I will not paint
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses.
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

By this lamenting Philomel° had ended
The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow;
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see
And therefore still in night would cloist' red be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks, "O eye of eyes
Why pry'st thou through my window? Leave thy
peeping.
Mock with thy tickling° beams eyes that are sleeping. 1090
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light.
For day hath naught to do what's done by night."

1050 true type stamp 1054 badge mark (crest, coat of arms) worn on a servant's sleeve; livery garment 1062 graff graft, shoot 1067 int'rest property 1070 dispense pardon 1074 sable black 1079 Philomel the nightingale (who, according to legend, had originally been a woman, ravished by Tereus; see lines 1128-34) 1090 tickling lightly touching

Thus cavils she with everything she sees.
1045 True grief is fond and testy° as a child,
Who wayward once,° his mood with naught agrees. 1095
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them° mild:
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpracticed swimmer plunging still,
1050 With too much labor drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep drenchèd in a sea of care, 1100
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
1055 And as one shifts, another straight ensues.°
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words; 1105
Sometime 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune° their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
1060 For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;°
Sad souls are slain in merry company; 1110
Grief best is pleased with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed°
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

1065 'Tis double death to drown in ken° of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food; 1115
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
1070 Who, being stopped, the bounding banks o'erflows; 1120
Grief dallied° with, nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes entomb
Within your hollow swelling feath' red breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb;
1075 My restless discord loves no stops° nor rests.° 1125
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests.
Relish° your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps° when time is kept with tears.

"Come, Philomel; that sing'st of ravishment,
1080 Make thy sad grove in my disheveled hair. 1130
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear
And with deep groans the diapason° bear;
For burden-wise° I'll hum on Tarquin still,
1085 While thou on Tereus descants better skill.°

1094 fond and testy foolish and irritable 1095 wayward once once becoming angry 1096 them themselves 1104 straight ensues straightaway follows 1107 tune sing 1109 search . . . annoy pierce to the depths of grief 1112 sufficed contented 1114 ken sight 1120 dallied trifled 1124 stops, rests (1) cessation of discord (2) musical pauses 1126 Relish make pleasant (literally, sauce) 1127 dumps slow mournful tunes 1132 diapason bass accompaniment 1133 burden-wise a burden was (1) a bass accompaniment (2) the refrain of a song 1134 descants better skill (1) sings better (2) sings more intricately

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye,
Who° if it wink° shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets° upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heartstrings to true languishment.

"And for,° poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming° any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,°
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds.°
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds."

As the poor frightened deer that stands at gaze,°
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompassed with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is shamed and death reproach's debtor.°

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack, what were it
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.°
That mother tries a merciless conclusion°
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Ay me, the bark pilled° from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither and his sap decay:
So must my soul, her bark being pilled away.

"Her house is sacked, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion battered by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoiled, corrupted,
Grossly engirt° with daring infamy.
Then let it not be called impiety
If in this blemished fort° I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

"Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death,
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which, by him tainted, shall for him be spent
And as his due writ in my testament.

1135 "My honor I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonorèd. 1185
'Tis honor to deprive° dishonored life:
The one will live, the other being dead.
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred,
1140 For in my death I murder shameful scorn;
My shame so dead, mine honor is new born. 1190

"Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
1145 By whose example thou revenged mayst be.
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me: 1195
Myself thy friend will kill myself thy foe,
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

"This brief abridgment of my will I make:
1150 My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take; 1200
Mine honor be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursèd be
1155 To those that live and think no shame of me.

"Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee° this will. 1205
How was I overseen° that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash° the slander of mine ill;°
My life's foul deed my life's fair end shall free it.
1160 Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, 'So be it.'
Yield to my hand, my hand shall conquer thee: 1210
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid
And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
1165 With untuned° tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies; 1215
For fleet-winged duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

1170 Her mistress she doth give demure° good-morrow
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty, 1220
And sorts° a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
For why° her face wore sorrow's livery;
But durst not ask of her audaciously
1175 Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsèd so,
Nor why her fair cheeks overwashed with woe. 1225

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moist'ned like a melting eye,
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
1180 Her circled eyne,° enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky, 1230
Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

1139 Who which (i.e., her heart); it wink i.e., her eye closes
1140 frets ridges fastened across the fingerboard of a stringed
instrument to regulate fingering 1142 for because 1143
shaming being ashamed 1144 desert . . . way deserted
place situated away from a path 1147 kinds natures 1149
at gaze i.e., bewildered 1155 death reproach's debtor
i.e., her death (suicide) would be the occasion of reproach
1159 confusion destruction 1160 conclusion experiment
1167 pilled peeled 1173 engirt besieged 1175 fort her body

1186 deprive take away 1205 oversee execute 1206 over-
seen deceived 1207 wash wash away; ill sin 1214 untuned
discordant 1219 demure modest 1221 sorts fits 1222
For why because 1229 circled eyne rounded eyes (?) eyes
encircled with dark rings (?)

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns° filling.
One justly weeps, the other takes in hand°
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling.
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they formed as marble will;°
The weak oppressed, th' impression of strange kinds
Is formed in them by force, by fraud, or skill.
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamped the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champain° plain,
Lays open° all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping° evils that obscurely sleep.
Through crystal walls each little mote° will peep.
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man° inveigh against the with' red flow'r,
But chide rough winter that the flow'r hath killed.
Nor that devoured, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame; O, let it not be hild°
Poor women's faults that they are so fulfilled°
With men's abuses! those proud lords to blame
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent° whereof in Lucrece view,
Assailed by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong.
Such danger to resistance did belong
That dying° fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit° of her complaining.
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Those tears from thee that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,°
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood;°
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

"But tell me, girl, when went" (and there she stayed
Till after a deep groan) "Tarquin from hence?"
"Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence.
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense:
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
An ere I rose was Tarquin gone away.

1235 "But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."°
"O, peace," quoth Lucrece. "If it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less; 1285
For more it is than I can well express,
And that deep torture may be called a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

1240 "Go get me hither paper, ink, and pen;
Yet save that labor, for I have them here. 1290
What should I say? One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready by and by° to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear.
1245 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ." 1295

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill.
Conceit° and grief an eager combat fight;
1250 What wit sets down is blotted straight with will.
This is too curious° good, this blunt and ill. 1300
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.°

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
1255 Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford 1305
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So I commend me, from our house in grief.
1260 My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenure° of her woe, 1310
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule° Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality;
1265 She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse 1315
Ere she with blood had stained her stained excuse.°

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion°
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her,
1270 When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her 1320
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words till action might become them better.

1275 To see sad sights moves more than hear them told,
For then the eye interprets to the ear 1325
The heavy motion° that it doth behold
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear.
1280 Deep sounds° make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words. 1330

1234 coral cisterns their reddened eyes (?) 1235 takes in hand acknowledges 1241 will i.e., will have them formed 1247 champain level 1248 Lays open reveals 1250 Cave-keeping dwelling in caves 1251 mote speck 1254 No man let no man 1257 hild held 1258 fulfilled filled 1261 precedent example 1266 dying i.e., unnerving 1269 counterfeit image 1272 of my sustaining that I sustain 1273 mood grief

1283 heaviness cause of grief 1292 by and by immediately 1298 Conceit thought 1300 curious cleverly 1302 which . . . before which one shall enter first 1310 tenure statement 1312 schedule summary 1316 her stained excuse her account of her stain 1317 passion suffering 1326 heavy motion melancholy action 1329 sounds soundings (naval term)

Her letter now is sealed, and on it writ,
 "At Ardea to my lord with more than haste."
 The post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the sour-faced° groom to hie as fast
 As lagging fowls before the northern blast;
 Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain cursies° to her low;
 And, blushing on her,° with a steadfast eye,
 Receives the scroll without or yea or no
 And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
 But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame,
 For Lucrece thought he blushed to see her shame,

When, seely° groom (God wot°), it was defect
 Of spirit, life,° and bold audacity;
 Such harmless creatures have a true respect°
 To talk in deeds,° while others saucily
 Promise more speed, but do it leisurely.
 Even so this pattern of the worn-out° age
 Pawned° honest looks, but laid no words to gage.°

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
 That two red fires in both their faces blazèd.
 She thought he blushed as knowing Tarquin's lust,
 And, blushing with him, wistly° on him gazèd;
 Her earnest eye did make him more amazèd.
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks° till he return again,
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone;
 The weary time she cannot entertain,°
 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep and groan:
 So woè hath wearied woe, moan tirèd moan,
 That she her complaints a little while doth stay,°
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
 Of skillful painting, made for° Priam's Troy,°
 Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,°
 For Helen's rape° the city to destroy,
 Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion° with annoy;°
 Which the conceited° painter drew so proud
 As° heaven, it seemed, to kiss the turrets bowed.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
 In scorn of° nature, art gave lifeless life;
 Many a dry drop seemed a weeping tear
 Shed for the slaught' red husband by the wife.
 The red blood reeked, to show the painter's strife,°
 And dying eyes gleamed forth their ashy lights,
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the laboring pioner°
 Begrimed with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
 And from the tow'rs of Troy there would appear
 The very eyes of men through loopholes thrust,
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:°
 Such sweet observance° in this work was had
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
 You might behold triumphing in their faces;
 In youth, quick° bearing and dexterity;
 And here and there the painter interlaces
 Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces,
 Which heartless° peasants did so well resemble
 That one would swear he saw them quake and
 tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses,° O, what art
 Of physiognomy might one behold!
 The face of either ciphèred° either's heart;
 Their face their manners most expressly told:
 In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigor rolled;
 But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
 Showed deep regard and smiling government.°

There pleading might you see grave Nestor° stand,
 As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,
 Making such sober action with his hand
 That it beguiled attention, charmed the sight.
 In speech it seemed his beard, all silver white,
 Wagged up and down, and from his lips did fly
 Thin winding breath which purled° up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
 Which seemed to swallow up his sound advice,
 All jointly list'ning, but with several° graces,
 As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
 Some high, some low—the painter was so nice.°
 The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
 To jump up higher seemed, to mock the mind.

1334 **sour-faced** sad-faced (?) long-faced (out of respect)
 1338 **homely villain cursies** simple servant bows 1339
blushing on her i.e., blushing toward her 1345 **seely**
 simple; **wot** knows 1346 **life** liveliness 1347 **respect** aspect
 1348 **To . . . deeds** to act and not to talk 1350 **worn-**
out past 1351 **Pawned** pledged; **gage** i.e., to bind him (as
 by an oath) 1355 **wistly** earnestly 1359 **long she thinks**
 i.e., she thinks time passes slowly 1361 **entertain** occupy
 1364 **stay** stop 1367 **made for** depicting; **Priam's Troy**
 Priam was King of Troy during the Trojan War 1368 **is . . .**
Greece the Greek army is assembled 1369 **Helen's rape** the
 abduction of Helen 1370 **Ilion** Troy; **annoy** destruction
 1371 **conceited** ingenious 1372 **As** that

1374 **In scorn of** to rival 1377 **strife** effort 1380 **pioner**
 engineer 1384 **lust** pleasure 1385 **sweet observance** loving
 accuracy 1389 **quick** lively 1392 **heartless** cowardly 1394
Ajax and Ulysses Greek leaders 1396 **ciphèred** depicted
 1400 **deep . . . government** profound wisdom and successful
 rule 1401 **Nestor** an aged Greek leader 1407 **purled** curled
 1410 **several** distinct 1412 **nice** precise

Here one man's hand leaned on another's head,
His nose being shadowed by his neighbor's ear;
Here one, being thronged,^o bears back, all boll'n^o and
red;

Another, smothered, seems to pelt^o and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seemed they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit^o deceitful, so compact, so kind,^o
That for Achilles'^o image stood his spear,
Griped in an armèd hand; himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head
Stood for the whole to be imaginèd.

And from the walls of strong-besiegèd Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector,^o marched to field, 1430
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield^o
That through their light joy seemèd to appear
(Like bright things stained) a kind of heavy fear. 1435

And from the strond of Dardan,^o where they fought,
To Simois'^o reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges, and their ranks began
To break upon the gallèd^o shore, and than^o 1440
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stelled.^o
Many she sees where cares have carvèd some,
But none where all distress and dolor dwelled
Till she despairing Hecuba^o beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus'^o proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized^o 1450
Time's ruin, beauty's wrack, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chops^o and wrinkles were disguised;^o
Of what she was no semblance did remain.
Her blue blood, changed to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed, 1455
Showed life imprisoned in a body dead.

1417 thronged crushed in the crowd; boll'n swollen 1418
pelt scold 1423 Conceit conception; kind natural 1424
Achilles chief warrior of the Greeks 1430 Hector son of
Priam and chief warrior of the Trojans 1433 odd action
yield contrary gestures express 1436 strond of Dardan shore
of Troas (the country of which Troy was the chief city) 1437
Simois river near Troy 1440 gallèd eroded; than then
1444 stelled portrayed 1447 Hecuba wife of Priam 1449
Pyrrhus Greek warrior, slayer of Priam 1450 anatomized
dissected 1452 chops cracks; disguised disguised

1415 On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries
And bitter words to ban^o her cruel foes. 1460
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong
1420 To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound:
I'll tune^o thy woes with my lamenting tongue, 1465
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
1425 And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long,
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies. 1470

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,^o
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear.
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here, 1475
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame and daughter die.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many moe?^o 1480
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressèd so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
1440 For one's offense why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?"

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies, 1485
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus^o sounds,^o
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
1445 And friend to friend gives unadvisèd^o wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds.^o
Had doting Priam checked his son's desire, 1490
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes,
1450 For sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell. 1495
So Lucrece, set awork, sad tales doth tell
To penciled^o pensiveness and colored^o sorrow:
She lends them words, and she their looks doth
borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,^o
And who she finds forlorn, she doth lament. 1500
At last she sees a wretched image^o bound
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent.^o
His face, though full of cares, yet showed content;
Onward to Troy with the blunt^o swains he goes,
So mild that patience^o seemed to scorn his woes. 1505

1460 ban curse 1465 tune sing 1471 stir action (i.e., war)
1479 moe more 1484 in general on the general public 1486
Troilus a son of Priam; sounds swoons 1488 unadvisèd
unintentional 1489 confounds destroys 1497 penciled,
colored painted 1499 round all around 1501 wretched
image i.e., Sinon, the Trojan traitor 1502 piteous . . .
lent i.e., aroused compassionate looks from the Phrygian
shepherds 1504 blunt simple 1505 patience i.e., his patience

In him the painter labored with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show°
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent° that seemed to welcome woe,
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have;

But, like a constant and confirmèd devil,
He entertained a show° so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy° itself could not mistrust
False creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-faced storms
Or blot with hell-born sin such saintlike forms.

The well-skilled workman this mild image drew
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story°
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words like wildfire burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixèd places
When their glass° fell, wherein they viewed their
faces.

This picture she advisedly° perused
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused;°
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill.
And still on him she gazed, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.°

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile"—
She would have said "can lurk in such a look";
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue "can lurk" from "cannot" took.
"It cannot be" she in that sense forsook
And turned it thus: "It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind;

"For even as subtile Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted),
To me came Tarquin armèd, to beguiled°
With outward honesty, but yet defiled
With inward vice. As Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how list'ning Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrowed° tears that Sinon sheeds!°
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls° a Trojan bleeds.
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

1507 show appearance 1509 unbent unfurrowed 1514
entertained a show kept up an appearance 1516 jealousy
suspicion 1521 enchanting story i.e., bewitching lie 1526
glass mirror (i.e., shining Troy) 1527 advisedly thoughtfully
1529 some . . . abused some other person's form had been
falsely represented as Sinon's 1533 belied proved false 1544
beguiled beguile 1549 borrowed i.e., false; sheeds sheds
1551 falls lets fall

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell,
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell.
These contraries such unity do hold
1510 Only to flatter° fools and make them bold.°
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water." 1560

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
1515 She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy° guest 1565
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest.
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er:°
"Fool, fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not be sore."

1520 Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining. 1570
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining.
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining;
1525 Though woe be heavy,° yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps; 1575

Which all this time hath overslipped her thought°
That she with painted images hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise° of others' detriment,
1530 Losing her woes in shows° of discontent. 1580
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolor others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
1535 Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black, 1585
And round about her tear-distained° eye
Blue circles streamed, like rainbows in the sky.
These water-galls° in her dim element°
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw, 1590
Amazedly in her sad face he stares.
Her eyes, though sod° in tears, looked red and raw,
Her lively color killed with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares;
1545 Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance, 1595
Met far from home, wond'ring each other's chance.°

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth° ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
1550 Sweet love, what spite° hath thy fair color spent? 1600
Why art thou thus attired in discontent?
Unmask,° dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

1559 flatter deceive; make them bold give them confidence
1565 unhappy unfortunate 1567 gives o'er ceases 1574
heavy (1) distressing (2) sleepy 1576 overslipped her
thought gone unnoticed 1579 surmise contemplation 1580
shows representations 1586 tear-distained tearstained 1588
water-galls atmospheric conditions attendant upon rainbows;
element sky 1592 sod sodden 1596 chance fortune 1598
uncouth unknown 1600 spite feeling of annoyance 1602
Unmask disclose

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,^o
 Ere once she can discharge one word of woe.
 At length addressed^o to answer his desire,
 She modestly prepares to let them know
 Her honor is ta'en prisoner by the foe,
 While Collatine and his consorted^o lords
 With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her wat'ry nest
 Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:^o
 "Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass best,
 Where no excuse can give the fault amending.
 In me moe^o woes than words are now depending,^o
 And my laments would be drawn out too long
 To tell them all with one poor tirèd tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say:
 Dear husband, in the interest^o of thy bed
 A stranger came and on that pillow lay
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
 And what wrong else may be imaginèd
 By foul enforcement might be done to me,
 From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
 With shining falchion in my chamber came
 A creeping creature with a flaming light
 And softly cried, 'Awake, thou Roman dame,
 And entertain^o my love; else lasting shame
 On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
 If thou my love's desire do contradict.

" 'For some hard-favored groom of thine,' quoth he,
 'Unless thou yoke^o thy liking to my will,
 I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee
 And swear I found you where you did fulfill
 The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
 The lechers in their deed: this act will be
 My fame and thy perpetual infamy.'

"With this I did begin to start and cry;
 And then against my heart he set his sword,
 Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
 I should not live to speak another word.
 So should my shame still rest upon record,
 And never be forgot in mighty Rome
 Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak
 And far the weaker with so strong a fear.
 My bloody judge forbod^o my tongue to speak;
 No rightful plea might plead for justice there.
 His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
 That my poor beauty had purloined his eyes;
 And when the judge is robbed, the prisoner dies.

1605 "O, teach me how to make mine own excuse,
 Or (at the least) this refuge let me find:
 Though my gross blood be stained with this abuse, 1655
 Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
 That was not forced, that never was inclined
 To accessary yieldings, but still pure
 1610 Doth in her poisoned closet yet endure."

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant^o of this loss, 1660
 With head declined and voice dammed up with woe,
 With sad-set eyes and wreathèd arms^o across,
 From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
 1615 The grief away that stops his answer so.
 But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain; 1665
 What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
 Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
 1620 Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
 Back to the strait that forced him on so fast; 1670
 In rage sent out, recalled in rage being past:
 Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,^o
 To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

1625 Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth
 And his untimely frenzy^o thus awaketh: 1675
 "Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
 Another power; no flood by raining slaketh;
 My woe too sensible^o thy passion maketh
 1630 More feeling-painful. Let it then suffice
 To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes. 1680

"And for my sake when I might charm thee so,^o
 For she that was thy Lucrece (now attend me)
 Be suddenly revengèd on my foe—
 1635 Thine, mine, his own. Suppose thou dost defend me
 From what is past; the help that thou shalt lend me 1685
 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But ere I name him, you fair lords," quoth she,
 1640 Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
 "Shall plight your honorable faiths to me 1690
 With swift pursuit to 'venge this wrong of mine;
 For 'tis a meritorious fair design
 To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
 1645 Knights by their oaths should right poor ladies'
 harms."

At this request, with noble disposition 1695
 Each present lord began to promise aid,
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
 1650 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewrayed.^o
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
 The protestation stops. "O, speak!" quoth she, 1700
 "How may this forcèd stain be wiped from me?"

1604 fire i.e., fire to ignite a discharge (from a cannon) 1606
 addressed prepared 1609 consorted associated 1612 ending
 death 1615 moe more; depending impending 1619
 interest possession 1629 entertain receive 1633 yoke sub-
 mit 1648 forbod forbade

1660 merchant Collatine 1662 wreathèd arms arms folded
 (a sign of melancholy) 1672 saw i.e., sawlike motion 1675
 frenzy trance 1678 sensible sensitive 1681 so in such things
 1698 bewrayed revealed

"What is the quality^o of my offense,
Being constrained with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,^o
My low-declinèd honor to advance?^o
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poisoned fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compellèd stain?"

With this they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.
"No, no!" quoth she, "no dame hereafter living
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh as if her heart would break
She throws forth Tarquin's name: "He, he!" she says,
But more than "he" her poor tongue could not speak,
Till after many accents^o and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,^o
She utters this: "He, he! fair lords, 'tis he
That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

Even here she sheathèd in her harmless^o breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathèd.
That blow did bail^o it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathèd.
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathèd
Her wingèd sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from canceled destiny.^o

Stone-still, astonished with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew,
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaught' red body threw,
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murd'rous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who like a late-sacked island vastly^o stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remained,
And some looked black, and that false Tarquin
stained.

About the mourning and congealèd face
Of that black blood a wat'ry rigoll^o goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place;
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows,
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

"Daughter, dear daughter!" old Lucretius cries,
"That life was mine which thou hast here deprived;
If in the child the father's image lies,
1705 Where shall I live now Lucrece is unlivèd?
Thou wast not to this end from me derivèd. 1755
If children predecease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

"Poor broken glass,^o I often did behold
1710 In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old, 1760
Shows me a bare-boned death^o by time outworn.
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn
And shivered^o all the beauty of my glass,
1715 That I no more can see what once I was.

"O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer, 1765
If they surcease^o to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger
And leave the falt'ring feeble souls alive?
1720 The old bees die, the young possess their hive;
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and see 1770
Thy father die, and not thy father thee."

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
1725 And then in key-cold^o Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face, 1775
And counterfeits to die^o with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revengèd on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath served a dumb arrest^o upon his tongue; 1780
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
1735 Weak words, so thick^o come in his poor heart's aid
That no man could distinguish what he said. 1785

Yet sometime "Tarquin" was pronouncèd plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
1740 Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more.
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er; 1790
Then son and father weep with equal strife
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his;
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
1745 The father says, "She's mine." "O, mine, she is!" 1795
Replies her husband, "Do not take away
My sorrow's interest;^o let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wailed by Collatine."

1750

1702 quality nature 1704 dispense be reconciled 1705
advance raise 1719 accents emphasized sounds 1720 assays
attempts 1723 harmless innocent 1725 bail release 1729
Life's . . . destiny i.e., eternal life is freed ("canceled") by
flying from life on earth ("destiny") 1740 vastly like a waste
1745 wat'ry rigoll when blood coagulates it separates into
a congealed clot and a serum, "wat'ry rigoll"

1758 glass mirror 1761 death skull 1763 shivered shattered
1766 surcease cease 1774 key-cold i.e., cold as metal 1776
counterfeits to die swoons (and seems transported as by an
orgasm) 1780 served . . . arrest enforced a silence (as if by
a warrant) 1784 thick quickly 1797 sorrow's interest right
to sorrow

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life
Which she too early and too late^o hath spilled."
"Woe, woe!" quoth Collatine, "she was my wife,
I owed^o her, and 'tis mine that she hath killed."
"My daughter" and "my wife" with clamors filled
The dispersed air,^o who, holding Lucrece' life,
Answered their cries, "my daughter" and "my wife."

Brutus, who plucked the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.^o
He with the Romans was esteemèd so
As seely^o jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive^o words and utt'ring foolish things;

But now he throws that shallow habit^o by
Wherein deep policy^o did him disguise,
And armed his long-hid wits advisedly
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
"Thou wrongèd lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise!
Let my unsounded^o self, supposed a fool,
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

"Why,^o Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humor from weak minds proceeds;
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself that should have slain her foe.

1800 "Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting^o dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part 1830
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations
That they will suffer^o these abominations
1805 (Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgracèd)
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets
chasèd.^o

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore, 1835
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stainèd,
1810 By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,^o
By all our country rights in Rome maintainèd,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complainèd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife, 1840
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

1815 This said, he strook^o his hand upon his breast
And kissed the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his protestation^o urged the rest,
Who, wond'ring at him, did his words allow.^o 1845
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow,
1820 And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advisèd doom,^o
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence, 1850
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
1825 And so to publish Tarquin's foul offense;
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly^o did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment. 1855

1801 late recently 1803 owed owned 1805 The dispersed
air i.e., the boundless air (which has received Lucrece's "life,"
or spirit, upon her death) 1810 folly's show appearance of
folly 1812 seely simple 1813 sportive merry 1814 habit
cloak (here, of a king's jester) 1815 policy calculation 1819
unsounded unplumbed 1821 Why exclamation of impatience

1829 relenting melting 1832 suffer allow 1834 chasèd i.e.,
to be chased 1837 fat earth's store fertile earth's abundance
1842 strook struck 1844 protestation vow 1845 allow
approve 1849 advisèd doom considered judgment 1854
plausibly with applause (i.e., with a "general acclamation";
see Argument, line 43)



THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE°

Let the bird of loudest lay°
On the sole° Arabian tree
Herald sad° and trumpet° be,
To whose sound chaste wings° obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,°
Foul precurrer° of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,°
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session° interdict°
Every fowl of tyrant wing,°
Save the eagle, feath' red king:
Keep the obsequy° so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,°
Be the death-divining° swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.°

And thou treble-dated° crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,°
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead,
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as° love in twain
Had the essence° but in one;
Two distincts,° division none:
Number there in love was slain.°

The decorative border shown above appeared with The Phoenix and the Turtle in Robert Chester's Love's Martyr, 1601.

The Phoenix and the Turtle the Phoenix, a unique legendary bird, was said to fly periodically to Arabia, where, after building a nest of spices, it was consumed in flame, and from its ashes a new Phoenix arose; it is a symbol of immortality. The Turtle, i.e., the turtledove, is a symbol of true love **1 lay** song **2 sole** unique **3 sad** serious; **trumpet** trumpeter **4 chaste wings** i.e., other good birds **5 shrieking harbinger** screech owl (?) **6 precurrer** precursor (apparently Shakespeare's coinage) **7 Augur** . . . **end** prophet of death **9 session** formal gathering, as of a parliament or a court; **interdict** ban **10 fowl** . . . **wing** bird of prey, unsocial bird (in contrast to those of "chaste wings," line 4) **12 obsequy** funeral rite **14 defunctive music can** is skilled in funeral music **15 death-divining** foretelling death (the swan allegedly sang only once, just before it died) **16 his right** its due (?) his (the swan's) rite of requiem (?) **17 treble-dated** long-lived **18-19 That** . . . **tak'st** that breeds your black offspring with the breath you exhale and inhale (alluding to a belief that some birds conceived and laid eggs at the bill) **25 as** that **26 essence** nature **27 distincts** distinct or separate things **28 Number** . . . **slain** i.e., because the two were one, and Elizabethan proverbial lore held that "one is no number"

Hearts remote,° yet not asunder;
Distance and no space was seen
'Twixt this turtle and his queen;
But in them it were a wonder.°

So between them love did shine
That the turtle saw his right°
Flaming in the phoenix' sight:
Either was the other's mine.°

Property° was thus appallèd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was callèd.

Reason, in itself confounded,°
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple° were so well compounded;°

That it° cried, "How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain."°

Whereupon it made this threne°
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes° and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

Threnos

Beauty, truth, and rarity,°
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed, in cinders° lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest,
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.°

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she:°
Truth and Beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

29 remote apart **32 But** . . . **wonder** i.e., in any others except them it would have been a marvel **34 his right** what was due to him **36 mine** (1) my own property (2) source of precious metals **37 Property** essential nature, peculiar quality **41 confounded** perplexed **44 Simple** i.e., simples, elementary elements (?) individual ingredients (?); **compounded** made into a new unity **45 it** Reason **48 If** . . . **remain** i.e., if what divides into two can remain one **49 threne** funeral song (Greek *threnos*) **51 Co-supremes** joint rulers **53 rarity** excellence **55 cinders** ashes **61 married chastity** faithful married love (?) abstinence (?) **63 she** true Beauty



A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

From off a hill whose concave womb reworded°
A plaintful story from a sist'ring° vale,
My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded°,
And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale;
Ere long espied a fickle° maid full pale,
Tearing of papers°, breaking rings atwain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive° of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought° might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done.
Time had not scythèd° all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit;° but, spite of heaven's fell° rage,
Some beauty peeped through lattice° of seared age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her cyne°,
Which on it had conceited° characters,
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
That seasoned° woe had pelleted° in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguished woe°,
In clamors of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her leveled° eyes their carriage ride,
As they did batt'ry to the spheres intend;°
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied
To th' orbèd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and, nowhere fixed,
The mind and sight distractedly commixed.

Her hair, nor loose nor° tied in formal plat°,
Proclaimed in her a careless hand of pride;°
For some, untucked, descended her sheaved° hat,
Hanging her pale and pinèd cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet° still did bide
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favors from a maund° she drew,
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded° jet,

The decorative border shown above appeared on the title page of the first quarto edition of the Sonnets, 1609, in which A Lover's Complaint first appeared.

1 womb reworded i.e., valley echoed **2 sist'ring** nearby (?) similar (?) **3 accorded** agreed (?) inclined (?) **5 fickle** unstable **6 papers** love letters **8 platted hive** woven hat **10 thought** mind **12 scythèd** cut down **13 all quit** entirely gone; **fell** deadly **14 lattice** i.e., wrinkles **15 heave . . . eyne** lift her handkerchief to her eyes **16 conceited** ingenious, fanciful **18 seasoned** (1) matured (2) salted (playing on "brine" in previous line); **pelleted** made round (i.e., like hail-stones or like pellets of meat or dough) **20 undistinguished woe** incoherent cries **22 leveled** aimed (the image is of a fire-arm on a gun-carriage) **23 As . . . intend** as if they intended to direct their fire against the stars **29 nor . . . nor** neither . . . nor; **plat** knot **30 careless . . . pride** hand indifferent to show **31 sheaved** straw **33 threaden fillet** headband **36 maund** basket **37 bedded** inlaid (emendation to "beaded" is plausible)

Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent° she was set,
Like usury°, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands that lets not bounty fall
Where want cries some° but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules° had she many a one
Which she perused, sighed, tore, and gave the flood;
Cracked many a ring of posied° gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchers in mud;
Found yet moe° letters sadly penned in blood,
With sleided° silk feat and affectedly
Enswathed° and sealed to curious° secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive° eyes,
And often kissed, and often gave to tear;
Cried, "O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved° witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seemed more black and damnèd here!"
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend° man that grazed his cattle nigh,
Sometime a blusterer that the ruffle° knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observèd as they flew°,
Towards this afflicted fancy° fastly° drew,
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grainèd bat°,
And comely-distant° sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy° assuage,
'Tis promised in the charity of age.

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power.
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

39 weeping margent wet bank **40 Like usury** i.e., adding to the original amount **42 cries some** cries out for some **43 schedules** papers with writing **45 posied** inscribed with mottoes **47 moe** more **48 sleided** raveled **48-49 feat . . . Enswathed** tied neatly and elaborately (or neatly and lovingly) **49 curious** painstaking **50 fluxive** flowing **53 unapproved** unconfirmed, not proved by deeds **57 reverend** aged **58 ruffle** bustle **59-60 had . . . flew** i.e., had learned about the world through observation during the busy days of youth **61 fancy** love-sick lady; **fastly** near (?) quickly (?) **64 grainèd bat** shepherd's staff on which the grain was showing **65 comely-distant** at an appropriate distance **69 ecstasy** fit, passion

"But, woe is me, too early I attended°
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended, 80
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lacked a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged and newly deified.

"His browny locks did hang in crooked curls, 85
And every light occasion° of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find;
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
For on his visage was in little drawn 90
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.°

"Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phoenix down° began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless° skin
Whose bare out-bragged the web it seemed to wear.° 95
Yet showed his visage by that cost° more dear;
And nice affections° wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued° he was, and thereof free;° 100
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authorized youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.° 105

"Well could he ride, and often men would say,
'That horse his mettle from his rider takes.
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop° he
makes!' 110
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by th' well-doing steed.°

"But quickly on this° side the verdict went:
His real habitude° gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplished in himself, not in his case.° 115
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for° additions; yet their purposed trim
Pieced not° his grace but were all graced by him.

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue 120
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication° prompt and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep.
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
He had the dialect and different skill, 125
Catching all passions in his craft of will.°

"That° he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty,° following where he haunted.° 130
Consents bewitched, ere he desire, have granted,
And dialogued for him what he would say,
Asked their own wills and made their wills obey.

"Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind, 135
Like fools that in th' imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assigned,
And laboring in moe pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty° landlord which doth owe° them. 140

"So many have, that never touched his hand,
Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart. 145
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,°
What with his art in youth and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed° power, 150
Reserved the stalk and gave him all my flower.

"Yet did I not, as some my equals° did,
Demand of him, nor being desired° yielded;
Finding myself in honor so forbid, 155
With safest distance I mine honor shielded.
Experience° for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding,° which remained the foil°
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

"But, ah, who ever shunned by precedent 155
The destined ill she must herself assay?°
Or forced examples,° 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-past perils in her way? 160
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage,° advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

78 **attended** heeded 86 **occasion** chance movement 91
What . . . **sawn** what was seen (or possibly "sown") in large
in paradise 93 **phoenix down** i.e., newborn fuzz 94 **term-**
less young (?) indescribable (?) 95 **Whose** . . . **wear** i.e., the
skin excelled the covering (?) 96 **cost** display, ornament 97
nice affections delicate tastes 100 **maiden-tongued**
modestly spoken; **thereof free** not shy in speaking 104–05
His rudeness . . . **truth** His agitated behavior, with his
privilege of youth, covered falseness with the appearance of
honesty 109 **rounds, bounds, stop** terms of horsemanship,
or "manage" 111–12 **Whether** . . . **steed** whether the horse
showed his good qualities because of the man, or whether
the man showed his skill at horsemanship ("manage") because
of the horse's skill 113 **this** i.e., the following 114 **real**
habitude true character 116 **case** outside, belongings 118
for as 119 **Pieced not** did not add to

122 **replication** reply, repartee 126 **craft of will** skill to
persuade 127 **That** so that 130 **In personal duty** i.e., as
servants to him; **haunted** frequented 140 **gouty** rheumatic,
i.e., old; **owe** own 144 **fee-simple** . . . **part** absolute
possession, without restriction 146 **charmed** enchanting
148 **my equals** i.e., girls of my age 152 **Experience** know-
ledge 153 **proofs new-bleeding** examples of others newly
ruined; **foil** dark background (to display a jewel) 156 **assay**
experience 157 **forced examples** comparisons with her own
case which seem to her far-fetched, though she is made to
consider them 160 **rage** are impassioned

"Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,^o
That we must curb it upon others' proof,^o
To be forbod^o the sweets that seems so good
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep and cry, 'It is thy last.'

"For further I could say this man's untrue,^o
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew;
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers^o to defiling;
Thought characters and words^o merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

"And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: 'Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity
And be not of my holy vows afraid.
That's^o to ye sworn to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been called unto,
Till now did ne'er invite nor never woo.

" 'All my offenses that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood,^o none of the mind.
Love made them not. With acture^o they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind.
They sought their shame that so their shame did find,
And so much less of shame in me remains
By how much of me their reproach contains.

" 'Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmèd,
Or my affection put to th' smallest teen,^o
Or any of my leasures ever charmèd.
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmèd;
Kept hearts in liveries,^o but mine own was free
And reigned commanding in his monarchy.

" 'Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me
Of pallid pearls and rubies red as blood,
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimsoned mood;^o
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamped in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

" 'And, lo, behold these talents^o of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously empleached,^o
I have received from many a several fair,^o
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseeched,
With th' annexions^o of fair gems enriched,
And deep-brained sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear^o nature, worth, and quality.

162 **blood** passion 163 **others' proof** the experience of others
164 **forbod** forbidden 169 **say** . . . **untrue** tell of this man's
untruth 173 **brokers** panders 174 **characters and words**
written and spoken words 180 **That's** what's 184 **blood**
lust 185 **acture** action (as opposed to volition) 192 **teen**
distress 195 **in liveries** as servants 201 **mood** mode 204
talents treasures 205 **empleached** intertwined 206 **several**
fair different lady 208 **annexions** additions 210 **dear** valuable

" 'The diamond, why, 'twast beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invised^o properties did tend;
The deep-green em'rald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance^o do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire, and the opal blend
With objects manifold:^o each several^o stone,
With wit well blazoned,^o smiled or made some moan.

" 'Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,^o
Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender.
For these of force must your oblations^o be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.^o

" 'O, then, advance of yours that phraseless^o hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise!
Take all these similes^o to your own command,
Hollowed^o with sighs that burning lungs did raise.
What me, your minister, for you obeys,^o
Works under you; and to your audit^o comes
Their distract parcels^o in combinèd sums.

" 'Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note,
Which late her noble suit^o in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings^o made the blossoms^o dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,^o
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove
To spend her living in eternal love.^o

" 'But, O my sweet, what labor is't to leave
The thing we have not, mast'ring what not strives,
Paling^o the place^o which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?^o
She that her fame so to herself contrives,^o
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.^o

212 **invised** inward-looking, self-regarding (?) (Latin *invisus* =
secret) 214 **radiance** power of vision 215-16 **opal** . . .
manifold blended opal, with many other objects (?) 216
several separate 217 **blazoned** proclaimed 219 **tender**
offering 223 **oblations** offerings 224 **Since** . . . **me** i.e., I
am the altar at which they are offered to you, my patron
saint 225 **phraseless** indescribable 227 **similes** love-
tokens (jewels and sonnets) 228 **Hollowed** (1) blown up,
shaped (2) hallowed 229 **What** . . . **obeys** whatever obeys
me, your servant ("minister") 230 **audit** accounting 231
distract parcels separate items 234 **suit** wooing 235 **hav-**
ings personal qualities; **blossoms** i.e., flower of the nobility
236 **coat** coats of arms 238 **eternal love** love of things
heavenly 241 **Paling** fencing (but "Paling" is an emendation
for "Playing"; "Leaving" and "Flying" have also been sugges-
ted); **the place** i.e., the nun's heart, which had never received
the impression of love 242 **unconstrained gyves** fetters that
do not constrain (because willingly put on) 243 **her** . . .
contrives creates for herself a reputation (for renouncing love)
245 **might** power

"O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly.
Religious° love put out religion's eye.
Not to be tempted, would she be inured,°
And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.°

"How mighty then you are, O hear me tell:
The broken bosoms° that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among.
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,°
As compound love to physic° your cold breast.

"My parts had pow'r to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they t' assail begun,°
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most potential° love! vow, bond, nor space
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"When thou impresses,° what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are° peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst
shame;
And sweetens, in the suff'ring pangs it bears,
The aloes° of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans° they pine;
And suppliant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the batt'ry that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent° soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer° and undertake my troth.°

"This said, his wat'ry eyes he did dismount,°
Whose sights till then were leveled on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flowed apace.
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who° glazed with crystal gate° the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

250 **Religious** devoted 251 **inured** hardened 252 **And . . .**
procured and now she has procured liberty to try ("tempt")
all things (?) 254 **bosoms** hearts 258 **congest** gather to-
gether 259 **physic** cure 262 **Believed . . . begun** trusted
her eyes when, filled with his image, they assailed her chastity
264 **potential** powerful 267 **impresses** conscripts 271
arms are warfare produces 273 **aloes** bitterness 275 **bleed-**
ing groans every sigh was thought to lessen life by drawing
blood from the heart 279 **credent** believing 280 **prefer**
advance, promote; **undertake my troth** support my love
281 **dismount** lower 286 **Who** which; **gate** barrier (the
idea is that his cheeks beneath his tears are like roses
beneath glass)

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft° effect! Cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

"For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved° my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daffed,°
Shook off my sober guards and civil° fears;
Appear° to him as he to me appears,
All melting, though our drops° this diff'rence bore:
His poisoned me, and mine did him restore.

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels,° all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or sounding° paleness; and he takes and leaves,°
In either's aptness,° as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank,° to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and sound° at tragic shows;

"That not a heart which in his level° came
Could 'scape the hail° of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature as both kind and tame;°
And, veiled in them,° did win whom he would maim.
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim:
When he most burned in heart-wished luxury,°
He preached pure maid and praised cold chastity.

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace,
The naked and concealed fiend he covered,
That th' unexperient° gave the tempter place,
Which,° like a cherubin, above them hovered.
Who, young and simple, would not be so loved?
Ay me! I fell, and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

"O, that infected° moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glowed,
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestowed,
O, all that borrowed motion, seeming owed,°
Would yet again betray the fore-betrayed
And new-pervert a reconciled° maid!"

293 **cleft** double 296 **resolved** dissolved 297 **daffed** doffed,
put off 298 **civil** moral 299 **Appear** I appear 300 **drops**
medicinal drops 303 **cautels** tricks 305 **sounding** swooning;
takes and leaves alternately uses 306 **In either's aptness** i.e.,
according as it serves his purpose 307 **rank** lustful 308 **sound**
swoon 309 **level** range of eye (literally, aim, line of fire) 310
hail bullet 311 **Showing . . . tame** appearing to be harm-
less and friendly 312 **them** i.e., kindness and tameness (or
possibly the 'strange forms' of line 303) 314 **luxury** lechery
318 **unexperient** inexperienced 319 **Which** who 323 **in-**
fects unnatural 324 **borrowed . . . owed** assumed
behavior that seemed his own 329 **reconciled** penitent



THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

IV

Sweet Cytherea,^o sitting by a brook
 With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,^o
 Did court the lad with many a lovely^o look,
 Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
 She told him stories, to delight his ear;
 She showed him favors, to allure his eye;
 To win his heart she touched him here and there—
 Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
 But whether unripe years did want conceit,^o
 Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
 The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
 But smile and jest at every gentle offer.
 Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward.^o
 He rose and ran away. Ah, fool too froward!^o

VI

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
 When Cytherea^o (all in love forlorn),
 A longing tarriance^o for Adonis made
 Under an osier^o growing by a brook,
 A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen.^o
 Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
 For his approach that often there had been.
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim.
 The sun looked on the world with glorious eye,
 Yet not so wistly^o as this queen on him.
 He, spying her, bounced in whereas^o he stood.
 "O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a flood!"

VII

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
 Brighter than glass, and yet as glass is, brittle;
 Softer than wax, and yet as iron rusty:
 A lily pale, with damask^o dye to grace her;
 None fairer, nor none fals^{er} to deface her.^o

The decorative border shown above is a repeated ornament which appeared on the title page of the second octavo edition of The Passionate Pilgrim, 1599.

IV 1 Cytherea Venus 2 green young 3 lovely loving 9 conceit understanding 13 toward willing 14 froward refractory

VI 3 Cytherea Venus 4 tarriance awaiting 5 osier willow 6 spleen hot temper 12 wistly eagerly 13 whereas where

VII 5 damask pale red 6 to deface her to her discredit

Her lips to mine how often hath she joinèd,
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
 How many tales to please me hath she coinèd,^o
 Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing! 10
 Yet, in the midst of all her pure protestings,
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

5 She burnt with love, as straw with fire^o flameth;
 She burnt out love, as soon as straw outburneth;
 She framed^o the love, and yet she foiled^o the framing; 15
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.^o
 10 Was this a lover, or a lecher, whether?^o
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.^o

IX

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild,
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill. 5
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds.
 She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds.
 5 "Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth
 Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar, 10
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!^o
 See, in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the sore."
 She showèd hers; he saw more wounds than one,
 10 And blushing fled and left her all alone.

X

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely plucked, soon vaded,^o
 Plucked in the bud, and vaded^o in the spring!
 Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely^o shaded!
 Fair creature, killed too soon by death's sharp sting!
 Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree, 5
 And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
 For why,^o thou left'st me nothing in thy will.
 And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave, 10
 For why,^o I cravèd nothing of thee still.
 O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee:
 Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

9 coinèd counterfeited 13 fire two syllables 15 framed formed; foiled thwarted 16 fell a-turning i.e., turned to others (for sex) 17 whether which of the two 18 neither also, the sexual organs are "nether" parts
 IX 2 a line rhyming with "wild" is lost 11 ruth pity
 X 1, 2 vaded (1) departed (2) faded 3 timely soon 8, 10 For why because

XII

Crabbèd age and youth cannot live together:
 Youth is full of pleasance,° age is full of care;
 Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
 Youth like summer brave,° age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;
 Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee:
 O, my love, my love is young!
 Age, I do defy° thee. O sweet shepherd hie thee,°
 For methinks thou stays too long.

XIII

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
 A shining gloss that vadeth° suddenly;
 A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
 A brittle glass that's broken presently;°
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld° or never found,
 As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
 As flowers dead lie witherèd on the ground,
 As broken glass no cement° can redress:
 So beauty blemished once, for ever lost,
 In spite of physic,° painting, pain, and cost.°

XIV

Good night, good rest; ah, neither be my share!
 She bade good night that kept my rest away,
 And daffed me° to a cabin hanged with care
 To descant° on the doubts of my decay.
 "Farewell," quoth she, "and come again tomorrow." 5
 Fare well I could not, for I supped with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
 In scorn or friendship, nill I conster whether.°
 'T may be she joyed to jest at my exile;
 'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
 "Wander"—a word for shadows like myself
 As° take the pain but cannot pluck the pelf.°

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
 My heart doth charge the watch;° the morning rise
 Doth cite° each moving sense from idle rest,
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,

XII 2 **pleasance** gaiety 4 **brave** splendid 11 **defy** reject;
hie thee hurry

XIII 2 **vadeth** (1) departs (2) fades 4 **presently** soon 7 **seld**
 seldom 10 **cement** stress on first syllable 12 **physic** medi-
 cine; **cost** expenditure

XIV 3 **daffed me** sent me off 4 **descant** lament (literally,
 compose musical variations) 8 **nill** . . . **whether** I do not
 know which 12 **As** who; **pelf** reward 14 **charge the watch**
 order the watchman to proclaim day (?) 15 **cite** summon

While Philomela° sits and sings, I sit and mark,
 And wish her lays° were tunèd like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty
 And drives away dark dreaming night. 20
 The night so packed,° I post° unto my pretty;
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wishèd sight;
 Sorrow changed to solace and solace mixed with
 sorrow;
 For why,° she sighed and bade me come tomorrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon, 25
 But now are minutes added to° the hours;
 To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;°
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succor flowers!
 Pack night, peep day! Good day, of night now
 borrow:
 Short, night, tonight, and length° thyself tomorrow. 30

XV

It was a lording's° daughter, the fairest one of three,
 That likèd of her master° as well as well might be,
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye
 could see,
 Her fancy fell a-turning.
 Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did
 fight, 5
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
 To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
 Unto the silly° damsel!
 But one must be refused; more mickle° was the pain
 That nothing could be usèd to turn them both to gain, 10
 For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with
 disdain:
 Alas, she could not help it!
 Thus art° with arms contending was victor of the day,
 Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away:
 Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay; 15
 For now my song is ended.

XVII

My flocks feed not, my ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not, all is amiss:
 Love is dying, faith's defying,°
 Heart's denying,° causer of this.
 All my merry jigs° are quite forgot, 5
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot.°
 Where her faith was firmly fixed in love,
 There a nay° is placed without remove.
 One silly cross° wrought all my loss.
 O frowning Fortune, cursèd fickle dame! 10

17 **Philomela** the nightingale 18 **lays** songs 21 **packed** dis-
 posed of; **post** hurry 24 **For why** because 26 **added to**
 i.e., like 27 **moon** month 30 **Short** . . . **length** shorten
 . . . lengthen

XV 1 **lording's** lord's 2 **master** teacher 8 **silly** inexperi-
 enced 9 **more mickle** greater 13 **art** learning

XVII 3 **defying** rejection 4 **denying** perhaps it should be
 emended to "renying" = disowning 5 **jigs** songs or dance
 tunes 6 **wot** knows 8 **nay** denial 9 **cross** misfortune

For now I see inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I, all fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me, living in thrall.
Heart is bleeding, all help needing—
O cruel speeding,^o fraughted^o with gall!
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;^o
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog,^o that wont to have played,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
With sighs so deep procures to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound through heartless^o ground,
Like a thousand vanquished men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not forth their dye.
Herds stand weeping, flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping fearfully.
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass! Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan.
Poor Corydon must live alone.
Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVIII

When as thine eye hath chose the dame
And stalled the deer^o that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy's partial might;^o
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed^o talk,
Lest she some subtile practice^o smell—
A cripple soon can find a halt;^o

16 speeding lot; **fraughted** laden **17 no deal** not at all **19 curtail dog** dog with docked tail **23 heartless** (1) pitiless (2) cowardly

XVIII 2 stalled the deer got the deer within range (with pun on *dear*) **4 fancy's partial might** a desperate emendation for the text's "fancy (partyall might)," which seems meaningless; the emendation, and its context, means that sexual behavior ("things worthy blame") should be governed by impartial reason and by the partial power of love ("fancy") **8 filed** polished **9 practice** deception **10 A cripple . . . halt** a cripple knows a limp (and so a woman can recognize a deceiver)

But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

And to her will frame all thy ways.
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
15 Where thy desert may merit praise
By ringing in thy lady's ear.
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

20 Serve always with assured trust
And in thy suit be humble-true.
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose a new.
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

25 What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight,
30 And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban^o and brawl and say thee nay,
35 Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
"Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then."

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
40 Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught?

Think women still to strive with men
To sin and never for to saint.
There is no heaven:^o be holy then
45 When time with age shall them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
10 One woman would another wed.

But soft,^o enough! too much, I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song.
She will not stick to round me on th' ear,^o
To teach my tongue to be so long.
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewrayed.^o

32 ban curse **45 There . . . heaven** i.e., there is no heavenly bliss in serving women (?) **49 soft** stop **51 stick . . . ear** hesitate to scold me **54 bewrayed** revealed

THE SONNETS

INTRODUCTION BY W. H. AUDEN

EDITED BY WILLIAM BURTO

Introduction

Probably, more nonsense has been talked and written, more intellectual and emotional energy expended in vain, on the sonnets of Shakespeare than on any other literary work in the world. Indeed, they have become the best touchstone I know of for distinguishing the sheep from the goats, that is, those who love poetry for its own sake and understand its nature from those who value poems only either as historical documents or because they express feelings or beliefs of which the reader happens to approve.

It so happens that we know almost nothing about the historical circumstances under which Shakespeare wrote these sonnets: we do not know to whom they are addressed or exactly when they were written, and, unless entirely new evidence should turn up, which is unlikely, we never shall.

This has not prevented many very learned gentlemen from displaying their scholarship and ingenuity in conjecture. Though it seems to me rather silly to spend much time upon conjectures that cannot be proved true or false, that is not my real objection to their efforts. What I really object to is their illusion that, if they were successful, if the identity of the Friend, the Dark Lady, the Rival Poet, and so on, could be established beyond doubt, this would in any way illuminate our understanding of the sonnets themselves.

Their illusion seems to me to betray either a complete misunderstanding of the nature of the relation between art and life or an attempt to rationalize and justify plain vulgar idle curiosity.

Idle curiosity is an ineradicable vice of the human mind. All of us like to discover the secrets of our neighbors, particularly the ugly ones. This has always been so, and, probably, always will be. What is relatively new, however—it is scarcely to be found before the latter half of the eighteenth century—is a blurring of the borderline between the desire for truth and idle curiosity, until, today, it has been so thoroughly erased that we can indulge in the latter without the slightest pangs of conscience. A great deal of what today passes for scholarly research is an activity no different from that of reading somebody's private correspondence when he is out of the room, and it does not really make it morally any better if he is out of the room because he is in his grave.

In the case of a man of action—a ruler, a statesman, a general—the man is identical with his biography. In the case of any kind of artist, however, who is a maker not a doer, his biography—the story of his life—and the history of his works are distinct. In the case of a man of action, we can distinguish in a rough and ready way between his private personal life and his public life, but both are lives of action and, therefore, capable of affecting each other. The political interests of a king's mistress, for example, may influence his decisions on national policy. Consequently, the historian, in his search for truth, is justified in investigating the private life of a man of action to the degree that such discoveries throw light upon the history of his times which he had a share in shaping, even if the victim would prefer such secrets not to be known.

The case of any artist is quite different. Art history, the comparison of one work with another, one artistic epoch with another, the study of influences and changes of style, is a legitimate study. The late J. B. Leishman's book, *Themes and Variations in Shakespeare's Sonnets*, is an admirable example of such an enquiry. Even the biography of an artist, if his life as a man was sufficiently interesting, is permissible, provided that the biographer and his readers realize that such an account throws no light whatsoever upon the artist's work. The relation between his life and his works is at one and the same time too self-evident to require comment—every work of art is, in one sense, a self-disclosure—and too complicated ever to unravel. Thus, it is self-evident that Catullus' love for Lesbia was the experience that inspired his love poems, and that, if either of them had had a different character, the poems would have been different; but no amount of research into their lives can tell us why Catullus wrote the actual poems he did, instead of an infinite number of similar poems he might have written instead, why, indeed, he wrote any, or why those he did are good. Even if one could question a poet himself about the relation between some poem of his and the events that provoked him to write it, he could not give a satisfactory answer, because even the most "occasional" poem, in the Goethean sense, involves not only the occasion but the whole life experience of the poet, and he himself cannot identify all the contributing elements.

Further, it should be borne in mind that most genuine artists would prefer that no biography be written. A genuine artist believes he has been put on earth to fulfill a certain function determined by the talent with which he has been entrusted. His personal life is, naturally, of concern to himself and, he hopes, to his personal friends, but he does not think it is or ought to be of any concern to the public. The one thing a writer, for example, hopes for is attentive readers of his writings. He hopes they will study the text closely enough to spot misprints. Shakespeare would be grateful to many scholars, beginning with Malone, who have suggested sensible emendations to the Q text. And he hopes that they will read with patience and intelligence so as to extract as much meaning from the text as possible. If the shade of Shakespeare has read William Empson's explication of "They that have pow'r to hurt and will do none" (Sonnet 94), he may have wondered to himself, "Now, did I *really* say all that?," but he will certainly be grateful to Mr. Empson for his loving care.

Not only would most genuine writers prefer to have no biography written; they would also prefer, were it feasible, that their writings be published anonymously.

Shakespeare is in the singularly fortunate position of being, for all intents and purposes, anonymous. Hence the existence of persons who spend their lives trying to prove that his plays were written by someone else. (How odd it is that Freud should have been a firm believer in the Earl of Oxford theory.)

So far as the sonnets are concerned, the certain facts are just two in number. Two of the sonnets, "When my love swears that she is made of truth" (138), and "Two loves I have, of comfort and despair" (144), appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, a poetic miscellany printed in 1599, and the whole collection was published by G. Eld for T. T. in 1609 with a dedication "To The Onlie Begetter Of These Insuing Sonnets. Mr. W.H." Meres's reference in 1598 to "sugred Sonnets" by Shakespeare is inconclusive: the word *sonnet* was often used as a general term for a lyric, and even if Meres was using it in the stricter sense, we do not know if the sonnets he was referring to are the ones we have.

Aside from the text itself, this is all we know for certain and all we are ever likely to know. On philological grounds, I am inclined to agree with those scholars who take the word *begetter* to mean procurer, so that Mr. W.H. is not the friend who inspired most of the sonnets, but the person who secured the manuscript for the publisher.

So far as the date of their composition is concerned, all we know for certain is that the relation between Shakespeare and the Friend lasted at least three years:

Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green. (104)

The fact that the style of the sonnets is nearer to that of the earlier plays than the later is not conclusive proof that their composition was contemporary with the former, because a poet's style is always greatly influenced by the particular verse form he is employing. As C. S. Lewis has said: "If Shakespeare had taken an hour off from the composition of *Lear* to write a sonnet, the sonnet might not have been in the style of *Lear*." On the whole, I think an early date is a more plausible conjecture than a late one,

because the experiences the sonnets describe seem to me to be more likely to befall a younger man than an older.

Let us, however, forget all about Shakespeare the man, leave the speculations about the persons involved, the names, already or in the future to be put forward, Southampton, Pembroke, Hughes, and so on, to the foolish and the idle, and consider the sonnets themselves.

The first thing that is obvious after reading through the one hundred and fifty-four sonnets as we have them, is that they are not in any kind of planned sequence. The only semblance of order is a division into two unequal heaps—Sonnets 1 to 126 are addressed to a young man, assuming, which is probable but not certain, that there is only one young man addressed, and Sonnets 127–154 are addressed to a dark-haired woman. In both heaps, a triangle situation is referred to in which Shakespeare's friend and his mistress betray him by having an affair together, which proves that the order is not chronological. Sonnets 40 and 42, "Take all my loves, my love, yea take them all," "That thou hast her, it is not all my grief," must be more or less contemporary with 144 and 152, "Two loves I have, of comfort and despair," "In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn."

Nor in the two sets considered separately is it possible to believe that the order is chronological. Sometimes batches of sonnets occur that clearly belong together—for example, the opening series 1–17, in which the friend is urged to marry, though, even here, 15 seems not to belong, for marriage is not mentioned in it. At other times, sonnets that are similar in theme are widely separated. To take a very trivial example: in 77 Shakespeare speaks of giving his friend a commonplace book.

Look what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks.

And in 122, he speaks of a similar gift from his friend to him, "Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain." Surely, it is probable that they exchanged gifts and that these sonnets belong together.

The serious objection, however, to the order of Sonnets 1–126 as the Q text prints them is psychological. Sonnets expressing feelings of unalloyed happiness and devotion are mixed with others expressing grief and estrangement. Some speak of injuries done to Shakespeare by his friend, others of some scandal in which the friend was involved, others again of some infidelity on Shakespeare's part in a succession that makes no kind of emotional sense.

Any passionate relationship can go through and survive painful crises, and become all the stronger for it. As Shakespeare writes in Sonnet 119:

O, benefit of ill: now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruined love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.

But forgiveness and reconciliation do not obliterate memory of the past. It is not possible to return to the innocent happiness expressed before any cloud appeared on the sky. It is not, it seems to me, possible to believe that, *after* going through the experiences described in Sonnets 40–42, Shakespeare would write either Sonnet 53,

In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart,
or 105,

Let not my love be called idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love today, tomorrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence.

If the order is not chronological, it cannot, either, be a sequence planned by Shakespeare for publication. Any writer with an audience in mind knows that a sequence of poems must climax with one of the best. Yet the sequence as we have it concludes with two of the worst of the sonnets, trivial conceits about, apparently, going to Bath to take the waters. Nor, when preparing for publication, will an author leave unrevised what is obviously a first draft, like Sonnet 99 with its fifteen lines.

A number of scholars have tried to rearrange the sonnets into some more logical order, but such efforts can never be more than conjecture, and it is best to accept the jumble we have been given.

If the first impression made by the sonnets is of their haphazard order, the second is of their extremely uneven poetic value.

After the 1609 edition, the sonnets were pretty well forgotten for more than a century and a half. In 1640 Benson produced an extraordinary hodgepodge in which one hundred and forty-six of them were arranged into seventy-two poems with invented titles, and some of the *he's* and *him's* changed to *she's* and *her's*. It was not until 1780 that a significant critical text was made by Malone. This happened to be a period when critics condemned the sonnet as a form. Thus Steevens could write in 1766:

Quaintness, obscurity, and tautology are to be regarded as the constituent parts of this exotic species of composition. . . . I am one of those who should have wished it to have expired in the country where it was born. . . . [A sonnet] is composed in the highest strain of affectation, pedantry, circumlocution, and nonsense.

And of Shakespeare's essays in this form:

The strongest act of Parliament that could be framed would fail to compel readers unto their service.

Even when this prejudice against the sonnet as such had begun to weaken, and even after Bardolatry had begun, adverse criticism of the sonnets continued.

Thus Wordsworth, who was as responsible as anyone for rehabilitating the sonnet as a form (though he employed the Petrarchan, not the Shakespearean, kind), remarked:

These sonnets beginning at CXXVII to his mistress are worse than a puzzle-peg. They are abominably harsh, obscure, and worthless. The others are for the most part much better, have many fine lines and passages. They are also in many places warm with passion. Their chief faults—and heavy ones they are—are sameness, tediousness, quaintness, and elaborate obscurity.

Hazlitt:

If Shakespeare had written nothing but his sonnets . . . he would . . . have been assigned to the class of cold, artificial writers, who had no genuine sense of nature or passion.

Keats:

They seem to be full of fine things said unintentionally—in the intensity of working out conceits.

Landor:

Not a single one is very admirable. . . . They are hot and pothery: there is much condensation, little delicacy; like raspberry jam without cream, without crust, without bread; to break its viscosity.

In this century we have reacquired a taste for the conceit, as we have for baroque architecture, and no longer think that artifice is incompatible with passion. Even so, no serious critic of poetry can possibly think that all the sonnets are equally good.

On going through the hundred and fifty-four of them, I find forty-nine that seem to me excellent throughout, and a good number of the rest have one or two memorable lines, but there are also several that I can read only out of a sense of duty. For the inferior ones we have no right to condemn Shakespeare unless we are prepared to believe—a belief for which there is no evidence—that he prepared or intended them all to be published.

Considered in the abstract, as if they were Platonic Ideas, the Petrarchan sonnet seems to be a more esthetically satisfying form than the Shakespearean. Having only two different rhymes in the octave and two in the sestet, each is bound by rhyme into a closed unity, and the asymmetrical relation of 8 to 6 is pleasing. The Shakespearean form, on the other hand, with its seven different rhymes, almost inevitably becomes a lyric of three symmetrical quatrains, finished off with an epigrammatic couplet. As a rule Shakespeare shapes his rhetorical argument in conformity with this, that is to say, there is usually a major pause after the fourth, the eighth, and the twelfth line. Only in one case, Sonnet 86, "Was it the proud full sail of his great verse," does the main pause occur in the middle of the second quatrain, so that the sonnet divides into 6.6.2.

It is the concluding couplet in particular which, in the Shakespearean form, can be a snare. The poet is tempted to use it either to make a summary of the preceding twelve lines that is unnecessary, or to draw a moral that is too glib and trite. In the case of Shakespeare himself, though there are some wonderful couplets, for example the conclusion of 61,

For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near,

or 87,

Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter,

all too often, even in some of the best, the couplet lines are the weakest and dullest in the sonnet, and because they come at the end, the reader has the sense of a disappointing anticlimax.

Despite all this, it seems to me wise of Shakespeare to have chosen the form he did rather than the Petrarchan. Compared with Italian, English is so poor in rhymes that it is almost impossible to write a Petrarchan sonnet in it that sounds effortless throughout. In even the best examples from Milton, Wordsworth, and Rossetti, for instance, one is almost sure to find at least one line the concluding word of which does not seem inevitable, the only word that could accurately express the poet's meaning; one feels it is there only because the rhyme demanded it.

In addition, there are certain things that can be done in the Shakespearean form that the Petrarchan, with its sharp division between octave and sestet, cannot do. In Sonnet 66, "Tired with all these, for restful death I cry," and 129, "Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame," Shakespeare is able to give twelve single-line *exempla* of the wretchedness of this world and the horrors of lust, with an accumulative effect of great power.

In their style, two characteristics of the sonnets stand out. Firstly, their *cantabile*. They are the work of someone whose ear is unerring. In his later blank verse, Shakespeare became a master of highly complicated effects of sound and rhythm, and the counterpointing of these with the sense, but in the sonnets he is intent upon making his verse as melodious, in the simplest and most obvious sense of the word, as possible, and there is scarcely a line, even in the dull ones, that sounds harsh or awkward. Occasionally, there are lines that foreshadow the freedom of his later verse. For example:

Not mine own fears nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come. (107)

If the vagueness of the historical circumstances under which the sonnets were written has encouraged the goats of idle curiosity, their matter has given the goats of ideology a wonderful opportunity to display their love of simplification at the expense of truth. Confronted with the extremely odd story they tell, with the fact that, in so many of them, Shakespeare addresses a young man in terms of passionate devotion, the sound and sensible citizen, alarmed at the thought that our Top-Bard could have had any experience with which he is unfamiliar, has either been shocked and wished that Shakespeare had never written them, or, in defiance of common sense, tried to persuade himself that Shakespeare was merely expressing in somewhat hyperbolic terms, such as an Elizabethan poet might be expected to use, what any normal man feels for a friend of his own sex. The homosexual reader, on the other hand, determined to secure our Top-Bard as a patron saint of the Homintern, has been uncritically enthusiastic about the first one hundred and twenty-six of the sonnets, and preferred to ignore those to the Dark Lady in which the relationship is unequivocally sexual, and the fact that Shakespeare was a married man and a father.

Dag Hammarskjöld, in a diary found after his death and just recently published in Sweden, makes an observation to which both the above types would do well to listen.

How easy Psychology has made it for us to dismiss the perplexing mystery with a label which assigns it a place in the list of common aberrations.

That we are confronted in the sonnets by a mystery rather than by an aberration is evidenced for me by the fact that men and women whose sexual tastes are perfectly normal, but who enjoy and understand poetry, have always been able to read them as expressions of what they understand by the word *love*, without finding the masculine pronoun an obstacle.

I think that the *primary* experience—complicated as it became later—out of which the sonnets to the friend spring was a mystical one.

All experiences that may be called mystical have certain characteristics in common.

(1) The experience is “given.” That is to say, it cannot be induced or prolonged by an effort of will, though the openness of any individual to receive it is partly determined by his age, his psychophysical make-up, and his cultural milieu.

(2) Whatever the contents of the experience, the subject is absolutely convinced that it is a revelation of reality. When it is over, he does not say, as one says when one awakes from a dream, “Now I am awake and conscious again of the real world.” He says, rather, “For a while the veil was lifted and a reality revealed which in my ‘normal’ state is hidden from me.”

(3) With whatever the vision is concerned—things, human beings, or God—they are experienced as numinous, clothed in glory, charged with an intense being-thereness.

(4) Confronted by the vision, the attention of the subject, in awe, joy, dread, is absolutely absorbed in contemplation and, while the vision lasts, his self, its desires and needs, are completely forgotten.

Natural mystical experiences, visions that is to say, concerned with created beings, not with a creator God, and without overt religious content, are of two kinds,

which one might call the Vision of Dame Kind and the Vision of Eros.

The classic descriptions of the first are to be found, of course, in certain of Wordsworth’s poems, like *The Prelude*, the Immortality Ode, “Tintern Abbey,” and “The Ruined Cottage.” It is concerned with a multiplicity of creatures, inanimate and animate, but not with persons, though it may include human artifacts. If human beings do appear in it, they are always, I believe, total strangers to the subject, so that, so far as he is concerned, they are not persons. It would seem that, in our culture, this vision is not uncommon in childhood, but rare in adults.

The Vision of Eros, on the other hand, is concerned with a single person, who is revealed to the subject as being of infinite sacred importance. The classic descriptions of it are to be found in Plato’s *Symposium*, Dante’s *La Vita Nuova*, and some of these sonnets by Shakespeare.

It can, it seems, be experienced before puberty. If it occurs later, though the subject is aware of its erotic nature, his own desire is always completely subordinate to the sacredness of the beloved person, who is felt to be infinitely superior to the lover. Before anything else, the lover desires the happiness of the beloved.

The Vision of Eros is probably a much rarer experience than most people in our culture suppose, but, when it is genuine, I do not think it makes any sense to apply to it terms like *heterosexual* or *homosexual*. Such terms can be legitimately applied only to the profane erotic experiences with which we are all familiar, to lust, for example, an interest in another solely as a sexual object, and that combination of sexual desire and *philia*, affection based upon mutual interests, values, and shared experiences, which is the securest basis for a happy marriage.

That, in the Vision of Eros, the erotic is the medium, not the cause, is proved, I think, by the fact, on which all who have written about it with authority agree, that it cannot long survive an actual sexual relationship. Indeed, it is very doubtful if the Vision can ever be mutual: the story of Tristan and Isolde is a myth, not an instance of what can historically occur. To be receptive to it, it would seem that the subject must be exceptionally imaginative. Class feelings also seem to play a role; no one, apparently, can have such a vision about an individual who belongs to a social group that he has been brought up to regard as inferior to his own, so that its members are not, for him, fully persons.

The medium of the Vision is, however, undoubtedly erotic. Nobody who was unconscious of an erotic interest on his part would use the frank, if not brutal, sexual image that Shakespeare employs in speaking of his friend’s exclusive interest in women.

But since she pricked thee out for women’s pleasure,

Mine be thy love, and thy love’s use their treasure. (20)

The beloved is always beautiful in the impersonal sense of the word as well as the personal. It is unfortunate that we have to use the same words, *beauty* and *beautiful*, to mean two quite different things. If I say, “Elizabeth has a beautiful figure” or “a beautiful profile,” I am referring to an objective, publicly recognizable property, and, so long as the objects are members of the same class, I can compare one with another and arrange them along a scale

of beauty. That is why it is possible to hold dog shows, beauty competitions, and so on, or for a sculptor to state in mathematical terms the proportions of the ideal male or female figure. This kind of beauty is a gift of Nature's, depending upon a lucky combination of genes and the luck of good health, and a gift that Nature can, and in due time always does, take away. The reaction of the spectator to it is either impersonal admiration or impersonal sexual desire. Moral approval is not involved. It is perfectly possible for me to say, "Elizabeth has a beautiful figure, but she is a monster."

If, on the other hand, I say, "Elizabeth has a beautiful face or a beautiful expression," though I am still referring to something physical—I could not make the statement if I were blind—I am speaking of something that is personal, a unique face that cannot be compared with that of anyone else, and for which I hold Elizabeth personally responsible. Nature has had nothing to do with it. This kind of beauty is always associated with the notion of moral goodness. It is impossible to imagine circumstances in which I could say, "Elizabeth has a beautiful expression, but she is a monster." And it is this kind of beauty that arouses in the beholder feelings, not of impersonal admiration or lust, but of personal love.

The Petrarchan distinction, employed by Shakespeare in a number of his sonnets, between the love of the eye and the love of the heart, is an attempt, I think, to express the difference between these two kinds of beauty and our response to them.

In the Vision of Eros, both are always present. The beloved is always beautiful in both the public and the personal sense. But, to the lover, the second is the more important. Dante certainly thought that Beatrice was a girl whose beauty everybody would admire, but it would not have entered his head to compare her for beauty with other Florentine girls of the same age.

Both Plato and Dante attempt to give a religious explanation of the Vision. Both, that is, regard the love inspired by a created human being as intended to lead the lover toward the love of the uncreated source of all beauty. The difference between them is that Plato is without any notion of what we mean by a person, whether human or Divine; he can think only in terms of the individual and the universal, and beauty for him is always beauty in the impersonal sense. Consequently, on the Platonic ladder, the love of an individual must be forgotten in the love of the universal; what we would call infidelity becomes a moral duty. How different is Dante's interpretation. Neither he nor Beatrice tells us exactly what he had done that had led him to the brink of perdition, but both speak of it as a lack of fidelity on Dante's part to his love for Beatrice. In Paradise, she is with him until the final moment when he turns from her toward "The Eternal Fountain," and even then he knows that her eyes are turned in the same direction. Instead of the many rungs of the Platonic ladder, there is only one step for the lover to take, from the person of the beloved creature to the Person of their common Creator.

It is consistent with Shakespeare's cast of mind as we meet it in the plays, where it is impossible to be certain what his personal beliefs were on any subject, that the sonnets should contain no theory of love: Shakespeare contents himself with simply describing the experience.

Though the primary experience from which they started was, I believe, the Vision of Eros, that is, of course, not all they are about. For the Vision to remain undimmed, it is probably necessary that the lover have very little contact with the beloved, however nice a person she (or he) may be. Dante, after all saw Beatrice only once or twice, and she probably knew little about him. The story of the sonnets seems to me to be the story of an agonized struggle by Shakespeare to preserve the glory of the vision he had been granted in a relationship, lasting at least three years, with a person who seemed intent by his actions upon covering the vision with dirt.

As outsiders, the impression we get of his friend is one of a young man who was not really very nice, very conscious of his good looks, able to switch on the charm at any moment, but essentially frivolous, cold-hearted, and self-centered, aware, probably, that he had some power over Shakespeare—if he thought about it at all, no doubt he gave it a cynical explanation—but with no conception of the intensity of the feelings he had, unwittingly, aroused. Somebody, in fact, rather like Bassanio in *The Merchant of Venice*.

The sonnets addressed to the Dark Lady are concerned with that most humiliating of all erotic experiences, sexual infatuation—*Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée*.

Simple lust is impersonal; that is to say, the pursuer regards himself as a person but the object of his pursuit as a thing, to whose personal qualities, if she has any, he is indifferent, and, if he succeeds, he expects to be able to make a safe getaway as soon as he becomes bored. Sometimes, however, he gets trapped. Instead of becoming bored, he becomes sexually obsessed, and the girl, instead of conveniently remaining an object, becomes a real person to him, but a person whom he not only does not love, but actively dislikes.

No other poet, not even Catullus, has described the anguish, self-contempt, and rage produced by this unfortunate condition so well as Shakespeare in some of these sonnets, for example, 141, "In faith I do not love thee with my eyes," or 151, "Love is too young to know what conscience is."

Aside from the opening sixteen sonnets urging his friend to marry—which may well, as some scholars have suggested, have been written at the suggestion of some member of the young man's family—aside from these, and half a dozen elegant trifles, what is astonishing about the sonnets, especially when one remembers the age in which they were written, is the impression they make of naked autobiographical confession. The Elizabethans were not given to writing their autobiographies or to "unlocking their hearts." Donne's love poems were no doubt inspired by a personal passion, but this is hidden behind the public performance. It was not until Rousseau and the age of *Sturm und Drang* that confession became a literary genre. After the sonnets, I cannot think of anything in English poetry so seemingly autobiographical until Meredith's *Modern Love*, and even then, the personal events seem to be very carefully "posed."

It is impossible to believe either that Shakespeare wished them to be published or that he can have shown most of them to the young man and woman, whoever they were, to whom they are addressed. Suppose you had written Sonnet 57,

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?

Can you imagine showing it to the person you were thinking of? Vice versa, what on earth would you feel, supposing someone you knew handed you the sonnet and said, "This is about you"?

Though Shakespeare may have shown the sonnets to one or two intimate literary friends—it would appear that he must have—he wrote them, I am quite certain, as one writes a diary, for himself alone, with no thought of a public.

When the sonnets are really obscure, they are obscure in the way that a diary can be, in which the writer does not bother to explain references that are obvious to him but that an outsider cannot know. For example, in the opening lines of Sonnet 125,

Were't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring,

it is impossible for the reader to know whether Shakespeare is simply being figurative or whether he is referring to some ceremony in which he actually took part, or, if he is, what that ceremony can have been. Again, the concluding couplet of 124 remains impenetrable.

To this I witness call the fools of Time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

Some critics have suggested that this is a cryptic reference to the Jesuits who were executed on charges of high treason. This may be so, but there is nothing in the text to prove it, and even if it is so, I fail to understand their relevance as witnesses to Shakespeare's love, which no disaster or self-interest can affect.

How the sonnets came to be published—whether Shakespeare gave copies to some friend who then betrayed him, or whether some enemy stole them—we shall probably never know. Of one thing I am certain: Shakespeare must have been horrified when they were published.

The Elizabethan age was certainly as worldly-wise and no more tolerant, perhaps less, than our own. After all, sodomy was still a capital offense. The poets of the period, like Marlowe and Barnfield, whom we know to have been homosexual, were very careful not to express their feelings in the first person, but in terms of classical mythology. Renaissance Italy had the reputation for being tolerant on this subject, yet when Michelangelo's nephew published his sonnets to Tomasso de Cavalieri, which are much more restrained than Shakespeare's, for the sake of his uncle's reputation he altered the sex, just as Benson was to do with Shakespeare in 1640.

Shakespeare must have known that his sonnets would be read by many readers in 1609 as they are read by many today—with raised eyebrows. Though I believe such a reaction to be due to a misunderstanding, one cannot say that it is not understandable.

In our culture, we have good reason to be skeptical when anyone claims to have experienced the Vision of Eros, and even to doubt if it ever occurs, because half our literature, popular and highbrow, ever since the Provençal poets made the disastrous mistake of trying to turn a mystical

experience into a social cult, is based on the assumption that what is, probably, a rare experience, is one that almost everybody has or ought to have; if they do not, then there must be something wrong with them. We know only too well how often, when a person speaks of having "fallen in love" with X, what he or she really feels could be described in much cruder terms. As La Rochefoucauld observed, "True love is like seeing ghosts: we all talk about it, but few of us have ever seen one." It does not follow, however, that true love or ghosts cannot exist. Perhaps poets are more likely to experience it than others, or become poets because they have. Perhaps Hannah Arendt is right: "Poets are the only people to whom love is not only a crucial but an indispensable experience, which entitles them to mistake it for a universal one." In Shakespeare's case, what happened to his relations with his friend and his mistress, whether they were abruptly broken off in a quarrel, or slowly faded into indifference, is anybody's guess. Did Shakespeare later feel that the anguish at the end was not too great a price to pay for the glory of the initial vision? I hope so and believe so. Anyway, poets are tough and can profit from the most dreadful experiences.

There is a scene in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* that most scholars believe to have been written by Shakespeare and that, if he did, may very well be the last thing he wrote. In it there is a speech by Palamon in which he prays to Venus for her aid. The speech is remarkable, first in its choice of examples of the power of the goddess—nearly all are humiliating or horrid—and second for the intensity of the disgust expressed at masculine sexual vanity.

Hail, sovereign queen of secrets, who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage
And weep unto a girl; that hast the might
Even with an eye-glance to choke Mars's drum
And turn th' alarm to whispers; that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that mayst force the king
To be his subject's vassal, and induce
Stale Gravity to dance; the polled bachelor
Whose youth like wanton boys through bonfires
Have skipped thy flame, at seventy thou canst catch
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love; what godlike power
Hast thou not power upon?

Take to thy grace
Me thy vowed soldier, who do bear thy yoke
As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles.
I have never been foul-mouthed against thy law,
Ne'er revealed secret, for I knew none; would not,
Had I kenned all that were; I never practiced
Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits; I never at great feasts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blushed
At simp'ring sirs that did. I have been harsh
To large confessors, and have hotly asked them
If they had mothers: I had one, a woman,
And women 'twere they wronged. I knew a man
Of eighty winters, this I told them, who
A lass of fourteen bridged. 'Twas thy power
To put life into dust: the aged cramp

Had screwed his square foot round,
 The gout had knitted his fingers into knots,
 Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes
 Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life
 In him seemed torture. This anatomy
 Had by his young fair fere a boy, and I
 Believed it was his, for she swore it was,
 And who would not believe her? Brief, I am
 To those that prate and have done no companion;
 To those that boast and have not a defier;
 To those that would and cannot a rejoicer.
 Yea, him I do not love, that tells close offices
 The foulest way, nor names concealments in
 The boldest language. Such a one I am,
 And vow that lover never yet made sigh
 Truer than I. O then, most soft sweet goddess,
 Give me the victory of this question, which
 Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
 Of thy great pleasure.

*Here music is heard, doves are seen to flutter; they fall again
 upon their faces, then on their knees.*

O thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
 In mortal bosoms, whose chase is this world
 And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
 For this fair token, which being laid unto
 Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance
 My body to this business. Let us rise
 And bow before the goddess. Time comes on.

(V.i.77-90, 94-136)

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

The present text of the sonnets is based on the quarto of 1609, the only edition of any authority; all subsequent editions of the sonnets derive from that of 1609. Two of the sonnets (138 and 144) had been published, in slightly

different versions, in a volume of poems entitled *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599); quite possibly all or almost all of the sonnets were written in the middle 1590's, though it is equally possible that some were written only shortly before Thorpe issued his quarto with 154 sonnets. There is no evidence that Shakespeare oversaw the publication; probably the order in which the sonnets are presented is the publisher's rather than the author's. In 1640 John Benson issued a second edition. He dropped Thorpe's dedication and eight sonnets, rearranged the order of the remaining ones, made numerous verbal changes to suggest that the sonnets were written to a woman and not to a man, and implied in a preface that the sonnets had never before been published.

The present edition keeps the arrangement of the 1609 quarto, but corrects obvious typographical errors and modernizes spelling and punctuation. Other departures from the quarto are listed below, the present reading first, in boldface type, and then the reading of the quarto in roman.

The textual editor wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness, especially in the glosses, to his late teacher, Hyder Edward Rollins, whose indispensable *New Variorum Edition* is as likely as any scholarly book to bear it out to the edge of doom.

12.4 are or 13.7 Yourself You selfe 19.3 jaws yawes 19.5 fleets fleet'st 25.9 might worth 26.12 thy their 27.10 thy their 34.12 cross losse 35.8 thy . . . thy their . . . their 41.8 she he 43.11 thy their 44.13 naught naughts 45.12 thy their 46.3 thy their; 8 thy their; 9 'cide side; 14 thy their 47.11 not nor 50.6 dully duly 51.10 perfect'st perfects 55.1 monuments monument 56.13 Or As 65.12 of or 69.3 due end; 5 Thy Their 70.1 art are 70.6 Thy Their 74.12 remembered remembred 76.7 tell fel 77.10 blanks blacks 90.11 shall stall 91.8 better bitter 99.9 One Our 102.8 her his 111.1 with wish 112.14 are y'are 113.6 latch lack; 14 mine eye mine 126.8 minutes mynuit 128.11 thy their; 14 thy their 129.11 proved, a proud and 132.6 of the of th'; 9 mourning morning 138.12 to have t' haue 144.6 side sight; 9 fiend finde 153.14 eyes eye



THE SONNETS

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER OF
THESE ENSUING SONNETS
MR. W. H. ALL HAPPINESS
AND THAT ETERNITY
PROMISED
BY
OUR EVER-LIVING POET
WISHETH
THE WELL-WISHING
ADVENTURER IN
SETTING
FORTH

T.T.

I

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory;
But thou contracted^o to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,^o
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only^o herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,^o
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.^o
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due,^o by the grave and thee.^o

1: 5 contracted betrothed **6 self-substantial fuel** fuel of your own substance **10 only** chief **11 thy content** what you contain, i.e., potential fatherhood **12 niggarding** hoarding **14 world's due** i.e., propagation of the species; **by . . . thee** i.e., by dying without children

The decorative border shown above appeared on the title page of the first quarto edition of the Sonnets, 1609.

The initials concluding the dedication are those of Thomas Thorpe, the publisher of the volume. The identity of Mr. W. H. is uncertain. Most persons who write on the subject have felt it too prosaic to hold that Mr. W. H. was simply a person who brought the poems into the publisher's hands; rather, they have sought to identify him with the friend to whom many of the poems are addressed. The favorite candidates are William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (and one of the dedicatees of the

2

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches^o in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery,^o so gazed on now,
Will be a tottered weed^o of small worth held:
Then being asked where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty^o days,
To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless^o praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,^o
If thou couldst answer, "This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count,^o and make my old excuse,"^o
Proving his beauty by succession thine.
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

2: 2 trenches i.e., wrinkles **3 livery** outward appearance **4 tottered weed** tattered garment **6 lusty** vigorous **8 thriftless** unprofitable **9 use** investment **11 sum my count** even out my account; **my old excuse** excuse when I am old

First Folio), and Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton (to whom Shakespeare dedicated *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*). But it is unlikely that an earl would be addressed as "Mr." Yet another candidate is Sir William Hervey, third husband of Southampton's mother; his advocates say that Hervey was the "begetter" in the sense that he may have encouraged Shakespeare to write the sonnets urging the young man (allegedly Southampton) to wed.

3

Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest
 Now is the time that face should form another,
 Whose fresh repair° if now thou not renewest,
 Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.° 4
 For where is she so fair whose uneared° womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
 Or who is he so fond° will be the tomb
 Of° his self-love to stop posterity? 8
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
 But if thou live rememb'ed not to be,°
 Die single and thine image dies with thee.

4

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?°
 Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
 And being frank° she lends to those are free.° 4
 Then, beauteous niggard,° why dost thou abuse
 The bounteous largess given thee to give?
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use°
 So great a sum of sums yet canst not live?° 8
 For having traffic° with thyself alone,
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
 Then how when Nature calls thee to be gone,
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave? 12
 Thy unused beauty must be tombed with thee,
 Which, usèd, lives° th' executor to be.

5

Those hours° that with gentle work did frame
 The lovely gaze° where every eye doth dwell
 Will play the tyrants to the very same
 And that unfair° which fairly° doth excel; 4
 For never-resting Time leads summer on
 To hideous winter and confounds° him there,
 Sap checked with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
 Beauty o'ersnowed and bareness everywhere. 8
 Then, were not summer's distillation° left
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
 Beauty's effect° with beauty were bereft,
 Nor it nor° no remembrance what it was. 12
 But flowers distilled though they with winter meet,
 Leese but their show,° their substance still lives sweet.

3: 3 **fresh repair** youthful state 4 **unbless some mother** leave some woman unblessed with motherhood 5 **uneared** untilled 7 **fond** foolish 8 **Of** because of 13 **rememb'ed** . . . be only to be forgotten
 4: 2 **beauty's legacy** inheritance of beauty 4 **frank, free** generous 5 **niggard** miser 7 **use** (1) invest (2) use up 8 **live** (1) make a living (2) endure 9 **traffic** commerce 14 **lives** i.e., in a son
 5: 1 **hours** disyllabic 2 **gaze** object gazed on 4 **unfair** make ugly; **fairly** in beauty 6 **confounds** destroys 9 **summer's distillation** perfumes made from flowers 11 **Beauty's effect** i.e., the perfume 12 **Nor . . . nor** (there would be) neither . . . nor 14 **Leese . . . show** lose only their outward form

6

Then let not winter's ragged° hand deface
 In thee thy summer ere thou be distilled.
 Make sweet some vial; treasure° thou some place
 With beauty's treasure ere it be self-killed. 4
 That use° is not forbidden usury
 Which happies those that pay the willing loan;°
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,
 Or ten times happier be it ten for one. 8
 Ten times thyself were happier° than thou art,
 If ten of thine ten times refigured° thee:
 Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
 Leaving thee living in posterity? 12
 Be not self-willed, for thou art much too fair,
 To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

7

Lo, in the orient° when the gracious light°
 Lifts up his burning head, each under° eye
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty; 4
 And having climbed the steep-up heavenly hill,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 Yet mortal looks° adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage; 8
 But when from highmost pitch,° with weary car,°
 Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted° are
 From his low tract° and look another way: 12
 So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
 Unlooked on diest unless thou get° a son.

8

Music to hear,° why hear'st thou music sadly?°
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy? 4
 If the true concord of well-tunèd sounds,
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.° 8
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,°
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
 Resembling sire, and child, and happy mother,
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing; 12
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
 Sings this to thee, "Thou single wilt prove none."°

6: 1 **ragged** rough 3 **treasure** enrich 5 **use** lending money at interest 6 **happies** . . . **loan** makes happy those who willingly pay the loan 9 **happier** luckier 10 **refigured** represented
 7: 1 **orient** east; **light** sun 2 **under** i.e., earthly 7 **looks** on-lookers 9 **highmost pitch** zenith; **car** chariot (of Phoebus) 11 **converted** turned away 12 **tract** track 14 **get** beget
 8: 1 **Music to hear** you are music to hear; **sadly** gravely 7-8 **confounds** . . . **bear** i.e., destroys by playing singly the multiple role (of husband and father) that you should play 9 **sweet** . . . **another** i.e., tuned in unison (so that when struck, its partner vibrates) 14 **none** nothing

9

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
 Ah, if thou issueless° shalt hap° to die,
 The world will wail thee like a makeless° wife;
 The world will be thy widow and still° weep,
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
 When every private° widow well may keep,
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
 Look what° an unthrift° in the world doth spend,
 Shifts but his° place, for still the world enjoys it;
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
 And kept unused, the user so destroys it:
 No love toward others in that bosom sits
 That on himself such murd'rous shame° commits.

10

For shame, deny that thou bear'st love to any
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.
 Grant if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
 But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
 For thou art so possessed with murd'rous hate,
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st° not to conspire,
 Seeking that beauteous roof° to ruinate,
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
 O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind.
 Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
 Be as thy presence° is, gracious and kind,
 Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove.
 Make thee another self for love of me,
 That beauty still° may live in thine or thee.

11

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
 And that fresh blood which youngly° thou bestow'st
 Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth con-
 vertest°.
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
 Without this,° folly, age, and cold decay.
 If all were minded so, the times° should cease,
 And threescore year would make the world away.
 Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,°
 Harsh, featureless, and rude,° barrenly perish.
 Look whom° she best endowed, she gave the more;
 Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish.
 She carved thee for her seal,° and meant thereby
 Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

9: 3 **issueless** childless; **hap** happen, chance 4 **makeless** mateless 5 **still** always 7 **private** individual 9 **Look what** whatever; **unthrift** prodigal 10 **his** its 14 **murd'rous shame** shameful murder

10: 6 **stick'st** scruple 7 **roof** i.e., body (which houses the spirit) 11 **presence** appearance 14 **still** always

11: 3 **youngly** in youth 4 **convertest** change 6 **Without this** beyond this course of action 7 **times** generations of men 9 **for store** as stock to draw upon 10 **featureless, and rude** ugly and unrefined 11 **Look whom** whomever 13 **seal** stamp

12

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave° day sunk in hideous night;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable° curls are silvered o'er with white;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst° from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,°
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow,
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defense,
 Save breed, to brave° him when he takes thee hence.

13

O, that you were yourself, but, love, you are
 No longer yours than you yourself here live;
 Against° this coming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease°
 Find no determination,° then you were
 Yourself again after your self's decease,
 When your sweet issue° your sweet form should bear.
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry° in honor might uphold
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
 O, none but unthrifts!° Dear my love, you know,
 You had a father; let your son say so.

14

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,°
 And yet methinks I have astronomy;°
 But not to tell of good or evil luck,
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
 Pointing° to each his° thunder, rain, and wind,
 Or say with princes if it shall go well
 By oft predict that° I in heaven find.
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
 And, constant stars, in them I read such art°
 As° truth and beauty shall together thrive
 If from thyself to store° thou wouldst convert:°
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.°

12: 2 **brave** splendid 4 **sable** black 6 **erst** formerly 9 **question make** entertain doubt 14 **Save . . . brave** except offspring, to defy

13: 3 **Against** in expectation of 5 **in lease** i.e., for a term 6 **determination** end 8 **issue** offspring 10 **husbandry** (1) thrift (2) marriage 13 **unthrifts** prodigals

14: 1 **pluck** derive 2 **astronomy** astrology 5 **fortune . . . tell** i.e., predict the exact time of each happening 6 **Pointing** appointing; **his** its 8 **oft predict that** frequent prediction of what 10 **art** knowledge 11 **As** as that 12 **store** fertility; **convert** turn 14 **doom and date** end, Judgment Day

15

When I consider everything that grows
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,
 That this huge stage presenteth naught but shows
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;° 4
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,
 Cheerèd and checked° even by the selfsame sky,
 Vaunt° in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
 And wear their brave state out of memory;° 8
 Then the conceit° of this inconstant stay°
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
 Where wasteful Time debateth° with Decay,
 To change your day of youth to sullied night; 12
 And, all in war with Time for love of you,
 As he takes from you, I engraft° you new.

16

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant Time?
 And fortify yourself in your decay
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme? 4
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
 And many maiden gardens, yet unset,°
 With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit.° 8
 So should the lines of life° that life repair,
 Which this time's pencil,° or my pupil pen,
 Neither in inward worth nor outward fair°
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men. 12
 To give away yourself° keeps° yourself still,
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

17

Who will believe my verse in time to come
 If it were filled with your most high deserts?°
 Though yet heaven knows it is but as a tomb
 Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.° 4
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
 And in fresh numbers° number all your graces,
 The age to come would say, "This poet lies,
 Such heavenly touches° ne'er touched earthly faces." 8
 So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
 Be scorned, like old men of less truth than tongue,
 And your true rights° be termed a poet's rage°
 And stretchèd meter° of an antique song: 12
 But were some child of yours alive that time,
 You should live twice, in it and in my rhyme.

15: 4 in . . . comment i.e., exert a silent influence 6 Cheerèd and checked encouraged and rebuked 7 Vaunt boast 8 wear . . . memory wear out their handsome condition until it is forgotten 9 conceit idea; stay duration 11 debateth contends 14 engraft i.e., with eternizing poetry 16: 6 unset unplanted 8 counterfeit portrait 9 lines of life lineal descendants 10 time's pencil artist of the present day 11 fair beauty 13 give away yourself i.e., to beget children; keeps preserves 17: 2 deserts rhymes with "parts" 4 parts good qualities 6 numbers verses 8 touches (1) strokes of pencil or brush (2) traits 11 true rights due praise; rage inspiration 12 stretchèd meter poetic exaggeration

18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease° hath all too short a date.° 4
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
 And every fair from fair° sometime declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;° 8
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,°
 Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st. 12
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

19

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
 And burn the long-lived phoenix° in her blood;° 4
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime, 8
 O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique° pen.
 Him in thy course untainted° do allow,
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men. 12
 Yet do thy worst, old Time; despite thy wrong,
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

20

A woman's face, with Nature's° own hand painted,
 Hast thou, the master mistress° of my passion;°
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion; 4
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,°
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
 A man in hue° all hues in his controlling,
 Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth. 8
 And for a woman wert thou first created,
 Till Nature as she wrought thee fell a-doting,
 And by addition me of thee defeated,°
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing. 12
 But since she pricked thee out° for women's pleasure,
 Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

18: 4 lease allotted time; date duration 7 fair from fair beautiful thing from beauty 8 untrimmed divested of ornament 10 thou ow'st you possess

19: 4 phoenix mythical bird that periodically is consumed in flames and arises renewed (symbol of immortality); in her blood alive 10 antique (1) old (2) grotesque, antic 11 untainted untouched

20: 1 Nature's i.e., not Art's 2 master mistress supreme mistress (some editors hyphenate, indicating that in this case the "mistress" is a "master"); passion love (or possibly love poems) 5 rolling i.e., roving from one to another 7 hue appearance (both complexion and form) 11 defeated defrauded 13 pricked thee out (1) marked you out (2) added a phallus (cf. line 12)

21

So is it not with me as with that Muse,^o
 Stirred^o by a painted beauty to his verse,
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
 And every fair^o with his fair doth rehearse;^o
 Making a couplement^o of proud compare^o
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure^o hems.^o
 O, let me true in love but truly write,
 And then believe me, my love is as fair
 As any mother's child, though not so bright
 As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air:
 Let them say more that like of hearsay well;^o
 I will not praise that^o purpose not to sell.

22

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
 So long as youth and thou are of one date,^o
 But when in thee Time's furrows I behold,
 Then look I death my days should expiate.^o
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me.
 How can I then be elder than thou art?
 O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
 As I, not for myself, but for thee will,
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary^o
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
 Presume not on^o thy heart when mine is slain;
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

23

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
 Who with his fear is put besides his part,
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
 So I, for fear of trust,^o forget to say
 The perfect ceremony of love's right,^o
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
 O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might.
 O, let my books^o be then the eloquence
 And dumb presagers^o of my speaking breast,
 Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
 More than that tongue that more hath more expressed.^o
 O, learn to read what silent love hath writ.
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.^o

21: 1 **Muse** poet 2 **Stirred** inspired 4 **fair** beautiful thing;
rehearse mention, i.e., compare 5 **couplement** combination;
compare comparison 8 **rondure** sphere, world; **hems** en-
 circles 13 **that** . . . **well** who delight in empty talk 14 **that**
 who

22: 2 **of one date** of the same age 4 **expiate** end 11 **chary**
 carefully 13 **Presume not on** do not lay claim to

23: 5 **for** . . . **trust** fearing to trust myself 6 **right** pun on
 rite 9 **books** possibly it should be emended to "looks," i.e.,
 though silent, he hopes his looks will speak for him 10 **dumb**
presagers silent foretellers 12 **more expressed** more often
 expressed 14 **wit** intelligence

24

Mine eye hath played the painter and hath steeled^o
 Thy beauty's form in table^o of my heart;
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
 And perspective^o it is best painter's art,
 For through the painter must you see his skill,
 To find where your true image pictured lies,
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
 That hath his^o windows glazed^o with thine eyes.
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
 Are windows to my breast, wherethrough the sun
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee.
 Yet eyes this cunning^o want^o to grace their art,
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

25

Let those who are in favor with their stars
 Of public honor and proud titles boast,
 Whilst I whom fortune of such triumph bars,
 Unlooked for joy in that^o I honor most.
 Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread
 But^o as the marigold at the sun's eye,
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.
 The painful^o warrior famoused for might,
 After a thousand victories once foiled,
 Is from the book of honor rasèd quite,^o
 And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
 Then happy I that love and am beloved
 Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

26

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
 To thee I send this written ambassage,^o
 To witness duty, not to show my wit.^o
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 May make seem bare, in wanting^o words to show it,
 But that I hope some good conceit^o of thine
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;^o
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving^o
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,^o
 And puts apparel on my tottered^o loving
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect.
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
 Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove^o
 me.

24: 1 **steemed** engraved 2 **table** tablet, picture 4 **perspective**
 perhaps the idea is that the "frame," in line 3, contributes to the
 perspective of the picture it encloses; some editors put a colon
 after "perspective" 8 **his** its; **glazed** covered as with glass
 13 **cunning** ability; **want** lack

25: 4 **Unlooked** . . . **that** unexpectedly enjoy that which 6
 But only 9 **painful** painstaking 11 **rasèd quite** erased
 entirely

26: 3 **written ambassage** message 4 **wit** mental powers 6
wanting lacking 7 **conceit** thought 8 **all** . . . **it** will accept
 (give lodging to) my bare statement 9 **moving** life 10 **aspect**
 astrological influence 11 **tottered** tattered 14 **prove** test

27

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel° tired,
 But then begins a journey in my head
 To work° my mind when body's work's expired; 4
 For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
 Intend° a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see; 8
 Save that my soul's imaginary° sight
 Presents thy shadow° to my sightless view,
 Which like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beauteous and her old face new. 12
 Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

28

How can I then return in happy plight
 That am debarred the benefit of rest,
 When day's oppression is not eased by night,
 But day by night and night by day oppressed, 4
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,
 Do in consent shake hands° to torture me,
 The one by toil, the other to complain°
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee? 8
 I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright
 And dost him grace° when clouds do blot the heaven;
 So flatter I the swart-complexioned° night,
 When sparkling stars twire° not, thou gild'st the even.° 12
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
 And night doth nightly make grief's length seem
 stronger.

29

When, in disgrace° with Fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless° cries,
 And look upon myself and curse my fate, 4
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him° with friends possessed,
 Desiring this man's art,° and that man's scope,°
 With what I most enjoy contented least; 8
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply° I think on thee, and then my state,°
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen° earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate; 12
 For thy sweet love rememb'ed such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

27: 2 **travel** (1) labor (2) journeying 4 **To work** to set at work
 6 **Intend** set out upon 9 **imaginary** imaginative 10 **shadow**
 image

28: 6 **shake hands** unite 7 **the other to complain** i.e., the
 night causes me to complain 10 **dost him grace** i.e., shine for
 him 11 **swart-complexioned** dark-complexioned 12 **twire**
 twinkle (?); **thou . . . even** you brighten the evening

29: 1 **disgrace** disfavor 3 **bootless** useless 6 **like him, like**
him like a second man, like a third man 7 **art** skill; **scope**
 mental power 10 **Haply** perchance; **state** condition 12
sullen gloomy

30

When to the sessions° of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail° my dear Time's waste.° 4
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless° night,
 And weep afresh love's long since canceled° woe,
 And moan th' expense° of many a vanished sight; 8
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,°
 And heavily from woe to woe tell° o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before. 12
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored and sorrows end.

31

Thy bosom is endeared° with all hearts
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
 And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried. 4
 How many a holy and obsequious° tear
 Hath dear religious° love stol'n from mine eye,
 As interest° of the dead, which° now appear
 But things removed that hidden in there lie. 8
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 Hung with the trophies° of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts° of me to thee did give;
 That due of many° now is thine alone. 12
 Their images I loved I view in thee,
 And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

32

If thou survive my well-contented day,°
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
 And shalt by fortune once more resurvey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover, 4
 Compare them with the bett'ring° of the time,
 And though they be outstripped by every pen,
 Reserve° them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier° men. 8
 O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
 "Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage;° 12
 But since he died, and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

30: 1 **sessions** sittings of a court or council 4 **new wail** newly
 bewail; **my . . . waste** Time's destruction of things dear to me
 6 **dateless** endless 7 **canceled** i.e., because paid in full 8 **ex-**
pend loss 9 **foregone** former 10 **tell** count

31: 1 **endeared** made more precious 5 **obsequious** funereal
 6 **religious** worshipful 7 **interest** right; **which** who 10
trophies memorials 11 **parts** shares 12 **That . . . many**
 that which was due to many

32: 1 **my well-contented day** i.e., my day of death, whose
 arrival will content me 5 **bett'ring** improved poetry 7
Reserve preserve 8 **happier** more gifted 12 **of better**
equipage better equipped

33

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,^o
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
 Anon^o permit the basest^o clouds to ride
 With ugly rack^o on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn^o world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
 8 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
 But out alack,^o he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud^o hath masked him from me now.
 12 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain^o when heaven's sun
 staineth.

34

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,
 To let base^o clouds o'ertake me in my way,
 Hiding thy brav'ry^o in their rotten smoke?^o
 4 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
 For no man well of such a salve can speak,
 That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace.
 8 Nor can thy shame give physic^o to my grief;
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss.
 Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
 To him that bears the strong offense's cross.
 12 Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy love sheeds,^o
 And they are rich and ransom^o all ill deeds.

35

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud,
 Clouds and eclipses stain^o both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker^o lives in sweetest bud.
 4 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorizing^o thy trespass with compare,^o
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,^o
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;^o
 8 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense^o—
 Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.
 Such civil war is in my love and hate
 12 That I an accessory^o needs must be
 To that sweet thief which sourly^o robs from me.

33: 2 **Flatter** . . . **eye** i.e., the sun, like a monarch's eye, flatters all that it rests upon 5 **Anon** soon; **basest** darkest 6 **rack** vapory clouds 7 **forlorn** forsaken; 11 **out alack** alas 12 **region cloud** clouds of the upper air 14 **stain** grow dim

34: 3 **base** dark 4 **brav'ry** finery: **rotten smoke** unwholesome vapors 9 **physic** remedy 13 **sheeds** sheds 14 **ransom** atone for

35: 3 **stain** darken 4 **canker** canker worm (that destroys flowers) 6 **Authorizing** justifying; **with compare** by comparison 7 **salving thy amiss** palliating your misbehavior 8 **Excusing** . . . **are** i.e., offering excuses more abundant than your sins (?) 9 **to** . . . **sense** perhaps: to your physical fault I add reason ("sense"); possibly, however, "in sense" is a pun on *incense*, i.e., my reason sweetens your sins 13 **accessory** accomplice 14 **sourly** bitterly

36

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided loves are one.
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,
 4 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
 In our two loves there is but one respect,^o
 Though in our lives a separable spite,^o
 Which though it alter not love's sole^o effect,
 8 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
 Nor thou with public kindness honor me,
 Unless thou take that honor from thy name.
 12 But do not so; I love thee in such sort
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.^o

37

As a decrepit father takes delight
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by Fortune's dearest^o spite,
 4 Take all my comfort of^o thy worth and truth.
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,^o
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,
 Entitled in their parts do crownèd sit,^o
 8 I make my love engrafted to this store.^o
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
 That I in thy abundance am sufficed
 And by a part of all thy glory live.
 12 Look what^o is best, that best I wish in thee.
 This wish I have, then ten times happy me!

38

How can my Muse want subject to invent,^o
 While thou dost breathe, that^o pour'st into my verse
 Thine own sweet argument,^o too excellent
 4 For every vulgar paper^o to rehearse?^o
 O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me^o
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;^o
 For who's so dumb^o that cannot write to thee
 8 When thou thyself dost give invention^o light?
 Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
 Than those old nine which rhymers invoke;^o
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 12 Eternal numbers^o to outlive long date.^o
 If my slight Muse do please these curious^o days,
 The pain^o be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

36: 5 **but one respect** only one regard 6 **separable spite** spiteful separation 7 **sole** unique 13–14 **But . . . report** this couplet is repeated in Sonnet 96 14 **report** reputation

37: 3 **dearest** most grievous 4 **of** from 5 **wit** intelligence 7 **Entitled** . . . **sit** sit as king entitled to their places 8 **engrafted** . . . **store** i.e., fused with and nourished by this abundance 13 **Look what** whatever

38: 1 **want** . . . **invent** lack subject matter for creation 2 **that** who 3 **argument** subject 4 **vulgar paper** ordinary composition; **rehearse** repeat 5 **in me** of my writings 6 **stand** . . . **sight** meet your eyes, i.e., be written for you 7 **dumb** mute 8 **invention** imagination 10 **invoke** invoke 12 **numbers** verses; **long date** a distant era 13 **curious** critical 14 **pain** trouble

39

O, how thy worth with manners^o may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring,
 And what is't but mine own when I praise thee? 4
 Even for^o this, let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone. 8
 O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain^o the time with thoughts of love,
 Which time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceive, 12
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain
 By praising him here who doth hence remain.

40

Take all my loves, my love, yea take them all;
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
 No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more. 4
 Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee for^o my love thou usest;^o
 But yet be blamed, if thou this self^o deceivest
 By willful taste^o of what thyself refuseth. 8
 I do forgive thy robb'ry, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty;^o
 And yet love knows it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong than hate's known^o injury. 12
 Lascivious grace,^o in whom all ill well shows,
 Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

41

Those pretty^o wrongs that liberty^o commits,
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
 For still^o temptation follows where thou art. 4
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won;
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed? 8
 Ay me, but yet thou mightst my seat^o forbear,
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 Who^o lead thee in their riot^o even there
 Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth:^o 12
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

39: 1 with manners i.e., without self-praise 5 for because of 11 entertain pass

40: 6 for because; thou usest you are intimate with 7 this self i.e., your other self, the poet ("this self" is, however, often emended to "thy self") 8 willful taste capricious enjoyment 10 my poverty the little I have 12 known open 13 Lascivious grace i.e., you who have such grace even when lascivious

41: 1 pretty petty (?); liberty licentiousness 4 still always 9 seat place 11 Who which; riot revels 12 truth duty

42

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
 That she hath thee is of my wailing chief,^o
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.^o 4
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her,
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse^o me,
 Suff'ring my friend for my sake to approve^o her. 8
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's^o gain,
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss:
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain, 12
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross.
 But here's the joy: my friend and I are one;
 Sweet flattery! Then she loves but me alone.

43

When most I wink,^o then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unrespected,^o
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee
 And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed. 4
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows^o doth make bright,
 How would thy shadow's form^o form happy show
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so! 8
 How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made,
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay! 12
 All days are nights to see^o till I see thee,
 And nights bright days when dreams do show thee
 me.

44

If the dull substance^o of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious^o distance should not stop my way,
 For then despite of space I would be brought,
 From limits^o far remote, where^o thou dost stay. 4
 No matter then although my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth removed^o from thee;
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
 As soon as think the place where he^o would be. 8
 But, ah, thought kills me that I am not thought,
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
 But that so much of earth and water wrought,^o
 I must attend^o time's leisure with my moan, 12
 Receiving naught by elements so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.^o

42: 3 of . . . chief chief cause of my grief 4 nearly closely 7 abuse deceive 8 approve test, experience sensually 9 love's mistress'

43: 1 wink close my eyes, i.e., sleep 2 unrespected unregarded 5 shadow shadows image darkness 6 thy shadow's form the body that casts your shadow 13 are . . . see look like nights

44: 1 dull substance i.e., earth and water (in contrast to air and fire) 2 Injurious malicious 4 limits districts; where to where 6 farthest earth removed earth farthest removed 8 he it 11 wrought compounded 12 attend await 14 badges . . . woe i.e., earth's because heavy, water's because wet (and perhaps because salty)

45

The other two,^o slight^o air and purging fire,
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
 The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present-absent^o with swift motion slide.
 For when these quicker elements are gone
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 My life, being made of four, with two alone^o
 Sinks down to death, oppressed with melancholy;
 Until life's composition be recured^o
 By those swift messengers^o returned from thee,
 Who even but now come back again, assured
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me.
 This told, I joy, but then no longer glad,
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

46

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;^o
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie—
 A closet never pierced with crystal eyes;
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To 'cide this title is impaneled
 A quest^o of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
 And by their verdict is determinèd
 The clear eye's moiety,^o and the dear heart's part:
 As thus—mine eye's due is thy outward part,
 And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

47

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,^o
 And each doth good turns now unto the other.
 When that mine eye is famished for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart.
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
 And in his^o thoughts of love doth share a part.
 So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away are present still with me;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
 And I am still^o with them, and they with thee;
 Or, if thy sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

45: 1 **two** i.e., of the four elements (see note on the first line of Sonnet 44); **slight** insubstantial 4 **present-absent** now here, now gone 7 **two alone** i.e., earth and water 9 **recured** restored to health 10 **messengers** i.e., fire and air

46: 2 **conquest** . . . **sight** i.e., the right to gaze on you 10 **quest** inquest, jury 12 **moiety** portion

47: 1 **league is took** agreement is made 8 **his** the heart's 12 **still** always

48

How careful was I, when I took my way,
 Each trifle^o under truest^o bars to thrust,
 That to my use it might unused stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards^o of trust!
 But thou, to^o whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
 Thou best of dearest, and mine only care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar^o thief.
 Thee have I not locked up in any chest,^o
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
 Within the gentle closure of my breast,
 From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
 And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
 For truth^o proves thievish for a prize so dear.

49

Against^o that time, if ever that time come,
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
 Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,^o
 Called to that audit by advised respects;^o
 Against that time when thou shalt strangely^o pass,
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
 When love, converted from the thing it was,
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity.
 Against that time do I ensconce me^o here
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,^o
 And this my hand against myself uprear,^o
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part.
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
 Since why to love I can allege no cause.

50

How heavy^o do I journey on the way
 When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
 "Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend."
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider loved not speed, being made from thee.
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on,
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind:
 My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

48: 2 **trifle** i.e., in comparison with the person addressed; **truest** most trusty 4 **wards** cells 5 **to** in comparison with 8 **vulgar** common 9 **chest** (1) coffer (2) breast 14 **truth** honesty

49: 1 **Against** in preparation for 3 **cast** . . . **sum** computed its final reckoning 4 **advised respects** well-considered reasons 5 **strangely** with a reserved manner (like a stranger) 9 **ensconce me** fortify myself 10 **desart** desert 11 **uprear** raise as a witness

50: 1 **heavy** sadly

51

Thus can my love excuse the slow offense°
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed:
 From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
 Till I return, of posting° is no need. 4
 O, what excuse will my poor beast then find
 When swift extremity° can seem but slow?
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
 In wingèd speed no motion shall I know. 8
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
 Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
 Shall neigh,° no dull flesh in his fiery race;
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade:° 12
 Since from thee going he went willful slow,
 Towards thee I'll run and give him leave to go.°

52

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key°
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not ev'ry hour survey,
 For° blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.° 4
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
 Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placèd are,
 Or captain° jewels in the carcanet.° 8
 So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special blest,
 By new unfolding his° imprisoned pride. 12
 Blessèd are you whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being lacked, to hope.

53

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows° on you tend?°
 Since everyone hath, every one, one shade,°
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.° 4
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit°
 Is poorly imitated after you;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires° are painted new. 8
 Speak of the spring and foison° of the year;
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear,
 And you in every blessed shape we know. 12
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

51: 1 slow offense offense of slowness **4 posting** riding hastily **6 swift extremity** extreme swiftness **11 neigh** i.e., in exultation in its ethereal speed (?) (some editors emend to "weigh" with the meaning that desire refuses to keep to the slow pace of the horse and will not weigh down the horse's "dull flesh") **12 jade** nag **14 go** walk

52: 1 key rhymes with "survey" **4 For** for fear of; **seldom pleasure** pleasure infrequently enjoyed **8 captain** chief; **carcanet** collar of jewels **12 his** its

53: 2 strange shadows images not your own (the images of Adonis, Helen, spring, and autumn in the following lines); **tend** wait on **3 shade** shadow **4 And . . . lend** and you, though one, can provide a variety of good traits (?) **5 counterfeit** picture **8 tires** attire **9 foison** rich harvest

54

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth° doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odor which doth in it live. 4
 The canker blooms° have full as deep a dye,
 As the perfumèd tincture° of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,°
 When summer's breath their maskèd° buds discloses;° 8
 But, for° their virtue only° is their show,
 They live unwooded and unrespected° fade,
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made.° 12
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall vade,° by verse distills your truth.°

55

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this pow'rful rhyme,
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents°
 Than° unswept stone,° besmeared with sluttish time. 4
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils° root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his° sword nor° war's quick fire shall burn°
 The living record of your memory. 8
 'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity°
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out° to the ending doom. 12
 So, till the judgment that° yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers'° eyes.

54: 2 truth fidelity **5 canker blooms** dog roses (which lack the perfume of the damask rose) **6 tincture** color **7 wantonly** unrestrainedly **8 maskèd** hidden; **discloses** opens **9 for** because; **virtue only** only merit **10 unrespected** unregarded **12 are . . . made** perfumes are made **14 vade** depart, perish; **by . . . truth** by means of verse your essence is distilled ("by" is often emended to "my")

55: 3 these contents i.e., the contents of this poem **4 Than** than in; **stone** memorial tablet in the floor of a church **6 broils** skirmishes **7 Nor . . . nor** neither . . . nor; **Mars his** Mars'; **burn** either metaphorically governs "Mars his sword" as well as "war's quick fire," or the verb governing "Mars his sword" is omitted **9 all oblivious enmity** all enmity that brings oblivion (?) enmity that brings oblivion to all (?) **12 wear . . . out** outlasts this world **13 judgment that** Judgment Day when **14 lovers'** admirers'

56

Sweet love,° renew thy force; be it not said
 Thy edge° should blunter be than appetite,°
 Which but today by feeding is allayed,
 Tomorrow sharp'ned in his former might.
 So, love, be thou; although today thou fill
 Thy hungry eyes even till they wink° with fullness,
 Tomorrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
 Let this sad int'rim° like the ocean be
 Which parts the shore where two contracted new°
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
 Return of love, more blest may be the view;
 Or call it winter, which being full of care,
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wished, more
 rare.

57

Being your slave, what should I do but tend°
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do till you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end° hour
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think° the bitterness of absence sour
 When you have bid your servant once adieu.
 Nor dare I question° with my jealous thought
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,°
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of naught
 Save where you are how happy you make those.
 So true a fool is love that in your will,°
 Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

58

That god forbid that made me first your slave
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal bound to stay your leisure.°
 O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
 Th' imprisoned absence of your liberty;°
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,°
 Without accusing you of injury.°
 Be where you list,° your charter° is so strong
 That you yourself may privilege° your time
 To what you will; to you it doth belong
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing° crime.
 I am to° wait, though waiting so be hell,
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

56: 1 love spirit of love, i.e., not the beloved 2 edge keenness; appetite lust 6 wink shut in sleep 9 sad int'rim period of estrangement (?) 10 contracted new newly betrothed
 57: 1 tend wait 5 world-without-end seemingly endless 7 Nor think nor dare I think 9 question dispute 10 suppose guess at 13 will desire (with pun on Shakespeare's first name)
 58: 4 stay your leisure wait until you are unoccupied 6 imprisoned . . . liberty imprisonment brought to me by your freedom to absent yourself 7 And . . . check and patience, disciplined to accept suffering, endures every rebuke 8 injury injustice 9 list wish; charter privilege 10 privilege authorize 12 self-doing (1) done by one's self (2) done to one's self 13 am to must

59

If there be nothing new, but that which is
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
 Which, laboring for invention,° bear amiss
 The second burden of a former child!°
 O, that record° could with a backward look,
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,°
 Show me your image in some antique book,
 Since mind at first in character was done;°
 That I might see what the old world could say
 To this composed wonder° of your frame;
 Whether we are mended,° or whe'r° better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same.°
 O, sure I am the wits° of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

60

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent° toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main of light,°
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
 Crooked° eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.°
 Time doth transfix° the flourish set on youth,
 And delves the parallels° in beauty's brow,
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
 And yet to times in hope° my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

61

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken
 While shadows° like to thee do mock my sight?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So far from home into my deeds to pry,
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 The scope and tenure of thy jealousy?°
 O no, thy love, though much, is not so great.
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake,
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,°
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake.
 For thee watch° I, whilst thou dost wake° elsewhere,
 From me far off, with others all too near.

59: 3 for invention i.e., to create something new 3-4 bear . . . child futilely bring forth only a reproduction of what had already been created 5 record memory 6 courses . . . sun years 8 Since . . . done since thought was first expressed in writing 10 composed wonder wonderful composition 11 mended bettered; whe'r whether 12 revolution . . . same i.e., cycles are repeated 13 wits men of intellect
 60: 4 sequent successive 5 Nativity . . . light i.e., the new-born, at first in the ocean (metaphorical for "great expanse" or "flood") of light 7 Crooked malignant 8 confound destroy 9 transfix destroy 10 delves the parallels i.e., digs wrinkles 13 times in hope future times
 61: 4 shadows images 8 scope . . . jealousy aim and meaning of your suspicion 11 defeat destroy 13 watch keep awake; wake revel at night (with pun on the sense of "wake up in bed")

62

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
 And all my soul and all my every part;
 And for this sin there is no remedy,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 Methinks no face so gracious^o is as mine,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account,
 And for myself mine own worth do define,
 As^o I all other^o in all worths surmount.
 But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
 Beated and chopped^o with tanned antiquity,^o
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
 Self so self-loving were iniquity.
 'Tis thee, myself,^o that for^o myself I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.^o

63

Against^o my love shall be as I am now,
 With Time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn;
 When hours have drained his blood and filled his brow
 With lines and wrinkles, when his youthful morn
 Hath traveled on to Age's steepy night,^o
 And all those beauties whereof now he's king
 Are vanishing, or vanished out of sight,
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
 For such a time do I now fortify^o
 Against confounding^o Age's cruel knife,^o
 That he shall never cut from memory
 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.^o
 His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
 And they shall live, and he in them still green.

64

When I have seen by Time's fell^o hand defaced
 The rich proud cost^o of outworn buried age,^o
 When sometime^o lofty towers I see down-razed,
 And brass eternal^o slave to mortal rage;^o
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage^o on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
 Increasing store with loss and loss with store;^o
 When I have seen such interchange of state,^o
 Or state itself confounded^o to decay,
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,
 That Time will come and take my love away.
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have^o that which it fears to lose.

62: 5 **gracious** attractive 8 **As** as though; **other** others 10 **chopped** creased; **antiquity** old age 13 **myself** my alter ego; **that for** whom as 14 **days** i.e., youth

63: 1 **Against** in expectation of the time when 5 **Age's steepy night** i.e., old age, which precipitously leads to the darkness of death 9 **fortify** build defenses 10 **confounding** destructive; **knife** i.e., Time's scythe 12 **my lover's life** (1) the life of my lover (2) the life of me, the lover

64: 1 **fell** cruel 2 **cost** splendor; **age** past times 3 **sometime** once 4 **brass eternal** everlasting brass; **mortal rage** the rage of mortality 6 **Advantage** i.e., inroads 8 **Increasing** . . . **store** i.e., now one increases in abundance ("store") with the other's loss, now one repairs its loss with abundance taken from the other 9 **state** condition (but in line 10 "state" = greatness) 10 **confounded** destroyed 14 **to have** because it has

65

Since^o brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with this rage^o shall beauty hold^o a plea,
 Whose action^o is no stronger than a flower?
 O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wrackful^o siege of batt'ring days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong but Time decays?^o
 O, fearful meditation, where, alack,
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?^o
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back,
 Or who his spoil^o of beauty can forbid?
 O, none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love^o may still shine bright.

66

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
 As, to behold desert^o a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,^o
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,^o
 And gilded^o honor shamefully misplaced,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,^o
 And strength by limping sway^o disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly (doctorlike^o) controlling skill,
 And simple^o truth miscalled simplicity,^o
 And captive good attending^o captain ill.
 Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that to die, I leave my love alone.

65: 1 **Since** since there is neither 3 **rage** fury; **hold** maintain 4 **action** case, suit 6 **wrackful** destructive 8 **decays** causes them to decay 10 **from** . . . **hid** i.e., conceal itself to avoid being enclosed in Time's coffer 12 **spoil** plundering 14 **my love** my beloved

66: 2 **As** for instance; **desert** a deserving person 3 **needy** . . . **jollity** i.e., a nonentity, who is poor in virtues, festively attired 4 **unhappily forsworn** miserably perjured 5 **gilded** golden 7 **disgraced** disfigured 8 **limping sway** i.e., incompetent authority 10 **doctorlike** with the air of a learned man 11 **simple** pure; **simplicity** stupidity 12 **attending** subordinated to

67

Ah, wherefore with infection° should he live,
 And with his presence grace impiety,
 That sin by him advantage should achieve
 And lace° itself with his society?
 Why should false painting° imitate his cheek
 And steal dead seeing° of his living hue?
 Why should poor° beauty indirectly° seek
 Roses of shadow,° since his rose is true?
 Why should he live, now Nature bankrout° is,
 Beggared of blood to blush through lively veins,°
 For she hath no exchequer° now but his,
 And, proud° of many, lives upon his gains?
 O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had,
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

68

Thus is his cheek the map° of days outworn,°
 When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
 Before these bastard signs of fair° were born,°
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchers, were shorn away
 To live a second life on second head,
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.
 In him those holy antique hours° are seen,
 Without all° ornament, itself and true,
 Making no summer of another's green,
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,°
 To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

67: 1 **infection** an age of corruption 4 **lace** adorn 5 **false painting** the reference is possibly to the use of cosmetics or possibly to portraiture 6 **dead seeing** the lifeless appearance (though perhaps "seeing" should be emended to "seeming") 7 **poor** second-rate; **indirectly** by imitation 8 **of shadow** painted (?) 9 **bankrout** bankrupt 10 **Beggared . . . veins** i.e., so impoverished that it can blush only with the aid of cosmetics 11 **exchequer** treasury (of natural beauty) 12 **proud** perhaps "falsely proud," but possibly should be emended to "'prived," i.e., deprived

68: 1 **map** representation, picture; **days outworn** past times 3 **bastard** . . . **fair** false appearances (cosmetics, wigs) of beauty; **born** with pun on *borne* 9 **antique hours** ancient times 10 **all** any 13 **store** preserve

69

Those parts° of thee that the world's eye doth view
 Want° nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
 All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
 4 Utt'ring bare truth, even so as foes commend.° 4
 Thy outward thus with outward praise is crowned,
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine own°
 In other accents do this praise confound°
 8 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown. 8
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,
 And that in guess they measure by thy deeds;
 Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were
 12 kind, 12
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds;
 But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
 The soil° is this, that thou dost common grow.

70

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
 4 The ornament of beauty is suspect,° 4
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
 So° thou be good, slander doth but approve°
 Thy worth the greater, being wooed of time;°
 8 For canker vice° the sweetest buds doth love, 8
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
 Thou hast passed by the ambush of young days,°
 Either not assailed, or victor being charged;°
 12 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise 12
 To tie up envy,° evermore enlarged.°
 If some suspect of ill masked not thy show,°
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.°

71

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell. 4
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it, for I love you so
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe. 8
 O, if, I say, you look upon this verse,
 When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay, 12
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

69: 1 **parts** outward qualities 2 **Want** lack 4 **even . . . commend** i.e., without exaggeration 6 **so thine own** i.e., your due 7 **confound** destroy 14 **soil** (1) ground (2) blemish

70: 3 **ornament . . . suspect** suspicion (because it always seeks out the beautiful) is an ornament of beauty 5 **So** provided that; **approve** prove 6 **wooed of time** i.e., tempted to evil by the present times 7 **canker vice** vice like a canker worm (which preys on buds) 9 **ambush . . . days** snares of youth 10 **charged** attacked 12 **tie up envy** overcome malice; **enlarged** at liberty 13 **If . . . show** i.e., if some suspicion of evil did not surround you 14 **owe** own

72

O, lest the world should task you to recite°
 What merit lived in me that you should love
 After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove;°
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
 To do more for me than mine own desert,°
 And hang more praise upon deceased I
 Than niggard° truth would willingly impart.
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,°
 My name be° buried where my body is,
 And live no more to shame nor me nor° you;
 For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

73

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruined choirs° where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by° black night doth take away,
 Death's second self,° that seals up° all in rest.
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
 That° on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the deathbed whereon it must expire,
 Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
 strong,
 To love that° well which thou must leave ere long.

74

But be contented. When that fell° arrest
 Without all bail° shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line° some interest°
 Which for memorial still° with thee shall stay.
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
 The very part was consecrate to thee.
 The earth can have but earth, which is his° due;
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me.
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead;
 The coward conquest° of a wretch's° knife,
 Too base of thee to be rememberèd.
 The worth of that is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.°

72: 1 recite tell 4 prove find 6 desert rhymes with "im-part" 8 niggard miserly 10 untrue untruly 11 My name be let my name be 12 nor . . . nor neither . . . nor
 73: 4 choirs the part of the chancel in which the service is performed 7 by and by shortly 8 Death's second self i.e., sleep; seals up encloses (with a suggestion of sealing a coffin) 10 That as 14 that i.e., that substance, the poet
 74: 1 fell cruel 2 Without all bail i.e., without any possibility of release 3 line verse; interest part 4 still always 7 his its 11 The coward conquest i.e., conquest that even a coward can make; wretch's Death's (or possibly Time's) 13-14 The . . . remains i.e., The value of the body is in the spirit it contains, and this spirit is in the poem and remains with you

75

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
 Or as sweet-seasoned° showers are to the ground;
 And for the peace of you° I hold such strife
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
 Now proud as an enjoyer,° and anon°
 Doubting° the filching age will steal his treasure;
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then bettered° that the world may see my pleasure;
 Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
 And by and by° clean° starvèd for a look;
 Possessing or pursuing no delight
 Save what is had or must from you be took.
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or° all away.

76

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,°
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Why with the time° do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods and to compounds° strange?
 Why write I still all one,° ever the same,
 And keep invention° in a noted weed,°
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 Showing their birth, and where° they did proceed?
 O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument.°
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent:
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.

77

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial° how thy precious minutes waste;
 The vacant leaves° thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
 Of mouthèd° graves, will give thee memory;°
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth° mayst know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.
 Look what° thy memory cannot contain,
 Commit to these waste blanks,° and thou shalt find
 Those children° nursed, delivered from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices,° so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

75: 2 sweet-seasoned of the sweet season, spring 3 peace of you i.e., the peace I find because of you 5 enjoyer possessor; anon soon 6 Doubting fearing 8 bettered made happier 10 by and by soon; clean wholly 14 Or . . . or either . . . or
 76: 1 pride adornment 3 with the time (1) following the present fashion (2) with the passage of time 4 compounds (1) compositions (2) compound words 5 still all one always one way 6 invention imaginative creation; noted weed well-known dress 8 where whence 10 argument theme
 77: 2 dial sundial 3 vacant leaves i.e., the blank leaves (of a memorandum book, or "table" as in Sonnet 122) 6 mouthèd i.e., gaping, openmouthed; give thee memory remind you 7 shady stealth slowly moving shadow 9 Look what whatever 10 waste blanks blank pages 11 children i.e., your thoughts 13 offices duties (of looking at the mirror, the sundial, and the thoughts in the book)

78

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse
 And found such fair assistance in my verse
 As° every alien pen° hath got my use°
 And under thee° their poesy disperse.
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high° to sing
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
 And given grace° a double majesty.
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,°
 Whose influence° is thine, and born of thee.
 In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
 But thou art all my art and dost advance
 As high as learning my rude° ignorance.

79

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
 But now my gracious numbers° are decayed,
 And my sick Muse doth give another place.°
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument°
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
 He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
 From thy behavior; beauty doth he give,
 And found it in thy cheek; he can afford°
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
 Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
 Since what he owes° thee thou thyself dost pay.

80

O, how I faint° when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit° doth use your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tongue-tied speaking of your fame.
 But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
 The humble° as° the proudest sail doth bear,
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
 On your broad main doth willfully° appear.
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat
 Whilst he upon your soundless° deep doth ride;
 Or, being wracked,° I am a worthless boat,°
 He of tall building,° and of goodly pride.°
 Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
 The worst was this: my love was my decay.°

78: 3 **As** that; **alien pen** pen belonging to others; **got my use** adopted my practice (either style or subject matter) 4 **under thee** i.e., with you as patron 5 **on high** (1) aloud (2) loftily 8 **grace** excellence 9 **compile** write 10 **influence** inspiration 14 **rude** unrefined

79: 3 **gracious numbers** pleasing verses 4 **give another place** yield to another 5 **thy lovely argument** the theme of your loveliness 11 **afford** offer 14 **owes** poems are regarded as the poet's repayment of obligation; see Sonnet 83, line 4

80: 1 **faint** waver 2 **better spirit** greater genius 6 **humble** humblest; **as** as well as 8 **willfully** boldly 10 **soundless** bottomless 11 **wracked** wrecked; **boat** small vessel (in contrast to a ship) 12 **tall building** sturdy construction; **pride** magnificence 14 **decay** cause of ruin

81

Or° I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten.
 From hence° your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part° will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence° immortal life shall have,
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die.
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entombèd in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'erread,
 And tongues to be your being shall rehearse°
 When all the breathers of this world are dead.
 You still shall live—such virtue° hath my pen—
 Where breath° most breathes, even in the mouths of
 men.

82

I grant thou wert not married to° my Muse,
 And therefore mayst without attaint° o'erlook°
 The dedicated° words which writers use
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,°
 Finding thy worth a limit° past my praise;
 And therefore art enforced to seek anew
 Some fresher stamp° of the time-bettering° days.
 And do so, love; yet when they have devised
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
 Thou, truly fair,° wert truly sympathized°
 In true plain words by thy true-telling friend:
 And their gross painting might be better used
 Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

83

I never saw that you did painting need,
 And therefore to your fair° no painting set;
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
 The barren tender of a poet's debt;°
 And therefore have I slept in your report,°
 That you yourself, being extant, well might show
 How far a modern° quill doth come too short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
 This silence for my sin you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
 For I impair not beauty, being mute,
 When others would give life and bring a tomb.
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

81: 1 **Or** either 3 **From hence** from these poems (?) from the earth (?) 4 **in . . . part** all of my qualities 5 **from hence** from these poems 11 **rehearse** repeat 13 **virtue** power 14 **breath** life

82: 1 **married to** closely joined to 2 **attaint** dishonor; **o'erlook** read over 3 **dedicated** devoted (with a pun on dedications prefixed to books) 5 **hue** (1) complexion (2) figure 6 **limit** reach 8 **stamp** impression; **time-bettering** improving 11 **fair** beautiful; **truly sympathized** represented to the life

83: 2 **fair** beauty 4 **The . . . debt** i.e., the worthless offer that the poet is obliged to make 5 **slept . . . report** refrained from praising you 7 **modern** trivial

84

Who is it that says most, which can say more°
 Than this rich praise, that you alone are you,
 In whose confine immurèd is the store
 Which should example where your equal grew?° 4
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
 That to his° subject lends not some small glory,
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell
 That you are you, so dignifies his story. 8
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,°
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,°
 Making his style admirèd everywhere. 12
 You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
 Being fond on° praise, which makes your praises
 worse.

85

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still°
 While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
 Reserve their character with golden quill°
 And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.° 4
 I think good thoughts whilst other° write good words,
 And, like unlettered clerk, still° cry "Amen"
 To every hymn that able spirit affords°
 In polished form of well-refinèd pen. 8
 Hearing you praised, I say, "'Tis so, 'tis true,"
 And to the most° of praise add something more;
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before. 12
 Then others for the breath of words respect,
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.°

84: 1 **Who . . . more** i.e., who, having said the utmost, can say more 3-4 **In . . . grew** in whom is stored all the abundance which would have to serve as a model for any equal 6 **his** its 10 **clear** radiant 11 **fame his wit** make famous his mind 14 **fond on** foolishly enamored of (but the sense seemed called for here is that the patron's excellence is such that it wreaks havoc with the poets who seek to praise him)
 85: 1 **in . . . still** is politely silent 2-3 **While . . . quill** while comments in your praise, richly composed with golden pen, preserve their features ("character" means both "writing" and "traits," "features") 4 **filed** polished 5 **other** others 6 **still** always 7 **able spirit affords** i.e., competent poets write 10 **most** utmost 13-14 **Then . . . effect** i.e., then take notice of other poets for their spoken words (but in "breath" there is a suggestion of their insubstantiality), and of me for my silent thoughts, which, by their silence, speak

86

Was it the proud full sail of his° great verse,
 Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,°
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew? 4
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?°
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished.° 8
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost°
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,°
 As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
 I was not sick of any fear from thence. 12
 But when your countenance filled up his line,°
 Then lacked I matter, that enfeebled mine.

87

Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate.°
 The charter° of thy worth gives thee releasing;
 My bonds in° thee are all determinate.° 4
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
 And for that riches where is my deserving?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,°
 And so my patent° back again is swerving.° 8
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,°
 Comes home again, on better judgment making. 12
 Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter,
 In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

88

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light°
 And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn. 4
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set down a story
 Of faults concealed wherein I am attainted,
 That° thou in losing me shall win much glory. 8
 And I by this will be a gainer too,
 For, bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
 The injuries that to myself I do,
 Doing thee vantage,° double-vantage me. 12
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right° myself will bear all wrong.

86: 1 **his** a rival poet's 3 **inhearse** enclose as in a coffin 6 **dead** silent 8 **astonished** struck dumb 9 **familiar ghost** assisting spirit 10 **gulls . . . intelligence** deceives him with rumors (?) 13 **countenance . . . line** (1) beauty was the subject of his verse (2) approval polished his verse (if the quarto's "fild" is printed "filed" instead of "filled")
 87: 2 **estimate** value 3 **charter** privilege 4 **bonds in** claims on; **determinate** expired 7 **wanting** lacking 8 **patent** privilege; **back . . . swerving** returns (to you) 11 **upon misprision growing** arising from a mistake
 88: 1 **set me light** value me little 8 **That** so that 12 **vantage** advantage 14 **right** (1) good (2) privilege

89

Say° that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
 And I will comment upon that offense.
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,°
 Against thy reasons° making no defense. 4
 Thou canst not, love, disgrace° me half so ill,
 To set a form upon desired change,°
 As I'll myself disgrace,° knowing thy will.
 I will acquaintance° strangle and look strange;
 Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue
 Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
 Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong
 And haply° of our old acquaintance tell. 12
 For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,°
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

90

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
 Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in for an after-loss.° 4
 Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
 Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;°
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out° a purposed° overthrow. 8
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,
 But in the onset come; so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortune's might, 12
 And other strains° of woe, which now seem woe,
 Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

91

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,
 Some in their garments, though newfangled ill,°
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;° 4
 And every humor° hath his° adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest,
 But these particulars are not my measure;°
 All these I better in one general best. 8
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
 And having thee, of all men's pride° I boast: 12
 Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

92

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assurèd mine,
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine. 4
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them° my life hath end.
 I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humor° doth depend. 8
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.°
 O, what a happy title° do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die! 12
 But what's so blessèd-fair that fears no blot?
 Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

93

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceivèd husband; so love's face
 May still seem love to me, though altered new,
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place. 4
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye;
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
 In many's looks, the false heart's history
 Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange, 8
 But heaven in thy creation did decree
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell. 12
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show.

94

They that have pow'r to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,°
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow; 4
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
 And husband° nature's riches from expense;°
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards° of their excellence. 8
 The summer's flow'r is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die;
 But if that flow'r with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outbraves his° dignity: 12
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

89: 1 Say i.e., assume 3 halt limp 4 reasons arguments 5 disgrace discredit 6 To . . . change to give a good appearance to the change you desire (?) 7 disgrace disfigure 8 acquaintance i.e., familiarity 12 haply by chance 13 debate contention

90: 4 after-loss later loss 6 Come . . . woe i.e., come belatedly when I have conquered my sorrow 8 linger out prolong; purposed intended 13 strains kinds

91: 3 newfangled ill fashionably ugly 4 horse horses 5 humor temperament; his its 7 measure standard (of happiness) 12 all men's pride all that men take pride in

92: 6 the . . . them i.e., any sign that the friend's love is cooling 8 humor caprice 10 Since . . . lie since my life ends if you desert me 11 happy title title to happiness 94: 2 do show (1) seem to do (?) (2) show they could do (?) 6 husband manage prudently; expense loss 8 stewards custodians 12 outbraves his surpasses its

95

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker^o in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,^o
Cannot dispraise, but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turns to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his^o edge.

96

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness,
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;^o
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less;^o
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a thronèd queen
The basest jewel will be well esteemed,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated^o and for true things deemed.
How many lambs might the stern^o wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate;
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!^o
But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.^o

97

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!^o
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time removed was summer's time,
The teeming^o autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,^o
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease.
Yet this abundant issue^o seemed to me
But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit;
For summer and his^o pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

95: 2 **canker** canker worm (that feeds on blossoms) 6 **sport** amorous dalliance 14 **his** its

96: 2 **gentle sport** amorous dalliance (a more favorable interpretation of the "wantonness" of line 1) 3 **of . . . less** by people high and low 8 **translated** transformed 9 **stern** cruel 12 **state** eminent position 13-14 this couplet ends Sonnet 36 14 **report** reputation

97: 2 **pleasure . . . year** i.e., the summer (normally the pleasant part of the year, but like a winter because of the friend's absence) 6 **teeming** pregnant 7 **Bearing . . . prime** i.e., bearing the load conceived in the wantonness of the spring ("prime" = spring) 9 **issue** offspring 11 **his** its

98

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied^o April, dressed in all his trim,^o
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That^o heavy Saturn^o laughed and leaped with him, 4
Yet nor the lays^o of birds, nor^o the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story^o tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew. 8
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those. 12
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow^o I with these did play.

99

The forward^o violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
smells
If not from my love's breath? The purple^o pride^o
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells 4
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,^o
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair; 8
The roses fearfully^o on thorns did stand, 8
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robb'ry had annexed thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth 12
A vengeful canker eat^o him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or color it had stol'n from thee.

100

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury^o on some worthless song, 4
Dark'ning thy pow'r to lend base subjects light? 4
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers^o time so idly spent,
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays^o esteem, 8
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.^o 8
Rise, resty^o Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If^o Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay^o 12
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere. 12
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

98: 2 **proud-pied** gorgeously variegated; **trim** ornamental dress 4 **That** so that; **heavy Saturn** the planet Saturn was thought to cause gloominess 5 **lays** songs; **nor . . . nor** neither . . . nor 7 **summer's story** i.e., pleasant stories suitable for summer ("a sad tale's best for winter") 14 **shadow** portrait

99: 1 **forward** early 3 **purple** Shakespeare often does not distinguish between purple and crimson; **pride** splendor 6 **condemnèd . . . hand** condemned for stealing the whiteness of your hand 8 **fearfully** uneasily 13 **canker eat** canker worm ate

100: 3 **fury** poetic enthusiasm 6 **numbers** verses 7 **lays** songs 8 **argument** subject 9 **resty** torpid 10 **If** to see if 11 **be . . . decay** satirize decay

101

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
 Both truth and beauty on my love^o depends;
 So dost thou too, and therein dignified.^o
 4 Make answer, Muse, wilt thou not haply^o say,
 "Truth needs no color,^o with his color fixed,^o
 Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;^o
 But best is best, if never intermixed?"^o
 8 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
 Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee
 To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
 And to be praised of ages yet to be.
 12 Then do thy office,^o Muse; I teach thee how
 To make him seem, long hence, as he shows now.

102

My love is strength'ned, though more weak in seeming;
 I love not less, though less the show^o appear.
 That love is merchandized^o whose rich esteeming^o
 The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
 4 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays,^o
 As Philomel^o in summer's front^o doth sing
 And stops her pipe in growth of riper^o days.
 8 Not that the summer is less pleasant now
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
 But that^o wild music burdens every bough,
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
 12 Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

103

Alack, what poverty^o my Muse brings forth,
 That, having such a scope to show her pride,^o
 The argument^o all bare^o is of more worth
 Than when it hath my added praise beside.
 4 O, blame me not if I no more can write!
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face
 That overgoes my blunt invention^o quite,
 Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.^o
 8 Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,^o
 To mar the subject that before was well?
 For to no other pass^o my verses tend
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
 12 And more, much more, than in my verse can sit
 Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

101: 3 love beloved 4 dignified you are dignified 5 haply perchance 6 color artificial color, disguise; his color fixed its unchangeable color 7 to lay i.e., to put on canvas 8 intermixed i.e., with the inadequate words of the Muse 13 do thy office perform your duty

102: 2 show outward manifestation 3 merchandized offered for sale, hawked; esteeming value 6 lays songs 7 Philomel the nightingale; front forefront 8 riper later 11 But that i.e., but it seems so because

103: 1 poverty inferior matter 2 pride splendor 3 argument theme; all bare i.e., of itself 7 overgoes . . . invention exceeds my awkward creation 8 disgrace discredit 9 mend improve 11 pass purpose

104

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
 4 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,^o 4
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned
 In process of the seasons have I seen,
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
 8 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green. 8
 Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
 Steal from his figure,^o and no pace perceived;
 So your sweet hue,^o which methinks still^o doth stand,
 12 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived; 12
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:^o
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

105

Let not my love be called idolatry,
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be
 4 To one, of one, still^o such, and ever so. 4
 Kind^o is my love today, tomorrow kind,
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
 Therefore my verse, to constancy confined,
 8 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.^o 8
 Fair,^o kind, and true is all my argument,^o
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
 And in this change is my invention spent,^o
 12 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords. 12
 Fair, kind, and true have often lived alone,
 Which three till now never kept seat in one.

106

When in the chronicle of wasted^o time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,^o
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
 4 In praise of ladies dead and lovely^o knights; 4
 Then, in the blazon^o of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have expressed
 8 Even such a beauty as you master now. 8
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
 And, for^o they looked but with divining^o eyes,
 12 They had not still^o enough your worth to sing: 12
 For^o we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

104: 4 pride splendor 10 his figure its numeral (with a pun on figure = the friend's appearance) 11 sweet hue fair appearance; still (1) motionless (2) always, forever 13 unbred unborn

105: 4 still always 5 Kind naturally benevolent 8 difference variety 9 Fair beautiful; argument theme 11 And . . . spent i.e., and in variations on this theme I expend all my imagination

106: 1 wasted past 2 wights people 4 lovely attractive 5 blazon commemorative description 11 for because; divining guessing 12 still yet (the common emendation to "skill" is unnecessary) 13 For for even

107

Not mine own fears nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come
 Can yet the lease[°] of my true love control,
 Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.[°]
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,[°]
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage,
 Incertainties now crown themselves assured,[°]
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,[°]
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults[°] o'er dull and speechless tribes:
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.[°]

108

What's in the brain that ink may character[°]
 Which hath not figured[°] to thee my true spirit?
 What's new to speak, what now to register,
 That may express my love or thy dear merit?
 Nothing, sweet boy, but yet, like prayers divine,
 I must each day say o'er the very same;
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case[°]
 Weighs not[°] the dust and injury of age,
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 But makes antiquity for aye his page,[°]
 Finding the first conceit[°] of love there bred
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

109

O, never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seemed my flame to qualify.[°]
 As easy might I from myself depart
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie.
 That is my home of love; if I have ranged,[°]
 Like him that travels, I return again,
 Just[°] to the time, not with the time exchanged,[°]
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reigned
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,[°]
 That it could so preposterously be stained
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
 For nothing this wide universe I call
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

107: 3 **lease** allotted time 4 **Supposed** . . . **doom** i.e., though it is thought doomed to expire after a limited time 5 **The** . . . **endured** numerous commentators claim that this line dates the sonnet; among interpretations are: 1588, when the Spanish Armada, thought to have assumed a crescent formation, was destroyed; 1595, when the moon underwent a total eclipse; 1595, when Queen Elizabeth I survived a critical period in her horoscope; 1599, when Queen Elizabeth survived an illness 6-7 **And** . . . **assured** and the prophets of gloom are mocked by their own predictions now that uncertainties yield to assurance (?) 10 **to me subscribes** acknowledges me as his superior 12 **insults** triumphs 14 **spent** consumed

108: 1 **character** write 2 **figured** shown 9 **fresh case** youthful appearance 10 **Weighs not** cares not for 12 **for** . . . **page** forever his servant 13 **conceit** conception

109: 2 **qualify** moderate 5 **ranged** wandered 7 **Just** punctual; **exchanged** changed 10 **blood** flesh, temperament

110

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
 And made myself a motley[°] to the view,
 Gored[°] mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
 Made old offenses of affections[°] new.
 Most true it is that I have looked on truth[°]
 Askance and strangely;[°] but, by all above,
 These blenches[°] gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays[°] proved thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end.[°]
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof,[°] to try[°] an older friend,
 A god in love, to whom I am confined.
 Then give me welcome, next[°] my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

111

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That[°] did not better for my life[°] provide
 Than public means which public manners breeds.[°]
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,[°]
 And almost thence my nature is subdued[°]
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
 Pity me then, and wish I were renewed,
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eisel[°] 'gainst my strong infection;
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

112

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill,[°]
 Which vulgar scandal stamped[°] upon my brow;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?[°]
 You are my all the world, and I must strive
 To know my shames[°] and praises from your tongue;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steeled sense or changes right or wrong.[°]
 In so profound[°] abysm I throw all care
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense[°]
 To critic and to flatterer stoppèd are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:[°]
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,[°]
 That all the world besides methinks are dead.[°]

110: 2 **motley** jester 3 **Gored** wounded 4 **affections** passions 5 **truth** fidelity 6 **strangely** in a reserved manner 7 **blenches** side glances (?) 8 **worse essays** trials of worse friendships (?) 9 **have what** . . . **end** take what shall be eternal 11 **proof** experiment; **try** test 13 **next** next to 111: 3 **That** who; **life** livelihood 4 **Than** . . . **breeds** than earning a livelihood by satisfying the public, which engenders vulgar manners 5 **brand** stigma 6 **subdued** subjected 10 **eisel** vinegar (used as a preventative against the plague) 112: 1 **doth** . . . **fill** effaces the scar 2 **stamped** allusion to branding felons 4 **allow** approve 6 **shames** faults 7-8 **None else** . . . **wrong** only you can change my sense of what is right and wrong (?) 9 **profound** deep 10 **adder's sense** i.e., deaf ears (adders were thought to be deaf) 12 **Mark** . . . **dispense** listen to how I excuse ("dispense with") my neglect (i.e., of others) 13 **in** . . . **bred** grown in my mind 14 **That** . . . **dead** that I think only you have life

113

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
 And that which governs me to go about
 Doth part his^o function and is partly blind,^o
 Seems seeing, but effectually^o is out;
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flow'r, or shape, which it doth latch.^o
 Of his^o quick^o objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his^o own vision holds what it doth catch;
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favor^o or deformèd'st creature,
 The mountain, or the sea, the day, or night,
 The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
 Incapable of^o more, replete with you,
 My most true^o mind thus maketh mine eye untrue.

114

Or whether^o doth my mind, being crowned with you,^o
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?^o
 Or whether^o shall I say mine eye saith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,
 To make of monsters, and things indigest,^o
 Such cherubins^o as your sweet self resemble,
 Creating every bad a perfect best
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?^o
 O, 'tis the first, 'tis flatt'ry in my seeing,
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up.
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,^o
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup.
 If it be poisoned, 'tis the lesser sin
 That^o mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

115

Those lines that I before have writ to lie,
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer.
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
 But reckoning Time, whose millioned accidents^o
 Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of kings,
 Tan^o sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert^o strong minds to th' course of alt'ring things.
 Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"
 When I was certain o'er incertainty,
 Crowning^o the present, doubting of the rest?
 Love is a babe; then^o might I not say so,^o
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow.

113: 3 **Doth** . . . **blind** i.e., performs only part of its function, receiving images but not conveying them to the mind or "heart" 3, 7, 8 **his** its 4 **effectually** in reality 6 **latch** catch sight of 7 **quick** fleeting 10 **favor** face 13 **Incapable of** unable to take in 14 **true** faithful

114: 1, 3 **Or whether** indicates alternative questions 1 **being** . . . **you** made a king by possessing you 2 **this flattery** i.e., false appearances (such as surround a monarch) as specified in Sonnet 113 5 **indigest** formless 6 **cherubins** angelic creatures 8 **to** . . . **assemble** appear to his eye (the eye was thought to cast beams; see Sonnet 20, line 6) 11 **with** . . . 'greeing agrees with the mind's taste 14 **That** since

115: 5 **millioned accidents** innumerable happenings 7 **Tan** i.e., darken, coarsen 8 **Divert** alter 12 **Crowning** glorifying 13 **then** therefore; **so** i.e., "Now I love you best" (line 10)

116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments;^o love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove.
 O, no, it is an ever-fixèd mark^o
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
 It is the star^o to every wand'ring bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.^o
 Love's not Time's fool,^o though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass^o come;
 Love alters not with his^o brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out^o even to the edge of doom.^o
 If this be error and upon^o me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

117

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all^o
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
 That I have frequent^o been with unknown minds,^o
 And given to time^o your own dear-purchased right;
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
 Book^o both my willfulness and errors down,
 And on just proof surmise accumulate;^o
 Bring me within the level^o of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your wakened hate;
 Since my appeal^o says I did strive to prove^o
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

116: 2 **impediments** an echo of the marriage service in the Book of Common Prayer: "If any of you know cause or just impediment . . ." 5 **mark** seamount 7 **the star** the North Star 8 **Whose** . . . **taken** whose value (e.g., to mariners) is inestimable although the star's altitude has been determined 9 **fool** plaything 10 **compass** range, circle 11 **his** Time's 12 **bears it out** survives; **edge of doom** Judgment Day 13 **upon** against

117: 1 **scanted all** given only grudgingly 5 **frequent** intimate; **unknown minds** i.e., nonentities 6 **given to time** squandered on other people of the time 9 **Book** write down in a book 10 **surmise accumulate** add suspicions 11 **level** range, aim 13 **appeal** plea; **prove** test

118

Like as to make our appetites more keen
 With eager compounds° we our palate urge,°
 As to prevent° our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
 4 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
 To bitter sauces° did I frame° my feeding;
 And, sick of welfare,° found a kind of meetness°
 To be diseased ere that there was true needing.
 8 Thus policy° in love, t' anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
 And brought to medicine° a healthful state,
 Which, rank of° goodness, would by ill be cured.
 12 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

119

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears
 Distilled from limbecks° foul as hell within,
 Applying° fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
 Still° losing when I saw myself to win!
 4 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!°
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres° been fitted°
 In the distraction of this madding fever!
 8 O, benefit of ill: now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better;
 And ruined love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 12 So I return rebuked to my content,
 And gain by ills thrice more than I have spent.

120

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
 And for° that sorrow which I then did feel
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves° were brass or hammered steel.
 4 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
 As I by yours, y' have passed a hell of time,
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh° how once I suffered in your crime.
 8 O, that our night of woe° might have rememb' red°
 My deepest sense how hard true sorrow hits,
 And soon° to you, as you to me then, tend' red°
 The humble salve° which wounded bosoms fits!°
 12 But that your trespass° now becomes a fee;°
 Mine ransoms° yours, and yours must ransom me.

118: 2 **eager compounds** tart sauces; **urge** stimulate 3 **prevent** forestall 6 **bitter sauces** i.e., undesirable people; **frame** direct 7 **sick of welfare** gorged with well-being; **meetness** fitness 9 **policy** prudence 11 **medicine** i.e., the need of medicine 12 **rank of** gorged with
 119: 2 **limbecks** alembics 3 **Applying** i.e., as an ointment 4 **Still** always 6 **so blessed never** never so blessed 7 **spheres** sockets; **fitted** forced by fits
 120: 2 **for** because of 4 **nerves** sinews 7-8 **no . . . weigh** not taken the time to consider 9 **night of woe** i.e., estrangement; **rememb' red** reminded 11 **soon** as soon; **tend' red** offered 12 **humble salve** balm of humility; **fits** suits 13 **that your trespass** that trespass of yours; **fee** compensation 14 **ransoms** atones for

121

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed
 When not to be receives reproach of being,°
 And the just° pleasure lost, which is so° deemed
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
 4 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to° my sportive° blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills° count bad what I think good?
 8 No, I am that° I am, and they that level°
 At my abuses° reckon up their own;
 I may be straight though they themselves be bevel.°
 By their rank° thoughts my deeds must not be shown, 12
 Unless this general evil they maintain:
 All men are bad and in their badness reign.

122

Thy gift, thy tables,° are within my brain
 Full charactered° with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank° remain
 Beyond all date, even to eternity;
 4 Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist,
 Till each to rased oblivion° yield his° part
 Of thee, thy record never can be missed.
 8 That poor retention° could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tallies° thy dear love to score.
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables° that receive thee more.
 12 To keep an adjunct to remember thee
 Were to import° forgetfulness in me.

123

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change.
 Thy pyramids° built up with newer might
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
 They are but dressings of a former sight.
 4 Our dates° are brief, and therefore we admire°
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
 And rather make them born to our desire°
 Than think that we before have heard them told.
 8 Thy registers° and thee I both defy,
 Not wond'ring at the present, nor the past;
 For thy records and what we see doth lie,
 Made more or less by thy continual haste.
 12 This I do vow, and this shall ever be:
 I will be true despite thy scythe and thee.

121: 2 **being** i.e., being vile 3 **just** legitimate; **so** i.e., vile 6 **Give salutation** to act on; **sportive** wanton 8 **in their wills** willfully(?) 9 **that** who (an echo of Exodus 3:14); **level** aim 10 **abuses** transgressions 11 **bevel** i.e., crooked 12 **rank** corrupt
 122: 1 **tables** memorandum books 2 **charactered** written 3 **that idle rank** that useless series of leaves 7 **raised oblivion** oblivion that erases; **his** its 9 **That poor retention** i.e., the memorandum books 10 **tallies** accounting devices 12 **those tables** i.e., the mind 14 **import** imply
 123: 2 **pyramids** possibly an allusion to Egyptian obelisks erected in Rome by Pope Sextus 1586-89; more likely an allusion to triumphal structures erected in London to welcome James I in 1603; most likely a reference to all monuments 5 **dates** allotted times; **admire** regard with wonder 7 **born** . . . **desire** turn them into the new things we wish to see 9 **registers** records

124

If my dear love° were but° the child of state,°
 It might for Fortune's bastard be unfathered,°
 As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gathered. 4
 No, it was builded far from accident;°
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
 Under the blow of thrallèd discontent,°
 Where to th' inviting time our fashion calls. 8
 It fears not Policy, that heretic,°
 Which works on leases of short-numb' red hours,
 But all alone stands hugely politic,°
 That it nor grows with heat, nor° drowns with showers. 12
 To this I witness call the fools of Time,°
 Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.°

125

Were't aught° to me I bore the canopy,°
 With my extern° the outward honoring,
 Or laid great bases for eternity,
 Which proves more short than waste or ruining? 4
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favor°
 Lose all and more by paying too much rent,°
 For compound sweet forgoing simple° savor,
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?° 8
 No, let me be obsequious° in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
 Which is not mixed with seconds,° knows no art,°
 But mutual render,° only me for thee. 12
 Hence, thou suborned informer!° A true soul
 When most impeached° stands least in thy control.

126

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass,° his sickle hour,°
 Who hast by waning grown,° and therein show'st
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st; 4
 If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,°
 As thou goest onwards, still° will pluck thee back,
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
 May Time disgrace and wretched minutes kill. 8
 Yet fear her, O thou minion° of her pleasure;
 She may detain, but not still° keep her treasure.
 Her audit,° though delayed, answered° must be,
 And her quietus° is to render° thee. 12

127

In the old age° black° was not counted fair,°
 Or, if it were, it bore not beauty's name.
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,°
 And beauty slandered with a bastard shame;° 4
 For since each hand hath put on° nature's power,
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrowed face,°
 Sweet° beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
 But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace. 8
 Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
 Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem,
 At° such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
 Sland'ring creation with a false esteem: 12
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of° their woe,
 That every tongue says beauty should look so.

124: 1 love the emotion, not the person; but only; child of state i.e., product of externals such as wealth and power 2 for . . . unfathered i.e., be marked as the bastard son of Fortune 5 accident chance 7 thrallèd discontent discontent of persons oppressed 9 Policy, that heretic i.e., unprincipled self-interest, which is faithless 11 all . . . politic i.e., only love is infinitely prudent 12 That it nor . . . nor since it neither . . . nor 13 fools of Time playthings of Time (?) time-servers (?) 14 Which . . . crime i.e., who at the last minute repent their criminal lives

125: 1 Were't aught would it be anything; canopy borne over an eminent person 2 extern outward action 5 dwellers . . . favor i.e., those who make much of appearance and external beauty 6 paying . . . rent i.e., obsequiousness 7 simple pure 8 Pitiful . . . spent pitiable creatures who use themselves up in looking at outward honor 9 obsequious devoted 11 seconds i.e., baser matter; art artifice 12 render surrender 13 suborned informer perjured witness 14 impeached accused

126: Note that this poem consists of six couplets, rather than of the usual three quatrains and a couplet 2 glass mirror; hour hourglass 3 by waning grown i.e., by growing older growing more beautiful 5 wrack destruction 6, 10 still always 9 minion favorite 11 audit final account; answered paid 12 quietus final settlement; render surrender 127: 1 old age i.e., age of chivalry; black i.e., brunette; fair beautiful (with a pun on the obvious meaning) 3 successive heir legitimate heir 4 And . . . shame blond beauty is defamed as illegitimate 5 put on taken over 6 art's . . . face i.e., cosmetics 7 Sweet natural, i.e., blond 11 At for 13 becoming of gracing

128

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st
 Upon that blessèd wood° whose motion° sounds
 With thy sweet fingers when thou gently sway'st°
 The wiry concord° that mine ear confounds,° 4
 Do I envy those jacks° that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,°
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand. 8
 To be so tickled, they° would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more blest than living lips. 12
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

129

Th' expense° of spirit° in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action; and, till action, lust
 Is perjured, murd'rous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust; 4
 Enjoyed no sooner but despisèd straight;
 Past° reason hunted, and no sooner had,
 Past° reason hated as a swallowed bait
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad; 8
 Made° in pursuit, and in possession so;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
 A bliss in proof,° and proved,° a very woe,
 Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.° 12
 All this the world well knows, yet none knows well
 To shun the heaven° that leads men to this hell.

128: 2 wood keys (of the spinet or virginal); **motion** movement **3 thou gently sway'st** you gently direct **4 wiry concord** harmony of the strings; **confounds** delightfully overcomes **5 jacks** devices that pluck the strings, but here probably misused for keys; in line 13, there is a pun on the meaning "fellows" **5-6** There are always some who cannot bear to think that the Swan of Avon could ever make a mistake about anything. A certain E. W. Naylor explains these lines as follows: "The lady, having removed the rail which ordinarily stops the 'jacks' from jumping right out of the instrument when the keys are struck, was leaning over her work, testing it by striking the defective note, and holding the 'tender inward' of her hand over the 'jack' to prevent it from flying to the other end of the room."—W.H.A. **9 they** the poet's lips

129: 1 expense expenditure; **spirit** vital power, semen **6, 7 Past** beyond **9 Made** i.e., made mad (most editors emend to "Mad") **11 in proof** while being experienced; **proved** i.e., when experienced **12 dream** nightmare (?) **14 heaven** the sensation (or place?) of bliss

130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head. 4
 I have seen roses damasked,° red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks,
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.° 8
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound.
 I grant I never saw a goddess go;°
 My mistress when she walks treads on the ground. 12
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she° belied with false compare.°

131

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,°
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
 For well thou know'st to my dear° dotting heart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel. 4
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan;
 To say they err I dare not be so bold,
 Although I swear it to myself alone. 8
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
 A thousand groans, but thinking on° thy face,
 One on another's neck,° do witness bear
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.° 12
 In nothing art thou black° save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

132

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
 Knowing thy heart torment° me with disdain,
 Have put on black and loving mourners be,
 Looking with pretty ruth° upon my pain. 4
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven
 Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even°
 Doth half that glory to the sober west 8
 As those two mourning° eyes become thy face.
 O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
 And suit thy pity like° in every part. 12
 Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
 And all they foul° that thy complexion lack.

130: 5 damasked mingled red and white **8 reeks** emanates **11 go** walk **14 she** woman; **compare** comparison

131: 1 so . . . art i.e., even though you are dark and not considered beautiful **3 dear** loving **10 but thinking on** when I but think of **11 One . . . neck** i.e., in quick succession **12 in . . . place** in the place assigned it by my judgment **13 black** foul

132: 2 torment to torment **4 ruth** pity **7 even** evening **9 mourning** with a pun on *morning* **12 suit . . . like** clothe thy pity alike **14 foul** ugly

133

Beshrew° that heart that makes my heart to groan
 For° that deep wound it gives my friend and me.
 Is't not enough to torture me alone,
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be? 4
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
 And my next self° thou harder hast engrossed.°
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.° 8
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,°
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;°
 Whoe'er keeps° me, let my heart be his guard;°
 Thou canst not then use rigor° in my jail.° 12
 And yet thou wilt, for I, being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

134

So, now I have confessed that he is thine
 And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,°
 Myself I'll forfeit, so° that other mine°
 Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still.° 4
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
 He learned but surety-like to write for me
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.° 8
 The statute° of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer that put'st forth all to use,°
 And sue a friend came° debtor for my sake;
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.° 12
 Him have I lost, thou hast both him and me;
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

133: 1 Beshrew curse (a mild imprecation) 2 For because of 6 my next self i.e., my friend; engrossed captured 8 crossed thwarted 9 ward cell 10 bail go bail for, i.e., free 11 keeps guards; guard guardhouse 12 rigor cruelty; my jail i.e., my heart

134: 2 will (1) purpose (2) carnal desire (perhaps with puns on Shakespeare's name and the name of the friend) 3 so provided that; other mine i.e., my friend 4 still always 7-8 He . . . bind perhaps the idea is that the friend, as proxy, wooed the woman for the poet but is now in her bondage 9 statute security 10 use usury 11 came who became (?) 12 my unkind abuse unkind deception of me

135

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,°
 And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus;
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,°
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.° 4
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,°
 Not once vouchsafe° to hide my will in thine?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,°
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine? 8
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still°
 And in abundance addeth to his° store;
 So thou being rich in *Will* add to thy *Will*
 One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more. 12
 Let no unkind,° no fair beseechers° kill;°
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.°

136

If thy soul check° thee that I come so near,°
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
 Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfill. 4
Will will fulfill the treasure° of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.°
 In things of great receipt° with ease we prove.
 Among a number one is reckoned none.° 8
 Then in the number let me pass untold,°
 Though in thy store's account° I one must be;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something, sweet, to thee. 12
 Make but my name° thy love, and love that still,°
 And then thou lovest me for my name is *Will*.

135: 1 *Will* (1) a person named Will (perhaps the poet, perhaps the friend, perhaps the woman's husband, perhaps all; *Will* is capitalized and italicized in this and in the next sonnet wherever it so appears in the quarto) (2) desire, volition 3, 9 still always 4 making addition thus i.e., by adding myself 5, 7 rhyming words are trisyllabic 6 vouchsafe consent 10 his its 13 no unkind no unkind act, word, or person; no fair beseechers i.e., any applicants for your favors (?) 13 So in Q and a perfectly possible reading. Personally, however, I am inclined to accept Malone's emendation, "Let no unkind No fair beseechers kill," which makes "No" a noun and "fair beseechers" the object of the verb "kill."—W.H.A. 14 Think . . . Will think all Wills as one and include me in that one

136: 1 check rebuke; come so near (1) touch to the quick (2) come so near to your bed 5 fulfill the treasure fill the treasury 6 one one of them 7 things . . . receipt i.e., large matters 8 Among . . . none "One is no number" was an Elizabethan saying 9 untold uncounted 10 thy store's account i.e., the inventory of your supply (of lovers) 13 my name i.e., will, carnal desire (?); still always

137

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes
 That they behold and see not what they see?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,^o
 Yet what the best is take the worst to be. 4
 If eyes, corrupt^o by overpartial looks,
 Be anchored in the bay where all men ride,^o
 Why of eyes' falsehood has thou forgèd hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied? 8
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,^o
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common
 place?^o
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
 To^o put fair truth upon so foul a face? 12
 In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
 And to this false plague^o are they now transferred.

138

When my love swears that she is made of truth,^o
 I do believe her though I know she lies,
 That^o she might think me some untutored youth,
 Unlearnèd in the world's false subtleties. 4
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply^o I credit^o her false-speaking tongue;
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed. 8
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?^o
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?
 O, love's best habit^o is in seeming trust,^o
 And age in love loves not to have years told.^o 12
 Therefore I lie with^o her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

139

O, call not me to justify the wrong
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
 Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tongue;
 Use power with power^o and slay me not by art.^o 4
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside;
 What need'st thou wound with cunning when thy
 might
 Is more than my o'erpressed^o defense can bide? 8
 Let me excuse thee; ah, my love well knows
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,^o
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries. 12
 Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
 Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain.

137: 3 **lies** inhabits 5 **corrupt** corrupted 6 **ride** pun on the sense "to mount sexually" 9 **that** . . . **plot** that place a private field 10 **common place** open field (with a pun on *common* = promiscuous) 12 **To** so as to 14 **plague** (1) plague of falseness (2) mistress

138: 1 **truth** fidelity 3 **That** so that 7 **Simply** (1) foolishly (2) pretending to be simple; **credit** believe 9 **unjust** unfaithful 11 **habit** appearance; **seeming trust** the appearance of truth 12 **told** counted 13 **lie with** (1) lie to (2) sleep with 139: 4 **with power** i.e., openly, directly; **art** artful means 8 **o'erpressed** overpowered 11 **my foes** i.e., her looks

140

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press^o
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain,
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
 The manner^o of my pity-wanting^o pain. 4
 If I might teach thee wit,^o better it were,
 Though not to love, yet love, to tell me so;^o
 As testy^o sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians know. 8
 For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee.
 Now this ill-wresting^o world is grown so bad
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believèd be. 12
 That I may not be so,^o nor thou belied,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go
 wide.^o

141

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
 Who in despite of view^o is pleased to dote. 4
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,
 Nor tender feeling to base touches^o prone,
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone. 8
 But^o my five wits^o nor my five senses can
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving^o thee,
 Who leaves unswayed the likeness of a man,^o
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be. 12
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
 That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

142

Love is my sin, and thy dear^o virtue hate,
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving.
 O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
 And thou shalt find it^o merits not reproving, 4
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have profaned their scarlet ornaments^o
 And sealed false bonds of love as oft as mine,
 Robbed others' beds' revenues of their rents.^o 8
 Be it^o lawful I love thee as thou lov'st those
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee.
 Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be. 12
 If thou dost seek to have what^o thou dost hide,
 By self-example mayst thou be denied.

140: 1 **press** oppress 4 **manner** nature; **pity-wanting** unpitied 5 **wit** wisdom 6 **so** i.e., that you love me 7 **testy** fretful 11 **ill-wresting** i.e., misinterpreting everything for the worse 13 **so** (1) a "mad slanderer" (2) so believed 14 **wide** wide of the mark

141: 4 **Who** . . . **view** which in spite of what they see 6 **base touches** sexual contact 9 **But** but neither; **five wits** common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory 10 **serving** loving 11 **Who** . . . **man** i.e., which ceases to rule and so leaves me what is only the semblance of a man

142: 1 **dear** inmost 4 **it** my state 6 **scarlet ornaments** i.e., lips (compared to scarlet wax that seals documents) 8 **Robbed** . . . **rents** i.e., has robbed wives of what their husbands owed them 9 **Be it** let it be 13 **what** that which, i.e., pity

143

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
 One of her feathered creatures broke away,
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,^o
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
 To follow that which flies before her face,
 Not prizing^o her poor infant's discontent:
 So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee afar behind;
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind.
 So will I pray that thou mayst have thy *Will*,
 If thou turn back and my loud crying still.^o

144

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,^o
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still;^o
 The better angel is a man right fair,
 The worser spirit a woman colored ill.^o
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
 And whether that my angel be turned fiend
 Suspect I may, yet not directly^o tell;
 But being both from^o me, both to each^o friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell.^o
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.^o

145

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
 Breathed forth the sound that said, "I hate"
 To me that languished for her sake.
 But when she saw my woeful state,
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,
 Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
 Was used in giving gentle doom,^o
 And taught it thus anew to greet:
 "I hate," she altered with an end^o
 That followed it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
 From heaven to hell is flown away.
 "I hate" from hate away she threw,
 And saved my life, saying, "not you."

143: 5 holds . . . chase chases her 8 prizing regarding 13-14 Some scholarly follies are so extraordinary that they deserve to be immortalized. Gregor Sarrazin, a German-Swiss, emended these lines as follows: "So will I pray that thou may'est have thy *Hen*, [short for Henry]/If thou turn back and my loud crying pen."—W.H.A.

144: 1 of . . . despair i.e., one offering heavenly mercy, the other offering hellish despair 2 suggest me still always urge me 4 colored ill i.e., dark 10 directly precisely 11 from away from; each each other 12 in another's hell with an allusion to the female sexual organ 14 fire . . . out i.e., communicate venereal disease

145: 7 doom judgment 9 end ending

146

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,^o
 My sinful earth^o these rebel pow'rs that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
 Painting^o thy outward walls so costly gay? 4
 Why so large cost,^o having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,^o
 Eat up thy charge?^o Is this thy body's end? 8
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that^o pine to aggravate^o thy store;
 Buy terms divine^o in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more: 12
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
 And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

147

My love is as a fever, longing still^o
 For that which longer nurseth the disease,
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,^o
 Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please. 4
 My reason, the physician to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
 Desire is death, which physic did except.^o 8
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
 At random from the truth vainly expressed: 12
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

148

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
 That censures^o falsely what they see aright? 4
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye^o is not so true as all men's no. 8
 How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
 That is so vexed with watching^o and with tears?
 No marvel then though I mistake my view;^o
 The sun itself sees not till heaven clears. 12
 O cunning Love, with tears thou keep'st me blind,
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

146: 1 sinful earth i.e., body 2 My sinful earth obviously the printer mistakenly repeated here words of the previous line; among suggested emendations are: "Thrall to," "Fooled by," "Rebuke," and "Leagued with" 4 Painting i.e., adorning 5 cost expense 7 excess extravagant expenditure 8 charge (1) expense (2) burden, i.e., the body 10 that i.e., the body; aggravate increase 11 terms divine ages of immortality 147: 1 still always 3 preserve the ill prolong the illness 7-8 approve . . . except find by experience that Desire, which refused medicine, is death (?) 148: 4 censures judges 8 eye with a pun on *aye* in contrast with "all men's no" 10 watching wakefulness 11 mistake my view err in what I see

149

Canst thou, O cruel, say I love thee not,
 When I against myself with thee partake?^o
 Do I not think on thee when I forgot
 Am of^o myself, all tyrant^o for thy sake?
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
 Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?^o
 What merit do I in myself respect
 That is so proud thy service to despise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,^o
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

150

O, from what pow'r hast thou this pow'rful might
 With insufficiency^o my heart to sway?^o
 To make me give the lie to my true sight^o
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill^o
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 There is such strength and warrantize of skill^o
 That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
 O, though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
 If thy unworthiness raised^o love in me,
 More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

151

Love is too young to know what conscience is,
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,^o
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love; flesh^o stays^o no farther reason,^o
 But, rising^o at thy name, doth point out thee,
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of^o this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and fall.

149: 2 **partake** unite 3-4 **forgot** Am of forget 4 **all tyrant** i.e., having become altogether a tyrant 8 **present moan** immediate grief 11 **defect** lack of good qualities
 150: 2 **insufficiency** unworthiness; **sway** rule 3 **give . . . sight** accuse my true sight of lying 5 **becoming . . . ill** i.e., power to make evil look attractive 7 **warrantize of skill** guarantee of mental power 13 **raised** sexual innuendo (?)
 151: 3 **urge . . . amiss** stress not my sinfulness 8 **flesh** the penis; **stays** awaits; **reason** talk 9 **rising** rebelling (with a sexual pun, as in "point," line 9; "stand" and "fall," line 12; and "rise and fall," line 14) 10 **Proud of** swelling with

152

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,^o
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty? I am perjured most,
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse^o thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost;
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
 And, to enlighten thee,^o gave eyes to blindness,^o
 Or made them swear against the thing they see;
 For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured eye,^o
 To swear against the truth so foul a lie.

153

Cupid laid by his brand^o and fell asleep.
 A maid of Dian's^o this advantage^o found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
 Which borrowed from this holy fire of Love
 A dateless lively^o heat, still^o to endure,
 And grew a seething^o bath, which yet men prove^o
 Against strange maladies a sovereign^o cure.
 But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
 The boy for trial needs would^o touch my breast;
 I, sick withal,^o the help of bath^o desired,
 And thither hied, a sad distempered^o guest,
 But found no cure; the bath for my help lies
 Where Cupid got new fire—my mistress' eyes.

154

The little Love-god^o lying once asleep
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,^o
 Whilst many nymphs that vowed chaste life to keep
 Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand
 The fairest votary^o took up that fire,
 Which many legions of true hearts had warmed;
 And so the general^o of hot desire
 Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarmed.
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
 Which from Love's fire took heart perpetual,
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy
 For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,^o
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove:
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

152: 1 **am forsworn** i.e., have broken (my marriage) vows 7 **but to misuse** merely to misrepresent 11 **enlighten thee** make you shine; **gave . . . blindness** i.e., caused my eyes not to see the truth 13 **eye** eyes (with a pun on *I*)
 153: 1 **brand** torch 2 **Dian** Diana, goddess of chastity; **advantage** opportunity 6 **dateless lively** eternal living; **still** always 7 **seething** boiling; **prove** find by experience 8 **sovereign** potent 10 **for . . . would** as a test had to 11 **withal** with it; **bath** possibly an allusion to the city of Bath, famous for its curative waters 12 **distempered** diseased
 154: 1 **Love-god** Cupid 2 **brand** torch 5 **votary** one vowed to chastity 7 **general** leader, i.e., Cupid 12 **thrall** slave

SUGGESTED REFERENCES

The number of possible references is vast and grows alarmingly. Though no works are indispensable, those listed below have been found helpful. The arrangement is as follows:

1. Reference Works (bibliographies, dictionaries, concordances, encyclopedias, sources, facsimiles, miscellaneous)
2. Biographies
3. The Elizabethan Age
4. Style; Shakespeare's English
5. Textual Matters
6. English Drama Before Shakespeare
7. The Theater and the Actors
8. Studies of Many or All of the Works
9. The Comedies (general studies)
10. The Histories (general studies)
11. The Tragedies (general studies)
12. Individual Plays (listed alphabetically)
13. The Nondramatic Works (general studies, followed by studies of the poems and sonnets)

I. REFERENCE WORKS

Bibliographies. The most detailed annual bibliographies are published in *Shakespeare Quarterly*, *Bibliography of English Language and Literature*, *Studies in Philology*, and *PMLA*. Useful annual reviews of research, sometimes with evaluative comments, are published in *Shakespeare Survey*, *The Year's Work in English Studies*, and *Shakespeare Studies*. *Shakespeare Research Opportunities*, No. 3, ed. W. R. Elton (1968), introduces the practice of giving annotated annual bibliographies of "Shakespeare and Renaissance intellectual contexts." Each issue of *Shakespeare Newsletter* synthesizes some recent criticism. Ronald Berman, *A Reader's Guide to Shakespeare's Plays* (1965), is a valuable short guide to about 3,000 pieces of writing on Shakespeare; for more comprehensive (and less selective) listings, see Walther Ebisch and Levin L. Schücking, *A Shakespeare Bibliography* (1931), with a *Supplement for the Years 1930-1935* (1937), and Gordon Ross Smith, *A Classified Shakespeare Bibliography 1936-1958* (1963).

Dictionaries. Useful dictionaries include Alexander Schmidt, *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (2 vols., 1874-75, 1886; 5th ed., 1962), and C. T. Onions, *A Shakespeare Glossary* (2nd rev. ed., 1919; 1953). More specialized are Eric Partridge, *Shakespeare's Bawdy* (rev. ed., 1955), on bawdy words and phrases, and Helge Kökeritz, *Shakespeare's Names* (1959), on the pronunciation of proper nouns. See also the titles listed below on Shakespeare's English, section 4.

Concordances. John Bartlett, *A New and Complete Concordance . . . to . . . Shakespeare* (1894), is an index to most of the words in Shakespeare; it probably will be displaced by Marvin Spevack, *A Complete and Systematic Concordance to the Works of Shakespeare* (8 vols. projected, 1967-). Spevack's first volume is an index to words in the comedies,

the second to words in the histories and nondramatic works, the third to words in the tragedies and *Pericles*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and part of *Sir Thomas More*. These volumes include lists of words occurring only in a given play and lists of words by the character who speaks them. The remaining five volumes will contain, in addition to a concordance to the complete works, further statistical information, an index of words arranged according to frequency, a concordance to stage directions, and a list of significant textual variants. Bartlett's *Concordance*, though often inaccurate and devoid of statistical details, still is of some use, however, because Spevack occasionally gives a word only under its old spelling. For example, because his copy-text retains "ambassy" in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, this occurrence of the word is not listed under "embassy," the spelling under which a reader would naturally look for it, and which Bartlett gives. Old-spelling concordances to each play, preserving the spelling of the early texts, are being edited by Trevor Howard-Hill.

Encyclopedias. The best Shakespeare encyclopedia is edited by Oscar James Campbell and Edward G. Quinn, *The Reader's Encyclopedia of Shakespeare* (1966), an invaluable work with several thousand entries, many of which are excellent short essays; F. E. Halliday, *A Shakespeare Companion, 1564-1964* (rev. ed., 1964), is also of use, though the entries tend to be very brief. *A New Companion to Shakespeare Studies* (1971), edited by Kenneth Muir and S. Schoenbaum, comprises eighteen chapters on Elizabethan actors and theaters, the social background, Shakespeare's reading, the plays, and so on.

Sources. The fullest collection is in Geoffrey Bullough (ed.), *Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare* (6 vols., 1957- ; Vol. 7 in preparation). More limited books reprinting material that Shakespeare used are: Richard Hosley (ed.), *Shakespeare's Holinshed* (1968); W. G. Boswell-Stone (ed.), *Shakespeare's Holinshed: The Chronicle and the Historical Plays Compared* (1896); T. J. B. Spencer (ed.), *Shakespeare's Plutarch* (1964); T. J. B. Spencer (ed.), *Elizabethan Love Stories* (1968). Virgil K. Whitaker, *Shakespeare's Use of Learning* (1953), discusses the major debts; Kenneth Muir, *Shakespeare's Sources*, Vol. 1 (1957), discusses the sources of the comedies and the tragedies.

Facsimiles. The best facsimile of the Shakespeare First Folio is The Norton Facsimile of *The First Folio of Shakespeare*, prepared by Charlton Hinman (1968). W. W. Greg edited facsimiles of the following quartos: *Hamlet* (Q1), *Hamlet* (Q2), *Henry V*, 1 *Henry IV*, 3 *Henry VI*, *King Lear*, *Love's Labor's Lost*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Pericles*, *Richard III*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Troilus and Cressida*. Joseph Quincy Adams edited a quarto of *Titus Andronicus*, and Charlton Hinman edited a quarto of *Richard II*. The Clarendon Press promises others. Facsimiles of all the nondramatic works have been brought together in a Yale University Press volume entitled *Shakespeare's Poems, A Facsimile of the Earliest Editions* (1964). Inexpensive Xerox facsimiles of any text may be obtained from University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Miscellaneous Reference Works. Robert Kilburn Root, *Classical Mythology in Shakespeare* (1903); Richmond Noble, *Shakespeare's Biblical Knowledge and Use of the Book of Common Prayer* (1935); Peter J. Seng, *The Vocal Songs in the Plays of Shakespeare* (1967); Alfred Harbage, *Annals of English Drama, 975-1700*, revised by S. Schoenbaum (1964); *The Shakespeare Allusion Book: A Collection of Allusions to Shakespeare from 1591 to 1700*, compiled by C. M. Engleby, reedited by John Monro (1909), reissued with a preface by E. K. Chambers (1932).

2. BIOGRAPHIES

E. K. Chambers, *William Shakespeare: A Study of Facts and Problems* (2 vols., 1930), is an invaluable reference work; other massive works are Edgar I. Fripp, *Shakespeare, Man and Artist* (2 vols., 1938), and B. Roland Lewis, *The Shakespeare Documents* (2 vols., 1940). But for a readable biography, with portraits of Stratford and London life, see Marchette Chute, *Shakespeare of London* (1949). Gerald E. Bentley, *Shakespeare: A Biographical Handbook* (1961), is a spare account of the facts, with virtually no conjecture intermingled. Other useful biographies are F. E. Halliday, *Shakespeare: A Pictorial Biography* (new ed., 1964), and Mark Eccles, *Shakespeare in Warwickshire* (1961). S. Schoenbaum, *Shakespeare's Lives* (1970), is a history of biographical scholarship, covering not only books and articles on Shakespeare's life but also such things as the Folio engraving and the Stratford bust, the sonnets and plays as spiritual autobiography, and Shakespeare as a character in plays and novels. The anti-Stratfordians are discussed in Frank W. Wadsworth, *The Poacher from Stratford* (1958); H. N. Gibson, *The Shakespeare Claimants* (1962); William F. and Elizabeth S. Friedman, *The Shakespearean Ciphers Examined* (1957). Some anti-Stratfordian writing is anthologized by George McMichael and Edgar M. Glenn, *Shakespeare and His Rivals* (1962). Shakespeare's reputation is chronicled in Louis Marder, *His Exits and His Entrances* (1963); *The Persistence of Shakespeare Idolatry*, edited by Herbert M. Schueller (1964), has chapters on Shakespeare's reputation in France, Germany, and England.

3. ELIZABETHAN AGE

Lacey Baldwin Smith, *The Horizon Book of the Elizabethan World* (1967), is readable and well illustrated. Among other useful historical and political studies are: S. T. Bindoff, *Tudor England* (1959); G. R. Elton, *England Under the Tudors* (1955); S. T. Bindoff, J. Hurstfield, and C. H. Williams (eds.), *Elizabethan Government and Society* (1961); Wallace MacCaffrey, *The Shaping of the Elizabethan Regime* (1968); Alfred L. Rowse, *The England of Elizabeth* (1950); and John B. Black, *The Reign of Elizabeth, 1558-1603* (2nd ed., 1959).

Elizabethan thought is discussed in E. M. W. Tillyard, *The Elizabethan World Picture* (1943); Herschel Clay Baker, *The Dignity of Man: Studies in the Persistence of an Idea* (1947; reprinted in 1961 as *The Image of Man*); Hardin Craig, *The Enchanted Glass: The Elizabethan Mind in Literature* (1936); Douglas Bush, *The Renaissance and English Humanism* (1939); Theodore Spencer, *Shakespeare and the Nature of Man* (1942); and David L. Stevenson (ed.), *The Elizabethan Age*. More specialized studies are: Don Cameron Allen on astrology, *The Star-Crossed Renaissance* (1941); F. R. Johnson, *Astronomical Thought in Renaissance England* (1937); Paul Kocher, *Science and Religion in Renaissance England* (1953); Ernst Cassirer, *The Platonic Renaissance in England* (1954); Ernest William Talbert, *The Problem of Order* (1962); and F. J. Levy, *Tudor Historical Thought* (1967).

On Elizabethan life, in addition to Lacey Baldwin Smith, above, see two books with chapters on a wide variety of

topics, W. Raleigh et al. (eds.), *Shakespeare's England: An Account of the Life and Manners of His Age* (2 vols., 1916), and Allardyce Nicoll, (ed.), *Shakespeare in His Own Age* (1964; identical with *Shakespeare Survey* 17). Also valuable are: Louis B. Wright and Virginia La Mar (eds.), *Life and Letters in Tudor and Stuart England: First Series* (1962); Muriel St. Clare Byrne, *Elizabethan Life in Town and Country* (7th ed., 1954); Martin Holmes, *Elizabethan London* (1969). John Dover Wilson (ed.), *Life in Shakespeare's England* (2nd ed., 1913), is an anthology of Elizabethan writings on the countryside, superstition, the court, and so on; Allardyce Nicoll (ed.), *The Elizabethans* (1957), has bits of Elizabethan writing and attractive pictures. More specialized studies are: Kenneth Charlton, *Education in Renaissance England* (1965); Joan Simon, *Education and Society in Tudor England* (1966); T. W. Baldwin, *William Shakespeare's Small Latine and Lesse Greeke* (2 vols., 1944); Louis B. Wright, *Middle-Class Culture in Elizabethan England* (1935); and John Buxton, *Elizabethan Taste* (1963).

The literature of the period (dramatic and non-dramatic) is studied in Boris Ford (ed.), *The Age of Shakespeare* (1956). Specialized studies of the literature are given elsewhere in this bibliography.

4. STYLE; SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLISH

M. C. Bradbrook has a short survey of writings on Shakespeare's style in *Shakespeare Survey* 7, edited by Allardyce Nicoll (1954). On Shakespeare's prose, see Milton Crane, *Shakespeare's Prose* (1951); Jonas A. Barish, *Ben Jonson and the Language of Prose Comedy* (1960); Brian Vickers, *The Artistry of Shakespeare's Prose* (1968); F. P. Wilson, *Shakespeare and the Diction of Common Life* (1941; reprinted in Wilson's *Shakespearian and Other Studies* [1969]); and Morris Palmer Tilley, *A Dictionary of the Proverbs in England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (1950).

Three general studies are Patrick Cruttwell, *The Shakespearean Moment and Its Place in the Poetry of the Seventeenth Century* (1954); Benjamin Ifor Evans, *The Language of Shakespeare's Plays* (1952); and F. E. Halliday, *The Poetry of Shakespeare's Plays* (1954). Rhyme is discussed by Frederic W. Ness, *The Use of Rhyme in Shakespeare's Plays* (1941); blank verse and imagery are discussed by Moody Prior, *The Language of Tragedy* (1947). On imagery see especially Wolfgang H. Clemen, *The Development of Shakespeare's Imagery* (1951; originally published in German, 1936); also of use are Caroline Spurgeon, *Shakespeare's Imagery and What It Tells Us* (1935); Edward A. Armstrong, *Shakespeare's Imagination* (rev. ed., 1963); and F. R. Johnson, "Shakespearian Imagery and Senecan Imitation," in *Joseph Quincy Adams Memorial Studies* (1948). Kenneth Muir, "Shakespeare's Imagery—Then and Now," in *Shakespeare Survey* 18, edited by Allardyce Nicoll (1965), is an appraisal of scholarship on the subject.

Maurice Charney, *Shakespeare's Roman Plays* (1961), relates imagery to what is seen as well as heard; in *Style in Hamlet* (1969), Charney goes further, discussing, for example, not only imagery of animals, disease, food, and gardens, but also gestures, properties, and sound effects. Sister Miriam Joseph, *Shakespeare's Use of the Arts of Language* (1947; reprinted in part as *Rhetoric in Shakespeare's Time: Literary Theory of Renaissance Europe* [1962]) catalogs Shakespeare's figures; Wilbur Samuel Howell, *Logic and Rhetoric in England, 1500-1700* (1956), is also of interest.

Matters of stage business, dramatic illusion, and so on are discussed in S. L. Bethell, *Shakespeare and the Popular Dramatic Tradition* (1944), and in J. L. Styan, *Shakespeare's Stagecraft* (1967), as well as in Maurice Charney's *Style in Hamlet* (1969). (See also works on acting and costume, listed below in section 7.)

On character see Arthur Sewall, *Character and Society in Shakespeare* (1951). On the construction of the plots, an old book, Richard G. Moulton's *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist* (3rd ed., 1893; rev. and enl. ed., 1966), remains one of the best, but see also Harley Granville-Barker, *Prefaces to Shakespeare* (2 vols., 1946-47; four vols. in paperback, 1965); Madeleine Doran, *Endeavors of Art* (1954); Nevill Coghill, *Shakespeare's Professional Skills* (1964); Hereward Price, *Construction in Shakespeare* (1951); and the works listed in the second paragraph of section 11.

On Shakespeare's English, in addition to the dictionaries by Schmidt, Onions, and Partridge mentioned in section 1, and the titles mentioned in the first paragraph of this section, the following are useful: E. A. Abbott, *A Shakespearian Grammar* (new ed., 1886); Henry Cecil Wyld, *A History of Modern Colloquial English* (3rd ed., 1936); Albert C. Baugh, *A History of the English Language* (2nd ed., 1957); Thomas Pyles, *The Origins and Development of the English Language* (1964); L. M. Myers, *The Roots of Modern English* (1966); and A. C. Partridge, *Tudor to Augustan English* (1969). On pronunciation see Helge Kökeritz, *Shakespeare's Pronunciation* (1953), and his *Shakespeare's Names* (1959); and Eric J. Dobson, *English Pronunciation, 1500-1700* (2 vols., 1957). Columbia Records, Inc., has issued a long-playing record of Kökeritz illustrating Shakespeare's pronunciation. M. M. Mahood, *Shakespeare's Wordplay* (1957), contains ingenious discussions of puns, as does Kökeritz' *Shakespeare's Pronunciation*.

5. TEXTUAL MATTERS

Fredson Bowers' article on "Textual Criticism" in *The Reader's Encyclopedia of Shakespeare*, edited by Oscar James Campbell and Edward G. Quinn (1966), is a good introduction. Bowers' *Textual and Literary Criticism* (1959) and his *On Editing Shakespeare* (1966) are also useful. Fuller discussions include Ronald B. McKerrow, *An Introduction to Bibliography for Literary Students* (1927); Ronald B. McKerrow, *Prolegomena for the Oxford Shakespeare: A Study in Editorial Method* (1939); W. W. Greg, *The Editorial Problem in Shakespeare: A Survey of the Foundations of the Text* (1942); W. W. Greg, *The Shakespeare First Folio, Its Bibliographical and Textual History* (1955); and Charlton Hinman, *The Printing and Proof-Reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare* (2 vols., 1963).

6. ENGLISH DRAMA BEFORE SHAKESPEARE

E. K. Chambers, *The Medieval Stage* (2 vols., 1903), is a compendious account; for a short general introduction to early English drama see A. P. Rossiter, *English Drama from Early Times to the Elizabethans* (1950). Also valuable are V. A. Kolve, *The Play Called "Corpus Christi"* (1966); Frederick M. Salter, *Mediaeval Drama in Chester* (1955); David M. Bevington, *From "Mankind" to Marlowe: Growth of Structure in the Popular Drama of Tudor England* (1962); and, for the development of the medieval Vice to one kind of Elizabethan villain, Bernard Spivack, *Shakespeare and the Allegory of Evil* (1958).

The best general treatment of Shakespeare's immediate dramatic heritage is F. P. Wilson and G. K. Hunter, *The English Drama, 1485-1585* (1969). More specialized studies are Frederick Boas, *University Drama in the Tudor Age* (1914); Thomas W. Craik, *The Tudor Interlude: Stage, Costume, and Acting* (1958); Willard Farnham, *The Medieval Heritage of Elizabethan Tragedy* (1936); Wolfgang H. Clemen, *English Tragedy Before Shakespeare: The Development of Dramatic Speech*, tr. T. S. Dorsch (1961). On the court and the drama

see E. K. Chambers, *The Elizabethan Stage* (4 vols., 1923); Enid Welsford, *The Court Masque* (1927); Marion Jones, "The Court and the Dramatists," *Stratford-upon-Avon Studies 9: Elizabethan Theatre*, edited by John Russell Brown and Bernard Harris (1967); *A Book of Masques; in Honor of Allardyce Nicoll* (1967).

7. THE THEATER AND THE ACTORS

The most inclusive work (except for its relative neglect of acting) is E. K. Chambers, *The Elizabethan Stage* (4 vols., 1923). For the influence of earlier staging, see George R. Kernodle, *From Art to Theatre: Form and Convention in the Renaissance* (1944), and Glynne Wickham, *Early English Stages, 1300 to 1660* (3 vols. projected, 1959-).

For a short account of the public playhouse see Alois M. Nagler, *Shakespeare's Stage* (1958); longer accounts are in C. Walter Hodges, *The Globe Restored* (2nd ed., 1968), and in Bernard Beckerman, *Shakespeare at the Globe, 1599-1609* (1962). Frances Yates, in *Theatre of the World* (1969), argues that the "symbolic geometry" of the Globe, relating the microcosm to the macrocosm, is indebted to a tradition that goes back to Roman theatrical architecture. *Shakespeare Survey 12*, edited by Allardyce Nicoll (1959), in part devoted to the Elizabethan playhouse, includes Richard Hosley's important article on the discovery-space behind the stage doors. Hosley also has articles on the gallery over the stage, in *Shakespeare Quarterly*, VIII (1957), and on the music-room, in *Shakespeare Survey 13*, edited by Allardyce Nicoll (1960). Alfred Harbage, *Shakespeare's Audience* (1941), discusses the size and social composition of the popular audience. Irwin Smith offers a detailed conjecture in *Shakespeare's Blackfriars Playhouse* (1964), reviewed in *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, LXV (1966), 178-82.

W. W. Greg, *Dramatic Documents from the Elizabethan Playhouses; Stage Plots; Actors' Parts; Prompt Books* (2 vols., 1931), reproduces the basic materials. On acting styles see Alfred Harbage, "Elizabethan Acting," *PMLA*, LIV (1939), reprinted in his *Theatre for Shakespeare* (1955); Bertram L. Joseph, *Acting Shakespeare* (1960); B. L. Joseph, *Elizabethan Acting* (2nd ed., 1964); Chapter 2 of John Russell Brown, *Shakespeare's Plays in Performance* (1966); Daniel Seltzer, "Elizabethan Acting in Othello," *Shakespeare Quarterly*, X (1959); and Daniel Seltzer, "The Staging of the Last Plays," *Stratford-upon-Avon Studies 8: Later Shakespeare*, edited by John Russell Brown and Bernard Harris (1966). See also the works by Charney, Bethell, and Styann mentioned in section 4. On post-Elizabethan acting see Arthur Colby Sprague, *Shakespeare and the Actors: The Stage Business in His Plays (1660-1905)* (1944). On costume and spectacle see Marie C. Linthicum, *Costume in the Drama of Shakespeare and His Contemporaries* (1936); Hal H. Smith, "Some Principles of Elizabethan Stage Costume," *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes*, XXV (1962); and Alice S. Venezky, *Pageantry on the Shakespearean Stage* (1951).

8. STUDIES OF MANY OR ALL OF THE WORKS

Hardin Craig, *An Interpretation of Shakespeare* (1948), is a solid study of most aspects of the works. Mark Van Doren, *Shakespeare* (1939); Donald A. Stauffer, *Shakespeare's World of Images; The Development of his Moral Ideas* (1949); Derek Traversi, *An Approach to Shakespeare* (2 vols.; 3rd rev. ed., 1968-69); Francis Fergusson, *Shakespeare: The Pattern in His Carpet* (1970); and Norman Rabkin, *Shakespeare and the Common Understanding* (1967), are primarily critical studies. Alfred Harbage, *William Shakespeare: A Reader's Guide* (1963), has a discussion of style and discussions of most of

the major plays. Harley Granville-Barker, *Prefaces to Shakespeare* (2 vols., 1946-47; four vols. in paperback, 1965), examines ten plays: the first of the two volumes is on *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Cymbeline*; the second volume is on *Othello*, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Caesar*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Love's Labor's Lost*. M. C. Bradbrook, *Shakespeare and Elizabethan Poetry: A Study of His Earlier Work in Relation to the Poetry of the Time* (1951), discusses the poems and the plays to about 1602. Three valuable books on specific themes that run through many plays are Geoffrey Bush, *Shakespeare and the Natural Condition* (1956); Anne Richter, *Shakespeare and the Idea of the Play* (1962); and Roland Mushat Frye, *Shakespeare and Christian Doctrine* (1963).

Older major criticism includes *Johnson on Shakespeare*, edited by Arthur Sherbo (2 vols., 1968); August Wilhelm von Schlegel, *A Course of Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature* (1815; tr. J. Black, 1846); William Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays* (1817); and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *Shakespearean Criticism*, edited by Thomas Middleton Raysor (2 vols., 2nd ed., 1960). Anthologies of older criticism are: D. Nichol Smith (ed.), *Shakespeare Criticism: A Selection* (1916), containing material from 1623 to 1840, and Anne Bradby (ed.), *Shakespeare Criticism, 1919-1935* (1936). F. E. Halliday (ed.), *Shakespeare and His Critics* (rev. ed., 1958), and Frank Kermode (ed.), *Four Centuries of Shakespearean Criticism* (1965), span the entire period. Anthologies of recent criticism include Anne Bradby Ridler (ed.), *Shakespeare Criticism, 1935-1960* (1963); Norman Rabkin, *Approaches to Shakespeare* (1964); Leonard F. Dean (ed.), *Shakespeare: Modern Essays in Criticism* (rev. ed., 1967); James L. Calderwood and Harold E. Toliver (eds.), *Essays in Shakespearean Criticism* (1970); and Alvin B. Kernan, *Modern Shakespearean Criticism* (1970).

9. THE COMEDIES

Northrop Frye has written two seminal essays and a book on the comedies: "The Argument of Comedy," *English Institute Essays 1948*, edited by D. A. Robertson (1949); "Characterization in Shakespearean Comedy," *Shakespeare Quarterly*, IV (1953), 271-77; and *A Natural Perspective: The Development of Shakespearean Comedy and Romance* (1965). Frye's *Anatomy of Criticism* also has much valuable material on comedy. Books on most or all of the comedies are: John Russell Brown, *Shakespeare and His Comedies* (2nd ed., 1962); Larry S. Champion, *The Evolution of Shakespeare's Comedy* (1970); H. B. Charlton, *Shakespearean Comedy* (1938); Bertrand Evans, *Shakespeare's Comedies* (1960); and Robert Grams Hunter, *Shakespeare and the Comedy of Forgiveness* (1965). Thomas Marc Parrott, *Shakespearean Comedy* (1949), examines comic elements in all of Shakespeare's plays. Nevill Coghill, "The Basis of Shakespearean Comedy," *Shakespeare Criticism, 1935-1960*, edited by Anne Bradby Ridler (1963), pp. 201-27, examines some of the plays against the inherited critical background. Kenneth Muir (ed.), *Shakespeare: The Comedies* (1965), is an anthology of recent criticism. *Shakespeare Survey 8*, edited by Allardyce Nicoll (1955), and *Shakespeare Survey 22*, edited by Kenneth Muir (1969), are largely devoted to the comedies. M. C. Bradbrook, *The Growth and Structure of Elizabethan Comedy* (1955), is especially good on pre-Shakespearean comedy. David L. Stevenson, *The Love-Game Comedy* (1946), discusses the witty lovers and the traditions behind them. Three specialized studies are O. J. Campbell, *Shakespeare's Satire* (1943; 1963); R. H. Goldsmith, *Wise Fools in Shakespeare* (1955); C. Gesner, *Shakespeare and Greek Romances* (1970).

On the earlier comedies see E. M. W. Tillyard, *Shakespeare's Early Comedies* (1965); F. P. Wilson, *Shakespearean*

and Other Studies (1969); John Dover Wilson, *Shakespeare's Happy Comedies* (1963); and C. L. Barber, *Shakespeare's Festive Comedy* (1959), which examines *Love's Labor's Lost*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night* against a background of social festivities (and also discusses 1 and 2 *Henry IV*). On the "problem" comedies see W. W. Lawrence, *Shakespeare's Problem Comedies* (1931); E. M. W. Tillyard, *Shakespeare's Problem Plays* (1949); and Ernest Schanzer, *The Problem Plays of Shakespeare* (1963), which seeks to define the term and then studies *Measure for Measure* as well as two tragedies, *Julius Caesar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. Much has been written on the last plays, the romances. See Derek Traversi, *Shakespeare: The Last Phase* (1954); G. Wilson Knight, *The Crown of Life: Essays in Interpretation of Shakespeare's Final Plays* (1947); and E. M. W. Tillyard, *Shakespeare's Last Plays* (1938; 6th ed., 1964). *Shakespeare Survey 11*, edited by Allardyce Nicoll (1958), contains several important articles on the romances. See also Stanley Wells, "Shakespeare and Romance," *Stratford-upon-Avon Studies 8: Later Shakespeare*, edited by John Russell Brown and Bernard Harris (1966).

10. THE HISTORIES

F. P. Wilson has a masterful essay on "The English History Play" in his *Shakespearean and Other Studies* (1969), and A. P. Rossiter has three relevant essays in his "Angel with Horns" and *Other Shakespeare Lectures*, edited by Graham Storey (1961). Valuable longer accounts are E. M. W. Tillyard, *Shakespeare's History Plays* (1944; 1962); Irving Ribner, *The English History Play in the Age of Shakespeare* (1957; rev. ed., 1965); and Max Meredith Reese, *The Cease of Majesty: A Study of Shakespeare's History Plays* (1961). Northrop Frye has many illuminating comments on the histories in *Fools of Time: Studies in Shakespearean Tragedy* (1967). Eugene M. Waith (ed.), *Shakespeare: The Histories* (1965), is a collection of fairly recent essays on these plays; *Shakespeare Survey 6*, edited by Allardyce Nicoll (1953), is largely devoted to the histories. On the second tetralogy see Derek Traversi, *Shakespeare: From "Richard II" to "Henry V"* (1957), and Alvin B. Kernan, "The Henriad: Shakespeare's Major History Plays," *Modern Shakespearean Criticism*, edited by Alvin B. Kernan (1970).

11. THE TRAGEDIES

The books by Clemen, Farnham, Spivack, and Wilson and Hunter mentioned in section 6 are highly relevant. Howard Baker, *Induction to Tragedy: A Study in a Development of Form in "Gorboduc," "The Spanish Tragedy," and "Titus Andronicus"* (1939), is also useful, but it is excessive in its rejection of Seneca as a considerable influence. See also F. L. Lucas, *Seneca and Elizabethan Tragedy* (1922); S. F. Johnson, "The Tragic Hero in Early Elizabethan Drama," *Studies in Renaissance Drama*, edited by J. W. Bennett, O. Cargill, and V. Hall (1959); D. J. Palmer, "Elizabethan Tragic Heroes," *Stratford-upon-Avon Studies 9: Elizabethan Theatre*, edited by John Russell Brown and Bernard Harris (1967); and J. M. R. Margeson, *The Origins of English Tragedy* (1967). J. V. Cunningham, *Woe or Wonder: The Emotional Effect of Shakespearean Tragedy* (1951; reprinted in Cunningham's *Tradition and Poetic Structure: Essays in Literary History and Criticism* [1960]), is valuable both for its main thesis and for its readings of particular passages.

A. C. Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy* (1904; 1965), on *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*, remains a work of first importance, although its emphasis on character is now

unfashionable; Maynard Mack offers valuable notes toward a different approach in "The Jacobean Shakespeare: Some Observations on the Construction of the Tragedies," *Stratford-upon-Avon Studies 1: Jacobean Theatre*, edited by John Russell Brown and Bernard Harris (1960), pp. 11-41. Helpful general studies include G. B. Harrison, *Shakespeare's Tragedies* (1951); John Holloway, *The Story of the Night* (1961); Irving Ribner, *Patterns in Shakespearean Tragedy* (1960); and Harold S. Wilson, *On the Design of Shakespearean Tragedy* (1957). William Rosen, *Shakespeare and the Craft of Tragedy* (1960), also deals with construction; Brents Stirling, *Unity in Shakespearean Tragedy: The Interplay of Theme and Character* (1956), is largely concerned with unifying images; Northrop Frye, *Fools of Time: Studies in Shakespearean Tragedy* (1967), is perhaps less valuable to the student than is his *Anatomy of Criticism* (1957). G. Wilson Knight's *The Wheel of Fire: Essays in Interpretation of Shakespeare's Sombre Tragedies* (1930; 5th rev. ed., 1957) is chiefly devoted to the tragedies. Alfred Harbage (ed.), *Shakespeare: The Tragedies* (1964), is a useful collection of modern essays.

Specialized studies covering several plays include: Nicholas Brooke, *Shakespeare's Early Tragedies* (1968); Frederick W. Sternfeld, *Music in Shakespearean Tragedy* (1963); M. W. MacCallum, *Shakespeare's Roman Plays and Their Background* (1910); *Shakespeare Survey 10*, edited by Allardyce Nicoll (1957), also on the Roman plays; and Maurice Charney, *Shakespeare's Roman Plays: The Function of Imagery in the Drama* (1961). R. A. Brower, *Hero and Saint: Shakespeare and the Greco-Roman Heroic Tradition* (1970), discusses the classical plays and *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *King Lear*.

12. INDIVIDUAL PLAYS

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